No. 28 November, 1980 $1.75

Brian Ferry and Roxy Music

Fripp, Van Morrison, Max Roach, Japan

The Directions of Jack DeJohnette

DIRE STRAITS

MARK KNOPFLER

0 72246 00227 11

World Radio History

You don't have to play hard to be heard.

When your amp isn't operating in its optimum power range, it can sound flat and lifeless. At lower volumes, subtleties in your playing get lost.

MXR's Dyna Comp and Distortion+ enable you to add sustain and get the right sound balance with full control over the harmonic character of the sound. So you can cut without being crass. At any volume.

The MXR Dyna Comp is the most popular level-limiting device on the market today. Level-limiting, an effect used extensively in professional recording, will make everything you play come out at an adjustable, pre-set volume. It allows each performer to be heard without overpowering others in the group.

The Dyna Comp also adds distortion-free sustain and punch, to give your instrument a professional, studio-quality sound. It's especially useful in stabilizing the sometimes erratic response of an electric guitar or electric piano. The Dyna Comp's Gain control predetermines its output level. A Sensitivity control increases sustain and attacks and also reduces unnecessary noise in the signal.

MXR's Distortion+ adds controlled harmonic distortion at any volume. Because of the exacting degree of control that it provides, the Distortion+ has become the most popular distortion unit available today. It offers a wide range of useful effects, from warm sounds reminiscent of an overdriven tube amplifier to pronounced "fuzz" sounds with long sustain.

The MXR Dyna Comp and Distortion+ are equipped with positive-action switches, so you can *feel* when the effect is In or Out, instead of relying upon a power-consuming LED. Both units have been designed for incredibly long battery life (300-400 hours).

By using the new MXR Power Converter, these units can be converted to A.C. Housed in a rugged, dye-cast case, the Power Converter is capable of directly powering several units at the same time. The Power Converter is now available at your MXR dealer.

The MXR Dyna Comp and Distortion+ are functional, no-nonsense units, ruggedly constructed to handle the tortures of the studio and the road. Like all MXR products, the Dyna Comp and Distortion+ reflect the highest professional standards and have been fully designed and built in the U.S.A.

MXR Innovations, Inc., 740 Driving Park Ave.
Rochester, New York 14613 (716) 254-2910

Musical Products Group

World Radio History

There's only one Benge. Yours.

In these days of mass production and corner cutting, one might expect that a virtually handmade instrument constructed of only the finest materials, would be enough to expect.

For Benge, it is only the beginning. Because every Benge may be custom designed by you, to create a professional instrument that's as much a personal statement as the way you play music.

You start with a superb lightweight instrument, a 1-piece bell, monel valves that can't corrode or wear, and a third valve slide with adjustable stop.

Then customize your Benge from a host of options. Such as a 1st valve spring trigger or standard ring; a 3rd valve slide with or without trigger; a 3rd valve slide water key; a lyre and lyreholder; solid brass, concave fingerbuttons; even deluxe engraving.

And with a Benge, you can even reposition certain features to fit your playing style.

Benge trumpets, cornets and flugelhorns. The personal choice of professional musicians—no matter what kind of music they play.

Write today for our new, free color catalog.

There's only one Benge. Yours.

Benge, 1640 South Sinclair, Anaheim, California 92806.

World Radio History

Roland Presents

The Hot Sound of the Saturn.

The new wave has struck. It's changed the music and the way it's played. One of the nicest things about the new music is that it has brought back some good old ideas, and combined them with some bright new changes. We've done that too—in the new Roland Saturn.

The Saturn represents the fusion of organ, piano, and synthesizer technology in a dynamic and versatile instrument. As its name suggests, the Saturn is capable of producing a myriad of different tonal textures—from the hard biting edge of the compact organ, to electronic piano, vibe, or cathedral organ sounds.

At the heart of the Saturn is a tone generating system that is uniquely flexible. Four Tone Selector switches accentuate four different frequency ranges. Each of these switches are controlled by four octave range sliders. So you have the quick access advantage of presets with the tonal flexibility of drawbars.

Envelope selection is just as easy. Two switches choose either an organ (on/off) or a percussive (decaying) type of envelope. The Modulation section features two types of Chorus and two types of Vibrato Modulation.

But in the Saturn, the sound is more important than the specs—because the sound is hot. For scorching leads and chording, the Saturn has the organ sounds you want, and unlike any compact organ, you're not just limited to organ sounds. Deep chime, vibe or piano sounds are immediately accessible and switchable.

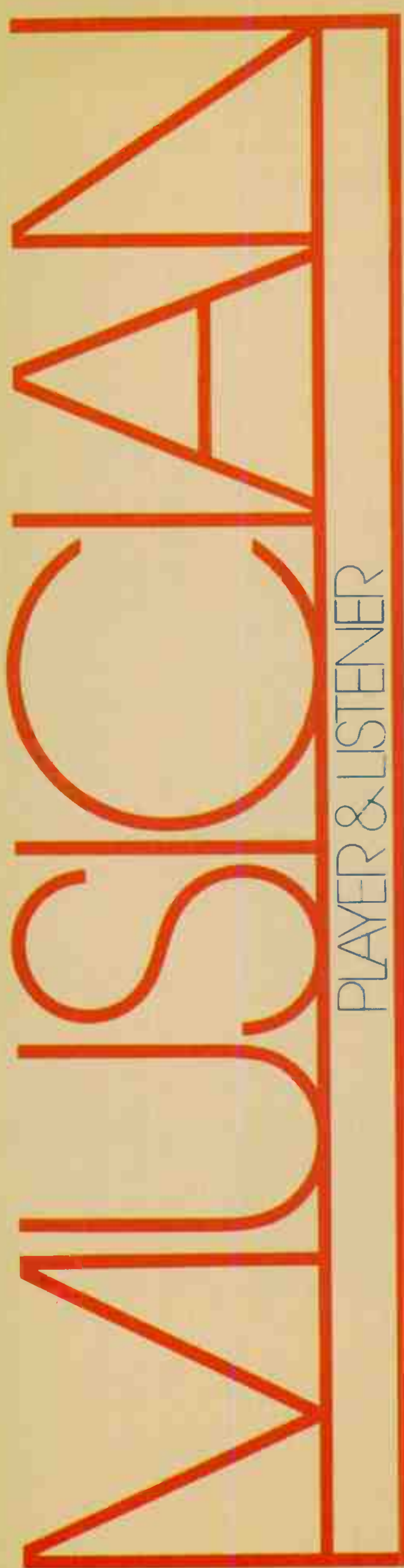
The Saturn can easily stand on its own, yet its size and package make it the perfect addition to an existing keyboard set-up.

The Saturn has really got it in sound and features, and at $795 also makes it in price. Try out a Saturn. It's red hot.

RolandCorp US, 2401 Saybrook Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90040, (213) 685 5141. Enclose $1 for a copy of our latest keyboard catalog.

We Design the Future.

World Radio History



NO. 28, NOVEMBER, 1980

Roxy Music was one of the first outrageous art rock bands. Led by singer/songwriter Brian Ferry they've undergone numerous transformations to emerge intact in the '80s. David Fricke reports.

Jack DeJohnette is the finest drummer/band leader in jazz. His history includes Coltrane, Miles, Charles Lloyd, etc. and now his own Special Edition is making their own history. Lois Gilbert interviews.

Mark Knopfler is the most exciting guitar player to come along in years. His new album 'Making Movies' points him in some new directions and showcases some new bandmembers. Vic Garbarini interviews.

Table of Contents

Columns

Letters ____ 8
Music Industry News/Nelson George ____ 10
Wavelength/Dave Marsh ____ 15
Van Morrison/Brian Cullman ____ 16
Nile Rodgers/Nelson George ____ 20
Japanese Rock/Rob Patterson ____ 22
Max Roach/Rafi Zabor ____ 28
Faces ____ 36
Record Reviews ____ 66
Rock Shorts ____ 80
Jazz Shorts ____ 82

Features

Touring/Robert Fripp ____ 38
Roxy Music/David Fricke ____ 42
Mark Knopfler/Vic Garbarini ____ 46
Jack DeJohnette/Lois Gilbert ____ 54
The Bear/Rafi Zabor ____ 60

Studios

Recording the Guitar/Ron Armstrong ____ 84
Guitar/John Amaral ____ 92
Contemporary Harmony/Ron Delp ____ 94
Best Buys ____ 96

Cover Photo by Deborah Feingold

World Radio History

"Zildjians are music to my ears."
Louie Bellson

Zildjian®
The only serious choice.

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

World Radio History

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
Sales/Promotion
Paul Sacksman
Scott Southard
Associate Editor
Rafi Zabor
Production Manager
Jane Winsor
Art Assistants
Laurel Ives
Bates Doge
Staff Photographer
Deborah Feingold
Administration
Cindy Amero
Stephanie MacKillop
Lisa Stout
Michelle Nicastro
Typography
Don Russell
Main Office/Production
42 Rogers Street
P.O. Box 701
Gloucester, MA 01930
New York Advertising/Editorial
125 E. 23rd St., #401
N.Y.C., N.Y. 10010
(212) 260-0850
Contributors
Lester Bangs, Bob Blumenthal, David Breskin, Crispin Cioe, Tom Copi, Chris Doering, Robert Ford, Dan Forte, Robert Fripp, J. Gaits, Vic Garbarini, Nelson George, Peter Giron, Lynn Goldsmith, Dave Marsh, Mark Mehler, Robert Palmer, Ebet Roberts, Tom Sahagian, Michael Shore, Chip Stern, Zan Stewart, Cliff Tinder, Roy Trakin

Musician, Player & Listener (USPS 431-910) is published eight times a year (every six weeks) by Amordian Press, Inc., P.O. Box 701, 42 Rogers St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (617) 281-3110. Musician, Player & Listener is a trademark of Amordian Press, Inc. © 1980 by Musician, Player & Listener, all rights reserved. Second class postage paid at Gloucester, MA 01930 and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions $14.00 per year, $27.00 for two years, $40.00 for three years. Foreign and Canadian subscriptions add $6.00 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.

The augmented cord.

If you think you still have to choose between either a straight cord or a coiled cord, think again. Because now the best of both is wrapped into one...the Constrictor by Whirlwind.

Constrictor's revolutionary, versatile design combines almost two feet of retractile cord (extending up to 10 feet) with an additional 10 feet of basic straight cord. So you have freedom of movement on stage when you need it...and a compact, organized cord when you don't.

Made from rugged, cured neoprene cable by Belden, the Constrictor passes signal quietly, with exceptional fidelity. Like all Whirlwind precision products, the Constrictor is backed by a two-year guarantee.

So when you need a straight cord as much as you need a coiled cord, plug into the Constrictor...the augmented cord.

whirlwind

Whirlwind Music, Inc.
P.O. Box 1075
Rochester, New York 14603
(716) 663-8820

World Radio History

LETTERS

REINCARNATION

Charlie Christian died in February of 1942. Jimi Hendrix was born very close to this time. Although people might think that it was a tragic loss for him to die at such a young age, Charlie had plans to become even better and for a different purpose. He set up the guitar into a particular format, then went on to become the same being in a different role as Jimi Hendrix, who fulfilled his purpose by bringing us into a certain state of mind and realizing our spiritual potential to become even greater. Instead of dwelling on body deaths we should think of his fulfillments. Both articles were fine! It's more than coincidence that they should run together.

Think about it. P.S. He'll be back.
Dana Culbert
San Antonio, Tex.

FAR AND INBETWEEN

On the article "The Voodoo Lives On:" Firstly, I enjoyed it immensely. Far and in between are Hendrix articles. Secondly, the direction his music was headed really isn't important. What is important, however, is the fact that his true genius, to this day, is still not recognized. Thirdly, if his music was moving toward jazz, why did Alan Douglas have to erase the original rhythm tracks from *Midnight Lightning* and *Crash Landing?* Could it be the originals disproved his theory?
Bill De Salvo
Charleston, Ill.

P.S. Can you tell me if the J. Hendrix biography, *Rock and Roll Nigger*, is still published and if so by who? Also where can I find David Henderson's *Jimi Hendrix: Voodoo Child of the Aquarian Age?*

As far as we know, Rock and Roll Nigger *is out of print. However, David Henderson's excellent book on Hendrix is still available. If you can't find it, you can order it for $12.95 & 8% tax from Sales Service Desk, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 501 Franklin Avenue, Garden City, N.Y. 11530.* — Ed.

MESSAGE OF LOVE

Thank you very much for your excellent October '80 issue. Dave Marsh's Jimi Hendrix article was the most significant piece I've ever had the pleasure to read — on the man, his music, and philosophies. And believe me, I've read a lot. As founder of the Jimi Hendrix Archives, I actually have thousands of related articles from around the planet. It's taken ten years for insight such as Mr. Marsh and Mr. Henderson expressed to come to light. Hopefully, it won't take another ten years for those interested, to understand fully and completely the "Message of Love" Jimi Hendrix wrote about. ("1983" is just around the corner.) Thank you again.
Jess Hansen
Seattle, Wa.

MY EARS HURT

This punk you have introduced me to is really heavy. I think Stern observed well when he discovered that PiL "speaks of the tensions that bind us." These tensions are those unbearable poisons of life that hurt us from inside our own head, rooted in the preconceptions that mess us up while the situations we lay the blame on are actually tranquil and have no intensions of screwing us up. All the punkers and free jazzists point to these directly or indirectly. Zabor offers the solution in the personality of Beeb (wow), but that's my preconception. I just gotta accept it. Ugh.

My ears hurt, and I want even more. Your magazine is a drug.
Jon Duoos
St. Peter, Mn.

TRUE APPRECIATION

Jaco Pastorius, Lou Reed, Anthony Braxton, Ted Nugent, Thelonious Monk, Robert Fripp in a cathedral, a Bear playing the alto in a jail cell and the Blues Brothers dismissed as "no-talent clowns" — all in the same magazine.

Let the word go forth — we do not live in vain.
Andy Liddle
Berkeley, Ca.

THE GREATEST

I must congratulate you on the great interview with the greatest singer and musician of all time, Paul McCartney. It is the best interview with him that I've read in a *long* time. I've never *really* read your magazine before, but I will now. Keep up the good work!
Nina Sayles
El Sobrante, Ca.

BON NOT BOB

You were correct in your record review describing AC/DC's *Highway to Hell* as ear-shattering. You might also have mentioned how, by their 5th album, they had welded rawness into art; my copy I have owned for 7 months and it's worn clean through to the turntable pad.

And you were half-right, I suppose, in saying their lead singer died in a car accident: he died in a car, but it was stationary from before the time he staggered into it and passed out after a drunken spree, until after he woke up dead of, to quote Mr. Gallager: "Too much alcohol."

Yes, Bon Scott. Not *Bob* Scott! Got it? Otherwise, I can rate your magazine nothing but A+. I read the others but you're my kind of music mag, and the only one of that kind.
Matt Stevenson
Macon, Ga.

MORE KNOW-NOTHINGS

I thought you had a great magazine, but you have embarrassed yourselves by presenting the Four x Three record review article. Lester Bangs and Laura Fissinger obviously know nothing about rock 'n' roll music. How could you actually *pay* them for their work? (If you call it that). Luckily, Vic Garbarini saved the article because she really knows her stuff. Good going Vic!
Barbara Jones
Ashland, Pa.

Vic greatly appreciates your sentiments but respectfully points out that he's a he, not a she. — Ed.

INTELLIGENCE EVERYWHERE

Thank you, Jon Pareles, for your intelligent introduction and concise and knowledgeable questions. And thank you, Peter Gabriel, for your intelligence and especially your beautiful new album. God, what a relief.
Kevin Berger
San Francisco, Ca.

MAYBE SOMEDAY

You seem to take yourself very seriously, making a sweeping statement dismissing all progressive rock as an unsuccessful copy of The (gasp!) *Beach Boys!* Go ahead, dump King Crimson, the Strawbs, Pink Floyd, Genesis, Yes, ELP, and Roxy Music all in one sentence and see who listens to you. Who *do* you respect, Ted Nugent? When Genesis appears on your next cover screaming in loincloths, I'll send a full apology.
Joe Suggs
Atlanta, Ga.

ART AND MONEY

I am a professional musician. Shortly after the first albums of Smith, Costello, etc., I was running around playing them for my musician friends who collectively said "That's crap! Disco is the way to success." Now these same people are walking around with "new wave" haircuts and are learning to "Pogo."

Art has no place in America. The prime motivation in the U.S. is money — which means success. Screw motivation, originality, concept, and, last but not least, *heart*. The charlatans wouldn't understand these concepts if they bit them on the nose! So until the prime motivator (money) is changed, we will get unoriginal, unimaginative jerks who will copy each other to death in their climb to the top.
J. "Chris" Christensen
Lakewood, Ca.

World Radio History

Play for keeps.

You know how it can be. You buy a guitar thinking, "This is it. I've finally found the guitar I can stay with."

But time passes and so does that feeling. So you move on to another guitar. And another. And another.

We know how it can be, too. That's why there's the Yamaha Handcrafted Series. Different from any Yamaha guitar you may have played in the past. A very special line of guitars with the sound, the feel, the craftsmanship that you'll want to stay with. Once and for all.

Yamaha Handcrafted guitars are made from our most select, seasoned, solid hardwoods. Formed and shaped into instruments of brilliant beauty by our most skilled artisans.

The L-20A is pictured. There are five other models in the series. Each with its own distinctive features and tone.

Seek out a Yamaha Handcrafted guitar only at very select Yamaha dealers. It's the guitar you'll play for keeps.

For more information, write: Yamaha Musical Products, A Division of Yamaha International Corp., Box 7271, Grand Rapids, MI 49510.

World Radio History

By Nelson George and Robert Ford

Label Talk

An intriguing organization called the Small Independent Record Manufacturers Association was recently formed in New York. Composed of labels grossing under $250,000 per year, the group (fifty members so far) hopes to stimulate collective action by the indies, something that seems necessary if they are to stay afloat in the market place. Membership is concentrated in the Northeast, but if the organization can prove its viability, look for other indies to join in. It's a concept worth exploring.

David Geffen, after several weeks of deliberation, has announced the name of his new company. The former Elektra-Asylum president is truly a creative man! With a name like Geffin Records, how can he go wrong? Bet his mom likes it!

Phil Walden, once the baron of Southern boogie when the Allman Brothers, Wet Willie, etc., were on his Capricorn label, is trying to resurrect his operation. To get creditors off his back, he'll give Polygram Capricorn's master tapes, copyrights, and record inventory. Capricorn will keep its Macon, Georgia recording studio, using it, hopefully, to rebuild the company.

Ending months of speculation, Philadelphia International has decided to stay with CBS for distribution. It has also reactivated its TSOP (The Sound Of Philadelphia) label and shifted half its artist roster there.

Retailers Lay Blame

NARM, which represents the nation's retailers, is pointing an accusing finger at the record companies for the continuing sales slump. At a regional meeting in Chicago, they expressed the feeling that the labels aren't giving them good music to sell. Moreover, they felt that the current glut of soundtrack albums is counterproductive, in that they were basically one-shots that helped film revenues but not artist development. The overall atmosphere was one of frustration and bewilderment. Like the companies, retailers are wondering where the gravy train went.

MCA Sues Steely Dan

Messrs. Donald Fagan and Walter Becker never appear in concert, but they may have to perform in court. The men who comprise Steely Dan have signed with Warner Brothers, but MCA, who bought out ABC a few years back, is seeking to stop them from recording for anyone else. MCA claims that Steely Dan still owes them another album, and a "Greatest Hits" package apparently won't satisfy them. They want the next — and long awaited — Fagan-Becker opus. Could be a nasty fight; it's already holding up the album's release.

N.Y. Jazz Goes Country

New York City no longer has a commercial jazz station. WRVR, long-time source of recorded jazz in the nation's biggest radio market, recently made the switch to country music. Their last jazz selection was Charles Mingus' "Goodby Porkpie Hat," and their first country song was Waylon Jennings' "Here in the Country." The entertainment conglomerate VIA/COM recently purchased the station, and moves to boost ratings were expected, but certainly nothing so radical. This leaves Columbia University's student-run station, WKCR, as the only regular jazz programming on New York airwaves. WHN/AM was the market's only country format previously. Attempts to move WRVR away from jazz had previously been stifled by the city's large jazz community. One hopes that battle will be resumed shortly. We'll keep you posted . . .

Black Music Division

RCA Records has announced the formation of an autonomous black music division in the style of its highly successful country music setup. RCA Nashville acts virtually as an independent label. It controls all the key aspects of artist development and promotion — suggesting that country boys know their music best. It is unprecedented for a major company to give blacks similar control over *their* music.

This black division, headed by black Vice-President Ray Harris, will have the power to sign artists, the most important power a company can have. If this is organized as RCA President Robert Summers says, it will be a significant event in the history of black music. After all the hoopla dies down, it will be fascinating to see just how much power Harris and company are given.

Zappa in Europe

Mercury Records didn't want it in America, which was part of the reason Frank Zappa left that label. So he distributed it himself in the States. He did land a European deal with CBS Records, so Zappa's controversial record is available over there, and has truly found its audience. We're talking about his song "I Don't Wanna Get Drafted," which is a top five record in the land of the ex-American GI, Sweden. History does play cute little games.

But if anti-draft songs have a certain nostalgic appeal in Sweden, what can explain the popularity of Jay & the Americans' "Cara Mia" in Belgium? The record received airplay as an oldie, was re-issued, and the next thing anyone knew it was the number two record in that country.

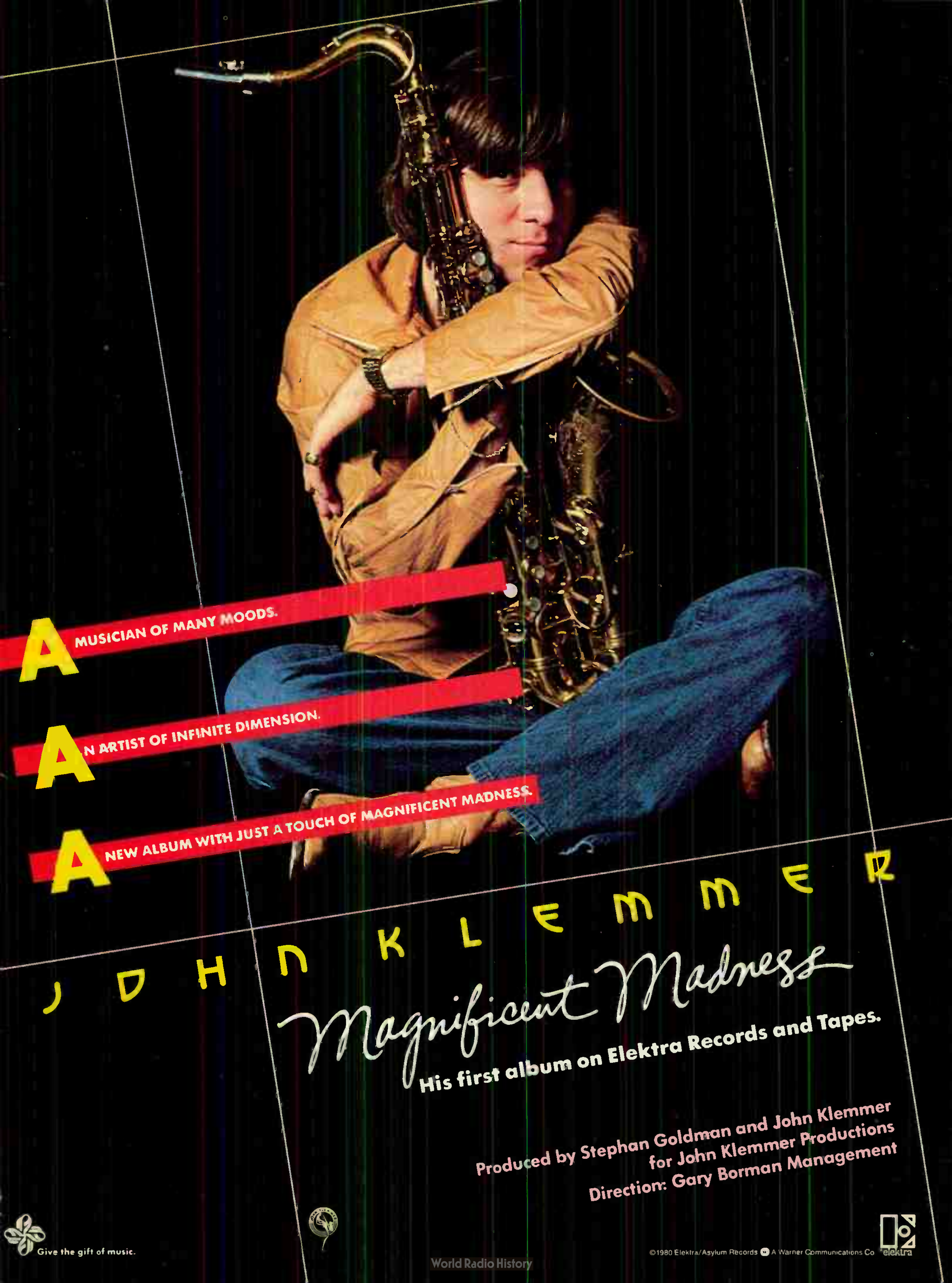
Radio Snubs Record Co.'s

The third annual National Association of Broadcasters' radio programming conference has decided it doesn't need input from the record industry. Not one of the official conference forums or workshops will feature a record industry representative. While folks on both sides of the spectrum would say this is merely a coincidence, it appears to be another reflection of radio's independent stance vis à vis the record biz. They need each other, but disagreements over the play of entire albums and over record company promotional policies, show that their relationship is no longer chummy.

Jukes In Trouble

That great archive of American culture, the jukebox, is, like everything else in these depressed days, in trouble. With the price of singles climbing close

World Radio History



World Radio History

to the $2 mark, and an increase in the copyright royalty rate expected, the number of jukeboxes in circulation is shrinking. A 10-15% loss is expected by operators nationwide. Another factor in the decline of the jukebox are video games, all the rage at bars and game rooms these days. It will be a sad moment when "Star Attack" replaces the jukebox at our favorite Greenwich Village hang out, but it may happen. What *is* the matter with kids today?

No Reggae Radio

Back in 1976, many were acclaiming reggae as the music of the future, both as a reviver of rock and as a fresh new talent. Both predictions have come true — to a degree — but, for the most part, reggae has remained a minority favorite in the United States. The culprit here, as suggested by Mango Records President Lister Hewan-Lowe, is American radio. He said to us recently: "They'd rather play bull by Joe Jackson, than Bob Marley. What can you do with people like that?" Lowe referred to a major New York FM station that, instead of playing anything off of Marley's fine new *Uprising* album, programmed an import single of Joe Jackson's woeful version of "The Harder They Come."

It's also worth noting that, despite the Police, the Clash, Elvis Costello, and the ska bands from England, American AOR radio still seems disinclined to play the black creators of this music. It shouldn't really be surprising, however, since much of AOR won't even play the music of American blacks. As Mr. Lowe asked, what can one do with people like that?

Tape My Record, Please!

There are reports of stores around the country trying out a Rent-a-Record service, where you pay the full price for an album, keep it for 24 hours, return it, and get all your cash back except a $1 service charge. Sounds like the most blatant advertisement for record and home taping piracy we've ever heard of.

Pop Producer Survey

We all know that these days a pop record is as much a product of the producer's skill as the performers, so we thought a look at which producers are scoring highest on the pop singles chart might be worthwhile.

Our survey shows that John Boylan is number one with four singles on three different artists in the top 100. Boylan doesn't have a distinctive sound, except perhaps that he flavors acts with a Southern rock direction. Charlie Daniels' "In America" and "The Legend of Wooley Swamp" are Boylan's. So is Livington Taylor's "First Time Love" (co-production with guitarist Jeff Baxter) and the number one country single "Lookin' For Love" by Johnny Lee.

Phil Ramone, a friend of the singer-songwriter, checks in with Billy Joel's "Its Still Rock 'n' Roll To Me", and "Don't Ask Me Why." Simon's Carribean influenced "Late In The Evening" is in his resumé too.

Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards (see elsewhere) have revitalized Diana Ross with the number one "Upside Down" and the upcoming "I'm Coming Out," while their band, Chic, chuggs along with "Rebels Are We." Unlike the first two producers, this duo has a very distinctive sound, which in the long run could work against them.

One certainly couldn't confuse their work with that of George Tobin, Jim Ed Norman, or Michael Gore, each represented with three singles apiece. In fact, if you can match these producers with their artists (Robert John, Kim Carnes, Irene Cara, Linda Clifford, Mickey Gilley, Anne Murray) you obviously have been reading too much of Billboard magazine. Or even worse, actually listening to Top 40 radio.

Inside Trax

Robert Fripp, guitarist and record biz theorist, was seen dancing at a hip New York rock club recently. Intimates say this was highly unusual for the intellectual Englishman and suspect that "the current may be getting too strong for the conductor." More on this disturbing development as reports come in. **Cultural Confusion:** The following was overheard at a fashionable New York rock club, the night of Ray Charles' appearance. "Oh, this blind guy's good, but really, where would we be without the Blues Brothers?" **Munks' Punk:** In the tradition of Mickey Mouse Disco, a gold record this year, "Chipmunk Punk," featuring Alvin and company playing their distinctive brand of new wave rock, cracked the top 50 of the album chart after allegedly racking up over 300,000 in sales in just two months. When asked for reaction to his success, Alvin, in a voice familiar to all, replied: "It's basic, my man. We're just putting the nuts back in rock 'n' roll."

CHART ACTION

In an era when record companies and performers complain about the difficulty of 'breaking' new artists, Warner Brothers must be very happy. Texan Christopher Cross has emerged as the new hot pop hitmaker, first with "Ride Like the Wind" and now with "Sailing," two major pop successes, followed by a platinum self-titled album. In the opening of the 1980's Mr. Cross has made a track record he'll be hard pressed to sustain.

Also smiling at the chart action this fall are all those laid back folks at California's Elektra-Asylum Records. At one point, they had the number two (Jackson Browne's *Hold Out),* three *(Urban Cowboy* soundtrack), and four (Queen's *The Game)* albums in the country. Elektra started as the home of the rocking folkie with Browne and Joni Mitchell as leading examples. But their moves into rock (with Queen, The Cars, and others), and country, as illustrated by the soundtrack and the career of Eddie Rabbit, shows that its executives have expanded with an ear toward quality.

Aside from Elektra's success, there are few major stories happening on the pop albums chart right now. Paul Simon has finally finished his debut Warner's album, *One Trick Pony,* and the film that accompanies it will be released soon. Lynyrd Skynyrd, ironically, has established itself as perhaps this country's most popular indigenous band now that it's gone. Four of its albums, including a live and greatest hits package, have turned up on the charts at the same time, perhaps because of the Rossington Collins Band's high position.

We'll skip the pop singles chart for a moment and move to the soul singles where two acts with strong followings are flexing their muscles. Maze and Michael Henderson are pushing Diana Ross, George Benson, and Teddy Pendergrass for top spots with singles from their new albums. Maze, a large self-contained band based in California, are players of a super-mellow brand of black pop, sort of Grover Washington Jr. with words. Former Miles Davis Bassist Henderson sells himself as a sex symbol, a sort of Teddy Pendergrass with charm.

It should be noted that Millie Jackson's ascension to the crown 'New Queen of Soul' has been hampered by the sluggish reception given her *For Men Only* album. Though classically raunchy Millie, it follows a bit too closely on her gold live album. A vacation, giving her buyers a rest, seems in order.

For country music fans it appears the more the better. Willie Nelson has six albums on the country chart, Waylon Jennings four, the gifted writer Larry Gatlin three, as does the quiescent country singer Don Williams. Other country stars are represented by at least two, displaying the really incredible loyalty country fans have for their favorites.

Self-contained bands have never been big in this market, but Alabama, from deep in the heart of Dixie, has done phenomenally well, perhaps foreshadowing a shift in that direction. Best song title of the summer: Dave Dudley's single: "Rolaids, Doan's Pills and Preparation H".

Al Jarreau's *This Time* album is adding a touch of actual improvisation to the trade charts jazz listings, where classy r&b by Benson, the Crusaders, and Bob James' brand of instant anesthetic hold down the top slots.

World Radio History

Mozart wrote masterpieces

We build them

Introducing the new hand-crafted Astrion.™ How do we achieve such unparalleled musical excellence? One by one. Piece by piece. All by hand. Each and every Astrion component is hand inspected, hand selected and finally hand assembled by our most skilled craftsmen. Like you, they look beyond specifications. That's why they personally audition every Astrion they build.

What qualities do they look for? Performance without restriction. Realism without compromise. Music. Pure and simple. We could go on. But why listen to a description when you can listen to our new Astrion. Take your most cherished recording to one of our selected Astrion dealers. What you hear will be incredible. What you don't hear is what you never should.

Like distortion caused by conventional cantilevers. Our engineers did away with it. By eliminating the conventional metal cantilever. In its place is a laser-etched solid sapphire shaft. Its high "stiffness-to-mass" ratio solves any flexing problems. Its exceptional purity creates a new standard for transient response.

In keeping with that high standard is Astrion's exclusive hand polished "extended contact" elliptic diamond tip. It's the smallest nude diamond tip we've ever made.

Our engineers also developed a unique pivot suspension system for the Astrion. The Orbital Pivot System.™ Unlike other systems there are no restrictive armature wires, adhesives or governors. Instead each armature is micro-machined to form a perfect fit with the Astrion's S-4 suspension block. It's that simple. It's also that much more compliant in all signal directions.

The hand-crafted Astrion. A masterpiece built to do justice to all the masterpieces written. For the location of your closest ADC Astrion dealer write Audio Dynamics Corp., Pickett District Road, New Milford, CT. 06776 or call toll-free (800) 243-9544.

World Radio History

TAMA TITAN–
THE ALL-ANGLE, ALL-ACCESSORY, ALL-ROUND, ALL-STAR HARDWARE.

In drum circles it's pretty much accepted that hardware doesn't come any stronger than Tama Titan. But sometimes our reputation for strength overshadows some of our other fine points such as the offset cymbal titler that folds completely out of harm's way for transport; or the nylon bushing clamp that holds the telescoping sections of all Titan stands perfectly rigid but won't ever scratch, mar, or distort the tubing; or the brake drum snare titler that sets to any angle instantly; or the versatility of our three boom and tilting cymbal stands; or the stability of our wide-stance tripods, or the comfort of a Titan throne.

The next time you upgrade your hardware, upgrade all the way. Get the best — Tama Titan.

"The Strongest Name In Drums"

Send $2.00 for a full-color Tama drum catalog to: **TAMA Dept. MP**
P.O. Box 469, Bensalem, PA 19020
327 Broadway, Idaho Falls, ID 83401
In Canada: 6355 Park Ave., Montreal, P.Q. H2V5H5

World Radio History

THE NEW ROCK NOVELS

Three new novels that have finally captured some of rock's magic without the melodramatic mythology.

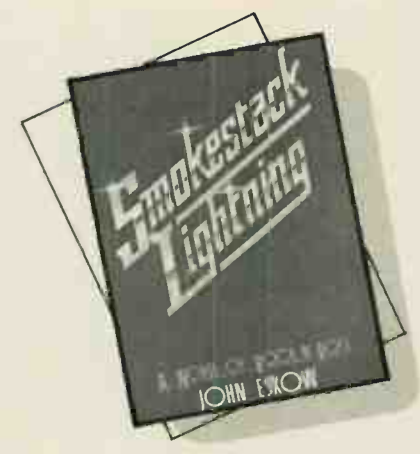
By Dave Marsh

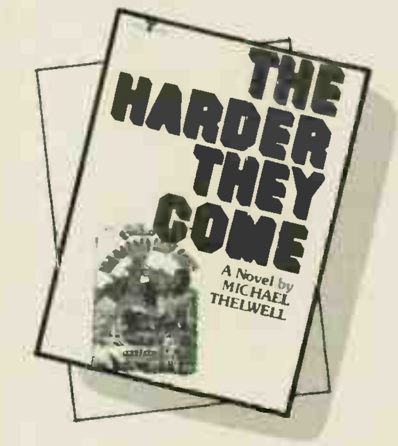
Until recently, the only really good rock and roll novel I'd ever read was an odd, slightly beserk paperback original called *Death Rock*. Written by someone named Maxene Fabe, and published nearly a decade ago, *Death Rock* disappeared as rapidly as such fetish items are supposed to, and Fabe along with it, although she made a surprise reappearance last winter, as the author of the appropriate sequel, a non-fiction tome entitled *TV Game Shows*. (Loved every word.) Still, *Death Rock* sticks in the mind, an anomaly as great as rock itself would be if the Elegants' "Little Star" were the only record ever made.

Needless to say, rock's own mythology militates against creating a really substantial novel. Even Mark Twain might have blanched at a plot line in which several of the heroes are killed while pursuing clean collars. Furthermore, we are asked to believe that rock devours its young, and that it is the product of an industry which is comprised of equal parts of the corrupt and the sinister, leaving little to create except melodramatic farce. Certainly, the mythology is bullshit — rock devours old and young indiscriminately, and anyone who has ever met a record executive must understand that few, if any, are sufficiently competent to be sinister — but it can hardly be ignored. Thus we find critics and scholars as excellent as Nik Cohn (*King Death, I Am Still the Greatest says Johnny Angelo* and God knows what else) and Stephen Holden (*Triple Platinum*) writing novels swathed in cliche and bound by nonsense, fleshed out with philosophy that is the very definition of pseudo-. Until a few weeks ago, I hadn't encountered a character one-tenth as believable or interesting as Rafi Zabor's Bear in all that I'd read. Most of the time, you walk away from such books wondering why anyone in their right mind gives a damn about such dehumanizing drivel.

You can walk away from any given Lester Bangs essay equally confused, but there's a difference. Lester strews clues, while most novelists (especially "serious" ones who've forayed here, like Don DeLillo and Laurence Gonzales) haven't any.

Things are looking up though. No less than three recent music-based novels





have been recently published, and each has something to recommend it. Michael Thelwell's *The Harder They Come* has more to say about the intersection of ancient and modern culture, and the ways in which they fail to cancel each other out, than about rock or reggae per se, but then, reggae might be construed as a music which dwells mightily on the same theme. Iris Rainer's thoroughly trashy *The Boys in the Mailroom*, a *roman a clef* whose characters should be vaguely recognizable to most readers of *Musician*, gives the businessmen their due, however slight it may be. And John Eskrow's wonderful *Smokestack Lightning* may very well be the great rock novel for which I've been hoping, with characters you can trust, and a feeling for both the music and the ambience unequalled in anything else I've seen on the subject.

There are many splendid aspects of *The Harder They Come* — among other things, it is a beautiful cultural and political history of Jamaica, a road-map to the country's sociology, and the only really commanding study of Jamaican dialect I've encountered. But what really makes the book fascinating is the way in which Thelwell, by forcing himself to conform to the potboiler plot of Perry Henzell's movie, has chosen to confront the self-immolating myths of pop music head-on. One already knows, from seeing the movie, the consequences of Ivan's rebellion; Thelwell not only spells out its source more clearly, but he lends the debacle at the end a feeling of inevitability that goes far beyond "knowing how the story turns out." It's as if his audience wants to see him caught, as much as his pursuers do, and it's also a case where the performer becomes his audience, tailoring his behavior to fit a preconceived notion about how a proper badman ought to behave. You can feel Thelwell pulling away from the vainglorious, bloody climax, but you can also feel him acquiescing in full awareness that this futile machismo gesture is true. Anyone who still believes in "martyred" pop stars as victims can learn a lot from this book.

No two books — no two worlds — could possibly be farther apart than *The Harder They Come* and *The Boys in the Mail Room*, Iris Rainer's trashy portrait of four Hollywood executives, two in the music business, two occupied elsewhere. Written in the spirit and style of Jacqueline Susann, the milieu of *Mailroom* should be familiar to anyone who knows the rock business — the turf of bookers, promoters and agents if not record companies. The gossip isn't terribly fascinating — the facts aren't fresh and they've been altered enough to be untrue anyhow — but the book is worth considering because Rainer, struggling to make venal lives empathetic, removes the sinister veil of myth from most of these characters, revealing the pathetic, spoiled, greedy creatures underneath. The executives in her story, like most of those in real life, aren't capable of evil, not because they wouldn't like to be but because they're just too damned incompetent and neurotic.

By simply outlining the experiences of a representative fragment of rock's managerial upper crust, Rainer accom-

World Radio History

VAN MORRISON'S 'COMMON ONE'

Van Morrison's search for the holy grail, the New Jerusalem and permanent grace. A great new record.

By Brian Cullman

LYNN GOLDSMITH

"When a ray of light strikes a crystal, it gives a new quality to the crystal.

". . . The soul of man, left to its own natural level, is a potentially lucid crystal left in darkness. It is perfect in its own nature, but it lacks something that it can only receive from outside and above itself. But when the light shines in it, it becomes in a manner transformed into light and seems to lose its nature in the splendor of a higher nature, the nature of the light that is in it."

—Thomas Merton

The search for the light, sometimes simply known as grace, is at the heart of all of Van Morrison's work, most especially in the song cycles that comprise his strongest, most personal work: *Astral Weeks, Veedon Fleece*, and now *Common One*, the strangest, darkest, and most heart-felt of the three.

Astral Weeks was a buoyant, miraculous search for grace in innocence, in the thoughtlessness of young love, and in naming all that a moment contains; an animist at heart, Van heard and saw spirits everywhere and believed that if he could simply list the leaves in perfect order as they fell "one by one by one by one" he would eventually be reunited with the tree.

Veedon Fleece is a darker, more reluctant album, filled with a sense of homelessness, and directed as well as undirected longings. The singer is no longer a boy, and with streets behind him as well as streets in front of him, he looks for grace in memory, in remembrance, in the thoughtfulness of love.

In *Common One*, all the stories and the schoolgirls and the distances have been stripped away until there is only a *looking* for grace — not looking in any particular place, simply looking. It is by far the most chilling of the three, and probably the finest of his career, because the effort, the struggle, the "suffering so fine," is so apparent, so much a part of how he now sings, and the prize is the hardest won.

I listen to Van Morrison with different ears than I use for other records. I trust him completely, know that he will never hit a false or an insincere note, that he will never lie to me. At his best, no one can match him for sheer transcendent power, for moments of sustained lyrical abandon — he will walk off the edge of notes without ever looking back, without ever doubting that the continual risk is worth everything. He embodies all that is best in music, all the singular beauty and terror and contradiction: at his most devotional, he is still carnal, longing with the body as well as the soul; at his most carnal, he is still devotional, reaching for the spirit.

He is one of a handful of musicians (the others include Beethoven and, occasionally, Sibelius) whose music makes sense outside of closed spaces, whose work can fill fields and woods and meadows without ever interfering with nature, without ever sounding forced or out of context. I would listen to Van Morrison in airplanes, walking the Great Wall of China, in hidden valleys in Bhutan, in fall-out shelters, and on the moon, and I will listen to Van Morrison when I'm dead. I am obviously not an innocent bystander.

Still, it hasn't been easy being a fan these past few years and believing, with any seriousness, that his best work was still ahead of him. *A Period of Transition* was a lackluster return to recording, and though he sang well in *The Last Waltz*, he was painful to watch: he looked pale and puffy and, above all, terrified; and if he had fallen during those clumsy kicks on "Caravan," I was afraid he might have lain there like a turtle and never risen again.

Wavelengths was a big improvement. The title song and "Take It Where You Find It" had the glimmerings of magic about them. But it was hard to know if we had invested Van with so much magic that we insisted on finding magic in songs that were simply good songs, no more and no less.

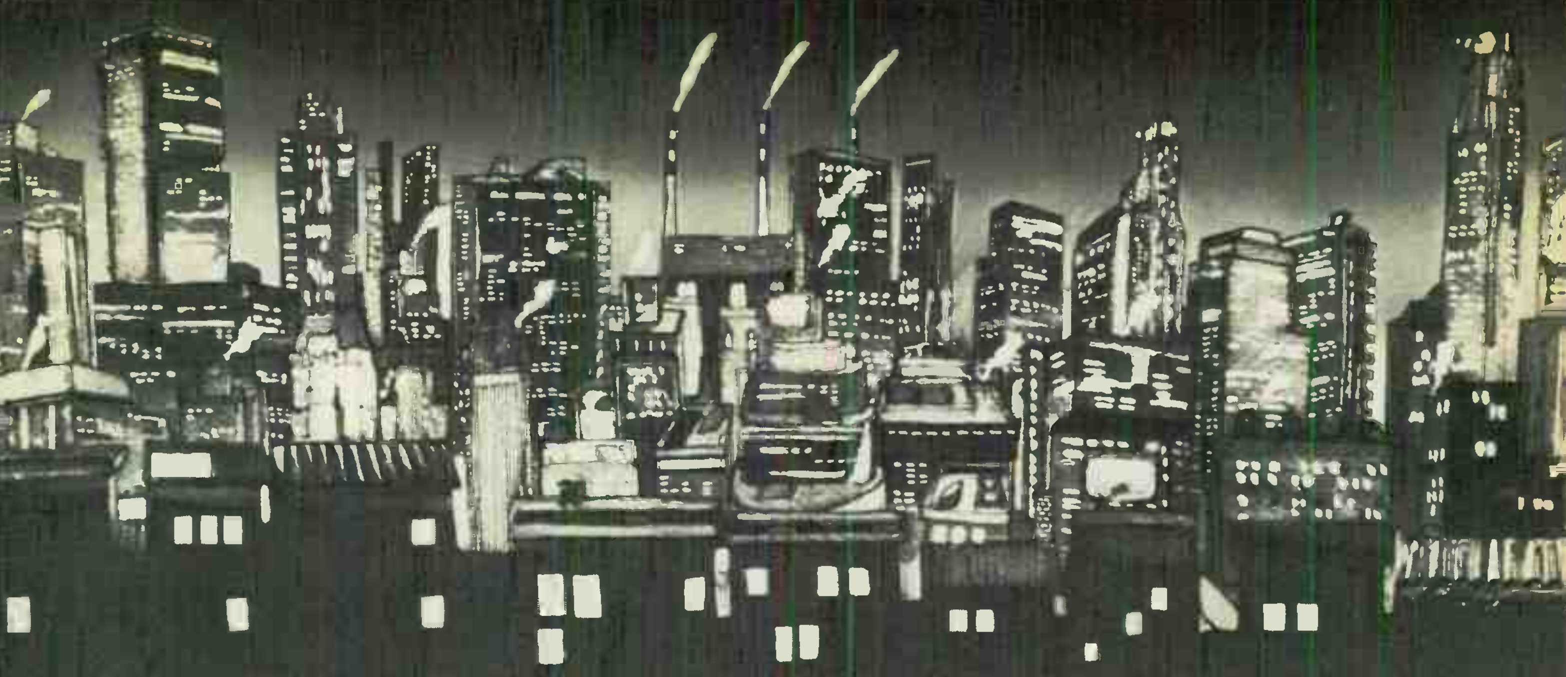
Last year's *Into The Music* was even better. There was a sense of chemistry and balance being right, of chances being taken again and of songs beginning to breathe. And, of course, there were good songs: "And The Healing Has Begun," "Full Force Gale," "Troubadors."

Van Morrison has always written good and great songs, but his best work goes way beyond song — *Madame George* and *Cyprus Avenue* and *County Fair* are called "songs" because they're not operas or symphonies; but they are open, extended bodies of pure music, beyond melody, beyond structure. For however long they last, Van follows his voice and his words wherever they lead him, and time is stretched beyond all recognition, until it stands straight and still, the way, in *The Odyssey*, the night Ulysses returns to Penelope, the sun refuses to rise but stays still so that Ulysses' embrace can last all the longer. And *Common One* is a return to that pure music.

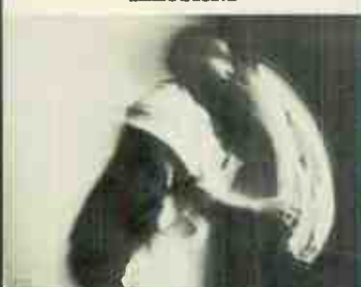
Van has worked with better individual musicians in the past — there are no instrumental voices that stand out the way Richard Davis' bass did on *Astral Weeks* or Jim Rothermel's recorder cut

continued on next page

World Radio History

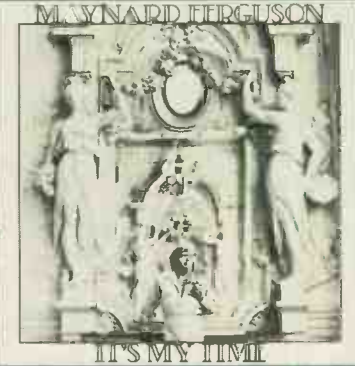


Don't think about the days getting shorter. Think about the nights getting hotter.

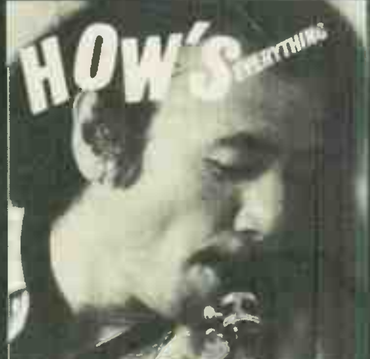


America's widely-acclaimed sax master is back with his third Columbia release, featuring entirely new recordings of "Bush Baby" and other classics.

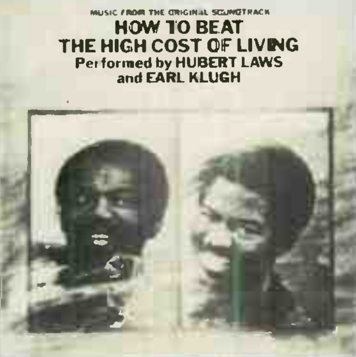
JoAnne's created a growing legion of fans, thanks to some of the most ambitious composing and piano dexterity of the decade. Her new album carries her quartet to regal heights.



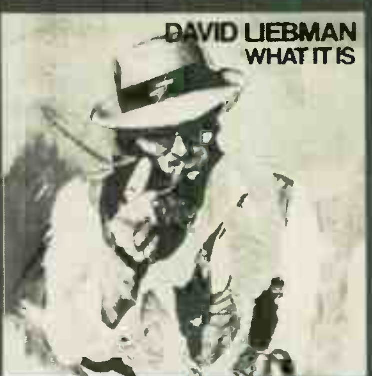
Maynard's having the time of his life on his hottest effort since the gold "Conquistador" album. Featuring the production and arranging expertise of Bert deCoteaux and TOM TOM 84.



Recorded live at Budokan, Watanabe's two-record superset is the talk of the music world. Featuring Eric Gale, Richard Tee, Ralph MacDonald, Anthony Jackson and The Tokyo Philharmonic.

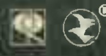


This "How To" soundtrack album is the first collaboration between two of the most respected musicians in jazz's Who's Who. You can't afford to miss it.



From Miles to Chick to his solo success, Liebman's gifts have always amazed—but never more than on his latest album, where he's joined by Steve Gadd, Marcus Miller and others.

On Columbia and Tappan Zee Records and Tapes.



"Columbia," are trademarks of CBS Inc. © 1980 CBS Inc. Tappan Zee Records is distributed by Columbia Records. "Tappan Zee," are trademarks of Tappan Zee Records Inc.

World Radio History

If we'd introduced the new ARP8 Performance Series Mixer five years ago, you probably couldn't have afforded it.

Today you probably can.

It's strange, but true. The more sophisticated technology becomes, the cheaper it gets. That's why ARP can now introduce a better mixer at, believe it or not, a better price.

The ARP8 Performance Series Mixer is designed for professional musicians. It has all the live-performance features you need to make your music sound the way you want, no matter where you play. Built-in analog delay for the echo effect you want. 3-bands of equalizers on each channel for a balanced sound from each instrument. Two 7-band equalizers — one stereo for program left and right, one mono for the monitor submix — for the balance you like among all the instruments you play.

All for a price that's more than up-to-date. About two-thirds what you'd pay for a competitor's comparable mixer.

You can try out the new ARP8 Performance Series Mixer now at selected ARP dealers.

For further information and the names of selected ARP Mixer dealers in in your area, write:

ARP

ARP Mixer
45 Hartwell Avenue
Lexington, MA 02173
Or call:
(617) 861-6000

© 1980 ARP Instruments, Inc.

through *Veedon Fleece* — but this is the most indulgent and supportive band he's ever worked with: they second guess him perfectly, laying in and laying out, and leaving him just the right amount of space. There is an especially sympathetic rapport with Pee Wee Ellis' saxophone, and there's a wonderful moment in the middle of a sax solo on "Haunts of Ancient Peace" where Ellis unexpectedly veers away from the song and begins to play "How Are Things in Glocca Mora."

Henry Lewy's co-production adds the same warmth and depth to *Common One* that he added to Leonard Cohen's *Recent Songs*, only here he adds a constant sense of motion, a swirling sense, which plays beautifully off of Van Morrison's rolling, modal instincts. He helps cast "Wild Honey" (no relation to the Beach Boys' song) in the same smooth style Boz Scaggs perfected in "We're All Alone," but never loses the tenderness of Van's voice against the horns, never allows the textures to get too slick or too distant.

Whether in response to Lewy's care or to some deeper urge, Van sings with uncommon looseness and directness, never simply re-creating earlier vocal stylings. He constantly invents, finding, re-shaping his voice, especially in "Summertime in England," a song to the spirit and soul of the English countryside, to the preservation and to the memory of Avalon: the legendary isle of the blessed from which King Arthur will one day return, the ancestral home of the romantic poets. Along the way, he evokes the names of the poets, as if they were place-names or subway stops, the way blues singers would evoke the names of favorite streets in Kansas City or Chicago: *I'm gonna be there on the corner of Wordsworth and Coleridge*.

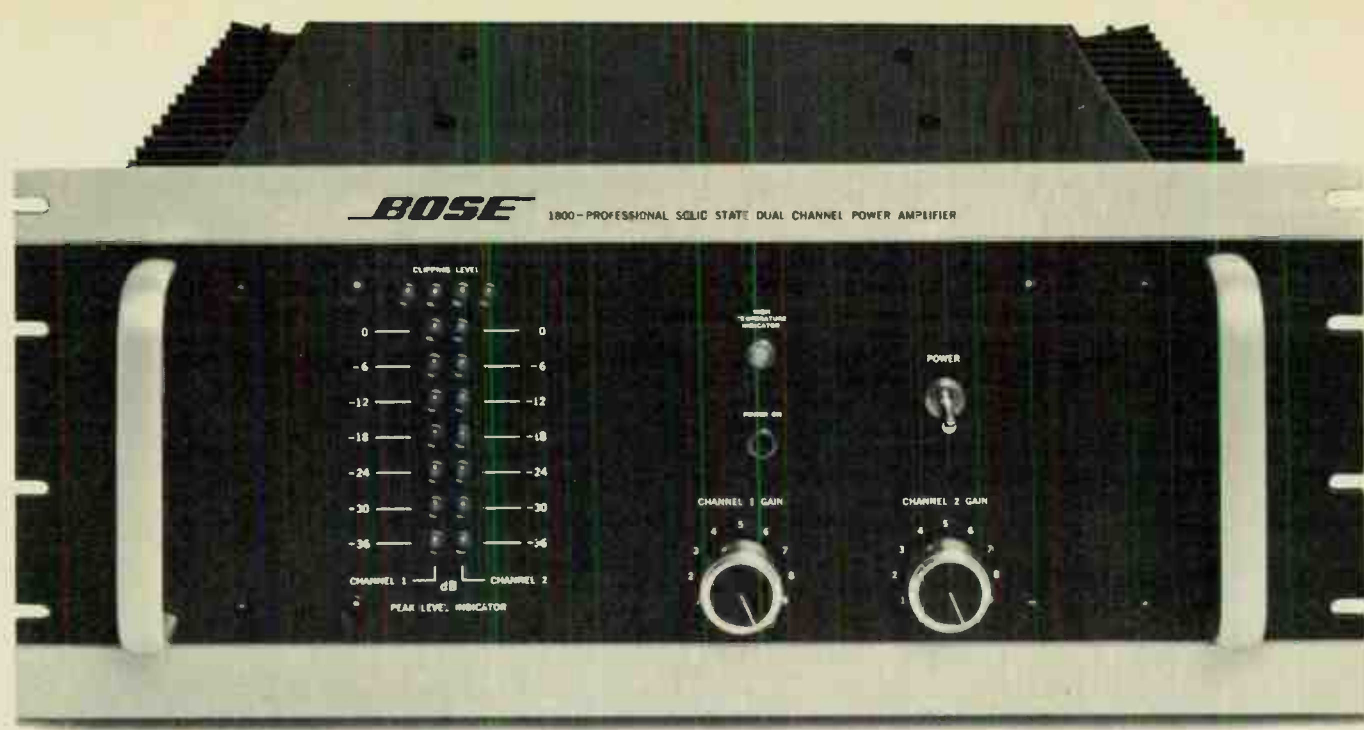
Good as this album is, "When Heart is Open," the fifteen minute evocation that ends the record, is simply staggering, a trance of a song not so much about looking for grace as preparing for grace, making room for it.

And when heart is open
You will change
Just like a flower slowly opening
And when heart is open
You will meet your lover.

Against a wash of flutes, fluted electric guitar, string bass and synthesized horn, Van sings through every color in his voice, pushing everything out of himself — cellos and bagpipes — opening every possible door, the way he threatened to in "Listen To the Lion."

Almost every record of the past few years, even very good records, sound pale and mean-spirited and simply lazy next to this one. No one else aims as consistently high and as consistently true. He's the best we have. ■

World Radio History



Unadvertised Special

Sometimes our mailbox brings us a better ad than we could write ourselves. Here's the complete text of a letter we received from Rick Stalnecker, a musician and experienced traveller. Rick's letter says more about the Bose® Model 1800 Amplifier than we could say in a book.

"Enclosed is a picture of our present amp case. These are the original Bose amps which we put on the road in the summer of 1973. In the past six years, these same amps have played in over 500 cities and done at least 3,500 concerts from Anchorage, Alaska to Key West, Florida. This is the fourth road case the amps have outlived, and we use the finest cases available! One week they'll be in a football stadium, through several rain storms, and the next week in a studio or auditorium somewhere. We figure that they have traveled around 500,000 miles and although we have worn out 3 equipment trucks, we have yet to have the first problem with one Bose amp ever! I can't believe it! We have never even replaced a 15-cent fuse! As if that wasn't enough for these work horses, when I get home to our studio I use them for playback, mixdown, and even headphones. The last time they were out of a case, I thoroughly checked them and there wasn't even a casing screw that needed tightening.

I say all of this for one reason. Right now, everybody and their great uncle is claiming their amp to be the best, and I don't think your advertising has been saying enough about your amps. Personally, I can't say enough about their reliability, power, and inaudible distortion.

There is one bad thing though, I probably will never need to buy another amp from you!"

Thanks, Rick! Letters like yours make all of our work seem worthwhile and rewarding.

Bose for Pros

Bose Corporation, Dept. PL
The Mountain Road
Framingham, MA 01701

Please send me a copy of the Bose Professional Products Catalog and a complete dealer list.

Name: ____________________

Address: ____________________

City: ____________________

State: ____________ Zip: ____________

Telephone: ( ) ____________________

Patent rights issued and pending.

© Copyright 1979 Bose Corporation

World Radio History

NILE RODGERS OF CHIC

An interview with the guitarist-composer revealing a jazz-rock past and a wide-open future as both producer and player.

By Nelson George

Chic's debut single back in 1977, "Dance, Dance, Dance" was a wonderfully calculated piece of disco marketing. It had funky hand claps and slinky guitar riffs to galvanize black dancers, while its swirling strings and campy cheer of "Yowsah, Yowsah, Yowsah", recalling the dance marathons of yore, captured the gay audience. This still faceless group then followed with "Everybody Dance", a breezy tune highlighted by some inspired R&B interplay between the guitar and bass. Many assumed that these were two lucky session cats given room to jam by an unusually open - minded disco producer, and that Chic itself was the girl singers heard chirping merrily in the foreground. Just another studio band, who'd take their disco dollars and hustle smoothly into the night.

But Chic's first album turned that disco truism on its ear. While vocalist Luci Martin and Alfa Anderson (replacing Norma Jean Wright) would certainly be important to the emerging Chic sound, it was two until then unknown New York musicians, guitarist Nile Rodgers and bassist Bernard Edwards, who were really in charge. Rodgers, an aficionado of one James Marshall Hendrix, and Edwards, an ardent student of the James Brown school of funk, had a vision of sophisticated but danceable pop music. Disco was their vehicle and, like Girogio Moroder, they have utilized the form well to become influential pop songwriter-producers.

Their four Atlantic albums (I don't include a premature "Greatest Hits" package shoved out last Christmas), plus two albums with Sister Sledge, Norma Jean's solo album, work with Euro-disco lady Shelia and B. Devotion, and Diana Ross' best-ever solo album, *Diana*, present a carefully stylized, yet eclectic approach, with songs full of quirky time signatures, sparse instrumentation, idiosyncractic lyrics, and

It's no surprise that several of their productions have become instant pop classics. "We Are Family", with Kathie Sledge's testifying vocal, mixes gospel spirit and lengthy disco tracks better than anybody, including Sylvester. Both "He's the Greatest Dancer" for Sister Sledge and their own "Le Freak" have instrumental passages where Rodgers, Edwards, and drummer Tony Thompson glide on the groove with swing of the Basie band's "One O'Clock Jump." "Good Times" is the closest thing we have on the mainland to a Jamaican dub record with Edwards' relentless bass line an inspiration for a host of imitators and one out and out copy (more on it later.)

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

Is there life after disco? Apparently so, if your heart wasn't really into it, anyway, and you can play and produce like Nile Rodgers.

MUSICIAN: How did Chic come together as a group and become involved with disco music?

RODGERS: When I met Bernard we were playing in the Big Apple Band, backing up a vocal group called New York City, and we later played behind Carol Douglass for about six months. We had also played together in the house band at the Apollo during the early seventies. Now to be honest, we wrote "Dance. Dance, Dance" and "Everybody Dance" purely and simply to get the group established and get a contract. Prior to that we had been a power trio and, with our drummer Tony Thompson, played fusion music and made demos in that style. But we could never get a deal. The labels, even in the days when signing fusion bands was popular, weren't interested in a black fusion band. Unless you had a rep in the industry by playing with a Miles Davis or Chick Corea, you couldn't break through. A young guitar player like Al DiMeola got signed because Return to Forever took him under their wing.

MUSICIAN: So to get through you turned to disco?

RODGERS: Yes, but even though we aimed at capturing a recording deal through dance music we were never really a disco band. All you had to do was listen to our first album and you'd hear very melodic tunes and jazzy instrumentals like "San Paulo". But our image musically has been defined by "Dance "Freak Out," and "Good Times," music we're extremely proud of, but that in no way is the limit of our capabilities.

MUSICIAN: But isn't it remarkable how influential those records have been? The musical approach, with the guitar mixed upfront, Bernard's precise articulation on bass, and the spacious, uncluttered sound have become prototypes for so much that has followed.

RODGERS: It's flattering in a way to hear so many records that were obviously influenced by our playing style and approach to production. It reminds me of when I used to check out Sly at the Filmore East and Larry Graham would be plucking his strings. The next thing you knew everyone was copping his licks. Same thing when Earth, Wind & Fire released "Can't Hide Love". Soon as that came out, other ballads with the same changes and horn lines appeared. So we're in good company. But then as everyone adopts your techniques, its easy to suddenly sound old fashioned as your ideas become part of

continued on page 88

World Radio History

CROSSOVER TO A NEW ERA OF DIGITAL CONTROL

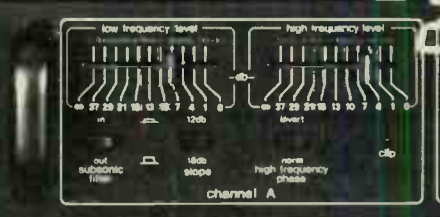
5760

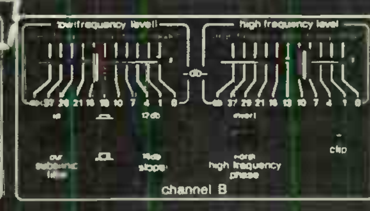
4280

3840

2400

1680





Sunn Model SPL 4320:

- Digitally controlled filters
- Built-in 30 HZ subsonic filter
- 11-detent slide level controls
- Muting circuit for "pop" suppression
- High slew-rate, low noise, low distortion
- True Butterworth response
- Biamp or triamp mode switch
- 248 different crossover frequencies
- 12 DB/octave or 18 DB/octave switch
- Inputs and outputs balanced and unbalanced

The SPL 4320 is the newest addition to our professional products line. The use of digital technology applied to an electronic crossover has allowed us to set new standards of performance and value.

The SPL 4320 uses stable state-variable filters controlled by precision digital-to-analog converters. The result is a crossover which can be quickly and easily adjusted in 40 HZ increments to any crossover frequency in the range of 80 HZ to 9960 HZ. The selected crossover frequencies are displayed on a large LED display, and are automatically retained in a non-volatile memory when the power is off.

Additional user-oriented features such as the built-in rumble filter and turn-on muting circuit make this crossover equally at home in the live sound reinforcement and studio environments.

Sunn Musical Equipment Company
A Hartzell Corporation Company
Amburn Industrial Park
Tualatin, Oregon 97062

World Radio History

DISCOVERING JAPANESE ROCK

It's Pink Lady versus Yellow Magic in the land of the rising Sony

By Rob Patterson

The Japanese music scene is, not surprisingly, much like the Japanese themselves — an enigma. Most Americans only know what little we are told about Japan: woefully limited information like which Western groups are a hit there (witness the spate of "Live At Budokan" two-fers), or which Pink Lady is Mei or Kei.

Unfortunately, Pink Lady tells us more about music in Japan than, say, Judas Priest's *Unleashed In The East*. The very idea that the Japanese are voracious consumers of imported music is slightly misleading. Japan *is* a health market for many kinds of foreign acts; visit a Japanese record store and you'll find a rather full complement of the latest and greatest overseas discs from punk to funk, a treasure trove of oldies which are out of print in the States, and quite a few customers.

But Japanese radio and charts tell the tale: at least fifteen slots of their top twenty are always held by Japanese acts, singing *in* Japanese pop music made *for* Japanese, ninety-nine percent of which we'll never hear in America. The one percent that slipped through — Pink Lady — is indicative of what remains behind the bamboo curtain.

SUKITA

Japanese rock isn't like you and me. While New Wave and punk style is in, music must be clean and pleasant. Above, Yellow Magic Orchestra.

When you enter your Tokyo hotel room (slippers by the door, remove your shoes, please), flick on the radio or tune in one of the many television variety shows. The carefully manicured acts you'll see and hear all share one commonality whatever the musical style they play, be it rock, pop, or folk — it may not be quite easy listening, but it is never taxing or troublesome. Even if you can't understand the lyrics, the message is clear. Polite and respectful by nature, the Japanese make pop music that reflects their character. Culturally cognizant of the importance of social respect and order on a crowded island, the Japanese grind out the most bland, calculated, innocuous and inoffensive pop pap imaginable. Japan's best-selling rock groups wouldn't dare offend their ancestors.

Observes rock photographer Bob Gruen, who divides his time between New York and Tokyo: "The streets of Tokyo aren't mean streets . . . polite consideration rules." As Gruen points out, in New York kids walk the streets carrying huge, noisy boxes that blast out their favorite sound (often made in Japan — a plot?). In Tokyo they carry the "Walkman" (called a "Soundabout" here), a tiny cassette player with featherweight headphones, since the Japanese would never offend, disturb, or bother others in public. This cultural strictness extends into the music business itself. Unlike most countries, where groups are signed to a label, in Japan the acts are employees of the record company. Like their counterparts on the assembly lines of Datsun and National Panasonic, artists are loyal company employees, and in Japan, loyalty to one's employer is a lifetime affair.

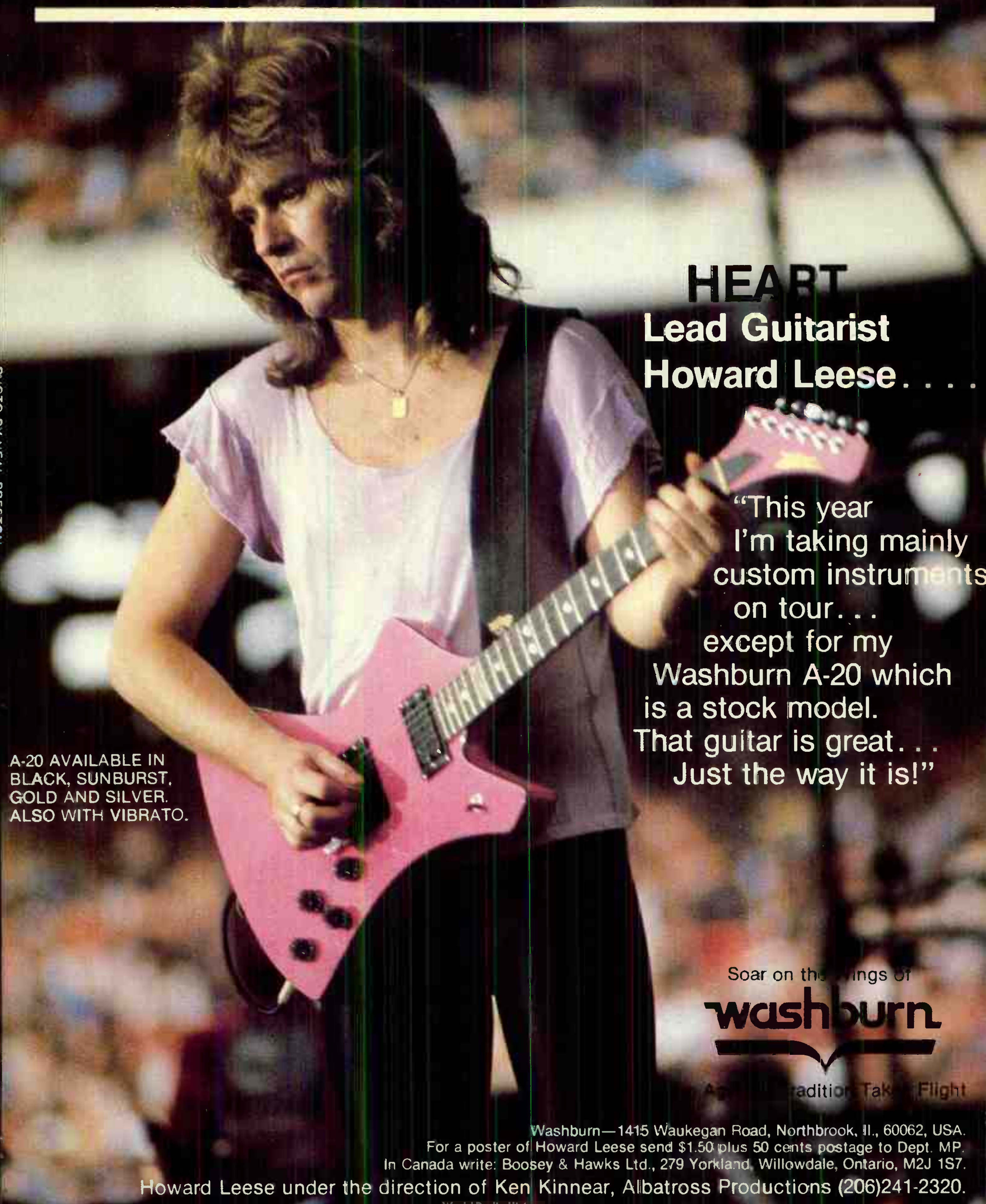
What happens if they don't toe the cultural line? The arrests of some Japanese pop stars for marijuana a few years back was a major scandal. Public and corporate censure kept them from recording until they had paid penitance and openly apologized. Still their careers have never been the same since. (All drugs, including grass and hash, are as illicit and rare as plutonium in Japan, and foreigners don't offend the Japanese by asking for them. That may be one reason why McCartney brought his own).

The language factor is the major stumbling block for Japanese groups who wish to extend their horizons. The Japanese want their groups to sing in Japanese, and even their first significant rock export — The Sadistic Mika Band — refused to give up that difference (a fact that seemed charming in the West). Their wild, shivering rock concoction was fascinating to foreign ears, and even though they worked with producer Chris Thomas (Sex Pistols, Pretenders) and toured Britain with Roxy Music, their steadfastly Japanese lyrics limited the Mika Band's appeal.

Now disbanded (Mika lives in England with Thomas after splitting with her husband, band leader Kazuhiko Katoh), Sadistic Mika left a mission and a drummer to be inherited by the latest and most promising Japanese offering to the West — Yellow Magic Orchestra.

World Radio History

Howard Leese & Washburn



World Radio History

Sheena and the Rokkets play punk, Japanese style: polite and inoffensive new wave which projects the veneer, not the guts, of their western counterparts.

Although it is drummer Yukihiro Takahashi's bedrock rhythms that align Yellow Magic's sound with Western rock 'n' roll, one cannot discount the importance of the final concession — YMO sing in English.

Well . . . not exactly in English. The lyrics penned by English expatriate Chris Mosdell are chains of phrases and snatches that YMO filter and synthesize almost beyond comprehension. The end result sounds like something between our two languages — a virtual glossalalia which appeals overseas with the same simplicity as Abba's Yabba-Dabba-Doo chants, while keeping the fans at home happy by sounding . . . Japanese. That may explain why Yellow Magic are one of Japan's hottest acts (four albums at once in the top twenty this last spring) while singing in English.

Overseas, YMO's "magic" is the way they cross all musical camps. In the U.S. they received disco play on their first single — "Computer Game" — but toured new wave venues. Their style is a poppy amalgamation of electronic musics made for the most part by synthesizer and a Roland MC8 computer; one hears in YMO the hipper sounds of Bowie, Eno, Kraftwerk, and Roxy Music as well as the internationally appealing Eurodisco of Giorgio Moroder, and even the silliness of the old top-40 hit "Hot Popcorn." The guitar styles they employ range from rock to jazz fusion. Clearly YMO has something for everybody — they are as efficient and broad-based in a marketing sense as a Toyota compact.

Though to Western ears the name "Yellow Magic" sounds quite tongue in cheek, the band insists there's no humor in the name. "There are two kinds of magic," says Sakamoto, "white and black. We wanted to propose something different from these, something neutral and apart from those kinds of judgements — Yellow Magic."

The band feels their success at home is "based on the fact that the Japanese have finally found someone who can be successful abroad. We are heroes." Yet overseas they wanted to, in Hosano's words, "create something really powerful and new . . . that would be powerful anywhere — Japan, America, England, Europe. In Japan everyone wanted to reach the standards of Westerners, listening to their music and trying to do what they do. Instead of following what was done overseas, we wanted to do something original from Japan.

YMO's second U.S. album — *Multiples* — goes a long way towards proving that point. It is much more powerful than their first in sound, style, and songs (chosen from two Japanese releases). Although thematically the record is rife with Japanese essence (from the sci-fi of "Rydeen" to the Tokyo-inspired "Technopolis" to the politely Japanese protest of "Solid State Survivor"), their appealing synthesis of Western elements is still strong, although the influences this time are less apparent. The only mistake made by A&M, their label here, is not including a wonderful and humorous YMO version of Archie Bell and The Drells' "Tighten Up." ("Herro! We are YMO, flom Tokyo, Japan!!")

YMO's broad musical latitude is encouraged by their record company, the small and hungry independent Alfa. Started two years ago from the base of a music publishing firm, Alfa has had the foresight to delve deeply into new and progressive music while distributing their similarly inclined American affiliate, A&M, and breaking such A&M acts in Japan as The Police, Supertramp, Rita Coolidge, and Herb Alpert).

Soon to open shop in the States, Alfa have a number of promising offerings for the international scene. Sheena and the Rokkets are no doubt the closest Japanese act to the new wave "skinny tie" pop-rock so common now in the U.S. and England, and hold their own with the competition. Lead singer Sheena Rocket is a charming and cute Japanese version of Ronnie Spector, but the band's vision is no doubt provided by lead guitarist Makoto Ayukawa, who formerly led a Japanese blues-based group named Son House, after the famous blues singer. As Ayukawa resembles an elongated, Japanese Elvis Costello (they're not all short — the result of more meat and milk in their diet since W.W. II), it's no surprise that the Rokkets debuted as the support act for Costello's '78 Japanese tour. The Rokkets sing in both Japanese and English, sometimes in the same song. Produced by YMO's Hosano, they are modern and intelligent in a way that Westerners should find appealing.

The one other Japanese "new wave" act already known to Western ears are The Plastics. Having toured the States and opened in Japan for the B-52's, The Plastics are by far the most unique of the new Japanese acts, creating their music from synthesizers and rhythm boxes while offering a stage show where they gyrate about and jabber like twisted and cross-circuited robots. The vision of three graphic artists whose interest and talent in music was minimal, The Plastics skirt the experimental fringe in a decidedly Japanese manner. "Style" is their byword — a modernist, post-industrial frenzy that neatly expresses the curious meshing of East and West one encounters in Japan.

Therefore most new Japanese acts have their Western equivalents. Lizards! are an act in the hard rock mold, while Friction (who are produced by YMO's Sakamoto) pursue the power pop vein. They have their own Chuck Berry stylist — Ekechi Yaosa — as well as a group who played N.Y. Dolls songs, Antionette. There's even a Japanese duo called Jisatsu (meaning "suicide") composed of a drummer and manic guitarist who emulate the American act Suicide.

Throughout Tokyo there are many clubs and cafes which cater to specific musical tastes, and one can find a devoted audience for any style — jazz, rock, pop, folk, and even bluegrass. At those clubs frequented by devotees of a

continued on page 34

World Radio History

HOHNER

Pianet-Clavinet DUO

"With the Duo, I can mix piano with Clavinet and get endless combinations. nice touch. HOHNER."

-Chick Corea

And who should know better than Chick Corea. The man Contemporary Keyboard has voted "Best Electric Pianist" for the third straight year. Like Chick Corea, Hohner's Pianet/Clavinet Duo is a star performer. It has five full octaves and 60 standard size keys. Play Clavinet with Pianet Bass, or Pianet with Clavinet Bass or a combination of Clavinet and Pianet with Pianet Bass. You can even switch back and forth between Clavinet and Pianet by a simple touch of a foot pedal. The combinations are endless. Take it from Chick Corea, "the Duo is one versatile, solid sounding instrument."

When you're looking for that big break, Hohner can be instrumental.

M. Hohner Inc., Hicksville, N.Y.
Hohner Canada Inc., Don Mills, Ontario

World Radio History

World Radio History

Making and breaking tradition.

Winds of change are in the air. Professional brass and woodwind players are switching to Yamaha. Not because we're paying them to do so, but because it's paying them to do so.

You see, we asked professionals how their chosen brand of instrument, old-line and cherished as it might be, could be improved.

The result of this professional evaluation program is a line of band instruments that dares to break with tradition by doing away with the deficiencies that even the best instruments have had—and even the best players have had to put up with.

But no longer, because players everywhere are changing.

Changing to Yamaha trumpets for their superior intonation and wide variety of sound and feel.

Changing to Yamaha trombones because we've got the best slide in the business.

Changing to Yamaha clarinets because without having to alter the instrument in any way, you get the sound you want.

Changing to Yamaha saxophones for their consistent tone quality and superior intonation in the extreme registers.

For these, and many more reasons, professionals are laying down the old and picking up the new. They know something better when they see it, feel it, and play it.

Yamaha. Only for those brave enough to break tradition. And innovative enough to make tradition. Is that you, too?

For more information, write: Yamaha Musical Products, A Division of Yamaha International Corporation, Box 7271, Grand Rapids, MI 49510.

World Radio History

THE RESURGENCE OF MAX ROACH

With his imagination, virtuosity and impeccable sense of form, Max Roach wrote the book on modern drumming. All of a sudden, he's adding new pages again.

By Rafi Zabor

The cavalcade of Max Roach records, begun a few months back with the overdue reappearance of *The Freedom Now Suite*, continues now with three utterly different albums, one with Roach's working quartet, a high-priced digital set featuring M'Boom-re (a percussion ensemble), and a double live set that extends Roach's exploration of the duo format and his collaboration with reedman Anthony Braxton. We're still awaiting Roach's epochal encounter with Cecil Taylor. Even without that album in hand, there's a more than sufficient sense of occasion. Roach stands at the fountainhead of modern jazz drumming — in fact, over no other instrument has the influence of one man been as decisive as Roach's over drums for the past thirty-odd years — and his moves as a thinker and bandleader have always been deeply keyed to significant changes in the tradition. It would be hard to say what Roach's encounters with Braxton, Taylor and Archie Shepp (this last still unavailable in this country) might portend — it's hard to imagine Dizzy Gillespie cutting records with Roscoe Mitchell, and in general I think that dialogue-between-the-generations rhetoric is a good thing to avoid — but they do help to remind us of Roach's central place in the tradition and the restless creative intelligence he has never ceased to exercise.

A drummer's history can usually be written around a list of his collaborations, and certainly Roach reached his first wide celebrity, and his first artistic peak, as Charlie Parker's teenage drummer in the late Forties. Sleeking down the first bop style originated by Kenny Clarke out of Big Sid Catlett and Jo Jones, Roach was Charlie Parker's ideal accompanist, a leaner, faster, more melodic drummer than had ever existed before, and the only one who could match the saxophonist's quicksilver time and mercurial shifting of accents (Roy Haynes would follow). He was also apparently the first to retune the drum set upwards and to choose smaller, lighter drums, further emphasizing bebop's distance from dance music and the past by bringing rhythm up into the range of melody. (As an historical footnote I might add that Roach employed a switched-accent cymbal beat, something like Tony Williams' in 1963, as early as 1947 with Parker, only codifying the orthodox ching-chingaching after 1950. Listen closely to "Cheryl" and "Chasin' the Bird" from the Savoy sessions for examples.)

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

Three new albums from the great drummer . . .

If Roach's accomplishments in the Forties would be enough to earn him a place in the history books on their own, it is still true that he did not reach his first great maturity until early in the next decade. Although his complete style is evident on the trio sides cut with Monk in 1952 and on *Jazz at Massey Hall* with Bird a year later, it is still best appreciated on the Clifford Brown/Max Roach quintet records made in 1954-55. As an accompanist he is even more accomplished and precise than before. His accomplishments as a soloist have simply never been surpassed. Ask any drummer. Ask me. When you sit down to a modern drumset you must contend with something Max Roach has invented as soon as you touch stick to cymbal or skin. Play a ruff, a set of strokes, a roll. Stoke it like Blakey, tapstep like Haynes, flick the accents back like Philly Joe, let it go loose like Elvin or put it on springs like Tony. You can contradict, comment upon, alter or ignore Max Roach, but unless you're Sunny Murray or Milford Graves you still can't do without him. He has invented the basic language of the instrument; you use it if you want to talk. His Fifties solos not only established the basic ways of sticking the set, they created new standards for spontaneous composition (and have everything to do with Sonny Rollins' thematic triumphs after joining Roach's band). Typically they begin with Charlie Parker phrases — yes that's what they are; play any Bird solo on a drumset and you'll see — played by both hands in unison and nettled by bass drum punctuations before opening outward into periodic cymbal refrains and virtuoso triplet-and-roll patterns distributed throughout the set with uncanny speed, precision and swing. They have all the momentum, drama and inevitability of a symphony movement by Beethoven. They cannot be imitated.

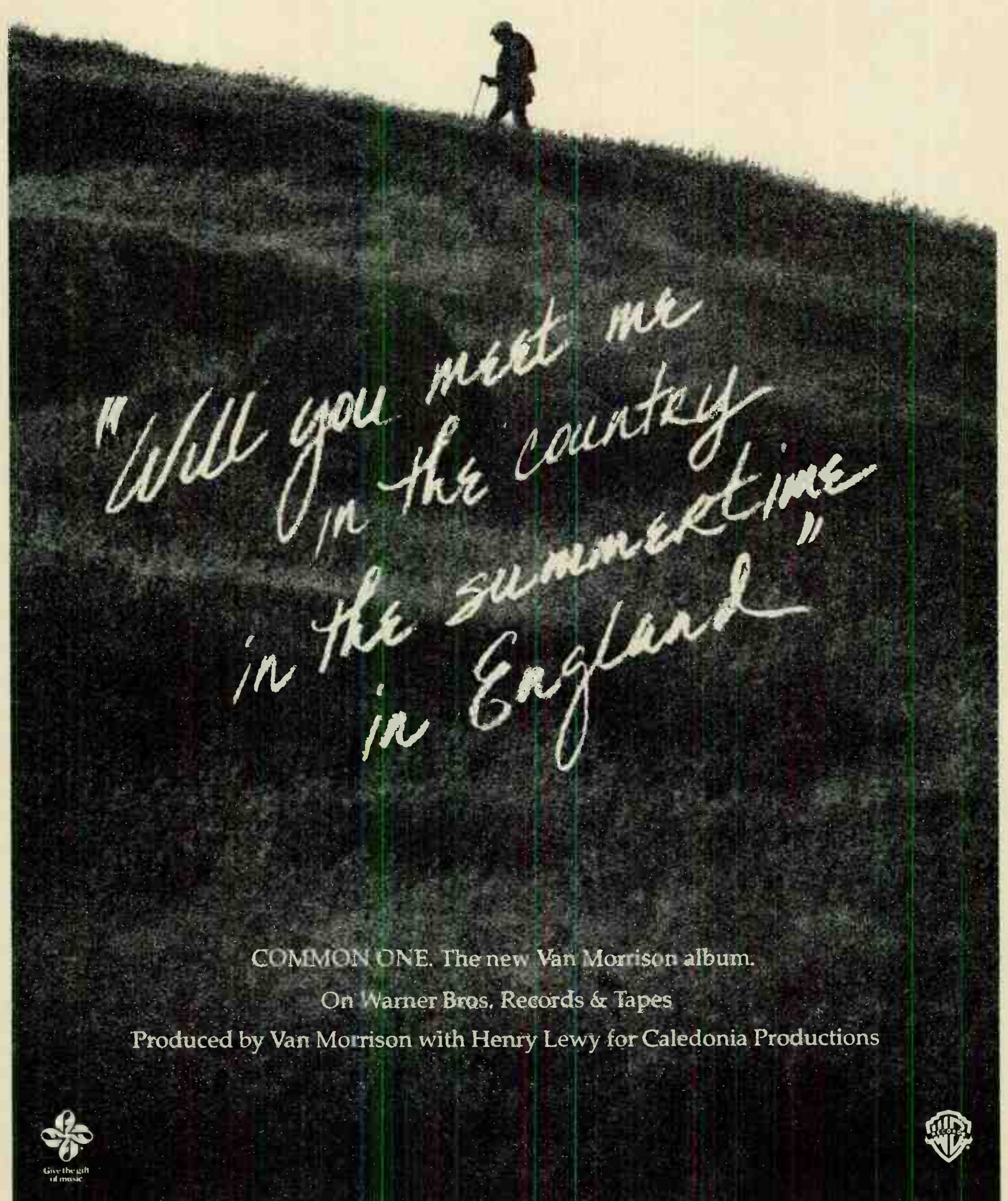
Having brought things to such a pitch, it was probably inevitable that Roach would be eclipsed as an accompanist by the more dramatic usages of Art Blakey and Philly Joe Jones in the late Fifties and by the orchestralisms of Elvin Jones and Tony Williams in the Sixties — although his "orchestral" accompaniment to Sonny Rollins' "Freedom Suite" in 1958 is an artistic landmark never likely to be surpassed and I heard

continued on next page

World Radio History

VAN MORRISON

COMMON ONE



World Radio History

"When I tried the L-200, that was it, the culmination. It's very responsive. It has a wide range of colors. And the tone holds together beautifully."

Joseph H. Longo
Co-Principal Clarinetist
Minnesota Orchestra

a ferocious virtuosity from Roach live in the Sixties that was so scary it could only be ignored — but it's funny how in the beginning of the Eighties Roach's star has come around again. After a few years' partial seclusion in Academe, he has returned to us with such force that we are compelled not only to acknowledge him again as probably the greatest master in the history of his instrument but as one of the great creative intellects and prime movers in the music. It's not so much that he's had unbroken success with his bands — there's that numbing catalogue of deaths: Clifford Brown, Booker Little, Eric Dolphy — but that he's done an uncanny number of new things (hard bop, pianoless bands, new time signatures, social protest) just before other people picked up on them, which is what it means to be in the vanguard. His intelligence has been unceasing if not untroubled.

In this respect, his recent quartets (austere, schematic bands conforming to that aspect of their leader's personality) can be seen as a holding action. With their long, often indifferently inspired horn solos, these pianoless bands have tended to repeat the form of Roach's great successes without their central substance, and have been interesting mostly for the unvarying brilliance of their leader. *Pictures in a Frame* (Soul Note 1003) is a real improvement. With the tumultuous Billy Harper gone and the promising Odean Pope in the tenor chair, Roach has made one of his cagiest albums, setting it up with drum algebra, keeping the solos short, and exercising his penchant for analysis by breaking the band up into duos, trios and solo showcases. Trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater sound better for being edited, and bassist Calvin Hill as usual sounds fine. Max has even allowed himself a vocal, a song that starts out like something you'd sing the kids to sleep with and ends up a chilling vision of heroin-death. "Theme From Black Picture Show" indeed, and we all miss that bird without a tail.

You don't expect miscellany from Roach, and *M'Boom* (Columbia IC 36247), the first recording of his percussion ensemble, is about as far from Gretsch Drum Night at Birdland or Art Blakey's *Orgy in Rhythm* as you can get and still stay in the territory. Among the features you would not expect on a percussion album are light-hearted lyricism ("Twinkle Toes"), a solemn *marcis funebre* (Roach's "January V," which mourns the loss of Mingus the way Lester Bowie's "Charlie M" celebrated his life), middle Eastern cannonades ("Caravanserai"), and a music saw solo in 17/8, all of which you'll find here, along with lots of Halloween music for dancing skeletons and the world's largest bass drum. The digital recording and Mastersound pressing sound fine, as well they should for $15, but I can only hope that CBS will also make the album available in a less expensive format so that more people can join in. If you've got a $1400 stereo, dig in now.

The hat Hut set (*One in Two—Two in One*, hat Hut SIX (2R06)) extends and amplifies last year's duets with Anthony Braxton. *Birth and Rebirth* (on Black Saint) was an unusually charming album, one of the best of its year, but the new live set is even better. Roach himself sounds more ferocious, and Braxton seems a lot less scared, at least until side four. The reedman gives his lyricism free reign — always a good sign with him — and turns in what I believe to be his best playing on record. Sure, he still sounds like he's practicing here and there, but his freshness and fluency make it more than worthwhile. For all his attempts to be to jazz what quantum physics is to opening a can of beans, Braxton is one of the most charming innocents in the music, and if you love him, you must love him awkwardness and all. You'll probably love him here, particularly when he warms up on side three (his showstopping clarinet trills accompanying a Roach solo are brilliant). And of course Roach does wonders for him. In fact Roach does more than a few wonders for himself.

One in Two represents one of the recorded peaks of his career. Not only does he demonstrate his usual mastery of the drums — and I feel tempted to call it a growing mastery — he extends it to a flock of gongs, chimes and "little instruments," which he plays like no one else, fitting them right into his overall master plan (listen especially to his rubbing and clashing finger-cymbals on side three.) Not only does he play your favorite Max Roach figures —the Rosetta Stone of modern rhythm and the very architecture of time — he plays them as if for the first time, with all the joy of a child just encountering the shape of his creations. There's something like a synthesis of Art and Science here: Braxton tootles, Roach tinkers, associative chains light up and the dance of matter begins; Roach propounds a basic theorem, Braxton offers two adjuncts and an analogue and the discussion takes off for the next world and the laughter of the immortals. At least until side four, when the master unleashes a cycle of cymbal blizzards upon his poor disciple, gradually incorporates the snare, cuts the floor out from under him with bass drum thunder and leaves the undone Braxton to bail himself out as best he can. It's an amazing performance, of which no other drummer would be even remotely capable, and I'm left to wonder what the result would have been like if the collaborator had been not Braxton but Roscoe Mitchell, another of the Great Deliberately Implacable Inflexibles.

continued on page 40

World Radio History

4680.

More power. Fewer boxes.

You need cumbersome piles of equipment to have exciting, powerful sound—right? Not anymore.

The JBL 4680 Cabaret Line Array gives you higher efficiency, broad bandwidth and wide coverage without mountains of equipment. One JBL Line Array probably puts out twice the sound of the P.A. you're now using!

So your audience gets clean crisp sound. And you have fewer boxes to lug around.

The 4680 houses an array of four full-range E Series speakers built with the new JBL Symmetrical Field Geometry magnetic structures which reduce magnetic circuit distortion to the lowest levels of any known speaker made today. The 4680 reproduces sound through four 10" cones rather than squeezing it through a small horn throat, which drastically reduces air nonlinearity. It also features two ring radiators that extend the high frequencies. And low-frequency venting for extended bass response.

JBL 4680 Line Array cabinets are crafted from multilaminate, cross-grained hardwood rather than soft pine plywood or particle board. Flush-fitting grille covers make the cabinets their own road cases. And the finish is a triple coat of durable black polyurethane. Tough, molded corners allow for stacking in a variety of configurations.

Even the voice coils have unique protection: To minimize bounce while traveling, they're automatically shorted when there isn't a plug in the input jack.

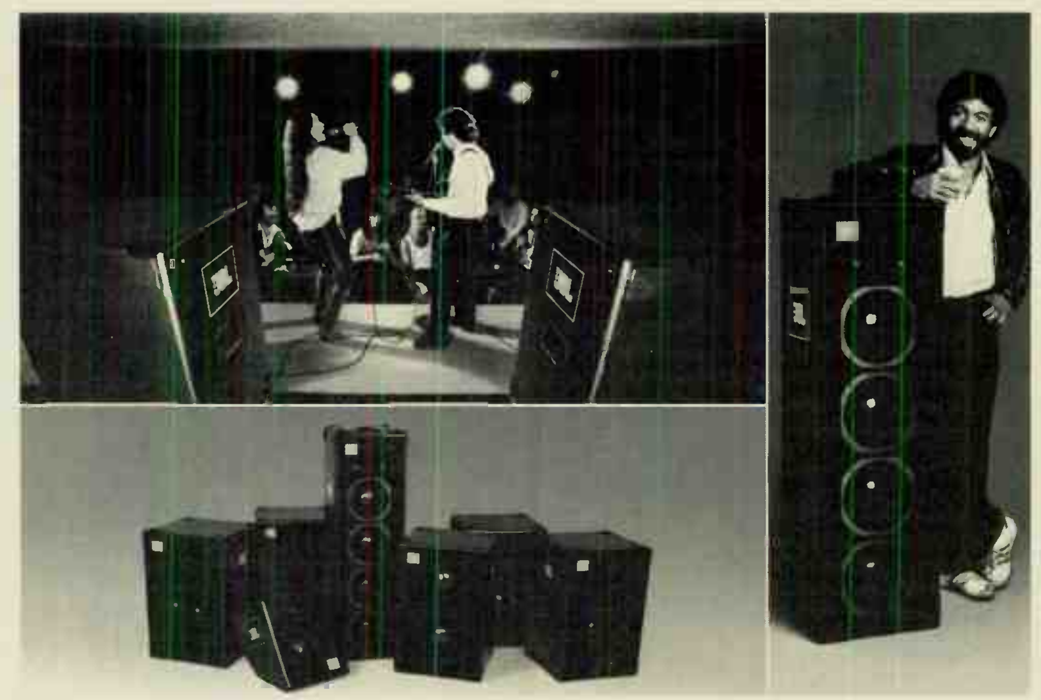
Cabaret Line Array systems are fully portable. They'll fit into a standard-size station wagon or van.

And JBL quality minimizes costly "downtime." It's built to the quality standard so many pros have come to rely on.

Hear the 4680 Line Array soon. You'll hear that trusted JBL sound. No other system sizes up to this compact, portable powerhouse. Handcrafted in the USA by JBL in our Northridge, California facility.

James B. Lansing Sound, Inc.,
8500 Balboa Boulevard,
Northridge, CA 91329

Model	Frequency Range	Power Capacity Continuous Sine Wave	Power Capacity Continuous Program	Sensitivity (1 W @ 1 m)	Crossover Frequency	Enclosure Volume
4602	50 Hz-15 kHz	150 W	300 W	103 dB SPL	3 kHz	42 litres 1.5 ft^3



JBL First with the pros.

© 1980 James B. Lansing Sound, Inc.

World Radio History

BUY THE TIME YOU NEED TO DO IT WRONG.

Sometimes you get exactly the sound you want. Other times, it's a bust. That's why you go through the endless hours of practice and rehearsal. And that means you need the time.

More than anything else, owning a multitrack recording rig gives you all the time you need. To practice. To make mistakes and change your mind. To experiment and develop.

World Radio History

The process starts with the multichannel recorder. Specifically, our A-3440 —the new standard for four tracks on ¼-inch tape with sync. Rugged, reliable and very fast to operate, the A-3440 uses one button per track for Record/Playback status and dbx* Encode/Decode switching. It has a built-in 4x1 headphone mixer for selective monitoring and cueing, and a pitch control for added production flexibility.

The key to controlling your sound for recording and mixdown is the mixer. For the right balance between real multichannel recording flexibility and low cost, try our Model 2A (shown here with optional MB-20 meter bridge and sideboards). Six inputs drive four separate outputs. Each input has switchable mic/line mic attenuation (to reduce overload distortion), bass and treble controls (±12dB at 100Hz and 10kHz), color-coded channel assign buttons, pan (for stereo balance) and slide fader level control. There's a master fader for overall level control. And lots of mixdown flexibility with the Model 2A's patch points. You can hook up external equalizers (like our GE-20), reverb units, any signal processors that will help you get the results you want.

If you're just getting started, get our free 16-page introduction to multitrack recording called "Are You Ready For Multitrack?" And if you're already cutting tracks, invest $4.95** in "The Multitrack Primer," our 48-page guide to setting up and using a multitrack studio, with special emphasis on never before published ways to conquer acoustic problems typically found in the home studio. Just write us. Or better yet, pick them up at your TEAC Multitrack dealer.

Then get your hands on the tools that give you all the time you need.

*dbx is a registered trademark of dbx, Inc. The dbx unit is available optionally. **Retail prices are determined by individual TEAC Multitrack dealers.

MULTITRACK SERIES

TEAC Professional Products Group

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

World Radio History

SYNARE S3X
SYNARE S3X
SYNARE S3X

PRESET S3X

The world's first preset electronic drum, the new SYNARE S3X provides a six position preset switch to allow the drummer to instantaneously find a variety of electronic sounds with ease and confidence. Sounds available with the S3X preset switch include front panel, sweep down, sweep with modulation, noise, dual oscillators, and chimes. A thinner, denser drum pad is used to give increased dynamics and a better "hit" response, and head sensitivity is adjustable to further personalize the S3X for the performer. Batteries have been completely eliminated from the S3X, and AC power is used exclusively.

Suggested retail: **$295.00**

THE BEST SPECIAL EFFECTS INSTRUMENT

1-800-243-7169

Japan *cont. from pg. 24*

style, one finds extensive record collections and even discographies with track-by-track listings of the musicians involved

A circuit of small new wave clubs has also appeared in Tokyo, springing up near the subway stops in various sections. The acts go on at the unusually early hour of 6:30, since the Japanese youth must have their fun and get home before the subways close at 11:30.

The most noted of these clubs is the Shinjuku loft, where even Western acts have put in appearances. An early evening visit to a typical Tokyo punk club (the Yanaura loft, one floor above a strip club in the busy Shibya section, and about the size of a typical American living room) found a group called Syze warming up. A Stones-styled band with a Jaggeresque singer, their look was punk-perfect except that all their instruments and amplifiers were brand new (Japanese youth have more disposable income than any other youth group in the world). Waiting on line was even a Japanese Sid Vicious clone, leather, spike haircut and all. Though he had the style down, one doubts that he shared Sid's alienating and violent tendencies.

Nearby one finds Cream Soda, a shop with fashions for the Fifties rocker, while around the corner is The Crocodile, Tokyo's only late night rock club. A place where those in the rock scene gather, The Crocodile has a mural from the cover of *Hotel California* on one wall and a Hipgnosis cover for Obisba on the other, menus set in Western album covers such as Steely Dan's *Aja*, a collection of rock videos, and a stand selling the wares of Tokyo's Natty Dread reggae shop.

What should be apparent by now is the Japanese consciousness of style. Style, especially the visual aspects, has a lot to do with what they like in Western acts.

One major factor is prettiness. The success of Cheap Trick, Eric Carmen, and The Police in Japan is based on the cuteness of Robin Zander, Eric, and Sting as much as their music. The faces of good looking artists are done up in full color spreads in such rock magazines as *Music Life*, *Jam*, and *Onganku Senka*, and the young Japanese girls lap it up like kittens drinking cream. Their parents encourage these crushes, so the girls get it out of their systems before entering the still commonly arranged marriages. These Japanese teeny-boppers shatter the mold of the polite and restrained Japanese audience with their screams and frenzied pursuit of their favorite stars.

Although prettiness hardly explains why Japan is a heavy-metal heaven, the showiness aspect of style certainly does. Acts like Deep Purple, Judas Priest, and Kiss present the Japanese with a larger-than-life stage show that the audience there can relate to in the purest sense of fantasy. Kiss were perfect for Japan with their Kabuki make-up, while Cheap Trick's massive success combines Zander's cuteness with Rick Neilson's showy antics and strange garb.

Certain Western acts that have neither aspect of style, such as the Grateful Dead, just don't hold an appeal for the Japanese. For their audience there must often be that visual hook. While I was in Japan the only two American acts in the top twenty were Karla Bonoff and John David Souther. Though neither has the visual style one would expect the Japanese to latch onto, both ply the softer, inoffensive rock sounds that are so successful for native Japanese acts, and could be considered reasonably good looking. On tour at the same time were the Commodores — a handsome bunch of fellows whose sound is soft and safe.

Within the realm of new wave and punk, the Japanese seem to pick up on acts with a visual impact like the B-52's and Blondie, while the anger of Elvis Costello and The Sex Pistols is something they can't really relate to. After his '78 tour Costello found the Japanese so unforthcoming that he vowed never to return, but The Stranglers, whose anger is translated into a stage show and stance, are quite big there. And although you'll see Japanese kids adopting the look of punks or mods or what-have-you, what they've picked up on is the *look*, not the emotional content. One only need watch the Japanese at a concert with their hands politely folded to realize that they are not the most expressive people.

That same Japanese mania for anything Western makes their record stores well worth a visit. One can still find such gems as old James Brown discs on King as well as many out-of-stock Atlantic-Atco soul records. They even have a complete boxed set of Hank Williams music that is shamefully not available in Hank's native land.

Within the hustle-bustle of Japanese life, pop music seems to occupy an important space. It is one of those things that makes them seem even more Western, although they pursue it in a manner that is decidedly Japanese. As usual, the Western world is ignoring their native music (a very few specialized importers carry Japanese discs. One can find them advertising at times in rock magazines).

But given the Japanese penchant for consuming our culture and spitting it back at us like so many Sonys, Toyotas and Hondas, groups like Yellow Magic are a spectre of things to come. When the Japanese finally enter the international music sweepstakes with full force — watch out. ▣

World Radio History

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

Henry Cuesta plays a Selmer Paris Series 10-S clarinet. Can *you* afford to play anything less?
See your Selmer dealer for a firsthand look at the world's finest reed instruments.

World Radio History

FACES

IRON CITY HOUSEROCKERS

EBET ROBERTS

JIMMY PONDER

Guitarist Jimmy Ponder came from Pittsburgh by way of New Jersey to present his style of R&B flavored jazz to the Wednesday night dinner crowd at Greene St. The club is a converted industrial loft in Soho, which caters to a casual, but high-priced crowd. The first set by the duo of Ponder and bassist Scott Lee had to compete with the chatter and clatter of the fashionably late diners, and by the end of it I was beginning to think of them as facile and nothing more. But the second set, with listeners in attendance, showed the depth of the players and the music.

Wes Montgomery was a strong influence on Jimmy Ponder, both musically and technically, but he's added his own innovations. He plays mainly with his right thumb, but he's learned to make up and down strokes with it, and this allows him to use longer and faster single note lines than Wes used to, while retaining the characteristically mellow sound and smooth legato of the thumb attack. He alternates these with fluid passages of block chords, and the combination recalls the organ trios in which he learned a lot of his jazz. Ponder and Lee worked together as smoothly as an organist's two hands. The bassist's support was solidly in the groove, and his solos made good use of space, offsetting the guitarist's statements with a more modal style.

The repertoire was classic '60s mainstream — standards laced with ballads, bossas and blues. This music is too old to be commercial and too young to be rediscovered, and after hearing the way Ponder plays it I think that's too bad. Most players of his generation have either quit or gone crossover, but by sticking with the music he loves he's refined a personal expression that goes way beyond his influences. His unaccompanied treatment of "Willow Weep for Me" held grits and grace in perfect tension and balance, moving from a rubato statement of the melody into a steadily swinging solo, and back to rubato to close. Ponder has a lot of chops, but he's more interested in playing music than in displaying them. Judging by this performance, his forthcoming solo album on Toshiba, recorded live at The Other End, should be a treat. — *Chris Doering*

JIMMY PONDER

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

IRON CITY HOUSEROCKERS

The first time I saw the Iron City Houserockers, they were in their native habitat, playing a sleazy bar in a Pittsburgh suburb down the road from the shopping mall where George Romero filmed *Dawn of the Dead*. Their rollicking, sweat-soaked set was frequently punctuated by the sound of broken bottles, falling bodies and the occasional gun-shot. Sure, it was fun — after all, lead singer and guitarist Joe Grushecky not only sang like Bruce Springsteen, but actually conveyed his Polish working class fury with an authenticity long abandoned by Broooce on his road to larger-than-life stardom. This was real, gen-yoo-wine, white, blue-collar R&B, but could it ever get out of Pittsburgh? At the time, I didn't think so. The group's first album, last year's *Love's So Tough* (MCA), pretty much sank without a trace, except for a rave by Greil Marcus in the *Stone*, but in no way could it have prepared us for *Have A Good Time...But Get Out Alive!* (MCA), one of the true sleepers of 1980. Joe Grushecky may still evoke Asbury Park Bruce, but on Iron City's second album, the entire band comes into its own with as personal a statement as you're likely to hear by an American rock 'n' roll group on surviving in these depressed times.

"We never started out as a bar band," insists Grushecky on the eve of the Houserocker's performance at Central Park, by far the largest venue the group had ever tackled, as support for Ian Hunter. "We're not in this for the money; I'd much rather have an honest piece of work I can be proud of." About the new LP, Grushecky claims, "We wanted to do an album that told a story about working class kids and their personal experiences, the kind of people that came to see us."

Despite the message of the album's title song, along with such anthems of escape as "Don't Let Them Push You Around," "We're Not Dead Yet" and "Runnin' Scared," not everyone wants to get out of Pittsburgh. Even Joe admits, "In a way, we're lucky living in Pittsburgh, because there hasn't been any media attention on us and we've been allowed to develop without being influenced by media bullshit about whatever happens to be musically in fashion at the time. We play music we believe in."

If there was any justice in the music world, *Have A Good Time...But Get Out Alive!* should have brought the Iron City Houserockers legions of American youth, because this is their story. Aside from the obvious exhortations to survive with style intact, there are heartfelt laments to popular culture's inability to keep its promises to its fans ("Blondie") as well as a pair of songs which marvelously juxtaposes the "Old Man Bar" (replete with mournful accordion and tinkling mandolin courtesy Mick Ronson) with "Junior's Bar," pointedly comparing the loneliness the two places exist to comfort. As Joe says, "These songs are all bits and pieces from real-life; only the names have been changed."

Indeed, like a detailed short story, *Have A Good Time...But Get Out Alive!* chronicles the lives of several characters, like its protagonist, who's got a "gas hog in the garage he can't afford to drive." The Iron City Houserockers play a regional brand of rock 'n' roll which is quietly being eliminated by the increasing standardization of the radio. As Grushecky notes, "Pittsburgh was always a heavy R&B city. The local d.j., Porky "The Tork" Chedwick, is the father of us all in that way. He played all that stuff — The Tempts, Wilson Pickett, Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry. You never heard any white music on Pittsburgh radio. Not that we try to recreate that music, but we started out playing all those old songs. We would always mix originals in with the standards."

The Iron City Houserockers are the rock 'n' roll equivalents of Rolling Rock Beer and the *Deer Hunter*, a by-product of the coal-mining, steel-driving land they call home. Like the main characters in *Deer Hunter*, though, the Houserockers have found that large world outside Pennsylvania a difficult one to grasp and connect with. But they're not about to give up, either. No way...

"A lot of people here just kiss their lives goodbye./They just sit back and take it, never stop to wonder why-./They're staring at their TV sets, that's where they're coming from./For them the fight is over, ours is yet to come." ("We're Not Dead Yet") The Iron City Houserockers are Pittsburgh's finest export since the Steelers — and just as tough. — *Roy Trakin*

HENRY THREADGILL

I made it down to the Tin Palace to catch Henry Threadgill's sextet for the second time this year and was surprised to learn that he hadn't yet found a company to record it. You'd think that after the successes of *Air* (which continue) and *X-75* (that album for four basses, four reeds and one voice), he'd have had little trouble getting a third project recorded. The music is unmistakably Threadgillian, but doesn't really resemble anything he's done before. The sextet is a tough, hard playing band with a front line of Threadgill, trumpeter Olu Dara, trombonist Craig Harris (Joseph Bowie, the first time I heard them), bassist Fred Hopkins, Muneer Abdul Fattah on cello (Brian Smith on piccolo bass first time out), and Pheeroan Ak Laff on drums (John Betsch previously). Threadgill, Dara and Harris (or Bowie) are three unusually strong players who know how to edit themselves, and this, combined with the great thematic strength of the leader's compositions, enables them to do the most coherent collective improvising I

World Radio History

have heard in a modern band, a real renaissance of the old New Orleans virtues. There's never a sense of clutter, nor any difficulty in hearing what anyone is playing, only power added to power, texture to texture, voice to voice. The dense, nutlike textures evoke Ellingtonia along with New Orleans but sound fundamentally unlike anything I've heard before. It's also a powerfully swinging band, and although I preferred the greater depth and volume of the earlier rhythm section, this one's fine too.

Threadgill himself has developed into an improviser whose in-tempo strength will surprise those who only knew him from records. He works his way powerfully *into* the music, plays loud as hell, and does some wonderful, smearing, Johnny Hodges-like work in the ensemble that helps him effectively lead the band from his horn,

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

HENRY THREADGILL

cueing changes of mood, volume and timbre and shaping the proceedings with remarkable precision. His writing, deeply traditional and as wholly contemporary as anything I've heard, is the real key to the sextet's success. The playing never gets random because the compositional richness won't let it; at the same time, the soloists can do anything they want and know that the material is strong enough to hold them. Great balance, and an unforgettable band. Some enterprising record company ought to record them, and soon. — *Rafi Zabor*

TALKING HEADS

The Talking Heads' avowed inspiration, when they began as a trio in 1976, was boredom with the contemporary art scene. The homemade music they began turning out, which they called "pop" and "accessible," sounded pretty whacky to most people — mostly because of David Byrne's oddly phrased vocals and the singsongy rhythms that dominated the first album.

Because they have occasionally hummable melodies and more than occasional hooks, the Heads have stayed accessible — regardless how avant-garde their last album's title (*Fear of Music*) and producer (Eno) might seem. They opened their Central Park concert with "Psycho Killer," perhaps just to get it out of the way — the number is so familiar, and so anticipated, that it might have restricted them by lurking later in the set.

Thus liberated, the basic quartet of Byrne, Tina Weymouth on bass, Chris Frantz on drums, and Jerry Harrison on keyboards, started to bring on new musicians: ex-Funkadelic keyboardist Bernie Worrell, sometime David Bowie guitarist Adrian Belew, percussionist Steven Scales, backup singers Nona Hendryx and Dollett MacDonald, and bassist Busta Jones. The real show, the highlight of Toronto's Heatwave Festival a few days before, then began.

The single most striking feature, as they worked through familiar material (such as a nearly raucous, freshly thought-provoking "Life During Wartime") and such new songs as "Born Under Punches," "Crosseyed and Pointless," and "Once In A Lifetime" from the new *Remain In Light* album, was the interplay of Jones' and Tina Weymouth's bass lines; this was a visually and viscerally exciting dance concert, not an exercise in polyrhythms for their own sake. The rhythmic mix never turned abstruse. The chief complaint, rather, was that certain grooves were maintained too long — the momentum of so many pieces was simply too hard to stop.

Innovative as the lineup may have been, it never forsook the sound most fans associate with Talking Heads. The backup singers' gospel chanting was simply a nice adjunct to the key elements of the ecstatically received encore, "Take Me To the River" — those elements being Jerry Harrison's slowly stirring organ lines and a deliberate backbeat. David Byrne's singing — and some uncharacteristic, snaky dancing — was responsive to the surge of the music. Numbers that have seemed tense and brittle in the past became oddly joyous, without obliterating the underlying message. All in all, the performance was too much of a triumph — and a party — to be classed as an experiment. At this writing, the band had plans to take the show on the road to some 25 cities here and abroad. It's not a show to skip. — *Fred Schruers*

EBET ROBERTS

TALKING HEADS

B•52s

Reviewing a B-52's concert is no easy task. It's like critiqueing a party. Visually, they are the equivalent of one of those vintage *52 Greatest Dance Hits For $1.98* album covers come to life. Singer/dancer Cindy Wilson, bouffant hair piled to skyscraper level, does the frug, the monkey and the shimmy with wild abandon, wearing a black au go go slacks outfit (circa '64) with white fringes. Her kind of exaggerated surrealism is the type of behavior that would garner her instant acceptance in a New Jersey bowling alley.

Casually clad crooner Fred Schneider is no slouch in the happy feet department either, occasionally lapsing into an across-the-stage version of the pony. Multi-faceted Kate Pierson, although forced to remain behind the keyboards, proves a viable energy source herself — teased hair bobbing with each bump and grind of her red mini frock (matching purse languishing nearby, fashion fans).

Musically, the B-52's are as aberrant as their appearance, a cross between California surf strains, *Science Fiction Theater* and shock therapy treatments. Verbally, they are suitably campy. Before this rabid crowd, they gleefully mix handfuls of 1979 oldies with tunes from their new LP, *Wild Planet*. The cumulative effect is deftly daft. Drummer Keith Strickland churns out appropriately slapdash patterns while guitarist Ricky Wilson provides a cornucopia of strange noises, ranging from the Duane Eddy meets *The Good, The Bad and The Ugly* tone on "Rock Lobster" to the fat sound used to beef up "Quiche Lorraine." The bass lines are usually provided by convulsive Kate at the keyboards.

Rhythmically spasmodic and lyrically twisted (one new song, "The Devil In My Car," features the memorable summation: "I don't want a car that's the Devil!" At least it's not a Pinto, Fred), the B-52's have proven themselves more than the mere fad a lot of critics pegged them for a year ago. While these Beach Blanket bonzos cut capers on stage, their audience, encompassing every type of rock fan in existence, gets lost in the music: dancing, smiling, cheering.

Once more, everyone knows the lyrics, too! Ever hear 6,000 people sing "Why don't you dance with me? I'm not no limburger!" in unison? If you really want something to think about, try envisioning the same size crowd shrieking and gurgling all the sound effects to "Rock Lobster."

At the end of an hour of this insanity, the B-52's disappeared from view and the inmates filed out of the amphitheater to take their places in the real world. Frankly, I don't think the real world stands a chance. For that fact alone, the B-52's should be profusely thanked. In a world wherein sanity is considered a mummified matinee idol running for president and the terrorist-of-the-week-club blowing up a building or two, the concept of thousands of individuals grinning to visions of rock lobsters, bikini whales and girls from Planet Claire is somehow reassuring.

Crazy? Certainly not. I'd thank the B-52's personally but they don't let me roam around much here. I can't write them because they've taken most of my sharp things away. And crayons are such a drag. Nurse. Nurse! Why don't you pay attention to me? I'm not no limburger! — *Ed Naha*

B-52's

PHOTO RESERVE/KIRK WEST

World Radio History

TOURING: The Troubador Today, Part One

In short, a wholly wretched affair. Twenty-eight airports in thirty-one days; depressing hotels in depressing cities; plastic food, plastic people; mental, physical and emotional exhaustion; dope, sex, cheap thrills and losing money to boot. There's got to be a better way.

By Robert Fripp

MARJORI © 1980

Robert Fripp's League of Gentlemen on their recent tour.

Here are two tenets of conventional music business wisdom:

1. Touring is necessary to promote records;
2. Records are necessary to underwrite touring.

The background to the first proposition is the empirically established fact that the appearance of the artist sells records; television most of all, radio next and live performance thirdly. Since the politics of television and radio play are complex and for most artists inseparable, live performances are the most readily available form of promotion.

However, there are drawbacks to touring: with the exception of the elite (and often even among the elite) it loses money. At the time that King Crimson ceased to exist (last gig July 1st, 1974) the average cost of one gig was $5,000. This covered the wages of road managers, hotel bills and travel, light and p.a. hire and equipment maintenance. The average income from playing to audiences of 2,000-3,000 a night was $5,000. Only one King Crimson tour made money: the Earthbound tour of America in the Spring of 1972. This tour was conducted in the knowledge that the group would disband afterwards and consequently booked in a way which catered little for a group maintaining its self-respect: in a word, cheaply. Because this was logistically an intermediate level tour it earned each musician $3,000 for three months work. This is the only King Crimson tour which made a profit.

The provision of music is expensive.

Current figures for a band at the same level, i.e, four musicians playing in theatres of 2–3,000 people, are a cost per date of $10,000-$12,000 and an income of $8,000-$10,000. This means a successful group with a sell-out five week tour of America would consider their tour a triumph if it lost $50,000 and a success if it lost $100,000.

Should any reader consider this elliptical logic the product of irrationality cultivated by having my brain scraped along the roads of two continents over a period of eleven years, I write from having access to hard information near to home. Where the personal conceits of the artists exceed the excessive it is even possible to lose $2 million on a three-month tour (information one step from home). Whereas costs to modest performers have more than doubled since 1975 (notably in travel), ticket prices have not inflated proportionately while concert-going has fallen.

The shortfall was met in the early 1970's by the artist, from record advances; i.e. from record sales presumed to be about-to-be generated by the promotional aspect of touring. The real income of the artist was considered to be from writing royalties. In the second half of the seventies, with increasing road losses but also increasing record sales, record companies were approached for tour support, a form of advance which was not recuperable from record sales itself (although taken into account as part of the overall terms of contract). This meant that if Megabucks Records wanted an artist to tour and move product it would have to at least contribute to the cost of that promotion. The current position is that record companies are increasingly wary of tour support commitments, especially those made two years ago when the paralysingly obvious changes needed within the industry were obvious to everyone except executives within the industry. For their part, successful artists, whose record sales might seem to be guaranteed, often refuse to tour except when minimum tour (promotion) requirements have been made contractually, a recent example being Pink Floyd. To this question of artist reluctance to tour we will shortly return.

There is clearly, then, a connection between touring and recording. It could be added that this connection is reinforced by the media tending to support performers more when a tour is organized around a record: There is a "peg" on which to hang an article. But the obvious implication to me seems to be missed: if as conventionally assumed touring is to support records and records to support touring, any intrinsic value in either recording or performing is obviated.

During the period of time I have spent on the road the most obvious assumption shared by virtually all Big Movers is that touring is a wholly wretched affair. The only three exceptions which spring to mind as supporters of the road lifestyle were all desperately busy avoiding a quiet moment in which they would have to be with themselves. It is difficult to convey to anyone who has not experienced the strain involved in touring for, say, a continuous period of two years, how dangerous the process can be. Twenty-eight airports in thirty-one days, yet another hotel in a depressing industrial city, poor diet, incessant emotional, mental and physical exhaustion

continued on next page

World Radio History

INVEST IN BRONZE!

If it's solid performance you seek from your acoustic guitar, invest in a set of D'ANGELICO PHOSPHOR BRONZE strings. That kind of investment will return both instant and long-term playing dividends.

Phosphor bronze is especially selected for string windings because of its toughness and resistance to corrosion. That's why D'ANGELICO PHOSPHOR BRONZE strings consistently give balanced, *full-bodied* performance. And they possess *lasting power* too!

As an extra bonus, D'ANGELICO PHOSPHOR BRONZE strings are made with hexagonal steel cores to prevent *winding slippage* that leads to dull sounding strings.

It makes sense to go with *the best thing between you and your guitar*, a set of D'ANGELICO PHOSPHOR BRONZE strings.

World Radio History

with only one's will as driving force; no continuity other than pressure, impermanence and movement. What can be a remarkable education in moderation becomes crippling, sometimes permanently and occasionally with finality. In this state the artist becomes prone to manipulation. The obvious resorts to chemical enthusiasm and alcohol may be taken advantage of by the more calculating; I have seen a Big Dealer involved in group affairs pulling out a polythene bag to tickle the other musicians while — with a look of resignation in my direction — he gives up trying to find the particular string to make me jump. Touring, as generally conceived and executed by the industry, places greater strains upon the performer than can honorably be borne. The physical, mental and emotional fatigue in the touring musician is a major contributing factor to the control of artists by the industry and the psychological distortion evident in so many artists: rock and roll keeps you young and kills you early.

There are three major assumptions I have seen quite clearly for myself to be held by the bureaucracy responsible for shaping tours:

1. Tours will lose money;
2. The only possible satisfaction is from sex, drugs and alcohol;
3. Touring, like war to General Sherman, is hell.

I have further noticed that people who hold these assumptions about touring will arrange tours that:

1. Lose money;
2. Only provide satisfaction from sex, drugs and alcohol;
3. Are hell.

Yet the pressures in the field are rarely experienced by the bureaucracy, rather like the Allied Generals during the Great War sending their own troops to drown in mud. The psychological principle that nothing is really understood unless experienced by the organism holds true. There are few managers, agents or record personnel who commit themselves to perceiving the full results of their labour alongside the artist. Generally one can expect an appearance at a capital city, although the choice visitor might well be staying in a more luxurious hotel than the group. And, of course, business arises elsewhere when secondary markets appear, perhaps even requiring a three-month absence during a particularly pressured three-month tour. I have toured for two months staying in hotels of a class I could not afford, and specifically asked to avoid, so that a record/managerial person accompanying me for one week would be comfortable. Going on the road with the artist can be fun for a few days, especially when business demands expensive dining. When I complained that the recent League of Gentlemen tour was wretched, a close personal and professional acquaintance replied that it was no worse than any other tour I had done. Presumably, one should not scream from the rack if one has been tortured before. And my complaints have been described as "irrational".

So why would one tour? Simply, for the reasons anyone might work. I suggest:

1. To earn a living;
2. To grow as a human being; i.e. the process is a continuous education;
3. To enjoy the intrinsic qualities of one's work.

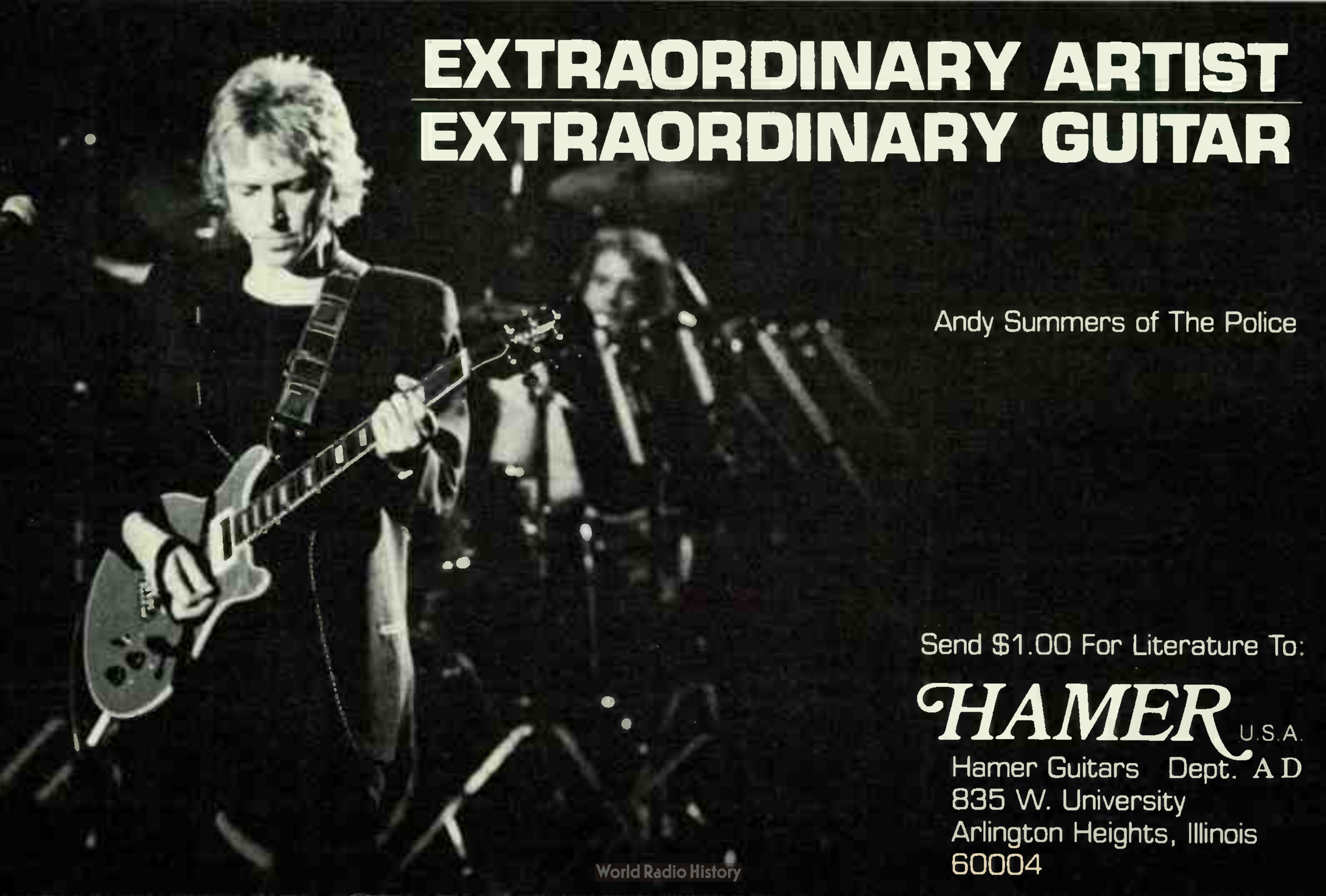
And one could add a fourth, from Schumacher:

4. To integrate oneself socially.

— to be continued —

Roach *cont. from pg. 30*

Speaking of the breed, I was unable to attend the Max & Cecil Thrilla but I heard three basic bits of information in the aftermath. Reliable reporters in the audience termed it one of the greatest concerts ever; Roach himself said that it was one of the key musical experiences of his lifetime, comparable to playing with Charlie Parker; and hearsay had it that Taylor, stunned and shaken at having been for the first time in his life outlasted, woodshedded for three weeks before appearing in public again. The new set with Braxton is obviously one of the records of the year; I can hardly imagine the *tete a tete* with Taylor. As for Max Roach, I used to be convinced. Now I'm just amazed.



World Radio History

World Radio History

BRYAN FERRY

Underneath the veneer of art deco flash, devious sexual elegance and off-centered camp, Roxy Music developed a self-generated genre of music that paved the way for new wavers like Talking Heads, the Cars and Television. The latest Roxy album finds them still evolving as they stand on the precipice of mid-life crisis.

By David Fricke

"In 1977," confessed Bryan Ferry, shifting uncomfortably in a New York hotel room armchair much too small to accomodate his six-and-a-half-foot frame, "I remember being really depressed by commercial failure, feeling I didn't have enough artistic acclaim to compensate for my work. I was feeling really sorry for myself, like a lost soul, and wrote a couple of songs about it."

Two years later, the long Romanesque lines of his severely handsome face were cracking into a thin smile. The album on which those songs appeared, Ferry's fifth solo album away from his group Roxy Music and called *The Bride Stripped Bare*, had been dismissed as a breast-beating bore by critics and ignored wholesale by the same public that used to lap up the pop-art perversities of Roxy Music. But this was the spring of '79 and the Top 40 success of the revitalized Roxy's first album in four years, *Manifesto*, had neutralized most if not all of the sting.

"It's a case," Ferry said triumphantly, "of being convinced that you're doing what you like, that you're being yourself through your medium."

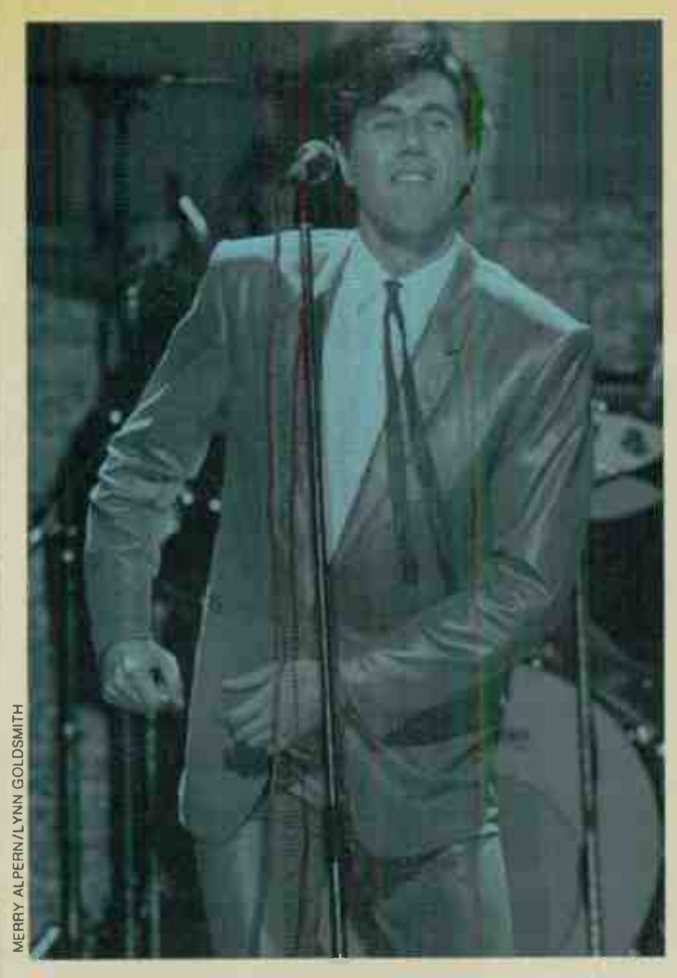
Now more than ever, Roxy Music is a concept by which we measure Bryan Ferry's pain. At 35, Ferry — the singing, songwriting, and conceptual captain of the only commercially successful team to rack up lasting artistic points in the losing streak of mid-'70s British rock — is standing on the precipice of mid-life crisis and the latest Roxy record *Flesh and Blood* is his calm, collected admission that his "danceable solution/to teenage revolution" of eight years ago was only a rain check against growing old.

Even more so than Roxy's cautiously commercial return last year on *Manifesto*, *Flesh and Blood* signals the end of a pivotal rock & roll era. For starters, the fine line between Roxy albums and Ferry's solo ventures is further blurred by the inclusion of two ill-fitting covers. The Byrds' "Eight Miles High" was actually shortlisted from *The Bride Stripped Bare* and the listless version of "In The Midnight Hour (Ferry sounds more like a cool ghoul than the wicked Pickett) was first done for a Roxy video commissioned by a British television show for a New Year's Eve special.

The Roxy personnel merry-go-round, which once carried bass players like Graham Simpson, Rik Kenton, John Wetton, and John Gustafson at the rate of nearly one per album, seems deserted now. Charter drummer Paul Thompson is nowhere to be heard on record or seen on the current tour (Andy Newmark is sitting in his chair), and no fewer than eight sessioneers handle the bass, drums, and keyboard duties between them on *Flesh and Blood*. Only Ferry, reedman Andy Mackay, and guitarist Phil Manzanera (technically not even an original member) remain and even that's not a fixed line-up. On the title track of *Flesh and Blood* Ferry is the only Roxy player listed in the credits.

"We've done things like that before," Ferry argues now, the congenial ring of his booming basso voice tempered by his obvious fear of being misunderstood. "Even when there were six people in the band, certain people didn't play on certain tracks. We always had the different bass players and on 'Dance Away' [from *Manifesto*] there were five different drummers and percussionists on that song alone. Phil didn't play on 'Sunsets' from the *Stranded* album — that's just piano and string bass. And '2 H.B.' on the first album was really just sax and piano. This time on 'Flesh and Blood,' I even played guitar on that because the others were away on holiday."

World Radio History



MERRY ALPERN/LYNN GOLDSMITH

EBET ROBERTS

World Radio History

PHOTO RESERVE MICHAEL WEINSTEIN

Guitarist Phil Manzenera's oblique harmonies and rock chops have been part of Roxy music from the beginning.

He still makes the distinction between Roxy Music and his solo work, despite the implications of Roxy's recent attrition rate. But ironically, Bryan Ferry does not seem at the same time interested in maintaining the illusion that Roxy Music is a band or, for that matter, ever was. "To me, it's always been sort of a repertory company with some members more fixed than others. It's very nice to have certain people there all the time because you build up a rapport where speech becomes unnecessary."

Where Ferry and the boys made speech unnecessary among themselves, Roxy Music as both idea and reality made speech nigh on impossible among the populace in their freshman year of 1972. Conceived by Ferry in late 1970 and born in an explosion of kitsch-y futurama and psychomutant art-rock, Roxy Music burst supernova-style onto British charts, radio, television, and concert stages in the summer of '72 with a smash single and a startlingly eccentric debut album *Roxy Music* which delivered on every promise the song "Virginia" made. Made for a paltry five thousand pounds and produced by King Crimson lyricist Peter Sinfield (no expert by any means), *Roxy Music* was the inspiring work of inspired amateurs who, like the Velvet Underground half a decade before them, were able to ignore the aesthetic limits agreed upon by their psychedelicized elders simply because they didn't recognize such limits even existed.

It may not sound like any big deal now, in this day and age of the Numanoid boogie and other variations on D-O-R minimalism. But there was something radically new and dangerously unsettling about the stylistic invocation of avant-garde names like Riley, Reich, and Cage in the instrumental middle of "2 H.B." where Mackay's overdubbed saxophones created an echo-delay effect over Ferry's hypnotic dabbling on a Fender Rhodes piano. "If There is Something," a death-chant sax and guitar vamp with a country honk intro grafted on, is still capable of setting chills off and running down one's spine. But "Virginia Plain" — which wasn't even included on the initial British release of the album — is the Roxy sound in three-minute microcosm, a crash course in how to build a Spectorphonic wall of sound with fuzzed-up guitar, lounge lizard crooning, beeping and farting synthesizers, and an oboe skipping the harmonic fandango. Ferry couldn't agree more.

"It's very condensed, which I thought was a great thing about a single. You had three minutes to say your piece." Noting that "Virginia Plain" was actually recorded *after* the first album was completed because the band realized there wasn't anything remotely commercial enough on it to pass for a single, Ferry goes on to admit, "I can't remember how we came up with that arrangement. I just started banging on the piano, I guess [somewhere amid all the cacophonic fun, Ferry can be heard furiously pumping piano triplets]. The closest person influence-wise to that style of keyboard playing was Jerry Lee Lewis. I was always a great fan of his." Then, enjoying the compliment of his own comparison, he adds, "another mad Libra."

Roxy music, as set forth by Roxy Music on *Roxy Music*, also came delivered in a visual package of deviantly sexual elegance, art-deco flash, off-center camp, and '50s-for-the-'70s. The look developed by Ferry and London fashion maverick Anthony Price was all leather, glitter, feathers, and hairstyles that looked like the fins on a '57 cadillac. The initial impact of Roxy's freak chic and avant-pop cheek was so devastating in Britain — already brought to its knees by David Bowie's bisexual flamboyance — because Ferry's mob had meticulously mapped out each detail of the assault before hand. No one thought Roxy Music had a history because what they did had no precedent.

But *Roxy Music* is no more a record without roots than Roxy Music was madness without a method. Bryan Ferry had taken his degree in the finer arts at the University of Newcastle where he studied under the spell of British pop artist Richard Hamilton, himself a student of big Dada Marcel Duchamp. He'd played tenor sax with some wildly unsuccessful Newcastle soul bands (hence the R&B fixation of Ferry's first two solo albums *These Foolish Things* and *Another Time, Another Place)* and failed an audition as a vocalist for King Crimson in 1970. "Bryan," says guitarist Robert Fripp of that Ferry audition, "was a very good hustler. Of all the people we had auditioned, he hustled me more effectively than anyone. I knew he'd be successful."

Ferry admits that when he first started the Roxy wheels in motion, his musical training was next to nil. "I first started playing the piano about two years before the first album. I didn't have any training, but that was kind of a help in a way. It meant I didn't have any aspirations to do tedious solos. I tried strumming guitars, but it felt funny," he laughs, chuckling at

ROXY MUSIC'S EQUIPMENT

Phil Manzanera's guitars are a Red 1963 Custom Firebird Black Beauty and a 1957 Les Paul Custom. His amps are a Mesa Boogie and a Gender Twin Reverb, both with Electro Voice K 120 speakers and he uses a Conn Strobotuner. Phil's effects are Eventide Harmonizer, Roland Chorus Echo Unit, Roland Analog Echo, Mutron Wah-Volume pedal and a Schaeffer Vega Radio Mic System.

Saxaphonist Andy MacKay blows the Selmer Alto, Soprano and Tenor Sax, the Malerne Oboe with a Schaeffer Vega Radio Mic System with Shure SMII Mini mics and a Roland Chorus Echo. Peter Cornish uses a custom built pedal board which includes 2 MXR Phase units, MXR Flanger and Octave Splitter and Mutron Wah Volume pedal.

Gary Tibbs goes with a 1964 Fender Precision Bass, a 1978 Wal Custom Built Bass through a Bassman 135 Amp and Cabinet and he uses an MXR Flanger. Neil Hubbard's guitars are the Gibson 355 Semi-acoustic and a 1962 Fender Tele through a Fender Twin Reverb with JBL Speakers and a Mesa Boogie with Eminence speakers. Plus he also uses the Mutron Wah/Volume pedal.

Keyboardists Paul Corrack and Brian Ferry use the Farfisa Pro Duo Twin Manual Organ, the Sequential Circuits Phophet 5, 2 Selina String Machones, the Yamaha CP 70 Grand Piano with MXR Graphic Equalizer, a Wurlitzer electric piano, a Yamaha CS 80 Synth and a Roland Chorus Echo. All run through Yamaha A411 cabinets and tuned by the Conn Strobotuner. Finally, Drummer Andy Newmark beats on Tama Drums, using a Gretsch snare with Tama fittings and uses Paiste cymbals.

World Radio History

his own clumsiness, "trying to do two different things with my hands.

"I was also very interested in synthesizers, which was one reason for starting piano. I'd been through art college and had been exposed to avant-garde music, John Cage and all those people. And at that time, I met Andy Mackay. I was looking for someone with a synthesizer just so I could try it out. A friend of mine knew him and said 'I know someone who's got a synthesizer.' He didn't mention that he played saxophone."

In fact, Andy Mackay didn't even play the saxophone when he first met Bryan. His specialty was the oboe, an instrument he played with the London Schools' Symphony Orchestra. After studying at Reading University, Mackay started working with various electronic music groups in London, applying his interest and knowledge to his own compositions which ranged from day-long marathons to fractious minute-long pieces. It was Ferry, or so he claims, who persuaded Mackay to blow some of his ideas out of a saxophone.

"And then," Ferry continues the tale, "we invited Eno to come along and tape us because he had a tape recorder." As befitting someone who calls himself a non-musician, "he didn't have an instrument."

Phil Manzanera (real name Philip Targett-Adams Manzanera) originally enlisted as Roxy's soundman before eventually replacing ex-Nice guitarist David O' List. He remembers that at Roxy's early coming -out gigs at private London art crowd functions Eno mixed the sound and played his tapes simultaneously. "It was an enormous mixer, too. Eno used to mix the sound for the band and play his tapes from the back. People would come up to him and ask him questions about this and that synthesizer and he'd just go 'Sssh, go away' and start playing. And in the beginning, there were no amps on stage. It all went into the mixer directly."

Ferry, however, is quick to point out that Brian Eno's role in Roxy Music is far too overstated for his comfort. He cites *For Your Pleasure*, the second and last Roxy album to feature synth-tape experiments, as one of his two favorite Roxy records (the other, surprisingly, is *Flesh and Blood)* and insists that in the band's formative years Eno "was a very good person to have in the band. But we were coming very close to becoming a parody of ourselves, which is why I really didn't want to work with him anymore, in the context of Roxy anyway.

"You see, Brian couldn't really do anything on stage. I was becoming more involved in singing and I felt I couldn't really fulfill both functions,playing keyboards and singing and Brian didn't play keyboards. So I felt we needed a good keyboard player. Eddie Jobson was great on stage because he would always play the part on the record."

Always imitated but never duplicated, Phil Manzanera holds a special place in Bryan Ferry's musical heart. Coming from a man who admits "I *need* to be pushed, especially when writing songs," Ferry's description of Manzanera as someone "who has always been very good at liking what I do" is high praise indeed. Not surprisingly, Manzanera is also very good at playing guitar and his personalized fusion of traditional rock riffing, oblique harmonic extensions, and fluid but logically applied chops seems in retrospect to be the only appropriate foil to Mackay's atmospheric honking and the transistorized pastels of Eno and on later Roxy records, Eddie Jobson.

The product of a cosmopolitan upbringing which included stopovers in Cuba, Venezuela, and Hawaii,he represents the mediating force in Roxy's collection of extremists. As a teenager, he developed concurrent interests in the high commercial pop of the Beatles and the Acid Age assays of early Soft Machine. At the same time he was gigging around London with a hopelessly psychedelic band, "I would go to record libraries," as he told a *Downbeat* interviewer last year, "and listen to Charles Ives, Miles Davis, Cecil Taylor, Philip Glass, Steve Reich, Terry Riley, *musique concrete*. And it all sort of sunk in." His solos on "In Every Dream Home a Heartache" (*For Your Pleasure*, '73), "Amazona" (*Stranded*, '74), and the

PHOTO RESERVE/PAUL NATKIN

Saxophonist Andy McKay's atmospheric honking and electronic compositional skills made him a likely co-conspirator for Ferry's musical troublemaking.

alien electronic break announcing "Manifesto" bear him out.

The frustrating thing for Ferry was that, with all of the talent, imagination, and ambition at Roxy's disposal, the band had painted itself into a corner with *For Your Pleasure*. "When you've done the frantic thing," he explains referring to that album's high-octane drive on Side I and the disconcertingly expanded arrangements of "The Bogus Man," 'Grey Lagoons," and the title track on Side Two, "you want to get more relaxed." He sites his first solo album, *These Foolish Things*, as a major turning point for both him and Roxy. The experience of recording other people's songs and working with other musicians — many of them cool studio cats — gave him a new perspective and confidence in the actual making of records, reflected in the artfully polished sheen of *Stranded* (recorded only a few months later) and later *Country Life* and the sorely maligned *Siren*.

"I became more experienced in the process of making records and more self-assured. That tends to make you want to clutter things less and not rely on a wall of sound, but to say 'Can I really stand up and do something that is very simple?'"

And he angrily denies charges that the last two Roxy albums before the split were deliberately watered down for American consumption. "I could never understand," he acknowledges, "the initial American reluctance to subscribe to the whole Roxy thing." And it is true, he continues, that Roxy was looking more at America if only as a new challenge or as Ferry puts it "a fresh reason for making records. Whenever we went over to America, we were always very conscious of the fact that nobody played our records. We felt left out."

That changed with "Love is the Drug," the group's only American Top Ten entry and the song that typifies Ferry's trimline approach to songwriting and recording. Hopelessly limp compared to the implosive thrust of 'Street Life" or the dark sensuality of "The Thrill of It All," "Love is the Drug" is nevertheless an instructive lesson in how to make a popular record without completely blowing your credibility.

"For a start," Ferry relates, "it was Andy's chord sequence.

World Radio History

'MAKING MOVIES' WITH MARK KNOPFLER

Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler emerged overnight as a guitar hero in an age that had forgotten the term. His tasteful, sinuous playing and evocative songwriting earned both critical and commercial success. 'Making Movies' delivers passion and punch missing on their previous efforts and captures the full impact of Knopfler's rock and roll vision.

By Vic Garbarini

We don't know if, as some pundits claim, the 70's almost sounded the death knell of rock and roll, but it was certainly the Dark Ages as far as rock guitarists were concerned. Hendrix had gone back to where his music came from. Clapton was in hibernation. Beck got fused, and Carlos Santana got saved, and well, — confused. That left the high ground to the supergroups and metal heads who proceeded to grind out the kind of codified exercises in self indulgence that eventually helped midwife rock's answer to China's Cultural Revolution, namely punk.

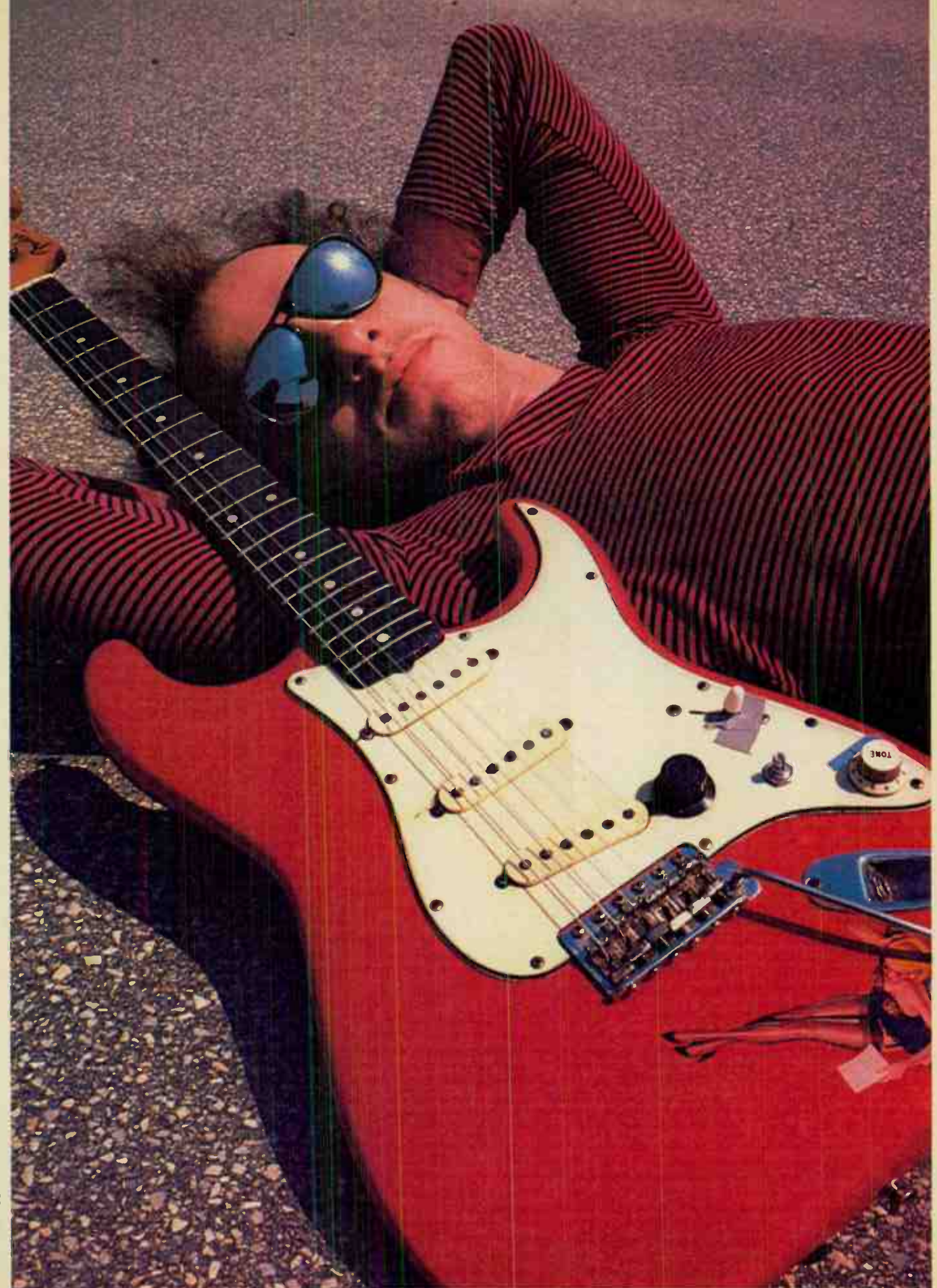
So by the winter of '79, just when we thought it was safe to throw away those Mel Bay Easy Lead Guitar books, what should come storming on to both the AM and FM airwaves but a Dylanesque little number called "Sultans of Swing," featuring not just one, but *two* solos, and to make matters worse, the guys responsible for this overnight sensation, a band called Dire Straits, were just as unfashionable as their music: Bassist John Illsley formerly ran a lumber business and owned a record store. Rhythm guitarist David Knopfler was a social worker with a full case load; his brother Mark, who handled the songwriting, vocals and lead guitar, was lecturing in English literature at a local London college, and had put in time as a journalist at a major Yorkshire newspaper. Only Pick Withers, a session drummer with considerable experience touring both Britain and the Continent, had been working as a full time musician.

Their eponymously titled debut quickly became a world wide critical and commercial success, garnering praise from old and new wavers alike, and lead guitarist Mark Knopfler soon found himself tagged as a guitar hero in an age that had forgotten the meaning of the term. Knopfler proved to be a refreshingly unique stylist. His playing is stark yet sinuous, rooted in the blues, while at the same time exuding an elusive, otherworldly quality. Shimmering, crystalline phrases seem to hover forever like mirages, while gleaming, metallic notes flash and glimmer like dappled sunlight reflecting off the surface of a lake. He often treats notes like aural taffy, bending and pulling them far beyond the limits of normal Euclidean space, stretching them into Daliesque strips of sound. B.B. King Live From The Astral Plane.

Actually, blues based and otherworldly is a fairly accurate description of Knopfler himself. Of mixed Hungarian Jewish and English descent, (he resembles a cross between some incurably romantic Lake District poet and a Yeshiva student, — John Keats meets Woody Allen), Knopfler is one of those

PHOTO/DEBORAH FEINGOLD

World Radio History



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

World Radio History

EBET ROBERTS

"It's an extreme. New York is Rome today . . . and Rome's going to burn. Miami already did. You get the feeling it is already burning . . ."

rare beings who manages to simultaneously keep both his head in the clouds and his feet on the ground. As a friend observed. Mark tends to talk the way he plays: long periods of quasi-mystical silence broken by dazzling brilliant snippets of speech or music. On one hand, you want to applaud his restraint, realizing that it holds the key to much of the tension and transcendence in his work, while at the same time, the blurted fragments often leave you hungry for more. "The last thing Mark wants to be is a guitar hero," muses manager Ed Bicknell. "On stage they do an extended version of "Where Do You Think You're Going," with a solo by Mark that really builds up steam, but they always cut it dead after 32 bars; Mark's very wary of excess." Like Tom Verlaine, Knopfler has the courage to play with presence and good taste, eschewing easy cliches, preferring instead to concentrate on wringing every nuance of tone, color, and feeling from each note.

Communique, their follow up to *Dire Straits*, was produced by Barry Beckett and Jerry Wexler in the Bahamas well before "Sultans" broke in the states. It was written off by some as a not quite up-to-par remake of their debut. (I beg to disagree: the production may have lacked punch, but Beckett and Wexler did succeed in deepening and enriching the band's overall sound, further highlighting the cinematic quality of Knopfler's songwriting.) Soon a revisionist theory began to form along the following lines: Knopfler was a superb and tasteful guitarist (perhaps a tad *too* tasteful —) with an assured future as a session man if he so desired (luminaries like Bob Dylan, Steely Dan, Bonnie Raitt, and Phil Lynott have already employed him in that capacity), though the rest of the band were pretty disposable — amateurs along for the ride. This last criticism was patently unfair. Pick Withers has proved to be the kind of in-the-pocket, yet expressive drummer that most band leaders would trade their eye teeth for. And while John Illsley would be the last to claim virtuosity on his instrument, his straightforward, unobtrusive style on bass meshes neatly with Pick's playing to provide a solid undercarriage for Mark's excursions. David Knopfler, however, was a different story. An adequate, if hardly inspired rhythm guitarist (and nascent songwriter), David, like Creedence's Tom Fogerty a decade ago, began to realize that trailing along in the shadow of his older brother was leading him into a creative cul-de-sac. He decided to leave the band as they began work on their third album, and according to Illsley, the split was pretty amicable. "Mark and David are extremely close as brothers, but it became apparent to everybody that David would have to grow independently of Mark if he wanted to establish his own identity." Rather than seek an immediate replacement, the band brought in former Peter Gabriel guitarist Sid McGiniss to help complete the album. But McGinnis' chunky, Stones-like guitar work is only one of the radical shifts in direction evident on *Making Movies*. Clearly dissatisfied with what he considered the ineffectual production values of his earlier albums, Knopfler has found in Jimmy Iovine (Bruce Springsteen, Tom Petty, Graham Parker, Patty Smith) the kind of producer who could help him capture the explosive force missing from his previous records. The addition of Springsteen keyboardist Roy Bittan was another smart move, adding, as it does, further body to the overall sound while accenting and broadening the scope of Knopfler's inherent romanticism. Having assembled his erstwhile bionic band, Knopfler had finally acquired the kind of vehicle he needed to release his true rock and roll instincts. Tracks like "Expresso Love" and "Solid Rock" are churning, Stonesian rockers that compare in structure and delivery with the Straits' earlier work the way a 747 does with a bi-plane. But the real showstopper here is "Tunnel of Love," an eight minute epic that invites comparison, in terms of both scope and emotional impact, to Derek and The Dominoes' "Layla" and Springsteen's "Jungle Land". Opening with a quote from "Carousel" by Bittan on piano and organ, the band kicks in with a supercharged Sultans-like chord progression that really *rocks* (no mean trick in a minor key), proceeds through a passage of stirring Church of England chords, and finally winds out with one of the most lyrically moving and anthemic guitar solos I've ever heard. Not bad for a former college professor.

I finally cornered the elusive Knopfler in exotic Nassau, (not the one in Queens), where, aided by Heinekens and heat exhaustion, bleary eyed but cheery, we proceeded to address each other in the following manner:

MUSICIAN: The new record seems to indicate a substantial change in direction for you, with both the writing and the production values exhibiting a lot more muscle and punch. Is this something you've been aiming for all along?

KNOPFLER: It was what I was aiming for on the first record. It didn't happen then and — to put it very bluntly — it didn't happen on the second record either.

MUSICIAN: Why not?

KNOPFLER: Because a very naive guy, namely me, was attempting to imitate the first record . . . [long pause] . . . you can take some time to think about that one if you want.

MUSICIAN: I was just remembering that a lot of the criticism of *Communique* was that it was just a rehash of the first album, and yet . . .

KNOPFLER: That was the expressed intent. Jerry (Wexler) and Barry (Beckett), the producers, were wonderful to work with, and we have the utmost respect for them — we made a record that sold millions and went to No. 1 in countries all over

World Radio History

EBET ROBERTS

"The important thing is how one individual note sounds. There has to be a sense of the notes that have gone before, and the one that are going to come."

the world — but there was just a certain live, muscular feel about it that wasn't there. A lot of that was because Jerry and Barry wanted to get the guitar sound that was on the first record, and I didn't know enough about production at the time to deal with it — to know exactly what they were doing and say "Look, what was on the first record is not what we want."

MUSICIAN: So that necessitated a switch in producers?

KNOPFLER: Yeah, because I felt that a lot of the power of my feelings in terms of music hadn't been translated onto vinyl.

MUSICIAN: Specifically, how did you go about beefing up the approach on *Making Movies*.

KNOPFLER: It wasn't really a "beefing Up", that sounds like an advert for some kind of hamburger additive. It had more to do with the writing, in the sense that I made the songs in such a way that they *had* to be presented more forcefully, because of their structure. The actual form of the songs dictates that type of thing, and then you start looking for a producer who can make that kind of sound that goes *BOOM*. Someone who's not going to get in your way when you want to express that kind of explosion of sound.

MUSICIAN: Can you point to a record you've heard that has that kind of explosive immediacy you were looking for?

KNOPFLER: "Because The Night," by Patti Smith. But it wasn't just Patti Smith involved there — Springsteen helped write the song, and Jimmy Iovine produced it.

MUSICIAN: With Roy Bittan on keyboards and Jimmy Iovine producing, the new record has a bit of a Springsteenish/New York kind of feel. You've been spending a lot of time here lately. What's the attraction?

KNOPFLER: It's an extreme. New York is Rome today . . . and Rome is going to burn. Miami already did. You get the feeling that it already is burning when you look across Central Park from the top of the hotel towards Harlem and you see a big plume of smoke rising up in the distance, and the fire engines racing up the avenue. Just look at the guys on the corners; there's *everything* going down there from the top to the bottom, through every level . . .

MUSICIAN: Can you feed off that?

KNOPFLER: Very much so. It has to do with being there on the streets and picking up on what's happening. Then when you produce something it's like recollection in tranquility.

MUSICIAN: Are your solos generally improvised, or do you prefer to work them out in advance?

KNOPFLER: I might work something out to a certain extent, and then try it on a take. When you're recording you might make two or three passes if you have the tracks on the machine, and sometimes they get put together. On the first album I pretty much knew how I wanted everything to sound.

MUSICIAN: Including "Sultans"?

KNOPFLER: Yeah, that was all down . . . if I remember, I sat on the floor in Deptford and worked it out over a few minutes, I had a kind of picture of the way it should go . . . ascending. So it was improvised in the same way that a lot of my playing is — your usual sloppy mess — with everything eventually stitched together.

MUSICIAN: What's the role of inspiration here?

KNOPFLER: Inspiration's a strange word. I do know that the times that you're inspired you're conscious of it happening, and it's a tremendous feeling because you're aware that you have something worth having and that people will respond to it. So the gladness you feel is a real happiness, because it's not just a happiness for yourself that the chords or the music fits; you're happy because you know other people are going to feel joy when they hear it.

MUSICIAN: Are you aware of those moments when they happen on stage? Can you feel the audience reacting?

KNOPFLER: Yeah, that's a slightly separate thing from the kind of inspiration involved in creating the song or solo, but it

World Radio History

ANNOUNCING THE END OF SYNTHE

INTRODUCING

The end of "realistic" sounds.
The beginning of sounds virtually undetectable from real instruments.

Synclavier II is a revolutionary advancement in synthesizer technology. Its patented digital method transcends "realism". Many of its sounds *are real*, virtually undetectable from real instruments.

The violins and cellos are so true, you can hear the rosin on their bowstrings. The trumpets bell like real trumpets. The Hammond B-3 sound is indiscernable from a real B-3, right down to the simulated control of 24 separately adjustable drawbars. The xylophone gives you the distinct sound of mallets hitting the wooden bars. And the gongs and chimes are so resonant, you can actually feel the overtones.

Synclavier II sounds real because it accurately controls large numbers of very specific instrumental overtones. A unique new partial timbre method allows up to 96 overtones to be separately controlled. And they can be adjusted one at a time or in groups of up to 24.

Synclavier II offers the ultimate in live performance control.

With Synclavier II strings, you can go from smooth bowing, to staccato bowing, to a plucked sound, in one musical passage, without stopping once to reprogram your string sound. You can also adjust the amount of breath blowing across the sound hole of your flute. Change the way your brass bells. Switch from hard to soft mallets on your xylophone. Or add pitch bend to your guitar. All these changes are easily made, *in real time*, without a single bit of reprogramming.

Two foot pedals change the overall volume, attack times, decay times, harmonic content, and portamento rate. Four foot switches control sustain, automatic note repetition, automatic arpeggiating, and portamento on/off. There's also an optional ribbon controller for pitch bend and an optional velocity sensing keyboard.

Synclavier II is not limited to real instruments.

Synclavier II goes far beyond the world of real instruments, offering you an endless universe of new sound combinations which have never been possible on any synthesizer before.

You can create sounds which have up to four different sets of harmonics, sliding around at four different rates at the same time. You can add vibrato to just the fundamental frequency of an instrument, without adding vibrato to its other overtones, or vice versa.

One key depression can trigger up to four completely different instruments at the same time. Or it can trigger one instrument, which automatically changes into three additional instruments one after the other.

You don't have to be an expert to use Synclavier II.

Over 64 sounds have been carefully preprogrammed for you. Including over three dozen real instruments, and over two dozen sounds unique to Synclavier II. Any of these sounds can be recalled for immediate use with just the push of a button.

And once you have a sound on Synclavier II, there's no limit to what you can do with it. Because Synclavier II offers more programmable and real time control than any other synthesizer in the world.

World Radio History

SIZERS AS YOU NOW KNOW THEM.
SYNCLAVIER II

The end of the giant limited system.
The beginning of the compact limitless system.

Synclavier II is the first truly portable synthesizer to offer limitless programmable control. Its keyboard unit tucks under one arm. Its computer is so compact, it fits into an Anvil case less than 20 inches square.

Up to 32 fully programmable voices
Synclavier II is available with 8, 16, 24, or 32 voices. The control you have over these voices goes beyond anything you've ever experienced.

Up to 96 separate harmonics can be used for one polyphonic voice. Six stage envelope generators feature an added peak function, which permits unheard of control for brass and string attacks. Four separately adjustable vibratos can be used simultaneously in one polyphonic voice. Four individually controllable portamento functions can produce four different rates of portamento on the keyboard at one time.

Two unique frequency modulation generators enable you to make extremely fast changes in timbres for all 32 voices. A decay adjust button enables the notes played on lower keys to have longer decays than the notes played on higher keys. Special output filters provide additional sound shaping and special effects, like "wah wah", "filter echo", and "wow". But here's the real "wow!":

16 track digital memory recorder
Synclavier II is equipped with the largest and most versatile digital memory recorder in the world. It's like having a 16 track tape recorder at your disposal.

You can record up to 16 entirely different instruments, playing 16 completely different lines on 16 separate tracks, and play them all back at the same time in perfect sync.

On just one track, you can record up to 32 voices at once, or overdub one instrument as many times as you wish. You can also punch in and out instantaneously. Go fast forward and reverse. Transpose entire recordings instantly from the keyboard. And repeat any set of recorded notes automatically.

A digital metronome is built into the recorder for accurate overdubbing. Effects from a "real time effects" pedal and five foot switches are memorized by the recorder. A sync pulse enables Synclavier II to record or play back in sync with a multi-track tape machine. And Synclavier II doesn't stop here.

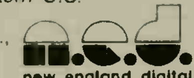
Unlimited sound storage
There is no limit to the number of different sounds and finished 16 track recordings that can be stored on Synclavier II's floppy discs.

When you recall a sound from a floppy disc, it's always the exact sound you stored. Nothing ever has to be reset. And even after you've stored a sound, you can recall it, modify it, and restore it without erasing the original sound from the floppy disc.

Send for Synclavier II's free demo record.
If, after reading this ad, you don't believe your eyes, send for Synclavier II's extraordinary demo record. After hearing it, you may not believe your ears!

Send record requests to New England Digital Corp.
For further information contact:

Dept. 10, New England Digital Corp.
Main St., Norwich, VT 05055
(802) 649-5183
Denny Jaeger, Western U.S.
N.E.D. Rep.
6120 Valley View Rd.,
Oakland, CA 94611
(415) 339-2111



World Radio History

happens too, to the extent that kids will actually get up onto the stage.

MUSICIAN: Does that ever bother you?

KNOPFLER: Bother me? *I love it.* It's people like the road crew who worry, 'cause the mike's got to be in such and such a position . . . but it's just love, really a response to something that's shared. Pretty simple really. I suppose if it happens to us sometimes it must happen to people like Ted Nugent a lot. Playing in front of an audience is slightly different from making a record, but reproduction is part of the process: from the demo, to record, and finally on stage. In the same way that an actor must learn his lines, and every night he performs he has try to infuse the lines with the original spirit. I think that's a really relevant element, in fact one of the things Jimmy Iovine says is *"Hey, we're all actors."* That made concrete something I'd felt, but hadn't admitted to.

MUSICIAN: Do you ever play your solos differently on stage than you do on the records?

KNOPFLER: Yeah, all the time.

MUSICIAN: Some people claim that you *have* to change songs and solos to keep them fresh. Is it possible to play "Sultans" note for note exactly like the record and still have it come alive?

KNOPFLER: Yes, in the same way an actor can bring his lines to life night after night. Going back, the time when you first play it in rehearsal, or when you first play it at home — just you and your guitar in the middle of the night — is very important. That's when you really hear it all, and the acting bit comes when you try to create "onscreen" what you've heard in your mind. It's your imaginary movie. You're attempting to manifest that original inspiration, to bring it down to earth.

MUSICIAN: How can you tell if you've really succeeded?

KNOPFLER: Well, it might not work because maybe the original idea was a bit bullshitty to begin with or it could be that you haven't tried hard enough; it could be that you just haven't managed to get the sound recorded in such a way as to translate your dream properly. Sometimes by the time you've finished recording you're so pissed off or tired of it that you've lost sight of the original impulse.

MUSICIAN: What prompted the decision to use a keyboardist (Roy Bittan, of Springsteen's E Street Band) for the first time on this album?

KNOPFLER: It's a kind of half-witted attempt to become more orchestrated. It's great to hear Roy playing on piano things that I might have realized on the guitar, but I like hearing it come out in a different medium. He helps me express things that have always been floating around in my head.

MUSICIAN: Some guitarists feel that the guitar is a pretty limited medium compared to a piano.

KNOPFLER: Up until working with keyboards I used to think the guitar had everything: bass notes, solo notes, rhythms, which is true, and of course you can bend notes. In terms of expression, a voice doesn't have segmented notes on it the way a piano does, — it can slide up and down a scale, — and insofar as a guitar can duplicate that, it does have some advantages over a piano. But there's a whole thing about the voicing of a piano that fascinates me. It all comes back to the idea of expanding the possibilities of orchestration within the band.

MUSICIAN: I felt listening to the new album that Roy really helped bring out the romanticism in your work, if I may refer to you as a romantic . . . .

KNOPFLER: You may. Feel free . . .

MUSICIAN: . . . in a somewhat similar vein as Springsteen. What is it about Roy's playing that you like?

KNOPFLER: Where to start? Great technique, wonderful voicing, the way he *feels* the music, lots of taste and experience. The way he listens to other musicians. To me he's a perfect balance between understanding music and feeling it. But the most important thing about him is that he plays like a *band* musician, like he's involved in the song the first time he plays it, which he is. It'd be great to have him play for you every night . . . if you could afford it!

MUSICIAN: Actually your own approach to guitar sounds pretty orchestral to me. Your chordal melodies remind me of Hendrix and Django Reinhardt.

KNOPFLER: (Long pause) . . . That's just too much of a compliment. I just can't respond to that . . . Django . . . .

MUSICIAN: Was Django a major influence on your development?

KNOPFLER: Yeah, I never owned any of his records but I did manage to listen to him quite a bit. He was just such a natural and joyous guitar player, like Pete Townshend. Lonnie Johnson impressed me, too. I first heard his stuff in 1969 and . . . I mean . . . I'd been listening to B.B. King since I was sixteen and here suddenly was this amazing guy I'd not known about, and it turns out that *he* influenced B.B. King. I was really pleased when I found out about that connection. With all these guys the important thing to me was the way they could make one individual note sound. With each note there's a sense of the notes that have gone before, and the ones that are going to come. Not necessarily all of them, but a sense of the way the whole thing is going to move. In the same way that a great song will always be a great song: it brings what it has from the past with it into the future. Any great song will be recognized by that sense of past, present, and future all there at the same time. But about guitar, I don't really consider myself to be very technically proficient; I don't really know all that much about music, and I'm not proud of the fact. There are these horrible gaps in my knowledge.

"Inspiration is a real happiness, because it's not just a happiness for yourself, that the chords or the music fits; you're happy because you know other people are going to feel joy when they hear it."

MUSICIAN: But you're such a refreshingly natural player. Do you ever get afraid that if you learned too much about the instrument that you might choke off your creativity?

KNOPFLER: No, because whatever I learn musically I'd never just use in a display of technique. But I know what you're getting at — the feeling has to be there. I hate music that's purely cerebral. Rock and roll is such a powerful medium because it maintains a balance between the mind and the feelings.

MUSICIAN: You never play with any effects or devices on stage, the people at MXR must weep at the mention of your name . . . .

KNOPFLER: Not true! I use an MXR Analog Delay on the stage every bleedin' night . . . .

MUSICIAN: . . . but you never use fuzz tone or anything like that, you seem to prefer a clear, natural tone. Is that because you like the natural sound of the Stratocaster?

KNOPFLER: The Strat's part of it, but I didn't own one until three years ago. I had a Gibson before that, which I loved, but the sound wasn't translating properly for me. It doesn't matter if it's a guitar or a producer, the touch point has to be translatable, it has to come through. With a Strat you've got single core pickups that can relate directly to what you're doing with your fingers, so the effect will never overpower the stimulus.

MUSICIAN: There's more of a direct transference of your intentions . . . ?

KNOPFLER: Yeah, so if your basic signal is right, then when you use an effect after that you're more likely to get what you want. It's possible to make something good from a limited signal, but if your basics are clear and direct to begin with, then anything you add like echo or whatever can only be an improvement. But the clarity I go for has its dangers too: I can't afford to make many mistakes cause they're always so damn obvious!

MUSICIAN: The wah-wah pedal can cover a multitude of sins.

World Radio History

KNOPFLER: They can be used constructively, too. Look at Jimi Hendrix. I use a volume foot pedal, which brings the sound in from nowhere, and I think that's very similar. I don't use effects that I feel would distort the sound completely from the way it was intended, but with the level pedal you're using your foot — which is part of your body — so the impulse is coming directly from you. That's a Morley level pedal, by the way. The great thing about them is that you can stand on them on stage and they're strong enough to take it.

MUSICIAN: Oh — really?

KNOPFLER: Well, I just thought for your magazine . . . maybe you'd get an ad.

MUSICIAN: I'm joking, I'm joking. You may have just bought our staff lunch for a month . . . .

KNOPFLER: . . . and the other thing is that my Morley has never broken down once, and that's over 300 gigs.

MUSICIAN: That ought to be good for lunch and dinner. Getting back to the music — when we were talking before you said that you considered your songwriting more important than your guitar solos, which surprised me.

KNOPFLER: The song is the main thing — everything else should be subservient to it. Soloing should never be an excuse to show off technical virtuosity, it's supposed to complement — to extend — the song itself. For instance when you talk about a Rolling Stones record, to me, you're talking about really great rock and roll; but I never listen to a Rolling Stones song and wonder — God forbid — *where's the solo?*

MUSICIAN: Do you feel that the real intent of your songs gets across to your audience? Do you get any feedback on that?

KNOPFLER: It's really funny being in a band and hearing what happens to your songs — how they're used or interpreted. "Once Upon A Time In The West" was actually banned in East Germany, where it became an underground hit, because the kids thought it was written for them. Then you find that Allan Wicker (English television commentator) used it on a program about the Los Angeles Police Department . . . and Milton Friedman, the economist, used it in a documentary about capitalism!

MUSICIAN: How did you feel about that?

KNOPFLER: It's kind of funny. To me, that song being used by Milton Friedman is like a Frank Zappa tune being used by a Boy Scout troop. On the other hand, there was a documentary on English T.V. about women writers that used "Lady Writer" as a theme, and that gave me some satisfaction , to provide that kind of soundtrack service, or offering some kind of inspiration that a filmmaker can utilize. In fact, we're working on a short film based on the *Making Movies* album, though it's more about the songs really than about ourselves.

MUSICIAN: Why do you think it is that the English have produced so many of our great rock guitarists?

KNOPFLER: Maybe they feel more affection, love — a mystique — for records that have come from far away. If you're thirty years old and English you've grown up on beat music, Radio Luxembourg, rockabilly . . . I played rockabilly every night with a group called the Cafe Racers before we formed this band. We'd do things like "Move It", "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl", "Gloria", "Red Hot" — a mix of old rock, blues and rockabilly. There's a certain feeling that comes from that type of music that you absorb and utilize in your own work. If you listen to "Expresso Love" on the new album, the guitar figure that runs through the first few bars has that rockabilly feel. The key to that sound, what gives it "swing" feeling, has to do with the drummer keeping his wrists loose and pliable, unlike the stiffer approach used in a lot of conventional rock.

MUSICIAN: How consciously do you incorporate that kind of thing in your present work?

KNOPFLER: You don't treat it nostalgically — you're not going to just reproduce it in the way certain British musicians do. You're not even going to write that way. What you try to do is project the love you felt for the music during your childhood.

MUSICIAN: What happens when you play with somebody outside the band? Do you pretty much look for what they want? For instance, on the Dylan album you played in more of straight B.B. King style. Did Dylan ask for that?

KNOPFLER: He never asked for anything. We had just finished our tour in L.A., and I drove down to Santa Monica and rehearsed the songs with him. He wasn't playing guitar at the time, he was playing a kind of rudimentary gospel piano. So I'd just come down and plug in one of his guitars and off we'd go. He told me he wanted to make a different kind of record — that up till then he'd been making what he called "home" records and that he wanted this one to be professional. That was his way of describing it

MUSICIAN: I'd heard that there was some friction at the Steely Dan session you did, and that you felt you were misquoted in one of the English papers about it. Could you clear that up?

KNOPFLER: I felt that I was both misquoted and misused. I had this great love affair with Steely Dan when their first three albums came out . . . saw them play in London . . . I was really into them, partly because at the time I was developing as a player and just admired what they were doing in the studio. So when they asked me to do the session — I think it was the first session I ever did — I remember being hurried down there one night and feeling like I'd been *summoned*, in a sense. I don't know if all your readers understand this, but every musician knows that Steely Dan are considered to be . . the dudes that *can* . . . as far as all that shit goes. And already, riding up in the lift at Sigma studios, I felt like a kind of object . . . and was treated . . . almost like a *tool*. And for me that's an impossible situation.

MUSICIAN: How did you handle it?

KNOPFLER: First of all, I tried to stave off that kind of thing by asking for a tape beforehand, and I thought, well, this is the

continued on page 88

EBET ROBERTS

Dire Straits' core of bassist John Illsley, Mark Knopfler and drummer Pick Withers.

Dire Straits' Equipment

Mark prefers a clean, natural sound both on stage and in the studio, although he employs several effects gadgets in both environments. His basic tools usually include a '60 Fender Stratocaster, with a standard pickup in the rear position and a DiMarzio up front. He's also started using Schecter guitars recently. His strings are Fender Rock and Roll Super Light Gauge. His stage arsenal includes a Morley Volume Pedal and an MXR Analog Delay. Regarding acoustic guitars, his preferences run towards Ovations and Martins, as well as a venerable 1930 National Duolian. Amplification includes a Musicman 130 driven through Marshall 4/12 cabinets. Bassist John Illsley opts for a Fender Precision Bass played through an Ampeg VF amplifier. Drummer Pick Withers traps are by Eddie Ryan Co., a small English firm

World Radio History

Good drummers do not automatically become great ones, and even the best drummers do not often become bandleaders of the first order, but Jack DeJohnette has managed both of these difficult and unusual transitions in the course of his career. Most of us became aware of him in New York in the early 60's as the first and most adept follower of the stupendously gifted Tony Williams, although few of us were aware that he had been a pianist of some standing in his native Chicago. And fewer would have guessed that he would undergo a process of stylistic and conceptual evolution more characteristic of melodists than drummers, and emerge in the late 70's and the break of the 80's as one of the key men in the music and a percussionist at a peak of the art.

His first recordings, made with Jackie McLean's band in 1964 but only released a few years ago as *Jacknife*, show him to be firmly in the Williams mold, but by the time he reached his first celebrity a few years later with the Charles Lloyd quartet he had already begun to adapt some of the looser phraseology of Elvin Jones. More importantly, he had begun to sound recognizably like himself, and his formidable technical ability was increasingly put at the service of a personal, if still eclectic conception and a highly individual sense of time. After he left Lloyd, a brief stint with the Bill Evans trio produced one album that revealed him as a drummer of surprising flexibility and taste; it was perhaps the first unmistakable sign that a distinctive musical intelligence was at work, a drummer capable of playing more than one kind of music and a mind clearly able to think creatively for itself. Shortly thereafter, he replaced Tony Williams in Miles Davis' band and stayed with Miles through a three year period that included the official birth of jazz-rock fusion with *Bitches Brew* — although Williams' Lifetime had preceded it and there had been a great deal to presage the move in the Davis quintet's last work and on *In a Silent Way* — and proceeded through *Live Evil* to Miles' last recorded idiom. By the time DeJohnette left Davis he was widely respected and even better known, but he would put in some more time freelancing before attempting to lead a band of his own.

Despite Art Blakey's assertion that a drummer has to be better than anyone else in the band for it to be a jazz band at all, it is not easy for a drummer to be a bandleader. He may compose, swing like mad, build up pressure or labor to inspire, but he cannot carry the band on his own. Neither can he carry it on the strength of his solo work the way a horn player might. Some other organizing principle must be found. DeJohnette's first attempts at leadership did not even always feature him on the drums; he traded off with Roy Haynes and Bob Moses and took solos on melodica: Compost, as he called the band, was nothing if not eclectic. All manner of jazz, funk, rock and other musics fermented in its heap. Sometimes the mix was fertile, sometimes not, but it was "multidirectional" — the term DeJohnette likes to apply to his current explorations — with a vengeance. Straight jazz heads eager to claim DeJohnette as one of their own are prone to forget that rock genuinely appeals to him and that he turned down an offer to work with Coltrane's last band in order to stay on with Charles Lloyd.

All the same, DeJohnette's enduring success as a bandleader did not begin until the formation of Directions about six years ago, with Alex Foster on reeds, Peter Warren and later Mike Richmond on bass, and John Abercrombie on electric guitar. At the same time he had begun to consolidate his position as the comprehensive drummer of the 70's in a series of recordings for CTI and ECM. The ECM records in particular highlighted how far he had come along, and Manfred Eicher's painstaking recording jobs brought out what a subtle colorist and stylist DeJohnette had become. To a synthesis of the virtues of Tony Williams and Elvin Jones, DeJohnette had brought his own acute sense of time — with Philly Joe Jones, he is virtually the only drummer who com-

By Lois Gilbert

Thanks to R. Zabor and Paul deBarros

THE MULTI-DIRECTIONS OF JACK DeJ

World Radio History

BOB SHAMIS

Jack DeJohnette's personal history intersects the major jazz movements of the sixties and seventies an uncanny number of times. Memories of Trane, Miles, Lloyd, Jarrett, Corea, Shorter, Hubbard and countless other greats vie with a prolific present as band leader and composer with Special Edition.

JOHNETTE

World Radio History

fortably plays both sides of the beat, anticipating it or lagging behind as the situation demands — and an unprecedented sense of detail that threw each of his cymbal strokes and every part of his drumset into strikingly effective relief.

His composing and organizational abilities proceeded more or less apace. DeJohnette early showed a clear sense of what he wanted in a band, although he was still juggling the lessons learned with Miles and his compositions were literally sketchy: the outlines clearer than the details. When Directions became New Directions a couple of years back — Lester Bowie coming in on trumpet to replace Foster's reeds and Eddie Gomez joining the band on bass — the sketchiness remained, but one had the sense — and it was Bowie's presence more than anything else that gave you this — that as a bandleader, DeJohnette was ready to play in the majors. This was more than confirmed when he debuted Special Edition, a contemporary hard-blowing, straight-ahead outfit that featured the drummer's best writing yet, and Arthur Blythe on alto, David Murray on tenor and bass clarinet and Peter Warren on cello and bass (John Purcell has since replaced Blythe and David Murray has been replaced by Chico Freeman; Julius Hemphill has also pitched in). Currently maintaining both bands as touring and recording outfits, DeJohnette the bandleader seems finally to have arrived by the same gradual and meticulous process of selection, refinement and development that produced his maturity as a drummer. In the interview that follows he goes back through his experience and picks out pieces of the process. His personal history intersects that of the music an uncanny number of times.

MUSICIAN: In Chicago you worked as a pianist and a drummer both, but in the end you became well known only as a drummer. How did that sort itself out?

DeJOHNETTE: Yeah, I was well established as a pianist in Chicago, playing with singers and my own groups. Also played blues gigs on drums. At home I would practice four or five hours on the piano, take a lunch break and practice another four or five on the drums. To be proficient on both. When Eddie Harris had his first hit on Vee Jay — *Exodus to Jazz*, you remember? — I went out and filled for his drummer. It was Eddie who told me, "You are a natural drummer. You ought to concentrate on drums. I know you play good piano but you should make one instrument stick out and put the other one aside." But I wanted to play both instruments and he wouldn't hire me permanently . . . I had a good trio in Chicago when I was in my early 20's. My first wife was saying. "You should go to New York. You've been talking about it and putting it off. You should go." So I went up one weekend and took my drums with me. I checked in at Sloane House and went uptown to Minton's. That's where I met (organist) John Patton, my first employer. Al Foster, Junior Cook, Blue Mitchell and Harold Mabern were playing there. I knew Harold, so I sat in. Patton, who was hanging out at Minton's at the time, said to me, "Do you want a gig?" I said, "I've got to go back to Chicago after the weekend." I took the gig and wound up staying. Unfortunately for my wife I didn't come back for awhile. I didn't bring her up until September of that year. I called her up, said "It looks like I'm gonna be a drummer up here." The biggest surprise was that I was making it on the scene as a *drummer*. I worked with John, then I went up to Slug's and sat in with Kenny Dorham and Hank Mobley. Kenny took a solo and when he finished he jumped down off the stand and said, "Hell, who's *that*?" It was like being in a village when all the rumors spread. A new drummer in town. My name got around. I met Charles Tolliver, who had been working with Jackie McLean. He said, "When Jackie comes back, you're gonna be working for Jackie McLean." And I said, "Man, you're kidding." He said, "No, you watch." I worked with Jackie, did some things with Hank Mobley and Freddie Hubbard, a few gigs with McCoy Tyner. One time I worked at the Club Baron with Thelonious Monk. That was quite a thrill, for me to work with Monk.

MUSICIAN: Hadn't you played drums with Coltrane in Chicago?

DeJOHNETTE: My first encounter with John Coltrane just came out of being in the right place at the right time. He was playing at a club called McKie's on 63rd and Cottage Grove. This was one of those small funky clubs, the bandstand was so small and tight . . . I remember Coltrane was late getting there. They had been driving on the road. They got there around 11:00 and the audience was waiting for them — Coltrane had phoned. They got out of the car, Elvin set up and they went straight to work. They didn't change clothes or anything. McCoy and Jimmy, they were really hip road. They played and they were tired. I mean these guys, it was really dedication, it was beautiful to see that. Anyway, Elvin disappeared one of the nights in that week. I was there every night.

MUSICIAN: Was it too intense for some people?

DeJOHNETTE: Oh yeah, some people couldn't take the intensity and would leave in the middle of the set. Coltrane's power in music, it was like being in the Baptist church. I remember one time he played a tune and this heavy-set soulful guy was sitting at the bar and this guy just jumped up — uh! hah! — and started leaping around and they had to carry him out. He just had a fit. He went out, he went totally out. I'd never seen that before . . . Elvin had disappeared for the last set so the clubowner, McKie, said to John, "Look, let Jack play. He comes out here and he plays good drums. I'll vouch for him. He plays at the jam sessions around here. You know we got to close soon. Why don't you take Jack up and play." So John just sort of nodded his head and he went on the bandstand and I went right up and I played about three numbers with him. It was incredible. He was like a magnet. He really pulls you. I could really understand why Elvin had to play the way he played; you really had to have a special kind of endurance, concentration and energy to keep up with Coltrane. Not that he demanded that, but that was naturally his energy. He naturally possessed boundless amounts of creative and physical energy and stamina. That for me was an incredible experience.

MUSICIAN: Didn't you work with Coltrane for a more extended period later on?

DAN LAMONT

"I like to have people who have personalities with me, characters. And I like to play a part in their development. That way I get that extra special touch to my music."

World Radio History

DeJOHNETTE: When I was with Charles Lloyd and the band was taking some time off, I got a call from John personally to join him in his band. Elvin and McCoy had left and he had Alice Coltrane, Pharoah Sanders, Jimmy, Rashied Ali and myself. So we went, of all places, to Chicago for a week. It was quite an experience because it was very, very free, very, very so-called out. It was very powerful and the audience really didn't know what to make of it, although the place was packed every night. It was very raw and he said to me, he said, "Jack, I know it sounds maybe not together and rough but there's something in the sound, something I like." I used to take him and Alice home after the gig and she would say to us sometimes she would wake up and he'd still be sitting on the bed with his flute. He would play on the intermissions. He was just obsessed — no, not obsessed but possessed with music all the time. I know I played so hard on that gig when I finished I would go home and sleep till about 2 or 3 the next afternoon. I mean I was just wasted. But it was quite an experience.

MUSICIAN: Very different from the quartet?

DeJOHNETTE: Well, with the quartet it was more straight ahead. With the new band everybody was more or less on their own. I mean he was still playing "Favorite Things," but after the heads were played it was total improvisation, not general timekeeping but just more sound. More sound and rhythmic phrases. It just sounded like a wild jungle. I wish I had tapes of it to listen to, because at the time it wasn't clear to me exactly what it was. I knew what he wanted. I knew he liked the sound, to play off all the energies. The more sound, the more he got off on it. A lot of people were confused, to them it sounded like noise. Of course I played very loud. The music lent itself to that kind of energy, but you couldn't play that way with anybody else. It would be too overpowering. I enjoyed playing with two drummers. Rashied's one of my favorite drummers, he's got that special thing happening. He had to create his own space in the band because Elvin created such a big space when he left. Rashied fit perfectly without playing very loud. Coltrane wanted me to stay but I had sort of made a commitment to Charles' band — there was no other band to rival Miles' band on that level. Charles' quartet was like a new area, a new direction in music, pulling the free jazz form together with rockish kind of things. "Sombrero Sam" and things like that.

MUSICIAN: Did you go straight into Charles Lloyd's band from your early freelancing in New York?

DeJOHNETTE: Before joining Charles I had a gig with Betty Carter. That was really quite a thrill for me. Betty is really a very extraordinary individual. She's always done things her own way and she's very proficient at it. She knows how to arrange for herself and she's still quite underrated I think, even though she's a cult figure now. She's one of my favorites. I still go by and see her. Sometimes we sit and jam on the blues a little. We always talk about the music business, who's playing and what. She's got a nice little group now. A nice drummer (Kenny Washington). I heard her the other night. I left Betty to go with Charles. She was very upset about it, but she understood my reasons. That was really an exciting group for me, Charles' quartet, one of the most exciting groups I played in because of the freedom and the flexibility it had. I was fortunate in my development to play in bands that didn't restrict my imagination and my creative abilities. I was trusted to feel the music and direct it and act upon it intuitively. A lot of other people didn't have that kind of playing situation. I absorbed a lot I could use later on. The groups that I use now work off that loose format. You have to have special people and work it so it comes out effortlessly but very together. When I first joined Charles, Gabor Szabo was still in the band. Then Gabor left. Charles said I need to get a permanent band together. I suggested Cecil (McBee) and he said what about a piano player. I had heard Keith (Jarrett) at the Five Spot with Art Blakey's band and he was really incredible. Charles had heard Keith in Boston so it was coincidence that I said well there's a piano player I heard called Keith Jarrett. So the first gig that the quartet played with Cecil McBee, Keith and myself was in Baltimore at the Left Bank Jazz Society. After that we recorded the *Dream Weaver* album and the rest is like history. George Avakian was an excellent manager. He managed Sonny Rollins sometime back, and did some of the Benny Goodman things years ago. He loved jazz. He came forth with some of his own money from the Avakian Brothers Rug Company to support the band, subsidize European tours and get the most incredible amount of press that any band could have had. I think, had the band stuck together it could have been a band like the Beatles on a jazz level, it had that sort of commercial appeal. Charles had charisma, definitely. He was tall and looked good with a saxophone and Keith was quite visual, so it had a lot of things going for it. Boy, I never spent so much time going back and forth to Europe. I never had much of a home life consequently. Along about the Flower Power time we were out on the Fillmore circuit. We did that whole trip with Bill Graham. It was a good time. We did the *Love In* album. We did a couple of other records that were very popular. We tried to keep it going as much as we could. I just didn't have any time to set up anything in New York. I was never there. It got so bad that I just checked out of my apartment and stayed in a hotel when I wasn't on the road.

"The most important thing I learned from Miles was . . . that when you get people to work for you, you get the most out of them. They really joyfully want to give you their best performances."

DAN LAMONT

MUSICIAN: How do you feel about the recordings the band made?

DeJOHNETTE: I definitely like the *Dream Weaver* album. *The Charles Lloyd Band in Russia* is an incredible record. The *Forest Flower* album in Monterey was good. There's *Charles Lloyd in Europe*. I think those four — oh there's one of a concert in Town Hall which has Ron McClure, who joined the group after Cecil left. I think those four or five albums . . . . After I left Charles I started having a home life again. I was remarried — to Lydia, who is now my wife — and we took up residence on 82nd Street. I freelanced again, at the Dom with Tony Scott and some other places. I worked for a little while with Bill Evans. I really enjoyed working with Bill. Then I went to work for Stan Getz.

MUSICIAN: Had you thought about forming your own group?

DeJOHNETTE: No, I wasn't ready quite then. After the stint with Getz, Dave Holland called me up and said that Tony

World Radio History

Williams was about to leave Miles to form Lifetime. I had worked with Miles once before, when Tony was stuck in Japan, so Miles and I were familiar with each other. I joined Miles' band, which had Chick (Corea), Dave (Holland) and Wayne Shorter. I stayed with Miles for about 3 years. We did a lot of recordings that are still in the can. We did *Bitches Brew*, another direction for Miles that was received very well, the *Live Evil* album and a day session with McLaughlin and Dave and myself. Dave played electric bass and Miles was really playing the hard rock stuff and it was great. Maybe that will come out sometime. There's also some tapes with Miles at Newport when Wayne was late. Miles played the whole set quartet with Chick and Dave and myself. We wound up back at the Fillmore again some years later. It was *deja vu:* back at the Fillmore again with Miles. Finally, when Michael Henderson joined the band and Chick had left and Keith was still there, I got a little restless, a little tired of playing in the direction that Miles was going into at that point. So I left.

MUSICIAN: How much did you contribute to the direction of Miles' band? How much did being in his band contribute to your direction?

DeJOHNETTE: I don't really know. When you play somebody else's music you are playing your music as well. They were subtle guidelines of freedom and discipline that I learned playing with Miles. I just enjoyed what I did. I knew I was developing. I would say Miles learned from me and I learned from him. The most important thing I learned from Miles was the ability to be the kind of leader that when you get people to work for you, you get the most out of them. They really joyfully want to give their best performances. They really try to play for *you*. Miles would get the musicians to play for him as well as for themselves. Fortunately I've been able to do that. I've had gifted musicians who give their all when they play with me because they respect my talent and my decisions about the music. They're strong enough to take the music and just go ahead and interject their own personalities. It becomes a cooperative grouping in terms of its spontaneity and improvisation. I think that's what was gained out of that experience with Miles more than anything else. The freedom aspect of playing music I got out of playing in Chicago with Roscoe

"I really saw the business side of trying to jump into the pop market, it could really kill ya, the people you have to deal with and the pressures."

(Mitchell) and Muhal Richard Abrams and the Charles Lloyd Quartet. All those combinations are all still very strongly with me and the intensity at which I pursue my musical endeavors is inspired by Coltrane. I have all those things in my personality. When I left Miles I decided to form Compost. I also started getting calls from Creed Taylor at CTI. I did a lot of records for them, with Freddie Hubbard and Joe Farrell, and I started doing CTI concert tours. Financially they kept me above water. Some nice records — Freddie Hubbard's *First Light* won a Grammy and did very well.

MUSICIAN: And Compost?

DeJOHNETTE: I got the opportunity for a big contract and took it over to Columbia Records. I could have done the thing as Jack DeJohnette's commercial venture, but there was a communal feeling going around at the time and we signed as

continued on page 64

JACK DeJOHNETTE ON DRUMS AND CYMBALS

Jack DeJohnette plays Sonor drums: tom tom, snare drum, 14 x 14 floor tom, 18" bass drum with both heads on and tunable tymps; and Paiste cymbals: 22" dark ride cymbal, 20" flat ride and a 16" splash cymbal, two 14" high-hats, dark series.

You have one of the most carefully orchestrated cymbal sounds in the music. I understand you worked with Paiste in designing your cymbals.

Me and a few other drummers were looking for that K. Zildjian sound, and Paiste took it a step further and made a cymbal that gave you the dark sound and the high pitched sound too, the ping of the stick and that dirty low sound. So when they came out with the dark ride, 22 and 20 inches, and the dark hi-hats, it was really nice. The company is really great about working on different sounds. They keep changing and experimenting, they're like artists with their stuff. What I'm using now is a combination of a dark ride and a flat ride 20" with a couple of rivets in it and an 18" crash cymbal, and a 22" China type — sometimes I don't use that one, but when I use the full setup I do. I use Sonor drums. I don't tune them to any particular tonality, I just find a relationship of pitches between them that sounds good . . . But that combination of cymbals has to do with the *particular* cymbals. I went through twenty dark rides at the factory before I found the one I wanted to use, and actually the dark ride I've got now I swapped for in Dallas, Texas — I like a *dry* dark sound, and they had provided a cymbal for me at a clinic I was doing, and I swapped the one I had for it on the spot. So now I've got a really dark dry ride cymbal, and that's good, because the longer you keep them the better they sound.

K. Zildjians sound great but they splash so much.

You've got to tape them up. Tony had his taped up when he played. That's how he got that sound off of his K. See now, with the dark rides, you don't have to to tape them. I think it's got something to do with the indentations they put in; they break up the tone so you get the right amount of overtones and the right amount of cutoff.

I look at the drums as an orchestra. The cymbals are like the bridges to the drums. They sustain a tone and they allow a whole lot of overtones, micro-overtones. The richness of a cymbal is in the low overtones, and the secret of making a cymbal — I was talking to Robert Zildjian about this — is that if you get the low overtones right then the high part of it will be incredible. And that's where the key lies, for them in making it and for the musician hearing it. With K's and dark rides, if you put your ear to them, they sound like a big gong, and I try to get a combination. I use the flat ride for quieter passages and when I want to bear down but be sure that everybody is going to be heard. It also allows the rest of the drumset to come through. But I hear the drums as a total musical instrument, rather than dissecting it and taking it bit by bit. It's a melodic, harmonic and rhythmic instrument. I hear it harmonically because I relate to the music in all three terms rather than just rhythmically. Melodically, some guy will play a phrase to which a cymbal will respond better than a tom-tom or the bass drum . . . It's hard to pinpoint it because every situation is different.

World Radio History

These are the heads that Max plays...

These are the drums that Max plays...

This is the renown that comes from the sound. Of the heads and the drums that Max plays...

The legendary sound of Max Roach is no accident. It's the result of an extraordinary artist playing the best equipment time and technology can produce: Groovers™ heads, the only heads designed especially for jazz. And Ludwig's unique 6-ply die-mold wood shell drums. An awesome combination!

Watch for Max Roach's new digital album M'BOOM on CBS Records.

LUDWIG

World Radio History

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

THE BEAR

CHAPTER VIII

BY RAFI ZABOR

"We're leaving," he told the lion.

"Terrific. How we gonna do it?"

"I don't know yet," said the Bear, "but just you watch me."

That is a great advertisement, the Bear told himself when he had stopped speaking, only what do I do now? He began pacing the cell, looking for the little fragment that would begin the melody of their necessary escape, the key signature to the infinite, the, the....

"I'm watching," Beeb told him.

"Aw shuddup," said the Bear. How could he feel so full of the necessary drama and still not have a clue? In his mind it was as if the escape had already taken place and all he had to do was act it out a second, diminished time in the world of matter. How could he not have a clue?

The lion began whistling Dixie.

This *had* to be his moment. This *had* to be, and the Bear ticked off the meager contents of his cell — wall, window, cage — as though they were the natural components of himself, ready to be made into the music of his freedom. This *had* to be his moment. It was either that or nothing. "I'm gonna break the lock on the door with one blow of my hand," he said.

"Far out," said the lion. "More power to you."

There's no other way, he thought. Permission is granted and partiality banished to the next county: this is the real life at last. The Bear reared back, filled his lungs to the limit and let loose a punch full of impersonal and majestic might, smack on the body of the lock. The door rattled; the Bear leaped away from it and let out a bellow of pain.

"What happened?" asked the lion.

"I think I broke my goddamned hand."

"Aw Jeez what do we do now?" asked Beeb, beginning to pace up and down on his side of the cell. "I mean you had me convinced, I was all worked up. It seems a shame to let the moment go to waste."

"Sure does," said the Bear, his paw thrust down between his knees and his jaw set to keep him from whimpering.

"Maybe I should have a bang at my end." Beeb had a dreamy look in his eyes. "Remember Bagheera in *The Jungle Book*? The panther? By the broken lock that freed me, and like that? One day I realized I was Bagheera and I broke the silly lock and went free? You think maybe it's time I realized I am Beeb the lion? It has a nice ring to it, don't you think?"

The Bear made a pained expression and put it on top of his other pained expression.

"Hey, don't discourage me," said Beeb. "I'm just getting into it. I think I'll give it a try, why not, hey, I'm game." Beeb began a series of hand-circles and hissing breaths. "Got to gather my *ki*, you know?" He wove his arms in menacing spirals in the air, anchored himself to the floor, breathed in through the palms of his hands and exhaled through his heels. "A little *gung fu*," he explained. "The Bruce Lee of the primate world....

"Put up or shut up," said the Bear.

Beeb fixed him with a fierce eye, spiralled himself backward and spun through the cell to deliver a tremendous roundhouse kick smack on the lock. The door rattled but remained in place. Beeb anchored his feet to the floor and let loose four precise blows with the heels of his alternate forepaws. Nothing seemed to happen. He revved himself up in some unspeakable fashion, turning in fast and venomous circles and rebounding in a blur from the walls; no kick or punch, however, seemed to issue from this commotion.

"Beeb?" the Bear asked him.

The blur stopped and resolved itself back into a shabby lion. "Yeah," Beeb admitted, "something's wrong." He gave the door a small distracted kick with his heel and it swung open on its hinges. One of the earlier kicks had broken the lock. "Holy shit," he said. "I don't believe it."

"What," said the Bear, rising from his cot. He felt oddly cheated. "What."

"Hey, it 's my movie too," said the lion. "Did you see me do that?"

"I saw you do it," said the Bear, and began tearing a larger hole in the grid that separated the lion's side of the cell from his own.

Beeb was dancing around his cell, laughing. "I did it! I did it! Did you see me do that? Hey man, did you see me do that?"

The Bear had climbed through the hole in the grid intending to quit prison and music at the same time, but then reached back to recollect his sax case. I must be stupid, he told himself. I must be a glutton for punishment. "Let's go," he said softly.

"Go?" said the lion. "Right away? Don't you wanna sit down and talk about this? I mean didn't you see me do it? Didn't you? Come on, man. Sit down, you gotta tell me how I looked."

"You looked beautiful, Beeb. You looked like a terror of the earth."

"You're no fun at all."

They edged themselves out into the cinderblock corridor and looked both ways. They turned right. After a series of right-angle turnings and having encountered no supervisory personnel, they passed by a series of open doorways. Through the first they saw a high room of indeterminate size that was filled to the limit with blue steam. Behind a second, heavy black junction boxes hung like lacquer fruit from rows of metal trees. Behind another, a great sheathed copper wheel spun out sparklers of blue-white electric rain; near it, a black iron engine thrummed: *dynamo, dynamo*. A fourth door looked downward through a network of guywires and walkways to a livid floor where sweaty men shoveled coal into massive open ovens. Finally they came to a bathroom. "That's more like it," said the lion. "I can only stand so much spectacle, you know?"

"This is what we've been looking for," said the Bear as he surveyed the row of sinks, the toilet stalls, and the sets of white cotton coveralls hanging from a line of hooks. He went in, punched the big button on an electric hand-dryer on the wall

World Radio History

and contendedly listened to it whirr. He began to fill a sink with water.

"You're gonna *wash*?" Beeb asked him. The lion was already climbing into a set of coveralls. "Look, I'm all for making up for lost ablutions, but this hardly seems like the time..."

The Bear gently plashed his paw in the clear water. "You got a jumpsuit over there that might fit me? A houndstooth check, a tweed?"

"We're all wearing white this year, dear," said the lion, and tossed one. "You're acting kinda high and mighty for someone who was not, after all, able to shatter the lock with one blow of his hand."

The Bear tore the hand-dryer carefully from the wall so as not to sever its connection with the electrical mains, punched its button again, dropped it into the sink and jumped back. There was a loud electrical shriek, sudden smoke and a shower of dull red sparks before all the lights went out. In the distance, an alarm bell rang out once and then fell silent. The lion and the Bear recoiled as the strong smell of burnt rubber filled their nostrils. "Hey presto," said the Bear. "Let's split."

They walked out into the darkened hallway. The Bear held onto Beeb's coveralls and allowed himself to be led by the superior nightsight of the lion. "That was brilliant with the dryer," Beeb whispered to him. "I take all my insults back. Where'd you come up with that one?"

"Saw Garner do it with an electric heater on *The Rockford Files*," said the Bear. "I knew that show was gonna come in handy one day."

"Right on," said the lion. "Educational TV. I'm all for that. Privilege for the underprivileged, eyesight for the blind. You dig Dick Cavett?"

They turned a corner and ran smack into two guards laden with the latest in ordnance and munitions. The Bear hoped that in the dimness the guards would only be able to make out their white coveralls and not their faces. "Hiya," he said.

"Who're you guys?" they asked.

"Maintenance," said the Bear. "We're looking for the Big Generator."

"Back that way. Good luck finding it. We gotta run." And they did.

In the distance, the Bear could hear the yelping of what seemed like a thousand dogs, and it struck him that in shorting out the electricity he might have sprung them from the cages. From the way their barking reached his ears he could tell that he had entered a long, narrow corridor and that the dogs were coming closer. "Dick who?" he said.

"Skinny cat does interviews. Real insecure. Funniest thing on the tube."

"I'm into Doctor Who," said the Bear.

"I'm into Leela."

"I can dig it."

They opened a door and all of a sudden the dogs were upon them, stumbling into their knees and then whinging away; then a second wave of dogs came, and the Bear felt the first bite on his thigh. He swatted the dog away, but now there were more of them, all obviously terrified of the crowding and the dark and each other, and he tightened his grip on Beeb. They were being pressed into the wall.

The Bear pulled Beeb along, swinging the sax case to clear a path in front of him. When he found a door set into the wall on his right he banged it open and pulled Beeb through. There was some grey light sifting down to them on the landing. "Hope springs eternal," said the Bear.

"He who strives unceasingly upwards we can save."

"Let me catch my breath."

After an appropriate interval they began their way up the stairs, two flights worth into the strengthening light, and the Bear had the feeling that this might be the image of his own more personal ascent, from the clown-world he had always lived in to the better world he hoped someday to inhabit. At the top of the stairs they came out onto a ramp.

"I wonder how old Brimstone is doing," said the lion.

"Probly stopped for coffe and a bagel," said the Bear. "Don't look now, but I have the feeling we're being watched."

Together they peered into the greyness around them. "Hope not," said Beeb.

"I sense something..."

They edged their way up the ramp and then entered a long hallway in which for the first time they caught the scent of the free outdoor air. "Smell that," said the lion. "Oh just smell that stuff."

They followed their noses up the hall, took a sharp right and stopped dead in their tracks. The Bear felt his heart hit the soles of his feet. Sitting there at the junction of two corridors was a uniformed guard waiting for them on a stool, a double-barrelled shotgun held comfortably across his knees. "You boys escaping?" the guard asked them.

The lion began to stammer. "Nope, not us, guess you got the wrong guys there, uh uh, yok, no way, nope, nah, no, nay, negative, nix."

The Bear calculated the distance between himself and the guard and the time it would take the man to raise his gun; he took a step closer, almost near enough for a lunge across the gap. "We're escaping," said the Bear. "You got it right."

"Well it's about damn time," said the guard, and pointed with his shotgun down the corridor to his right. "Door's over there. Cross the yard, climb the wall, and you're in the street. What took you so long."

Beeb was sputtering to an incredulous start. "You you you expect us to *believe* you? This is a setup. You think we're nuts? Bear, I think he's gonna shoot us in the back."

The guard tipped his hat back slightly and cocked both barrels of his shotgun. "You don't want to go that's your lookout. I told you where the door is. You don't want it just forget I mentioned it."

Beeb still wasn't having any. "You expect me to believe that you're just *giving us the green light*?"

The guard smiled a little. "Shit, if that's all you wanted why didn't you say so," he said, and started getting to his feet. Even before he had gotten himself completely upright the guard had begun to glow with an unearthly emerald light, and by the time he stood fully up and spread his arms, the light had gotten so bright that the Bear was hardly able to look at it. It had managed to fill all conceivable space, it had gotten into his body, it was blotting him almost completely out: the Bear stumbled backwards into the wall, too stunned to move voluntarily or to speak.

"Gack," said the lion.

"Gack," said the green glowing man-shaped thing, and politely tipped its hat. The Bear heard the sound of running water and couldn't figure out what it was until he felt the lion's hot urine splashing onto his ankles in a thick stream. The green light had entered further into him and his body had begun trembling; he could feel the light working on him, unstitching soul from body, unlacing the substance of his flesh, spilling through his ribs like an eerie, lethal sea. His eyes were stuck wide open.

"He's turning white," said the lion beside him, and it was true: the man was turning brighter. The Bear and the lion heard the voice inside their heads at precisely the same instant.

"Go," it said, and once the Bear had given Beeb a violent push to start them both moving he thought he heard it add, "*and never darken my towels again*," but he could have been mistaken. In any case they stumbled down the corridor, bashed open a heavy metal door and burst outward into what remained of daylight. They ran across a rubble-strewn yard and flung themselves onto a red brick wall. Once on top, the Bear looked back and could have sworn that for a moment he had seen the figure of Doctor McVeen. He had been wearing a paper party-hat, holding a drink and waving a cheery goodbye. Beeb and the Bear eased themselves across the top of the wall, careful of the broken glass, let themselves down on the other side and landed somewhat dazedly in the street. They

World Radio History

looked at each other, still trembling a little.

"That green, um, that green thing..." said the lion. "Did that happen?"

"No," said the Bear as firmly as he could manage. "That did not happen."

"Great. We're the Fugawi."

They were on a blank and undistinguished street lined with low featureless buildings — and yes, the Bear noticed, it was the street in his dream — warehouses maybe, or factory lofts. Beyond them and over the rooftops were the tombstones of the city: PanAm, Citicorp, the Empire State, 666, World Trade: and standing on the water, her back resolutely turned upon them and holding up a lantern was Liberty.

"I wouldn't swear to it," said the Bear, "but I think we're in Queens."

"Then it's hopeless," said the lion. "Everyone gets lost in Queens. We're never getting out of here."

Just then it came around the corner, pat as the catastrophe of the old comedy, an absurdly large white Oldsmobile, outlandish dinosaur, heading unthinkingly in their direction. "A pigeon," said the lion, and cackled. "If the two of us can't stop a car on this man's earth I miss my guess on human nature."

The lion and the Bear walked into the center of the twilight street in their white coveralls. The automotive creature was not only small of brain but dim of eye: it did not see them until it was too late. Its driver hit the brakes but the creature stalled, fiddled with its ignition but the intestines grumbled without issue. By this time Beeb had reached the car and stuck his grinning head in the window. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy," he informed the driver. "Wanna buy an encyclopedia?" Although Beeb spoke in a pleasant tone of voice, the driver had already begun the prelude to his panicked exit, pawing at the doorhandle and losing track of his cigarette somewhere in his uneasy lap. When finally he had gone, Beeb got in behind the driver's seat and honked twice on the horn. "As one shepherd said to the other," he called out, "let's get the flock outta here."

Fine, thought the Bear as the Oldsmobile caromed off its third parked car on its way into the city, that's one brace of nightmares over with. Prison. Madness. Defeat. I won't have to go through that again. It's time for me to take my place in the world of men. "How you doing?" he asked the lion.

The car did a wheelie around an abandoned industrial corner. "This could get to be fun after a couple centuries."

"We don't have that much time." As the car made its circuitous and uninformed way in the general direction of the city, the Bear watched Manhattan's major buildings revolve in response to its motion, and they seemed like the shapes of himself revolving in response to the undulations of time, displaying one aspect outward and then the next. But what endured? he asked himself. What endured? The car wheeled past a corner bar out of which jukebox music blared. Rock and roll was here to stay, but what else? The Bear looked down at the saxophone case held gingerly between his knees. Art with a capital A, God with a capital G — he raked the city with his eyes, in search of the high-rises on 20th Street and Iris — and Love with a capital L. Color me Antique, there's nothing you can do but just color me antique. The important thing was to be unafraid and make your natural stand. The sleep of reason produces monsters.

"I think I'm beginning to find the groove," Beeb told him, pointing out a partly dismembered roadsign indicating a possible route to the city. "Fifty-ninth street bridge."

The Bear let his eyes close, praying vaguely in an upward direction that Iris would be home. If she wasn't...Where else could they go? First place the police would look for them was Jones'. If Iris wasn't home they could ditch the car and hide in Central Park. Now there's a future for you. There's something with real possibilities. Around dawn they could break into their respective cages and wait for the tourists to throw popcorn. It's a great life if you don't weaken.

When the Bear opened his eyes again, he discovered that Beeb had found a piece of highway that did in fact lead them to the city, and as it sloped upward onto the bridgeway, the Bear in a sacramental mood accepted the propriety of their having to cross a river at this point in the passage from their quondam Egypt. But there it was across the river — no promised land but a city of dreadful night. Its grey buildings stood like monoliths and below them weary amnesiacs percolated through a maze of lights in their insect cars. Was that all he had to do here? Find his rightful and productive place with the rest of the partial monsters? He felt the shapes of the past gathering around him. Was he only back where he started? The city wasn't freedom, just another labyrinth out of which he would have to find his way. With luck he'd take Iris with him. The last thing he saw before the car came down off the bridge into the thick of it was the triple six on the Tishman Building. Welcome to Beastville. He had worked 53rd and Fifth with Jones a couple of times and the Top of the Sixes had always spooked him. This was definitely a place to leave.

They went downtown on Second Avenue. As they reached the Forties and the traffic thickened, the lion and the Bear were greeted by occasional honks of the horn and happy cheers from their fellow drivers. The Bear smiled and waved out of the window like a successful politician and the lion honked back, stuck his head out of the window and yodelled. As they made it down through the East Thirties, the Bear half expected to see a banner stretched across the street proclaiming NEW YORK WELCOMES BACK ITS FAVORITE SONS.

"Man, I love this city," said the lion. "Feel the energy."

"I hate and fear this place more than anything else on earth. Beats me how even jazz can stay alive here. Take a left on Twentieth and pray that Iris is home."

"Are you sure it's cool for me to come up? I won't be imposing?"

"*Beeb*," said the Bear.

"Because if it's not cool I could like drive over to Jungle Habitat in Jersey, I've got some cousins there who'd take me in in a pinch. You sure it'll be okay for me to come up? I mean she's your chick, you haven't seen her..."

"Iris will love to see you," said the Bear. "Okay?" He smelled the exhalations of restaurants, the soot off the cobblestones, plumes of steam coming up through hellholes in the gutter. He smelled what was left of the vegetation. *Jones*, it occurred to him. Jones is my responsibility too. I owe him and he's lost here without me. He pictured himself leading two humans out of the city on a thread.

They turned on Twentieth, made the remaining lights and pulled up outside of Iris'. The Bear took Beeb across the lawn and into the entranceway and pushed the button. Iris' small, clear voice came to him through the intercom: "Who is it?"

"The Law," said the Bear, a wave of relief breaking over him. "Baby, it's me."

"*Bear*?" The buzzer sounded, the door clicked open, the elevator was awaiting them, and as the Bear and the lion were hauled skyward in an aluminum box by quivering cables in the dark, the Bear hoped he wouldn't blow it this time, that somehow it would all work out. He hefted the saxophone case. Instead of the cross, the albatross. He would have to work out a more positive attitude to his art. This would have to be the New Bear. No more running. No more busts. No more fear. Act like you belong here and maybe it'll stick.

Iris was waiting for him when the doors opened on eleven.

Here ends Musician's *serialization of* The Bear, *but a full novel is intended, entitled* The Bear Comes Home, *and we'll keep you posted.*

World Radio History

NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE RICH AND FAMOUS TO OWN AN ARP.

Introducing ARP's new Solus, the world-class synthesizer that gives you the same sound quality, versatility and reliability of the ARP live performance, lead-line synthesizers, at a price almost anyone can afford.

SOLUS: THE FEATURES YOU'D EXPECT FROM ARP, AT A PRICE YOU WOULDN'T.

SOUND When you buy a synthesizer, sound quality is the key. The Solus has two oscillators so you get the fat, electronic lead-line sound you want. Their mixable sawtooth and pulse wave outputs can be phase-synced to produce a wide range of classic electronic sounds. And the four-pole filter can be modulated with inverted ADSR for special effects. **CONTROL** The Solus has a complete four-function envelope generator so you get total control over articulation. Attack, decay, sustain and release. That's one more articulation feature than you get with many synthesizers. And a lot more control. **RANGE** Unlike many comparably-priced synthesizers, the Solus has a full three-octave keyboard. And the keyboard can be transposed up or down an octave — quickly during live performance — for even greater range. **EXTRAS** In addition, the Solus gives you a number of extra features you wouldn't expect from a synthesizer of its price. You can control vibrato, adjust pitch sharp or flat, and add portamento slurs to your music, just to mention a few. Why, the Solus even comes in its own traveling case!

PRICE With the cost somewhere down around $16 a key, Solus is the ARP synthesizer you can afford even if your fame extends only next door. It gives you a lot of sound for the money. And the quality you'd expect from an ARP.

You can play the ARP Solus at selected ARP Dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

For the names of Certified ARP Dealers in your area write

ARP Instruments, Inc.
45 Hartwell Avenue
Lexington MA 02173
Or call. (617) 861-6000

World Radio History

a band. We made two albums, had a lot of trouble getting work because the market we wanted to get into, the pop scene, was very difficult unless you had a big manager who was going to invest a lot of money. I really saw the business side of trying to jump into the pop market, it could really kill ya, the people you have to deal with and the pressures. To make a long story short, I decided I didn't want to go in that direction. I'm sure everybody else in the band was angry with me for dropping out, since a lot of the drawing power was built around me, but I felt that the best thing was for me to go back to the kind of music I felt comfortable with and develop that. Everyone was signed to Columbia instead of just me. and that created some problems. We learned a lot about the music business. We all came out a lot smarter after that.

MUSICIAN: So Directions began then?

DeJOHNETTE: Right. I started getting together with John Abercrombie. He was working with Chico Hamilton and Billy Cobham but when he was off we would get together with another guitarist I'd heard in Boston named Mick Goodrick — which is where Pat Metheny comes from stylistically — and with Clint Houston on bass we used to work in a little club called Richard's Lounge in New Jersey. I started looking around for a saxophone player and I was impressed with Alex Foster. With John, Alex and Peter Warren we did *Cosmic Chicken*. The record company was expecting something a little more commercial because of Compost. They weren't too happy with that record.

MUSICIAN: How did you come to be involved with Manfred Eicher and ECM?

DeJOHNETTE: I was in Europe unfortunately when . . . I left the day before the thing happened at the Olympics in Germany with the Israeli hostages. Manfred Eicher approached me and asked would I like to do some recording. The first thing I did for him was something he didn't produce, a session that Keith Jarrett and I produced when we were with Miles. A friend of mine in California gave us three or four hours of free time in his studio. Keith at the time had electric keyboards, an organ and a Fender-Rhodes piano, and what came out was the album *Ruta and Daitya*. A lot of people don't even know we did it because it's so old. I did quite a few dates for the people on that label before I actually did one under my own name, *Untitled*. Quite a few nice things happened from that relationship. One of the things I liked about Manfred's records was that he took great pains to get a good sound from the instruments, the acoustic sound of the drums and the bass, the piano and everything. You could hear and appreciate that a lot of care was taken to make sure that every little detail was heard. I did *Pictures*, a solo album with John on three cuts — that's an album you should get involved with, it's the kind of record to listen to when you're in a pensive mood and want to be by yourself. After that came *New Rags*, a Directions album. All through this period my writing and composing were developing.

MUSICIAN: How did Directions become New Directions?

DeJOHNETTE: When Alex left I decided, well, why bother with another horn player? Manfred and I talked about trumpet players. Don Cherry, Lester Bowie (who was with the Art semble) and maybe the possibility of Eddie Gomez on bass. That would be an unlikely combination of people, but it worked musically. I spoke to Eddie and Lester and we decided we could make it work if we plotted out the years, blocks of time, periods to work, and get our schedules together. So we made it work, and we made two albums, and so it is working. It *can* work.

MUSICIAN: But now you've got two bands, that *and* Special Edition.

DeJOHNETTE: Special Edition, the band and the record, have been received really well, here and in Europe. It's the first time I've had an album on the charts in a long time. I have a hunch it may wind up selling more than all the other records. In September I'll have a new New Directions album out, with John, Lester and Eddie, from our live tour in Europe. It really captures what the group is like live with the audience; I'm real excited about that. So this year I've got two albums I feel really good about. It's been a big year. The interest in getting all these people together is that we want to stay in touch with each other, with our contemporaries. We want to stay together with the *baddest* people we can get. Check in, exchange results and see what's happening.

MUSICIAN: Has Chico Freeman replaced David Murray in Special Edition?

DeJOHNETTE: Chico's probably going to be playing with us more and more. He's a young player, still developing, but he can play in any kind of tradition. Blythe, of course, has been around awhile and has put together the traditions of Bird, Cannonball and Coltrane with a unique energy and spirit. Peter Warren has been a close associate of mine for ten years. And David Murray has that sound of the older saxophone players. He's working with that, among other things. I like to have people who have personalities with me, characters. And I like to play a part in their development. That way I get that extra special touch to my music. Blythe is a character, so is Chico, and Peter Warren, Gomez, Abercrombie and certainly Lester. They have that extra, extra thing that's happening, they don't just . . . they're not just musicians, they're magicians, masters of illusion. I want everybody to give their best. And when they're enjoying themselves they give way more. Of course everyone knows my spirit is an uplifting spirit — it's like a carpet, a trampoline they can jump off of. It's always there, always pulling, anything they want to do, it's just more support behind them . . . in front of them . . . in back of them! And the audiences feed that energy too, that intensity. It makes you feel good, makes you feel excited, gets your adrenalin going, makes you feel alive.

MUSICIAN: Do you drum differently for this band than for others?

DeJOHNETTE: I know the personalities involved, so I know exactly what I have to do to get the most out of players. Whether it's my band or someone else's, I don't feel limited. It's a matter of setting up the other musicians. Listening. passing ideas back and forth. The bass player, if you notice, in our group can keep time or do other things. Same thing with the drums. I can go in and out. Sometimes Peter will create a situation and I'll stop and let him have it, or the horns, so everybody plays a role, sometimes keeping something for the other one, or just conversing, a musical dialogue, or we all converse at once, but still listening to each other . . . .

MUSICIAN: What's next?

DeJOHNETTE: Special Edition is going to record another album, with Peter, Chico and John Purcell, a young horn player from New York. he plays all the reeds but his primary horns will be the baritone and the alto. Chico's quite different from David Murray, but John retains that sound on the alto. It's a nice combination, a nice contrast.

MUSICIAN: And you, personally?

DeJOHNETTE: I think of myself as a musical force, like Coltrane or Miles. I'm playing a part in shaping this music. I just happen to play drums. It's just beginning to build up, people recognizing me as an influence. People always ask me, Well, what is your music? You've been associated with the avant garde, the mainstream this, mainstream that . . . Well, I want to clarify that Jack Dejohnette's music is "multi-directional," which covers all those categories. Hopefully by the end of the year people will start to say that Jack DeJohnette's music is multi-directional. I don't like categories but I can live with that one. When so-called bebop came, these labels came because of critics and the record companies. Musicians — Bird and Diz didn't say, well, let's call this bebop. It was just their music. And then they called Coltrane's music angry, or "new wave" or "new thing," and you know, I call it multi-directional, because it's diverse. I just play music. I'm just trying to do what I feel is right intuitively in my heart and hope that it gets over. I think it is getting over. It's a slow progression but I think it's gaining momentum so I'm gonna stick with it.

World Radio History

LA BELLA'S MUSICIAN *of* NOTE

Photo by Richard Laird

RICHARD LAIRD

Born: February 5, 1941 in Dublin, Ireland

Home: New York City

Profession: Musician, Photographer

Earliest Musical Experience: I started playing piano at age 5.

Major Influences: Ray Brown, Paul Chambers and Scott La Faro.

Latest Musical Accomplishment: *Soft Focus* with Saxophonist Joe Henderson on MUSE Records. I also played recently on part of the new CTI album featuring Larry Coryell and Lenny White.

Keynotes: I have a new book on Bass coming out in September 1980 called "Improvising Jazz Bass" (Amsco Publications). I also work with Chuck Wayne and a group called Timepiece, teach and record in New York City.

Today's Music: The music scene is currently in a state of revision in which many artists are re-examining their musical directions. Hopefully we will see a return to quality music in the 80's, especially jazz.

On Strings: I use La Bella strings on all my instruments. On my fretted bass, I use a light gauge Deep Talkin' Bass. I use a light gauge Quarter Round on my frettless bass, and Sweet Talkin' Steel on my acoustic. On my upright bass, I use the 7720 Professional series. I look for quality tone for jazz and a good bowing tone for studio. I find both these qualities in La Bella strings, and they outlast any other I've used.

E&O Mari LaBella

E. & O. Mari, Inc.–38-01 23rd Avenue, Long Island City, New York 11105

If your passion is music, your strings should be La Bella.

World Radio History

RECORD REVIEWS

Bob Marley

Arthur Blythe

Paul Simon

Devadip Carlos Santana

Bob Marley & The Wailers

Uprising, Island ILPS 9596.

Bob Marley's made a career of, to lift a phrase from former Wailer Peter Tosh, "steppin' razor." As the musical and media barometer of pop's absorption of Jamaican reggae, his work amplifies the old bobby trap of commercial art — maintaining one's roots while honestly embracing the wider audience essential to popular music. American R&B artists face a similar puzzle — the lucky fortune of one too many crossover hits can leave a black band without its black audience. Marley's quandary goes beyond race, however, to include both spiritual and nationalistic concerns. His challenge has been to bring a Third World heart music to an as-yet unresponsive American black audience (hence, a recent New York date with the Commodores), and to whites who are likely to regard Rastafarians as either fuzzy spiritualists or good dope connections. His trump card, which has given him an international following and necessarily intensified his pop-roots dilemma, has been the beat.

Uprising responds to these conflicts with lean politics and a rock-steady execution that makes it both the Wailers best *and* most commercial album since 1975's audience-expanding live album. The link between the rude-boy attitude of the early Wailers and the international cool of the new record is, ironically, Marley's least-political work, *Kaya*. Eschewing the political for the pastoral (that is, singing of the countryside instead of Kingston), *Kaya* permitted Marley to, in lovely songs like "Is This Love," place reggae in a pop context without apologies. *Uprising* fires the beat without losing the spare beauty of *Kaya*, and more significantly, finds Marley replacing the Trenchtown polemics from which fame has inevitably distanced him, with a world-view of singular interest.

The Wailers' sinuous rhythm machine is spiced on *Uprising* by a tag team of strong male background voices and the female I Threes that give Marley a context in which to spin his voice around repeated phrases and verbal puns that add rhythmic depth while underscoring lyrical intent. The vocal and instrumental interplay of "Coming In From The Cold" sketches the conflicts of the outside world while celebrating the community found within compatriots. "Could You Be Loved," a pumped-up dance jam, is distinctly modern reggae, but instead of incorporating slick soul techniques a la Third World, Marley simply boosts the beat, lays a thick rug of background voices, and anchors the performance with his most soulful mid-range voice.

Uprising's power is in its deft mixture of darkness and light. Armegeddon visions abound in songs like "Real Situration" ("Well it seems like total destruction/The only solution") and "We and Dem" ("But now it's too late, you see men have lost their faith/Eating up all the flesh from off the earth"). The flipside is equally heavy-handed. "So old man river don't cry for me," Marley sings on "Forever Loving Jah" recalling the American spiritual, "I have got a running stream of love you see." Marley's yin-yang sentiments are reflected in this music — it's no mistake that the refrain "Zion Train is coming our way" is repeated with the substitution of "Soul Train." Reggae is Marley's soul food, both his private salvation and public craft. His work, as the striking acoustic finale bears witness, is his "Redemption Song." M.U.S.E. et al. must cringe at one of the lyric's specifics — "Have no fear for atomic energy/Cause none a them can stop the time" — but put alongside images of literal and mental slavery, the different mushroom clouds intermingle. Freedom is the catch-all. The Wailers don't sing to Kingston as much as to the world at large, and while the Savior might take different names around the planet, the artfulness of Marley's worship, the essential heartbeat of his redemptive reggae, makes the message clear. — *John Milward*

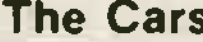
ARTHUR BLYTHE

Illusions, Columbia Records JC36583.

Illusions just seethes with energy — finally an album that captures much of the fire and drive Blythe projects in live performances. Overall, this album is most consistently interesting, accessible (in a positive way) and representative of the variety Blythe commands as a band leader and composer. If I have any complaint at all, it's that Blythe doesn't have the space necessary for extended improvisations. In a concert context, Blythe tends toward longer more developed phrasings and thematic variations. Here he must utilize more condensed globular phrases packed with emotion. The functional primus of this album is the juxtaposition of Blythe's two "working" groups by alternating tracks between Blythe's "In The Tradition" band (with John Hicks taking the piano spot) and an avant-funk, tuba-anchored quintet (Blood Ulmer, Bob Stewart, Abdul Wadud and Bobby Battle). And it actually works. There's a lot of variety in this album and at the same time a direct line of continuity running throughout.

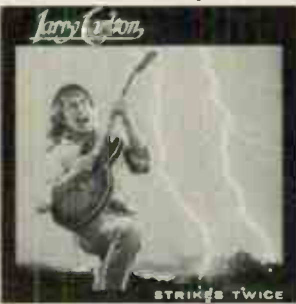
World Radio History

The funk tunes (for lack of a better word), along with Blood Ulmer's bands, represent the most creative and successful attempts at the fusion of funk, R&B and jazz elements. The emphasis is in maintaining and projecting the African/Afro-American essence of each of these genres. The band kicks out with rich and complex layers of polyrhythms underpinned by Stewart's solid tuba lines, while Ulmer, Blythe and Wadud weave stunning improvisational patterns over top (especially on "Illusions" and the reworked "Bush Baby"). These structures clearly have their genesis in

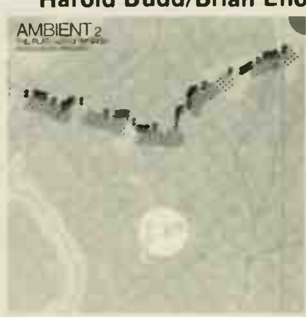

The Cars

John Hassel/Brian Eno

Larry Carlton



Harold Budd/Brian Eno



African music.

Blythe's "Tradition" band extends their stylistic perspectives by a few decades in comparison to their Columbia debut. The band "swings" in a conventional fashion, but the solos and some of the tune structures ("My Son Ra" for instance) are far from standards. Blythe, in particular, avoids the familiar rhythmical configurations associated with bop. Opting for a rhythmical conception that avoids obvious statements of the time, it's almost as if his solos could be grafted onto another rhythm section playing in a different time signature and still sound appropriate. Blythe creates an additional polyrhythmic, thus richer, texture to the music. Check this out. — *Cliff Tinder*

THE CARS
Panorama, Elektra
HALL AND OATES
Voices, RCA

Trendy music pros have a funny synonym for the term "musical change." They call it "professional suicide." *When you find a successful formula, stick with it* seems to be a popular credo today. Hence, many bands spend years recording the same LP over and over again. Two groups currently going against the top 40 grain are The Cars and Hall and Oates. For The Cars, it took two LPs before they jumped the musical divider; for Hall and Oates, nine.

Hall and Oates' tenth LP, *Voices*, is their most rewarding yet. Known as purveyors of slick, pasteurized rock 'n' soul ("Rich Girl," "She's Gone"), Hall and Oates have always fared better with their singles than with their albums. Eclectic by nature, the duo's output has been hammered into various palatable shapes by an army of session musicians and producers whose musical ideas have always seemed more grandiose than the tune warranted.

Voices is Hall and Oates' first self-produced LP. It's amazingly crisp, clean and vital (so long strings, hello rhythm section). Its sound is closely akin to Hall's recent solo LP, *Sacred Songs*, the first recorded venture which allowed him to shrug off his well worn blue-eyed kitsch label and rock out. *Voices* continues in that contemporary, no-frills rock direction, with Hall's vocals glistening up front and Oates' guitar work zipping from speaker to speaker like a wild animal suddenly turned loose from its confines. The songs are varied, encompassing rock, pop and R&B. Thematically, however, they are unified by a common, straight-on approach; an approach that amplifies the power of such rockers as "Africa" and "United State" and clarifies the vocal nuances present on such soul tunes as "You've Lost That Loving Feeling" and "Diddy Doo Wop." In a very real sense, *Voices* is Hall and Oates' first true LP. It's devoid of pop pretentions and heavy-handed arrangements and full of honest musical visions and drive.

Also taking their fans for an unexpected drive are The Cars. Their newest album, *Panorama*, proves that they are *not* destined to become the synthesized version of The Ohio Express. Always a fascinating group instrumentally, The Cars' initial impact was both helped and hindered by their flirtation with traditional pop melodies a la "My Best Friend's Girl" and "Candy-O." *Panorama* deep-sixes most of the overt popism while retaining the group's heady instrumental flair. Composer Rick Ocasak is moving towards more driving, layered compostions — just as infectious as his pop work, but more involving. Songs like "Panorama," "Running To You," and "Getting Through" are wonderful melodies, albeit not obviously commercial ones. Melodically, they are more diffused than Car tunes past, giving the band room to build riff upon quirky riff, piece upon piece, for a mesmerizing, almost circular total effect. Ocasek's vocals are more daring this time out, too, assuming a dead-panned, almost chant-like stance. Credit should be given to producer Roy Thomas Baker for allowing The Cars to zoom off in an exciting new direction. It's quite a nice spin. Music biz pros take note: neither one of these LPs should earn these bands "banzai boy" reputations. — *Ed Naha*

DEVADIP CARLOS SANTANA
The Swing of Delight, Columbia C236590.

Round, pure, golden, delicious: Santana's guitar still sounds ripe for the picking, but that's nothing new. Nor is his affiliation with spiritual father Sri Chimnoy, who contributes the cover painting, the title poem (remember "Birds of Fire"?), and three of the record's nine tunes. Since Mahavishnu took a secular turn in the mid-'70s, L. Ron Corea and L. Ron Clarke have been our only major jazz (?) artists openly campaigning for a guru; but here comes Devadip to pick up the slack and make Love, Devotion, and Surrender safe for the popular jazz fans of the '80s.

So he teams up with Herbie Hancock, his first mistake, and Hancock's producer, David Rubinson, his second. Then he asks along Ron Carter and Tony Williams and Wayne Shorter for a few cuts apiece. Somewhere along the line the decision is made to aspire to the "goal supreme" by means of a digital recording, which means this offering to Chimnoy sounds terrific but costs a lot in the material world, as only 55 minutes is spread over two discs. Producer Rubinson warns the faithful: "In order *properly* to reproduce the digital recording on disc, we chose to make the album four shorter sides rather than squeezing all the music onto a 2-sided LP."

It's a shame the album couldn't actually be four Shorter sides, since his playing is the most consistent thing on the record and his sculptural "Shere Khan, The Tiger" is the only composition that improves with each listen. Don't be misled by the record's lovely title: it doesn't swing, it pounds and rocks and soars a bit and goes south of the border only once, on "La Llave," its only vocal. The biggest problem is that the solos, some of which are quite good, are rarely integrated into the total piece; the background comping is dismally pat, the transitions from head-to-solo-to-head are awkward and oblique, and the kinetic tension developed in some of the

World Radio History

solos is undermined by blocky arrangements and stoopid, needle-pop-the-balloon fade-outs.

For a record with such talented improvisors, this one has the spontaneity of a planned press-conference: We'll now hear a drum fill by Harvey Mason. Drum fill. Thank you, Mr. Mason. Next up we have a few sweet lines by Ron Carter. Sweet lines. Thank you very much, Mr. Carter. Herbie Hancock will now present some milky Fender Rhodes noodles. Milky noodles. Thanky you, Mwandishi. And so on. As for Santana, his playing is pleasant, sometimes inspired as on "Jharna Kala" and "Love Theme from 'Spartacus,'" but somehow abstracted, out-of-context, above the music and not in its midst.

Better perhaps if they all had just gone into the studio, let the producer lock the door for five hours, forgotten about arrangements and synthesizer programming and overdubs, and turned out some music without pretense or program. — *David Breskin*

PAUL SIMON

One Trick Pony, Warner Bros.

"Yes, the boy's got a voice/But his words don't connect to his eyes," sings Paul Simon, and I couldn't describe the problem with *One Trick Pony* any better myself. Art Garfunkel's better half has returned from a three-year recording hiatus with his first LP for Warner's ostensibly a soundtrack of Simon's long-awaited starring and production debut. The movie features Paul in the role of a two-bit rock musician struggling on the road as he nobly plies his trade.

Not surprisingly, the ten songs on *One Trick Pony* demonstrate Simon's proven ability to weave narrative detail. The lead track and current AM hit, "Late In The Evening," is a classic tale in the mold of "Me and Julie" — with its latino-calypso rim-rolls and mexicali horns, the tune is a perfect match of atmosphere and lyrics.

The problem comes with the album's second track, which expresses *One Trick Pony*'s fatal flaw in "That's Why God Made The Movies." By describing the self-consciousness of our responses in the wake of popular culture's distancing factor, Simon bemoans the loss of direct emotions. This theme is echoed throughout the LP, especially on "How The Heart Approaches What It Yearns," "Oh, Marion," "Nobody" and "Long, Long Day." Unfortunately, the very stylization employed by Simon here enforces the displacement between artist and audience. By singing through the voice of a fictional character (even if he does bear at least a metaphoric similarity to Simon), Paul never achieves the intimacy and drama which have been integral to his writing. After all, the ability to communicate truths about himself on a one-to-one basis was, in the past, one of Paul Simon's major attributes as a solo performer.

On the other hand, it is no wonder that Simon has chosen a musical idiom far removed from rock 'n' roll to make a statement about it. Indeed, Paul's strength is as a songwriter and craftsman first, rather than as an out-and-out rocker. What distinguishes him from the MOR are his sub-culture reference points — movies, pop music, television, drugs, sports.

In "Long, Long Day," he almost breathes life into his fictional loser; "Can't say my name's well-known/You don't see my face in the *Rolling Stone*-/But I sure been on this road." Finally, though, without the accompanying film, his lament hangs in mid-air as a lie, because, as we all know, Paul Simon is far from a nobody.

After waiting for three years, it seems a bit of a disappointment that Paul Simon has chosen to return cloaked in the safety of a dramatic mask. "The boy's got a voice/But the voice is his natural disguise." My point precisely. — *Roy Trakin*

DEXTER GORDON

Something Different, Steeple Chase SCS 1136.

When Dexter Gordon arrived in New York in 1975 he was in the thick of one of the most creative and productive phases of his career. A newly discovered jazz-starved youth market lionized Gordon, for few living players could equal his command of the vast stretches of jazz history he had lived and played in.

Now, however, he sounds more like one of his own imitators; his solos have degenerated into utterly predictable strings of Dexter Licks. Last time I saw him I found myself seriously concerned

SHOCK ABSORBERS

Transit Cases from ANVIL®

The next time your instruments and sound gear hit the road, protect them with The SHOCK ABSORBERS™ from ANVIL. To give your gear the extra protection it needs when it's on the road, ANVIL®'s SHOCK ABSORBERS™ Transit Cases are built to exceed rigid specifications established by the Airline Transport Association to assure safe transport of delicate equipment.

Outside, your gear gets the protection of sturdy, top-grade plywood sidewalls covered with gouge and scuff-resistant ABS plastic. Plus a strong, lightweight aluminum outer frame. And ANVIL® machine-driven, split-steel rivets and steel hardware.

Inside, your gear is cushioned with a custom-fit protective layer of foam padding. So even if your SHOCK ABSORBERS™ shake, rattle and roll on their way to the gig, your gear inside won't.

The SHOCK ABSORBERS.™ Because when it comes down to cases, nobody builds them like ANVIL.

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!

Our famous "FLY ANVIL" T-Shirt, silkscreened in color on a heavy-weight, bright yellow shirt. Graphic also screened in 1-color on front. Send check or money order for $5.95 to: ANVIL T-SHIRT, P.O. Box 888, Rosemead, CA 91770

S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL ☐

MPL

NAME ____

ADDRESS ____

CITY ____ STATE ____ ZIP ____

If it doesn't have an ANVIL® ... you don't have a case.

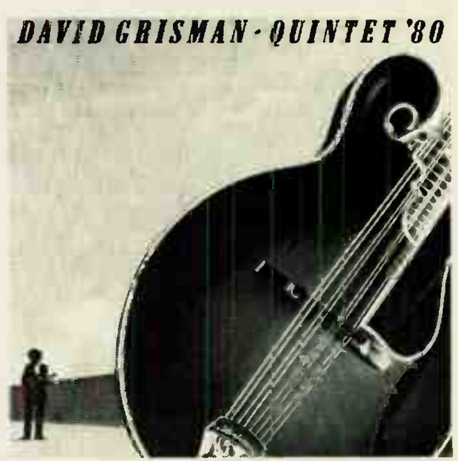
World Radio History

Invest in Integrity.

For people who want the highest interest on their music dollars, these are players to invest in. They've got proven track records, long-term growth and a performance quotient the envy of the whole industry.
Ignore the fads and go with the stuff that lasts. The shrewd money is on the music that plays.
It pays.

The Larsen/Feiten Band.

Organist and guitarist extraordinaires. You might have caught Neil and Buzz sizzling on Rickie Lee Jones' last tour. They've played with Bob Dylan, George Harrison, Jimmy Cliff, the Allman Bros. They've uncorked an ultra-clean mix of jazz-tinged pop here, and some *fiery* instrumentals. Includes the single "Who'll Be The Fool Tonight." Produced by Tommy LiPuma.



David Grisman.
David Grisman Quintet '80.

The world's foremost mandolinist, Grisman and his four virtuoso associates—Darol Anger, violin; Mike Marshall, mandolin; Mark O'Connor, guitar; and Rob Wasserman, bass—play a kind of music that's as original as it is technically astounding. Swing jazz, bluegrass, classical, rock dynamics—it's all in there. The only sound of its kind. Produced by David Grisman.

Larry Carlton.
Strikes Again.

The most in-demand session guitarist in rock delivers his second searing solo LP. You'll hear more of the snarling licks that made Carlton the Crusaders' and Steely Dan's favorite axeman. It's crisp, straight-ahead playing from the man who invented one *inimitable* approach to guitar. Produced by Larry Carlton.

Al Jarreau.
This Time.

What Jarreau has achieved in advancing the capabilities of the human voice verges on the legendary in the man's own lifetime. The most original singer of our day does it again here. His way. Check out Al's breathtaking version of Chick Corea's "Spain." Produced by Jay Graydon.

On Warner Bros. Records & Tapes.

World Radio History

READER SERVICE

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.

	Company	No.
_____	Sunn	21
_____	Fender	41
_____	Bose	19
_____	JBL	31
_____	Audio Technica	85
_____	La Bella	65
_____	Shure Bros.	71
_____	Kaman Strings	75
_____	Yamaha Brass	26
_____	New England Digital	50
_____	D'Addario Strings	97
_____	King	3
_____	Roland	4
_____	A. Zildjian	6
_____	DOD Electronics	78
_____	Yamaha Guitar	9
_____	Martin Guitar	77
_____	M. Hohner	25
_____	DeMerle Strings	39
_____	Crumar	95
_____	Ludwig	59
_____	Peavey	93
_____	Yamaha Drums	99
_____	MXR	2
_____	Selmer	35
_____	DiMarzio	91
_____	Elger/Tama	14
_____	TEAC	32
_____	Ace Strap	76
_____	ARP Insts.	63
_____	Multivox	72
_____	Satr Insts.	34
_____	Remo	74
_____	LeBlanc	30
_____	Anvil	68
_____	Hamer	40
_____	Eastern Acoustics	76
_____	Whirlwind	7
_____	Unicord	100
_____	Washburn	23
_____	Beyer	83

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________ Zip ____________

that he'd forget to pull his lips off the mouthpiece. But considering our cannibalizing brand of hero-worship and the corrupt, decadent nature of record industry high society, his current state of mind (or lack of it) is somewhat understandable.

To find the Dexter we so venerated in '75 it's now necessary to go back to '75. But, by *finally* releasing this pure vintage Gordon, Steeple Chase allows us to do just that. Maybe they realized we'd be starving for this by now, because this is Dexter playing in some of the best form of his life. He sounds fresh, alive and clear-headed. There's absolutely no sign of the *Sophisticated Giant* packaging Columbia pushed off on us; Dexter's at home in his most natural and familiar surroundings, the quartet. With bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pederson and drummer Billy Higgins laying down such a solid groove it would have taken an earthquake to dislodge them from it, and guitarist Philip Catherine comping rich, ringing chords, it would have been hard for Dexter to be anything but inspired.

Setting out on a medium blues, Miles Davis' "Freddie Freeloader," Dexter delivers blues sermons with every phrase, and with imagination and feeling like we've seldom heard. His lush green, melting mid-summer stylings on the ballads "Polkadots and Moonbeams" and "When Sunny Gets Blue" spread like thick caviar — Dexter's at his lyrical best here.

Catherine's playing pleasantly surprised me. His comping showed a lot of experience, his solos were tasteful and well structured, and his sound haunting and original. And his acoustic work on "Invitation" set just the right lightly playful, yet introspective bossa mood for Dexter to explore. Now, for the fiery side of Dexter, just listen to him dig into his own "Winther's Calling" and the beautifully variegated harmonic structure of Slide Hampton's "Yesterday's Mood." Dexter even plays more with the changes than through them, as he now does.

If you require further proof of just how good this album is, keep in mind that it was recorded one day prior to the very dangerous *Bouncin' with Dex — Cliff Tinder*

Jon Hassell/Brian Eno, *Possible Musics* EG107.
Harold Budd/Brian Eno, *Plateaux of Mirror*, EG202.
Laraaji, *Day of Radience*, EG203.

Breathes there a musician who does not envy Brian Eno's *chic*? All he has to do is *produce* three albums for them to be referred to as the new Eno's and be accorded respect, attention, and superstitious awe. In an age in which publicity can devour entire lifetimes in a matter of months or minutes, Eno has even contrived to remain mysterious. Partly it's because he's ambiguous, subtle and intelligent, but mostly it's because nobody's really sure what, on any given album, he actually does. If Eno's produced a date , or collaborated on it, does it mean he's played an instrument, sonically altered what someone else has played or merely beamed his intelligence into the studio? This vagueness is puzzling only because it's uncommon; as listeners we demand the facts, ma'am, and an ego to attach the music to but the facts don't help us know anything but themselves, and an ego is an arbitrary and unnecessary intrusion.

Trumpeter Jon Hassell's album has picked up some good press so far, and I like it too. It doesn't sound much like a trumpet album. It sounds like the music of some very subtle stone age tribe that happened upon a synthesizer in the forest one day and put out an album ten years later. The trumpet comes out soft and chordal, rhythms move like satiated pythons through light and shade and the air is rather humid. In fact, it sounds a bit like some of Henry Mancini's more effective excursions for alto flutes and rhythm, no offense intended. Eno plays a few instruments, but the one cut on which he does not appear does not sound substantially different, so this is Hassell's album, a big advance over his previous *Monkey Island* on Tomato, and clearly an original statement from an artist from whom we can reasonably expect a great deal in the future. Doesn't knock me out, though. *The Plateaux of Mirror*, Eno's collaboration with pianist Harold Budd, is the most rigorously ambient of the three albums in the sense that it would probably function best as an installation in an airport, laundromat, supermarket, or other muzak site. So employed it might occasionally prove revelatory, a sudden lake of consciousness in an unexpected place, an alternative and more motionless world. At home, Budd's few, pretty, repeated chords and Eno's sighing transistors do not sustain real interest for very long. Neither do they supply a very luminous background.

Laraaji's *Day of Radiance* is the real stunner of the three, partly because of the sound of its unaccompanied hammered dulcimer, one of the world's most beautiful instruments. The dulcimer occurs in some form in most of the world's cultures; for its American use, seek out an album called simply *Trapezoid*; in the middle east it's called a *kanun*, it's something else in the Balkans and elsewhere. It sounds like the sparkle the world once had. I don't know who Laraaji is or where he comes from, but he's found some new uses for the instrument, most of them fairly obvious, but no less appealing for all that. On side one, with some discreet overdubs, he repeats himself as rigorously as Philip

World Radio History

fact:
you can choose your microphone to enhance your individuality.

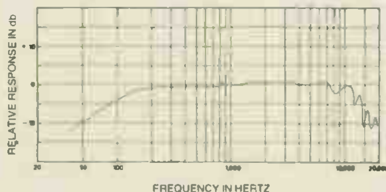
Shure makes microphones for every imaginable use.
Like musical instruments, each different type of Shure microphone has a distinctive "sound," or physical characteristic that optimizes it for particular applications, voices, or effects.
Take, for example, the Shure SM58 and SM59 microphones:

SM59

Mellow, smooth, silent...

The SM59 is a relatively new, dynamic cardioid microphone. Yet it is already widely accepted as a standard for distinguished studio productions. In fact, you'll often see it on TV . . . especially on musical shows where perfection of sound quality is a major consideration. This revolutionary cardioid microphone has an exceptionally flat frequency response and neutral sound that reproduces exactly what it hears. It's designed to give good bass response when miking at a distance. Remarkably rugged — it's built to shrug off rough handling. And, it is superb in rejecting mechanical stand noise such as floor and desk vibrations because of a unique, patented built-in shock mount. It also features a special hum-bucking coil for superior noise reduction!

Some like it essentially flat...

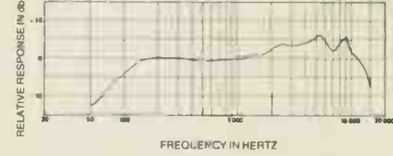


SM58

Crisp, bright "abuse proof"

Probably the most widely used on-stage, hand-held cardioid dynamic microphone. The SM58 dynamic microphone is preferred for its punch in live vocal applications . . . especially where close-up miking is important. It is THE world-standard professional stage microphone with the distinctive Shure upper mid-range presence peak for an intelligible, lively sound. World-renowned for its ability to withstand the kind of abuse that would destroy many other microphones. Designed to minimize the boominess you'd expect from close miking. Rugged, efficient spherical windscreen eliminates pops. Lightweight (15 ounces!) hand-sized. The first choice among rock, pop, R & B, country, gospel, and jazz vocalists.

...some like a "presence" peak.



professional microphones...by ® SHURE ®

Shure Brothers Inc., 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, IL 60204, In Canada: A. C. Simmonds & Son Limited
Manufacturers of high fidelity components, microphones, sound systems and related circuitry.

World Radio History

Glass. On side two, altered, echoed, delayed and otherwise interefered with by (I presume) the otherworldly evanescence of Eno, he provides continuous cascades of lovely sound. It would be hard to convey, short of playing you the album, how unboring this turns out to be. I especially like the album's several false endings, the music fading away and then drifting back in for no reason except that life's like that. There's also a moment near the end when the volume is turned up for a few seconds; I've never heard an easy effect made to mean so much before. The piece is called "Meditation." Most recent Western "meditation" and "trance" music has been a superficial and mechanistic travesty of the possibilities of meditation and a poor second to the older, more spiritually precise musics of the world. *Day of Radiance* comes through as something real. Side one, entitled "Dance," renders Philip Glass' recent compositions of the same name a mite academic (I still like 'em fine though; they're on Tomato 8029, and the first side is a charmer).

I imagine the critical backlash on Eno will start soon enough, as bored critics revenge themselves on their own fantasies. Me, I don't care about ambient music one way or the other. Categories don't count; anything really good transcends them. What counts is that you're unaccountably roused from your slumbers and feel compelled, like Dr. Frankenstein, to remark, "Igor, it's alive!" — *Rafi Zabor*

Hardworking.

These are the new Multivox amplifiers. Now, some people may put fancier names on their amplifiers. But no one builds in value like Multivox.

We designed it for the working musician. Guys like you, talented, aggressive, on their way up. You'll find Multivox to be solid, hardworking amps perfect for club dates and one night casuals. And priced right. That's why, for over 30 years, people who make their living making music have counted on Multivox.

Try it on for sound at your Multivox dealer.

Write for our free brochure.

MULTIVOX/PREMIER

370 Motor Parkway, Hauppauge, New York 11787

Larry Carlton
Strikes Twice, Warner Bros. BSK 3380.
Neil Larsen & Buzz Feiten
Larsen/Feiten Band, Warner Bros. BSK 3468.

These two albums illustrate the dilemma of the pop craftsman, free from other peoples' demands, confronting the demand for creativity instead of discipline, for art rather than craft. Larry Carlton's second solo album has lots of his excellent guitar playing and three of his mediocre vocals, framed in rock and funk contexts that are less obviously derivative than those on his first album (10 points for not ripping off "What a Fool Believes"). As a lead guitarist, the man is full of surprises. There's no one who mixes jazz harmonies with rock 'n' roll abandon as well as he does, especially on the Latin funk "Mulberry Street," and the ballad "For Love Alone." As a producer, his devotion to the craftsman's ideal perfect record paradoxically blunts the impact of his soulful, fluid guitar artistry, filling up every available space with keyboard and percussion overdubs.

Neil Larsen and Buzz Feiten recorded some cooking pop jazz instumentals last year, under organist Larsen's name. Now they've shortened the solos, added vocals over loping funk and Latin beats, and become a band. Buzz Feiten's voice reminds me of Neil Young, and his stinging blues guitar solos remind me of his gig as lead guitarist in one of my favorite Paul Butterfield bands. These seemingly disparate elements fit together very well in practice. So well, in fact, that the best moments on the record are written and arranged — part of the background. What these craftsmen fail to do is surprise, transcend the structures in which they operate, in short, to make art. — *Chris Doering*

THE ALLMAN BROTHERS
Reach For The Sky, Arista AL 9535
SEA LEVEL
Ball Room, Arista AB 9531)

With Georgia weighing heavily on their minds, the Allmans and Sea Level have moved from Macon to West 57th Street. There they will fan the home fires until Jimmy Carter comes to Birnham Wood or the south gets another major record company. Meanwhile, Arista — which is barely south of the Bronx — will have to do.

The Allmans, who have managed to get through death and resurrection without inflicting rock 'n' roll religion on the rest of us, are still considerably more interesting than the average boogie band. *Reach For The Sky* is by no means one of their most fiery LPs. It's more of a gracious, undemanding, *hospitable* sort of album. Along with the Doobies and Grateful Dead, the Allmans now rank among the kindly old innkeepers of rock, whose shingle alone implies a certain level of service.

World Radio History

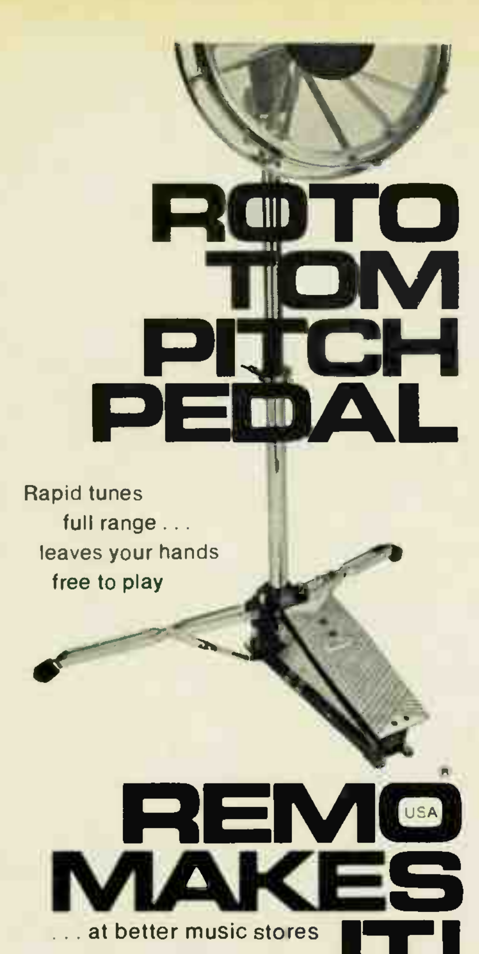
Try a Carvin and find out why musicians are being blown away by the playability and quality of these handcrafted guitars.

Check out features like Schaller Machine Heads, All Brass Hardware, selected Hardrock Maple, Ebony Fingerboards, Super M22 Pickups, Dual-to-Single & Phase Switching, Stereo Wiring, plus guaranteed low string action.

At Carvin we sell Direct Only allowing you the best possible prices. Call us TOLL-FREE 800-854-2235 (Calif. 800-542-6070) Monday thru Friday for any questions you may have about Carvin Guitars. MASTER CHARGE & VISA phone orders accepted. Send for our FREE 64-page full color catalog including the complete Carvin Pro-Line.

Carvin Dept. MP-33, 1155 Industrial Ave., Escondido, CA 92025

World Radio History



Among the most serviceable portions of *Reach* is the 6:38 minute instrumental, "From The Madness Of The West," a Mark Twain-meets-Sergio Leone approach to life west of the Hudson. The dense, shifting, Doobies-like polyrhythms of Butch Trucks and "Jaimoe" Johnson paint with Leone's broad histrionic strokes; Dickey Betts' sharp guitar solos offer Twain-like etchings of finely-observed detail.

Other notable portions of the new Allman album include: "Angeline," which demonstrates that a harmonica can be used as a propulsive instrument as well as a pensive one; "Hell & High Water," which overcomes a strong similarity to "Rambling Man" to gain a life of its own; and "I Got A Right To Be Wrong," a neat vehicle for Betts' stirring slide solos.

The Allmans are still among the class of their field, making guitar-heavy rock that staunchly refuses to sink into macho menopause.

On the other hand, Sea Level, the Allman spin-off, should try to keep in mind that southern rock is alive and well to the good side of Molly Hatchet. Sea Level seems to have drifted far offshore, into mostly aimless jazz noodlings ("Struttin'," "Anxiously Awaiting") or perfunctory Commodore imitations ("You Mean So Much To Me").

At their primitive best, there's "School Teacher," a driving, hungry, almost slobbering ode to extracurriculars.

A lyric sheet is included here to no good effect; only further evidence of a dearth of ideas. They've done better in the past. — *Mark Mehler*

Lovers and Rockers, Various Artists, EMI import, This U.K. compilation of recent reggae pop is an excellent sampler of the saving wit, pretty grace and unselfconscious sophistication of arrangement that uptown Jamaican music provides. Peter Tosh's duet with Mick Jagger on "(You Gotta Walk) Don't Look Back," a minor U.S. hit, is a good clue to the product herein, but by no means the premier track (I pick the Tamlins doing Randy Newman's "Baltimore").

These 13 tunes are one strain of reggae: short, melodious pop songs, moderately slick and/or Europeanized, but not diluted. The artists include such durables as Dennis Brown and Burning Spear, and new lights like Matumbi. This is 24-hour-a-day music, not simple at all, but easy to love simply and inordinately. To ignore it, as only America can, is to remain parochial — and even primitive. — *Van Gosse*

David Grisman, *Quintet '80*, Warner Bros. BSK 3469. David Grisman's "Dawg Music" integrates jazz and classical elements with the good-timey, communal feeling of the bluegrass string bands from which it derives. On this album his mandolin is part of a quintet that is equally at home with bluegrass, swing, Latin, Beethoven and Col-

mandolin bros. Ltd.

ANNOUNCES ANOTHER IMPORTANT OFFERING

Following the complete success of the limited edition Reissue 1934 Martin Herringbone D-28, and continuing in our efforts to make available the finest guitars, banjos and mandolins . . . . .

★The Reissue 1939 Martin D-45★

If you could find for sale one of the 91 legendary C F Martin D-45 guitars made between 1933 and 1942, it would cost you over $10,000.00. MANDOLIN BROS, LTD., through an EXCLUSIVE arrangement with C F MARTIN ORGANISATION, is producing a limited edition of 91 pre-war style D -45 guitars — the first since 1942 to have scalloped braces, and many other original appointments, including:

Diamond & Snowflake Fingerboard Inlays
Tortoise Shell type Peghead Overlay & Pickguard
Grained Ivoroid Binding, Heel Cap and End Piece
"V" Neck Shape
Square Headstock Design
Lightly Stained Top
Gold Mini-Shaller Keys
Maple Bridge Plate
Abalone Inlaid Top, Back & Sides

With a gold plated brass plate on the neck block engraved:

C F MARTIN
EXCLUSIVE SERIES
MADE FOR
MANDOLIN BROS. LTD.
CUSTOM No. _ OF 91
SERIAL No. _

The guitar you've always dreamed of owning is now affordable: $2800. Including hard shell case

RESERVE YOURS NOW! *SUPPLY IS LIMITED*

(The 1934 Reissue HD-28 sold out in four months)

Only From MANDOLIN BROS. Ltd., 629 Forest Avenue, Staten Island, N.Y. 10310

TOLL FREE 800 221-6928 Mon–Sat 11 - 5. NY State/Outside USA 212 981-3226

Deposit will secure order. We ship everywhere. Send for complete free stock and price list.

World Radio History

Composite Gauging:™

a revolutionary musical idea, born of engineering artistry and musical genius

Advancing the Art of Guitar String Technology

During the last few years, acoustic guitars and acoustic guitar playing styles have changed substantially. Kaman was instrumental in pioneering many of these changes with our Adamas and Ovation acoustic and acoustic-electric guitars. Yet, we also understood that an improvement in guitar strings was needed to meet the changing technology in guitars. Thus, we've developed a new concept in guitar strings that brings out the best sound in acoustic and acoustic-electric guitars. We call our new strings "ADAMAS" because their level of technology matches the sophistication of the Adamas guitar.

And now you can buy them for your guitar, too!

"Technologically and musically, only these new Adamas Strings come up to the standards of the revolutionary Adamas Guitar. Moreover, they've been engineered not only for excellent sound but also for superior reliability . . . they really stay there."

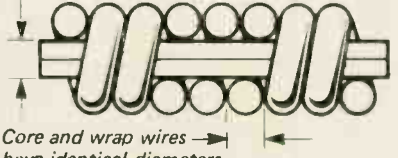
Charles H. Kaman

Composite Gauging™ Tuned in Technology

Composite Gauging is the term used to describe the design improvements which produce the superior sound of Adamas strings when played either acoustically or amplified. Significant changes have been engineered into the second, third, fifth and sixth strings.

Re-engineered 5th and 6th Strings

The fifth and sixth strings of an Adamas set utilize core and wrap wire of identical size so that neither part of the string dominates the various modes of string vibration. Thus, the fifth and sixth strings vibrate more consistently and with greater amplitude to produce a sharper more precise tone.

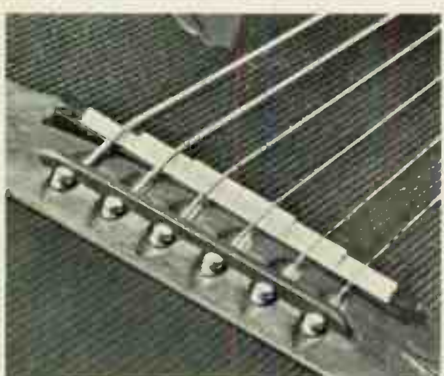


Re-engineered 2nd and 3rd Strings

The second string of the Adamas set has been redesigned to eliminate the imbalanced response peak that has long been a problem in other strings when playing amplified. With an Adamas set, there is no need for electronic compensation because the problem has been eliminated in the design. In a similar fashion, the breakage problem, often encountered in the third string of other sets, has been virtually designed out of the third string of an Adamas set. This was done by redesigning tuning tension which reduced the tendency for breakage, while also making it easier to bend.

Computer Controlled Winding

Even the way we manufacture Adamas strings is different. Exclusive computer controlled string winding equipment (patent pending), a spin-off of Kaman Aerospace technology, allows us to build exceptional quality into every string. The result is a set of strings that has substantially improved life and reliability.



Adamas Strings are easily recognized by their distinctive knobs (patent pending) of solid brass.

"Actually, we have re-invented the guitar string"

KAMAN MUSICAL STRING CORP.
1330 BLUE HILLS AVE.
BLOOMFIELD, CT 06002

World Radio History

WHEN YOU'RE READY TO LISTEN TO YOURSELF . . .

YOU'RE READY FOR EAW STAGE MONITORS.

Hearing yourself is what stage monitors are all about. The EAW SM-Series are designed and built to be the finest available. Quality drivers combined with our advanced third order cross-over networks offer smoother mid-band response allowing you to put the rhythm section through the monitors in addition to the vocals.

Call or write us for the name of your nearest dealer. He can show you how to listen to yourself.

Eastern Acoustic Works, Inc.

59 Fountain Street, Box 111, Framingham, Massachusetts 01701/(617) 620-1478

ace Shur Lock™

It's new.
The guitar strap that locks.

Lock It's easy, sure, and safe. This uniquely designed end tab, locks onto virtually any strap knob. It eliminates the need for conventional, expensive strap locks. Ace Shur Lock, the high quality strap, offers you more at no extra cost.

Pull

Suggested list from $5.50.

Push

Ace Musical Products
4 Williams St.,
Lynbrook, New York 11563

Pat. Pend.

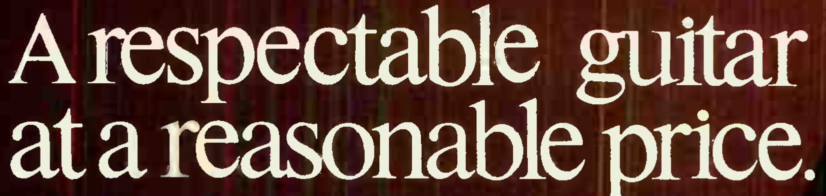
trane. The unpretentious virtuosity of the players unifies these diverse musical forms by giving voice to the emotional core they share. Grisman's compositions, which form the bulk of the album, shift effortlessly through the various genres, especially on "Thailand," which showcases the improvisational skills of violinist Darol Anger and guitarist Mark O'Connor. This is a wonderful record which manages to be sophisticated and simple at the same time. — *c.d.*

Ashford & Simpson, *A Musical Affair*, Warner Brothers. Once a year Ashford & Simpson release an album of the most sophisticated soul around. Writing, producing, singing, playing the piano (Valerie Simpson) — they are the master craftsmanandwoman, along with Stevie Wonder and Earth, Wind & Fire, in the field. But where Earth, Wind & Fire tend to think in epic terms, and where Stevie Wonder's records are always the definitive something or other, Ashford & Simpson point directy at the essence of their music — irresistible, simple soul tunes. For all their polish and high-tech know-how, they impress most with the ease of their performances. Brilliance *and* an unmonied enthusiasm they haven't forgotten. *A Musical Affair* may not be quite as fine as last year's *Stay Free*. But Ashford & Simpson are so talented that such a qualification is almost completely irrelevant. *A Musical Affair* well-worth having. — *Jim Feldman*

Kittyhawk, EMI-America SW-17029. Mostly instrumental progressive rock by four L.A. musicians, one of whom plays the Emmett Chapman Stick Touch-board, a 10-stringed hybrid of electric bass, guitar, and keyboard. Daniel Bortz on guitar and Richard Elliott on sax and lyricon run through yer basic fast scales and rock motifs, while Paul Edwards uses the Stick to imitate a bassist and an electric pianist, and Michael Jochum rolls around his drums all day. The writing, by Bortz and Edwards, is good to excellent, with strong melodies, lots of different textures, and some beautiful unison lines for voice and sax. — *c.d*

Jimmie Rowles — *Paws That Refresh*, Choice 1023. The return of Jimmie Rowles to active recording has been one of the more pleasurable events of the last few years. He's been consistently good in a variety of settings, best in duos with Stan Getz and Al Cohn. This is one of several recent trio recordings, above Rowles' norm because of the superior rhythm team of Buster Williams and Billy Hart. Rowles himself is in form, right-hand lines imaginative and clear, chords subtle and unexpectedly dense and his choice of repertoire (here Wayne Shorter and Duke Ellington) intelligent and first rate. Includes the usual wry vocal, too. — *r.z.*

World Radio History



With a style to meet any guitar player's requirements, Sigma guitars have progressed into a complete line of fretted instruments. A representative example of Sigma quality and popularity is the DM-5 shown here. Constructed with mahogany back and sides, natural finish spruce top, and adjustable neck, the DM-5 has become one of the most demanded models in the Sigma line.

While Sigma guitars are less expensive than our handcrafted Martins, each Sigma must meet the rigid inspection standards established by CF Martin personnel. To see and feel the DM-5 and other Sigma guitars, visit your favorite music store displaying our Authorized Sigma Dealer decal.

For information on the entire Sigma line including our solid spruce top models, the DM-18, DM-19, DR-28, DR-28H, DR-35 and DR-41, write:

SIGMA
CF Martin & Company
Box 329
Nazareth, PA 18064

Martin & Sigma guitars are the official guitars of Opryland, U.S.A.

SIGMA

World Radio History

CHORUS

Chorus / kōr·əs / n

Something sung or uttered simultaneously by a number of persons or instruments.

DOD has redefined the chorus for musicians. The 21 millisecond delay gives effective doubling and the internal oscillators bend the pitch just enough to provide realistic multiple voices. We have included a compandor for whisper quiet operation even at line levels, and the effect foot switch is active so it switches quietly. There are two switchable speed controls that can speed up and slow down like a rotating speaker. However, the most dramatic feature is the synthesized stereo outputs. Go to your DOD dealer, plug in two amplifiers, a guitar and listen to the fullest stereo guitar sound you've ever heard.

Electronics Corp., 242 W. 2950 So.,
Salt Lake City, Utah 84115, Telephone (801) 485-8534

World Radio History

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. 15...Corea, U.K., Avant-Garde, Cookery; **No. 16**...Keith Jarret, Weather Report, Larry Carlton; **No. 17**...Ritenour, Art Ensemble, George Clinton; **No. 18**...Metheny, Jazz Organ, Dire Straits, Violinists; **No. 19**...Zappa, Fripp, Blytne, Graham Parker; **No. 20**...Steely Dan, Session Players, Jeff Lorber; **No. 21**...Brian Eno, Complete Reggae, Bear I; **No. 22**...Stevie Wonder, Rock in the '70s, Jazz in the '70s; **No. 23**...Sonny Rollins, Pete Townshend, Bonnie Raitt; **No. 24**...Bob Marley, Sun Ra, Free Jazz & Punk Rock; **No. 25**...Bob Seger, Julius Hemphill, Daryl Hall; **No. 26**...Incredible McCartney Interview, Jaco Pastorius, Monk, Reed; **No. 27**...Jimi Hendrix Special, Peter Gabriel Interview, Charlie Christian

Please send me ____ magazines at $3.00 each. I have enclosed $______.

☐ #15 ☐ #16 ☐ #17 ☐ #18 ☐ #19
☐ #20 ☐ #21 ☐ #22 ☐ #23 ☐ #24
☐ #25 ☐ #26 ☐ #27

Name ________________

Street ________________

City ________________

State ________ **Zip** ________

Send orders to:
Musician, Player and Listener, P.O. Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01930

World Radio History

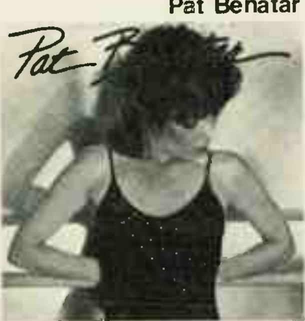
ROCK SHORT TAKES

Nina draws a lucky number and Stewart talks turkey. Burnette burns while Johnson wacks and there's Thunder over Atlanta.

By Vic Garbarini

Billy Burnette

Pat Benatar



Thunder

Nina Hagen Band

Charlie Daniels Band — *Full Moon* (Epic) Remember those early Band albums that seemed so evocative of Southern culture and history? Well, this is the same story told from the inside, warts and all. Six years of traveling and living in the south led me to conclude that whereas the north is individualistic, intellectually open, but emotionally restricted, the south nurtures precisely the opposite qualities. *Full Moon* is a celebration of those values, including sentimentality and tradition ("Carolina"), loyalty and courage ("Lonesome Boy From Dixie"), patriotism and community ("In America"). What makes *Full Moon* successful is Daniels' willingness to stress the positive aspects of this value system, both musical and lyrical. I may not agree with all the sentiments expressed in a song like "In America," but then I'm not crazy about everything The Gang of Four says either. Taken on the highest level, they have a lot more in common than some might think.

Nina Hagen Band — (Columbia) German kids sometimes exhibit a wonderfully exuberant yet gentle lunacy when they manage to break free from their Allies in Ordnung Teutonic mentality. Which is probably why I find this former East German Young Pioneer turned Wagnerian-Punk-Rocker so delightful. She may yelp and wheedle like Germany's answer to Lene Lovich (whose "Lucky Number" is included here as "Wir Leben Immer Noch", roughly, "We're Still Alive"), but it all comes out so . . . *musical*. Both Nina and her excellent band manage to remain loose and freewheeling without ever losing control. (Good old German discipline!) She also has the good sense to sing in German ("White Punks On Dope" comes out as "TV-Glotzer"), a remarkably underutilized vehicle for rock and roll expression. Hals und Bein Bruch, Liebchen.

Yes — *Drama* (Atlantic) Yes stopped evolving as a band years ago, but it still seemed like a bad joke to replace Jon Anderson and Rick Wakeman with, of all people, *The Buggles*. Wanna' hear something even funnier? It works. Kind of. In short, they tend to mitigate each others excesses. *Drama's* six melodic rockers are well structured and enthusiastically executed, and while there's nothing terribly innovative here, this is certainly the most listenable collection they've put out since the salad days of *Fragile* and *Close To The Edge*.

Thunder — (Acto) If I hand't seen the album cover, I'd swear these Tennessee lads were actually The Atlanta Rhythm section. The Sound of Thunder sound is a bit more guitar-dominated and less hook-laden, though potential hits like "Last Love Song" show they can summon up their commercial instincts when the need arises.

Pat Benatar — *Crimes of Passion* (Chrysalis) I know she sounds like a female version of Foreigner, but I refuse to hold that against her: somebody's got to do it, and besides, I think I'm beginning to *like* Foreigner. ("Hot Blooded" started me wavering, and *Head Games* did the rest.) And, her covers of songs by The Rascals ("You Better Run") and Kate Bush ("Wuthering Heights") proves she's a tuna with good taste, though I gotta' dock her five for the heavy handed arrangement on the latter.

McVicar — *Original Soundtrack* (Polydor) Although Townshend, Entwhistle, et all get top billing on the cover, you'd be better off thinking of this as the new Roger Daltry solo offering than as some kind of ersatz Who album. You've heard "Free Me" on the radio, and it's easily the best thing heavy-metal popmeisters Russ Ballard and Billy Nichols serve up here. Toss in some pleasant ballads and incidental *Tommy* meets *Midnight Express* chase music and there you have it.

Billy Burnette — (Columbia) Up till now the archivists and amateurs who've been spearheading the rockabilly revival have had a hard time getting their pet project off the ground, but the arrival of Billy Burnette may change all that. A descendant of the legendary Burnette dynasty of the 50's, Billy combines the best of the 50's and the 80's, — the vocals have a visceral magic that you'd swear had to arrive via some time warp from the summer of '56, while his airtight but polished band hits you with the impact of an iron fist in a velvet glove. If "Honey Hush" and "Rockin' With Somebody Else" don't have you bouncing off the walls then you better sit down kids, cause you ain't got no feet. Highly recommended, to say the least.

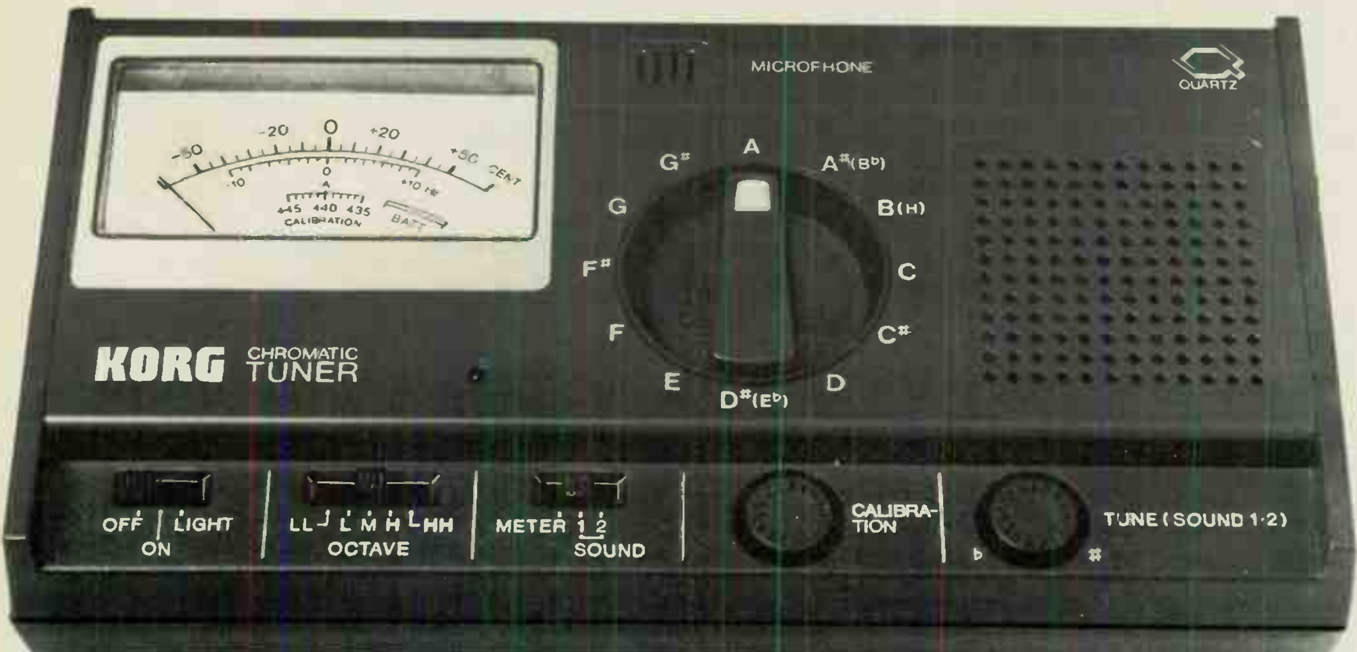
Jimmy Johnson — *Johnson's Whacks* (Delmark) Whew, two in a row! Everything we just said about Burnette and rockabilly applies to Johnson and the blues. His raw, gutsy Albert King-style solos are simply electrifying; not much polish but plenty of punch. Johnson's not afraid to step out of the standard twelve bar format when the mood strikes him; there's real songwriting talent apparent in his contemporary approach. If you think the blues is a codified, structured form with nothing new to contribute to today's music scene, then Johnson's high octane kineticism should prove a pleasant surprise.

continued on page 86

World Radio History

Unicord 89 FROST STREET, WESTBURY, NEW YORK 11590

STAY IN TUNE...



WITH KORG.

KORG SETS A NEW STANDARD IN INSTRUMENT TUNING— THE WT-12 QUARTZ 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 microphone 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 off-perfect-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 tuning, electric or acoustic. Features built-in microphone (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... **KORG**

World Radio History

JAZZ

More trumpets, an American folk saying, Zoot's suits, Mr. 5 by 5, Classic Jazz and an ornament of hope from the barn.

By Rafi Zabor

SHORT TAKES

Summer Dining

To continue the trumpet discussion from last issue, **Louis Armstrong,** *Chicago Concert – 1956* (Columbia C2 36426) documents a typical, and typically long, live set of the period, and captures a great deal of Armstrong's solar warmth, if less of his fire. Good certainly, but not *la creme*. Informants tell me there's a far superior set from the same period out on Storyville but I haven't heard it myself. *The Trumpet Summit* (Pablo Today 2312-114) is a typical Granzstand featuring **Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry** and **Freddie Hubbard,** none of them except Terry at their very best but Dizzy quite regal anyhow. Most of the interest is provided by the fascinating performance of Hubbard, by turns the cocky, conquering kid, the debout Cliffordian and plain King Clam. Sometimes he offers fascinating, uncertain *hommages a Gillespie*, sometimes he's sweet as rain. The rhythm section of Peterson, Pass, Brown and Durham have a great time, as does Terry, who also appears on *Mother ______!* Mother ______! (Pablo Today 2312-115), **Charles Schwartz**'s surprisingly piquant jazz chamber symphony. I usually take a dim view of such goings on — anyone remember last winter's *American Concerto*, with Phil Woods? — but Schwartz writes some funny leads and rich Mingus *cum* Ellington backups, of which not Terry but **Zoot Sims** (who is also on hand) takes magnificent advantage. Sounds to me like one of Sims' best performances on record. I believe the title of the piece is an American folk saying, but when the American folk say it they generally don't leave the second half blank. **Zoot Sims**, *Eastern Flight* (Chiaroscuro 2022) features Buddy Rich and the additional bonus of Lionel Hampton. Sims is fine on it, but his work here pales in comparison to *Mother ______!*

Speaking of symphonies, The Tokyo Philharmonic Orchestra is on hand for **Sadao Watanabe**'s *How's Everything* (Columbia 36818), a double set live at Budokan, but they only get to play Dave Grusin's backup riffs. Sounds like conspicuous consumption to me. In front, there's Watanabe and the Stuff gang's studio funk. Watanabe writes some pretty, wistful pop melodies and plays okay. Look, the real division was never between jazz and jazz-rock but between music intended as an exploration of the self and music designed primarily as entertainment (some things do both, a' course). This is good entertainment for them that wants it, music that proposes a perfectly satisfactory and superficial world. By the way, what the hell *is* Budokan anyway? Live from Armadillo World Headquarters — now there's a sensible name, conjures up images that fairly stun the mind.

The **Phil Woods** Quartet *Volume One* (Clean Cuts 702), is an adequate document of Woods' current band that all his fans will want to know about and own. One of the greater glories of the excellent Columbia Contemporary Masters Series is **Jimmy Rushing**, *Mr. Five by Five* (Columbia C2 36419), a two record sampler of Rushing's late-50's sessions for CBS. The music is best whenever it's closest to the blues, support comes from the likes of Coleman Hawkins, Buddy Tate (!), Dickie Wells, Benny Goodman and other simpatico peers, and Rushing's deep, unforgettable voice is something to fly over the troubles of life on, a full-bellied joy forever. An added surprise are four previously unreleased cuts that reunite Rushing with his former Basie-mate Helen Humes and also include some great breathy Ben Webster. Buy two copies and call me in the morning.

A last note: didn't get a copy in time to make this issue, but I heard a cut from a new Columbia album by **JoAnne Brackeen** with Eddie Gomez, Joe Henderson and Jack DeJ. It wuz great. It's customary to speak of Brackeen as a talented offshoot of Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock, but since she's currently playing a lot better than both of them, let's skip it. Henderson was in fine form too, and DeJohnette was outrageous. Sounds like a fine album.

Classic Yachts

There's a slew of records out on Inner City's Classic Jazz label, featuring as usual lots of American musicians making their bread and butter in France (where the butter is particularly good). The two best come first. If there's a race on to see who can put out the greatest number of discreetly excellent piano records, **Hank Jones** has now taken the lead over Tommy Flanagan. Jones' latest *I Remember You* (Classic Jazz 115) maintains his impossibly high standard without breaking any new ground. Flanagan's up next and I'm waiting. Stanley Cowell and Kenny Barron are a distant third and fourth. **Panama Francis and the Savoy Sultans** (Classic Jazz 149) have been shaking New York up with their resuscitation of the jazz danceband tradition. On record, the riffs of "Little John Special" get up to escape velocity and there are ex-

World Radio History

cellent solos from Norris Turney, Franc Williams, and George Kelly, with Turney's tribute to Johnny Hodges on "Checkered Hat" a lyrical standout. Less abandonment and greater discretion that I would have expected overall. Take a look. The neglected violinist **Claude Williams** turns up of *Fiddler's Dream* (Classic Jazz 135), alternates less successfully on guitar, and while he is in general overshadowed by pianist Jay McShann, he comes off well enough for me to want to hear more from him and know more about him. **Sammy Price** turns in a predictably fine boogie-woogie session of *Fire* (Classic Jazz 106) that fans of his *Rib Joint* on Savoy will want to check out. There's also some good Doc Cheatham here, and someone named Gene "Mighty Flea" Connors plays trombone. Bet there's a good story behind that name. **Lionel Hampton** *and His Jazz Giants 77* (DJ 136) have a number of good moments between them, particularly when Hampton's vibes come to the fore, but mostly it sounds like Hampton, Cat Anderson & Co. laboring mightily to light a fire under a bunch of, ah, Republicans. Hampton is also slightly present on **Chick Corea** *Featuring Lionel Hampton* (Chiaroscuro 2021), but not enough to justify the title. What you get are three cuts with Corea, Laws, Shaw, Holland, DeJohnette and an uncredited tenorist who sounds like Benny Maupin, all playing the more-or-less freestyle jazz Corea was into in 1971, when this was recorded. Corea's writing is better than the freeblow, in fact Corea throughout is generally brilliant. What a musician he might have become! If only he hadn't decided to be happy, happy, *happy!* There's a fourth cut featuring him with Hamp and his rhythm section, but that's all no big meeting here.

The Voice of Beeb

Like Beeb the lion, I'm a bit of a new-age type. Therefore I'm genuinely upset that I don't enjoy new-age type music like Paul Winter and Oregon more than I do. A lot of what bothers me is that their obsession with technical perfection gets in the way of the pastoral vision they are ostensibly attempting to purvey (or do I misread them?). I was therefore heartened to discover that I enjoyed **Do'a**, *Ornament of Hope* (Philo 9000) very much indeed. Ken LaRoche and Randy Armstrong seem genuinely relaxed about what they're doing and so I find the natural spirituality that comes through them much easier to live with than the formalism of Oregon and Winter. On this album they're joined by a number of guest musicians, and the result is always good to listen to and never pretentious. So more power to 'em, right? (Seek from Philo Records; The Barn; N. Ferrisburg Vermont 05473. The Barn? Welcome to the new record business, fellas.)

"IF IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, I 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® inc.

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 compilation of percussion music, methods, and literature. Catalog price is deductible from your first $10 order.

TWO FOR THE ROAD

Because we understand that your performance depends a lot on our performance, we make microphones that can truly withstand the rigors of the road. The new Beyer M600 virtually puts an end to hum, pop and boom with its hum bucking coil, its built-in breath and "pop" filter and its 3-position frequency equalizer. The Beyer M400, which costs somewhat less than the M600, has many of the same features – with all the quality and durability that have become Beyer trademarks. Here are two microphones that can easily be mistaken for ribbons; they have all the warmth and quality. But are far more affordable. For a complete demonstration, see your Beyer dealer.

Beyer Dynamic

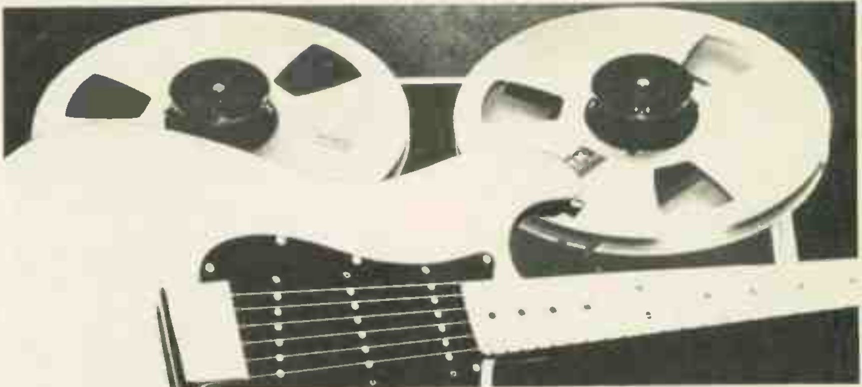
BEYER DYNAMIC, INC.
5-05 Burns Avenue, Hicksville, NY 11801
(516) 935-8000 / In Canada, H. Roy Gray, Ltd.

World Radio History

RECORDING THE GUITAR

The guitar is another creature in the studio. Should you go direct through the board, mike your amp or both? Why can't you get that great live sound you're used to? Read on for some solutions.

By Ron Armstrong



The guitarist of today is faced with numerous problems related to the recording of the electric guitar which can baffle and confuse even the fastest of the fingers. Words and terms you don't know are part of it, and furthermore, you have to contend with a new group of people who have the ultimate power over your sound.

Problem number one: you think you sound good when you've got enough "bite", the word we all use when the amp is up loud enough to sound like something and your guitar sustains well and sounds very rich and full. Below your normal volume you don't hear enough dynamic response or sustain from your instrument because the entire amp and speaker unit isn't really working hard enough (non-reactive). Somewhat above that volume level, when the guitar is just verging on feedback, your amp tends to "honk" a little, sounds "edge" and "sings" a bit better.

The human ear hears things on a bunch of funny little curves called Fletcher Munsen Curves, and it means your perception of a sound changes radically with volume increases and decreases. Microphones don't have these curves and therefore may pick up the sound differently, not reproducing the sound you "hear". This variable changes back when you play back the track; you can play it back loud enough to sound better to you than it did live in the studio through your amp.

If you push your amp volume up a bit higher it starts to "clip," or distort. Tube amps have a reputation for doing this very well. Solid state amps don't. The term "clip" is used as a description of what happens to the sound as represented in the wave form pictures in an oscilloscope. A distorted sound produces a square wave and the tube amp doesn't process the complete wave accurately; it clips off the sharp shoulders of the wave and this is part of why it sounds the way it does. The dominant second harmonics come through quite well and the proximity of the glass tubes being vibrated by the speakers, like in a Fender Twin Reverb, generate a kind of harmonic feed-back which does not occur in solid state equipment.

The kinds of distortion you hear from amps breaks down into two categories. One is pre-amp distort, which is the kind of mild to medium dirty sound you can get by turning the channel volume down. The other is power amp distortion, and that comes from everything wide open but the tool box. It's nastier and grinds more and can be achieved with most Marshall tube amps, or be achieved at lower volumes by adding a secondary transformer or the other device to the amps output at the speaker-jack to turn down the volume but leave the distortion, like an Altair does. Be careful, when using devices of this type, to match the impedence properly or you may damage your equipment severely.

Another device often employed by studios is the "direct box," or D.I. (direct input). This gizmo can be employed by plugging the instrument directly into the box where two things happen. One, it continues to send signals out of the box to your amp, and two, it transforms your signal to mike level (200 ohms) or line level (600 ohms) and puts it out through a cannon plug to be run directly into the mixing console — hence the name "Direct Box." This is the most commonly used method to record bass guitar. Yet a different way to use the box is if your amp is equipped with a pre-amp output or line out jack on its rear panel (it may read "ext. amp"). Plug in your guitar normally and plug in the box off of your pre-amp out. This gives you tone control over your signal and will allow pre-amp distortion into the direct line. Thirdly, you may have a direct box capable of being plugged into your speaker line output and passing the signal on to your speakers, or plugged in on an ext. speaker jack. Be careful, not all direct boxes can be used this way. Ones that are suited to this purpose will have a switchable pad, or even separate input marked clearly for this purpose; example — 100V input. Boxes without such explicit markings should not be used in this way as they will blow up on contact with the power amp output to the speaker and may even cause extensive damage to your amp and more importantly, someone else's very expensive mixer. The use of this sound allows total power amp distort into the direct line. A lot of people prefer to use microphones instead of direct boxes because they get the added quality of "speaker color" in their sound. For instance, the same amp sounds different with JBL, Gauss, Altec or EV speakers. Each speaker handles tone, volume and distortion a little differently than the others. If you are working in a creative atmosphere and have some freedom to suggest things and a few channels, try a direct box and a microphone on two channels mixed together. You can attain some really nice sounds and leave a lot more control over the details of clarity, distortion, and harmonic content. If you feel it, you can send one or both tracks through an out board equalizer at the console and feed them back together for yet more interesting nuances of sound.

To control "speaker color" in an open back guitar amp such as a Fender Twin Reverb or a Mesa Boogie, try placing the amp in the middle of an open room, it will sound okay but not fantastic. Then try placing the same amp with same guitar and settings about one foot from a hard reflective surface wall. It should sound much different but a little crazy, confused, even a bit muddy. Now, slowly, without changing anything else, move the amp away from the wall up to about three feet. At some point it will sound better to you. What you are hearing is the difference in the amount of sound off the

continued on page 88

World Radio History

GO AHEAD. STOMP YOUR FEET!

You've got an ATM Instrument Microphone System.

You're on stage to make music, not noise. But most microphones will respond to everything that hits them. Including noise coming through the mike stand. Except these new ATM microphone systems. Because each of these specially-designed instrument mikes includes a *very* effective shock mount and a windscreen.

Even if you're on a "bouncy" stage, you needn't tiptoe when an ATM microphone system is at work. Distracting noises are reduced... not amplified. Including floor resonances from speakers nearby. Or the clunks when you raise or lower the mike. All the audience hears is your chops.

But a great microphone system is not just a shock mount or a piece of foam. At the heart of our systems are three superb studio-quality microphones: a unidirectional dynamic, a unidirectional condenser and an omni condenser. Road tough? Of course. But with response specially tailored with uncanny accuracy for instrument reproduction.

With these ATM microphones a trumpet is bright, not strident. Trombone is dark but not murky. Reeds are full but not thick. And drums are crisp and clean, not fuzzy or thumpy. For two important reasons.

First, frequency response is smooth and peak-free and extends well beyond the limits of your instrument. So the balance between overtones and fundamental isn't distorted. And one part of your range isn't favored over another.

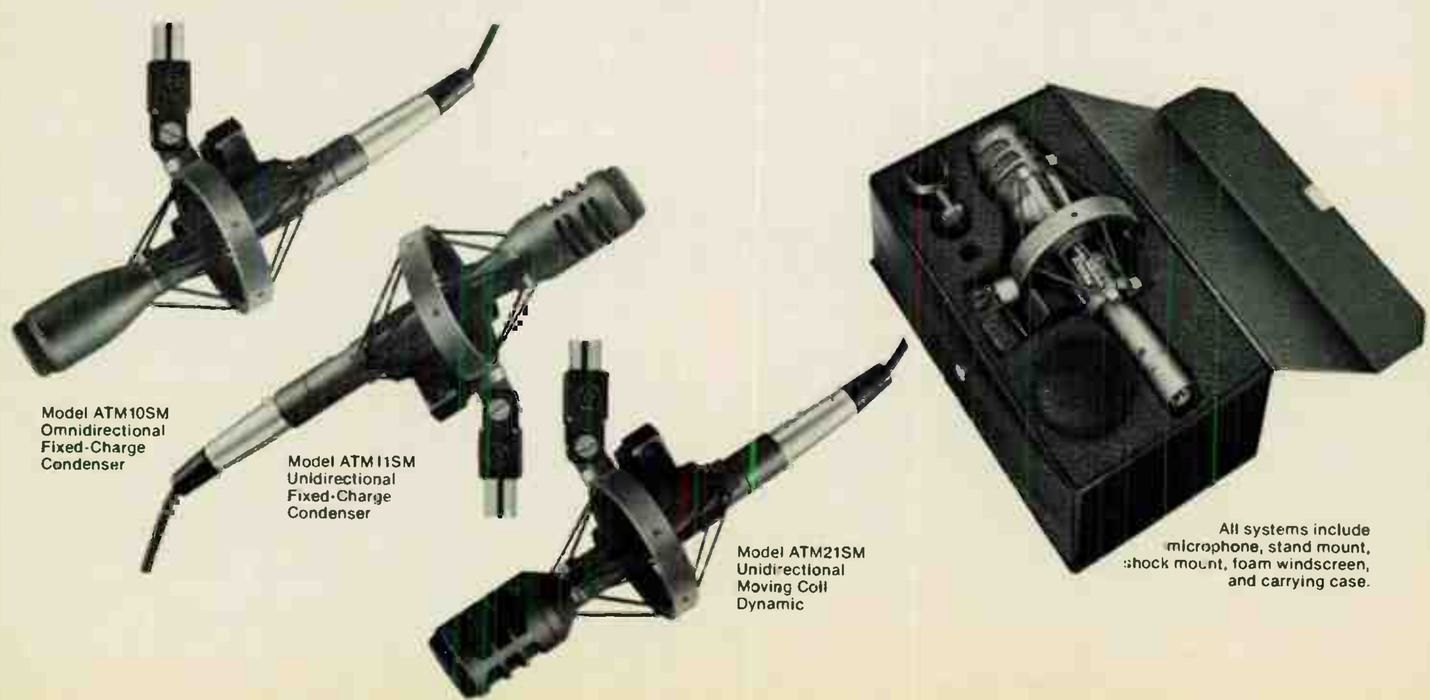
Second, and equally important is our wide dynamic range... designed to capture and amplify all of yours. It's almost impossible to overblow our ATM dynamic, for instance. And our electrets will handle up to 130 dB with ease. So your *fff* crescendo won't come out just *ff*.

Great sound and no distractions. The best possible way to start your sound system working *for* you. ATM Instrument Microphone Systems are waiting for you at leading pro music dealers everywhere. Kick up your heels!

AUDIO-TECHNICA U.S., INC., 1221 Commerce Drive, Dept.110ML, Stow, Ohio 44224. In Canada: Audio Specialists, Inc., Montreal, P.Q.

audio-technica.

Great sound right from the start!



Model ATM10SM Omnidirectional Fixed-Charge Condenser

Model ATM11SM Unidirectional Fixed-Charge Condenser

Model ATM21SM Unidirectional Moving Coil Dynamic

All systems include microphone, stand mount, shock mount, foam windscreen, and carrying case.

World Radio History

MOVING?

DON'T LEAVE MUSICIAN BEHIND!

☐ **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**
Let us know *as soon as you know*. It can take 6 weeks to make a change. To be sure your magazines find you, attach your present mailing label in the box and write your new address below.

☐ **CORRECTIONS**
If we've made a mistake on your label, attach it in the box and write the corrected address below.

☐ **RENEWAL**
Why not extend your subscription? Attach your mailing label and check the appropriate box.

☐ **NEW SUBSCRIPTION**
Write your name and address below. You'll receive your first issue in about 6 weeks.

☐Renewal
1 yr.—$12

☐New Sub.
1 yr.—$12

☐Payment Enclosed

☐Bill Me

Canadian add $4
Foreign add $8

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

NEW ADDRESS

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State __________ **Zip** __________

Mail to **Musician, Player & Listener**, P.O. Box 989, Farmingdale, NY 11737

continued from page 80

Mink De Ville — *Le Chat Bleu* (Capitol)
If Springsteen had actually grown up in the mean streets of Manhattan that he's so fond of writing about instead of the Jersey shore, he'd probably be writing songs like these: street-wise and world-weary; romance without melodrama; the agonies and ecstasies of urban life viewed from a personal rather than mythic point of view; microcosm vs. macrocosm. Let's put it this way — Deville probably really *did* go out with Rosalita.

Al Stewart — *24 Carrots* (Arista)
Stewart is rock's resident historian, one of a long line of doughty English types from Byron and T.E. Lawrence on up through Paul Theroux, (actually an American living in London, I know), who draw their inspiration from contact with exotic locales. (East of Eden is preferable, but even a day trip to Calais will do in a pinch.) Connoiseurs of travelogue rock should find this a stronger collection overall than *Time Passages*, with a brace of tunes that cover such classic rock themes as the fall of Constantinople to the Turks, WW II's Murmansk Convoy run, legendary Scots warrior-poets, and fugitives on the lam in South America. There's nothing quite as cinematic as "Year of The Cat" here, but Stewart's gift for weaving a melody line that uncannily evokes the ambience of the time and place in question remains undiminished. I'd love to stay and chat a bit more, *mon vieux*, but I'm due to catch the Orient-Simplon at the Gare du Nord. You see, Sidney and Peter are terribly upset about the disappearance of that infernal bird again and . . . well, I'll drop you a line when we reach Stamboul. Cheers. M

Rock Novels *cont. from pg. 15*
plishes what Stephen Holden (a better writer and more discerning observer) couldn't do in his *Triple Platinum*. Her tone is as amoral, in most cases, as what she's describing, and what we're left with isn't a group of bad men, but simple nerds, not nearly bright enough to conspire effectively.

Early in John Eskow's *Smokestack Lightning*, Harry Seely, soon to become manager of Cakewalk, the group whose story the book is, explains to the band's leader, Jimmy Caine, his theory of the record business as The Revenge of the Nerds. "The rock business is run by schmucks like me, Caine. Fat kids and faggots and creeps who couldn't score cheerleaders in high school ... Verily, the lame shall enter first and they shall be laughing their goddam heads off." Eskow makes his Nerds more efficient than I think they really are — slick enough to commit two murders in 300 pages, and get away with them.

But if there's a core of truth to what Seely says, it's at the opposite end of the spectrum. In *Smokestack Lightning*, rock musicians aren't just wired maniacs or potential suicides. Plenty of them are ordinary guys, or even handsome, successful ones, not misfits. In this sense, it's an anti-romantic, realistic book, because it strips away a good deal of the glamor to show the hard work underneath the good times. "Not only is there no free lunch," Seely will later tell someone, "There ain't even free pretzels at the bar."

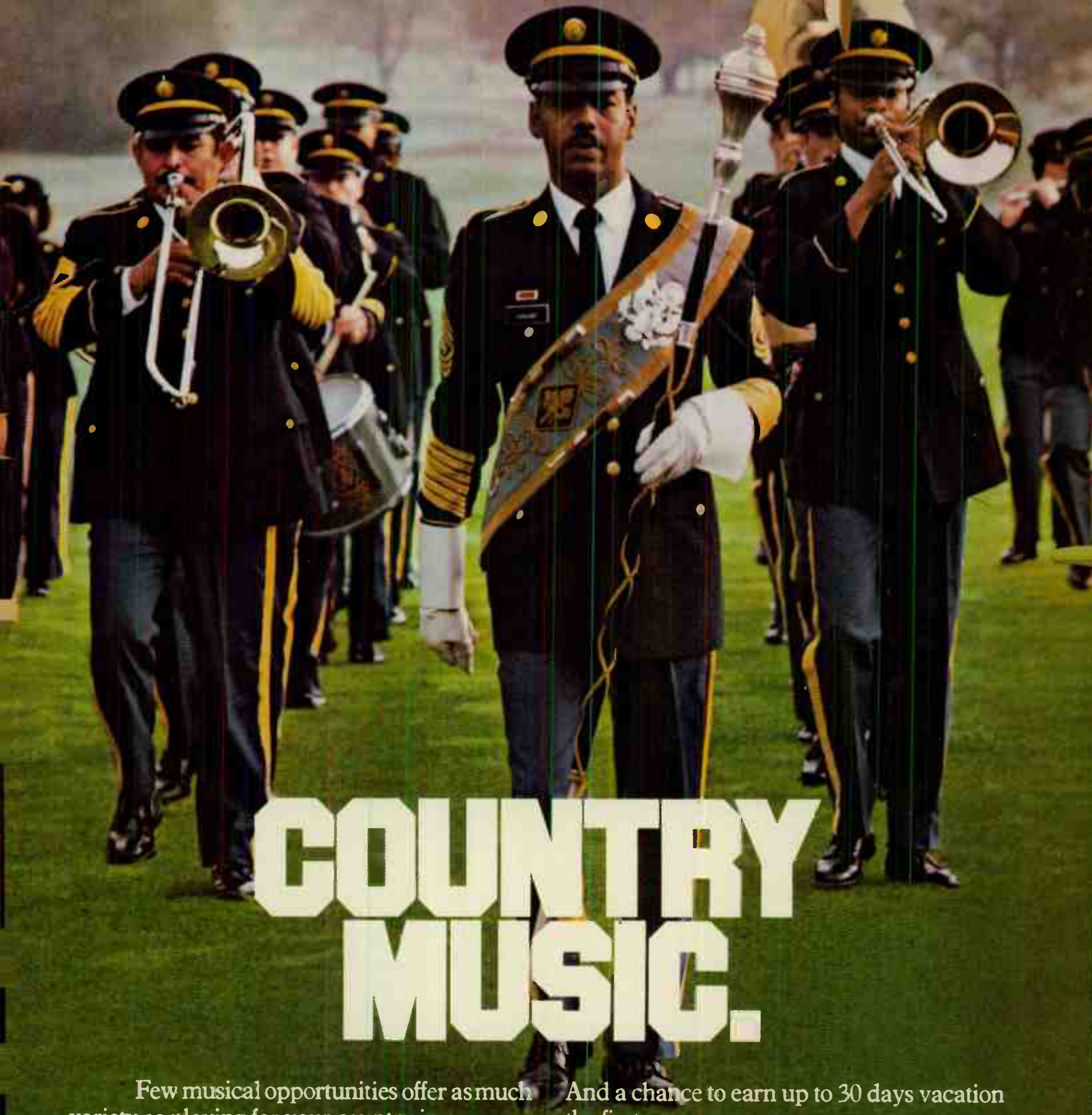
Robbed of its melodramatic sheen, the rock and roll in *Smokestack Lightning* can be frighteningly close to life. Midnight crank calls from newly successful musicians to the A&R men who turned them down. Breaking down a bandstand by yourself, without any roadies. That drunk who's worried that you've been turning his girlfriend on. A wise-cracking drummer with ulcers, a lead guitarist revved up on pills, bassist with his nose in technical manuals, a singer with a nose full of coke and an eye out for an edge. Wilson Pickett funk and the smell of stale beer.

Cakewalk is an old fashioned, street-wise, R&B-based band, and *Smokestack Lightning* is that kind of novel, aphoristic without trying to make dealing with the record machine a dead-end, soul-shrivening apocalypse. That doesn't make it unambitious — in his desire to capture honky-tonk rock life in full swing, Eskow is obsessive — but it does leave you with enough space to breathe, to put yourself in Caine's place as he's asked to sacrifice his best friend. (And if the basis of the plot seemed hokey when Eskow wrote it, with the major record company chief who bootlegs albums, it must seem a good deal more credible now to anyone who's ever cased the shelves at Sam Goody.)

Smokestack Lightning is, for me anyhow, the first great rock novel. Laurence Gonzales came close with *Jambeaux*, but he got too many details and too much dialogue wrong. Eskow gets all the little things right, not just the vernacular and who sang what and how you spell their names, but the small moments that make it all worthwhile. In one line, Eskow makes a connection with Rafi Zabor's great Bear, the only other comparable musical character in contemporary fiction: "Sometimes when (Caine's) being led through the crowd," his wife writes, "he looks so distracted, like a dancing bear — badly trained — who keeps dreaming of the forest."

But more than the wreckage, he offers a ledger of the perfect times, the linkages we live for. "Landreax drifted into guitar time. Above and beneath him it was six fifteen P.M., dinners on stoves, TV news, arguments. In his little place, it was 6/8 time or 4/4 syncopated. The year depended on the chords he formed." That's a vision you can live with. Or might as well, since most of us do already. M

World Radio History



COUNTRY MUSIC.

Few musical opportunities offer as much variety as playing for your country in a United States Army band.

An Army band is a parade band. A concert band. A dance band. And various combos and ensembles.

The benefits are right in tune, too.

If you qualify, you'll enter the Army at an advanced pay grade.

You'll attend the School of Music. You'll perform with a first-line professional-quality instrument. You'll have a chance to travel. And a chance to earn up to 30 days vacation the first year.

You'll also have plenty of opportunity to do the only thing that's more fun than watching a parade.

Play in one.

For more information send attached postcard or write: Army Opportunities, P.O. Box 300, North Hollywood, CA 91603.

JOIN THE PEOPLE WHO'VE JOINED THE ARMY.

World Radio History

THE SOUND CHOICE

The new natural difference
in drum heads

. . . at better music stores
everywhere

continued from page 84
back of the speaker and it is coming around the amp cabinet late and phase shifting a bit as it does. Your ears perceive this to be a part of "that Fender sound," but the microphone in front has a hard time picking it up, that is, until you installed this reflective wall which helps that happen. I've also tried placing a second microphone about three feet behind the cabinet to achieve the same thing. Problems with distance phasing and microphone selection cause me to like the wall method better because another microphone doesn't get a big enough piece of sound and positioning the amp in front of the wall is more easily controlled.

Last but not least, the placement of the microphone in front of the amp can make a great difference in the sound quality. You probably knew about that one, didn't you? M

Knopfler *cont. from pg. 53*
the way I feel it, and this is the way I'm going to play it. And that *is* how I played it — all night; I'm not going to be told what to play by anybody. No matter how many takes they went through — that's the way I felt it, so that's how I played it.

MUSICIAN: What was it about their attitude that didn't synch with that?

KNOPFLER: They were searching for something that didn't have much relation to the expression that I thought was needed at the time. I have so much love for what they've done, and then . . . . I'd be there and Walter and Donald would be saying "Can *he* do this, or can *he* do that", referring to me in the third person while I was standing there. I know now that that's a kind of American thing — that's how Americans talk sometimes; even we've started picking it up a bit — and they were talking like you'd been brought in to provide this kind of service. In a way it wasn't too different from a drain cleaning operation. That's the way I felt at the time, because I was so naive about it. For someone to negate me, like, that is impossible for me, so I'm bound to be negative about it, both at the time and afterwards. I tried to do for them what I thought was best, but I felt this was another kind of . . . ånimal. I still have the utmost respect for them, it's just not exactly my way of working. To me, music is more than just bringing someone in and using them like . . . it's almost like a model agency that hasn't got the model that's on the most covers that month, so it tries to get that model. What I really want to say is that I know it's not *really* like that — they really feel . . . with a capital "F" — but the reality is that in the studio it comes out as a utilization of something. It's like something's been taken from you. It had nothing to do with the kind of dudes they were . . .

MUSICIAN: It was just the way they were using you . . .

KNOPFLER: Yeah, so my only defense in terms of that kind of oppression was to ask for the song beforehand and decide what I was going to play on it, and that was that.

MUSICIAN: One of the things that stands out about you guys is that you're fairly well grounded. You, for instance, are an ex-college lecturer and journalist, which is not your typical rock and roll up-from-the-streets background. I'm curious about how guys like you reacted to the whole success and stardom routine.

KNOPFLER: I think we're a lot luckier than most in that by the time you're around 30, your personality is mostly formed and you've had to learn to express yourself in terms of your personality before — to come to terms with yourself — so it really doesn't make much difference after that, whatever happens. That's why when all these bullshit and glamour-associated things happen . . . it's not that we don't enjoy it . . . I'd recommend fame and fortune to anybody. There's nothing nicer than sitting by a mock-classical swimming pool in the Bahamas and talking to a journalist. It beats going to bed on your own and reading Agatha Christie in some bedsit in Chippenham when you've got to go to the teacher's training college the next bleeding day. But that's cool too, of course. I did it myself for quite a while. But as far as the fame thing goes: you enjoy it to a certain extent but your priorities are really somewhere else.

MUSICIAN: How did "Sultans of Swing" come about? Are you into jazz?

KNOPFLER: I'd just heard a jazz band one night, and as a fluke I'd been playing guitar in a jazz band for one or two nights around that time. I'm not really into jazz all that much, but to me a song like "Creole Love Song" is as beautiful now as it was then, and will always be, whether it's Roland Kirk doing it or whoever. To me it's all rhythm and blues music — that's where it all comes from.

MUSICIAN: To what extent are your songs self-referential?

KNOPFLER: Depends on the song . . .

MUSICIAN: How about something like "News"? You seemed to be drawing on your journalistic background there.

KNOPFLER: The idea sprang from a tiny little paragraph I saw in a newspaper about a motorcyclist who died in an accident. Obviously there was a story behind that. I'd been working for newspapers at an early age and found out the kind of stuff that gets into the news and the kind of stuff that doesn't, and the kind of decisions that go into formulating just what constitutes news, so it was all related to that.

MUSICIAN: Is there anything else you'd like to say to our faithful readers before we close up shop?

KNOPFLER: Yeah . . . *don't believe what you read in the papers!*

the musical vocabulary. Out of necessity, if nothing else, you have to move on. M

Rodgers *cont. from pg. 20*

MUSICIAN: I just have to ask you what you thought of the Sugar Hill Gang record. (Three New Jersey rapping deejays had one of 1979's biggest singles with "Rapper's Delight" whose rhythm track was a note-for-note cop of "Good Times").

RODGERS: Well, I first heard it at some club over on the East Side and thought it was really boss, cause I figured it was something being distributed among deejays and not for sale. But then I heard it on the radio and said: cute's cute, but goddamn! We called their company up, said this was wrong, and they admitted it just like that. So we settled out of court and Bernard and I are now listed as writers. It took us too long to get that groove together for us to let that go by. Still we're proud. If you combine the sales of the single "Good Times" and "Rapper's Delight" you have the biggest selling single of all time.

MUSICIAN: Aside from "Good Times" on the "Risque" album, your group's music and other productions have gone away from the obvious disco sound. Hasn't this produced a split in your audience between the young dancers and a more musically sophisticated crowd you seem to be reaching for?

RODGERS: Yes, particularly when we

continued on page 90

World Radio History

How serious are you about a synthesizer?

Even if you don't have an unlimited budget, you still want virtually unlimited expression from your synthesizer. Yamaha knows this. We also know what kinds of features and functions give you this expression. The musicians who evaluated our prototypes told us. And we listened. The result is a new line of affordable synthesizers from Yamaha built especially for live performances. They are capable of many of the sounds of our larger, costlier models, and have all of the quality and reliability.

CS-40M. Duophonic, programmable and highly portable describes this top model in the new line. It has four VCO's, two VCF's and two VCA's plus a Ring Modulator, an Attack/Decay EG for the LFO and Ring Modulator, and a unison mode which converts the unit to mono operation by doubling up the VCO's for richer sound. The keyboard has 44 keys.

The CS-40M can store and recall, at the push of a button, up to 20 sounds that you've created, even after the power is shut off. Interface with a tape recorder requires just two patch cords.

CS-20M. Up to 8 voices can be stored and recalled in this model. The CS-20M has two VCO's, an LFO, a noise generator, a mixer (for the VCO's and the noise), a 3-way VCF and a VCA. It is a monophonic instrument with a 37-note keyboard.

Both models have keyboard trigger in/out jacks and control voltage in/out jacks for convenient use with a sequencer. Rear panel jacks are provided for ON-OFF foot switching of Sustain and Portamento/Glissando effects, and for foot-pedal control of the filter and volume.

CS-15. This compact, very affordable synthesizer has two VCO's, two VCF's, two VCA's, two EG's and one LFO. One-touch knobs and switches free you from complicated patch work. Sawtooth wave, square wave, white noise, and triangle wave give unique tonal characteristics.

MODEL	KEYS	VCO	VCF	EG	NOTES	DIGITAL MEMORIES
CS-5	37	1	1	1	1	N/A
CS-15	37	2	2	2	1	N/A
CS-20M	37	2	1	2	1	8
CS-40M	44	4	2	2	2	20

CS-5. This is our most compact monophonic synthesizer. It has 37 keys, but with the 6-setting Feet selector switch, the instrument's range is extended to a full 8 octaves. A Sample and Hold circuit allows you to automatically play a continuous random pattern. There are many other features that make this model's very affordable price even more attractive.

For more information on the full line, 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 synthesizers that take both your creative desires and your budget considerations seriously.

Because you're serious.

World Radio History

perform live we can detect a split in the audience. For example, to get the full impact of "Savoir Faire" off our second album I have to play a guitar solo that goes on for eight minutes. It's more or less when I go for myself. I need to play. I need to jam. At the same time I don't want to alienate the audience. In New York, San Francisco, and some other cities the reception has been good. In others we never know what the reaction will be. I'll tell you one thing; I had to do that Shelia B album. Even if it doesn't make a dime, I'll be satisfied with it. I'm almost 30 years old and it was the first time I had really got down on record.

MUSICIAN: Obviously, you'd like to stretch out into a more rock oriented format. Have you considered recording a solo album? You have the clout in the industry now to pull it off.

RODGERS: I've thought about it, especially after hearing the Pete Townshend solo album. But because of the politics of the music business I'm afraid it wouldn't come off as I would like it. I have been identified with disco music, so even if I did a classical album it would be marketed as a disco or dance record. I just feel that in that respect my hands are tied.

A good example is the single "Spacer" off the Shelia and B. Devotion album. In Europe it was a number one record and accepted as a danceable piece of music with rock guitar. Here it could never break out. Yet the difference between it and Donna Summer's "Hot Stuff" were very minor. But then Donna has escaped categories and is now accepted in every format.

That was what I liked about disco music. It was faceless, colorless, classless music. Everybody was welcome from the Bee Gees to Donna Summer to Earth, Wind & Fire. As long as you could dance to it, it was fine. But this "Disco Sucks" and other attempts to squash it have only led to further stratification of music, a very negative factor.

MUSICIAN: Maybe this is a result of your sound being built around rhythm instruments, but I notice an unusual percussive feel to your melodic structures.

RODGERS: Yea, we discovered this by accident. "Upside Down," from the Diana Ross album, is a perfect example. We move through one full progression to the hook and then we superimpose another hook. Its B section over A section. Hook from hook to different section. It immediately strikes the ear as something different, because it's rarely been used before. Also on that album we have a tune called "Friends" that is 6/8 which has no traditional hook. It is more in line with the kind of jazzy material we wrote prior to "Dance, Dance, Dance." We also try to reinforce the rhythm parts. For example we usually use two keyboard players, Ray Jones and Andy Schwartz, and very often we have my guitar and Ray or Andy's keyboard part double each other. We want that groove to be solid and hit like a hard fist.

MUSICIAN: Let's close this by talking about your lyrics. Like many groups coming out of disco, some of your songs have been heavily criticized. But I don't think it takes in the totality of your music.

RODGERS: I notice that critics and others don't credit black people with the ability to write ingenious, creative lyrics. Not every song we do is about nightclubbing or dancing. Most of the songs on the *Risque* are about different kinds of love affairs with a twist to each. On the *Real People* album we deal a little with the anger and hostility we've felt since we became successful. We don't include those lyric sheets for show. I think we have some interesting things to say. M

CLASSIFIED CLASSIFIED CLASSIFIED CLASSIFIED

Advertise your goods or services

$1.25 a word. $25.00 minimum.

Advertise anything from used instruments, recording equipment, studio time, rare and used records, re-issues, tapes, t-shirts, sheet music, custom instruments. You name it and our diverse readership is into it. Send your copy neatly written with your check. $1.25 per word, $25.00 minimum to Musician Classified, P.O. Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01930.

Jimi Hendrix Memorial

KZOK-FM in Hendrix's hometown Seattle, WA, has begun a fund-raising campaign to create a memorial recreation area and statue for the late guitarist on this tenth anniversary of his death. Contributors sending two dollars or more will receive a commemorative button prepared by the station. We at MUSICIAN support KZOK and hope that our readership will do the same. Donations should be sent with a self-addressed envelope to KZOK, 1426 Fifth Ave., Seattle, WA 98101. With your help the Voodoo will live on.

Ovation Gultars 40% off and we pay the freight. No Tax, 3 day delivery. Call Toll Free 800-626-5663. C.O.D., Card.

"GENESIS I Know What I Like" — Armando Gallo's authorized biography of GENESIS is now available. Format: 12" x 8¾", 176 pages, over 300 pictures, 32 pages in color, including many rare pictures of the early days with PETER GABRIEL. Paperback $15.95, hardback $25.00; plus $2 p&h. California residents add 6% tax. Send check or money order to: D.I.Y. Books Inc., Dept. M, Box 2055, Hollywood, CA 90028.

DRUMMERS! Drum Recovering Kits are available! Over 30 choices of Pearls, Sparkles, Flames and Woodgrains. Send $1.00 for full info and samples (refundable on first purchase). Precision Drum Company, 151 California Rd., Yorktown Heights, N.Y. 10598.

NEW JAZZ LPs — MILES DAVIS — Live 1963 w/Herbie Hancock & George Coleman — WES MONTGOMERY Live 60's w/Brothers. Not bootlegs! U.S. $7.98 & $1.00 shipping — $2.00 shipping overseas. Vintage Vinyl Dept A, box 242, Fenton Mo 63026

SHANES RECORD FINDING SERVICE send requests plus 3-15¢ stamps for catalog **SHANE:** P.O. Box 6314; San Rafael, CA 94903

FREELANCE *"State of the Art for the Artist"*

BOOKS by John Amaral (Berklee Instructor) $6 Each

Guitar Modal and Tonal Improvising
Guitar Jazz-Rock Fusion Improvising
Guitar Pentatonic Improvising
Guitar Technique ★ Guitar Chordology
Guitar Ragtime Fingerpicking Styles
Guitar Electric Classical Solos
Basic Electronics Pedals & Effects
Music Synthesizer Electronics
Amplifier & Guitar Modifications
Guitar Flatpicking Styles
Guitar Chord Linear Progression
Guitar Chord Solo Improvising
Guitar Chord Reharmonization
Guitar Comping
Guitar Accompaniment Styles
Guitar Circuits ★ Pedal Circuits
Synthesizer Circuits Collection
Amplifier Circuits Collection

TRANSCRIPTIONS $20 Each

Charlie Christian Solos
Django Reinhardt Solos
Wes Montgomery Solos
Ragtime Fingerpicking Solos I
Jazz Guitar Chord Solos I
Jazz Guitar Linear Solos I
Jazz-Rock Linear Solos I
Rock Guitar Linear Solos I

Chops (JP)
Portraits of Duke (JP)
Joyous Lake (PMA)
Breezin (GB)
Electric Dreams (JM)
American Garage (PM)
New Chautauqua (PM)
Pat Metheny Group
Elegant Gypsy (AD)
Larry Carlton
Legendary L B Now
Jazz Winds/New Direction (HG)
Incredible Jazz Guitar (WM)
Blow By Blow (JB)
Southbound (DJW)

CASSETTES $10 Each Guitar Modal Improvising ★ Guitar Tonal Improvising

Foreign orders add $1/book checks payable in U.S. dollars

Freelance Books. 18 Haviland. Boston. MA 02115 (617) 536-9494

DRUMMERS! Fusion Course — Methods, theme developments on the greats of today. Study....Motifs, Funk, Odd time, Solos, Finger control, Transcriptions. (Mail course available). Jeff 516-681-9556.

CAROL KAYE METHOD BOOKS

ELECTRIC BASS

Title	Price
How To Play The Electric Bass *by Carol Kaye*	$3.95
Electric Bass Lines No. 1 *by Carol Kaye*	2.95
Electric Bass Lines No 2 *by Carol Kaye*	3.95
Personally Yours (Techniques) *by Carol Kaye*	3.95
CAROL KAYE ELECTRIC BASS CASSETTE COURSE *(This course is like private lessons — included are above 4 books, one 15-lesson course book, and 3 cassettes — one is a play-along — **complete**)*	35.00
Electric Bass Lines No 3 *by Carol Kaye*	3.95
Electric Bass Lines No. 4 *by Carol Kaye*	3.95
Electric Bass Lines No 5 *by Carol Kaye*	3.95
Carol Kaye Electric Bass Picks	.15
NEW RELEASE! Electric Bass Lines No 6 *by Kaye* *(Easy approach to Jazz Improvisation, Chords)*	3.95

GUITAR

Title	Price
Joe Pass Guitar Style	6.95
Joe Pass Guitar Style Cassette	9.00
Jazz Guitar Solos by Joe Pass	3.95
Joe Pass Guitar Chords	3.95
Joe Pass Chord Solos	3.95
Jazz Duets by Joe Pass & Herb Ellis	4.50
Jazz Duets Cassette	7.95
Laurindo Almeida Guitar Method	6.00
Popular Brazilian Music (5 arrang's) by Alméida	5.95
Jazz Guitar Phrases & Solos by Bill Pitman	3.95

Write for free catalog of many more fine books. Clinics with Carol Kaye available.

All USA Orders: Add $1.50 Handling & Postage. Foreign AirMail: Add $3.00. For 3 or more items add $1.00 more per item. Carol Kaye Course — $7.00.

GWYN PUBLISHING COMPANY
P.O. Box 84033, Los Angeles, CA 90073
Colorado add 6% sales tax; sorry, no C.O.D.'s

World Radio History

Do you know this guitarist?

Probably not—Jay Graydon hasn't been out of the studio long enough in the last few years to be seen much. He also hasn't been out of the Top 100 since 1974, so the chances are good that you've heard him if you've had a radio on recently.

We didn't have to do anything to get Jay interested in DiMarzio products. He tried them for himself. They met Jay's standards of performance—the standards of a man who has done 800 dates in one year. Try them—we think they can meet your standards, too, and even help you set new ones.

For a color catalog on our pickups and hardware, send $2.00 to:

DiMarzio®
Musical Instrument Pickups, Inc.
Dept. GP
1388 Richmond Terrace
Staten Island, NY 10310
(212) 981-9286

Photo by Billy Gersen

World Radio History

STUDIO

GUITAR/JOHN AMARAL

FINGERPICKING

Picking technique is a problem area for most players and I have a very simple attitude about it: However you play the guitar, with pick, pick and fingers, or fingers alone, technique is in your ear. Lightning fast decisions have to be made when you pick along a string or from string to string. The interdependent possibilities for picking direction and left hand fingering are compounded by the variety of ways in which a guitar can be picked, plucked, or strummed. By trying to get the sound you hear in your head or by imitating the sound of another player, you can circumvent the relative slowness of your conscious mind. It's like learning to talk. Listening is the key.

In these next few columns, I'll give you some ideas for various fingerpicking techniques which apply ultimately to all guitar styles, especially Jazz, Jazz Rock and Country. My students at the Berklee College of Music have found these techniques helpful for developing their own style. Many of you will want to select the approach that makes the most sense to you and focus on it exclusively. Let me suggest that you also try the other approaches and incorporate them, relying on them at appropriate times.

MODERATO

FERNANDO SOR

Right Hand Picking Techniques

1. Two finger: Thumb on bottom 4 strings. Index on top 2.
2. Three finger: Thumb on bottom four strings. Middle and Index on top 2.
3. Classical: Thumb on bottom 3 strings. Ring, Middle and Index on top 3.
4. Five finger (rare): Thumb on bottom 2 strings. Pinky, Ring, Middle and Index on top 4.
5. Pick + Middle finger (equivalent to #1).
6. Pick + Middle and Ring (equivalent to to #2).
7. Pick + Middle, Ring and Pinky (equivalent to #3).

Hand Position

1. Classical — Hand and little finger are free of guitar.
2. American — Little finger rests on guitar top.
3. Travis/Atkins — Heel of right hand muffles bass strings.

Attack

1. Thumb and fingernails. Flesh of finger hits first.
2. Thumbpick and fingernails. Chet Atkins.
3. Thumbpick and fingerpicks.

The following excerpt from a study by Fernando Sor is very good for developing facility with all seven picking styles listed above. The entire study can be found in my book "Electric Guitar Classical Solos."

Next month: Fingerpicking - II

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.

Blk Regular ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL @ $5.95.

Blk French ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL @ $7.95.

Beige French ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL @ $7.95.

French shirts run small, so order one size up.

Please add 75¢ postage each. Total $____________

Detach and mail with your check to Musician, Player & Listener. P.O. Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01930

World Radio History

The only significant change in thirty years!

PEAVEY

MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI 39301

©6/80

Available now at your Peavey dealer.

World Radio History

STUDIO

CONTEMPORARY HARMONY/RON DELP

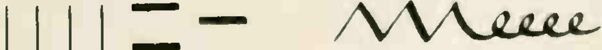
COPYING LIKE A PRO

I'd like to digress a bit this month and talk about something that should be of interest to all of you who have been following my articles over the past few months, and that concerns writing music (or "copying") music like a pro.

Whether you are writing arrangements or just writing out lead-sheets, it pays to write legibly ... and if you compose/arrange for others you owe it to them to deliver parts copied neatly and musically correct. I learned long ago that if you want your music to sound right the musicians have to play it right. But if they can't read it you're doomed from the beginning. And while good "looking" music doesn't necessarily mean good "sounding" music, I am convinced that musicians approach a neat, professional piece much more positively than they do chicken-scratch.

About the most un-professional thing you can do is copy music with ballpoint or felt-tip pen. You can buy special music-writing pens, but the easiest and cheapest thing to do is visit your local office supply store and purchase a fountain pen with a *flat italic point* (called a "nib"). The nib should be slightly less than a sixteenth-inch wide. The nib will look like this:

All you have to do is hold the pen so that the point is perpendicular to the music staff and your vertical strokes will come out thin while your horizontal strokes will come out wide. Like this:



The skinny lines are for note stems, barlines, etc., and the fat ones are for eighth/sixteenth note beams, half and whole rests, and so on. Symbols with both thin and wide parts (flats, sharps, clef signs, rests, etc.) automatically come out looking the way they should:

It takes some practice, but it's worth it. I might add that italic points are flat across the writing edge and sometimes you have to hold your hand awkwardly to get an even ink flow. When I get a new pen I hold it exactly the way I would when writing and do vertical strokes on a piece of emery paper. This files down the point at an angle that matches the angle of my hand.

Traditionally, music copyists dip their pens. In other words, they dip the pen in ink, wipe off the excess and write until the ink runs out. Then dip again. Well, I never have been able to judge just how much ink to wife off so I either get a blob on the first stroke or have to dip after every three symbols. Also, I knocked over the ink a few times and my wife has never let me forget those black spots on the carpet. There, I fill my pen the way you would any ordinary fountain pen.

You should *never* use india ink (dipping or filling) as it will clog the pen in just a few minutes. The best inks I've found are Higgins Eternal, Higgins Engrossing, Pelikan Brilliant Black, or King Brand inks. Always make sure you use a waterproof ink or a trombone player clearing his spit valve might wipe out half a page. Oh yes, you'll have to occasionally take the pen apart and wash it out with warm water to get rid of dried ink.

You'll need a ruler, preferably a clear plastic one so you can see through it. I use emery paper to sand down the underside edges so that ink won't seep under it and ruin a lot of hard work.

For titling, writing instrument names and any words that might have to be included in your music the accepted way is to lay your ruler on the paper and write using the upper edge as a guide. Always use capital letters like this:

TROMBONE PIANO EASY ROCK

TACET ARR. BY: FRED SMITH

A curvy piece of plastic, called a *French curve*, is handy for drawing long ties and slurs. You can get one at your office supply store.

When you make a mistake the easiest way to correct it is to use a razorblade, held perpendicular to the paper and just scratch the incorrect note or symbol. Scratch carefully so you don't scratch off more paper than you have to. You can also use "Liquid Paper," used by typists to "white out" mistakes. For errors of a couple of bars to several lines, cut out the necessary amount from another piece of manuscript paper and paste it over the error.

Learning to use an italic pen might seem to be a pain in the wrist at first, but you'll be happy when you get it together. Writing musically correct notation is important, too. I really recommend *The Art of Copying Music* by Clinton Roemer (pub.: Roerick Music Co., Sherman Oaks, CA).

World Radio History

The past is played out.
Meet the future of the electronic piano!
The Crumar Roady
The Crumar Roady is destined to become the electronic piano of the 80's. Five full octaves of pianos, vibes and a punchy bass offer musical versatility like:
• Mellow vibes, with variable tremolo depth and rate.
• Percussion that can duplicate a mallet vibe sound, produce the accentuation of popular electronic pianos (those classic, bell-like tones), or add that jazz bite of percussive solos.
• 3 distinctive piano sounds that can be mixed in any combination, and played on either the left, right or across the entire keyboard. And, there's nothing mechanical to break or go out of tune.
• Bass, with additional sustain that can be coupled with the vibes.
• Blending all of the Roady's unique sounds for a super musical mix, piano voices on top of vibes, etc.
The Roady has three output channels, so you can separate each of the sounds. What's more, the Roady's 30 lb. weight enhances the Crumar reputation for maximum portability.
The past is played out. Get your hands on the Crumar Roady, today. Be sure to see this and all our other fine keyboards at your local Crumar Dealer.
ROADY
For a demonstration kit of the Roady in action, send $1.00 to:
MUSIC TECHNOLOGY, INCORPORATED
105 FIFTH AVENUE
GARDEN CITY PARK, N.Y. 11040
(516) 747-7890
World Radio History

Best buys

A new line of acoustic guitars has been introduced by **Ibanez — the Champion Series**. Laminated spruce tops are featured along with mahogany backs and sides. The construction and appointments of the Champion Series dreadnaughts offer one of the best values on the market today at the suggested list price of $189.00. The Series is available in natural and brown sunburst finishes and along with the whole line of Ibanez guitars is available exclusively from: Elger Company, P.O. Box 469, Bensalem, PA 19020.

Supplying the bass player with state-of-the-art amplification for both studio and performance is the new **Fender** 300 Bass amplifier. The 300 offers exceptional equalization flexibility using its four bands of regular EQ, plus three separate parametric controls. Clean sound at all volume levels is assured by the inclusion of an internal limiter/compressor. Either high or low impedance accessories may be looped through effects input/output jacks with a front panel gain control. Fender Insts., 1300 E. Valencia Blvd., Fullerton, CA 92631.

The new **Korg** DL-50 (Delta) Polyphonic Synthesizer plus Strings keyboard can provide an array of today's most popular polyphonic sounds: rich strings, with two octaves of mixable voices, variable attack and release, plus comprehensive bass and treble EQ section. The variable synthesizer section can be programmed for a wide variety of sounds like brass, flutes, electric piano, lead synthesizer. Both sections can be played separately or together, in mono or stereo. Unicord, 89 Frost St., Westbury, NY 1190.

The new **Bose** SS-3 Speaker Stand provides the touring pro with a lighter more rugged stand for quick and easy setup. Able to support two Bose 802 professional speakers, the SS-3 has an attractive chrome finish and is easily folded for storage and transport in the new Bose GB-3 Gig Bag. Bose, 100 The Mountain Rd., Framingham, MA 01701.

The new **Eastern Acoustic Works** VB series of vented box cabinets with interchangeable tuning assembly allows a single cabinet to be used with most of the commercially available bass drivers. The VB series was designed to allow the professional to get "of the shelf" pricing and delivery on semi-custom systems, easily update the system and maintain proper alignment should a change of drivers ever become necessary. The cabinet construction is of crossgrain laminated birch with 18 plys to the inch, while the internal surfaces are lined with 3½" damping material to absorb reflections while internal bracing minimizes vibrations, even at high drive levels. Eastern Acoustic Works, Box 111, So. Framingham, MA 01701.

Boss Products introduces to the trade a major development in the field of music rhythm devices with the introduction of the Boss Dr. Rhythm. The Dr. Rhythm contains a micro computer that lets the musician compose, arrange and program his own rhythms that can be recalled instantly at the touch of a button. The Dr. Rhythm allows the programming of six 16-step rhythms and two 12-step rhythms. Each of these rhythm patterns can contain up to three independently programmed percussion sounds: snare drum, rim shot, and bass drum. To this can be added programmed accents, (to liven-up each rhythm), and a hi-hat can be added in either of two patterns. Rolandcorp US, 2401 Saybrook Ave., L.A., CA 90040.

Recently, **Yamaha** presented five new signal processors that offer the ultimate control over professional sound systems: the F1040 and F1030 frequency dividing networks; the E1010 and E1005 analog delays; and the Q1027 graphic equalizer. F1040 and F1030 are active crossover networks. These frequency dividing networks offer the superior sound and control of bi-, tri-, and and quad-amplification. E1010 and E1005 are analog delays which allow almost endless creative applications. They offer echo, flanging, reverb, time delay, double-tracking and more. The Q1027 graphic equalizer is a monaural 1/3 octave model, providing virtually infinite tonal control from subtle to dramatic. Yamaha, 6600 Orangethorpe Ave., Buena Park, CA 90620.

Here is the **Villette Citron** Standard Burgundy Sunburst guitar. It's a deluxe custom-made instrument with a full length laminated quarter sawn neck and totally shielded electronics. The guitar sports chromed solid brass Villette Citron hardware, a rosewood fingerboard and VC super clean hum cancelling pickups. Villette Citron, 11 Field Ct., Kingston, NY 12401.

World Radio History

The brightest strings made the most intelligent way.

We designed a computer winding system to wind our **XLS** Stainless Steel round wound strings. Because it's the most intelligent way to guarantee their exceptional brightness, crisp harmonics and accurate intonation. It's also the most intelligent way to guarantee that you get what you pay for. Each and every time you use a set.

D'Addario XLS computer-wound strings.
For guitar and bass.
The brightest strings made the most intelligent way.

D'Addario®
E. Farmingdale, NY 11735 USA

©Copyright J. D'Addario & Company, Inc.

World Radio History

PHOTO RESERVE/PAUL WEINSTEIN

The ever-languid Bryan Ferry's soul was always somewhat rooted in lounge rock.

But when he played it to me in the studio, it was very slow, more like 'A Song for Europe.' I thought it was a very good sequence, I could hear a nice melody in there, and I thought it would be good to speed it up. I wanted it to be a dance record, which was one of the reasons for simplification of the basic elements in it."

What Ferry intended to be simple was dismissed as predictable, something which can actually be said for parts of *Siren*. The band sounded tired and indeed they were. Remarking on what might have happened to Roxy had they not agreed on Ferry's famous "trial separation" after the U.S. *Siren* tour, Manzanera pours on the sarcasm when he says "we would have broken in America — both ways."

No Roxy musician was out of work for long. Ferry continued making solo records in the face of increasing disinterest (he has complained in one interview that his U.S. label pulled tour support out from under him just before his one American solo concert trek in 1975). Manzanera continued to draw from a pool of progressive English fusioneers including Eno, Soft Machineman Robert Wyatt, bassist Bill MacCormick (Random Hold-to-be), and drummer Simon Phillips for his extracurricular records. Mackay was the dark horse of the lot; he can now live comfortably on the royalties from his soundtracks to the British TV series *Rock Follies* while indulging in dodgy solo efforts like *In Search of Eddie Riff* (including such schlocky gems as his reworking of "Ride of the Valkyries") and his fuzak-y audio-chronicle of a recent trip to Red China, *Resolving Contradictions*.

"But that fits in with the whole concept of Roxy," claims Manzanera, "to have strong individuals in a group together, to have certain things in common but to have different tastes, to go off and do their own things."

History in general has been very kind to Roxy Music. While the band was off plowing solo pastures for four years, their influence was busy parting the New Wave in England and, ironically, America, where young rockers — who weren't much into their teens when "Virginia Plain" blew the open — were modeling their outrage on that of Roxy's. Television reportedly sought out Eno's production services in the hope of getting the Roxy sound (the resultant demos showed they didn't come close). Siouxsie met some of her future Banshees at a London Roxy gig. Richard Hell was a big *Siren* fan and you can't help but hear a little Ferry through the cracks of David Byrne's voice on early Talking Heads recordings. U.K. electronic bands like Ultravox and the Human League base their sound not on the Teutonic drones of Kraftwerk and Tangerine Dream but on the sonic strategies behind the first two Roxy albums.

Now Roxy Music is forced to compete with their own legacy, coming back together just at the time when their influence is most pervasive. That would certainly explain the lambasting Ferry got for *The Bride Stripped Bare*, the album on which he finally stepped out from behind that comically pretentious veneer of arty insolence and really laid his tortured soul on the line. *Flesh and Blood*, for better or worse, is a slicker variation on that, like Ferry said of *Manifesto*, "more mature, therefore less outrageous." Only where, you might well ask Ferry, is the fun, the novelty, the "general bizarrity" (as Ferry once called it) in that?

"We feel there are a lot of new bands," he answers, "in a better position to do that at the moment. When you come out and start doing something, you're much more prepared to take risks and rely very much on your initial outburst of energy and enthusiasm — which *does* mellow and change over the years. I don't like to think we're making totally conservative M-O-R music. I think it's a case of self-expansion, doing something that is a personal challenge to yourself, even if some of the audience isn't particularly interested. I get really upset when people think we're a band from the '60s," he complains. The next Roxy album will certainly make them think twice.

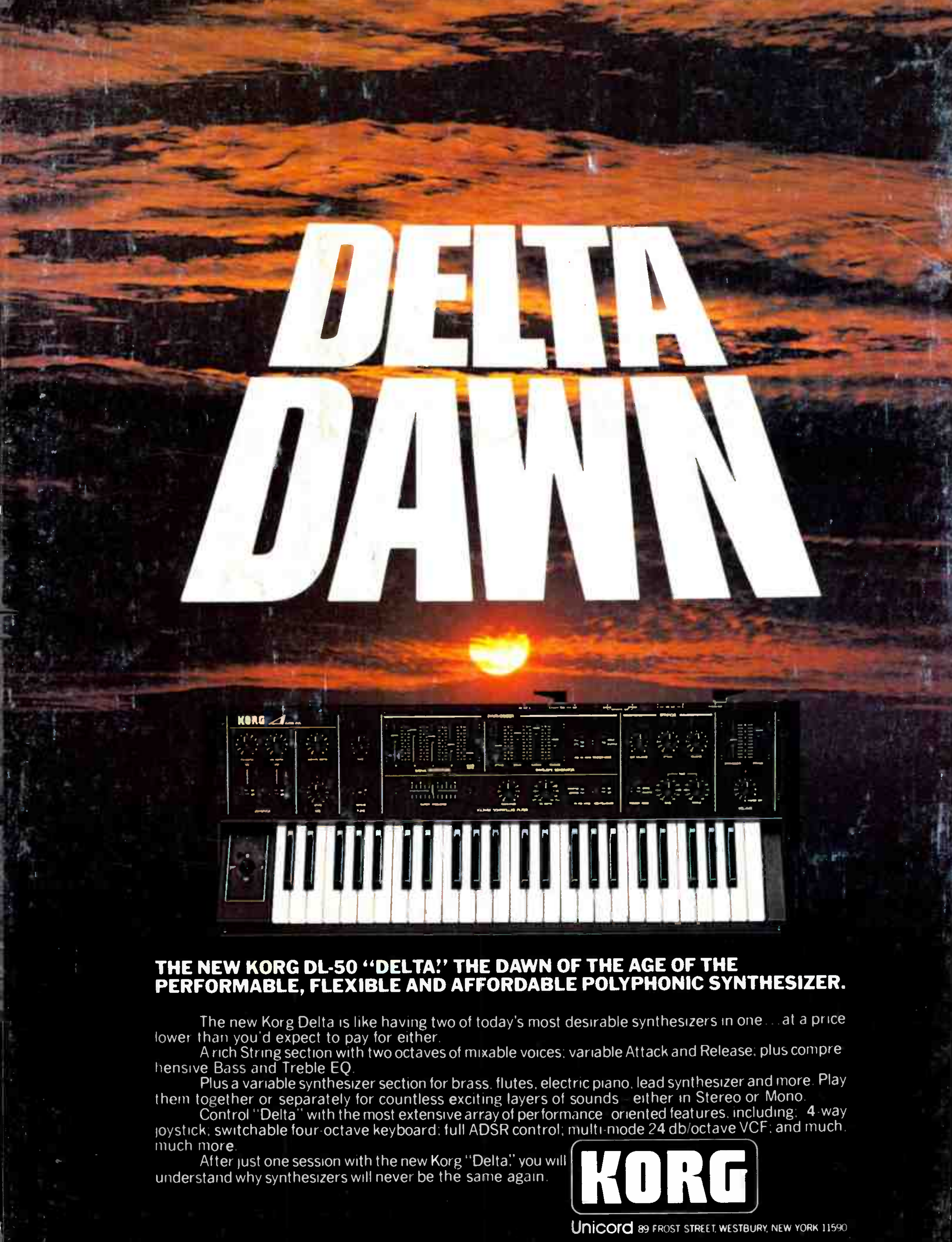
Roxy Music, and Ferry with them, have their '80s cut out for them. But it's hard to believe they don't relish the challenge. Contrary to the very tips of their platform boots, they insisted tomorrow always comes as early as on "Re-make/Re-model," the first track on the first album. "Next time is the best time we all know/but if there is no next time, where to go?" Roxy got us this far. Now just follow the tracks of Ferry's tears. M

World Radio History

Yamaha Musical Products • A Division of Yamaha International Corporation • Box 7271 • Grand Rapids, MI 49510

The sound is resonant. Powerful.
The look and feel are rock-solid. The craftsmanship is uncompromised.
The total effect is nothing short of electrifying.
Yamaha drums.

World Radio History



World Radio History