

MUSICIAN

PLAYER & LISTENER

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No. 27, OCT. 1980 \$4.75

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Lives On

Jimi
Hendrix
Special

Charlie Christian, Ian Hunter, Lead Guitarists, Rock Movies



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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.

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Play your best with a King.



The Bolt Strikes

In the past few years, you've probably heard many amplifier manufacturers claiming that their solid state amplifier has that "tube amp sound." Granted, it was close, but still... no cigar. You've remained unconvinced, and so have we.

The fact is nothing can get a tube amplifier sound like a tube amplifier. But the problem is that generally you've had to give up a lot of the advantages of solid state technology in order to appreciate the sound of the tubes.

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The F.E.T. circuitry also gives the Bolt 60's bass, middle and treble controls, the kind of flexibility musicians demand for attaining their own personal sound.

The Bolt 60 has two separate channels for immediate switching between clean and distorted sounds. Channel one features two volume controls and a master volume control to produce the classic cranked-up sound even at low volumes.

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post EQ, or post volume controls, so that effects can be used effectively—and silently.

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MUSIC

PLAYER & LISTENER

NO.27, SEPT.-OCT. 1980

Peter Gabriel is an enigmatic musical chameleon, now with a solo career after leading the the art-rock band Genesis for years. Jon Pareles interviews him on the subjects of image, songwriting and the contents of his new album.



Jimi Hendrix was a musical genius of the highest order. Ten years after his death, Dave Marsh talks about his life, his tremendous influence on today's music, the tapes and the man.



Charlie Christian invented the uses of the electric guitar as we know it. The first to play long, melodic solo lines, he brought guitar to the forefront of jazz ensembles paving the way for almost all its modern uses.



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Cover Photo by Carl Ferris



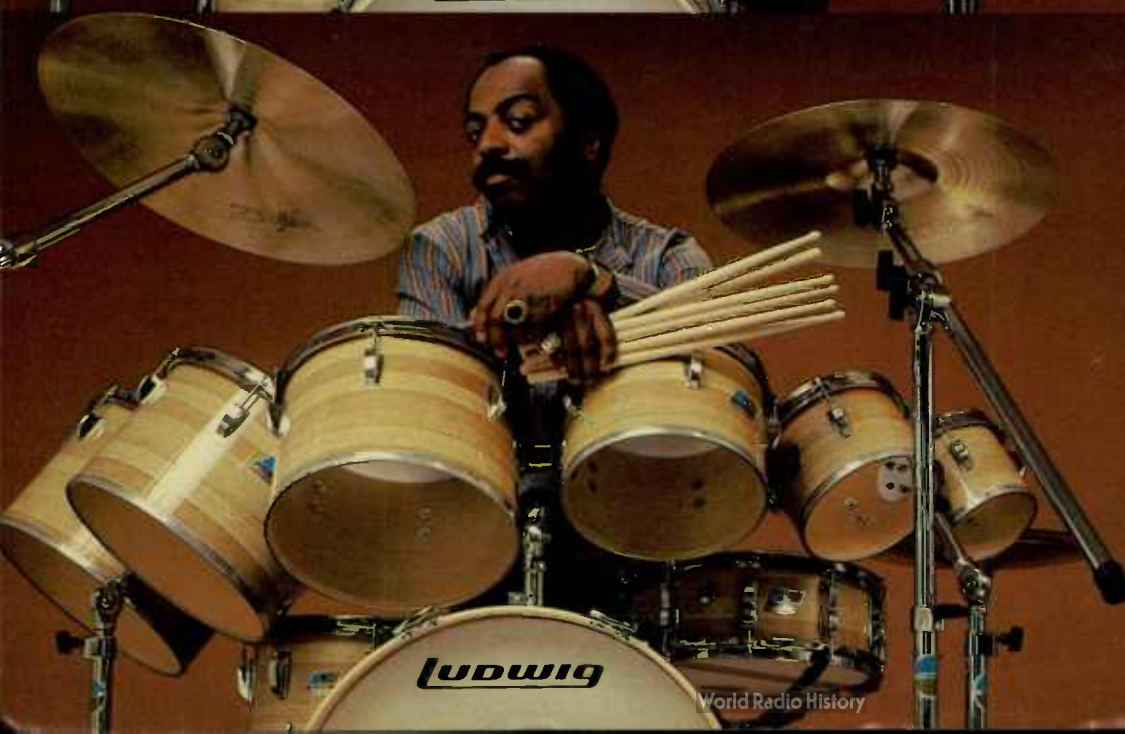
You can play Roy Haynes' heads...

They're Groovers[®] drum heads. The only heads designed specifically for jazz. Lots of response. Lots of resonance. And a sensitive tonal sound at all dynamic levels. Groovers heads won't pull out either. Because they're permanently locked in place by a patented interlock system called Headlock[™]!



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Co-Publisher/Editor

Sam Holdsworth

Co-Publisher/Ad Director

Gordon Baird

Assoc. Publisher/Advertising

Gary Krasner

Art Director

Sam Holdsworth (S.H. Swift)

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

Kathy Thompson

Michelle Nicastrò

Typography

Don Russell

Main Office/Production

42 Rogers Street

P.O. Box 701

Gloucester, MA 01930

New York Sales/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, V. 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.

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ADC
A BSR COMPANY

*Based on May 1980 suggested retail prices for both turntables with base.

LETTERS

THE CUTE ONE

I wanted to tell you how much I loved the cover to your August issue! Paul McCartney looked so good to me and the article was totally enjoyable! This musician is such a talent, with charm and intelligence combined that it's very hard for anyone not to like him! I am so happy Vic Garbarini appreciated him so and it showed in every question he put to him and how nicely he could joke with him!

Coleen Flanagan
Columbus, Ohio

THE SMART ONE

Loved your interview with Paulie in the last issue. Especially the part about him dressing up in his Beatle suit and reliving the Old Days. Try it myself every now and then. Always wondered what Paul thought of all that confusing Beatley stuff. How about doing me next?

John Lemon
NYC, NY
London, Eng.

DON'T SHUT UP

Tell Robert Fripp *not* to shut up! His article on "Creativity: Finding the Source" hits the nail right on the head. Too many performers let their "image" go to their head and overshadow the music. As a guitarist, I find his comments on disciplining the hands, heart and mind truly inspirational. As a DJ for two radio stations (one college, one commercial) I find the comments in Music Industry News about college radio sad but true, although there are a few fortunate exceptions.

B.F. Nead
WDFM, University Park, Pa.

A busy touring schedule has kept him from writing a piece for us this month, but Robert Fripp will be back next issue.

DAMN THE STUPIDOS

Yahoo! Your piece on Tom Petty's "Damn the Torpedoes" was masterful. I've just finished rereading it for the umpteenth time and am playing said album as I write.

Mainstream rock and roll, blessed thing that it is, has taken a lot of crap lately from, as you say, elitist New York rock journalists. I am delighted you have taken such a strong stand for it in general and Petty in particular.

Donna Brown
Newark, Del.

SILLY ME

A word to Dave Marsh. Nice of you to defend Tom Petty against your fellow critics. And thanks for developing the

theory of punk rock too. I was wondering who did that. Silly me, I thought maybe the musicians had something to do with it. Now a word from the crowd. My record collection happens to include Tom Petty and Elvis Costello and The 4 Seasons and James White and Duke Ellington and XTC and Rachmaninoff and Dion, not to mention Danny Kaye's *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. No problem. That is to say that we ticket and album buyers listen to the *music*, not the critics. Petty's music stands on its own, with defiance. You critics can knock it out among yourselves, as long as you keep in mind while you're deciding what to knock up or knock down — we've already decided for ourselves.

Susan Black
Los Angeles, Cal.

GOATZ BYDEH

Dave Marsh IS AN [REDACTED] What this [REDACTED] knows about music, you could put in a [REDACTED] thimble. It stands to reason that Mr. Marsh is afraid of people like the CLASH. But his ignorance shines when he puts the CLASH down and then praises a total [REDACTED] like Fred Nugent. Mr. Marsh must have a picture of Sam Holdsworth [REDACTED] a goat or the like to be writing for this Ragazine. And as for Lester Bangs, his head should be transplanted onto Marsh's [REDACTED] together they could be billed as "THE INCREDIBLE TWO HEADED [REDACTED]"

Richard Fletcher
Portland, Oregon

We've noticed our reader mail has definitely improved since we started covering rock. — Ed.

SIMIAN BEHAVIOR

Lester you touch my soul. Your taste in music is impeccable: Kraftwerk, Sex Pistols, Richard Hell, Suicide, Patti Smith, PIL. Your criticism of rip-off trends and clone bands are so precise. You understand the word "cool" and personify it. You are tasteful and witty. You are the rock 'n' roll philosopher, a prophet ... Your latest article hit me with the force of an Empirical Star Cruiser and Iggy Pop combined. Trash the Motors and the Buzzcocks. I think you've realized it's not worth air to attack trendy garbage. State its existence and mock it.

Nick Simian
NYC, N.Y.

DAZED AND CONFUSED

Dear Mr. Bangs,

You have obviously never listened to a Stanley Clarke album. If you had you would know that Ray Gomez is worth a hell of a lot more than you give him credit for (in *Rock Short Takes*, Issue 26). So he gets a little help from some other fantastic players like Jeff Beck, Steve

Miller, et al. *Does that mean he doesn't exist?* So the record company wants to beef up sales a little? Everybody wins in the end. Ray Gomez gets listened to so that next time he won't need Beck, Miller and Walsh to help. Ray is a great guitarist who can rip the neck to pieces, and he doesn't have to show it off!

Peter Houpt
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Houpt: That was Garbarini, not Bangs, and he was making a little joke. He was trying to let on how good Mr. Gomez was, y'see, by saying it was Beck, Miller ... aw, never mind. — Ed.

BEARLY PROFESSIONAL

Plaudits for Mr. Zabor. His series of articles — I mean stories — on *The Bear* are dazzling. Being a neophyte professional performer myself, the stories are a pleasant surprise. The images and characters evoke what every working musician must feel, hear, taste. I cannot say I've felt 1/100th of what the Bear has gone through but I sure do feel for him. I'm only annoyed at one thing: I have to keep going back to my local music store to buy back issues for the earlier chapters. Keep the Bear there.

Paul Conner
Parkville, Md.

NO CLAPTRAP

Eric Clapton has not stuck to the power trio sound of Cream because like any great artist he can grow. Just listen to the solo played in harmonic overtones in "Double Trouble," for example. I do not understand how your reviewer, Vic Garbarini, can call that "cliche ridden."

Greg Hansen
Newville, Pa.

TACK FÖR FRÅGAN

Thanks for a good and fresh US magazine. In No. 22 of *Musician* you had an article covering the poll winners in music. All names mentioned except one name are familiar to me. Who is/are The Wild Tchoupitoulas? Please give some information about this Underrated Rock Artist. Are there any records available with this artist?

Anders Hellström
Stockholm, Sweden

Glad you asked. See Faces, this issue. — Ed.

GIVEAWAY WINNERS

Congratulations to the winners of *Musician's* recent giveaway of 2 sets of JBL's Cabaret Series Monitors. Brian Sharkey of Chula Vista, Cal. was the West Coast winner, while Richard Keen of Columbus, Ohio was the Eastern winner. A special thanks to JBL for their participation.

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.

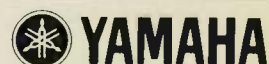
MODEL	KEYS	VCO	VCF	EG	NOTES	DIGITAL MEMORIES
CS-5	37	1	1	1	1	N A
CS-15	37	2	2	2	1	N A
CS-20M	37	2	1	2	1	8
CS-40M	44	4	2	2	2	20



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.



music

industry

news

By Nelson George and Robert Ford

Session Fees Down 10%

If your local session musician has taken to wearing Lee Riders instead of Sassoon jeans lend him a couple of dollars and a ticket to Los Angeles. According to the American Federation of Musicians, session fees to union musicians declined 10% in 1979. Also label contributions to a special royalty fund for musicians dropped 6%. The trip to L.A. is suggested by the fact that session fees in that city were almost \$14 million last year with New York at only \$6.6 million, and it's the closest competitor. Los Angeles' dominance is due in large measure to the great deal of film and television soundtrack music recorded there.

Label Talk

Is new wave laying a commercial egg in the U.S.? Maybe. The British based new wave label Virgin has cut its New York staff to the quick and closed its Los Angeles publishing operation. One year in the U.S. has produced some good reviews and little profit. At this writing Virgin had no records in the top 200 American albums.

Donna Summer has signed with David Geffen's new, yet unnamed WEA distributed label, ending the strange speculation that she would join Neil Bogart's Boardwalk label. We say strange since Summer is suing both Neil and his wife (her ex-manager) Joyce for "undue influence, fraud and misrepresentation" and a large sum of money. Look for additional law suits if Summer's old company Casablanca tries to release a "best of" album...

MGM, of all those musicals, and CBS, of all those records, have joined

money belts in a venture to market videocassettes and later videodisks worldwide. The 1,600 films in the MGM catalogue, including "The Wizard of Oz" and "2001", are at the new operation's disposal. But this marriage was made primarily with an eye toward the videodisk. CBS knows records. MGM knows movies; they embrace warmly. Talk is that Pink Floyd already as a home video version of "The Wall" in the can.

Funky Business

The music industry has rarely beheld a greater exponent of good old American enterprise than George "Dr. Funkenstein" Clinton, head maggot of the P-Funk family, who recently signed a deal with CBS records to distribute his Uncle Jam label. This marks the fifth label association the good doctor has negotiated since his P-Funk sound broke pop a few years back. He has production deals with Warner Brothers (Bootsy Collins, Funkadelic), Casablanca (Parliament, Parlet), Arista (Bernie Worrell), and Atlantic (Brides of Funkenstein, the



King of the Funky Business George Clinton with CBS pres Walter Yetnikoff after the signing. This is Clinton's fifth record deal, all with different companies. Can you guess which one is George?

Horny Horns). People in the industry still marvel at how he signed Parliament to Casablanca and Funkadelic to Warner Brothers when everybody knows they are virtually the same band. Does the P in P-Funk stand for Profits? What a guy. Now you see why George is always smiling.

Blank Tape War

Following Polygram's lead (last month's column) Arista records is denying advertising dollars to all accounts using Arista money to create ads that include mention of blank tapes. In a related move Arista threatened radio stations that played entire albums with, as yet, unspecified punitive measures.

A few days after Arista decided to deny advertising dollars to any account using them to sell blank tapes both CBS and Chrysalis records did the same thing. A most significant comment came from a representative of Polygram in the wake of these actions. Vice-president Jules Abramson said he felt there was no anti-trust violations in this action, nor in the timing of record company activities.

Equal Time Department: Those in the blank tape industry haven't taken kindly to music biz accusations that they are hurting record sales, and word from the Consumer Electronics Convention in Chicago is that they don't like being used as strawmen and they will respond with beefed up advertising campaigns in 1980. Maxell, for example, has a series of new TV commercials and a new co-op ad policy to off-set the loss of record industry dollars.

The Wall St. View

A report that has garnered considerable interest among industry insiders was prepared by those men of the bullish commercials, the investment firm of Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. Entitled "The Recorded Music Industry — Life in the Fast Lane" it gives an overview of the current situation and predicts the future with a eye to guiding Wall Street investors. Among its conclusions:

— Sales will pick up when the recession ends (whenever that is), but that inflationary prices for raw materials and retailer caution will stifle artist development to a large degree.

— The 14 to 24 age group will lose seven million people between 1979 and 1990 and that will hurt the music industry.

— The corporate label-distributors will grab an even bigger portion of sales (they already have 75% of the market) and investors should aim their checkbooks at them.

— Independent labels will prosper in the areas of specialized music (blues, new wave, avant-garde jazz)

How serious are you about an electric piano?



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

The portable CP-10 (not pictured) is the newest addition. It features 61 keys and a built-in EQ.

For more complete information write: Yamaha, Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622. (In Canada, write: 135 Milner Ave., Scarb., Ont. M1S 3R1.) Or better yet, visit your Yamaha dealer for a demonstration of the keyboards that take true acoustic sound and feel as seriously as you do.

Because you're serious.



and where personal attention to the artist is required.

— Videocassettes, videodisk, and more sophisticated audio systems

(e.g.: digital) are going to replace the stereo recording as the profit center for retailers and will be distributed by what we now call record companies.

— Ultimately the marriage of movies and music we see so much of already will alter the structures of both industries and produce a hybrid enterprise.

CHART ACTION

For better or worse it was established talents who dominated pop album sales during the weeks of the nationwide heat wave. Whether that means folks like familiar voices with their air conditioning and Kool Aid is still to be determined. While we sweated, Eric Clapton, Billy Joel, the solo Pete Townshend, the Commodores, Jackson Browne, Paul McCartney, and Diana Ross cooled out with commercially successful releases. The Rolling Stones' "Emotional Rescue" shot to number one after two weeks on the chart, mostly on the strength of retail orders and air play. In the long run, the commercial success of this followup to the highly successful *Some Girls* set will depend on the Glimmer Twins producing a "Miss You" type mass appeal single. That record opened the Stones up to an entirely new audience, one that can be lost as easily as found.

Pleasant pop album surprises include; *Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere* by the Rossington-Collins Band, a mixture of Lynyrd Skynyrd survivors and newcomers who nearly recapture that rollicking Southern boogie sound; Cameo's *Cameosis* the latest album by the freshest young black funk band in the nation; the album sales of the S.O.S. band. The latter group made the disco influenced "Baby You Can Do It", but CBS has skillfully used it to sell a so-so album. Which is what good marketing is all about.

The Pretenders' self-titled American debut has gone platinum with fine promotional support by Warner Brothers, while the Clash's *London Calling* (with even more hype supporting it) from CBS has settled in the low 100's of the chart. The Pretenders has been on the chart only two weeks longer than the Clash, but has been much more successful. Music beats press clippings every time.

Luciano Pavarotti and his *Greatest Hits* album on London have cracked the top 100 pop albums, something opera and classical records have rarely done in the rock era. A great tribute to a great voice.

Three ladies pop, one pretty (Olivia Newton-John), one creative (Carole King), one singer (Kim Carnes), all added a nice touch of femininity to the upper reaches of the pop singles chart. With his "In America" Charlie Daniels brings back red, white, and blue jingoism, while Joe Walsh's "All Night Long" gives 1980 a genuine shit-kicking, beer drinking anthem.

"Coming Up" by Paul McCartney is one of the summer's more popular records, though one could never be sure which one. There is Paul's studio version and one cut live in Glasgow, Scotland. The reason for two is a split inside CBS over which the American's would like. In England the studio version was the single, but here the live single was included in McCartney's solo album as an added extra. This, of course, has been quite confusing. Ah, but that's what marketing's all about.

The soul singles chart is interesting. Bass whiz Larry Graham has surprised everyone with an MOR love ballad "One In A Million You", 13-year-old Stacy Lattisaw has surprised us with a disco-R&B winner "Dynamite", and Quincy Jones has surprised no one by encasing George Benson in one of his immaculate productions to create the compelling "Give Me The Night." Also a rap record has cracked the top ten. Kurtis Blow's "The Breaks", produced by *Musician*, P&L's own Mr. Robert Ford, shows there is still some life in street music.

Motown, in the form of Diana Ross' brilliant Chic produced record *Diana* and the Commodores' back to their roots *Heroes* album, have two of black music's top LPs. For Ross it is her best solo album ever, for the Commodores its funkier album in a while. A major disappointment is Peabo Bryson's *Paradise*. This gifted balladeer has perhaps stepped up the tempo too much. As a result this may be his poorest selling album ever.

As a result of his exposure in *Urban Cowboy* tavern owner and singer Mickey Gilley is having a phenomenal year. His covers of Buddy Holly's "True Love Ways" and Ben E. King's "Stand By Me" made the country top ten at the same time, while the "Urban Cowboy" soundtrack lingered near number one. Waylon Jennings, as usual, had the number one country album with his excellent *Music Man* (has a great version of Steely Dan's "Do It Again.") Meanwhile the duet between Merle Haggard and Clint Eastwood from *Bronco Billy* soundtrack "Bar Room Buddies" reached number one. Word is Charles Bronson is looking for a partner.

It's not there now, bless its soul, but for a few brief weeks the Art Ensemble of Chicago were on *Billboard's* jazz chart. People nearly fainted at the sight of Lester Bowie on the same page as Chuck Mangione and Bob James.

Royalty Battle

The battle over how much, if any, the rate of mechanical royalties is still being debated by the Copyright Royalty Tribunal in Washington. An increase of 6% of the list price per record has been proposed by the National Music Publishers Association and if approved would cost record companies \$110 million a year.

Obviously the record companies are opposing this vigorously with RIAA president Stan Gortikov acting as a leading hit man. Gortikov, not surprisingly, is all for maintaining the current royalty rate and offered these encouraging words to all you songwriters out there: "A high rate can't compensate for low sales. You certainly won't benefit the songwriter who can't get his songs recorded and only a modest effect will be felt by songwriters whose songs are recorded but enjoy only limited sales." Gortikov is certainly an optimist.

Equally interesting, but in a much different manner, was the testimony of economist Pierre Rinfret on the monetary problems of today's songwriter. He asserted that even a 6% royalty increase would be eaten by inflation and that an 8% increase would really be helpful. Rinfret also noted that copyright royalties have changed little since 1909 and a real revision is long overdue. A decision on this very important issue will hopefully be made by the end of the year, but a whole lot of lobbying is going to be done before songwriters see any benefit.

Country Sales Growing

The National Association of Record Merchandisers has good news for us country music fans. A survey of U.S. merchandisers revealed that country topped every musical genre except rock 'n' roll in 1979 sales. Rock made up 41% of all sales, country took 11.9% passing pop's 11.3%. While the difference between rock and pop are in many cases highly subjective it doesn't diminish the fact that country has never had more across the board appeal than it does today.

Another Price Increase

Three major companies have announced rises in the wholesale price of their albums, price hikes that will be felt on the retail level. WEA up 2.9%, Capitol up 3.5%, and Polygram up 3%, all blamed the increase on inflation, WEA also now has the distinction of having the highest singles list price in America at \$1.69.

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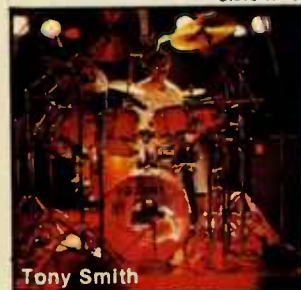


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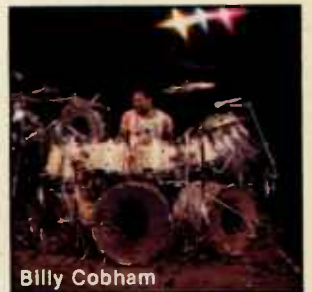
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THE YEAR OF THE SOUNDTRACK

You saw the movie, now buy the album. Or is it the other way around?

By Crispin Cioe

For reasons economical as much as musical, this summer has seen a rash of movie soundtrack albums working their way onto America's pop charts and turntables. Interestingly, the film business is currently suffering a box-office slump that's every bit as horrifying to studio moguls as the record industry's self-produced slack period is to label execs. But the real question is, why have the vinyl and celluloid peddlers chosen this moment to get in bed together and attempt to arouse the public's passions while lightening its wallet (and believe me, the porn metaphor is intentional). After the near-obscure success of *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease* a couple of years back, virtually every record company and rock star's manager has been seeking the right combination of songs, story and shuck to produce that most perfect entertainment industry union: the film that all Americans feel they must see first, and then buy the album. 1980 just happens to be the year when many of these projects, which were in the option and planning stages for quite some time, have reached fruition. At the same time, a film soundtrack can be a relatively inexpensive proposition for a record company, since a soundtrack is largely a production cost of the film, not requiring the kind of initially expensive investment for a label as a rock group's first album. Too, a successful film's advertising and publicity budget automatically helps sell the album, without the costly radio promotion that most pop albums require. In other words, a successful soundtrack album would be the perfect recession-fighter for a record label, a summer refresher in more ways than one.

In the June 21 issue of *Billboard*, an article noted the soundtrack sales boom in Los Angeles. Several record store owners there raised some cogent points about the phenomenon. First, store location is a prime factor in soundtrack album sales: a record shop near a movie theater sells significantly more soundtrack albums. More importantly, a hot single from a movie will inevitably help sell the album. As one storeowner put it, "The people who bought the 'American Gigolo' soundtrack album bought it for the Blondie single, 'Call Me.'" If Blondie had a new album out with that song on it,



Out of the rash of recent soundtracks the reggae film *Rockers* is tops, and *Urban Cowboy*, along with some others, surprises.

the storeowner surmised, the soundtrack wouldn't have sold nearly as well. This is a point well taken, but the fact is that the new soundtracks cover a wide spectrum of approaches, from sheer background music to whole albums of self-contained songs, performed by well-known artists, not available on their own albums. I recently listened to a slew of these new releases, and will now dutifully recite my impressions of the music.

First, let's take a look at those albums which are dealing in pure soundtrack music. *Movieland* has a long tradition of scattered excellence among pure and

unadulterated film-score composers, from the understated romanticism of Bernard Herrmann (*Citizen Kane*, *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*) to the ingratiating art music pretensions of Nino Rota (*La Dolce Vita*, *La Strada*) to the pseudo-jazziness of Lalo Schifrin (*The Cincinnati Kid*). The current contender for leader of this pack is undoubtedly John Williams. His soundtrack for *The Empire Strikes Back*, as of late June, was also the number 6 album on the *Billboard* pop album chart, with a bullet. This guy is obviously Mr. Epic Soundtrack, having scored *Jaws*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Star Wars*, etc. etc., and he recently succeeded Arthur Fiedler as conductor of the Boston Pops Orchestra. For this current film, Williams recorded 108 minutes of original music with the London Symphony Orchestra. The double album set includes a full-color folder of stills from the film and let's face it, *The Empire Strikes Back* is the runaway box office smash of the year. Every kid in America wants to own this album. The music is about what you'd expect: flawlessly orchestrated grand symphonic gestures that lean heavily on everything from 19th century Romantic composers to Bartok's "Miraculous Mandarin" and Concerto for Orchestra. Not really the kind of thing I generally throw on my box for relaxing, but the

continued on next page



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soundtrack's record company (RSO, as in *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*) has come up with an ingenious device which might even snag codgers like you and me. Here we have "Empire Jazz," an album which Ron Carter, the dean of well-rounded modern jazz bassists, produced and arranged. Using such stellar soloists as Hubert Laws on flute and trumpeter Jon Faddis (whose neo-Diz solos here are as crystalline and bright as any he's committed to tape), the band cruises through such Williams-penned "Empire" standards as "Han Solo" and the "Princess (Love Theme)." The album is loose, fairly straight-ahead jazz with virtually no studio-gimmickry laid on. In other words, I dig it; but what's not to dig about a rhythmic section of Carter, Bob James, Billy Cobham and Jay Berliner jamming over some basically pretty and tasteful chord changes? Much more interesting to me was the soundtrack to "The Long Riders," which features incidental music (like a great rollicking square-dance scene) and themes composed by Ry Cooder. Bottleneck and lap-steel guitar solos that are evocative and moving, great fiddle playing, and Cooder's fantasy of what American Western music sounded like a hundred years ago make this album a delight.

Now we come to soundtracks that, for the most part, feature actual songs from the movies. Of course, the days of "Pal Joey" and "The Sound of Music" are long gone, so these LPs feature pop, rock, C&W, R&B, or combinations thereof. The film "Fame" deals with a class of students at New York's High School of Performing Arts. The film's musical director, Michael Gore (Leslie's brother), wrote several of the tunes, which are very much in the vein of contemporary New York pop showtunes. The film's female lead, Irene Cara, gives inspired vocal performances on three songs, especially the title cut. Of all the current soundtracks, "Fame" is the most Broadway-oriented musically, but any fan of the film will certainly want the album; it has a good deal of sincere and brimming energy, which is exactly what the film projected. The "Urban Cowboy" soundtrack is a more ambitious and complex venture, befitting the big-budget tone of the film itself. Although the double album contains three or four previously-recorded country-rock standards (eg., the Eagles' "Lyin' Eyes"), the bulk of this music involves recognized musicians who wrote and/or performed tunes expressly for the film. This makes for some rewarding cross-fertilizations of traditional country music with decidedly non-Texan sensibilities. For instance, Bonnie Raitt sings an old Texas two-step, "Darlin'", with the kind of reckless abandon she often omits from her own albums. Similarly, Bob Seger's "Nine Tonight," which he wrote

for the film and recorded with his own band, is a throttled-down Chuck Berryish rocker that is quintessential bar-band rock, and as such probably wouldn't have made it onto his own album. "Urban Cowboy" can stand, or dance, on its own two feet as solid and original country-rock.

"Roadie," another 2-album set, is harder rock, understandable since the movie deals with the life of a rock and roll roadie. Again, the soundtrack features recording stars, the likes of Pat Benatar, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Roy Orbison, mostly singing music specifically for the film. Some of this is trivial: Blondie doing "Ring of Fire" is more a chuckle than a legit listen. But Jerry Lee Lewis' "(Hot Damn) I'm A One Woman Man" really crackles with the Killer's ferocious spirit, while a quirky, driving rocker by Joe Ely ("Brainlock") and a Roy Orbison/Emylou Harris duet ("That Lovin' You Feelin' Again") add character to this set.

The two soundtracks that succeed most on the level of total album concepts do so because they both have first-rate bands who were actually involved and cast in the films. "The Rose" soundtrack of Bette Midler's filmed homage to 60s-style rock belters like Janis Joplin, holds together from start to finish, even considering two teary-eyed monologues included from the film. All the music was recorded live, in front of audiences, and the choice of material nicely fits the raucous precision that such top-level rock demands in concert. "Midnight in Memphis" (written by Tony Johnson, long-time drummer for Commander Cody) crackles with down-home, boogaloo spirit, while the instrumental "Camellia," written by guitarist Steve Hunter, is the kind of signature rock theme that stays in the ear and memory. Norton Buffalo on harmonica, saxist Jerry Jumonville, guitarist Hunter, and drummer Whitey Glan turn in exciting performances on the album, and help make "The Rose" an all-around good listening pop LP. "The Blues Brothers" band is equally impressive, featuring as it does such New York-based stalwarts as saxmen Lou Marini and Tom Malone (formerly of the Sat. Night Live Band) and former MG's Steve Cropper and Duck Dunn on guitar and bass (who 17 years ago gave the world "Green Onions" along with bandleader Booker T. Jones. The album has the band backing both Belushi's vocals and brilliant cameo appearances and songs by such R&B greats as James Brown, Aretha Franklin, Ray Charles, and Cab Calloway. As you might expect, Belushi sounds like an earnest amateur next to these eternal lights in the pop music firmament, but all the music here is well-played and sincere. And who else could record a top-30 album today that includes Ray Charles singing a soul chestnut like "Shake Your Tailfeather"?

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LA BELLA'S MUSICIAN of NOTE

Photo by Richard Laird

TIM LANDERS

Born: November 1, 1956

Home: Born in Boston, Mass.
Resides in New York City.

Profession: Bass Guitarist, Com-
poser

Earliest Musical Experience: I
played drums when I was 8 years
old, and started playing bass
when I was 14.

Major Influences: My father, Ed
Landers, a bassist was a major in-
fluence along with the Big Bands,
Buddy Rich and Stan Kenton.

Latest Musical Achievement:
A major European Jazz tour
with Billy Cobham and friends in
June 1980.

Keynotes: I am currently on tour
with the Al Di Meola Group, play-
ing Central Park on August 15th.
I am also on their new album
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IAN HUNTER RESURRECTED

Mott the Hoople remembered, eternal youth, a new band and life behind the shades.

By Roy Trakin

The '70s were dawning, and the golden age of rock 'n' roll was about to give way to terminally mellow singer/songwriters or lowest-common-denominator heavy metal from the heartlands. Intelligent hard rock that still managed to be fun had become awfully scarce on this side of the Atlantic. Meanwhile, in merry olde England, a struggling quartet of Limey musicians invited an itinerant Scottish bassist by the name of Ian Hunter to audition for its vacant lead vocalist/piano-player slot. And Mott the Hoople, one of the acknowledged inspirations for a new generation of rockers to follow, was born.

The foursome—guitarist Mick Ralphs, drummer Buffin, bassist Overend Watts and organist Verden Allen—was looking to play a brand of rock that crossed the Stones, Dylan and Buffalo Springfield. They wanted someone who could sing and play keyboards—in curly-haired, perpetually-shaded Ian Hunter, the son of a British secret service man, they got neither.

"They auditioned everyone," explains Hunter, crackling over the long distance wire from the Coast, where he was appearing with his new band, which includes ex-Bowie, ex-Rolling Thunder guitarist Mick Ronson, "but they still couldn't find the right person, so someone rang me up and told me to come down. I had been in bands before Mott, but I was never allowed to sing because I was always out of tune. We ended up rehearsing for a week. Guy Stevens, the manager at the time (who recently produced the Clash's *London Calling*), would say, 'Do Doug Sahm's 'Crossroads.' So we did that, and turned it backwards to get 'Half Moon Bay.' Another single I used to listen to all the time was Sonny Bono's 'Laugh At Me,' so we did that. Then Mick Ralphs came in with 'Rock 'n' Roll Queen.' And Guy Stevens suggested we do 'You Really Got Me.' Which was how the first Mott the Hoople album came together. Guy's not really a producer at all — he just drives everyone up the wall, which is the same as producing."

But the time was not right for a gang of rockers hell-bent on having a blast and sharing it with like-minded souls. The first few albums, though critically praised, fell on deaf ears. Who was this



LYNN GOLDSMITH

group that uncannily mimicked the distinctive growling of *Blonde On Blonde* Dylan?

"I didn't know anything about Bob Dylan at the time," protests Hunter. "I just couldn't sing. I had never even sung harmonies before. All I had was the ambition to sing. When you can't sing, the next best thing to do is talk-sing and slide off notes because you can't hold them. I found out how by listening to one of the few singles I owned, 'Like A Rolling Stone.' I thought, 'If he can get away with it, so can I.'"

The band continued to flounder and was on the verge of dissolution when the then very hot David Bowie offered them

a tune he had written. "All The Young Dudes" quickly turned things around for Mott. They had not only entered a deal with a new record company, CBS, but had a resuscitated image as harbingers of a new era in rock, thanks to the anthemic nature of "Dudes." But it wasn't only Bowie's song that launched Mott into superstar status — Hunter leaned into the tune and made it his own, adding the great talking bit which culminates in the poignant lament, "Hey, dudes, where are you?...I'm a dude."

From 1972 until their final demise in November '75, Mott the Hoople enjoyed their most commercially successful period. Following *All The Young Dudes* with *Mott*, they got bigger and bigger. Unfortunately, after years of traipsing around on a shoestring, the group was not prepared for their new-found popularity. Ironically, the band that finally cashed in on its image as survivors was forced to pack it in just as the battle appeared won.

"For the last year I was in it, I didn't much like Mott the Hoople," reveals Ian. "I didn't want to be in it. When we were doing the *Mott* album, Mick Ralphs was already leaving. I knew I needed him in the band. When Ralphs left, it was like half the band was gone.

"Ralphs and I always got on real well until the *Mott* album," Ian counters. "We had a fight during the recording of that and things were never quite the same. Mott had big plans at the time — we were going to play Madison Square Garden on my birthday. But it was phony. And that was what brought me to the decision that I had to leave.

"We cut a single called 'Saturday Gigs,' which was the last track Mott the Hoople ever released in England. It never did come out here. At the end of that, I started singing, 'Good-bye,' and it was then I realized even my body was telling me to get out. So I did. At the time, Mick Ronson had been in the band for about six weeks. We did a final European tour in November '75 and he had joined for that. By that time, though, the morale was gone. I thought Ronson's presence could rejuvenate the band, but it caused a lot of trouble. The others didn't like it at all. So, I just split to New York and Ronno followed two weeks later."

continued on next page

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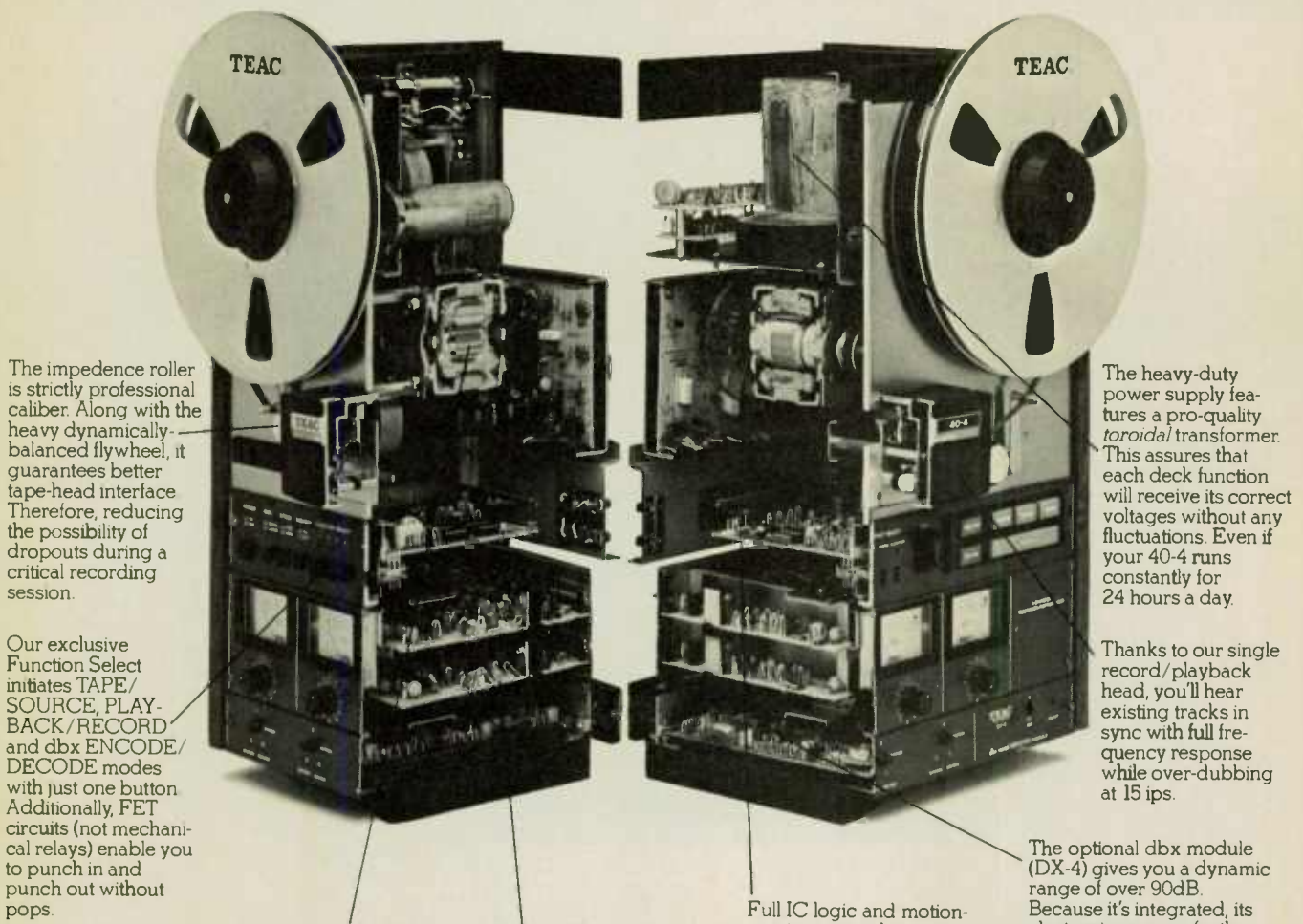
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Ronson and Hunter soon hooked up and the result was Ian's first solo album, still arguably his strongest, with vital new material like "Once Bitten Twice Shy," "Lounge Lizard," "Boy" and "3,000 Miles From Here." The change in environment from London to New York, along with his new-found collaborator Mick Ronson, seemed to spark Hunter.

"We both went through two or three years of distress and looking for a friend, I guess," remarks Hunter about Ronson. "'E's been knocked 'round a bit, know wot 'ay mean? And I've been through quite a lot, so we were a little wary of each other at first. Now, however, it doesn't really matter if we even play together. 'E's found himself a mate, and so've I and that's the way it's always gonna be.

"Musically, it's good because Ronson's weaknesses are my strengths and my weaknesses are his strengths. Together we fill all the gaps. It's the same way Ralphs and I used to work. We don't actually co-write because it's too boring to co-write."

Two more solo albums followed, *All-American Alien Boy* and *Overnight Angels*, which was never even released in the States thanks to a dispute between Hunter and his label, CBS.

Shortly after, Hunter severed his ties with CBS, signed with aggressive Cleveland International prexy Steve Popovich (Ellen Foley, Meat Loaf) and garnered a deal with Chrysalis. *You're Never Alone*

With A Schizophrenic was the result and it turned out to be the most successful Ian Hunter record since his Mott days. FM radio played the daylights out of it and, for once, deservedly so. Some of Hunter's best, most personal songs appeared on the album, including "Just Another Night," "Cleveland Rocks" (a slight modification from the previously unreleased "English Rocks"), "When The Daylight Comes" and "Bastard," a searing, no-holds-barred catharsis Ian describes as a "love song." Another track from the LP, an uncharacteristically sentimental ballad called "Ships," about a father and son reunion, was covered by Barry Manilow, who scored a huge MOR hit with it. Was Ian surprised?

"Oh, yeah. It's always very strange to hear a song you've written changed around a lot. It was modulated in a way I would never think of doing," explains Hunter. "I read somewhere that Manilow said modulation was the key to writing successful singles. I guess he knows more about that than I do. He has hit singles and I don't."

Does the maturity of a song like "Ships" indicate the direction Ian's future song-writing will take? It seems Hunter is moving away from the adolescent angst of his earlier work.

"Oh, I don't know. Younger people seem to have this very stupid and funny idea that one mentally grows older. You don't. If anything, you go in reverse ...

you grow younger because your mental capacity starts deteriorating somewhat.

"Everyone is like Peter Pan potentially. I still leap about like a maniac on-stage. I'm still the same way I was when I started with Mott the Hoople. I guess I'm not ready for the wheelchair and slippers quite yet, thank you. I think exactly the same way as I did when I was eleven and most of the people I know do, too."

Can one still write about teenage frustration as directly as he did when he was actually experiencing it?

"I think "Irene Wild" (from *All-American Alien Boy* and performed on the new live LP) is pretty direct," says Hunter. "I wrote that two years ago about something that happened when I was 16, and it still goes down as one of the best numbers we do on-stage.

"If you can remember the truthful feelings you experienced at the time, then it's simple. I wrote a song called "Sons And Daughters" about an incident ten years ago."

As a rock 'n' roll star, though, Hunter is in the unique position of being able to extend his adolescence indefinitely.

"When I was 15, I had the same problems that afflict 15-year-olds now. A 15-year-old hasn't really been gotten to yet, apart from religion. He's pretty pure, pretty naive, pretty simple and pretty happy. He's out for a good time. He's innocent to a degree. He doesn't have responsibilities yet, or too many problems, y'know? He's the one I want ... he's rock 'n' roll. I don't want any 35-year-olds like me out there — they're all jaded to hell. The kids are the ones that care.

While Mott the Hoople has widely been credited with foreshadowing the rise of punk-rock and the new wave, the attitude of the new rockers toward Ian Hunter was rather double-edged. On the one hand, he was vilified as an old fart at the same time as bands like the Clash and Generation X (whom Ian eventually produced) unabashedly copped vintage Mott riffs and expressed open admiration for his work.

"It was funny," remembers Ian. "When all that stuff was going on back in 1976, none of them were selling any records or in the charts. It was all a big joke. Now, it's not funny. Now, they're happening.

"In '76, all these new bands came in, said their little bits and 95% of them turned out to be junk. The 5% that were any good are just coming through now."

Was Ian flattered by the imitation of bands like the Clash? There are times on *London Calling* when the band recalls classic Mott.

"Mick Jones used to travel around to all the Mott gigs. He used to be one of our head fans, we called them lieutenant fans. They would keep the other fans in line — prevent them from pinching

continued on page 98



EBET ROBERTS

HUNTER AND RONSON ONSTAGE

The Ian Hunter Band's road manager, John Rosbrook, gave me a run-down on the equipment the group uses on-stage. Ian Hunter plays a Les Paul Standard, a Les Paul Custom and a 12-string Electric Fender through a Musicman Stock amp. Lead guitarist Mick Ronson also plays a Les Paul Standard and a mandolin through a Musicman amp. Second guitarist Tommy Morrongiello plays three instruments, including a Les Paul, a Hammer and a Strat through either an Ampeg or Marshall 50-watt amplifier. Bassist

Martin Briley uses a Fender Precision instrument and plays through an Ampeg SVT amp. The group has two keyboardists, Tommy Mandel and Georgie Meyer. In concert, they use an acoustic grand piano, two clavichords, a Hammond B-3 organ powered by a pair of Leslies, an ARP string machine, a Crumar Synthesizer, a Moog Synthesizer and a Yamaha YC-30 keyboard. Drummer Eric Parker sits behind a set of pale yellow Gretsch drums. According to Rosbrook, most of the band favors Ernie Ball strings.

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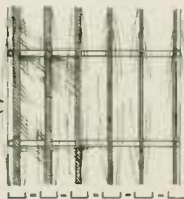


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THE AMAZING JAMES BOOKER

Chopin down and out on Bourbon St. panhandling busfare and spare chords from Little Richard.

By Brian Cullman

Every Tuesday night, James Booker plays The Maple Leaf Bar & Laundromat on Oak Street in New Orleans, sitting in the window and performing on one of the worst upright pianos in the subtropics. If he is on methadone or been given Bad Information, if the numbers or the stars or the air is against him, if a shadow faced East when it should have faced West, if his eyepatch is crooked, so that the brocaded red star in its center is not pointing in the right five directions, or if he is simply bored, then he will play cocktail music, nothing more and nothing less, and, on the soft passages, the sounds of the washing machines in the back will churn through the bar, and the combined smells of Dixie Beer and laundry soap will fill the room. But if all is well, he will attack the keyboard with the abandon of a Jerry Lee Lewis gone so far over the edge that no God in His right mind would try to salvage him. Styles converge in an outpouring of the most elegant confusion imaginable: the second-line swing of New Orleans jump music coupled with European classical piano, stride, ragtime, R&B, and tin pan alley's lush sentimentality: Chopin down and out on Bourbon Street panhandling bus fare and spare chords from Little Richard. Above all this, in a voice that both Lord Buckley and Ray Charles would be proud to curl up inside of, he will alternately sing, holler, whisper, lecture the little Tulane girls who sit nervously by the door, and go into tirades about the C.I.A., Thomas De Quincey, numerology, his own hard times, and all the fates that have conspired for and against the Black Liberatee.

"If you're hip to reincarnation, you might say Jelly Roll Morton, Mozart and W.C. Handy are all resurrected in the form of Little Chopin in Living Color."

James Carroll Booker III was born the year Jelly Roll Morton died, and he is convinced that Morton's spirit passed directly into his right hand, if not into his whole person, giving him a rolling formal blues fluency that is virtually unmatched. Allen Toussaint explains that Booker was a city-wide legend by the time the two of them were in Jr. High School together, and that Booker could play everything better than anyone else: piano, organ, even saxophone. Earlier, as a child, Booker had a weekly gospel



PHOTOS BY JIM SCHEURICH



"To know the feeling of rejoicing in sorrow is nothing strange to me," says James Booker. Catch a listen because there's a lot of other things that he doesn't find so strange either.

radio show on which he played organ and sang.

As a teenager, he played with Huey "Piano" Smith ("High Blood Pressure", "Don't You Just Know It"), toured briefly with Joe Tex, and played piano on many of Fats Domino's 45s (Dave Bartholomew, who produced most of Fats' records, instructed him to keep the parts simple so that Fats—no virtuoso keyboardist—could learn them once the songs became hits.) More recently, he backed Aretha Franklin at Madison Square Garden, toured with Lionel Hampton—recorded with Ringo Starr and, unfortunately, spent more than a little time in Angola State Prison and Anchoria Mental Institution for drugs, outrageous and incomprehensible behavior, and a much too highly developed sense of the perverse. The man is at least as self-destructive as he is talented; and while he is the stuff that legends are made of, it's precisely legends like his that bring terror into the hearts of managers and record executive and that ultimately make them sign young white rock singers with the heart and nerve of dental hygienists. Just this June, the manager of a prominent New

York rock club wanted to bring Booker to NYC for a series of dates, but wisely insisted on his coming East accompanied by a chaperone. Alas, the prospect of looking after Booker, with his drugs, his one good eye, his brocade cape and his Gucci underwear, proved too formidable a task for any sane individual, and the dates have been temporarily shelved.

Like many other legends, Booker has been talked of more than he's been heard. The most readily available album, *Junco Partner*, was produced by Joe Boyd and released in England (on Island Records) in 1976. Boyd was working on a record for Geoff Muldaur and brought Booker to play organ on Dorothy Love Coates' "Ninety Nine and A Half" and on Huey Smith's "High Blood Pressure."

"He never stopped playing," Boyd recalls. "We'd finish a take, and everyone else would stop for a while, but Booker stayed right at the piano, playing on and on. I was busy thinking of other songs that Geoff might want to record, so I finally went over and asked Booker if he knew 'Junco Partner'." "Know it!" he said. "That's my theme song!" And

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STEVE KUHN AND SHEILA JORDAN

Kuhn crosses the Jordan into his own promised land, and a great singer is heard from again.

By Rafi Zabor

Steve Kuhn has been an original presence on the jazz scene since his arrival in the early Sixties, but he's never really fit in and no one has known what to do with him. He was never in his niche, always drifted two or three degrees to the right or left of where people expected him to be, and never resolved his real identity into some convenient image that could comfortably be set on the shelves of the public mind along with Cecil the Genius, McCoy the Powerhouse, Bill the Sensitive, Keith the Beautiful and the rest. He couldn't even find a lower rung. If his luck had run differently he might have picked up some of Evans' faithful, if he had gone a little farther into dissonance he could have been installed as an avant gardist, if his romanticism had been more theatrical he might have ridden the waves of the Me decade with Jarrett but no, he always remained irreducibly Kuhn, and people did what they have always done with such characters and ignored him. Subsequently, they are duly shocked to hear that "a musician of his stature" still plays weddings and bar mitzvahs to survive.

Many listeners, myself not included, have found him a needlessly reclusive and indirect musician and have never really been able to appreciate him. His difficulties as a bandleader have been apparent to even his most sympathetic listeners. Not at all a conventional artist, it would be hard to say what kind of band would suit him best. His piano style does not immediately suggest a collective analogue, neither does the status quo seem adequate to the task. Trios have not been enough; an added horn has tended to dissipate the Kuhnness of the music; he has often worked with a trio, added percussion and shrugged off the difference. Add to his troubles the fact that several years ago he began writing oblique bits of lyric verse and setting them to music. He chose to sing them himself, and while he has a melodious speaking voice, something like a successful doctor's, Kuhn is no jazz singer. Although he appears self-assured, Kuhn typically describes himself as shy, and lacks the instinctive gift for self-promotion. Despite these handicaps he has been able to do something very difficult. In a time increasingly obsessed with its own brutality and hungry only for



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

Kuhn and Jordan are both so good their lack of a career makes no sense at all. With the release of *Playground* things have finally begun looking up.

the completely reassuring or the obviously new, he has kept a genuinely subtle sensibility alive; he has even encouraged it to grow. To paraphrase Sibelius: while other artists mix up all kinds of fancy cocktails, Kuhn can offer pure spring water. He has faced his lack of a career with some puzzlement, but also with the patience of an artist who knows what he is about and is prepared to do whatever he has to do to keep at his task.

To listeners of my generation, Sheila Jordan appeared fully formed in about 1960 as the last word in sophisticated modern singing. To hear her still-haunting version of "You Are My Sunshine" with George Russell (available now on his *Outer Thoughts*, a Prestige twofer), her own *Portrait of Sheila* (on Blue Note, which deleted it just a few years after it came out to rave reviews and is about to issue it again, in Japan), or her compelling work in the clubs of the period, was to be captivated by an exceptionally knowing stylist who was obviously different from anyone who had come before. With Jeanne Lee and to a lesser extent Abbey Lincoln, she was the only singer who belonged to the Sixties the way Monk and Miles and Coltrane did (they were in the 60s even in the 50s), and Ornette Coleman. One would never have guessed that she started singing in the coal mining towns she grew up in, fell in love with bebop during her teens in Detroit, hung out with Bird, married Duke Jordan, had a daughter she was trying to support and made her living typing. She sang, and sings, in

a small soft voice that is one of the most powerful sounds I have ever heard. She does what cabaret singers would like to do but can't, she is daring with her material in ways that only the very best jazz singers are able to be, and I have heard her elicit collective gasps from an audience for both emotive and technical reasons. When she sings a ballad she haunts it; when she swings she also swims. She can sound like a little girl with the knowledge of a woman and the confidence of a master artist; she can sound like a Blossom Dearie who has suffered; but finally she sounds only like herself. Her lack of a career — and that lack has been extraordinary — puzzles me. I've never seen her fail to win over a live audience and her work lacks the spikiness that puts people off Kuhn, but there it is, she is known as one of the great singers in the music, still works as a typist at an ad agency ("an artist of her stature") and hasn't even had the luxury of Kuhn's album-a-year deal with ECM. It has been virtually impossible to hear her. No truly post-bop, straight jazz singer has been even remotely able to make it (that would be an essay in itself); it has been Jordan's particular fate to be thought of as an artist of "special" sensitivity and hence either taken for granted or forgotten.

Since she has worked with Kuhn whenever possible during the last two decades — he accompanied her the first time I heard her over seventeen years ago — and is the only vocalist I can think of whose subtlety is equal to

continued on next page

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his, I would have thought she'd have been singing his songs for years, but as she told me when I met with her and Kuhn for an interview, "It took me a long time to sing these songs. I thought they were so personal to Steve that I was almost eavesdropping or treading on his heart. And I didn't do them all at once. I'd do one, and then wait a year before trying another Finally I felt that I was close enough to Steve as a friend to go out and sing them. I think that if you're going to sing someone's lyrics that are this personal you really have to know them." Jordan may sound overcautious but she's right to emphasize the delicacy of the operation. Kuhn's songs are fragile communications that require considerable empathy from their per-

former, and Jordan herself has the ability less to interpret than to inhabit what she sings — like someone who can see a tree and become a tree, a mountain and become a mountain. She has become the voice that can speak aloud for Kuhn the things that he himself cannot. Breathless and confessional where the pianist would be his most reflexive, she has opened a doorway onto the interior of Kuhn's music, not only so that an audience might get in but so that Kuhn can get out. She has interpreted not just his songs but his dreams. I've never heard Kuhn play with the directness he does now, and while it is true that his playing has ripened remarkably in the last few years on its own, his collaboration with Jordan has given it a tre-

mendous boost. In return he has given her material that corresponds uniquely to the most inward parts of her powers as a singer. The album they've made together (*Playground*, ECM-1-1159) is a major breakthrough for them both.

Playground opens in typical Kuhn country with a life spent on the verge of living, almost being born, watching the years pass and "waiting for tomorrow's son/to tell me why." The melody hovers as uncertainly as the lyrics, then leaps with them into the hope of release: "time to run away/as far away" The album moves on to a tentatively redemptive vision of timelessness in "Gentle Thoughts" before opening out into the stupendous "Poem for No. 15." In its earlier guise as "The Saga of Harrison Crabfeathers," "No. 15" (renamed in memory of Thurman Munson, whom the lyrics do not describe) was one of Kuhn's loveliest melodies and a fleeting evocation of a buried child (who seems more literal than metaphorical but can be taken either way). One of the things I was least prepared for on first hearing was the change in scale. From Jordan's charged reading of the lyrics (Kuhn himself had been rather laconic) to the genuinely titanic piano solo — beginning in trills, moving to a tolling-bell figure and the rising to a climax that is a real transfiguration of loss and displays all the power of Kuhn's hands — to the final deep collective knell, it was a large-scaled, overtly dramatic performance for which nothing in Kuhn's or Jordan's past had prepared me. So much for preconceptions, so much for muffled, inward, Chekhovian drama. This was something new, and a large risk well taken.

Side two opens with the pun-riddled "The Zoo," middles with the long "Deep Tango" — a near-burlesque in its original instrumental recording, witty but also haunting here, with Jordan scating like a muezzin in the midst of a clear and spacious arrangement — and ends in the same freighted hush with which the album began: "Life's around the bend/ The end/is never far." Jordan sings the last word — "goodbye" — as if it might frost over in the instant it takes her to pronounce it. The album is unified both lyrically and melodically, and as Jordan pointed out to me, can be heard as one large song, motifs and key signatures opening one into another and then gathering themselves back again. Having personally listened to the "big" numbers, particularly "15," almost daily for two months, I find myself going back to the ballads now and hearing the album more and more as a balanced whole. It is also remarkably well recorded. In his first production for ECM, Bob Hurwitz has gone for a fuller sound than Manfred Eicher would have done, and this suits the ripeness of the music. The piano sound is particularly well real-

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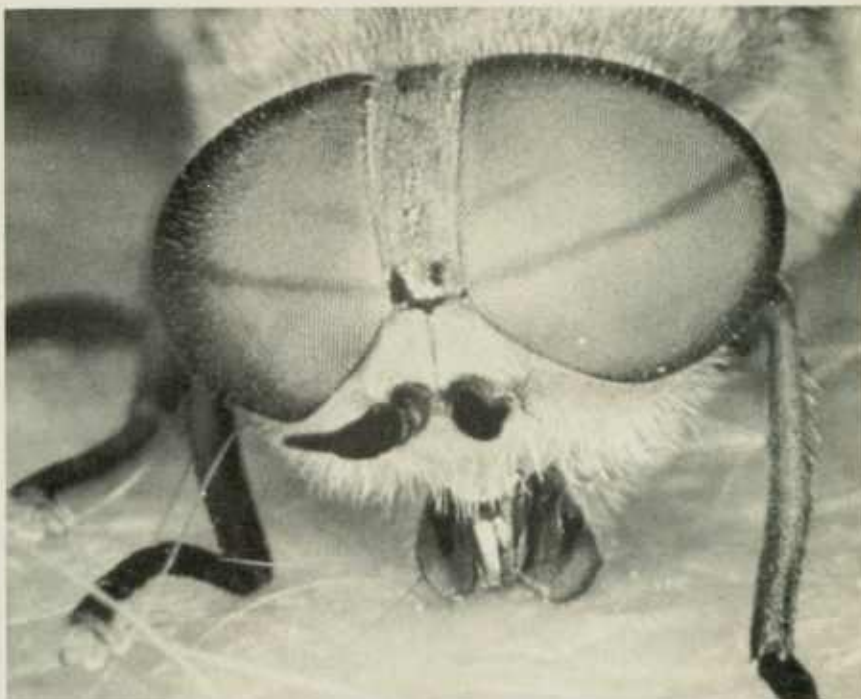
GOING BEYOND MUSIC: A CONSUMER GUIDE

Tired of the latest pap from rock central? Moving beyond music? A taste from the other side.

By Lester Bangs

Given the recent paucity of truly vital or even listenable LP releases containing what is commonly referred to as music, perhaps the time has come to investigate the actually wonderful world of sonic documentaries, i.e. sound effects records. We've all marvelled or laughed at them occasionally over the years, but I think few listeners realize that, especially given certain developments in both "serious" and popular musics during the past two or three decades, these collections of sounds largely made by neither human voice nor conventional instruments are every bit as musical as anything else filling the air. Their importance was realized even back in the Fifties, as these liner notes from an early entry on the Rondo-lette label called *Stereo Sounds* attest: "Because of the great separation of sound as shown in stereo recording, it is necessary to make records of sound effects. Normally, one does not think of these records for the home, but how else is one to show off the wonderful stereophonic set except by having the train come into the room from one side, whistling its approach, pass through the room and go out the other side. With the modern age, the jets have come into being and the whine of the jet is something with which we must become familiar. To have a jet enter the room from one side and leave through the other is an experience.

Yes, it is, but the doubtless high-tech field recorders at Rondo-lette barely scratch the surface. Still, I've been collecting for a while, and just as with rock or anything else it's good to have the wheat separated from the chaff, because contrary to conventional wisdom, not all sound effects records are of equivalent value or listenability. For instance, a friend bought an album called *Sounds of Disasters*, which purports to contain actual recordings of locomotives colliding, ocean liners going down in the middle of the Atlantic, etc., and it's obviously faked. But did you know that you would never want to own the tantalizingly titled *Voices of the Satellites* (Folkways FX 6200), despite the presence of star Soviet pooch Laika barking in outer space, because what it mainly consists of is a lot of actually quite dull beeps with a wormy little prof who sounds like a beep himself lecturing in between?



You'd be far better off with *The Sounds of the Junk Yard* (Folkways FX 6143), a masterpiece featuring such cuts as "Acetylene Torch, Cutting Apart an Automobile Engine," "Loading Pick-Up Truck by Hand with 400 lb. Bales of Aluminum Scrap," and "Burning Out an Old Car." It's not just that it cuts any electronic composition not to mention any Ted Nugent album that comes to mind, but that I've always found something oddly soothing about this record. It represents that rare phenomenon, a piece of pure noise which transcends its sources somehow—on one level an environments record, surely, but on another an aesthetic experience which can be enjoyed on its own merits independent of one's understanding of just exactly what one is hearing at any given moment (are they throwing the bales of scrap on or off the truck? etc.), much like the finest movie soundtracks.

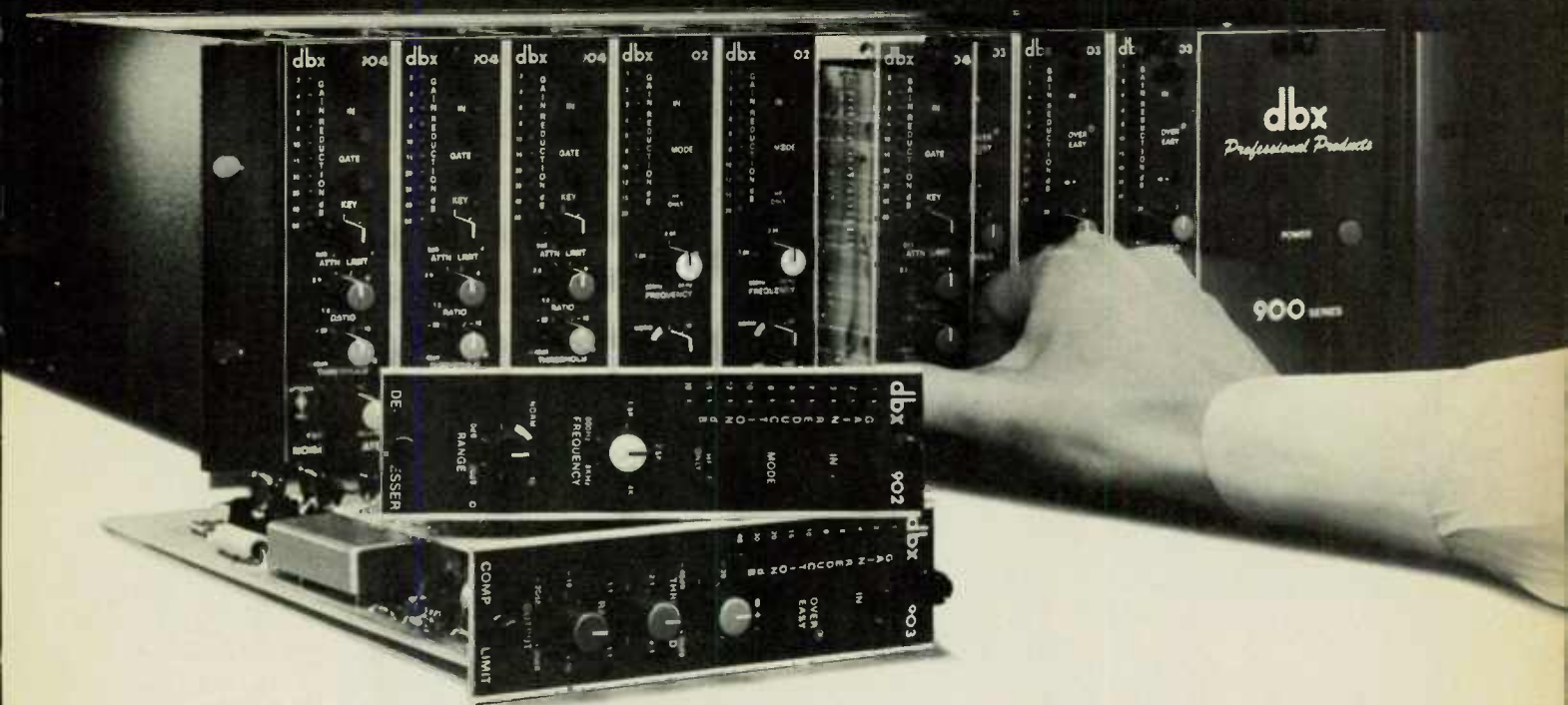
Speaking of environments records, you can still get the original three from Atlantic's much-publicized series from the early Seventies. The best of them is the first (Atlantic SD 66001), featuring "The Psychologically Ultimate Seashore" and "Optimum Aviary"; if you live in a nerve-shredding noisy urban area like I do, the sea side in particular really does filter out traffic, screams of the

defenseless, etc. The worst of them is the third one (Atlantic SD 66003), featuring "Dusk at New Hope, Penn." (I prefer Folkways crickets; in fact, it's amazing how many of the best sound effects records are on Folkways, where they always seem to capture those atmospheric little extras that fix them in time as well as place) and "Be-In (A Psychoacoustic Experience)," which features Hare Krishnas, David Peel, flutes 'n' bongos, barking dogs and OMMMMers, all gamboling in Sheep's Meadow, N.Y. in 1969 but sounding for the most part like any other large scale picnic. So much for the counterculture.

Urbanites might also appreciate *Sounds of a Tropic Rain Forest in South America* (Folkways FX 6120), *Sounds of a South African Homestead* (Folkways FX 6151), and *Here at the Water's Edge* (Folkways FX 6161), which represent different aspects of aural balm or at least exotica; your preference among the three depends, I suppose, on whether you'd rather let yourself be soothed by Macaws and three wattled bell birds (the *Rain Forest* record also nice for being divided by side into "Dry Season" and "Rainy Season"), ibises and Zulu music (including "Beer-Drink"—and I'm sure you'd rather cop your "Dawn Chorus"

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from Zululand than Atlantic's "Dawn at New Hope, Penn."), or little kids by the banks of the gurling Hudson talking excitedly about who's got "cooties."

Some of my favorite sound effects records are the anthologies, because they cover so much ground so quickly that foreground listening becomes much more tenable. For instance, in the course of *Sound Patterns* (Folkways FX 6130) we move from wood thrushes and crickets through "Thunder Storm," "Alligator Chorus," "Two Lions," "Monkey (happy)," "Same Monkey (angry)," (sounds like they're torturing it), "Tortoise Mating Call" (after each call you can hear the male tortoise scratching the female's shell, part of the courting ritual), "Musicians Tuning Up," "Animal Imitations by an Eskimo," to "Heartbeat"

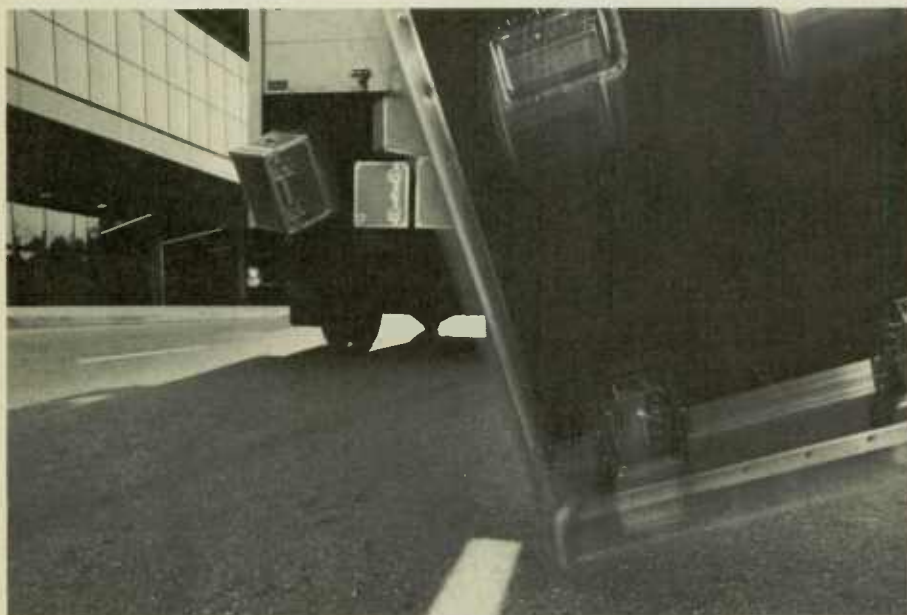
(a secretary's yet). And that's only on the first side! Just think of all the money you wasted on *Tusk*, when you could have had all this variety at half the price! Things get even wilder on the other side, highlights being African talking drums, a cab ride to the Boston Airport, the street cries of a clothesline repairman, hotdog vendors in N.Y.C. and flower vendors in both New York and Charleston, S.C., then over to "Cow Ceremony in Yugoslavia," on through "Jet Flight," "Railroad to Atlantic City," "Short Wave Radio," "Pump Drill" and two kinds of electronic feedback! Beat that, Frank Zappa! Also this stuff was recorded in the very early Fifties, so you get such priceless little bits of *mise-en-scene* as Johnny Ray's "The Little White Cloud That Cried" playing on a jukebox somewhere behind the hotdog vendor in Times Square (what I

meant about the Folkways' offerings being more atmospheric).

Not so diverse but possessed of its own charms is *Sound Effects #1* (Folkways FX 6170), the first side of which I don't need because it consists of things like "Street Drilling," though you might want to put it on a cassette in case you're thinking of going camping and tend to get homesick. The second side, though, is magnificent, leading off with six full minutes of "Cocktail Party," mostly hubbub though a word does pop out now and then ("Palisades," "because," "Cheers, everybody!"). You can't hear what they're really saying, but look at it this way: we all buy *People* and like magazines to eavesdrop on celebrities in 1980—then how much more exciting to eavesdrop on a bunch of nobodies recorded in 1960! Even better is "Luncheonette Counter," where amid the rattle of plates and silverware we hear "Will you get this box outa here, please?," the waitress calling to the griddleman "Cheese omelette!," "Pot roast, plain!," and "Chicken a la King!," and he actually answers her ("Pot roast, plain")! (Guess he didn't hear the other ones; joint's plenty noisy.) Meanwhile somebody else is still complaining about the box, and just before the cut ends we hear somebody (the boss?) saying "Carol, you know what you done?" Truly, there can be few more dramatic moments in all recorded sound, partially because there is no way we will ever be able to know what Carol done, or if she even lost her job over it, leading to her gradual decline to her present position as a shopping-bag lady on Fourteenth St. The rest of the side is less theatrical but similarly engrossing, including such slices of audio verite as "All Men's Bar at Luncheonette," "Press Club Room" and "Department Store Crowds."

While we're at it, we can hardly give short shrift to LPs devoted entirely to our friends in the animal kingdom. The whales, endangered as they are, got all the hype, but personally I prefer *The Language and Music of the Wolves* (Columbia C-30769), even if the whole second side is devoured by Robert Redford blathering on about how wolves are our friends and endangered, too, so we shouldn't shoot them. They only have about six notes in their basic melody, but you can definitely hear a lot of Hank Williams in there and they sing better than, say, his wife. Aside from various anthologies, there are also full albums given over to dogs, frogs, etc., but my very favorite, the all-time classic, the *Sounds of the Junk Yard of Beastland*, is *Sounds of Insects* (Scholastic SX 6178). Even though, as with the *Satellites* disc, there is some twerp all but wrecking the proceedings by interjecting his little explanations between takes (hell, there's a damn booklet inside!), this record is truly the microcosm as macro-

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FACES

GRATEFUL DEAD

Years after the five-hour songfests, Phippen and the Acid Tests, nobody on either side of the argument figured my late start with the Grateful Dead was gonna be worth much, Deadheads figured I'd never be able to understand the attraction, and they couldn't explain it to me anyway. Everyone else said I could wait until the turn of the century and still get nothing but the most elaborate ritual of boredom ever conjured. But I figured my first Dead concert, even in 1980, had to be worth something. At the very least, a rock and roll tourist obligation, and at best, well, see, I'd wondered for years: in 1972 I'd received *A Signpost to New Space* as a gift and it'd been a constant companion since. Jann Wenner and Charles (*The Greening of America*) Reich had done a series of interviews and "raps" with *paterfamilias* Jerry Garcia. Compiled in this wonderful book, they presented Garcia as a lucid and spiritual man with some good, if quaintly phrased, ideas. Somewhere in even the worst Dead marathon there had to be a trace of all that.

Heads tell me I caught 'em on a night when "it was happening," a feeling as tangible as the curly ponytail on the man in front of me. For the first time in weeks I was not in cerebral overfire. I felt myself relaxing all the way through the first set — made up not of lackadaisical noodling but songs, by God, and they weren't half bad. Into this maintenance-level cruise came a

JERRY GARCIA



LINDA MANTLOW

Garcia solo so pretty it just *hurt*, pressing as it did against solid (yes! solid) bands of power from Bob Weir's guitar and the song's rhythms-within-rhythms.

During the break we sat on the floor in the backstage hall and watched Garcia wander around, quiet and grey-haired and withdrawn. I had *Signpost* with me but for some reason was too shy to ask him to sign it. An aide informed me that *Go to Heaven* is selling the best of any Dead LP in fifteen years. Apparently I am not the only latecomer.

The noodling began during the second half. Deciding to be bored and irritated is precisely what opened the trap door and let me get through it. The noodle kept reaching interesting curls and turns, and a part of me instinctively knew how to stay with it. The end of the concert got intense and shimmery without fuss or forewarning. "Sugar Magnolia" — I'm not kidding! — was sexy. The crowd paid no mind to tapes and houselights, so the band kind of ambled on again (this was the second or third encore) and took the pitch down with a song working low and long, like a lullaby. The control, the unspoken connection, was staggering. I remembered the song from someone's black-light dorm room years ago and shut my eyes. The buzz levelled out. In the parking lot, someone played a tape of "Box of Rain." I doubt I'll buy Dead records now, either, but the band was great, and even kind of magic. I only wish I'd gotten Garcia to sign my book — *Laura Fissinger*

X

There's been precious little in the albums released by new Los Angeles bands to counter the widespread notion that LA merely swallows up prevailing trends and spits back pallid, plastic imitations of them. *Los Angeles*, the debut album on the independent, Jem-distributed Slash label, is the first vinyl indication that there's some fresh, vital music stirring in the City of Angels.

X has taken the kinetic, three chord power of punk as its base and welded choppy riffs, unorthodox melody lines and eerie vocal harmonies to that framework. Bassist John Doe and Exene supply the songs and voices to complement their street-life vignettes of a Los Angeles that's far from mellow



X

Doe is an excellent singer, his expressive voice often tailing off into a melismatic howl at the end of a line; Exene's forte is the character of her singing, so evident in the band's live performances, but it doesn't make the transition to vinyl as well. They met at the Venice Poetry Workshop and, while the lyrics never slide into the realm of sung poetry, images like "The World's A Mess: It's In My Kiss" should offer enough for those prone to symbolic analysis.

Guitarist Bill Zoom (who led his own rockabilly band and played with the late Gene Vincent years ago) smoothly integrates rockabilly and classic Berry links into punk power chords. Drummer Don Bonebrake maintains a relentless pace, heavy on the bass drum and snare shots, frequently throwing in the rockabilly two step for an extra push.

In his first outside production venture, Ray Manzarek has opted for a no frills, minimal overdubbing approach that attains a clean, crisp studio sound without sacrificing the band's live power. *Los Angeles* is quite simply a great album, one that I suspect even surprised X's local followers.

So why is a band capable of making this good a record not signed to a major label? When London and New York went through the initial throes of the punk paroxysm, the trailblazer bands, the ones who founded and shaped the scenes, ended up (however grudgingly or belatedly) with contracts.

That didn't happen in Los Angeles — the local punk bands suffered through an 18 month de facto booking ban at the major Hollywood clubs, at that time (spring '78) virtually the only venues open to live original music. The power pop bands and career-hungry trend jumpers reaped the rewards of being in the industry eye when the music business here realized that something was happening on the local front. Hence all those wonderfully worthless albums by Su Saad, Shandi, Sumner, et al.

The ban had two salutary effects — the punk bands were forced to go out and found the now-thriving network of clubs where they could play and build their audience from the ground floor up. X's grassroots following is so strong now that *Los Angeles* edged into the lower reaches of the trade charts for a few weeks solely on the basis of local sales. — *Don Snowden*

14 CARAT SOUL

With the fading of disco, vocal groups are enjoying a resurgence. There's the silky soul flavor (Ray, Goodman & Brown, the Whispers, Manhattans and Spinners), cabaret cum jazz (Manhattan Transfer), even doo wop (the Persuasions). Now I'm not a sixty minute man, and there weren't any street corner harmonizers or gospel churches where I grew up (not for nothing was my town dubbed Plainville, right next to the burgh of Hicksville), so I'm no expert on doo wop. But then neither was the audience at Blood Ulmer's December appearance at N.Y.U.'s Loeb Student Center, and they responded to five teenagers from East Orange, N.J. (the first act) by whooping and hollering like a Saturday night uptown church service. Fourteen Carat Soul cut every vocal group I'd ever heard that night, and their performances since then have served only to confirm my initial impression — they are very special.

Organized by tenor Glenn T. Wright in November of 1975 (and mid-wifed by Stan Krause, a doo wop veteran who helped launch the Persuasions), Fourteen Carat Soul illuminates the best aspects of the vocal group tradition from the 40s to the 80s; they perform all manner of doo wop, R&B and gospel chestnuts without necessarily being defined by them. In their most recent performance at the swank Soho club Greene Street, Fourteen Carat Soul evoked a range of emotions and inflections on the Chamber Brothers' "People Get Ready" that suggested an oral tradition much older than the song itself, and a sense of polyphony more akin to jazz orchestrators like Ellington than to soul music. What sets Fourteen Carat Soul apart is their breadth of dynamic range, the contrapuntal intricacy and drive of their rhythms, the clarity and individuality of each separate voice, and the utter audacity of their harmonies. On "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" Reginald Brisbon's loping, subterranean bass moved in and around the groove, just like a Fender player, while baritone Russel Fox and tenors Wright, Bobby Wilson and David Thurmond super-imposed dissonant substitute chords over pure unison passages: "I ain't never heard no bebop doo wop," one jazzman commented to me admiringly.

The problem with being the best a cappella group in the world is that the

ALTERNATIVE PHOTOS

industry and the public view it as an exercise in nostalgia. Fourteen Carat Soul is a lot more than a golden oldies act, as their critically acclaimed work in the off-Broadway play *Sister Suzie Cinema* shows. The challenge is how to fit traditional values to contemporary production standards without losing the creative essence *Lovers' Fantasy* (Catamount Records, 737 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, N.J. 07306) is Fourteen Carat Soul's entree into the treacherous waters of pop, and though it's not the same thing as listening to their voices soar up to the cathedral-like ceiling of Greene Street, they finesse the issue with considerable success. No one in Fourteen Carat Soul is older than 21 — these youngsters come to burn, and if you experience them live (as West Coast and European audiences shall soon) there's no way to avoid having a good time. Sing out. — *Chip Stern*

ART ENSEMBLE

Dear Mom and Dad,

I started off my weekend in the Big City by going to see the Art Ensemble of Chicago at Town Hall at midnight, June 27 (part of the Newport fest), and I'm glad I don't have to review it for the magazine because it was the greatest concert I've been to in my life and if I said so in print everybody would think I was dumb or crazy or both. I knew they were a great band and all that but the Town Hall concert was just too good to be true. The first set was this huge, opened-up version of "Charlie M." — you know, the funny cut from the new album — and it was pretty good: Roscoe Mitchell took a long bass saxophone solo throughout which he looked like he'd rather have been home reading, Jarman took an unexpectedly Lesterian tenor solo and Bowie stole the show in his new outfit (he's ditched the medical gear and came as a chef or the Pillsbury Dough-boy) and, in Miles' absence, the most haunting, expressive trumpet tone in the music. But the second set was the killer. We got a new tune from Roscoe Mitchell, fast, spiralling and canonic; a hushed, collective ballad improvisation on which angels might have stood; and, now that we're all gearing up for WWII (the big one without survivors), an update of "Get in Line" crammed with psychotic military marches ("look out, world!"), frantic semaphores and flung confetti — Jarman's unique, let's never forget him — and some roofraising freeblow Mitchell still looked like he'd rather be home but did maybe the best work I've ever heard from him, it'd be hard to say. Lester was great of course, and the rhythm section of Moye and Favors was just stupendous; Moye's chops still scare me and Malachi walks like a giant in the earth. After a rinky-dink ballroom parody there was a great percussion jam, and at the end Favors strapped on an electric bass and the band played some exuberant funk before closing with the obligatory "Odwalla." After the ovation the audience seemed dazed. I know I was.

On the way out we threw away all our money, swore to live the right life forever after. Your loving son.— *Rafi Zabor*

WILD TCHOUPITOULAS

Is it any wonder that New Orleans musicians rarely play outside their hometown? There's the food, the music, the alcohol, the heat, the funerals, Jax, Walgreen's, Mardi Gras, the stuff of American legend — who needs to leave just to impress big city dwellers and unsuspecting heartlanders up north?

Undoubtedly it was this, as well as superstitious jitters, that prevented the great R&B singer Earl "Trick Bag" King from boarding his plane for a Friday the 13th (of June) gig at The 80s in New York. Thankfully, a concurrently advertised show with the Neville Brothers and the Wild Tchoupitoulas at the Bottom Line *did* come off, even though the Nevilles themselves had to act as a facsimile of the Tchoups, who were apparently too old and/or settled in their ways to make the trip up. The Tchoupitoulas — once a street gang, hence the war-cry chants like "Meet de boys at de battlefront," "Indians here dey come," and the identification of members of the troupe as Big Chief Jolly, Flag Boy and Spy Boy — are a sort of social club/Mardi Gras tribal society who hang out on Tchoupitoula Street near Tipitina's, work on the stunningly embroidered, plumed, Indian-style Mardi Gras costumes and chant their calls and responses with the Neville Brothers backing them. They made an album with the Meters in 1976 (on Island — get it for funk's sake) that became an instant classic, American roots music at its best.

The Nevilles do what the Meters did in the 70s, ably preserve the New Orleans tradition of second-line funk, building layer upon layer of deep-in-the-pocket syncopation guaranteed to get your ear in gear, y'hear? The way the offbeats swing through the

THE WILD TCHOUPITOULAS



DEBORAH FEINGOLD



14 CARAT SOUL



THE ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO


groove evokes ska and reggae, which of course partly originated in the Crescent City R&B that floated out to island radios. The Nevilles this night weren't quite as good as the Meters in their heyday (but then I've never heard anybody match that syncopated, bonecrushing beat). They opened a set of razor-sharp funk with a neat Booker T-on-the-bayou instrumental, spotlighting Ivan Neville's juicy organ lines, and faltered only in playing too many sweet-soul ballads (but I can't complain too much when one of them was Aaron Neville's 60s classic "Tell it Like it Is"). The Nevilles really got going when they lit into the chunky Meters tune "Fire on the Bayou," which segued right into Professor Longhair's rollicking version of "Big Chief." By this time the capacity crowd was on its feet, stomping and shouting. The Nevilles disappeared while the band pounded out a bodypunching Bo Diddley beat until Charles, Cyrille, Ivan Neville and his songwriting chum Reggie Cummings strutted back out all duded up in wild Tchoupitoulas festi-

val garb. There were bright primary colors, feathers and glitter everywhere. The surrogate Tchoupitoulas passed a ceremonial pipe around and commenced a 20-minute set of those fantastically funky, festive, and ferocious call-and-response street anthems over kick-ass rhythm. The insistent, infectious polyrhythms, the secular gospel of the tribal rallying cries, the vivid visual spectacle — it mattered not a whit that Big Chief Jolly (George Landry), whose coarse, weathered bray of a voice is one of the Tchoup LP's most endearing charms, wasn't up there. The music took on a life of its own, a power enhanced to earthshaking proportions by the celebratory rite in which we all partook. But then (like Sun Ra) a Wild Tchoupitoulas show is more than mere music: it's a striking, peculiarly American hybrid of music, dance, theatre and cross-cultural ritual that resolves itself in an overwhelming universal funk catharsis. We jaded big city dwellers could stand a little more of this medicine. — *Michael Shore*

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James Booker cont. from page 22
straight out he began playing and singing it, and everyone in the studio simply froze. Some of the session players, Pretty Purdie and Cornell Dupree, just stood with their eyes popping out of their heads; they'd never heard anyone play like that. I decided right then I had to make a record with him, just him at the piano playing and singing, the way it sounded right then in the studio, and a couple of weeks later, I booked a studio and we recorded the album."

Boyd also tried to land him the part of the elegant bawdy house pianist in Louis Malle's *Pretty Baby*. He was perfect for the part, and Malle considered their meeting to be little more than a formality. Unfortunately, Booker showed up for the meeting and screen test at the tail end of a three day drunk, barely able to walk, and had to be half carried off the set. Someone else got the part.

Booker sobered up and eventually went off on a European tour, recording a couple of albums while on tour: *Live on Gold Records* won the Grand Prix de Disques de Jazz in Montreux 1978. Recorded at an international piano contest, most of the other contenders were earnest young Swiss and German kids playing Jelly Roll Morton. Booker hit the Steinway, the crowd went berserk.

The Piano Prince From New Orleans on Aves, a West German label, is harder to find (due to a technical dispute with Island over Booker re-recording songs he had just recorded for *Junco Partner*), but is another good live album and features liner notes by Norbert Hess (who once ran off with Booker's money and clothes after locking him in a Belgian hotel room). *Live, Junco Partner*, and occasionally *Piano Prince* are available through Leisure Landing, 5500 Magazine St., New Orleans, La.

During this same tour, Booker recorded some tapes at a studio in Germany which are choice. Selections include "Eleanor Rigby" and Louis Cotrell's "True," originally recorded by Annie Laurie, one of Booker's great inspirations (though Booker claims that he can sing notes that Annie couldn't reach). Louis Cotrell died four days after the song was cut, and Booker, ever the paranoid numerologist, was much distressed. Those tapes remain unreleased, though there is talk.

Meanwhile Booker plays Tuesday nights at The Maple Leaf, spinning out wild blues improvisations, and performs in a New Orleans theater company's production of "One Mo' Time." His business card reads:

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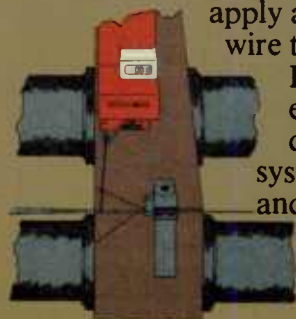
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Thanks to New Orleans' own Bunny Matthews for information and assistance.

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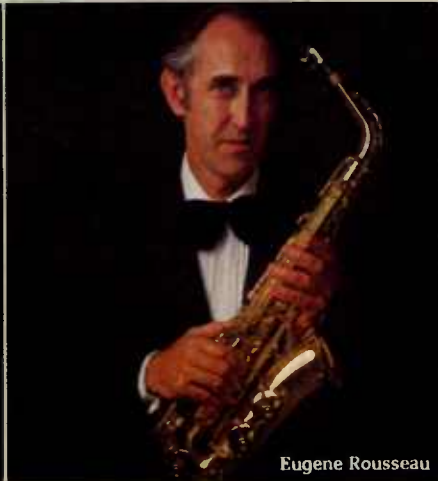
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PETER GABRIEL

Peter Gabriel is a rock and roll chameleon, constantly shedding and reinventing his musical and lyrical identities, deftly avoiding stereotypes in order to maintain his flexibility and independence. Five years ago he abandoned the commercial security of Genesis to work with more personal small-scale insights rather than the grand scenarios of art-rock. True to form, his third solo album again defies expectations, focusing more on rhythms and less on the harmonies and melodies that were his trademark.

By Jon Pareles

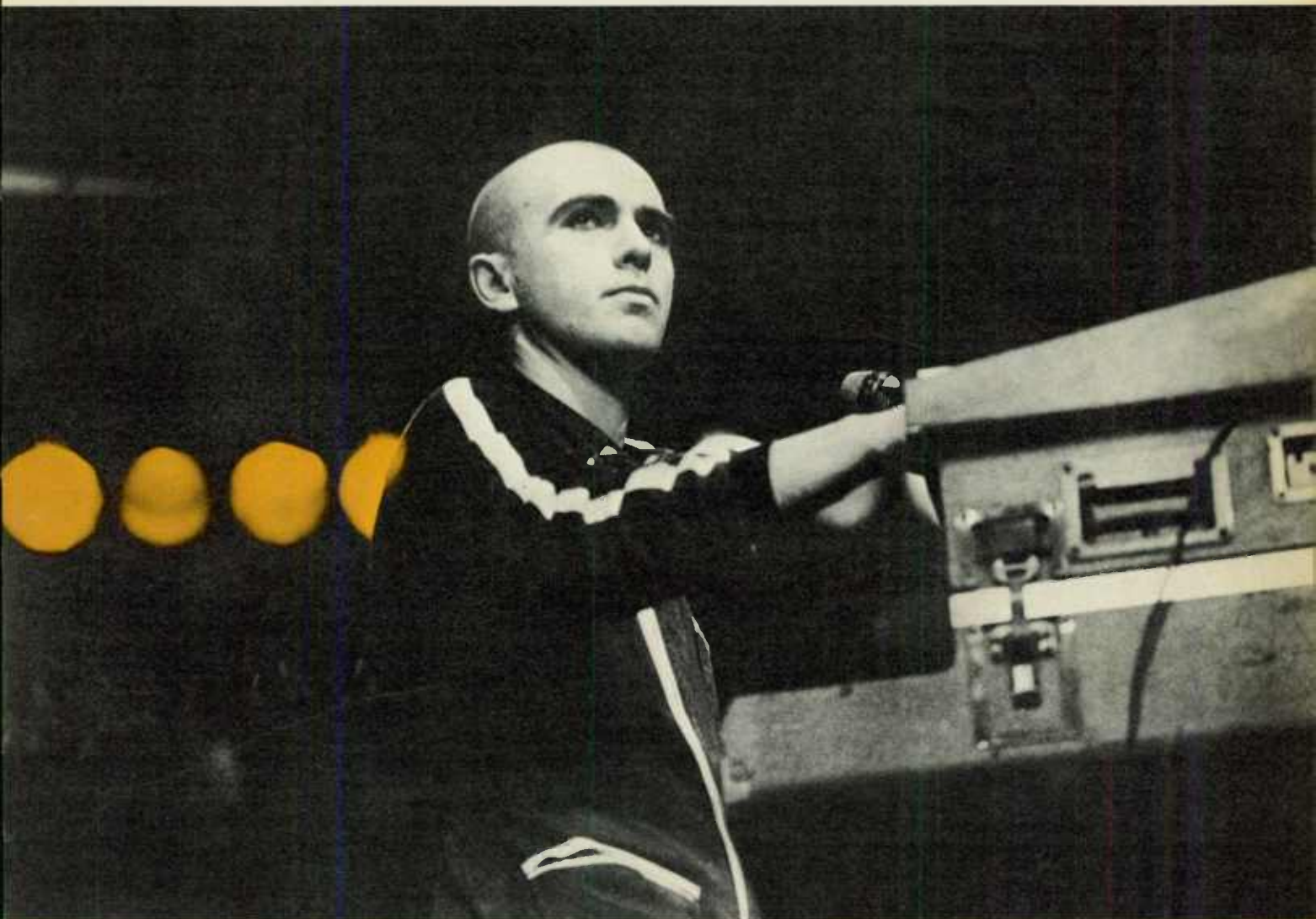
*"I got no means to show identification
I got no paper to show you what I am
You'll have to take me just the way that you find me..."*
I Don't Remember

That's Peter Gabriel—maybe. And maybe not, because he doesn't make it easy for us to find the singer in the song. Gabriel writes about fantasies, states of (someone's) mind, real or imagined characters in real or imagined situations, virtually anything except himself; his protagonists are the shiftiest "I"s in rock. In the age of the marketing strategy, Gabriel is perversely polymorphous, completely ignoring even the possibility of an image for himself. While it seems every solo act in pop — from Bruce Springsteen to Carly Simon (who's backed up by past and present Gabriel band members on her new *Come Upstairs*) — virtually trade-

marks a songwriting persona, a limited public image, Gabriel prefers to disappear in and around his characters — an invisible puppeteer.

Not only does Gabriel refuse to stick to one verbal point of view; he also shrugs off anything like a trademark sound. Although his voice — hoarse, desperate, singing rhymes like an ancient mariner — is distinctive, its setting keeps shifting, song to song, album to album. If he'd wanted marketable "consistency," he'd have stayed with Genesis, the band he founded in prep school in 1967 and steered all the way to the arena circuit before quitting in 1975. With Genesis, he had been writing story-songs and ('fraid so) cosmic fables, set to a virtuosic art-rock that, in songs like "Supper's Ready," could dissolve from jig to apocalypse and back in seconds. Genesis' stage shows grew increasingly elaborate, with frontman Gabriel done up in costumes that grew more and more ridicu-

U T F R O N T I E R S



EBET ROBERTS

ious; having stuck with the band through the rock opera *The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway*, Gabriel bid large-scale pretension and echo-y arpeggios goodbye, leaving Genesis to become the late-'70s version of the Moody Blues.

And while Genesis plodded around the arenas, lasers in hand, Gabriel took an imaginative leap — instead of portraying stories literally, he decided to trust his audience and let them envision his songs in their mind's eyes. Gabriel's first post-Genesis solo album (entitled, like the next two, *Peter Gabriel* — his only consistent move, and a confusing one to all concerned) tried blues, barbershop quartets, heavy metal, 7/4 folk-rock, and full orchestra — anything to shake off the stultifying sameness of Genesis's who-put-the-pomp sound. Gabriel scaled his stories down to masquerade as pop songs, but unlike most pop they defied the listener to identify with them, and they didn't provide the jaunty amiability of Genesis

tunes. Out of Genesis, though, Gabriel's songwriting tightened its focus; his songs might have odd subject matter, but their hooks were undeniable.

With the second *Peter Gabriel*, he faltered. Robert Fripp was and is a fine sideman but not the right producer; he seemed to want to place Gabriel's voice in an indistinct backdrop that sounded too much like Son of Genesis. But the third Gabriel solo LP is a triumph. Gabriel (as will be seen below) has decided to think solely in terms of the studio sound, and with synthesist Larry Fast he's learning to tease out timbral nuances that no one else in rock cares about. The third *Peter Gabriel* still has its singer playing hide-and-seek in its songs, but the vestiges of art-rock filigree have been burned off, and the rhythms brought forward, so that the distance implied by Gabriel's role-playing wars with the immediacy of the sound — like the squeamish, enlightening sensation you'd get from a



EBET ROBERTS

“If the music is simpler, the lyrics are exposed and your ideas are put to the test. If it still works, you don’t need the musical costuming to dress it up.”

film shot entirely in close-up. And there are still six more tracks from these sessions awaiting release.

With three Gabriel solo LPs, it’s tempting to try and make connections, to trap the elusive PG persona in a net of his own images. But all there is to catch is more paradox: PG the invisible man is obsessed with electronic communications; his songs are filled with radios, telephones, TV cameras, wires. PG the dedicated individualist has plenty to say about identity loss and groupthink; in songs like “Animal Magic,” “Not One of Us,” and the unreleased “Milgram’s 37” (based on a notorious psychology experiment which found that among average Americans, 63% were willing to administer near-lethal electric shocks if ordered to do so), he toys with conformity and obedience. No, the only thing his lyrics prove unequivocally is that Gabriel projects himself marvelously into sane and not-so-sane minds (he does prefer innocents), and that his sense of language is magnificent (in one song, for instance, he off-handedly equates “TV dinner, TV news”). He can even write from real outrage, as he does in “Biko,” without sounding contrived or self-righteous. Well, if he wants to stay hidden, that’s fine — he’s too smart, and his ears are too good, not to show us that he’s in there somewhere.

I spoke to Gabriel near the end of his most recent American tour, backstage at the scenic Asbury Park, N.J. Convention Center. Gabriel, 30, has a gaze so calm and fixed it’s unsettling, an aura of relaxed curiosity and egolessness, neither guarded nor effusive. No clues.

MUSICIAN: From the sound of this album, it seems that you’re not trying so hard to prove that you’re eclectic. The first solo album had a blues and a heavy metal tune and a folk cut

... by now, on the third one, you’re not using any genres but your own.

GABRIEL: On the first one, I was not confident of what I was doing. I had just left a band situation that left me with an image as a glorified clothes prop. I felt that I wanted to establish something as a writer, to explore things I hadn’t done before, and Bob Ezrin’s production style does have a tendency toward the grand. There was a version of “Here Comes the Flood” that was very similar to the version on Robert’s [Fripp’s *Exposure*] album; at that time, I liked both, but now I tend toward the understated rather than the grand. At the same time, Bob did know how to use a studio better than anyone else I’ve worked with. On the second album, Robert [Fripp] didn’t think it was fully what he wanted, and I didn’t think it was fully what I wanted. He did have some definite ideas that he was hoping would materialize on the album. On this one, Steve [Lillywhite] took the attitude that he was there to record what was happening and assist it rather than try to steer it.

MUSICIAN: By now, your ideas are a lot stronger, too.

GABRIEL: Well, there was a lot of collaboration, too — the album isn’t a great Wagnerian total work. The sound of it had a lot to do with Steve, Hugh Padgham — the engineer — and Larry Fast, programming the synthesizers. I would make a sound with my mouth, and Larry and I would try and reproduce it. Sometimes Steve would get bored while we tried to get the right sound. But unlike any other instruments, synthesizers sound better the more time you take with them, making sure each sound has just the right personality. Generally, I know better how to get what I want.

MUSICIAN: Your lyrics have changed a lot, too; they concentrate more on single images and less on narratives.

GABRIEL: I haven’t analyzed it consciously like that at all, but I think it has to do with the musical style: small-scale insight rather than a grand scenario.

MUSICIAN: Would you ever think of doing a large concept piece again?

GABRIEL: Yeah (laughs). Maybe not for awhile. Anyway, I don’t think I’ve entirely grown out of what some people regard as my bad habits. It’s just that my taste is focused now on something that seems more moving, more personal, more direct. It’s funny, I can see with Magazine how Howard Devoto will use puns that make me cringe the way I used to make others cringe.

MUSICIAN: That whole pretentious feeling also has a lot to do with those huge mushrooming harmonies, with the setting.

GABRIEL: I think rock has veered between those two skills. There’s been some amazing music made with appalling lyrics, and there’s been some appalling music with great lyrics, both capable of being primitive and powerful. If the music is simpler, then the lyrics are more exposed and your ideas are put to the test. Then, if it still works, you don’t need the costuming to dress it up. I’m talking about musical costuming.

MUSICIAN: Are there musical costumes you still want to try?

GABRIEL: I was thinking at one point that if I seem to have got things through effectively enough on my own stuff that I might enjoy doing maybe one or two EPs like, well, in the old days, *Sinatra Sings Bacharach*, maybe *Gabriel Sings Ray Davies*. I still very much enjoy the craft of songwriting, which allows me to enjoy Bacharach, Randy Newman, all sorts of people. When you don’t have the responsibility of making the original or definitive version of a song, you can have fun, and take a very different attitude.

MUSICIAN: What do you learn from a songwriter like Bacharach?

GABRIEL: How to do things, song construction, using very simple things. The words, some of the images — again, he does an amazing amount with very little. And some great rhythm things, too (hums “Do You Know the Way to San Jose?”). I can get great pleasure from hearing it, even though the style may not be something I enjoy. The same way I love Nina Simone — my favorite singers are Nina Simone and Otis Redding — even if the backup seems like kitsch.

MUSICIAN: Randy Newman solves some of the same prob-

lems you do: creating personae, making plausible characters with a minimum of information. Unlike Springsteen, or someone like that, it's hard to figure out your personality from the songs you write. Your audience can't identify with you.

GABRIEL: It's not all masks. There are some songs which I must admit to being part of: "Flotsam and Jetsam," "Solsbury Hill." Those are sympathetic characters. But I think just by subject matter and choice of subject matter, you must be expressing something about yourself. I don't believe much in the rock and roll mythology. The persona that goes out onstage doesn't permeate the supermarket when I go out to buy a packet of cigarettes. I think we're made up of different characters, impulses, and so on, and I'm able to realize some of them in songs. In fact, I think I became less extrovert when I began to go onstage.

MUSICIAN: What about onstage? You've been finding a sort of middle ground between the "sincere" and the dramatic.

GABRIEL: Maybe it is. I hope that I can shift from place to place, so that if I want to be serious and menacing, I'm not restricted by being a sincere folkie in jeans. And if I want to take a piss at myself, I haven't set myself up as a stylistic

listening to all sorts of rhythms, whether it was African things or rock or whatever, finding out what it was I liked in the music, what excited me. I spent a lot of time analyzing and trying to come up with some new rhythms, the essence of what I'd been listening to. Some of the new stuff is directly influenced by pet rhythms. The track "Lead a Normal Life" doesn't have much daring in the source of rhythm, which is a Bo Diddley. You just hear a rhythm track fading in at the end of the song, when in fact it was written around that rhythm.

On "Biko," I thought I was using a rhythm from the soundtrack of an African film, *Dingaka*, a lesser-known Stanley Baker epic, the music of which was extraordinary. I thought I took the rhythm exactly, but I listened back to it and I couldn't find it, so I must have remembered it wrong. But it was definitely in the style of those tribal things. I set it up on the electric rhythm box, so it was repeating itself endlessly, and I was thinking that it was one of my favorite rhythms — the groove was already there. So I could be much simpler, because that rhythm had a life of its own. Whereas normally I'm still interested in writing chord changes, melodic changes, harmonic changes, I didn't have to do it. So it definitely changed the style



thermometer that would be smashed if it doesn't function in its normal way.

MUSICIAN: So you want to leave yourself as a blank that can be projected on, or that you can project a self onto.

GABRIEL: That's what I'd like to be, right. I don't think it always works. I think that people still do have an impression that stays. It has changed since Genesis days, when people used to read mystical meanings into everything. Now there's much less of that. Although I do get weird letters from time to time ...

MUSICIAN: In the *New Musical Express* interview, you said you wrote the songs on the new album in a different way, building from the rhythm upward. Could you explain that more fully?

GABRIEL: I was using this little rhythm box made by Paia. I think they cost around \$150, which is a lot cheaper than some of the competitors, though I think rhythm boxes are getting cheaper all the time. This one's totally programmable — its sounds aren't the best, but its flexibility is. I spent a lot of time

"I think we're made up of different characters, impulses and so on, and I'm able to realize some of them in songs. The persona that goes onstage doesn't permeate the supermarket when I go to buy cigarettes."

of writing. The interest of the tunes is less melodic and harmonic and a lot more rhythmic than previously.

MUSICIAN: You say you analyzed African music to find what you were interested in. Can you explain what it was you learned?

GABRIEL: Well, for instance, the Bo Diddley rhythm could be found on a tribal record, and other rhythms too which have gotten well absorbed into rock music. I listened to Japanese music too; I'd go into little Oriental stores on Derrod Street in London and ask for instrumental things — I hadn't a clue what I

was asking for, but I heard some wonderful koto stuff. There's an amazing sense of space; what they don't play is as important as what they do.

MUSICIAN: It also seems you've been listening to a lot of minimal things — Steve Reich, for instance.

GABRIEL: I'm very patchy on his stuff. Since then, I've listened to *Drumming*. But *Music for 18 Musicians* was a direct influence on "No Self Control" — I just loved the textures on that record, and thought I'd like to try it in a rock context. Usually, influences are not so consciously done.

MUSICIAN: For a rock record, this one sounds unusual. There's not much midrange — it's all highs and lows.

GABRIEL: One thing we did, along with the rhythm idea, was that we wanted to get a live sound, a very ambient sound. So we recorded in a converted farm building where I usually rehearse, with a mobile; there's a lot of spill from one track to another. The sound is good because it accumulates at various points, with about six different mikes picking up the same sort of ambience from the drums. Some of these were treated through a thing called Dimension D, made by Roland, which is basically a phase-relationship device. You've heard of the Aphex Aural Exciter; I think the D works something like that. It's not very well known in studios now, but it gives things a slight quirky character because it has the liveness of the room and the electronic phase quality that's only just perceptible, very sketchy

MUSICIAN: Is that what's happening at the beginning of "Intruder," that whooshing sound?

GABRIEL: No, that's the noise gate when it closes down, but the D is used as well on that. Another thing you might not notice initially is that there are no cymbals on the album. You get used to hearing them, but when they're gone there's a whole frequency spectrum left clean and empty, so there's more room for the highs to be felt.

MUSICIAN: Your drummers [Phil Collins and Jerry Marotta] must've gone nuts.

GABRIEL: I had a little trouble initiating the idea, but after awhile Jerry, who did most of the tracks, really got into it. Eventually, we did some amazing stuff because he really had very little to do. In one hand, he'd have a shaker, and with the other hand he'd be doing very simple drum licks.

MUSICIAN: It seems to be a sort of dub-related idea, a subtractive procedure. Were you thinking in those terms? Pulling things out to see how it would sound?

GABRIEL: Not so much — I'm not well-versed in dub. But in a couple of mixes, there were a lot more instruments recorded than actually appear on the track. That happened on "Lead a Normal Life." One of the things we were doing was that we did take a few risks — if we felt something would sound better cut down, we weren't afraid to offend someone's feelings, even if they'd worked hard on a part. What often happens in a democratic band situation is that you get all five people uptight, and you use the part because you want the band to stay together. Everyone gets hurt. Whereas sometimes maybe the music could breathe more if some "fascist" character wiped out the unnecessary.

MUSICIAN: What about playing live, though?

GABRIEL: Live is looser. Jerry uses cymbals, for a start. And everybody has to be into the live situation for it to work. I also don't aim to try and reproduce records live. From the outset it's completely unlike the studio, and you have different tools at your disposal.

MUSICIAN: Also a different sonic environment.

GABRIEL: Certainly. You have much less control.

MUSICIAN: Going back to the album, "Intruder" comes as a real shock to anyone familiar with your earlier songs. It's also a strange cut to open an album with, very percussive and dissonant, and I can't figure out how you put its harmonies together.

GABRIEL: It's quite brittle; certainly a lot of rock tends to be rather flabby. And it's a bit more dissonant than what I usually do. I use the flatted fifth, which is instant nastiness. The acoustic guitar is the basis of that, playing the flatted fifth. I quite like it

when you try and get sinister things with innocent instruments, and innocent things with sinister instruments.

MUSICIAN: Have you tried that elsewhere?

GABRIEL: "D.I.Y.," I was thinking of that. I was trying to get some energy, and I'd been impressed by some of the New Wave stuff, and yet I didn't want to rip off their medium. So I thought I'd use some of that energy but I'd try and put it in an acoustic setting.

MUSICIAN: Another striking thing about "Intruder" is the overlapping xylophone solos.

GABRIEL: What happened there was that we had three solos that Morris Pert recorded independently, and we just tried them once together. It would've been pretty clever if we'd written it out.

MUSICIAN: It doesn't sound like you're trying to show off or be clever on this album; your harmonies are more basic, and the lyrics are very clear.

GABRIEL: Being clever is a stupid thing to try and prove. I think people start off and they first play around with things, and they hit home through naivete and inexperience, and there's a purity. The second stage is when they begin to realize what it is that they're doing; they try and master the craft of what they're doing, and get caught up in technique and being clever and impressing people. And the third stage is when they realize that's a waste of time, and they can go back to being simple, more intuitive. Certain things on this album, like "Biko," work on that level. In the past, sometimes the feeling of a track has been subservient to the idea on top of it, and it's somehow been less powerful, less cohesive as a result. This time, with the rhythm idea, I tried to start with the feeling and build from that. I think that by doing things like saying "No cymbals," "Rhythm first," and so on, you allow something unusual to happen. The drummer plays differently, so then the bass player plays differently ... it's a sequential course, one thing follows another.


MUSICIAN: Do you worry about audiences not understanding you?

GABRIEL: Well, you read the *NME* article; he claimed I was being commercial all along. Well, the English record company was a little worried, and the American record company (Atlantic) dropped me when they heard the record, so that was bound to make me think that maybe it is a bit weird. But I do feel that I'm able to take more risks than I might have done a few years ago, and I'm not consciously scared. Because with Genesis I sort of got over the need to be in a "big act." Now it doesn't seem so important; whether I can do it again or not, it doesn't matter so much. I want to make music that interests me. In the process of making the album, I had tracks that could get a lot more radio play than "Lead a Normal Life," but that and "Biko" are the two most different pieces of writing I've done, and I wanted to see them both on the album. Once I've finished an album, I do try to sell it — the disc goes out on the marketplace, and it's silly to pretend otherwise. And when I have a part like that whistling in "Games Without Frontiers," I know it's catchy, obviously I'm aware of that. But we did have trouble getting that record released here.

MUSICIAN: Songs like "Lead a Normal Life" and "Milgram's 37" — "We do what we're told" — does this suggest a new political direction along with your fascist studio attitude?

GABRIEL: (laughs) I love being moved, I like getting shivers down my spine. I think it can be quite effective, that metallic, electronic approach. But myself, most of the music I like is aimed at being emotional, rather than non-emotional, and is therefore non-fascist.

MUSICIAN: You've written about so many topics, though; you're pretty slippery.

GABRIEL: Well, I hope so — I function better that way. Otherwise people pin you down to one kind of music, one stereotype — that's your position, that's the way they perceive you. And if their prejudices don't slip into your own, you lose that possible avenue of approach. By being fairly faceless, and not seen as someone who concentrates on style, I can stay more flexible and independent. 

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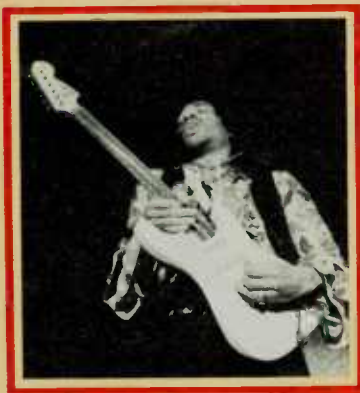
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JIMI HENDRIX



THE VOODOO LIVES ON

A decade has passed since Jimi Hendrix departed this plane. He was a prophet who had known some honor, almost all of it exactly the wrong kind, a prolific and profligate creator who left almost everyone who heard or saw him with the distinct impression that the heartcenter of his work remained tantalizingly out of reach. So even today, as scraps of his music never intended for public consumption are steadily dredged up, each one is greeted with nervous anticipation, as if the right six hundred feet of tape might open up and clarify the dimensions and secrets of his ambition, recasting his music in comprehensible fashion, reducing it to something intellectually explicable. Fat chance.

By Dave Marsh

Almost everyone has their own idea of what Hendrix was about, a situation symptomized by the fact that his brief four years at the top spawned at least that many genres, from the basest heavy metal to Patti Smith's poetical alchemy, from the ethereal fusion of Mahavishnu Orchestra and Weather Report to the gutter funk of George Clinton's various ensembles. True enough, much of this music might have come to pass even without Hendrix (and for the latter two examples, Sly Stone and Miles Davis are equally important parents). But surely, since

Jimi was around, all of it has been in some way transformed by his brief passage through these precincts.

At first I was incensed by his death (like many who dearly loved his life, his music, and his style) to the point that I clearly bore a visible anger. It took me two full years and a trip to England to get over that hardboiled almost private-eye-like intensity. Once it entered my mind that the most important thing about the man was



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his life, I was home free ... I too began enjoying Jimi Hendrix's life instead of hating his death.

— David Henderson, *Jimi Hendrix: Voodoo Child of the Aquarian Age*

David Henderson's beautiful and unjustly ignored Hendrix biography is in its essence a long plea to take its subject seriously, and a howl of outrage against those who have trivialized him. ("Rock and Roll Nigger," indeed.) No one who wants to assemble a coherent version of Jimi's story can afford to be without this book — it is not only the best version, it is the only complete one, tracing the life of James Marshall Hendrix back through ring shouts, gospel choruses and his father's jazz dancing (he once tapped with Louis Armstrong).

The story begins in Seattle, Washington on November 27, 1942. The early years aren't much more than what you'd expect: broken home, middle-level poverty, mixed-up confusion until he found the guitar. Jimi was always shy, always sensual. So he quickly learned two passions: guitars and women. In its bare outline, this could be an updated version of three-quarters of the music legends of our time, from Robert Johnson to Elvis Presley. The typical high school bands, playing the standard high school songs of that time: Jimi's favorites were "Cathy's Clown," "Sleep Walk," "Summertime Blues," "The Peter Gunn Theme." Smoldering stuff, catalytic heat under a wet blanket.

In his senior year, Jimi dropped out, hung around, then joined the Army, to become a "Screaming Eagle," the mighty 101st Airborne, heirs to the cavalry, the remorseless paratrooping shock troops of Vietnam. During this time he made quite a few parachute jumps. He apparently loved the feeling of freefall and the shaking roaring din of the huge aircraft in flight, the whooshing scream of the wind as the jump door opened; the combination of fear and excitement as the brilliant skylight flooded over him ... sounds and feelings he would remember. But at the Mississippi Delta camp, Fort Campbell, near the storied blues plantation town, Clarksdale, Jimi was widely disliked by his barracks-mates: he slept with his guitar, and kept them up all night twanging strangely on its subdued unamplified strings. So he got out — Section Eight, a mental discharge, it seems — along with his lone buddy, a bass player named Billy Cox. They went to Nashville, cut a couple demos with Steve Cropper (which were ignored), and starved. Jimi went back home, up to Vancouver, where he hitched up with Tommy Chong in Bobby Taylor and the Vancouvers. Little Richard spotted him there, and took him out on the chit'lin' circuit. (One of these leave takings — Jimi never said which, but it was probably the first, was prompted by a spurned woman, who tried to work a voodoo "root," or spell, against him. It landed him in the hospital, he claimed. It was not the first time women and treachery would walk hand in hand in his life.)

So began Jimi's itinerant life as a hired hand — with Little Richard, whom he drove half crazy with his flamboyance, which already exceeded the original; with Chuck Jackson, the Supremes, even Gorgeous George, the wrestler; happily with the Isley Brothers (where he played lead on a version of "Staggerlee" that has the original great machine gun guitar solo) and King Curtis, Joey Dee and the Starlites, and catastrophically, Curtis Knight. Onstage he made his name as a showman, a wildman whose very tuning up was threatening to insecure musicians, but one capable of playing *anything*. Off the road, though quiet and shy, he roamed Manhattan, from Harlem, where he got a weird rep for his drag queen impersonations and love of Bob Dylan records, down to the Village, where he was — initially — just another freak.

It's probably typical of the era that only twice did anyone see anything in Hendrix beyond a peculiarly extravagant sideman: Once when he met up with Cropper, and again in 1964, when Les Paul saw him auditioning in Jersey bar. Jimi didn't get the gig, and was long gone, of course, by the time Les came back to track him down. But by the middle of 1966, he was ready to try fronting his own band, and Jimmy James and the Blue Flames began working at the dumpiest dive on Bleecker

Street, the Cafe Wha? Not too long afterward, John Hammond Jr. spotted him, and Hendrix was playing in a straight blues setting with Hammond across the street at Cafe Au Go Go when the Stones and Animals, along with Mike Bloomfield, saw him that summer. And it was Animal bassist Chas Chandler, apparently acting on the urging of Keith Richards' girlfriend of that period, Linda Keith, who offered to take Jimi back to England, manage him and produce his records, along with Chandler's partner, an ex-Commando, Michael Jeffery.

What followed was the public legend: the almost immediate conquest of England, Monterey, Woodstock, Isle of Wight, the drugs and the women, the recordings and the lawsuits. Jimi was a hero, but what kind? Some said he was a jazz giant trapped by commercial idioms into pop nonsense, some found in him the ultimate rock and roll star, to some he was a technical wizard, an electronic savant, or a psychedelic shaman (or even, a sham), pure git-down guitar showman,

Hendrix saw himself as a symbolic figure who contained in his bloodstream elements of all races. The goal of his performances was both racial and musical unity. His deepest desire was to cut across all boundaries. The goal was unity in the meta-physical sense.

animalistic purveyor of cheap sensation and cretin violence, apostle of peace and love and good vibes, mystic overlord. Or simple screwed-up voodoo child.

Naturally, before the end, there were relevant texts to support any and all such contentions: Hendrix played music almost every night of his adult life, with the most unlikely collaborators, and almost every one of those nights seems to have been attended for at least a few minutes by some manner of recording device.

When he died, on September 17, 1970, the real war for his life began. Initially, they said he died of a drug overdose, but that probably wasn't true. He had been high the night before, he'd taken a sleeping tablet, but he would have lived if the ambulance attendants had taken proper care with him. Truth is, he choked to death on his own vomit. But for whatever reasons, there were those who needed to believe that he OD'd, to prove that playing rock and roll destroys genius, or that the inherent evils of the commercial record business had devoured him, or just to justify their own excesses. So to this day there are those who'll tell you Jimi Hendrix was a junkie, and that's what killed him. It's a lie.

He was, however, as deeply troubled as a sensitive man who is seen by a large part of the world as a freak must inevitably be, and as angry as an intelligent man who had begun to perceive how brutally he was being misguidedly a right to be. It's interesting, reading the many lengthy interviews Jimi gave, to see how little of himself he was asked to reveal. No one seemed much interested in his ideas — which he spewed out anyway, irrepressibly, responding to the simplest question with a cosmic over-view, like the time a third grade teacher asked him how he was doing, and he replied "Just like the people on Mars are doing." *Rolling Stone* took a voyeur's delight in asking him whether he was allied with the Black Panthers, presuming that the Panthers were the only political group on the black left at the time worth inquiring about, and that Jimi, with his Cherokee cheekbones and white audience, couldn't be *really* black in his attitudes and commitments. (Racism rolls out of these interviews, like the time the English girl asks him — no, *tells* him — that he's "an animal." Must have been real uplifting.)

No one asked about his business, not that Hendrix wasn't so befuddled on a lot of those points that his answers would have been coherent. To record as a sideman with Curtis Knight, he'd been forced to sign a \$1 contract with an unbelievably unscrupulous character named Ed Chalpin, who later won two percent of his record royalties and the right to the *Band of*



1980 JIM MARSHALL

"The deeper you get into it, the more sacrifices you have to make. I dedicate my whole life to this art . . . you have to forget what people say about you sometimes . . . when you're supposed to die and when you're supposed to be living. You have to go on and be crazy. Craziness is like heaven. Once you reach that point where you don't care about what everybody is sayin', you're goin' towards heaven . . . your own heaven.

Jimi Hendrix from Superstars

Gypsies live album in an out-of-court settlement because Hendrix's management controlled lawyers weren't willing to mount a substantial fight. (Chalpin's two percent came out of Jimi's royalty, not theirs — they got seven percent, he split three with Mitch Mitchell and Noel Redding, plus paid Jeffery and Chandler 30 percent of live money, as well as 30 percent of his record money.) Jimi's management contract was amost through; he'd made it clear to Jeffery (Chandler having split) that he wasn't about to resign. Some people say *that's* why he died.

Hendrix left behind an enormous number of studio and live recordings. Some were intended for future albums, some were

concerts (although beyond the *Band of Gypsies* album, there's no indication that he had planned to issue any live material), many were only jams.

Jimi jammed with sheer indiscrimimation, choosing partners willy-nilly from whomever had the stamina and courage to share the bandstand. He played with John McLaughlin and Larry Young, it's true, and thus had his share of influence on spiritual fusion, but he also dabbled with such heavy metal tyros of tastelessness as Ted Nugent and Jim McCarty, and thus had his share of influence on sheer carnal vulgarity in its modern aspect. Which is one thing that makes hash of producer Alan Douglas's recent attempts, as curator of the Hen-

drix estate, to remodel Jimi's image into that of the trapped jazzman of legend.

Even on *Nine to the Universe*, the latest Douglas assemblage of Hendrix trivia, jams with Young and McCarty are presented side-by-side, with the same straight face, as though there were not a Grand Canyon's gulf between what Jimi was trying to accomplish with those two disciples. (Not that Hendrix jamming with anyone had much to do with the kind of music he intended to record under his own name — claiming otherwise is about as sensible as maintaining that hearing a tape of Norman Mailer in conversation with David Niven and Shelley Winters about autobiography as art might enable one to predict the shape and contents of Mailer's next novel.)

Hendrix was as much a teacher in those sessions as a peer, hoping that jazz-based players like Young might pick up some measure of discipline from his example. (Although Jimi did

seem to pick up on his jams with Roland Kirk as something special: "It was really great. I was so scared!" he told *Rolling Stone*.) To Hendrix, both recklessness and discretion came naturally, and he knew the uses of both. On the jam tapes, the most you can hear, beyond the instruction itself, is a world-weary hope that somebody's going to catch on, or perhaps a millisecond's pause between phrases as though Jimi were taking notes: *That* could be useful later on (or: I won't be making *this* mistake again.)

This is no less true of Douglas's fabled tapes of the McLaughlin jams. I've always admired McLaughlin, but he was no more in Jimi's league than Dick Dale. The rare moments of electricity there come when McLaughlin (playing an acoustic with a pick-up) takes the hint and starts going with Jimi's flow, abandoning bushels of preconception and restraint. God knows what Hendrix got from such musings and

A Conversation With Alan Douglas *Producer of the controversial posthumous Hendrix recordings.*

MUSICIAN: In what musical direction do you think Jimi was heading when he died?

DOUGLAS: Well, he was definitely going towards a heavy involvement with some of the major jazz musicians of the time as you could see by some of the jamming that was going on and his cuts and conversations with Miles Davis and the like. Gil Evans was fashioning an album of Jimi's tunes after the original *Miles Ahead* album which would be called *Voodoo Child Plays the Blues* with Gil's big band and his arrangements and Jimi's lead playing over the top. Then there was supposed to be an album with Roland Kirk's group, with Jimi guesting. I was recording John McLaughlin at the time for my own label and we were talking about John and Jimi together. Without question he was leaning toward a jazz involvement — it would probably have turned out to be the original fusion records.

MUSICIAN: Do you think that his jamming with jazz musicians was indicative of the sort of music Hendrix wanted to write for himself?

DOUGLAS: No, not really. It was more indicative of the kind of musicians he wanted to involve himself with. He had a background in all kinds of music, he could play anything, it didn't matter what genre a musician came from, he could sit down and play with the best. But his future involvement was definitely going to be with jazz artists — where the music itself was going to go was a question of what happened when they got together.

I think his writing would have stood apart — his playing would have begun to synthesize a lot of what he was hearing around him — he had a great respect for Miles and McLaughlin and those kinds of people, he listened intently to what they were doing, and he incorporated everything — they would have been as much an influence on him as he was on them.

MUSICIAN: Looking back at Jimi at that time, what did you see as his dominant musical strength?

DOUGLAS: Well, his facility with the instrument was what amazed most of the other players — his creativity, his reckless abandon with the instrument, and his writing. It fascinated everybody, it was unique. John used to talk about it all the time; musicians all wanted to know exactly where he was coming from in terms of influence. He synthesized music more than anyone else, he fused everything that came from behind him and was creating new directions to take it to. But he completely amazed everybody with his facility on the guitar. He stood for them as a major instrumental musician; I think a lot of them were confused with his lyrics and his whole pop concept, which I think he was through with, he was tired of it himself.

MUSICIAN: Do you think he wanted to leave behind his psychedelic pop image completely?

DOUGLAS: No, but I think a new phase was coming, and

he was trying to get a new start in that direction. It was his intent to deal instrumentally rather than with lyrics for a little while. He had written a screenplay that was very interesting, and had just completed a suite called "Black Gold" which was a kind of musical autobiography — he hadn't worked out the total musical concept, he had the melody and lyrics worked out — the lyrics were very different from what had gone before in his writing, much more simple, down, funkier blues-based, more jazz involvement and so on. The suite had six tunes he had written with long instrumental breaks between lyrics, I think this would have been his next pop work. He was evolving just like the rest of the world and was settling into a new musical groove and the kind of musicians that we were discussing before were the people that were turning him on, and I think involving himself with them musically, and with new concepts lyrically, he would have created a major pop work from "Black Gold," which, of course, he never had a chance to get out.

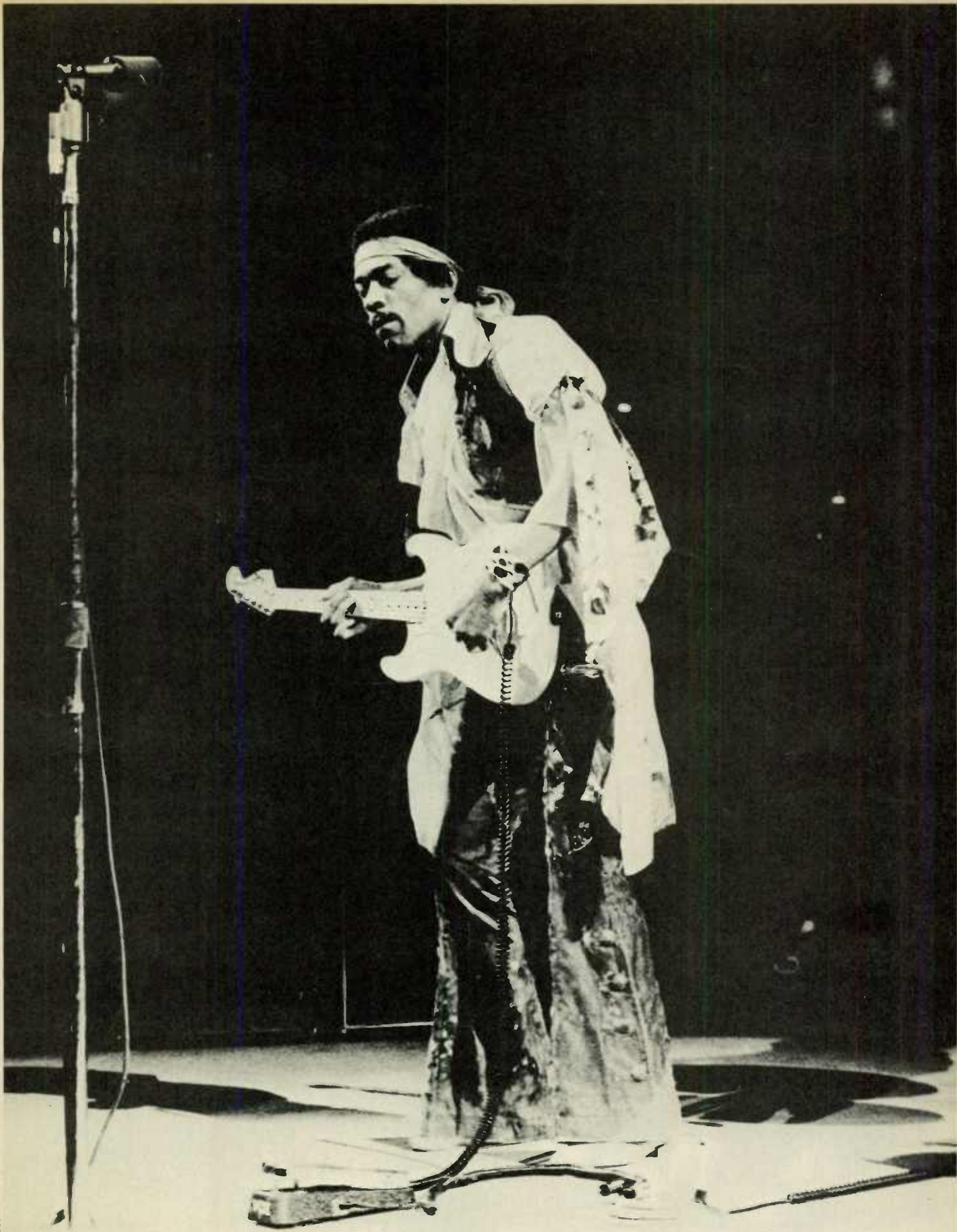
When he died, everything was stolen out of his apartment. You see, we had worked some of it out at his home, he had a little four-track machine there and he had done the lyrics, lead line and rhythm tracks — we were about to go into the studio to put the tracks down... but I don't know what happened to the cassette, I've been looking for it for the last ten years. The cassette was stolen, the lyrics, everything, and none of it has turned up. The only thing that has turned up recently was somebody who says they have the jam between him and Miles which I haven't heard yet, I'll hear it when I get back to California, which is very exciting. There are a lot of tapes popping out everywhere now that people have been holding. Everybody is a little paranoid about it, it's stolen property, but I think a lot of it will come to light in time as people feel a little safer about it.

MUSICIAN: Will there be any more Hendrix releases from you?

DOUGLAS: There are no more, that's it. My own comment on all the releases after *Crash Landing* is that it was an obligation that I tried to make the best of what we had. The estate was totally bankrupt when he died. All of those things were done as a commitment to Jimi's father to try to put the estate together, and I could have done without some of the material. But I was committed to the obligation, I had no choice. Contracts were signed.

MUSICIAN: Do you think there will be any more commercial Hendrix releases from anyone?

DOUGLAS: No, there just are no more. There are tapes floating around, but not enough for a record. We are planning a documentary film on a lot of footage and tapes that have never been heard before, we're trying to put those pieces together right now, trying to make one piece by incorporating everything that hasn't been released before that is of value into the soundtrack of the film itself.



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"Atmospheres are going to come through music because music is a spiritual thing of its own. It's like the waves of the ocean. You can't just cut out the perfect wave and take it home with you. It's constantly moving. It is the biggest thing electrifying the Earth. Music and motion are all part of the race of man." Jimi Hendrix, Life Magazine 1969



1980 JIM MARSHALL

Jimi with good friend Buddy Miles, drummer on the *Band of Gypsies* tour.



FRED MCDARRAH

Hendrix loved to jam and would play long hours with anyone who could stand up there with him. Backstage with blues jam partner Johnny Winter (left). Above, with drummer Mitch Mitchell (left) and bassist Noel Redding in the early Experience days.



BARON WOLMAN



Jimi with Rolling Stone Brian Jones at the Monterey Pop Festival. Jones, the Stones' founder, was Jimi's closest friend in England. He died in 1969.

All Jimi wanted to do was play music and keep growing, yet he was constantly being hounded by ridiculous contracts from the past and an insensitive management who only wanted him touring and earning. Right, at one of his last interviews, withdrawn and embittered by the demands of those around him.



BARON WOLMAN





FRED MCDARRAH

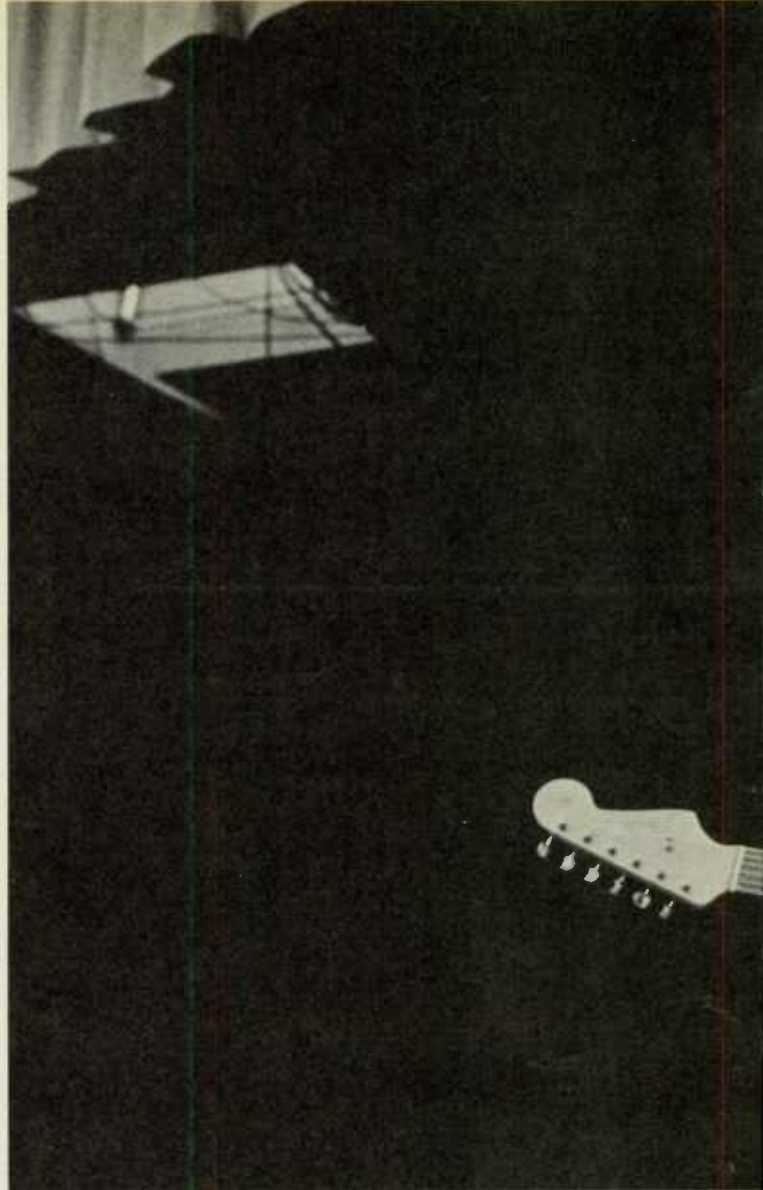
Jimi at Electric Ladyland, the studio he built in N.Y., here with business mgr. Jim Marron (r.) and Eddle Kramer (l.) the innovative engineer who helped create many of the trademark Hendrix sounds on record.



TOM COPI

Hendrix Discography

Of the many Hendrix albums out, only five came out while he was alive, and only one, *Electric Ladyland*, was produced just as he wanted it. In order of release, *Are You Experienced?*, *Axis: Bold As Love*, *Electric Ladyland*, *Smash Hits* and *Band of Gypsies*. After his death came *Cry of Love*, *Rainbow Bridge*, *Loose Ends*, *Hendrix in the West*, *War Heroes*, *Sound Track from the Film Jimi Hendrix*, *Crash Landings*, *Midnight Lightning*, *Essential Jimi Hendrix Vols. I and II*, and *Nine to the Universe*. Except for *Cry of Love* and portions of *Rainbow Bridge*, which contained nearly finished studio cuts, the rest are made up of partially realized studio pieces, some with overdubbed rhythm sections, jams, and live performances. The early Hendrix are all essential, the posthumous are interesting in parts, but frustrating because of knowing how much farther Jimi would have taken them had he lived.

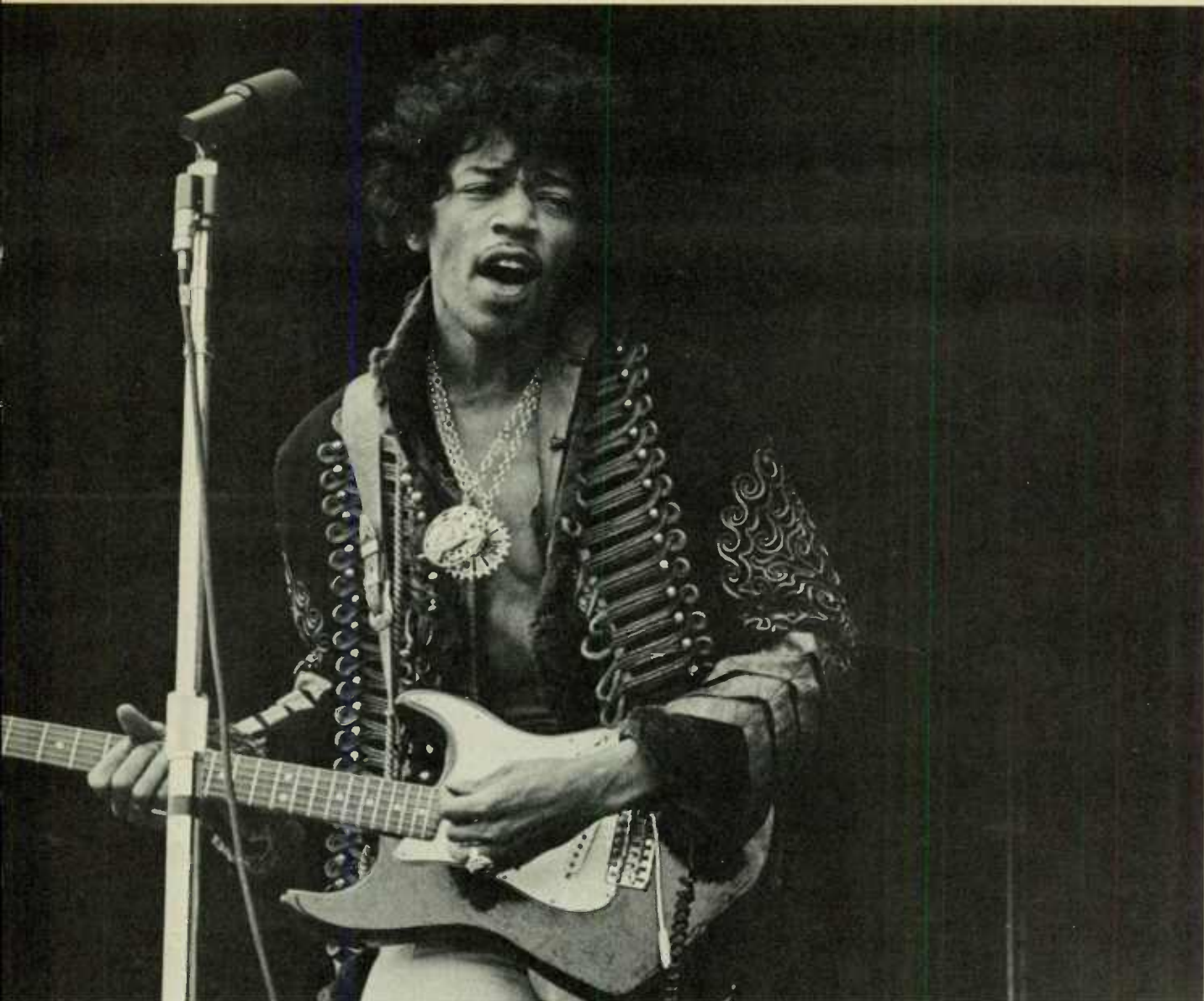


Jimi's first appearance with the Experience in the States blew

meanderings, but McLaughlin earned a career — and I mean earned one, since in some ways he proved Jimi's most adept student. Yet if the McLaughlin tapes have never been released by now, chances are they never will be, since they were the "Discovery" of which Douglas most often boasted when he appointed himself chief poobah of the Jimi archives back in '74.

But it's easy to believe that the rumored reason they haven't been issued is the truth: That McLaughlin hates them, as well he might, for they reveal that everything interesting about his style that wasn't learned from Miles Davis was picked up at Jimi's heel — not that there's anything shameful about taking your cues from that pair, unless some fool has been going around implying that you are their equal. (Proves McLaughlin isn't a fool, I guess.)

Douglas might be. He claims that he was Jimi's next producer, but Hendrix failed to mention it, at least in public. (He did use Douglas as a kind of talent scout, who arranged meetings with McLaughlin, Young and Tony Williams — the latter a catastrophe, apparently — for him.) But self-promotional zeal is hardly Alan Douglas's worst sin against the Hendrix legacy. *Crash Landing* and *Midnight Lightning*, the first two Douglas-produced Hendrix albums, are abominations unto the Lord, featuring studio tracks from which the original rhythm sections were erased in favor of wooden studio pros whose sympathy with Jimi's spirit ranges from nil to negative. (The result is



1980 JIM MARSHALL

away the entire crowd at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967. The pandemonium lasted a full 20 minutes; Hendrix had arrived.

music with less vitality than Jimi's session work with the Isley Brothers, where he was supposed to remain fairly anonymous.) Douglas, of course, claims that the touch-up job was revelatory of where Hendrix's music was *really* headed, which would probably be a surprise to many of the musicians on, say *Nine to the Universe*, who are strained to the utmost to keep up with his ideas even in such chance encounters.

Well, we've all raked Norman Petty over the black coals of our heart's hostility for years, and it would hardly be worth visiting the same wrath on Douglas if not for circumstances, to wit: He remains in control of Warner Bros. Hendrix releasing plans, and will undoubtedly pull the same tricks again, if we let him, and (worse) Douglas's inferior releases are meant to replace the decent job that Eddie Kramer, Jeffery and some others did on the early Hendrix archival issues.

Of course, the path for Douglas's usurpation of the custody of the tape was laid by the lukewarm reception given to such early posthumous LPs as *War Heroes*, *Hendrix in the West*, *Cry of Love*, and *Rainbow Bridge*. The latter, which contain uncompleted but suggestive versions of the projected material for the next Hendrix album, *First Ray of the New Rising Sun* probably give the best indication of where the living Jimi Hendrix actually was headed.

Those albums opened the door for Douglas's attempt to remold Hendrix's image. Lay that off to their lack of coherence as albums — their titles are misleading and their contents as

They said he died of a drug overdose but that's a lie. He was, however, as deeply troubled as a sensitive man who is perceived as a freak must be, and as angry as an intelligent man who sees how brutally he has been misguided has a right to be.

erratic as the man himself — but giving credit where it is due, don't deny that, say, the revved-up Chuck Berry of *Hendrix in the West*'s "Johnny B. Goode" is a hell of a lot more important (and interesting) than the doodlings of the jam tapes. In my mind what Douglas plans is the equivalent of melting Picasso's sculptures (because they distort his achievements as a painter) and enshrining his check stubs (because at least they're two-dimensional).

Which is a drag because there is a very interesting body of Hendrix music which remains unreleased in the U.S. Or maybe anywhere, though tracking down every international Hendrix release is a job for fanatics. But just to suggest the highlights: "Spanish Castle Magic," which might be the greatest live Hendrix these ears have ever witnessed, is left off the British *Isle of Wight* album (you can hear the first notes of it following "God Save the Queen" on *In the West*); "Hoochie Coochie Man," from the British *Loose Ends...* anthology; a



BARON WOLMAN

HENDRIX'S EQUIPMENT

The fact is that half the guitar effects-boxes on the market today were rigged up to make some sound that Jimi Hendrix produced without them, and synthesists still occasionally labor in vain to make those uncanny Hendrix sounds. His intuitive mastery not only of the guitar but of the properties of electricity and sound have never really been equalled, nor put so completely at the command of pure creative impulse. Hendrix's favorite guitar was, of course, the Fender Stratocaster, strung upside-down, and he travelled with a brace of them (twelve or more). They never lasted long. He modified them and trashed them all in the same process. He was also known to use Gibson Flying V's, various Guild, Martin and Black Widow acoustics, Les Pauls, Hagstrom basses and the occasional Rickenbacker. Almost as well known as the white Strats were his stack of Marshall amps and what he did to them, but he started out with a Fender Twin Reverb then went to Marshalls, worked with customized Sunn amps for awhile before discarding them for the Marshalls again (100 and sometimes 200 watters, modified, using six or more cabinets and the PA). For foot pedals, a Dallas-Arbiter Fuzz Face and a Cry Baby were the core, along with the Univox Univibe, and he also used a battery of primitive phasers, octave dividers and phasers (set for stun, usually), and in the studio worked as freely with the resources of tape and board as he did with his onstage gear, engineer Eddie Kramer and himself inventing much of it as they went along. The lighter fluid was always Ronson.

There's still some dispute as to what modifications he made when. With the Stratocasters, he could usually be counted upon to bend the tremolo bar to his own uses, make his own adjustments at the pickup and bridge, and to rip the back panel off, the better to get at the circuitry. It is unlikely that someone as faithful to the creative forces as Jimi Hendrix was 100% consistent or repeated himself often. What is probably most amazing was the range of materials and effects he could bring under his command without ever being distracted by them: they were always something to be mastered and used by the music that was coming through to him. Which is what life is like when you kiss the sky...

great version of "Please Crawl Out Your Window," from the British TV show, *Top Gear*, and the entire contents of his concerts at the Los Angeles Forum (especially "Room Full of Mirrors") and the show at Maui's Crater of the Sun. There is much more — Hendrix biographer David Henderson notes that he helped create a five hour documentary of Jimi's music a couple of years ago — and with the exception of the usual meretricious Springboard ripoffs, all of it is worth hearing at least once.

Still, these are incomplete as recordings, merely documentation of what Hendrix's mighty whims were like. Nothing is finished, not even the concert tapes (which at least have the advantage of being intended for a reasonably wide audience). One of the things that makes Douglas's bowdlerizations so frustrating is that Jimi was becoming such a studio perfectionist toward the end. He clearly had an idea of making records that went beyond what he could do live (interestingly, because most of his disciples have only been able to duplicate the outlines of what he could do live in the studio). If Hendrix was moving beyond rock and roll guitar, chances are good that his new instrument was going to be the recording studio itself (which explains *Electric Ladyland*, among other things). Remember, too, that Jimi was among the first rock musicians to involve himself in every step of the recording process, paying attention to every detail, not just choosing material and selecting engineers and sidemen but also becoming imbedded in the latest mastering and mixing techniques. He would have probably been the first to complain of lousy pressing quality, carrying his obsession with getting his music heard not just widely but accurately to its final stage.

*I stand up next to a mountain
Chop it down with the edge of my hand
Well, I pick up all the pieces and make an island
Might even raise a little sand*

— "Voodoo Child (Slight Return)"

Shy as he was, Jimi Hendrix rarely shouted loudly about his intents, his visions, his own conception of himself. But what David Henderson suggests and details from his songs (and what Monika Dannemann's as-yet-unpublished manuscript proves) is that Hendrix's vision was clear, his cosmology specific, and that his music operated according to plan, delivering a message which he meant to be universal. His death fragmented that intention, showed some of the limitations of the mere mortal behind the vision, but if his life is to make sense, we have to come as close as we can to taking Hendrix at face value.

This isn't simple, because Jimi was never his own best advocate. As he told *Life* magazine in 1969, "Pretend your mind is a big muddy bowl and the silt is very slowly settling down — but remember your mind's still muddy and you can't possibly grasp all I'm saying ... The everyday mud world we're living in today compared to the spiritual world is like a parasite compared to the ocean and the ocean is the biggest living thing you know about."

If this seems as obtuse as the exposition of any Oriental guru, it stands as one of Hendrix's most lucid comments on his own work. Verbally, he was usually elliptical to the point of incoherence, whether deliberately (as a black man in a white world, and playing roles previously reserved for whites, at that) or not. But Hendrix was anything but naive, although he was possessed of a tremendous innocence, and he certainly wasn't dumb, though what he was able to see and feel may have exceeded his ability to coherently articulate it. Still, even his most drug-addled interviews (almost every important sentence he ever spoke is in Henderson's massive book) repay scrutiny.

Voodoo Child of the Aquarian Age is not idle imagery — no more than Hendrix's own toying with "First Ray of the New Rising Sun," "Sky Church" and the like were simple psychedelic pay. Hendrix was not an unconscious spiritual channel, although it may be that the biggest reason his enormous spiritual energy was waylaid and perverted was that he

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MONIKA DANNEMANN

"A musician, if he's a messenger, is like a child who hasn't been handled too many times by man, hasn't had too many fingerprints across his brain. That's why music is so much heavier than anything you ever felt."

Jimi Hendrix, Life Magazine 1969

lacked a more adept master or deeply rooted tradition around which to organize his insights.

God knows, he was full enough of contradictions. He is most often seen as an apostle of peace, love and good vibrations these days, but he was also capable of much violence (onstage and off), and his relationships with women were especially brutal, casual and omnivorous in unappetizing ways. His own attempts to synthesize an answer to the issue of violence in his music and stage act were, though, not entirely unperceptive: "It's best to have violence on stage and watch it through TV than do it yourself," he told the same British interviewer who called him an "animal". "So what we do, we get up there and like, I found it worked both ways; we'd do our thing, you know, and so many people would dig it, would really be turned on by it, and they don't bother their old ladies as much when they get home. They don't beat their old ladies up as much (laughs) because there's hardly anything left in them. We try to drain all the violence out of their system. That's why you watch wrestling matches and football games, you get it all out of your system, unless you want to do it for real yourself and then you'd be a violent person. Bad. Bad."

That sounds pretty garbled and self-serving, but it also sounds a hell of a lot like the peace-eye Vietnam vets, who returned stoned and grooving, but over in the jungle, digging on the former paratrooper guitarist who became a hero in the trenches and huts, might be performing the most awesome atrocities. Jimi was as close as the Sixties came to having a war hero rock and roller, that's sure, and just why the grunts could identify with him. Truth to tell, what he said makes more sense than the idiots who think that all pop culture that contains violence *isn't* cathartic. As he told the same interviewer, "If I

wasn't a guitar player ... I'd probably be in jail, 'cos like I get very stubborn, like with the police. I used to get into arguments with them millions of time, they used to tell me to be quiet and I just CAN'T be quiet, there's no reason to be, especially if I have something to say."

Dannemann's manuscript (a memoir of their relationship and the information Jimi shared with her up to his death, next to her in bed) makes it clear that Hendrix had a highly developed and very specialized understanding of the relationship between post-nuclear technology and ancient spiritual forces such as voodoo and obeah, which operated simultaneously for him as they do in the novels of Ishmael Read (and also, curiously enough, in Michael Thelwell's marvelous new interpretation of *The Harder They Come*.) This has something to do with his seemingly instinctive use of feedback and the actual guts of an electric guitar, the way he could play the neck and the tremelo bar and the inner electronics of the things. But it also has a great deal to do with the space ships, dragon-flies, mojos and other angels and demons that populate his songs. (Hendrix's most under-rated quality was his sheer brilliance as a poet.) In this context, LSD and Marshall amps collaborate with the most arcane spiritual energies, not cancelling one another out, but actually *enhancing* their power.

While the details of Jimi's cosmology are best left to Dannemann, it can be said that they have to do with a complex understanding of the interplay between astrology, color, music and sexuality — expressed very boldly in "Axis: Bold As Love". Death and women were heavily interconnected in all his music, both as symbols and realities, which perhaps explains the role the two women apparently closest to him — Devon Wilson and Monika Dannemann herself — played in his final hours.

For Hendrix, the goal of his performances was both racial and musical unity (which is the real flaw with Alan Douglas's approach to his music, which stresses his technical achievements to the detriment of the feelings expressed). Hendrix saw himself as a symbolic figure who contained in his bloodstream elements of all races — although as Henderson quite properly emphasizes, Afro-American was dominant, to the extent that African percussionist Kwasi Dzidoornu (Rocki) told Jimi that Hendrix used many of the same rhythms that his father, a Ghanaian drummer and voodoo priest, used in his ceremonies. Even the way Jimi danced was reminiscent.

Still, Hendrix's deepest desire was to cut across all such boundaries, as expressed in the symbolic paintings whose details he dictated to Dannemann, and which she has created with a beautiful post-psychedelic realism. Judging from what we know, Jimi Hendrix did not have just a typical acidhead's scattershot concept of multi-media presentations and polyglot culture forms, but a very specific direction in which he wished to proceed (and was proceeding). Hard as this may be to filter through intellectual processing, the goal was unity in the metaphysical sense, and it was anything but an idle or addled whim. It cuts through all his records and statements with consistent logic.

Chances are that Hendrix's ideas remained fairly inchoate to most who heard him, and were so easily perverted that it could fairly be said that he died of their neglect, because he lacked any organizing process for all the material that infested his brain. While he might be tapped into the very Jungian archetype of voodoo drumming, for instance, and furthermore, believe strongly enough in "roots" to be driven from home by one, other elements of his environment suggested that voodoo alone was insufficient as a matrix through which to operate. Just so, a firm belief in extra-terrestrial behavior may have been confirmed by the fact that mere Earthlings had just landed a man on the moon, but Hendrix was not sufficiently wealthy to get out there himself, at least not in the flesh.

The way Hendrix saw such forces playing off against one another may never make conventional "sense," and judging from the helter-skelter way his thinking jumps around in interviews (though never in songs, where it always remained



focussed), maybe they never did to him, either. But it's clear he wasn't just making this stuff up as he went along, anymore than a Rastafarian is merely blowing smoke rings when he begins "reasoning," however farfetched the results may sound to Yankee ears.

The one place where Jimi Hendrix was firmly grounded was in his music. However exploratory and haphazard some of his playing may seem, it is never insecure. Rather, it is constantly stamped with assurance (taken by some as arrogance). To me, this smacks of something more than a man going with the flow of visionary insight. Instead, Hendrix was acting out his role as a contemporary bluesman, in the great mold of Robert Johnson, Charley Patton, Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters, with that selfsame hellhound dogging his steps.

It's hard to think of any important popular musician of the Twentieth Century, from Duke Ellington and Elvis Presley to Jimmie Rodgers and John Coltrane, who wasn't steeped in the blues. But more than most, Hendrix harked back specifically to the country bluesman, in his diction and phrasing, in his lyrics (look at the final line of the verse quoted here from "Voodoo Child (Slight Return)" which is not an isolated example) and most of all in his eccentric and elastic sense of time, which pays so little attention to anything but itself that it can hardly be the product of anything *but* the absorption of solo voice and guitar. (Is Hendrix's time that much different than, say, Charley Patton or Robert Pete Williams?)

The clearest expression of what Jimi Hendrix meant to say is almost unquestionably the album *Electric Ladyland*, which is the recording over which he had the most control, and over which he labored longest. And the center of *Electric Ladyland* is the grand blues, "Voodoo Chile," nothing less than a creation myth meant to encompass the entire universe his inner heart desired the world to see.

In spirit, it is the blues that motivates almost all of the greatest Hendrix music, from "Purple Haze" to "Spanish Castle Magic," the immortal "Red House," the majestic "All Along the Watchtower" and the futuristic funk of "Machine Gun." Blues not just as an ache in the heart, the way the amateurs

"There's no telling how many lives your spirit will go through—die and be reborn. Like my mind will be back in the days when I was a flying horse. Before I can remember anything, I can remember music and stars and planets. I could go to sleep and write fifteen symphonies. I had very strange feelings that I was here for something and I was going to get a chance to be heard. I got the guitar together 'cause that was all I had. I used to be really lonely."

Jimi Hendrix

understand it, but as a soaring leap for joy, an affirmation of life itself. It is that very spirit that assures that even if Jimi Hendrix had worked in total obscurity, or if the rest of his music is buried for the next century, anyone who hears it must respond with awe. As surely as any artist in history, every time Hendrix's plays he holds us in his thrall, forever. Our exploration of his legacy, in that sense, has hardly begun, whether or not more crucial material ever appears. What we have already is inexhaustibly rich.



GUITA

ON HENDRIX, GUITARS, AMPS,

Mark Knopfler: Dire Straits' sultan of strings.

On Hendrix: The first time I heard "Hey Joe" on the radio completely freaked and immediately ran out and bought the record, and I didn't even have a record player at the time! When I quit my job as a newspaper reporter a few years later they gave me one last story to write up an hour before I left. It turned out to be the story of Jimi's death....

Hendrix solos: "Hey Joe"; "The Wind Cries Mary"; "Waterfalls"

Other solos: Scotty Moore's solo on "Hound Dog" by Elvis; James Burton's stuff with Ricky Nelson.

Own best solo: They'll all be on my next album in October!

Guitars: Red Fender Stratocaster (must be red!); 1930 National Duolian Steel Guitar.

Amps: Musician (130 Watts); ancient Fender Vibrolux Amp.

Best Live Performance: Pete Townshend at the Isle of Wight Festival.

Strings: Fender Rock and Roll Super Light Gauge.



EBET ROBERTS



Mike Hampton: Funkadelic's magic fingers.

On Hendrix: Hendrix was responsible for making the power trio a viable concept; he was a one man orchestra. The words that come to mind when I remember him are things like freedom, dedication, awe, and love.

Hendrix solos: "Freedom"; "All Along The Watchtower"

Other solos: Ed Van Halen is my current favorite.

Own best solo: "Knee Deep" with Funkadelic; live version of "Maggot Brain".

Guitars: Alembic and B.C. Rich.

Amps: Musicman Amps.

Best Live Performance: Steve Howe with Yes; Todd Rundgren; Joe Walsh.

Strings: Gibson.

Ray Gomez: Ex-Stanley Clarke sideman on his own.

On Hendrix: A friend of mine brought both *Fresh Cream* and *Are You Experienced?* back from England when I was living in Spain. I was just amazed by Jimi's dedication and intensity — it was all so unexpected. For three years after that whenever anybody would bring by a new album I'd ask "Is it Hendrix?" If it wasn't Jimi I didn't want to hear it.

Hendrix solo: "House Burning Down"; "Axis Bold As Love"; "Third Stone From The Sun."

Other Solos: "Steppin' Out" by Eric Clapton with John Mayall and The Bluesbreakers, and Clapton on "Crossroads."

Own Best Solo: "West Side Boogie" and "Make Your Move" from *Volume*.

Guitars: '63 and '64 Fender Stratocasters; '58, '59, '60 Gibson Les Paul "Sunburst".

Amps: Marshalls (100 Watts).

Best Live Performance: George Benson at the Beacon Theatre 1976.

Strings: Vinzi .09- .42 gauge.



DEBORAH FENGOLD

R I S T S

SOLOS, AND PERFORMANCE

John Scofield: Ultra-versatile jazz stringer.

On Hendrix: Some people compare Hendrix to Coltrane, which I don't feel is appropriate. Jimi was an incredibly talented natural musician, but he never had a chance to really mature and develop the way Coltrane did. I was especially impressed by his work with chordal melodies on things like "The Wind Cries Mary" and "Little Wing" — those voicings were wonderful.

Hendrix solos: "The Wind Cries Mary"; "Purple Haze".

Other solos: "Minor Swing" — Django Reinhardt; Jim Hall on "I Should Care"; "How Many More Years" — Otis Rush.

Own best solos: "Looks Like Meringue" on *Who's Who*.

Guitars: Gibson ES-335 (1958).

Amps: Polytone Mini-Brute 4.

Best Live Performance: Jim Hall at "The Guitar" in New York, 1971, (with Mike Moore on bass); John McLaughlin with The Tony Williams Lifetime at Slugs, 1970.

Strings: Darco Medium Light Gauge.



DEBORAH FEINGOLD



Nile Rodgers: Chic's R&B popmeister.

On Hendrix: From the age of 16 to 20 Jimi Hendrix was it for me — everything. Both musically and visually he was the most innovative and exciting guitarist I'd ever seen.

Hendrix solos: "Axis: Bold As Love"; *Band of Gypsies*.

Other solos: West Montgomery's "Blues and Boogie"; recorded live in Berkeley.

Own best solo: "Savoir Faire", with Chic.

Guitars: Fender Stratocaster.

Amps: Musicman.

Best Live Performance: Unquestionably Hendrix at the Fillmore East.

Strings: GHS ultra-light gauge.

Jeff Baxter: The sting behind the Doobies, Donna etc.

On Hendrix: I met Hendrix in the mid-sixties when I was working at Jimmy's Music Shop in N.Y. Jimi was playing in the Village at the time with a group called Jimmy James and the Blue Flames, and I had my eye on an old guitar he was using. When he came into the shop I offered to trade him a white Strat that I'd just done a fret job on for his axe, and he agreed. Later we used to get together down at the old Cafe Wha and jam for hours. That whole R&B guitar style that we take for granted now grew out of what Jimi was doing — it's been integrated into most guitarists' work — but in many cases they don't even realize how much of it originated with Jimi. The man really stepped out!

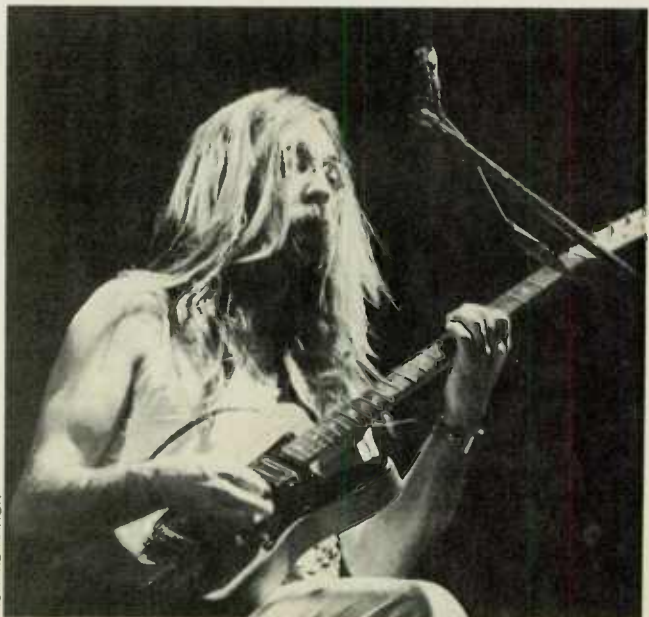
Hendrix solos: "All Along The Watchtower," "Purple Haze."

Other solos: "Red River Rock" by Johnny and the Hurricanes. Buddy Emmons pedal steel solo on Judy Collins' "Someday Soon."

Own best solo: "My Old School" Steely Dan; "Hot Stuff" with Donna Summer.

Guitars: Roland G-808 guitar, System 700, patched into a Roland GR-300 Guitar Synthesizer; Burns "Bison" (bought for \$20 and used on "Hot Stuff").

Amps: Roland JC Amp, Roland Cube Amp, Boss Chorus.



RICHARD AARON

Best Live Performance: Every time Sam Brown sat down to play in the shop on 48th St. Also Jesse Ed Davis with Taj Mahal at the Ultimate Spinach benefit in Boston many years ago.

Tom Verlaine: Television's psychedelic punkster.

On Hendrix: I remember years ago hearing "Purple Haze" blasting out of a music store on Avenue A in N.Y. and then going back home to Delaware and trying to play what I'd heard. I didn't realize that a lot of it was triple-tracked, so I couldn't figure out how he was playing those rhythm and lead parts at the same time. I really stretched to try to do it myself, so I guess that's the principal way Hendrix influenced my playing — something may have brushed off from my attempts to play both lead and rhythm.

Hendrix solo: "The Wind Cries Mary".

Other solos: "The Twister" — Bo Diddley; Steve Cropper on Booker T's "Soul Dressing"; Howlin' Wolf on the Chess Bluesmasters series.

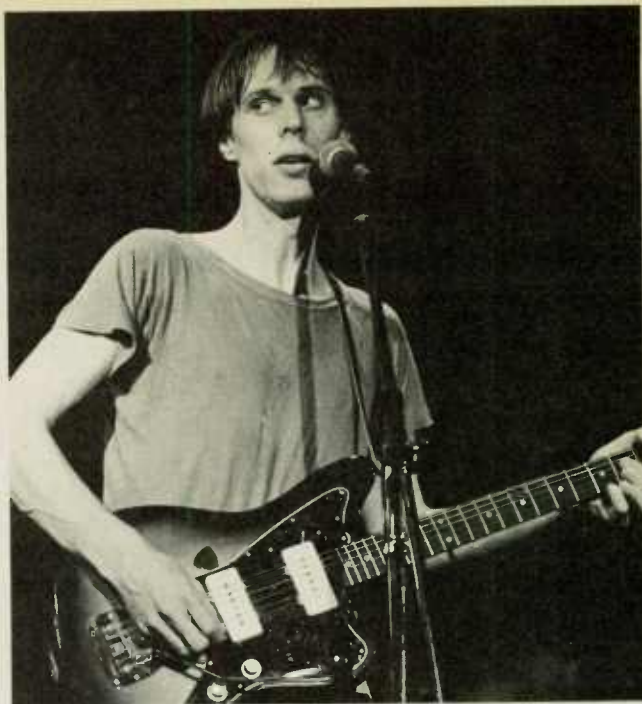
Own best solos: I really don't have any favorites; each solo is the one that's best for that particular song.

Guitars: Fender Jazzmaster or Jaguars (pre-'65).

Amps: Studio: Fender Super Reverb; Live: Ampeg VF.

Best Live Performance: To tell the truth I rarely go to live shows...

Strings: Dean Markley, and Ernie Ball Regulars.



EBET ROBERTS

David Spinozza: Studio wiz extraordinaire.

On Hendrix: It wasn't that Hendrix came up with anything all that new; it was that he had the balls to play it so loud. When I first heard "Purple Haze" way back I knew he'd latched onto something special — it was Hero time for me. I just thought "Wow! Why didn't I think of that?"

Hendrix solos: "Purple Haze" (and everything else on *Are You Experienced*).

Other solos: Wes Montgomery on "I've Grown Accustomed To Your Face"; Amos Garrett on Maria Muldaur's "Midnight At The Oasis"; John Williams — "Concierto De Aranjuez" by Rodriguez.

Own best solo: Dr. John's "Right Time, Wrong Place"; "Baseball", with Michael Franks; "Hang Gliding", on Warren Berhardt's *Manhattan Update*.

Guitar: Schecter Stratocaster; '51 Fender Telecaster.

Amps: Roland Jazz Chorus: Boogie (60 Watts); '68 Fender Super Reverb.

Best Live Performances: Roy Buchanan at some little dive in Maryland, 1974; Segovia on his 81st birthday at Avery Fisher Hall in New York. Kenny Burrell at The Guitar sometime in the early 70s.

Strings: Guitar Lab Strings.



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

Robert Fripp: The crimson king gets small and mobile.

On Hendrix: Jimi Hendrix is an example of how a major talent can be dissipated by drugs and abuse. On the one occasion that I met him, his luminosity impressed me. He came to see King Crimson play and was dressed all in white, with his right arm in a cast. As we shook hands he used his left, saying "this one's closer to my heart." That he failed to accept the responsibility of his gift is a tragedy.

Hendrix solos: "Purple Haze"; "Foxy Lady"; "1983".

Other solos: "All My Love" by Eric Clapton with John Mayall and the Bluesbreakers; Chuck Berry on "Deep Feelings" "Melodie au Crepuscule" by Django Reinhardt; "Emergency" — John McLaughlin with The Tony Williams Lifetime.

Own best solos: "Scary Monsters" with David Bowie; "No Pussyfooting" with Eno; *In The Court of The Crimson King* (the whole album).

Guitar: 1959 Gibson Les Paul Black Beauty.



EBET ROBERTS

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Amps: Roland 120.

Best Live Performance: Tom Verlaine and Richard Lloyd of Television at their last gigs at the Bottom Line; John McLaughlin's solo concert in London, 1971; Segovia at the Bournemouth Winter Gardens in 1960.

Strings: John Alvey Turner Light Gauge.

Emmett Chapman: Stick virtuoso/inventor.

On Hendrix: I was really shaken up by listening to Hendrix. It changed this whole clean jazz style of guitar playing I was into. I got so I wanted to play in a fluid rock style with the layers of speed Jimi used. When I tried doing some of the things right-handed that I'd been trying to do with my left hand, I found I could instantly do them, rhythmically I could lay on those Hendrix layers of speed. Pumping out the bass and chords with my left hand and soloing with my right hand on the fretboard was the beginning of The Stick. Total freedom — which is what Jimi was all about anyway. He probably was the main influence on me as far as creating the Electric Stick. As to his music, I thought it was underrated. I couldn't understand why so many people didn't like him at the time out here. His singing was especially underrated. That airy, mental style of his. I thought he was it.

Hendrix solo: *Rainy Day, Dream Away.*

Other solos: John McLaughlin — "Dance of the Maya" on *Inner Mounting Flame.*

Guitar: Chapman Electric Stick.

Amps: Walter Wood Mini Amp, MXR Flanger, Electro-Harmonix Micro-Synthesizer, DOD Compressor and the Yamaha E-1005 Analog Delay.

Best Live Performance: Mahavishnu at the Fox-Venice Theater, Shakti at the Roxy.

Strings: GHS.



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CHARLIE

Electric guitar begins here. Although he died in 1942 at the age of 22, Christian's innovations were substantial and enduring.

By Bob Blumenthal

Though it's hard to imagine today, before Charlie Christian the guitar was little more than an incidental instrument in jazz and popular music. Christian was not the first electric guitarist, but he was the first to play the newly-amplified instrument with a creative approach; and the discoveries he made worked a profound influence on jazz, blues, and rock guitarists born long after Christian had died. Beyond guitar players, Christian's ideas helped launch the bebop era, where his impact was felt by non-guitarists as well. Most astounding of all, Christian's achievements were contained within a meteoric career which saw him winning popularity polls at age 20 and dead at age 22.

Like many of his important contemporaries, Christian is a product of the Southwest, the "territory" where swing and the blues sensitivity reached maturity in the years before World War II. He was born in Dallas in 1919 and moved to Oklahoma shortly thereafter. A multi-instrumental prodigy, Christian took his first professional job in 1934, playing bass with the legendary Alphonso Trent. Stints under the leadership of his brother Eddie and Anna Mae Winburn followed, and by 1937 Christian was fronting his own band in Oklahoma City. It was at this point, when he was all of 18, that Christian began playing the electric guitar.

Unamplified guitar was an essential element in rural blues, but up to that time its role in jazz had been negligible. The sound of the instrument simply did not cut through ensembles, so most guitarists confined themselves to four-to-the-bar chordal comping. Those who pioneered in single-string melodic soloing, like Eddie Lang and Django Reinhardt, did so in small "chamber" groups specifically tailored to expose the guitar's sound. All of this changed when the amplifier, which could boost the guitar's sound to a level of equality with horns, piano, and drums, was developed in the mid-Thirties. The first recorded evidence, "Floyd's Guitar Blues," features Floyd Smith on an electric steel guitar with Andy Kirk's band; while Eddie Durham made the first records with the now-standard electric guitar in 1938, the classic Kansas City Five and Six sessions recently reissued on Commodore.

Christian cited Durham and Clarence



Although Christian did not invent the amplifier, and wasn't the first to use it, what he did with it was so fundamental he remains the dominant influence on straight jazz guitar today.

Love's guitarist "Jim Daddy" Walker as inspirations, but he went far beyond their examples. In place of their short, rhythmically regular phrases, Christian introduced longer, more complex lines which alternated with hard-swinging riffs, more in the manner of a saxophonist or a trumpeter. The odd melodies and shifting attack in a typical Christian solo suggest that Lester Young had more to do with shaping his style than any guitarist. A comparison of the original Kansas City Six sessions with the group's 1939 Carnegie Hall appearance (where Christian replaced Durham) underscores Christian's more radical approach as well as his empathy with Young.

It apparently took Christian little time to master the amplified instrument. He was back with Alphonso Trent in 1938, using his guitar as a front-line voice in a

sextet which also featured two horns. Bassist Oscar Pettiford met Christian in Minneapolis during this period, and the encounter had a permanent effect on Pettiford's conception. It is also possible that Christian worked for a while in St. Louis with the Jeter-Pillars Orchestra which included bass pioneer Jimmy Blanton. He was back in Oklahoma City with his own band in August 1939 when talent scout supreme John Hammond flew out to hear him on the recommendation of Mary Lou Williams. Hammond was knocked out, and arranged for Christian to visit Los Angeles for an audition with Benny Goodman, but the clarinetist was initially put off by Christian's youth and countrified appearance. As legend has it, Lionel Hampton and Artie Bernstein snuck Christian on stage during a concert by the Goodman

FRANK DRIGGS

CHRISTIAN

He was the first to adapt a long-lined solo style to the guitar, virtually inventing all the modern uses of the instrument, and did for jazz guitar what Hendrix did for rock.

sextet. Goodman was so impressed with what he heard that he and Christian proceeded to jam "Rose Room" for 48 minutes straight.

It didn't take long for Christian to revitalize a Goodman small band still reeling from the departures of Gene Krupa and Teddy Wilson. Goodman had already been greatly impressed with "Kansas City style" as exemplified by the Count Basie band, and Christian's arrival completed the transition to a more blues and riff-based format. Between October 1939 and March 1941, Goodman and Christian made several classic small-band recordings in the sextet format with Georgie Auld, Count Basie, Lionel Hampton, Fletcher Henderson, Dave Tough, and Cootie Williams among the other sidemen. While Christian did receive co-composer credits on "Seven Come Eleven," "Haven't Named It Yet," "Flying Home" and "Air Mail Special," musicians who heard the guitarist in his "territory" days insist that he originated most of the tunes which the Goodman sextet recorded.

A typical Christian solo on these sessions features an adroit balance of catchy riffs and longer, more convoluted phrases, with riffs on the main section of the chorus often counterposed against a longer-lined bridge. By alternating compact, bluesy material and more modern melodic lines, Christian was able to build and release tension in the most natural way. A sense of total relaxation suffused his work with Goodman, even when his ideas dip and plunge in the manner of Lester Young. Technically, Christian is totally commanding, moving his single lines with and against the beat without hesitation and occasionally spicing his solos with chords or octaves. The contemporary listener might find his use of electronics unexceptional, but Christian employed vibrato, bent notes and a more biting sound judiciously for dramatic emphasis. Above all, Christian was a master of the blues, as can be heard especially clearly in his acoustic guitar solos with the Edmond Hall Celeste Quartet.

If Christian's recordings with Goodman give adequate evidence of his genius ("Pres and Charlie Christian are the only musicians to make records equal to their real power," Lennie Tristano once said), the guitarist really came



FRANK DRIGGS

From "Swing to Bop" at Minton's to "Waiting for Benny" in the studio, Christian was one of jazz's legendary jammers, here in Oklahoma City with Sam Hughes and Dick Wilson.

into his own after hours in Harlem. Beginning in July 1939, Christian began hanging out at the Hotel Cecil on 118th St. following his nightly job with Goodman. By October of that year, the club at the hotel had become Minton's Playhouse, with Teddy Hill ensconced as manager and Kenny Clarke at the head of the house band (Thelonious Monk was also in the rhythm section). Hill, who became something of a second father to Christian, bought the guitarist a spare amplifier to keep at the club; and soon Christian was spending every night at the Playhouse, where he jammed with Ella Fitzgerald, Dizzy Gillespie, Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, and Fats Waller.

As great as Christian sounded with Goodman, he was even more commanding at Minton's. The melodic lines were longer and more harmonically daring, the riffs more highly charged, the sound more aggressive. Recordings made at the club confirm that, while Christian was too enamored of swing-era riffs to offer a totally modern conception, he was clearly the first musician to absorb Lester Young's lessons, and thus forms (with Young and Charlie Parker) an essential chain of Southwest blues-idiom innovators. Those performances where he is heard with Monk and/or Clarke ("Rhythm-a-Ning,"

"Swing to Bop," "Stompin' at the Savoy," "Up on Teddy's Hill") reveal that he excelled in the company of like-minded accompanists.

The heady nights at Minton's were short-lived for Christian, who was taken to Bellevue in July 1941 suffering from tuberculosis and died in a Long Island sanitarium in February 1942. While his potential seems unlimited, he had already created a sizable legacy in less than two years as a recording artist. And 40 years later his achievements are undimmed; for no matter what advances are made in the technology of electric music, Charlie Christian is still looked upon as The Source.

Charlie Christian Discography

Charlie Christian (Everest — Archives of Folk Music/Jazz Series)
Charlie Christian with the Benny Goodman Sextet & Orchestra (Columbia)
Solo Flight, Charlie Christian (Columbia)
Celestial Express, Edmond Hall (Blue Note)
The Complete Lionel Hampton (RCA)
Trumpet Battle at Minton's, "Lips" Page/Joe Guy (Xanadu)
Spirituals to Swing (Vanguard)

stone baited violently three times and then stood on the shelf with his beak hooked open and wings extended. "No it's not okay!" the lion repeated. "I mean when I played steady I was better than *this* but I was never really good. I had the idea — can I really be this stupid? — that when I picked up the axe this time I'd be able to play, that it would all fall into place, like maybe the suffering of being in prison would have ennobled me or something. Can I really be that stupid? At my age? Don't look at me. Pretend I'm not here . . ."

"Beeb," said the Bear, "it's all right."

The lion stood in the center of his cell, tearing distractedly at his mane. "It's so *embarrassing*. I can't believe I talked myself into it."

"Beeb, you're beautiful. It's all right." He didn't know what else to say. "You're a beautiful person."

"I DON'T WANNA BE A BEAUTIFUL PERSON!" the lion yelled at him, tore at his mane again and paced around his cell as if it would put some distance between him and the Bear. "Don't you ever call me a beautiful person. Leave me alone."

Well, a few hours later the Bear coaxed Beeb back on to the instrument, at least partly on the principle that if you fall off a horse the best thing to do is get back on, and during the course of a blues in B flat, the dead slow kind a drummer would have put a lazy triplet beat to, it turned out that, one note at a time, Beeb had at least as much feeling for the music as the Bear did himself. The Bear tried to tell Beeb about it but the lion wasn't having any. "Beeb, you're too much. The way you can play one note and mean it. So you can't play fast. Big deal. All my technical stuff don't mean doo-dah."

"Is that what you think you do? Technical stuff?" the lion asked him. "Don't make me laugh."

Late that night when the lights were out, the Bear squinted at his reviews in the rhombus of nightlight that filtered through his window. The reality principle was upon him; he took it all seriously: *Although his imagination seems limited to two or three structural/dramatic devices, he is able, by virtue of the genuineness of his passion and the work he has put into developing himself as a musician, which must in any case have been extraordinary, to parlay these situations into music sufficiently varied to warrant our interest.* The patrician "warrant our interest" soured him, but he felt that the rest of it was somehow true, that he was in fact limited to two or three structural/dramatic devices, and if he could only figure out what they were . . . then he would be able to . . . yes? yes? . . . Why did these words feel like poison? And why did he want to believe them?

"Whatcha doing?" the lion asked from the other side of the darkness. "I'm picking up a lot of fear."

"Reading my reviews. They all seem to complain about the pressing."

"India Nav. If you had recorded for ECM they'd all complain how Manfred Eicher failed to capture your real furriness. Aw come on, Bear. Don't fall for no sucker punches. You'd do just as well to ask McVeen who you are. Go to sleep . . ."

"You're right," said the Bear, but he continued to read. *The network of linkages between the long a cappella section of the ballad and the excellent band section that follows it, and the torn, embittered feeling in general, though adequately solaced by lyricism and compensatory song —*

"Now that you're succumbing to comparison," the lion interrupted him, "how are you getting on with the trunks?"

"I'm learning to live with them. It's like functioning under flu."

"I never wanted to be a beautiful person," the lion told him. "I wanted to be a flash of lightning, a brilliant scribble in the sky. I wanted to be the terror of the earth."

The Bear dozed off when his eyes gave out in the feeble light.

A few days later, Iris came to see him, disguised in a green tweed suit as Sybil Bailey on a necessary legal visit — so that was what Jones had meant by all that flimflam. There she was, small perfect face and bright star eyes, and under the scrutiny of the guards she and the Bear exchanged between them a

series of freighted legalisms and banalities. It was a pathetic and useless episode, his heartstrings torn at again to no purpose: he was a bear in a medieval woodcut, set upon by dogs in a ring, and there was Iris, terrified of being found out and soothed not at all by seeing him.

"Your lawyer seems kind of emotional," a guard said to him on the way back to his cell after the visit.

"Aw, you know women," he said. Later, in his cell, his heart started to break again and he thought: fuck it, let it die, and it did. So that when he and the lion were led out to play music in a large room that later filled with dogs on their way to being gassed, he was too tired to yell and scream about it and only packed up his alto and turned his back. Beeb was feeling more dramatic: he smacked his bass against the wall and left the remains on the floor, then banged at the exit door until a pair of guards came to fetch them.

"Stuff like this goes on all the time," Beeb told him on the way back. "The world's full of it. It's too bad we're too paranoid to appreciate it. We just think it's us."

"You think we're paranoid?" asked the Bear.

"Oh sure. We both know better but haven't outgrown it . . . Tell Barker thanks for the bass," he told a guard when they were left off. "Glad to know he's still working for the clampdown."

Back in the cell, Brimstone was baiting again, a broken record, a one-liner, an obsession. "If he had a few more brains he'd loosen up a little, just be one of the guys, you know?" said Beeb to the Bear. "We could get a deck of cards, work up a game of hearts."

Let the days pass, thought the Bear. He was tired of the music of his own psychology and the changes that could be rung from it. *Tired*. He was tired. Why had he even bothered to bring his saxophone back from the dogs? He stared down at it. Why was this thing attached to him? Funny, but before he had gone out and tried to make a living at it he had known.

"That which is One is One." Beeb told him from the adjoining cage. "And that which is not One is also One."

"Great," said the Bear. "Thanks a lot."

Funny though, now that he sat day after day in the atmosphere of absolute defeat, how his innocence had begun to return to him. Lying dead on his cot for a moment here or there, he saw the window clearly and without subjective addition. Or the wall. Or the light falling slantwise into his cell with all the simplicity of the real, no good to him now, though it was strange how simple he had begun to feel, how gentle, even that. Funny, as the days passed, how even music was growing some of its meanings back now that he was no longer playing it. Was something really coming alive in him again? Were there any genuine feelings left? All the useless things I tried to be are shot to hell and now that it's no longer any use to me I begin to find my self again, untouched, still ready to learn. In desolation — if I had been smarter it might have worked out some other way — all other hope gone, in emptiness, in loss, in a kind of dying. Why didn't I find you everywhere? O Lord, I have run into the dark places of the earth and you've found me even here. Out of my measly and dishonored depths I cry to Thee.

Yes, and now that nothing was of any use to him, other old friends drifted back, among them a vision he'd had early on in his days of street-dancing, when Jones had led him out into the crowd and the visible people had disappeared like parts badly acted: over each of them hovered an individual and omniscient being from which all the qualities of their lives derived. Funny how it should recur now, as one day he raised his head to look at Beeb and found him there, pretending to be a lion, a prince of the infinite in the rags of matter, making a stab at being half-happy, slump-shouldered and tired. The eagle too, pretending to be an eagle, consenting for the sake of ceremony to be so confined, and then a typical pair of guards strolled by with their flamethrowers and atom bombs and it was the same with them too: perfect wisdom and complicity, complete compassion, the merest, most ephemeral coating of ignorance and pretense. Oh yeah, funny enough to

continued on page 114

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RECORD REVIEWS



Rolling Stones



Jackson Browne



The Kinks



Bob Dylan

Four x Three

The Rolling Stones — *Emotional Rescue* (Rolling Stone)

Bob Dylan — *Saved* (Columbia)

The Kinks — *One For The Road* (Arista)

Jackson Browne — *Hold Out* (Asylum)

By Lester Bangs

Something happens to most rock stars after a few years: as their inspiration flags, their album releases naturally get fewer and farther between. They labor (or do whatever it is they do) for years to come up with one more measly album, then when they finally finish the damn thing it's treated as some kind of great event. Usually, of course, it's really not; usually it's not even that great a record, but the hype machines switch to overdrive and for the fans it becomes a matter of getting your hopes up only to have them either brutally crushed or force yourself to succumb to what amounts to the Big Lie. In many cases the latter is what we settle for, if settle is even an appropriate word, though we certainly do settle for the albums themselves. And what we get on those albums is usually the act's voice(s) and instruments, his or her or their patented Sound, wrapped around material that all concerned usually know is inferior or retrain, i.e. the package without the contents. But it really doesn't even matter that much any more, because what we're really finally buying is Personality, which in America in the past few years has become far more of a commodity than ever, so much so that it often ceases to matter that the personality has nothing left to say and may in fact be by this point a virtual nonentity. There are four new releases which perfectly exemplify this syndrome, by four artists well past their prime who are, at least in three of the cases, selling far more records than ever.

Browne: Readers familiar with some of my other published writings may not

believe it, but there was a time when I actually liked Jackson Browne. In fact, in 1974, while suffering the pangs of nascent love, I truly believed the title song on his *Late For the Sky* album was *about* me and my girlfriend. That was his third excellent album in three years, although one always did wonder what he might have been up to since Nico originally recorded "These Days" in 1967. It took two years after that for him to get *The Pretender* out, another fine LP which nevertheless disappointed many of his old fans who felt that the songwriting was relatively shallow. Now it's taken almost four years for him to finish *Hold Out* (I don't count 1978's *Running on Empty* because it was a live album with only one new song), and even as you feel sorry for him you have to wonder if it was worth the wait. You feel pity because the album leads off with "Disco Apocalypse," in which he (quite sincerely, from statements he made in interviews *ca.* *The Pretender*) celebrates you-know-what, except as I noted last issue you-know-what has been declared officially dead, so if the poor little guy had just only waited three or better yet two years instead of three and a half it would have been perfectly timed instead of making him look silly to those who're not gonna cry sell-out. You wonder if it was worth the wait because this guy is such a tortured genius he was only able in those three and a half years to write and record a total of eight new songs, the best of which was "Running on Empty." The material here is truly dreary, although he performs it earnestly as ever; he used to be a master at delineating (albeit in perhaps overly sentimental terms) the convoluted byways and blind alleys of love; now he settles for lines like "Anyway/I guess you wouldn't know unless I told you so/But/I love you/Well just look at yourself/What else would I do?" which of course is a great help to all of us and he took eight minutes to reach that conclusion. The

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arrangements aren't much either; bring back Jon Landau.

Dylan: Another popular singer-songwriter is Bob Dylan, who after making one of the most interestingly screwed-up (albeit phony) albums of all time in 1978's *Street-Legal* was so stung by its literally hateful reception by critics and most old fans that he really flipped out, went and got born again. *Saved* (Columbia) is his second whole-hog Christian album and if you're looking for any of the heartbreaking compassion of, say "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine" you can of course forget it because what we've got here and in last year's *Slow Train Coming* is strictly St. Bob warning us all we're going to roast in brimstone if we don't change our evil ways. Where that album cast him as the Old Testament God of Wrath, this album is all about how there may be hope for us yet if we simply accept said God into our hearts (cat never got around to the New Testament), i.e. he's less pissed-off with our sinnin' and more devotional. It's got his touring band and they're rougher than Dire Straits who backed him previously (but then so is avocado dip), also fans of horrible singing oughta really get into his melismatic workout on "A Satisfied Mind." Still, you gotta wonder how in the world he's gonna follow up two albums of this drivel in a row.

Kinks, Stones: The Kinks and the Rolling Stones are two of the longest-running group acts in rock 'n' roll, both having been around since '63-'64; this far down the road, you feel like just rooting for them to make it to the big two-decade benchmark. The new Kinks set, *One for the Road* (Arista), is one of those double-live affairs (their third live album, in fact), and as such a real case of *comme-ci comme-ca*. They do old ("All Day and All of the Night") and new ("Prince of the Punks"), Ray proves he's still a showman with an idiosyncratic voice and his bro' Dave proves he's still a hot guitarist, the band rocks out, the audience sounds coached, somehow too static in their cooperation, and the whole set might be fine for anybody who prefers professionalism to Ray's weirder and more curmudgeonly passions. As for the Stones, *Emotional Rescue* (Rolling Stones) is a very nice album indeed which every reader of these words no doubt knows by heart now whether he or she would wish so or not; the release of any new Rolling Stones album is at this point such a universally (if indifferently) embraced Event that it hardly seems worth reviewing. They have honed their competent professionalism so fine you know they actually can keep on like this well into the Eighties even though the songs with one exception (Keith's) are about absolutely nothing and in fact the hottest of them ("Dance") is little more than a jam. I don't care and play the album at least once a day if not more because I've finally decided that they

really don't matter any more except as pure entertainment so I might as well relax and enjoy 'em in the same way Bee Gees fans love their boys.

By Laura Flossinger

Dylan: Pete Townshend's got it by the collar: "Spirituality is the need and religion is the junk food." *Saved* feels like a gut-clenching stomach ache after a raid on the 7-11. It tastes pretty good going down, though. Dylan's singing shivers with vulnerability, and big portions of the gospel instrumentation bristle with dignity. But it's one fundamentalist polemic after another, and by side two you've had enough. This is the man who blew open the boundaries of the song form? "Covenant Woman" rises above it all, beautiful enough to sting your eyes with tears. It makes you wish for an album (like Van Morrison's *Into the Music*) with the signature of one man's showdown with the spirit. That's why this prepackaged fundamentalist chow chills me. Dylan sounds scared — if he wasn't, he'd let us in to see the processes and the privacies of his faith. I wonder how long after *Saved* before the hunger starts keeping him awake at night?

Kinks: Oh, Ray. So what if there haven't been any live Kinks discs since *Everybody's in Showbiz*? Whose calendar said it was time? *Detail* has always been what's made your best stuff so classic. Lovingly delivered, it's sustained a collusion between you and your fans that makes them some of the most doggedly faithful in all of rock. But these dumb, obligatory singalongs, the thoughtless little asides, the atmosphere of reluctant duty... Maybe my problem is not having liked *Low Budget*, over half of which reappears here. "Superman" and "National Health" kinda energize, but is that by default? The hit parade — "Lola," "You Really Got Me," "All Day and All of the Night" — doesn't even feature one definitive version. Not even one definitive live version. My only hope is that some kid who keeps hearing "You Really Got Me" on AOR radio uses it as a place to start discovering what you can really do.

Rolling Stones: I listen and listen to this goddam record and get no goddam where. So I went back to the multitude of reviews already out on *Emotional Rescue* and had a good laugh. Then I felt better. I am only one among many to chew my tail and bluster myself to death talking about the bad boys. Why break tradition? I offer a choice:

Theory A: A brilliant record. The permafrost ambience, the insidious pound, the time-honored Stones smirk — it all paints a horrible picture of emotions hiding out miles from any real impetus or understanding. "Indian Girl," "Down in the Hole," "All About You" — the slow songs — turn around and singe with the reality of being beyond

rescue, retreat, or any more running. Devastating and superb.

Theory B: A steaming and complacent hunk of garbage. Lyrics are either hidden in the mix or lame. Melody lines are boring throwaways, spotty at best. The songwriting diddles with different dance idioms like a drunk lover's foreplay. Is this yard-party disco for les Gucci-Pucci-Fiorucci? The fact that the record gets off its poot and works from time to time ("She's So Cold," "Down in the Hole," "All About You") only makes it more of a general disgrace. Should have called it *Emotional Absence*.

Take your pick.

Jackson Browne: Browne is not to be topped for lyrics that speak to the private heart, and he has established a near-sacred trust with his listeners from the very start of his career. Unfortunately, that trust has let a lot of listlessness in over the years without much protest from the ranks. The improvements in *Hold Out* are subtle, but they're there. The melodies are a little less predictable, a little less slow and solemn, and Browne is taking new chances with his voice, pushing it harder. His songs don't need grandstand plays to do their job, so these small, fresh risks are important. *Hold Out* doesn't begin to equal *The Pretender*, Browne's masterpiece to date, but then work in transition rarely satisfies the way work that fulfills a cycle does. Still, Browne needs a different band. Just think how much harder the nascent cold wind in his songs would blow if, for instance, Crazy Horse were playing. The human heart is a wild place, and Browne has to face its dangers not only in the lyrics but in the music that surrounds them.

By Vic Garbarini

Stones: Speaking of emotional rescues, it was the punks who gave Jagger and Co. a much needed kick in their jaded butts a few years back, resulting in the no-nonsense (well, relatively speaking) *Some Girls*. *Emotional Rescue* is another step in the right direction: stripped down, direct, intense. (Remember, everything's relative ...) Richards' and Wood's guitars stay low and dirty, careening through the nether regions while Watts' drums act as an island of stability, a 4/4 constant as the pole star (though I still get nostalgic for Mick Taylor's sweet, clean tone and skyhooking riffs). But this is primarily Jagger's album. His vocals have rarely been so committed, intense, direct, and open — ("She's So Cold" is a masterpiece) — and what gets me most is the intelligence behind the intensity. (Yup, we're still being relative in case you were wondering ...)

Dylan: Looks like Zimmy's Bible class finally got around to studying the New Testament as well as the Old (that Jehovah stuff last time around was a bit

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much). Everybody's been complaining about the songs here — just simple blues/gospel stuff. Well, go back and look at the song structures on *Highway 61*, Jack. And don't worry about the lyrics, for God's sake! The spirit's the thing to catch here — the sheer abandon of it all. Hopefully he's getting what he needs from all this, and eventually he'll probably evolve beyond it. So fine, let's all keep a critical eye open and all that, but at the same time let's not begrudge the man his honest epiphanies. I may not play this every day either, but I'm not going to say it's bad music.

Kinks: I'm beginning to wonder if moving to New York was such a wise move for Davies. Decadent types like the Stones may thrive here, but Ray has been left high and dry — cut off from the pathos and passions of English working class life that were his main source of inspiration. I will concede, however, that the newer material sounds much better here without the fat, glitzy production job applied to the studio versions. Dave Davies' irritating fuzzball guitar attack takes the guts out of most of the oldies, so I guess it's back to *The Kinks Kronicles* and *The Kinks Greatest Hits* for the kid.

Browne: Side 1 Cut 2: "Hold Out", Side 2 Cut 3: "Hold On Hold Out". What is this boy trying to tell us? He does sound like he's just barely holding on — by his fingernails. Browne has always been long on substance, shorter on energy, and this is easily his least inspired, most musically lethargic album to date. There's nothing here that wasn't said better on *The Pretender* and *Late For The Sky*. Let's be fair about this, nobody can be at the height of their perceptual and inspirational powers all the time, but this is getting rather close to sentimental self-indulgence. And what's with the silly voice-over on the last cut? Barry White for people who went to Good Schools? I know he can do better.

Jeff Beck

There and Back, Epic 35684.

Hearing Jeff Beck's blues-rock licks in the 80s, it's well to remember that he made them up himself — the sound, the phrasing, and the style originated with him and a few contemporaries. Others have built on Beck's tradition, just as he built on the blues masters, but this guy heard it first, he opened up the territory. The problem of recording him today is that of finding a modern setting that complements his trademark style. Beck's first forays into fusion, on *Blow by Blow*, sounded tentative at times as he tried to adapt to more jazz-inflected music. On *There & Back* he invites no invidious comparisons, playing just like himself and sounding as fresh as if the past ten years hadn't happened. Co-producer Ken Scott has wisely built the music around him.

Three of the settings are by Jan Hammer, five by British session pros Tony Hymas and Simon Phillips. I prefer the latter group, mainly because Hammer's keyboard bass lines are no substitute for the real thing as played by Mo Foster. "Star Cycle" especially suffers from the mechanical Euro-disco bass riff, but the dialogue between Beck's bad-boy guitar and Hammer's synthesizer that closes "You Never Know" is electrifying.

Hymas' and Phillips' strategy is to frame a one or two chord solo section with more complex fusion themes. "The Pump" and "El Becko" feature Beck's unique approach to slide guitar over thumping bass. On "The Golden Road" the contrast between theme statements by bass and keyboards and the aggressive guitar solo is a bit too obvious, but elsewhere Beck executes the melodies with grace and his characteristically expressive sound before tearing off into the solos. The man still knows better than anyone how rock guitar should sound. Doubling the melody full left and right in the stereo field, with lots of echo, he gets a big majestic sound out of the instrument. My favorite track is "The Final Peace," improvised by Beck over Hymas' fat synthesizer chords. He comes up with a beautifully organized and expressive solo, using harmonics, trills, and other rock 'n' roll tricks with the touch of a master, totally integrating them into the expression. His vibrato is as controlled and expressive as any singer's. Jeff Beck has definitely been there & back, and this cut says it better than words. I hope he stays around this time. — *Chris Doering*

Sam Rivers

Contrasts, ECM-1-1162.

The first time I ever heard the music of Rivers, I was struck most by the aesthetic significance of his playing and composing. He seemed to pull me into the music to experience with him the uninhibited anger and resentment or love and humor of the moment. And although there was obviously a great deal of technique and experience behind his every note, thoughts of those considerations seemed trivial, almost irrelevant. To this day it's still difficult for me to point to any purely technical or stylistic revelations he has given to this music to explain his importance in the historical continuum of jazz. At most any point in his music you could freeze it and say, "that's been done before," or, "that's just a permutation of a bop phrase," but his music has significance far beyond such obvious analyses. What's important to me is that Rivers the man and the artist can convey a real sense of himself so powerfully and convincingly through his music.

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here is a very high degree of aesthetic communication; you get the impression that these musicians are totally inseparable from the music they create. By placing greater emphasis on compositions, as well as improvisation, this album becomes one of the most expressive, varied and complete works Rivers has ever recorded. For suggesting the inclusion of George Lewis on this date, I take back all those nasty things I've said about Manfred Eicher — a stroke of genius. Lewis, who seems to have snuck up on me and is now one of my favorite contemporary players, makes a perfect foil for Rivers. He brings out new dimensions in Rivers' playing. And it is Lewis' amazing balance of wit and power that pushes the date just a little further than it might have gone otherwise. And supported by the superb rhythm section of Dave Holland and Thurman Barker — rhythm section really isn't the right word because they go so far beyond that concept — the two horns weave in and out, tossing motifs back and forth with such ease and understanding, while Holland and Barker pop and dance around them. This is Rivers' ultimate band. Holland's been with him for ages and should stay with him forever, and Barker is even a better drummer for this context than Barry Altschul was. Sam should be very pleased with these results. I am. — *Cliff Tinder*

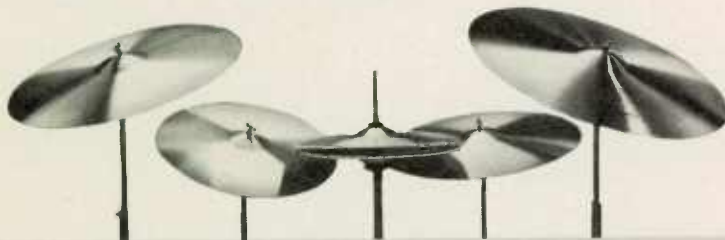
Cecil Taylor

One Too Many Salty Swift And Not Goodbye, hat Hut TWO (3R02).

So you say ya don't like Cecil Taylor kid ... hush now, I understand. Had trouble with him for years. Adored his earlier work, was a little perplexed by *Unit Structures* and *Conquistadors*, and found his unrelenting Units impressive but intimidating (Doctor to patient: "Take two amphetamines and call me in the morning."). But I kept going back to hear him, anticipating that either he'd employ more structures and dynamics or that I'd somehow slip into sync with what he was doing (or that all that violence would purge me of my own anxiety when I got in one of *those* states).

I think Cecil and I both made progress; energy is still Cecil's middle name, but there are more contrasts and sunspots of cool; and I've come to the point where I no longer come to Cecil with any specific expectations (i.e.; Bud Powell choruses, metric time, cyclical development), just accepting whatever might happen in the course of our encounter.

One Too Many Salty Swift And Not Goodbye (how's that for a lucid title?) doesn't have the epic quality of *3 Phasis*, but it's a much better recording, 3 records worth. Bassist Sirone provides, if not quite the illusion of tonics and chord changes (like Alan Silva or Fred Hopkins), a roiling tonality and percus-



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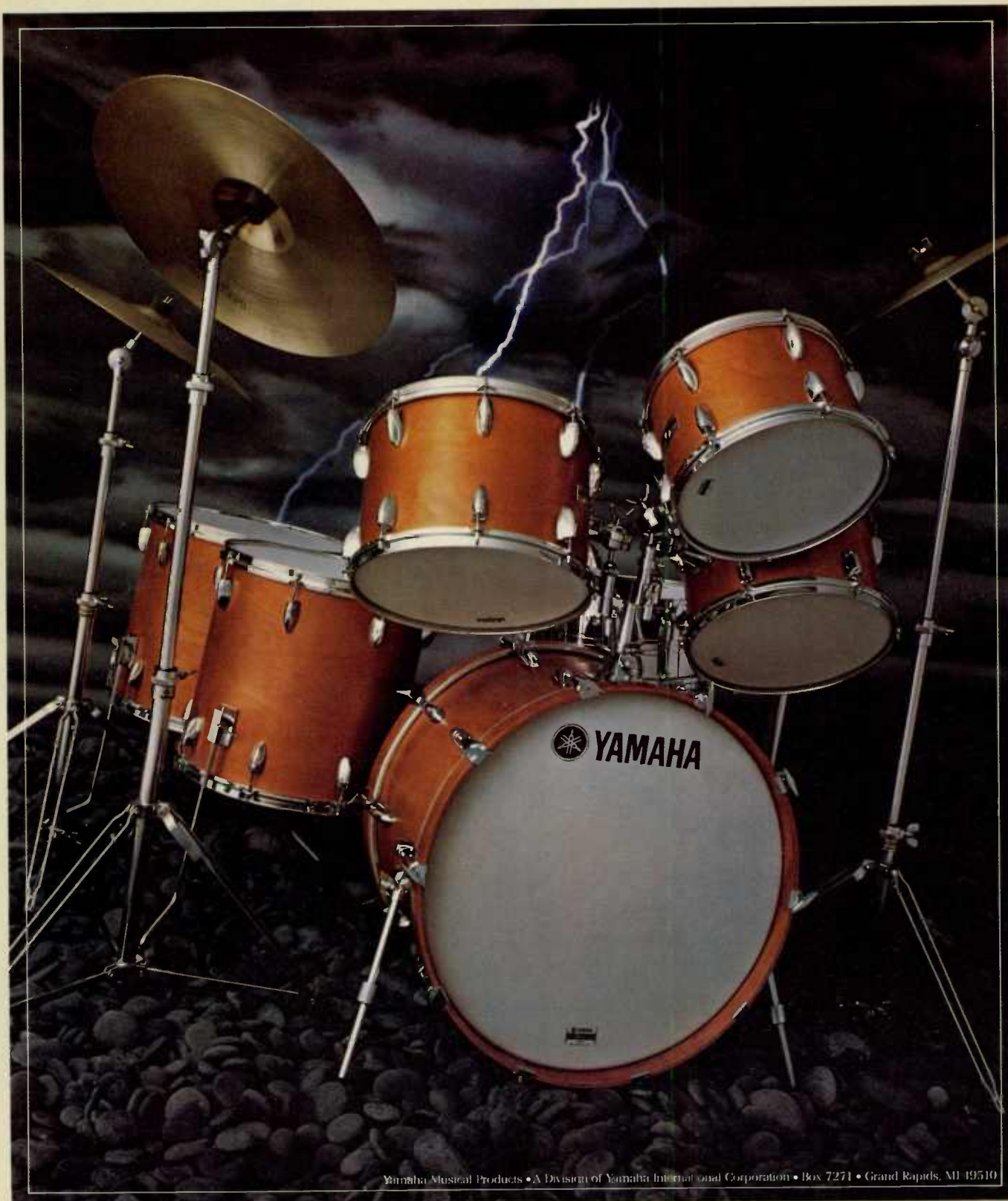


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sive presence. For most of the first three sides Taylor jousts with the bassist and drummer Ron Shannon Jackson; part of what makes this my favorite recent Taylor recording is the chance to hear him in a trio setting, even though it's hardly conventional. Taylor has said that he looks at the piano as 88 pitched drums, and the development of his music is primarily rhythmic. Taylor has a number of particular dramatic gestures, caricatures, and harmonic devices he'll return to (like his block chorded bass modulations, hand over hand mosquito swarms, ringing, marimba-like dance duets between either hands, Horace Silverish blues figurations). He'll state a motif then break up the line in parallel motion and fragments between Raphe

Malik's trumpet, Ramsey Ameen's violin, and Jimmy Lyons' alto; the ideas are echoed back and forth like a Germanic-vooodoo get-down in Congo Square. Then Taylor abstracts the idea with somersaulting barrages of notes, white noise and sudden reminiscences — a dance of death and darkness between witches and goblins, ancient elders and forbidden spirits. On side two Ramsey Ameen inspires the trio to achieve an unbelievable, thundering intensity. At odd moments drummer Jackson will cut through pulse time and deal parade beats, latin carnivals and barroom backbeats, a fascinating contrast to Taylor's tree chewing intensity; occasionally Taylor brings the forces back into focus with a poignant ballad section, before

plunging back into the maelstrom. Jimmy Lyons runs the rhythmic gauntlet with a hard, golden tone and a noble melodic detachment that extends Bird's spirit while avoiding the letter of his law.

In short, this is one hell of an exciting album. Even if you think Cecil Taylor's music is obnoxious, you've got to admit that he's the finest pianist alive. One way or another he'll elicit an emotional response, and with *3 Phasis* and this recording he appears to be entering his prime. It's a challenging experience, but take it from someone who's struggled with Taylor's music — it's worth the effort. — *Chip Stern*

Boz Scaggs — *Middle Man*, Columbia. Anyone who recalls Boz Scaggs ten years ago in front of a stone-faced ten piece band, playing all the solos and singing all the songs, might have thought, "here's a guy that needs some cool." Well, the seventies did just that for Boz, leading past his masterpiece, *Silk Degrees*, a true commercial classic, all the way to the ice sculptures of his calculated but unsuccessful *Down Two, Then Left*.

Cool as ever, Boz has a new model of the formula, tapping the talents of David Foster, 1979's wunderkind of E.W. & F, and Jay Graydon. Foster's tight compositional detail, his stylistic warmth, and the rhythm section of Jeff Percare and David Hungate (with a great cameo by Ray Parker Jr. and Joe Vitale on the scorcher, "Do Like They Do in New York City") bring out the best in Boz's elegant songwriting abilities and the result is *Middle Man*.

This is truly an album that seems unimpressive for several listenings, for Boz's coldness suggests more calculation for profit, but such cuts as "Joto," "Simone," "Isn't It Time" (used to great effect in *Urban Cowboy*) and the hauntingly beautiful "You Can Have Me Anytime" find their way under the skin and stay there. The last cut includes a guitar solo by Carlos Santana that is one of the most lyrical guitar statements of the year. Steve Likather's guitar barrage is used to set up the rockers that make up the meat and potatoes part of the album, and some of these are sort of fun. This album is worth buying to get two or three songs and the rest of it is a nice bonus. Welcome back, Boz. — *Jock Baird*

The Brecker Brothers — *Detente*, Arista AB4272. The first side is the result of a misguided, overly sophisticated attempt at black pop, with guest vocals (and one awful turkey by Randy Brecker which is not redeemed by his monumentally funky trumpet solo). I'd like to blame the idea on George Duke, who must have done something as producer besides fooling with a synthesizer, but the credits steadfastly maintain that it was written and arranged by the Brothers. Side two is all instrumental, and much better. The writing and soloing off-

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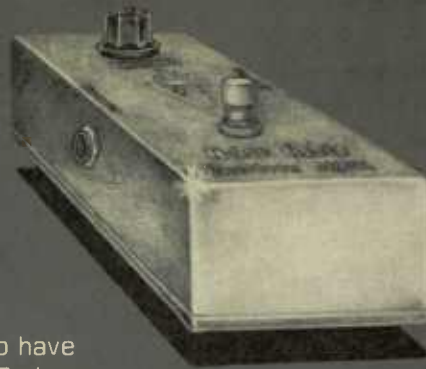
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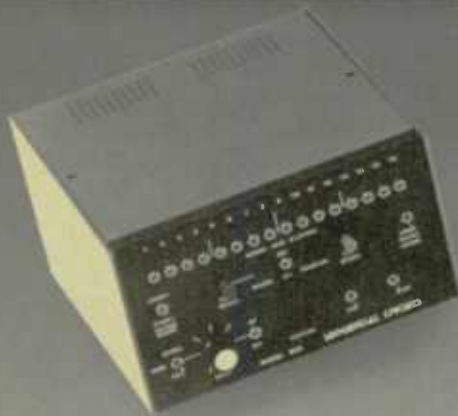
handedly illuminate the harmonic and structural dark corners that commercial fusion clones ignore in their pursuit of sunny dispositions, and balance the excessive chopsmanship of the Breckers' earlier efforts with the shock that earns them their daily bread. Too bad they wasted Side 1, but half a record is better than none. — *Chris Doering*

Dexter Gordon — Slide Hampton — *A Day In Copenhagen*, Pausa 7058. Very, very dangerous bebop playing in the Clifford Brown - Max Roach tradition from 1969. Those used to the restrained Gordon on Columbia may not be ready for the magisterial swing and daring of the Danish Dex. Slide Hampton is one of the most gifted trombonists and arrangers in jazz and trumpeter Dizzy Reece combines a fox's stealth with the grace of an antelope. Art Taylor locks in the rhythm section with crisp, aggressive drumming, while pianist Kenny Drew and bassist Orsted-Pedersen provide ringing, earthy commentary; listen to their constantly shifting accents on Hampton's "A Day In Vienna." The blues is the order-of-the-day on most selections, but there's also a provocative Dex on "The Shadow Of Your Smile." Worth noting: all these men were living in Europe when these sessions were cut. — *c.s.*

Richard Tee — *Natural Ingredients*, Columbia 36380. A very disappointing record which contains only snatches of the propulsive, two-fisted gospel piano that Tee plays better than anyone. Instead, he sings most of the tunes, and his vocals will send you running for the nearest gong. No wonder ol' buddy Eric Gale sounds so embarrassed when Tee calls him by name to take a solo. During a particularly silly scat, Tee pauses to exclaim, "Hey, this is fun!" Maybe for you, Richard, but not for me. — *c.d.*

Bea Benjamin — *Sathima Sings Ellington*, Ekapa 001. With new Ellington song-book albums out by Sarah Vaughan and Ella Fitzgerald, it'd be a shame if this unspectacular, unobtrusively winning effort got lost in the shuffle. Benjamin (wife of Abdullah Ibrahim, who produced) has a dry, nasal voice with limited range and power, but her delivery comes straight from the heart via bitter-sweet, unadorned phrasing and a disarmingly sincere tone. She's impressionistic rather than expressionistic, is not afraid to let her voice break here and there, and sounds both haunted and haunting, especially on a revelatory "Solitude," where the accompanists Claude Latief and John Betsch conjure a shifting, tribal rumination on despair. Even the uptempo "In A Mellow Tone" and "I Let A Song Go Out of My Heart" (the latter carried by a joyful high-life vamp) are tinged with a dark, underlying melancholy. This one won't hit you over the head. You'll have to come to it, but it will be worth the effort. *Michael Shore*

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The Crusaders — *Rhapsody and Blues*, MCA 5124. "Soul Shadows" is a lyrical tribute to some of jazz's creators, set to music which has nothing at all to do with Louis Armstrong or John Coltrane. The Crusaders seem to be relying on a formula here, forgetting that it was the inventiveness and risk-taking they used to bring to the formula that made their music work. There's more of Wilton Felder's sax than usual on this one, and Stix manages to be funky and elegant at the same time. Sample sounds like he's falling asleep, probably from the terminally mellow effect of forty minutes of medium-slow groove — *c.d.*

Vinny Golia — *...in the right order...*, Nine Winds 0103. I'm really tired of all the rhetoric floating around the jazz community about indigenous aesthetic racial differences. Some of it may be well-founded but much of it is simply racist. So I'm not going to mention that this hot album was recorded by a trio of white players who play as if they weren't. It should be sufficient just to point out that they have a genuine feel for the avant-garde. That their music seethes with creative fire. That they all have chops to burn — especially Golia, who sounds distinctive on his whole arsenal of woodwinds. That they consistently reach a high level of sensitive ensemble communication. That they are young musicians still finding their voices but clearly on their way to making very personal and important statements. It would be totally unnecessary, actually hypocritical to point out the fact that Golia, Alex Cline and Roberto Miranda create music with a degree of *soul* seldom found in players of their ethnical persuasion. So, I'll avoid opening that can of worms. — *c.t.*

Patti Austin — *Body Language*, CTI J236503. This is the Patti Austin album I've been waiting for, and a great pop record. She tackles styles from Streisand pop ("Love Me Again"), to southern rock ("Another Nail for My Heart"), to hot and cool funk ("I Want You Tonight" and the title cut), and makes them her own, singing with more force and focus than ever. The Muscle Shoals band make a perfect supporting cast, solid and clean on the ballads, and burning the uptempo tracks at fast tempos that give the urgency of a live performance. Grooves this strong are usually made to carry a whole tune, but with lyrics that actually say something, and Austin pushing as hard as the band, they don't have to. Jeremy Wall's arrangements feature rocking guitars and synthesizers over more conventional R&B horn pops and backup vocals. This is dance-oriented rock for real, and when the band comes roaring back from the bridge on "Soar Me Like An Eagle Flies," and Patti sings harmony with the guitar hook, it will give you the chills. — *Chris Doering*

George Wallington — *Our Delight*, Prestige P-24093. Before pianist-composer George Wallington, perhaps best remembered for his tunes "Godchild" and "Lemon Drop" (recorded by Miles Davis and Woody Herman respectively), left the New York jazz scene in 1958, he had recorded numerous sessions, and this twofold offers two early 50s trios alongside a '56 quintet, featuring Donald Byrd and Phil Woods. His style was reminiscent of Bud Powell's, with that lagging left hand and fluid, flying right spinning out the impressive ideas, and on ballads he demonstrated a keen melodic maturity. The trio sides, backed by Max Roach and bassists Charles Mingus, Oscar Pettiford and Curly Russell, find Wallington exploring all tempi, from the relaxed ease of a solo "Tenderly" to the ferocity of "Escalating" ("Cherokee" with a facelift). The quintet tracks are highlighted by the amazing Byrd, so fast, so brassy, so damn good, and Woods, whose tone is as robust as a good *cabernet* on such vehicles as "Together We Wail," a rhythm-changes opus, and Tadd Dameron's succulent title track. Wallington is a forgotten but very important member of the post-bop era whose collected works are more than worthy of our attention. — *Zan Stewart*

Kid Creole and the Coconuts — *Off the Coast of Me*, Ze ZEA 33-010. August Darnell's latest, delightfully goofy concatenation is Kid Creole and the Coconuts, a heavily rum-flavored band featuring Darnell (Kid Creole himself) as lead singer, Dr. Buzzard's "Sugar-Coated" Andy Hernandez on vibes, and a variegated bunch of men and women who bring to mind the Marx Brothers on safari all over the world (for who -knows-what purpose), listening to Carmen Miranda and Xavier Cugat cassettes in various languages. Their debut album, *Off the Coast of Me*, makes clear that their home base is a relaxed, breezy and aromatic island somewhere in the Caribbean, whence they wax romantic — "Off the coast of me lies you," fashionable — "Darrio, can you get me into Studio 54," and mildly psychosexual — "Mister Softee." Rhythm and relevance (sort of). A pina coloda toast to Darnell — *Jim Feldman*

Al DiMeola — *Splendido Hotel*, Columbia C2X 36270. Al DiMeola's problem is that when executing his incredibly fast and clean single-note lines, he invariably uses the major scale and its related modes. "Splendido Sundance," the acoustic duet with himself, shows that beautiful and compelling music can be made from these limited resources, but his attempts to pop and rock out of the flamenco context in which his technique thrives sound contrived and archaic, mainly because of the lack of harmonic color in his solos. His devotion to program music — the idea that the sounds

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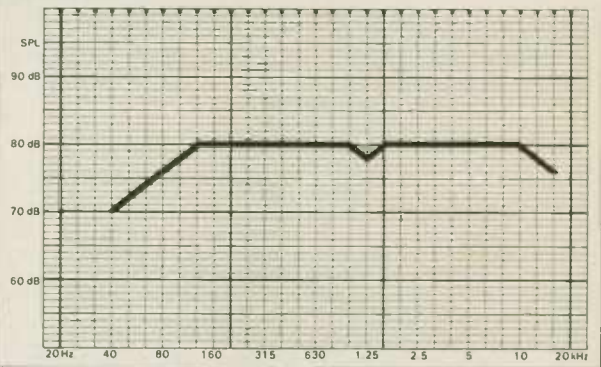
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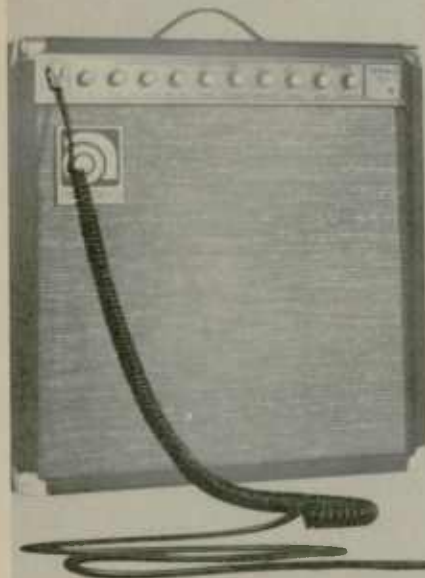
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must refer to something outside themselves — results in fatuous conceits like "Alien Chase On Arabian Desert," and "Roller Jubilee", "a jubilant roller dance tune for a sunny Parisian day." On the basis of *Splendido Hotel* it seems DiMeola will be the Tony Mottola of the 80s. —c.d

Larry Gelb — *New Souls*, Essene ES-7001. In reaction to closed doors from record producers and companies, many deserving talents are taking pianist-composer Gelb's road, the self-produced record. Glad that he has, for listeners will be won over by this collection, with the leader's sparse, deliberate musings and the haunting and friendly voice of Kim Ibeko, Charlie Parker's daughter. Gelb has a knack for writing lyrics and his "I'd Like To Melt Your Ego For Dinner" and "Waltz For Gabby Hayes," are wistful works that contain insights and swing, too; obviously Ms. Ibeko's tranquil delivery helps on both counts. On the instrumentals, reedman Gary LeFebvre puts out a cloudy soprano, as on the poignant "Karen's Last Summer," and the leader shows touches of Evans and Jarrett on the reposed "Behind The Smile." There are some problems with the drummer, who seems unused to recording, but the album's good and contains almost an hour's material. Available from Essene Music, P.O. Box 911, Scranton, PA 18501. —z.s.

Muhai Richard Abrams — *Spihumnesty*, Black Saint BSR 0032. *Spihumnesty* is concerned with the organization of pure sound, but the results are surprisingly lyrical and varied. Altoist Roscoe Mitchell and trombonist George Lewis contribute spare, vaulting counterpoint on two compositions, vocalist Jay Clayton does a synthesizer one better on "Inner Oversight," and Muhai engages Amina Claudine Myers in a jaunty Arabian flavored duet (which contains beautiful contrasts between acoustic piano organ and the Fender Rhodes). This is willfully experimental music, yet the structures communicate a playful spirit. —c.s.

Albert Mangelsdorf, Jaco Pastorius, Alphonse Mouzon — *Trilogie*, Pausa Pr 7055. Pastorius' harmonic-rich sound and free melodic conception is the perfect complement to trombonist Mangelsdorf's extraordinary range of multiphonics. Drummer Mouzon plays with swift, controlled violence, alternating furious burst of verbiage and punctilious backbeats. Mangelsdorf responds with leonine strength and engages Pastorius in all manner of vocal on-upsmanship. The open-ended structures presage some of what the current edition of *Weather Report* is doing; in short, this isn't just a super-session, but a fascinating cross-cultural encounter. If only all fusion albums could be this good. —c.s.

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ROCK

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By Vic Garbarini

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Southside Johnny And The Asbury Jukes — *Havin' A Party* (Epic) *The Clones Of Dr. Springsteen* Spunky kid struggles to make it in the shadow of his famous big brother. These are the kid's best punches, most of them gifts from the Boss himself. The question remains: is SSJ anything more than just a methadone fix for Springsteen junkies?

Southside Johnny And The Asbury Jukes — *Sacrifice* (Mercury) The prognosis looks hopeful: SSJ has gone cold turkey (no Boss covers) again as he did on his first album after switching labels, though this time the material is getting stronger. Unfortunately Johnny sings like he's asleep on his feet, which doesn't help matters much. ("On The Beach" is an exception). So Johnny get ang-gar-eee, Johnny get mad. **The Iron City Houserockers** — *Have a Good Time (But Get Out Alive)* (MCA) The Clones devour Pittsburgh. **The Lamont Cranston Band** — *Up From The Alley* (Waterhouse) The Clones reach Minneapolis. Actually, "Keep On Drivin'" is the best Springsteenian road saga I've heard since *Darkness*, though these guys still have their center of gravity in the Blues/bar band scene. With a punchier delivery and a more even production style these guys could be contenders. **The Only Ones** — *Baby Get a Gun* (Epic) Tonight's feature flick: *The Monkees Meet The Exorcist*. Little Davy Jones is possessed by the devil, who convinces him that he's actually Lou Reed. Cute but weird. Mostly the latter ...

Rossington Collins Band — *Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere* (MCA) Comparisons with the original being inevitable, I'll start by reporting that this reconstituted version of the Lynyrd Skynyrd Band is somewhat more streamlined (and less

raunchy and bluesy) than the original. Vocals are handled by Dale Krantz, who both looks and sounds like a cross between Tracy Nelson and Janis Joplin. (Well, she puts her heart into it, anyway.) The R&C tandem guitar attack is still intact, though as in Skynyrd days they've picked up another hotshot guitarist (Barry Harwood) along the lines of Ed King and the late Steve Gaines to apply the sting. There's considerable potential here, if they can keep the spark alive. For reasons sentimental as much as musical, I hope they do.

Carly Simon — *Come Upstairs* (Warners) Remember the seduced innocent of "You're So Vain"? Well, she's draggin' 'em upstairs now. A real Cosmo Girl. Meanwhile, the old folksy melodicism has devolved into slick Gucci rock — not exactly what "Anticipation" led me to anticipate. She could do better. **The Motors** — *Tenement Steps* (Virgin) In theory a turkey like "Love and Loneliness" should never get off the ground. A swirling Who-like intro followed by artsy Genesis synthesizers and an impassioned Springsteen vocal and chord progression couldn't possibly coalesce, but it does. So here I sit, teetering on the edge of a superlative, (should I say it or shouldn't I), and just now — no kidding folks — guess what comes booming out of my radio speakers? Is it fate? Is it coincidence? And speaking of mysteries, who *did* shoot that jerk on *Dallas*? Beats me, but okay, okay, it's my favorite radio fare of the year. Nothing else on the album reaches that peak, though "That's What John Said" comes close. But hey, I'm not complaining. As Murray said about Ted on the final installment of *The Mary Tyler*

Moore Show, "When a donkey gets up and flies, you don't get angry cause it can't stay up long." (Those wishing a complete transcript of today's debate should send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Gen. Billy Mitchell, c/o Mike Wallace and *Biography*, CBS TV, Hoth (The Ice Planet).)

Carolyn Mas — *Hold On* (Mercury) Not content to be the female Springsteen (kind of), Carolyn decides to go New Wave (sort of). The glossy sheen and reverb of the first album have been completely stripped away, a move which causes more problems than it solves. Guitars and sax are buried too deeply in the mix, and while Mas sings with an urgent intensity I get this uneasy feeling that she's doing it because she thinks she's supposed to, rather than from any real conviction. Let's just call it a well-intentioned experiment. **Queen** — *The Game* (Elektra) Brian May's lyrical yet gritty guitar playing (Jimmy Page with manners) keeps me from dismissing these guys out of hand. As usual, there are one or two decent cuts here ("Need Your Loving Tonight" and "Sail Away Sweet Sister") Now if they could only clear up that case of Mercury poisoning ... **The Records** — *Crashes* (Virgin) With their chiming Byrdsian guitars, lilting melodies and adolescent nasal harmonies The Records may yet succeed in making "power pop" a respectable genre. The departure of guitarist Huw Gower robs *Crashes* of some of the punch of the first album, (though it may be that replacement Judd Cole's guitar is just mixed down too low), and the material could be stronger. The charming "Hearts in Her Eyes" — originally covered by the Searchers — is the

continued on page 96

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JAZZ

Solar and lunar brass, the couple of first-rate debuts, Imitation hot dogs and Phillip Glass, Phillip Glass.

By Rafi Zabor

SHORT TAKES

Angled Saxons

I'm quite taken with the eponymous debut album of **Russel Hisashi Baba**, (Ruba 001), a Japanese saxophonist from San Francisco who has chosen not to submerge his roots but explore them, not only in the *gagaku* flute work that makes "Ancestral Space" the most successful cut on the record, but in the precise sense of shading and detail that characterizes his work throughout. He's obviously heard Lake and Hemphill and his chops are up to the influence, but he's spurred on to his most imaginative work here by violinist Raymond Cheng, whose intonation is sometimes inexact but who may be the more daring musician. This is a significant debut. (Ruba Records, 1736 Laguna, SF, CA 94115) **Cecil McBee**, *Compassion* (Inner City 3033), continues the bassist/leader's collaboration with Chico Freeman, some of whose best recorded improvising appeared on *Music From the Source*, from the same live sessions. Dennis Moorman still sounds fascinating on the same rotten piano, the great McCall still gets a hand from the great Moye, and the Freeman/McBee encounter still strikes fire, though the first session was little brighter. **David Murray**, *Sweet Lovely* (Black Saint 0039): The most likely candidate for great tenorist of the 80s meets the already great Fred Hopkins and Steve McCall with interesting but inconsistent results. For one thing, I miss the structural sense of Hopkins and McCall's Air-mate Henry Threadgill as Murray rambles, and the first time through, especially on the slow bits, I sometimes wondered if I'd come upon some out-takes from Albert Ayler's great *Spiritual Unity*, with Gary Peacock and Sunny Murray. Then along came **Albert Ayler**, *The Hilversum Session* (Osmosis 6001), and I realized my error. Not to disparage Murray, but Ayler was plugged into something so deep that no amount of "being influenced by" is going to ferret out the gold. This music (with Peacock, S. Murray, and Don Cherry), cathartic, powerful and sometimes on the face of it utterly absurd, is capable of making you recall ancient court music from the planet Zong. Even if you haven't been there. Also points up the more direct, less diversified energy sources availa-



ble to artists in the 60s, often to their peril. A major release. (Available from NMDS, 500 Broadway, NY, NY 10012). There's some terrific hard bop on **Sahib Shihab**, *All Star Sextets* (Savoy 2245), a reissue with great reed voicings and fine solos from Shihab, Clifford Jordan and above all Benny Golson at his best. A tasty relic, at least.

Pianoland

Vocalist **Helen Merrill** has produced three piano albums for Inner City; **Tommy Flanagan** *Plays the Music of Harold Arlen* (1071), **Al Haig** *Plays the Music of Jerome Kern* (1073), and **Roland Hanna** *Plays the Music of Alec Wilder* (1072) — get the idea? Hanna goes it alone and does fine, Haig is accompanied by bassist Jamil Nasser and does not live up to the expectations he raised on last month's *I Remember Bebop* — great tone, but why so much uneventful chording on the Kern material? — and Flanagan, who is accompanied by George Mraz and Connie Kay, comes out very predictably on top with a characteristically lucid and imaginative set of performances (though the recording is sometimes marred by a weird "doubling" of Kay's famous MJQ cymbal). Producer Merrill takes one vocal per album, and might have taken more; certainly no band singer of her generation has grown into so penetrating and unconventional a stylist. Bring on Dick Katz...

Still, the best new piano record comes from **Amina Claudine Myers** (*Song for Mother E* — Leo 100), not because she is necessarily a better pianist than Flanagan but because she's good in ways we haven't heard before on piano, and on organ releases possibilities in both white and black church music that are deep-rooted, God-intoxicated and distinctly her own. I think of Mary Lou Williams, but not only because she's another woman keyboardist; I just haven't heard this kind of intellect, dignity and power anywhere else. Pheeroan akLaff is her only accompanist and performs a difficult task well. An overdue debut (try NMDS, 500 Broadway, NY).

Big transition here: **Bob James**, "H" (Columbia 36422): Imitation music. Guaranteed nothing real. Substitute everything. One old French song butchered into sausage. Skip this one and hold out for James' legendary collab with Johnny Lydon (joke). I did not set out to slag this album, I just couldn't help it. On **Tom Browne**, *Love Approach* (Arista/GRP 5008), keyboardist/producer Dave Grusin hits a new low and is at least as puerile as James. Browne can actually play trumpet, but when Jon Faddis made an album this bad at least he played like he hated every minute of it. **Marian McPartland** is right in her liner notes to *At the Hickory House* (Savoy 2248); she's a much better pianist now than when these sides were recorded in

continued on page 96

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the early 50s, but she had a nice touch then too. Not as good as her current unaccompanied work, these trios still sound okay.

Silver and Gold

Bix Belderbecke is featured in the fourth volume of Time/Life's *Giants of Jazz* mail-order series; it's a basically ideal three-record compilation. Everything in Belderbecke's life was an accident but his music: he was a pure musical intelligence working his way through the invariably more superficial and often lame white bands of the period. He still glows. Armstrong was always the model for the primary, solar trumpet style; Belderbecke liked the silver light, and Miles Davis is among his sub-lunary descendants, in that respect at least. Bix also established the pattern of the best white jazz musicians being introspectives. Good set here, and the Whiteman material does not overwhelm it. This oarsman in the American desert died of drink. Strange country. *The Black Swing Tradition* (Savoy 2246) bursts with bands better than any on the Belderbecke set — Fletcher Henderson's, Mary Lou Williams' and others — and features great solos from Coleman Hawkins, Stuff Smith (!), Lips Page and, talk about mysterious trumpeters, Frankie Newton. To hear this set back to back with the Bix is to understand, with a clarity beyond words, how weird and bifurcated a country this is and how odd it

is to find oneself human here, amid racism, vitality and nearly infinite deceit.

Kenny Wheeler (*Around 6*, ECM 1156) has come up with the best album of Euro-jazz in awhile, notable for the leader's excellent writing and good playing, the clean drumming of Edward Vesala, Eje Thelin's imaginative trombone-ness, and the complete failure of freeblower Evan Parker to fit in on reeds. Reveille. **M**

Rock Shorts cont. from page 92

showpiece here, though it hardly puts my adrenals into overdrive the way "Starry Eyes" did. Next time how about more power and less pop? **The Barbara Dickson Album** (Columbia) Closet Abba freaks take note: "January-February" is open, spacious Euro-pop — replete with jangly guitars and irresistible singalong hook. You know, the kind of thing that makes you feel like you're cruising over the Alps at noon. Without a plane. Of course, they won't know what you're talking about if you try to explain, so just slip this inside an old Velvet Underground cover (no, no — the one you ruined by picking it up with peanut butter all over your mitts and then left on the radiator) and no one will ever know.

The Blues Brothers — *Original Soundtrack Recording* (Atlantic) OK OK I believe that they're well intentioned — real blues aficionados and all that — and they have a swell band and everything

and it was real hip to include cats like James Brown, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway and Aretha Franklin on the soundtrack (exposes them to a wider audience), and besides, everybody should have a hobby. But sincerity ain't enough. Ask Carter. **Xanadu** (MCA) Side One: Jeff Lynne and the ELO people dress up like Walruses and continue their sojourn in the wonderful Land of AM Side 2: Meanwhile Olivia N.J. continues to hang out in the suburbs of Pap City. **Troublemakers** (Various artists) (Warners) Warner's enlightened policy of peddling double album samplers by mail for a couple of bucks has never seemed more timely. This potpourri of New Wave hits and oddities is their most adventurous offering yet, and an irresistible bargain at three bucks. Included are previously unreleased tracks by Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers, Devo, John Cale, and the Sex Pistols (featuring a live version of Anarchy in the U.S.A. (U.K.) and the Stooges "No Fun" from their last gig in San Francisco, plus the title tune from Public Image's first album, previously unreleased in the U.S.) Other highlights: Marianne Faithfull's "Broken English" and "Working Class Hero," a couple from Robin Lane, Nico, critic's fave Wire, The Buggles, Pearl Harbor, and Gang of Four. (Note: The feedback solo on the JEM anthology version of "Anthrax" cuts the re-make here. In any other case, it's a steal at half the price.) **M**

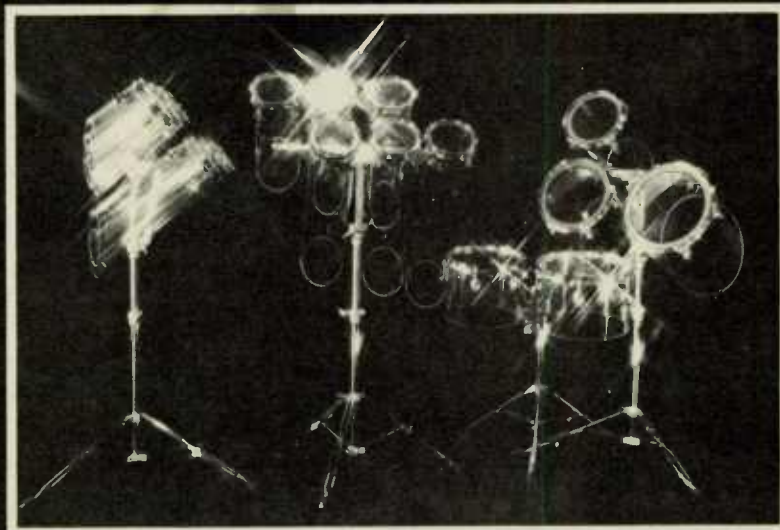
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Movies cont. from page 16

I'll close this soundtrack overview with a look at two that are more off-beat than the ones mentioned, but have real value as pieces of music. "The Apocalypse Now Sessions: The Rhythm Devils Play River Music" is a percussion soundtrack from the epic film, featuring Phil Lesh, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann of the Grateful Dead, Airtio Moriera, and Greg Errico (of the original Sly & the Family Stone), among others. Playing sort of a cross between Southeast Asian gamelan music and South American tribal rhythms, the percussionists were unleashed in a studio with an array of drums and instruments from around the world, which they played while watching the film on a monitor. It's a strange album, but so was the movie. The predominant theme which Francis Ford Coppola wanted was, as Hart says, "the jungle . . . and all movement in the jungle is either towards food or away from danger . . . In the jungle percussion is concussion, and one's survival depends upon the accuracy of his blow." Interesting and sometimes disturbing textures and tonalities abound on the soundtrack.

Finally, the album which is, in my humble opinion, the strongest all-around soundtrack LP released yet this year: "Rockers." Anyone with even a remote interest in reggae should check out this set, because it stands as a classic. Some of the songs are older reggae hits, but they hang together with the newer material perfectly. The Heptones' gorgeous "Book of Rules," Peter Tosh's menacing "Stepping Razor", Jacob Miller's strongly bubbling "Tenement Yard," Junior Murvin's sweet falsetto on "Police and Thieves"—all these songs combine to form an utterly contemporary and compulsively danceable album with no filler. Not surprisingly, "Rockers" is a solid little film, too, depicting as it does the hardships and joys Jamaican musicians face. But whether the film ultimately plays in your neighborhood or not, the soundtrack album is a must for rockers everywhere. It's that good. **M**

Hunter cont. from page 20

motor bikes at Mott concerts, stuff like that. He grew up on Mott, so it's not surprising the Clash sound the way they do.

"I think Mott were better, though I like Clash. They're good and they sure are happening. When I watch 'em, I can't help think Mott were ahead of our time. Still, the Clash are more committed than we ever were. But we played better. We were more diversified; we went from one end of the spectrum to the other.

Ian Hunter's new double-live album, *Welcome To The Club*, may seem a slight disappointment for fans whose appetites were whetted by the strong *Schizophrenic* album. Although the LP includes one side of previously unre-

leased material amid many of Hunter's (and Mott's) old stand-bys, the record contains too much of the dross associated with the dreaded Double-Live Syndrome. Is Ian worried his momentum could be slowed after the success of *Schizophrenic*?

"Yeah, sure I am. It's a pain in the ass, really. The band had been on the road for six months and Steve Popovich figured it would a good idea to release a live album. I'm not that prolific a writer and he wanted to keep my name around until I got on to the next one. I mean, if you're gonna have a manager in the first place, you might as well abide by his decisions, which included the strategy for *Schizophrenic*, and that turned out to be a very successful album.

Finally, even though Ian Hunter was over 3,000 miles away and it was 10 in the morning, I still pictured him with his patented curly locks and omni-present shades. One last question, Ian. Do you really wear your sunglasses to sleep?

A hearty chuckle came over the wire. "Obviously. Hey, I used to be so paranoid about people seeing my eyes when I was on the road with Mott, even while I was in bed, I would shove 'em on if anyone came into the room. So people actually thought I did wear them to sleep...

Who is the man behind those Foster-Grants, you ask? A private man who reveals his foibles in public, an insecure yet proud Ian Hunter is one young dude who has grown older while still managing to survive with spirit intact. And that, my friends, is no small achievement. **M**

Bangs cont. from page 30

cosm. Haven't you ever wanted to be "Inside a Hornet"? Or to hear the "Large Long-Horn Beetle Screaming"? Or how about the obvious empathy for "Fly Caught on Flypaper"? I have not ventured to experiment at listening to this record while under the influence of various hallucinogenic drugs (as I have with things like Xenakis' "Bohor I")—there is a familiar logic to these common household/garden pests' ditties and conversational patterns that's a little frightening. But, like *Sounds of the Junk Yard* and all the best sound effects records, it doesn't get boring—two guitarist friends have already become so excited when I played it for them that they went out and ordered their own copies to practice to. Don't laugh until you recall that Eric Dolphy, for one, used to play along with and imitate the melodies of the birds, and insects are obviously far more appropriate to electronic amplification and our current emotional climate.

You should know that I am perfectly serious about all this and, as I said at the beginning, only scratching the surface here. Should any or all of the records described whet your appetite, the follow-

continued on next page

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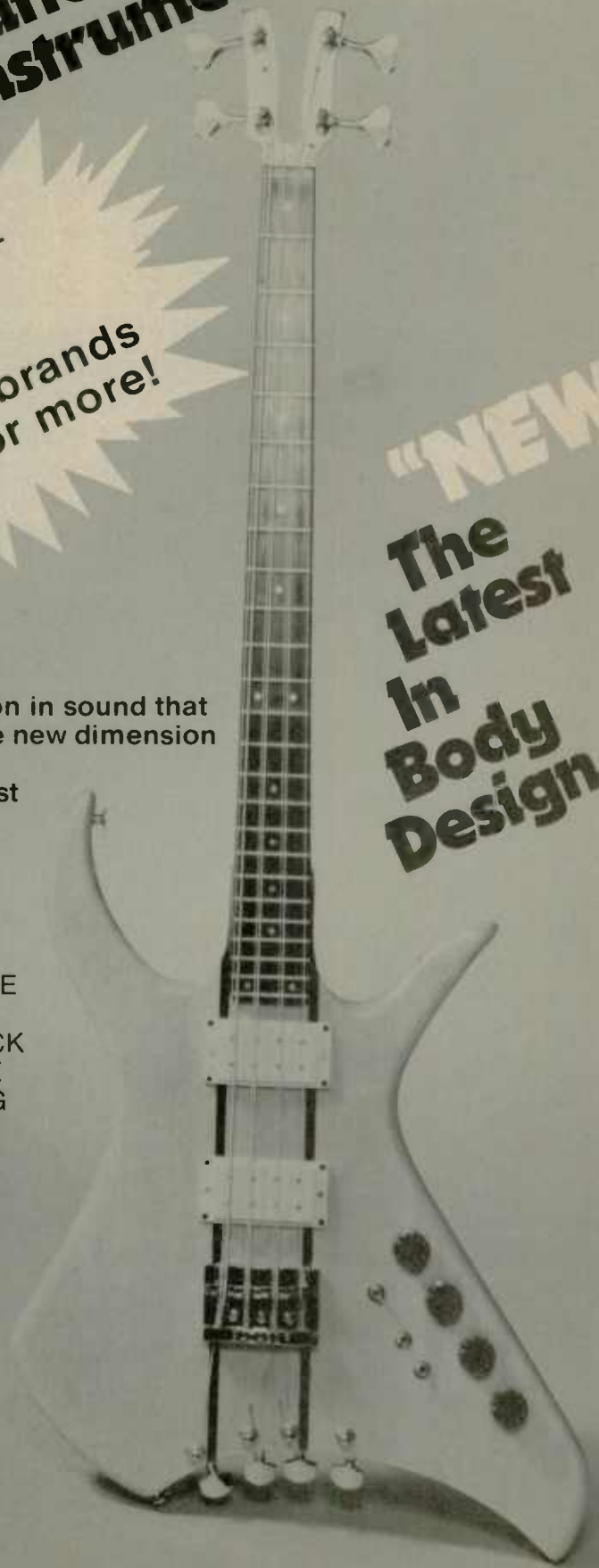
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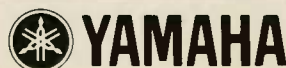
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Bangs cont. from page 98

ing vehicles for perhaps more intrepid investigation are out there too: *Lullabye from the Womb: Heartbeat Sounds to Calm Infants* (Capitol ST-11421), *Learning to Talk: Infant Speech Development* (Folkways FX 6271), *Sounds of Medicine* (Folkways FX 6127), *Sounds of the Carnival and Merry Go Round* (Folkways FX 6126—some interesting barkers, but the calliopes are out of tune), *Sounds of the Office* (Folkways FX6142), *Speech After Removal of the Larynx* (Folkways FX 6134), and many more.

Also, there's one incontrovertible plus about insects, junk yards, mating tortoises, etc.: they never pose. **M**

Kuhn/Jordan cont. from page 26

ized: the instrument is an older Steinway, tuned fresh for each take, and the notes seem to shimmer and glow the way they seldom do on record but will on a good Steinway live. The drum sound is also praiseworthy: Bob Moses is a fine drummer who almost never sounds his best on vinyl, but he's great on *Playground*, sizzle cymbal, shading, and all. When he rises to the climax of "No. 15" with Kuhn it's as cathartic as it should be, and crystal clear. All in all, the album is a noteworthy example of the record maker's craft.

Jordan managed to surprise me again when I picked up a copy of *Sheila*, her recent duo album with bassist Arild Andersen (Steeplechase 1081) and the first record to be released in this country under her own name since *Portrait* in the 60s. After her sometimes eerie and abnegatory journey through Kuhn country, I had forgotten how confident and funny she can be, almost to the point of arrogance, when she is in a good mood and feels superior to her material.

On his own, Kuhn has never made a bad album. I'd particularly recommend *Ecstasy*, his solo set for ECM, for the most undiluted Kuhn; the ECM's generally; and *Raindrops* on Muse, for a fine, elliptical live set and the original "Crabfeathers" and "Thoughts of a Gentleman" with Kuhn singing. If you can find a copy of it, Pete LaRoca's *Basra* has some good Kuhn on it, and maybe some day Kuhn's two albums with the late Gary McFarland will be reissued. *The October Suite* sometimes turns up remaindered cheap, or offered expensively as a collector's item. The jazz audience is as afflicted by the Reign of Quantity as any other gang of contemporary mortals, and I wonder if it is capable of rising to this music en anything like *masse* when it has only Quality to offer. But if the basis of all aesthetics is the Beauty of God, when something this beautiful comes along and bites you on the ass, it seems to me you've just got to get up and, well, tango. **M**

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Resynate your axe! Resynate your guitar! Resynate your sax! Resynate your voice! If you follow the new musical products like I do, you've probably seen the full page ads which have appeared in major publications for well over a year for a mysterious box called the Resynator. Since it wasn't available in stores, many of us wanted to know where the product was and what it does. Well, the Resynator is available now (factory direct) and it is interesting. I'm going to tell you what it does and how to pilot it so that you don't have to go cold into your first solo flight.

The Resynator is a uniquely versatile analog/digital hybrid synthesizer that can be directly controlled by any signal source such as guitar, microphone, electric keyboard, amplified wind instrument, amplified horn, etc. It tracks the pitch and dynamics of the signal source and produces a wide variety of synthesized sounds via a somewhat unique but straightforward method.

This brainchild of Don Tavel of Musico and Mike Beigel of Beigel Sound Labs represents quite a lot of consideration and research into what synthesis and playing music are all about. To my knowledge, it is the first professional device which combines a pitch follower with a computer and synthesizer. In addition, the design approach to the synthesizer should be meaningful to players who are concerned with performing in real time. In a nutshell, it's somewhere between having presets and having a lot of knobs. After playing with it for a little while, I was rewarded with the ability to get a lot of traditional sounds, and some new ones as well, quite easily and efficiently.

Although it doesn't have presets in the traditional sense like a Prophet, most sounds are quickly reproduceable, and while it successfully imitates the sound of popular synthesizers like the Minimoog, the Resynator also has some sounds of its own which are produced by the Timbral Image Modulator. It has the unexpected ability to imitate sample and holds, syndrums, gongs, and chimes, as well as standard instruments, like trumpet, tuba, bassoon, clarinet, French horn, and flute. A realistic chorus effect, which sounds like an ensemble of the above instruments, is easily gotten by a little low frequency



oscillator modulation into the Voltage Controlled Oscillator.

The Resynator has some profound implications for the future of electronic music products. It contains two computers, called the Digital Frequency Analyzer (DFA) and Timbral Image Modulator (TIM). The former follows the pitch of the signal source and the latter shapes filter envelopes. The rest of the circuitry is centered around the same modular integrated circuits that the Prophet uses and the types of signal processing techniques that Mike Beigel pioneered at Musitronics. All this says a lot about the care and quality that went into the Resynator's design.

A Player's Machine

To me, however, the most important thing is that control accessibility and the method of synthesis has been rethought with performing musicians in mind. Quite simply, it is a player's machine. You select the overtone you want, then select an appropriate filter envelope. You can do all this very fast with footswitches, your instrument, and the panel controls. Overtone structure, harmonic emphasis or harmonizing interval is selected by playing a note on your instrument and depressing a footswitch, you don't have to stop playing. Also, sustain, filter cutoff frequency and octave up or down are footswitchable. Positive or negative detuning is achieved with a control voltage pedal. This creates complex synched wah, harmonizing, and pitch bending effects.

Actually, the Resynator is a bit more straightforward than many other synthesizers. When you plug in and tune up to the internal reference, you automatically have an in-tune square wave coming from the VCO. The signal from your instrument is processed digitally for pitch information and through analog circuitry for amplitude (envelope) information. The pitch control voltage thus derived is sent to a master VCO.

The second oscillator, called FXO (effects oscillator), is quite versatile and somewhat unusual. It can operate as a straight oscillator tuned a fixed interval away from the VCO (harmonizing). It can be phase synched to the VCO for harmonic feedback effects. Finally, it can act as a carrier which is modulated by the VCO, creating overtone structures which can give the most bizarre non-harmonic sounds, the overtone series of

regular instruments, or straightahead synthetic sounds whose overtones have simply integer relationships. When you tune the FXO to a complex interval, you get non-harmonically related overtones. When you tune the interval between the FXO and the VCO to a simple interval, you get harmonically related overtones. Musico calls this process CM (Complex Modulation).

Footswitched Intervals

The most amazing feature of the FXO is the ability to tune its relationship to the VCO by playing a note on your instruments and momentarily depressing a footswitch. An internal computer compares the note you play to A=440 Hz and adjusts the interval between the two oscillators from unison to just about anything you want. You don't have to stop playing to do this. The implications are enormous. The VCO can be pulse width modulated and both oscillators can have their pulse widths set manually. The mix control mixes FXO with VCO resulting in a complex waveform which is sent to be signal processed.

The first signal process is a Voltage Controlled Filter whose control voltage is derived from the Timbral Image Modulator. The TIM is a computer which recreates eight separate control voltage shapes stored in its memory. Any of these eight envelopes can be selected to sweep the filter in interesting ways, some natural, some synthetic. For example, shape #1 with its fast rise and fall is most suitable for percussive sounds like chimes, gongs and synthetic drums. Shape #5 which has a more gradual rise time and a wavering sustain is suitable for horns and woodwinds. Other shapes, notably #2 with its gradual rise and unwavering sustain, are good for creating otherworldly sounds. The speed of the TIM shape and its dynamic range are set with the panel controls Rate and Amount. Filter resonance and bass frequency are set with Peak and Cutoff. The onset of the TIM envelope is triggered automatically by each new note attack from your instrument.

Final processing is done as on most synthesizers by a Voltage Controlled Amplifier. This VCA is controlled by a separate envelope generator whose rise time is panel adjustable, but whose decay follows the signal from your

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WIRELESS TRANSMITTERS

It's the ultimate freedom for guitarists, horn-players and vocalists but it's a high price to pay and there are a few problems with interference and drop-outs.

By Tom Sahaglan

It seems like anybody who is anybody now plays guitar through a wireless transmitter. To judge from the manufacturers' ads, all the big bands use them, and more and more of the common folk are "going wireless." As with any new piece of exotic electronic musical equipment, a lot of contradictory information about wireless circulates through the music world. But everyone seems to agree it costs a lot of money.

True enough. The Schaffer-Vega SVDS currently goes for about \$3750; a similar unit from Nady Systems is about \$2750. Nady makes some less expensive models, but the fact remains that it can cost more than the price of a hefty stack and a killer guitar to buy something that does the job of a \$10 cord. Surely technomania has clouded the collective judgment of the stars. But, soft. There are a lot of things a guitarist can do with a wireless he or she hasn't a prayer of doing with a cord. Playing better might even be one of them (probably not).

How They Work

Two companies market wireless systems suitable for guitar use: the Ken Schaffer Group sells the Schaffer-Vega Diversity System (SVDS). Nady Systems sells Nasty Cordless Systems. Other companies have tried to enter the market, but these two are the current survivors. While there are several ways to transmit a wireless signal, Nady and Schaffer both use low-powered FM transmitters (they're like miniature radio stations). The guitar signal then travels by wire either through any effects pedals the performer uses or directly to the amp. It sounds simple, but don't throw your cord out just yet.

A humble guitar cord may be ugly and a nuisance, but it does a number of important jobs well. Presented with a highly complex waveform like a guitar signal, the cord passes it relatively unhampered to the amplifier. A cord permits a wide frequency response and introduces little distortion with a high signal-to-noise ratio (S/N) and virtually no dropouts or interference. Of these, S/N, dropouts and interference are the most difficult for wireless to master.

S/N is simple the ratio of musical sig-



nal to unwanted sound (like hiss) and is expressed in decibels (db). A ratio of 10db equals a ratio of 10:1, so a signal with an S/N of 70db would be 10 million times greater than its noise component. Sounds great, right? Well, yes and no. 70db is great for hi-fi equipment, and may even be appropriate for some wireless guitar applications. But suppose a band is pumping out a sound pressure level of 120db on stage. With an S/N of 70db, there would be 50db of hiss, which is loud enough to be extremely annoying. An S/N of 100db would be much more desirable, but is much more difficult to obtain. The Schaffer-Vega SVDS claims an S/N of about 90db; Nasty Cordless Blue and VHF claims about 100db.

Dropouts (the electronic kind, anyway) are an even greater bugaboo to wireless than S/N. A dropout can be a dropping out of a note or phrase, or a gross signal distortion like a pop or click. Perhaps the most common example of a dropout is the intermittent fading of an FM radio signal while driving in a car. It's an apt analogy, too; the movement of a performer across the stage corresponds to the motion of the car, and the frequencies used in wireless are on or near the FM band.

What causes dropouts? The reasons are complex, but they basically involve reflections of the original signal (ghosts on a picture tube are a TV version of dropouts). Dropouts are generally less prevalent when the guitarist stays close to the receiver and doesn't move around much. Many years ago it was discovered that dropouts could be almost completely eliminated by using not one but two receivers spaced apart about a wavelength of the transmitter frequency. If the signal was weak at one receiver, it was almost always strong at the other; all that was needed was a way to sense the stronger signal and send it to the amplifier. A system using two antennas and two receivers is called a true diversity system; when two antennas feed into the same receiver, it's called

antenna diversity. It would be nice if antenna diversity eliminated dropouts, because one receiver is a lot cheaper than two. But in fact, it can perform even more poorly than a single-antenna, single-receiver system. True diversity is the only way to be certain dropouts will be eliminated.

Or is it? There is a way to use a single receiver with virtually no dropouts, but it requires effort from the musician. Someone must walk the stage during sound check to find out which spots will result in dropouts. The spots are marked and avoided. This makes non-diversity somewhat chancy; who in the heat of a blistering rave-up is going to remember not to step in a certain spot? However, according to John Nady of Nady Systems, the problem is not severe. "I've never seen a dropout at a distance of less than 50 feet," Nady says. And even though both systems claim a range of about 300 feet, a performer can't stray too far without running into delay problems; at 100 ft, a note will be heard about 1/8 of a second after it's played. So true diversity may be crucial only to the bands with the wildest acts in the largest halls. More sedate groups playing smaller gigs may be able to get away with a single receiver and save some money.

Interference

As might be expected in a product area as new and esoteric as wireless, there's disagreement surrounding some product design principles, and nowhere is it more heated than in the area of interference. Imagine a crackling "10-4, good buddy!" interrupting a pause in a melodic solo, and it's not hard to see how undesirable interference can be. It can come from any number of sources, and is a constant problem.

Schaffer and Nady have entirely different opinions about interference rejection. Schaffer uses a crystal-controlled fixed frequency VHF transmitter and receiver that operates in the

continued on page 106

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Resynator cont. from page 102

instrument unless you override it with the sustain panel switch or sustain foot-switch. When the VCA Dynamics switch is on, the loudness of each note is determined by how loud you play. With it off, loudness builds to a fixed value. The overall result is realistic, musical, and feels right when you play. The master mix control adjusts the ratio of unprocessed sound to synthesized sound. It is therefore possible to get three distinct pitches at once: your instrument plus the two Resynator oscillators.

Interfacing

Since it has a complete set of control voltage ins and outs, the Resynator can control another synthesizer or be controlled by one. The interfacing possibilities include using it as a pitch to voltage converter for a different synthesizer or TIM controlling phasers, flangers, delays, etc. The back panel has VCO and FXO CV in and out, gate and trigger in and out, and TIM CV out.

Suggestions for improvement: A few subtle changes and additions to the graphics would make understanding come a lot quicker. The Tune knob should be bigger; it's critical and often used. There are a lot of situations where it is necessary to tune away from A=440 Hz and, as with many other synthesizers, the pitch can drift over a few hours playing, so it

ought to be easier to recalibrate the primary VCO. Provision could be made for TIM modulating the VCA. Provision could be made for inserting an external signal source into the signal processing chain. The input sensitivity could be increased to accommodate weak signal sources.

The Resynator get my vote for being the most innovative musical product in a long time. Judging from the low price, they must plan to make a lot of them. I think that players of all instruments (and singers) should give careful attention to its possibilities. The Resynator is available directly from Musico, 1225 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, IN 46204, at an introductory price of \$1980 with a 20-day return policy. What next? Resynate your sex life? Resynate your lifestyle? Resynate your mind? It works.

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Wireless cont. from page 104

vicinity of TV channel 8. Channel 8 is open in the vast majority of major cities; Schaffer further claims that even in cities that have a channel 8, interference is no problem because his system uses a small, empty portion of the channel. Crystal control means almost no drift off-frequency as well.

The Nady system is not fixed but rather can be tuned across the FM radio band. He says there are at least four empty spots in the band in every city, and sometimes as many as 8 or 12. Interference is no problem because of the nature of the FM band, and VHF is more subject to other types of interference, he claims. Tuning the transmitter and receiver together is apparently beyond the skills of some people, however, so Nady makes a VHF system, too. Schaffer claims that means Nady admits the tunable system is inferior. Nady says he's making a VHF system to move into other wireless markets.

Who's right? Probably both of them. One system may have a *theoretical* advantage over the other, but it's the execution that counts. Properly used, either system *should* perform well.

Guitar cords are a nuisance. They always seem to be in the way, and they chain (or, more accurately, wire) a player to the amplifier and greatly restrict the possibility of movement. Without a cord, a musician is free to spin, jump, run, jog, or fly while playing and not miss a note. One popular wireless ploy has the guitarist prance into the crowd dozens of feet from the stage, although anyone who has had to deal with a screaming crowd might not think that much of an advantage.

The spatial possibilities wireless affords are only beginning to be explored. For example, it's possible for a guitarist to wander out to the mixing board and listen to the equalization of the hall during a sound check. While it's


not the same as doing it when the place is full of warm bodies, it can often allow a new perspective on a player's personal sound. Schaffer tells the story of a well-known axeman who wouldn't listen to his roadie's advice to turn down his treble. The day he went wireless, he wandered out to the mixing board while playing and heard for himself. In that respect, at least, wireless helped him play better.

Well-designed wireless also eliminates cord hum and treble fall-off. Nady claims his system is quieter than a cord. And, since there's no connection between guitarist and amplifier, that potential source of electric shock is eliminated.

Assuming both systems work well, the only major disadvantage of wireless appears to be its high cost. Assuming they don't work well, dropouts, interference, noise and breakdowns are going to be a lot worse than with a cord. Both Schaffer and Nady seem to have overcome the latter; can they do anything about the price?

Not soon. There isn't the demand for wireless to make production runs large enough to take advantage of economies of scale. Electronic components must be of the highest quality (and hence, cost) to insure absolute reliability. Noise reduction, interference-rejection and diversity-sensing circuitry add to the expense.

Schaffer is not so sure wide proliferation of wireless is a good idea. Too many systems in the same vicinity could begin to interfere with one another. Nady, on the other hand, is more optimistic. He foresees a growing demand for wireless, possibly enough to result in economies of scale. And if the FCC would give wireless its own band in the radio spectrum, reduced interference problems could mean lower circuitry costs. Both men predict that transmitters will be built into some guitars, and receivers will be built into some amplifiers, on a regular basis.

For most, the decision to go or not go wireless is easy: not enough bucks. Even the Nasty Cordless Black system, which uses a standard hi-fi FM tuner, costs about \$600. Those with the dough should evaluate their needs carefully. If a band feels they could save money by going non-diversity and not moving around much on stage, what's the point of going wireless? And the freedom on the stage offered by diversity systems doesn't add anything to the *music*, just the show. But maybe that's enough. Some guys now won't even rehearse without wireless, which makes it something of a cordless umbilical cord. 

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HENDRIX TRANSCRIPTIONS

The following solo transcription came from a fascinating soon to be published book called *Jimi Hendrix, Note for Note* by Richard Daniels. The author has also written the *Heavy Guitar Bible* which has been a big hit, and in the Hendrix book he uses the same method of note for note transcription making it possible to actually play it exactly as Jimi did, in the correct fret positions, etc., something not given in standard transcriptions. He's even developed a system for notating all the strange hammering, bending and trilling Hendrix was so adroit at.

Unfortunately, we didn't have space to give you the com-

plete songs as the instructions on structure, scales, intros, hand positioning, etc. take up a bit of room. However, with the fret and fingering instructions below, you can work out the solos we've printed here. Play along with the record as you start getting the fingering down, it all starts to fall in place quickly once you get the hang.

From the looks of it this is a book every guitar player should have, as every Hendrix note is in there to be found, and what a feeling when you can finally play them. The book is published by Cherry Lane Music, P.O. Box 4247, Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and should be available shortly. Write them for details.

Little Wing

Staff 1: E, B, G, D, A, E strings. Notes: 15 (B), 15 (B), 15 (V), 12 (I), 15 (I), 12 (I), 12 (V), 15 (B), 15 (I), 12 (I), 14 (M), 14 (R), 14 (I), 12 (M), 14 (M), 16 (R), 14 (M), 16 (R), 16 (R), 14 (M), 12 (I), 14 (I), 14 (R), 14 (R). Symbols: B, B, V, I, I, V, B, I, I, M, R, I, M, I, M, R, M, R, M, I, R, I, R.

Staff 2: E, B, G, D, A, E strings. Notes: 12 (I), 14 (R), 12 (I), 14 (R), 12 (I), 14 (M), 14 (R), 14 (M), 12 (I), 14 (R), 14 (R), 13 (M), 12 (I), 13 (M), 12 (I), 13 (M), 12 (I), 12 (I), 17 (R), 17 (R), 15 (M), 12 (I). Symbols: U, U, P, B, V, I, M, R, M, I, R, I, M, I, M, I, R, R, M, I.

Staff 3: E, B, G, D, A, E strings. Notes: 15 (R), 15 (R), 15 (I), 12 (I), 12 (I), 13 (I), 13 (I), 14 (M), 13 (I), 13 (I), 14 (M), 12 (I), 15 (R), 14 (M), 12 (I), 12 (I), 14 (M), 16 (I), 17 (R). Symbols: I, I, R, I, I, I, I, I, M, I, I, M, I, R, I, M, I, R.

Staff: E, B, G, D, A, E strings. Fret numbers: 0, 1, 2, 2, 0. Fingerings: O, M, R, I, O, O.

TECHNIQUE	SYMBOL
Vibrato	V
Slide Up	U
Slide Down	U
Bend	B
Pull	P

This book uses a six line staff representing the six strings of the guitar. Numbers and letters are used on the staff to show the exact sequence in which a series of notes follow each other, the fret and string on which each note is to be played, and the finger of the left hand that is used for fretting each note.

- The lines of the staff represent the six strings of the guitar the way they would appear if the guitar were on your lap with the body of the guitar on your right leg.
- The bottom line represents the low E string and each ascending line represents the next higher string.
- A number, as it appears on a given line (string), represents the fret on which the note is to be played.
- A letter appearing under each number indicates the finger of the left hand to be used in fretting the note (I-index, M-middle, R-ring, P-pinky, O-played open).
- Throughout the book the term transcription is used to indicate a six line staff. The transcription above illustrates the sequence of notes that results when an E major chord is strummed from the low E string to the high E string.

Symbols are used to indicate specific techniques. The symbol appears above or between the notes involved. Explanations of the various techniques are given in Lead Guitar Primer.

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Photo by Billy Gersen

STUDIO

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ARRANGING: HARMONIZING A MELODY



One of the biggest problems facing keyboardists, guitarists, and arrangers is what to do with non-chordal passing tones — those freaky melody notes that just won't work against the given chord. On piano or guitar you can leave those notes alone and not bother to harmonize them, though sometimes the music might suffer. But as an arranger for voices or horns you must find something to do with those notes. I'll give you three possibilities for writing or performing.

First of all, a passing tone is a note that connects two chord tones (usually) by step. In the first example below the E is the passing tone, connecting the D and F of the Gm7 chord. In the second example, the passing tone is D#, which connects the D of Gm7 to the E of the C7 chord:



Chromatic Approach

This means you use the chord either a half-step above OR below the chord you are going to, and use the SAME TYPE of chord (maj7, m7, dom7, etc.) as the one you are going to. In this example the m7 chord below Gm7 is F#m7; the one above is Abm7. The melody note (E) is the 7th of F#m7 but won't fit an Abm7 chord. Thus, the harmonization is F#m7:



On the second example, the D# is approaching a C7 chord, so the choices are B7 and Db7, so either will work. I am going to use B7:

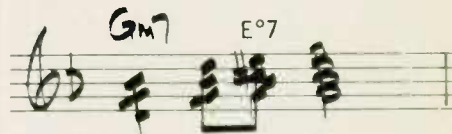


Chromatic approach is very useful (and simple) on guitar.

Diminished Approach

Diminished approach is the easiest type of harmonization — merely use the dim. 7th chord built on the melody

note. In the first example, the passing tone is E, so use E°7:



In the second example, the note is D#, so use D#°7:



Diminished approach is very common for both vocal and horn writing and works especially well at fast tempos and in long lines of notes with numerous passing tones.

Dominant Approach

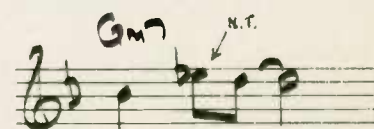
With this method you use the chord that is the dominant (V7) of the chord you are moving to, adding 9ths, 11ths or 13ths, or altering the 5th as necessary. In this example, the V7 of Gm7 is D7. The E melody note makes the chord D9 (the 9th substitutes for the root):



V7 or C7 is G7 and the melody note makes the chord actually G7(#5):



Sometimes passing tones don't directly connect two chord tones together, but still approach a chord tone by step. In this next example notice the Eb leaps from the Bb chord tone and moves by half-step to the D chord tone. This effect is called a *neighboring tone*. Harmonization is the same as for passing tones and in this case you could use: Abm7 (chromatic app.), Eb°7 (diminished app.), or D7(b9) (dominant app.).



As with all musical techniques, your ear should be the final judge as to which technique you use. More next time.

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We've had some excellent recommendations for the **Tama** 5-piece Royalstar drum sets. Each set includes a 22" bass drum, 12" and 13" mounted toms, a 16" floor tom and a 14" snare, featuring heavy wood shells and special Royalstar hardware. The drum sets are available in metallic white and platina finishes and retail at \$795.00. Elger Company, Box 469, Bensalem, PA 19020.



Ludwig Industries has just introduced an innovative new modular tom grouping system called the Set-Up. With three-tied tom tom groupings, accommodating from one to six individual toms from either bass drum or floor type stand, the Set-Up permits groupings of virtually infinite variety. The system was designed to grow with an individual drummer, and to accommodate his specific needs in relation to both space and technique. Ludwig, 1728 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60647.



Marlboro Sound Works is introducing the Marlboro 130A amplifier, a compact 18W RMS unit with extremely high acoustical efficiency. The 130A features 2 inputs (flat and bright) and 2 EQ controls for low and high frequencies. Pre-amp volume and master controls permit nearly unlimited adjustment of distortion, sustain, over-drive and clipping. The built-in reverb with depth control permits additional special effects. Marlboro Sound Works, 170 Eileen Way, Syosset, NY 11791.



The **DOD R-831** is a solid state 31 band graphic equalizer designed for mounting in a standard 19" rack. It is intended for acoustic and room equalization to minimize unwanted resonance and compensate for specific frequency sound absorption. 31 separate bands on 1/3 ISO centers with 12 db of boost or cut . . . in-and-out switch which does not disturb the balance condition . . . level control with 12 db of boost or padding . . . 1/4" balanced and unbalanced input and output jacks . . . illuminated power rocker switch. DOD, 242 W. 2950 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84115.



Peavey Electronics introduces their XR-1200, a very sophisticated 12 channel mixing console of which they are justifiably very proud.

These mixers feature balanced low impedance as well as unbalanced high impedance inputs and individual pre in/out jacks on each channel. There are two independent pre monitor sends, a post effects send, a PFL/cue button, and active 3-band EQ on each channel. XR-1200 is powered by field proven CS-400 circuitry featuring 200 watts RMS per channel and DDT compression which sense the onset of power amp clipping and automatically compresses the signal at those times when distortion would be produced by the power amp. Also available in 8 channel. Peavey, 711 A St., Meridian, MS 39301.



Imaginearing Audio is proud to introduce the first affordable alphachromatic note analyzers — The Alphatone Series. Alphatone gives you the letter of the note you're playing, instead of a number or an approximate reading on a meter. No dials to preset; just plug in, play or sing the note, and tune your instrument or voice. Alphatone gives you the letter of the note, tells you whether it's sharp or flat, and even has an automatic centering bar to show you when you're right on the note for exact tuning.

All models of the Alphatone Series have a 7-octave range, and will automatically transpose notes into a different key. They also offer momentary, silent, on-stage tuning, so you can tune even during a live performance. Imaginearing Audio, 3203 S.E. 131st Ave., Portland, OR 97236.

Community Light & Sound introduces the latest addition to their line of radial horns, the ABH90, a very large-mouthed ninety degree radial of black fiberglass. A flare rate of 290 Hz makes this horn usable from 500 Hz to the limits of the driver, an excellent choice for the HF end of the classic two-way system. Throat choices accommodate either a 2" or 1.4" exit compression driver. Community Light & Sound, 5701 Grays Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143.



Multivox has announced the introduction of "Big Jam," a new effects pedal line offering musicians a full range of special electronic effect devices coupled with innovative design features that assure both superior sound reproduction and ease of operation.

An LED indicator light shows when pedals are in operation and also acts as a battery power check, a noise less maintenance-free electronic FET switch circuit eliminates irritating clicks and breakdowns, and recessed front-mounted slide controls afford complete command of effects reproduction.

The range of Big Jam effects includes a compressor, 2 flangers, phasor (pictured), traditional distortion, bi-phase and an analog echo unit. Tone modifiers include an envelope filter, an octave box and a graphic equalizer. Multivox, 370 Motor Parkway, Hauppauge, NY 11787.



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

see it now, because if everything that lives is holy and like that then what the fuck are we doing *here*? It began to dawn on him that it was no longer appropriate for him to be there. Not, of course, that he could do anything about it.

"Beeb?" he asked the lion. "Do you think we could manage, between you and me, to rip a hole in this grid?"

"You want to come over and borrow a cup of sugar?"

"If we rip a hole in it and I bash my window in we can let the eagle out."

The lion sat up. "Let's do it," he said.

They began working on the grid, which after awhile began to bend under their claws but showed little sign of breaking.

"You think maybe if we bash at it awhile?" Beeb asked him.

"Too noisy. I counsel patience." Patience did the trick, though before the first black iron diamond gave way, both Beeb and the Bear had lost a little blood on the metal. That done, the rest was easier and they were able to tear a hole large enough to put the eagle through. "Untie him," said the Bear, "and I'll see about the window."

Standing on the edge of his cot, the Bear was able to reach over his head and yank the lightweight bars from the wall, then splinter the windowframe with his fist. Beeb was having some trouble untying Brimstone's jesses and the eagle was taking bites out of his arm. "A real smartie," the lion remarked over his shoulder. He finally got Brimstone loose, conveyed him across the cell and put him through the hole in the grid. The Bear received him, fumbled with the jesses for a moment and Brimstone baited; the Bear's arm took off around the room, a riot of wings beating about his face. "Belt him one," he heard Beeb advise him. "Hit him in the schnoz."

The Bear tightened his grip on the eagle's legs and turned him upright, then grabbed him by the beak and looked him square in the eyes. "Listen, you abysmal turkey," he said. "We're letting you out, but it won't do you any good if you stay in the city. Find the Hudson, a big river with cliffs on one side, turn north and keep going. You understand me?"

"You'll love the Catskills," the lion put in from the adjoining cage, "hate the city. Talk about rents, lookit Soho."

"It's near sunset," the Bear continued, hoping the eagle was listening. "Face the sun and turn right. There'll be forests, Keep going till you reach the mountains. I don't know what else to tell you." Raising his arm and feeling the wings beating again about his hand, he put the eagle through the smashed window and let go. Brimstone's weight left him, wingtips touched his paw once or twice more and the bird was gone. The Bear came back down and sat on the edge of his bed.

"Let it never be said we didn't do our good deed for the day," said Beeb. "And not a word of thanks, mind you."

"Yeah," said the Bear, and lay down. He felt tired. He also felt stupid for not having set the eagle free weeks ago. He put the back of his paw against his eyelids and looked into the patterned darkness of his mind. Tomorrow there'd be a big stink, if not before. He and Beeb would be hauled in front of the high courtful of twisted holies but what the hell. It was long past time the farce was over. Gas me, shoot me, blow me out with electroshock, I'm way past caring.

Then, with a chill of recognition, he remembered the dream he'd had months ago, before everything had happened. It was towards evening and he was flying down a street lined with houses of which every stony facet was preternaturally clear. The Bear sat up. It was as if the dream were happening now. It's the eagle, he told himself. The eagle is out there flying down that street. The eagle is out there and I'm in here. I'm out there. I'm supposed to be out there. I belong out there with him. I'm not in the right place anymore. He got up and began pacing around the cell. It was impossible: he was in two places at once, inside his cell and out there in the dream. Impossible. Insupportable. It was like being torn apart. It had to end. "Beeb," he said.

"What," said the lion.

"We're leaving," he said. "We have to leave." Once he had said the words he felt better. Now everything would be all right. "That's it. We're leaving. We've been saved."

"Terrific. Which way do we go?"

"I haven't figured that out yet but just you watch me."

— conclusion next issue —

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