MUSICIAN

WAYNE SHORTER SPEAKS

ICD 08582

$1.75 (Canada $2.00) No. 34, July, 1981

Dave Edmunds

Carlos Santana

J.J. Cale

L.A. Punk

Home Studio

Dave Marsh Interviews TOM PETTY

The new Korg Trident 8-voice, programmable, polyphonic synthesizer packs this much potential music into this much practical instrument.

You're looking at a major step forward in keyboard evolution...the Korg Trident. Not only does it put the enormous sound potential of an 8-voice programmable polyphonic synthesizer with separate string and brass sections at your command, but it also allows you to create, at a fingers touch, stunning layers of sound by playing all three sections together.

First, meet each of the performers.

Trident's *Programmable Synthesizer Section* features dual VCOs, new 24 dB/octave VCF, and full ADSR for each voice, and allows you to store 16 different programmed sounds...and retrieve them instantly. From delicate flutes to fat synthesizer sounds to spacey effects, with additional presets for piano, electric piano and "Clav" sounds.

Trident's lush-sounding *String Section* features three mixable octaves, plus individual note attack and release, for the most natural string articulation. You also get such important advances as a selectable "bowing" effect, tracking filters, Solo/Ensemble selection and special time-based modulation effects.

Trident's fully variable *Brass Section* delivers the entire range of horn instruments, plus many other synthesizer voices. It comes equipped with two mixable octaves, 24 dB/octave VCF, full ADSR, and a unique feature that actually counts the number of notes held before playing.

A four-way joystick for one finger control of pitchbend, vibrato, and trill effects. Or, use variable delayed vibrato effect for hands-off control.

Extensive voltage control inputs for easy external control over all performing levels.

A built-in flanger, assignable to any section.

Keyboard split can assign any section to upper, lower or both ends.

16 different polyphonic synthesizer programs.

Solo Release allows automatic damping of previously played notes, for lead line capabilities.

A String Effects Section with controls for bowing, vibrato and ensemble effects.

Play Synthe, Strings, and Brass simultaneously.

Here's the big plus! Thanks to Trident's unique layering capabilities, you are able to play as many as three voices at once on each key, in stereo or mono. It's like having a 24-voice synthesizer at your command!

The Korg Trident. The ultimate performance machine for even the most demanding keyboardist.

Put it to your own musical test at the Korg dealer nearest you. You just might leave with a whole orchestra at your fingertips.

KORG ...we put it all together

Unicord
89 Frost Street, Westbury, New York 11590

We didn't design the new LP-10 to look like a real piano. We designed it to sound like one.

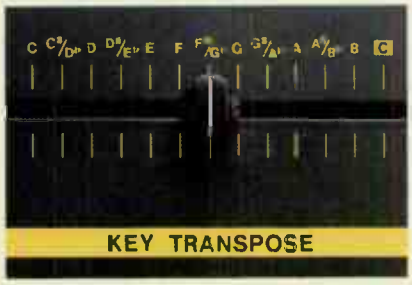
The problem with most electronic pianos is that they sound electronic. The Korg LP-10 is the exceptional exception.

The LP-10 possesses one of the most authentic reproductions of acoustic piano sounds today. Meticulous attention has been paid to duplicating exactly the acoustic piano's complex attack characteristics.

What's more, in addition to piano, there's an Electronic Piano voice for authentic vibes sounds. Plus a "Clav" voice for bright percussive effects. Mix any two–or all three together. And use the Sustain Mode Selector to achieve organ effects, for greater versatility.

The piano with its own built-in "Capo".

You play a song in the key of C, but your vocalist sings in A♭. Panic time? Not with the LP-10's most unique feature–the Key Transpose switch. Just as a capo changes the key of a guitar, the LP-10's Key Transpose switch changes the key of the entire keyboard. Instantly and effortlessly. Now you can play even the most difficult passages in any key.



Sound that's "right on" every-time...and anywhere.

The LP-10 has a powerful six-band Graphic Equalizer that enables you to accurately shape the sound to room acoustics–or to your own particular taste. A built-in Chorus delivers sound from subtle doublings to detuned honky-tonk effects...through its own built-in speakers, or your sound system.

The electric that sounds acoustic.

Now that we have impressed you with all this talk about our new LP-10, put it through your own musical test at your Korg dealer. You'll be amazed at how such a lightweight (the LP-10 weighs just 20 lbs.) can sound like such a heavyweight. And at a lightweight price, too.

KORG ...we put it all together

Unicord
89 Frost Street, Westbury, New York 11590

Roland

Understanding Technology Series

Subject: Total Percussion for Recording, Performing and Composing

TR-808

The Roland TR-808 will undoubtedly become the standard for rhythm machines of the future because it does what no rhythm machine of the past has ever done. Not only does the TR-808 allow programming of individual rhythm patterns, it can also program the entire percussion track of a song from beginning to end, complete with breaks, rolls, literally anything you can think of.

Writing

Because the TR-808 is completely programmable, the rhythm selection is not limited to factory presets. Any rhythm pattern can be easily written into the TR-808 digital memory, even odd time signatures like 5/4 and 7/8.

The programming is done in real time using the step method we pioneered with our BOSS Dr. Rhythm. However, the number of steps is variable so that rhythms can be programmed with as small a division as 32nd notes.

Playing

A total of 32 different rhythm patterns can be written into the TR-808. Rhythms are played by selecting one of the 16 switches along the bottom of the front panel. These can be switched while a rhythm is playing to change from a straight beat to a fill, or another rhythm.

LEDs indicate which rhythm is playing, and a Prescale feature makes sure all rhythms are in time with each other, even while switching between odd and even time signatures.

Composing

A feature that sets the TR-808 apart from any other rhythm device is its ability to record an entire composition's percussion score, which we call Composing the Rhythm Track. This is accomplished in exactly the same way as the unit is played, by switching from one rhythm to another, only this is done while in a Compose Mode. When the song is over and you switch from Compose to Play, every change has been recorded, every fill, straight beat and break, up to 768 measures in length.

The Voices

The eleven instrument voices of the TR-808 include bass and snare drums, three toms, three cymbal voices, hand claps and more. Roland's exclusive programmable accents give additional life to any programmed rhythm.

Each voice has its own level control for total mix, and many of the voices have timbre, tuning and decay controls. If that's not enough control, each voice has its own output jack so it can be processed however you like.

RolandCorp US
2401 Saybrook Ave
Los Angeles, CA 90040

Roland

We Want You to Understand the Future

MUSICIAN

PLAYER & LISTENER

NO. 34, JULY, 1981

Wayne Shorter breaks his five year silence and talks to David Breskin about his monumental past with Blakey and Miles, his work in Weather Report, his years of drought and a creative comeback that is eagerly awaited.

Tom Petty sobered by a bitter lawsuit, fan violence and a critical bum rap, talks to Dave Marsh about his new album and his new view of the world. Ducking fads and fashions, the Heartbreakers have forged themselves into the quintessential American rock and roll band.

L.A. Punk where the punks are mean as hell and proud of it, a descent into paradoxical pandemonium, where kinetic confusion and euphoric ugliness smash through the placid palms. Mikal Gilmore, Ken Tucker, Steve Pond and Chris Morris report from the front lines.

Table of Contents

Columns & Departments

Features

Studios

Cover Photo by Lynn Goldsmith. Corner Photo by Tom Copi

Since its introduct
Synclavier® II has outsold all o

Synclavier II creates sounds never before possible from any synthesizer.

In April of this year New England Digital Corporation introduced a stereo LP demo record to illustrate some of Synclavier II's incredible sounds. After hearing this record, many people called to say they couldn't believe all the sounds on the demo could possibly have been created by any synthesizer. However, after seeing and hearing Synclavier II for themselves, they were amazed at more than just the absolute realism of its instrumental sounds. They were awed by the infinite variety of tonal colors, unique sounds, and special effects so easily created by this incredible instrument. We might add, many of these people now own a Synclavier II.

Synclavier II not only produces sounds no other synthesizer can produce, it also offers more live performance control than any other synthesizer.

Synclavier II gives you an extraordinary ability to change sounds as you play them. Using Synclavier II's real-time controllers you can accurately recreate many of the subtle changes real instruments make during a live performance.

Here are some of the real-time controls that have made Synclavier II famous: Attacks can be individually altered both in length and brightness for each note. Vibratos can be brought in at different times. Vibrato depths can be changed at will. Individual notes and entire chords can be made to crescendo and decrescendo smoothly and naturally. Final decays of percussive sounds can be made to ring out longer for low notes than for high notes. In strummed chords, some notes can ring out longer than others to compensate for the differences between open strings and stopped strings. Individual notes and entire chords can be pitch bent up or down. The overtone content of any sound can be completely varied from one note to the next. Up to four different rates of portamento can be performed on the keyboard at one time. Some of the harmonics of a sound can remain stationary while other harmonics of the same sound slide against them. And the list goes on.

The possibilities for programming new sounds with Synclavier II are limitless.

Although Synclavier II comes preprogrammed with over 128 preset sounds, it does not lock you into these preset sounds. All of these presets can be modified any way you wish. The possibilities for creating sounds from scratch are limited only by your own skill and imagination.

Synclavier II can store an unlimited number of sounds.

Any sound created on Synclavier II can be permanently stored on a floppy disc with just the touch of a button. From 64 to 256 separate sounds can be stored on a single mini-diskette. The number of mini-diskettes you can use with Synclavier II is unlimited.

All of this is just a glimpse of Synclavier II's enormous potential. The real potential of Synclavier II can be more completely understood by taking a close look at Synclavier II's super advanced hardware and software. The capabilities of Synclavier II's hardware and software extend far beyond any demands currently being made on them.

Synclavier II is controlled by the most powerful computer available in any synthesizer made today.

New England Digital Corporation leads the field in the development and use of hardware applications for music synthesis.

New England Digital uses a powerful 16 bit computer that addresses up to 128k bytes of memory. Other digital manufacturers design their systems around micro-computers. Micro-computers are simply not powerful enough to control large numbers of voices on the keyboard at one time. Most current digital systems are limited to 8 usable voices. When these systems try to control more than 8 voices at once, the speed at which these voices can be played on the keyboard slows down considerably. So, for musical applications, more than 8 voices can not be played on the keyboard at one time.

These micro-computers are also not fast enough to permit extensive real-time control of a sound while it is being played on the keyboard. A few real-time features are available while other important features are deleted because of speed limitations of the micro-computers.

New England Digital Corporation designs and builds its own 16 bit computer, as well as the Synclavier II synthesizer.

New England Digital's 16 bit computer and Synclavier II synthesizer are so unique, New England Digital has been awarded three basic patents on their design, and has several others pending.

The speed of Synclavier II's computer is unmatched by any other digital synthesizer system on the market today. Synclavier II's computer can easily control up to 32 voices on the keyboard at one time without slowing down. No other digital system in the world comes close to this kind of control.

While some synthesizer manufacturers consider a "voice" to be one separately controlled sine wave, one voice of a Synclavier II synthesizer consists of the following: (1) 24 sine waves, (2) a volume envelope generator, (3) a harmonic envelope generator, (4) very sophisticated digital FM controls, (5) an extensive vibrato control, featuring up to 10 different low frequency wave forms, (6) a portamento control that can be either logarithmic or linear, (7) a decay adjust feature, permitting lower notes to have longer decays than higher notes.

on just one year ago, ner digital systems combined.

Synclavier II's 16 track digital memory recorder is more sophisticated and has more features than any other synthesizer recorder or sequencer in the world.

Synclavier II's digital memory recorder has enormous capabilities because its computer is fast enough to perform the millions of math computations necessary to make all these features operational at one time.

For example, Synclavier II's digital memory recorder enables you to set independent loop points for each of its 16 tracks. So, you could have 8 notes repeating on track #1, with 64 notes repeating on track #3, and 2 notes repeating on track #7, and so on. All 16 tracks can be looping independently at the same time but still be in perfect sync.

In addition, you can transpose each separate track individually. Track #6 could be transposed up a 4th, while track #8 was transposed down a 5th, and so on.

Other recording features made possible by Synclavier II's ultra fast computer.

Sounds can be bounced from one track to another. You can overdub on just one track, without losing the material already recorded on that track. You can change the volume of individual tracks. You can change the speed of the recorder without changing the pitch. You can punch in and out instantaneously. You can fast forward or rewind just as you would on a 16 track tape machine. You can instantly erase any number of tracks in the recorder.

You can change the scale of a piece of music already recorded in the recorder. For example, if you had a piece recorded in the key of C, you could change it to the key of B flat minor without rerecording a single note in the recorder. Or you could change a piece of music already recorded in the recorder from a tempered scale to a microtonal scale, without recording a single note over again.

You could keep the notes of an instrument that was recorded on one of the tracks in the recorder, and assign a new instrument to play the previous instrument's notes. For example, if a flute were playing on track #5, you could assign a guitar to track #5 and have it play the flute's notes automatically.

Synclavier II's computer is not only the fastest and most powerful computer available on any synthesizer today, it's also enormously expandable, with A to D converters, D to A converters, real time clocks, printers, modems, and alpha numeric and graphic CRT's.

The New England Digital Computer has had 5 years of proven production and successful sales to scientific end users for real-time applications. This history of steadfast reliability has been a major part of Synclavier II's unparalleled success in a market place choked with new products.

Synclavier II has the fastest and most accessible software available in any synthesizer today.

Synclavier II uses an extremely high level structured language called XPL. XPL has proven to be an extremely fast language which has continually provided the means to add new features to Synclavier II on a regular basis.

Other synthesizers are still using languages too limited for our purposes. Assembler is a good example. It is by far a much slower and more difficult programming process to use than XPL. Software improvements made by Assembler language could take months. But with XPL we've been able to add totally new features to Synclavier II in a few days.

New England Digital can add new features to your Synclavier II synthesizer through the mail.

During the 10 months since the introduction of Synclavier II, New England Digital has issued four software updates to the owners of Synclavier II synthesizers. Those updates were mailed out to Synclavier II owners automatically. They included new software that customers had asked for. The updates also included new features and improvements that New England Digital felt were a strong enhancement to the operation of Synclavier II.

Software updates ensure the Synclavier II customer that his system will always be state-of-the-art.

When you buy a Synclavier II, you will automatically be sent new features as they are developed this year, next year, and for years to come.

The Synclavier II synthesizer is not a temporary answer in a technological world moving at warp speed. It is the answer. When you buy a Synclavier II, the instrument improves as fast as our technology improves. Since we're already leading the field of digital synthesis, we feel you are comfortably safe in assuming Synclavier II will be your companion for a long time to come.

When you own Synclavier II, you will never need to sell your "old" system in order to buy a better one. Your Synclavier II system becomes better automatically.

For further information and a copy of Synclavier II's stereo LP demo record, send your address plus $1.00 to either of the following:

Dept. 10, New England Digital Corp
Main St., Norwich, Vermont 05055
(802) 649-5183

Denny Jaeger Creative
Services, Inc.
6120 Valley View Rd.,
Oakland, CA 94611
(415) 339-2111

n.e.d.
new england digital

MUSICIAN
PLAYER & LISTENER

Co-Publisher/Editor
Sam Holdsworth
Co-Publisher/Ad Director
Gordon Baird
Assoc. Publisher/Advertising
Gary Krasner
Art Director
Sam Holdsworth
Managing Editor/N.Y.
Vic Garbarini
Promotion Director
Paul Sacksman
Staff Photographer
Deborah Feingold
Associate Editors
David Breskin
Jonathan Baird
Rafi Zabor
Contributing Editors
J.C. Costa
Brian Cullman
Dave Marsh
Sales/Promotion
Scott Southard
Laura Nagan
Thom Darcy
Production Manager
Jane Winsor
Art Assistant
Laurel Ives
Typography
Don Russell
Administration
Cindy Amero
Stephanie MacKillop
Michelle Nicastro
Main Office/Production
31 Commercial St., P.O. Box 701
Gloucester, MA 01930
New York Advertising/Editorial
MUSICIAN, 1515 Broadway, 39 fl.
N.Y., N.Y., 10036 (212) 764-7400
Contributors
Lester Bangs, Bob Blumenthal, Crispin Cioe, Tom Copi, Chris Doering, Dan Forte, Robert Fripp, David Fricke, Allan Tannenbaum, Peter Giron, Mark Mehler, Ebet Roberts, Zan Stewart, Roy Trakin.
Chairman And President: W.D. Littleford. **Executive Vice President:** Jules Perel. **Senior Vice Presidents:** Mort L. Nasatir, Broadcasting; Gerald S. Hobbs, Billboard, Musician & Amusement Business Groups; Patrick Keleher, Art & Design Group. **Vice Presidents:** William H. Evans Jr., Treasurer; Lee Zhito, Billboard Operations; John B. Babcock, Product Development; Mary C. McGoldrick, Personnel. **Secretary:** Ernest Lorch. **Corporate Managers:** Charles Rueger, General Manager of Publishers Graphics; Ann Haire, Director of Planning & Market Development.
Musician, Player & Listener (USPS 431-910) is published ten times a year by Amordian Press, Inc., P.O. Box 701, 31 Commercial St., Gloucester, MA 01930. (617) 281-3110. Amordian Press, Inc. is a wholly owned subsidiary of Billboard Publications, Inc., One Astor Place, 1515 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036. Musician, Player & Listener is a trademark of Amordian Press, Inc.

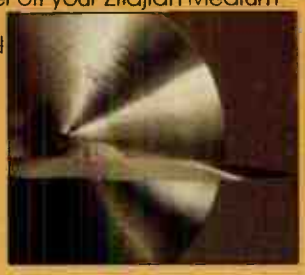
Second class postage paid at Gloucester, MA 01930 and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions $18 per year, $34 for two years, $48 for three years. Canadian, add $1 per year; elsewhere, add $6 per year, U.S. funds only. Subscription address: Musician, Box 989, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737. Postmaster send form 3579 to above address.
Manuscripts and artwork are welcome, however, we assume no responsibility for their return, although all due care will be exercised. Current and back issues are available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intl., 300 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

Sense the heat.

Freddie White
Earth, Wind & Fire

You're smokin' along in the driver's seat, setting up the bottom line for the dancers and the groovers. You turn on some intensity and push all the way through. Your cymbals are in constant motion as you get to where the ultimate job of creating is. Over and over, after each crash, you keep sensing the heat.

Hot waves of sound shimmer off your Zildjian Medium Ride as it blends soft sustaining subtlety with funky overtones. All the while your Zildjian Medium Crash keeps you cooking with strong high-end fiery accents to the pulse.



Because we put our best into each of our 40 different Ride Cymbals and 29 Crashes, you get your best out of all of them. No matter how long you've been sensing the energy in your music and loving it. And that same vivid clarity and super strength are hand-crafted into all 120 different Zildjian models and sizes for every kind of drummer in every kind of music.

See for yourself how over 200 of the world's most famous performers sense the heat from their Zildjians. In our new Cymbal Set-up Book, the most comprehensive reference guide for drummers ever published. For your copy, see your Zildjian dealer or send us $4 to cover postage and handling to Zildjian, P.O. Box 198, Dept. 8, Accord, MA 02018.

Zildjian®

The only serious choice.

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

LETTERS

IRRELEVANT GREASE MONKEY

Many thanks for your back to back articles on the Heads and Mr. Eno. They tell me more about life in the 80s than songs about driving cars by some grease monkey from New Jersey.
Otis Driftwood
Cayce, SC

BOOTLEGGING IS LIKE DRUGS

I often wonder if Robert Fripp is full of good intentions, or merely of himself. I'm glad he wallows in philanthropy but does it really bother him that some of his more devout fans frantically desire bootlegged performances of otherwise unavailable material? As Fripp himself wrote, the best Charlie Parker is on bootlegs, and even Fripp cannot claim that his music deserves better treatment. Some grasping-at-straws musicians would be *honored* to have an admirer care enough to risk an expensive tape deck at a concert to make a tin can recording. Bootlegs are the prized pieces in many an album/tape collection, and most are not sold at any price.

I agree with Fripp's concept of "the moment" but he should know that some of his music requires several listenings before one can grasp the total picture. True, a concert can never be relived on tape, but bootlegged music is often enhanced by images of the show when one listens to it at a later date.

Face it, bootlegs, like drugs and abortion, are here to stay. The Grateful Dead seem to have the only rational approach to *encouraging* bootleggers, so quality is not sacrificed for paranoid delusions by the artist and the authorities. I don't think the Dead's record sales have slumped because of bootlegging because Deadheads know that no two concerts will ever be the same, so any recording of a particular concert is valuable.

Where would we be today were it not for Bob Dylan's oft-bootlegged performance at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival where he publicly went "electric?" That album is worth more than the collected works of King Crimson any old way you choose it. Most of the world would never have heard the Sex Pistols live were it not for bootleg. If Fripp were purely concerned with the loss of rightful profits, I wouldn't care, but when he climbs on his soapbox and prattles on about performer/listener relationships, I hear a selfish child whining in the dark.
Christopher Clark
Boulder, CO

BOOTLEGGERS 2, FRIPP 0

I have bootlegs of Robert Fripp with Eno for Frippertronics, and with the League for dance music; they are *excellent* and capture the live energy or lethargy that the audience felt. Considering the shows were out of my reach (Paris and Rochester), I think they are fine substitutes.

The last two records that Fripp released, on the other hand, are poor compared to these bootlegs. The League is *not* as exciting in the controlled studio atmosphere, and the God-STQ/UHM record is just plain bad. Even the slight Frippertronics on the League annoy rather than please; the Indiscretions are "notes of a personal nature" of which Mr. Fripp disapproves.

I know the man is a force of nature, but I can't prove it unless I play the bootlegs and make excuses for the studio work. Sure, we know he was King Crimson, but has he lost it? Not live.

"Take hands with me./And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be."
Dan Sonnier
New Orleans, LA

APOCALYPTIC AGITATION

Although I find Dave Marsh's writing superb and most of his articles enjoyable, sections of his piece "Where has John Fogerty Gone," in the April-May issue, struck me as ludicrous and unwarranted. I see, as the overwhelming majority of American voters who put the President in the White House must, Marsh's reference to Reagan's election as furthering "apocalyptic anxiety" and comparison of the new administration to, in Fogerty's words, "a bad moon on the rise" incredibly absurd. Keep up the good writing, but please leave out the social comment.
Christopher Cox
Milwaukee, WI

KORNER REHABILITATED

I take exception to your review of the *Rocket 88* LP in the current issue of *Musician*. Your statement to the effect that Alexis Korner has "lost his voice" along the way is made with no firm base of knowledge of Alex's output over the last 22 years.

When England was overrun by trad-jazz in the fifties Alexis' spicy guitar in 1954-55 was making a blues statement in the Ken Colyer Skiffle Group. His vocals from the late 50s stand alone against a sea of British Elvis imitators.

Listen to his classic albums from the 60s — *Live from the Cavern Club, R&B from the Marquee, I Wonder Who, A New Generation of Blues*. Alex's vocals, raw and gutsy, always the forefront and highlight of his groups, were always pure, soulful and replete with emotional intensity. His vocals with New Church (tracks like "Mighty Mighty Spade" or "Whitey and I See It") were the catalyst that drew Jones away from the Stones.

The list of fine records goes on and on. His gold records with CCS, his work in the seventies with SNAPE and his classic solo LPs, monuments to a man who pioneered guts in the music scene, obviously have never spun on your turntable.

If you can find them, listen to them before writing a passing criticism that has no thought behind it.
R. Cappuccio
Richmond Hill, NY

TWO-WAY STREET

I agree with Pablo Guzman's complaints that black music is not played on white AOR stations, but I want to know why he doesn't criticize black R&B stations? I find it ridiculous that the Talking Heads, Certain Ratio or non-AM Funkadelic, not to mention Kid Creole, don't get played on these stations nor do I hear black music more than a year old (60s-70s funk, Stax, Doo-Wop, soul, Motown). Face the facts, Pablo, black R&B commercial radio is just as bland and homogenized (and racist?) as the white AOR stations. The only stations that seem to take a chance these days are the college stations.

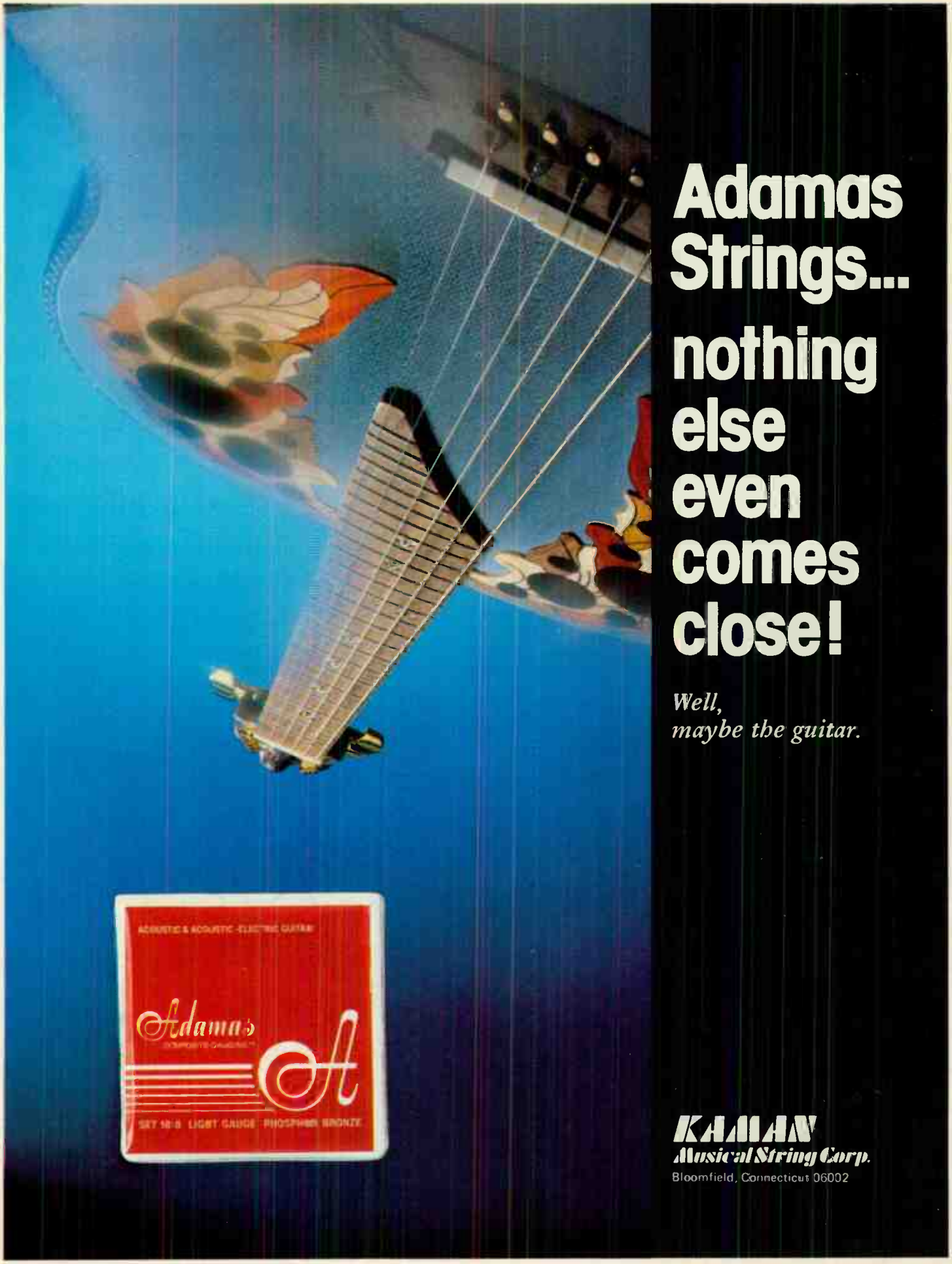
Unfortunately, most people in this country, including Mr. Guzman, still believe in ridiculous stereotypes and cannot handle black and white music together. When Pablo starts falling into the old "whites can't sing or swing" myth and follows that by taking cheap potshots at the Clash, Stones, and Elvis Costello, he proves himself to be just as close-minded as the people he criticizes for being involved in the "Big Lie."
Steve Kiviat
College Park, MD

LITTLE WHITE LIES

Thanks for the excellent and long-overdue examination of the "black/white schism" in rock and roll by Pablo Guzman.

I don't think it's an exaggeration to say that black artists have never received their proper due from the (white) press. I'm not talking about the Chuck Berrys and the Jimi Hendrixes, nor about the Stevies and Dianas, nor am I talking about most jazz artists (who have their own set of advantages and disadvantages in this area) or those artists who turn up in print as flavor of the month (this genus comes in black *and* white).

I mean those hundreds of black artists who make records that sell and who influence (white) rock, who'll finally get token recognition from the (white) music press when they have a top ten pop single but who for the most part are totally ignored. It seems to me that if more tastemakers were inclined to take in the entire music scene instead of concentrating myopically on (white) esoterica, everyone would profit — writers, readers, and especially artists.
Terri Hinte
San Rafael, CA



News and Notes

Violinist Alan Sloan has left the rock-jazz-bluegrass-classical fusionoids the Dregs to pursue a solo career. His replacement is Mark O'Connor, who's recorded in the past as a solo artist for Rounder Records.

As we reported last issue, Robert Fripp's newest aggregation, Discipline, is alive and well in the U.K. Fripp and fellow Disciplinarians Bill Bruford, Adrian Belew and Tony Levin emerged recently from rehearsals to begin a mini tour of England and northern Europe. An album is planned for June, but no final word on a U.S. label yet. Fripp is also slated to produce Police guitarist Andy Summers' first solo effort later this year.

Legendary British folk rockers Fairport Convention will re-form this summer to play at least one English festival. There's no further word on future plans, although former Fairport producer and Hannibal Records owner Joe Boyd will release a live Fairport album culled from old tapes in the near future.

Looks like Dire Straits' guitarist Mark Knopfler won't be playing on Van Morrison's upcoming album after all. Seems Morrison rescheduled his studio time and the new date conflicted with the Straits' long-planned Australian tour. Knopfler's also been approached to pick a few on the new Dylan opus.

Former Doors keyboardist Ray Manzarek reports that a posthumous live Doors album is on the way. According to Manzarek, the single disc release will be "the definitive Doors concert album. There's some pretty raw and raunchy material on it that we just couldn't have gotten away with releasing in the old days."

And while we're on the subject: Garland Jeffreys has been recording his recent concerts in New York and Paris for a possible live release. The Rumour both opened the show and backed Jeffreys.

Chart Action

The album charts remain the stronghold of suburban rock and two of its mentors as REO Speedwagon (*Hi Infidelity*), Styx (*Paradise Theatre*), Rush (*Moving Pictures*), the Who (*Face Dances*), and Eric Clapton (*Another Ticket*) keep a tight hold on the top ten. Big budget MOR, as expected, holds its own with such familiar names as Kenny Rogers, Neil Diamond (*Jazz Singer*) and Streisand/Barry Gibb (*Guilty*). But a glint of light has found its way to the top as Stevie Winwood's *Arc of a Diver*, Grover Washington's *Winelight*, AC/DC's *Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap*, and the Police's *Zenyatta Mondatta* are all settling in for good sales runs. Further down the top 100 but looking strong are Smokey Robinson's *Being With You* (the single of the same title is near the top of the AM charts), James Taylor's *Dad Loves His Work*, Hall and Oates' *Voices* (with its third single, "Kiss on my List" doing several weeks at #1 on AM) and new releases by Loverboy, .38 Special, The Isleys and Gino Vanelli. Holding a high position but (mercifully) on their way down are albums by Blondie, Journey, Don McLean and, surprisingly, the Stones' *Sucking in the Seventies*. Paul Grein, in his "Chartbeat" column in *Billboard* points out that this is the first album by England's newest hitmakers that has not cracked the top ten since their debut LP 17 years ago. The Stones still hold the record for most consecutive rock albums in the top ten, that's 26. Only Old Blue Eyes with 33 and Bing with 31 have more in total. Could this be the end of a dynasty?

Other albums inching their way down include the Dan's *Gaucho*, *Christopher Cross* (63 weeks on the chart and still in the top 20), Emmylou Harris' *Evangeline* and Diana Ross' latest. One album clawing its way into the high 60s is Carol Hensel's *Dancersize*, an album of disco tunes featuring Ms. Hensel's overdubbed voice giving exercise instructions. Without a bit of radio airplay, the album has been promoted at local health spas and gyms and there are already rumors of a movie (?!).

On the single charts, a gruesome cover of "Angel of the Morning" has bumped Hall and Oates for #1 with Sheena Easton's sugary but appealing "Morning Train" close behind; commuters everywhere have found a voice with the Scottish lady's ode to suburbia. Bill Wither's wonderfully casual vocal graces "Just the Two of Us" by Grover Washington while "Rapture," Deborah Harry's ridiculous attempt at a rap record, slides down. New tunes by Gino Vanelli, Kim Carnes ("Betty Davis Eyes") and John Lennon ("Watching the Wheels") vie with REO Speedwagon and Styx and Who cuts for position. "While You See a Chance," Stevie Winwood's haunting composition, drops back while a Taste of Honey cover of "Sukiyaki" comes on. Nobody ever said watching the AM charts would be fun, bunky.

On the Black album charts, *Winelight* and *Being with You* mirror their strong positions on the mainstream chart, toppling the Gap Band's *III* from its four-month top spot. Quincy Jones' *The Dude* and Atlantic Starr's *Radiant* pushed their way into the top ten while new albums by Chaka Kahn, Deniece Williams, and Rufus (with Tony Maiden taking over the singing) chase Raydio, the Whispers and Yarbrough and Peoples.

Although Ronnie Milsap's visibility outside the country audience is minimal, his *Greatest Hits* and *Out Where the Bright Lights Are Burning* are in the top ten and are as good as anything Waylon and Willie have cut in several years. Not as trendy but also top notch is Alabama, whose *Feels So Right* is threatening to bump Kenny Rogers' *Greatest Hits* from the top spot. Country singles of note include "Cowboys Don't Shoot Straight (Like They Used To)" by Tammy Wynette, "Alice Doesn't Like Here Anymore" by Bobby Goldsboro, and Barbara Mandrell's timely "I Was Country When Country Wasn't Cool."

Tired of pretending that you really enjoy listening to the "FASHIONABLE TYPES OF MUSIC" advertised elsewhere in this publication?

Go for the good stuff. The new ZAPPA release on BARKING PUMPKIN RECORDS contains vast quantities of stimulating audio entertainment FOR WHICH IT IS NOT NECESSARY THAT YOU DRESS UP IN UGLY CLOTHES IN ORDER TO LISTEN TO IT *(a major sociological break-through!)*.

This remarkable new concept makes it possible for you, in the privacy of your very own dwelling, to frug yourself into a frenzy without the fear of stressful peer group pressure, applied by dissipated personages with dark glasses with pointy tips on them with modern hair and so forth questioning your ethics.

There's a copy waiting for YOU in a store somewhere...waiting for YOU to take it home and make it go round 'n round while THE GOOD STUFF comes THUNDERING OUT OF YOUR APPARATUS!

TINSEL TOWN REBELLION

Zappa

BARKING PUMPKIN RECORDS & TAPES

Introducing Synclavier II's Terminal Support Package.

The Terminal Support Package provides a completely new method to access Synclavier II's computer. The Terminal Support Package consists of three items: (1) Graphics, (2) Script, a music language, (3) Max, a programming language.

GRAPHICS

The Graphics Package allows the user of Synclavier II to have a readout of numerical data printed out on a computer terminal screen. With the depression of the return character on the terminal, the numerical data is changed into a graphic display. A clear depiction of the volume and harmonic envelopes are drawn out on the screen. The relative volumes of each sine wave, comprising the sound whose envelopes are currently on the screen, is also displayed.

The graphics display provides an extremely valuable visual tool for programming new sounds and for thoroughly analyzing sounds which have already been programmed for Synclavier II.

SCRIPT

Script is a music language. It can be used as a composing tool to write musical performances into Synclavier II's computer without playing anything on the keyboard. Precise polyrhythmic melodies can be developed which would be difficult or even impossible to play on a keyboard. Composing with Script gives you up to 16 tracks to record on.

All the real-time changes available with Synclavier II's digital memory recorder can also be programmed through a terminal with Script. This includes dynamics and other musical accents.

Any composition created with Script can be stored on a disk, and then loaded into Synclavier II's digital memory recorder. All compositions created with Script can be made to play back in perfect sync with a multi-track recorder.

Another feature which is extremely helpful for musicians is the editing feature of Script. This allows you to edit existing compositions through the terminal. You can cut apart, reassemble, or tailor in any manner a composition without ever risking a loss of any of the original elements.

MAX

Max is a complete music applications development system. It allows you to control all of New England Digital's special purpose hardware, i.e., the computer, analog to digital converters, digital to analog converters, and other devices like a scientific timer which can be programmed to be SMTE compatible.

Max comes complete with documentation for the Synclavier II hardware interfaces to enable a programmer to design his own software program. This language is for people who possess a much more sophisticated knowledge of programming computers. Basically it is a superset of XPL, the software language New England Digital uses to program Synclavier II's computer.

Max is designed to permit the owner of Synclavier II to take greater advantage of New England Digital's powerful 16 bit computer. Up to now, all software had to be written by New England Digital. The Terminal Support Package with the Max language gives you the opportunity to explore new ground on your own. The ways in which Synclavier II's hardware can be used by Max is virtually limitless.

All of us at New England Digital feel we've only begun to explore and tap the awesome potential of the Synclavier II's digital synthesizer. The Terminal Support Package is just one more step in an exciting journey toward this realization.

new england digital

IRS RECORDS: PLAYING OUTSIDE THE SYSTEM

"Without following the system and given enough time, proper advice and a little faith, you can make money on records and the road."

By Mark Mehler

In the reception room of Frontier Booking International (FBI) is a stack of *Peoples* and *Us*'s and *Circuses* that picture a new wave nation marching bravely into the 80s. Take a few steps into Ian Copeland's office, the door closes, Ian and Miles Copeland close ranks around you, and suddenly you're living in the real world.

"Look what's *really* going on out there," barks Miles Copeland, narrow eyes flashing in a combination of fervor and fatigue. "Sure, the labels are signing a lot of new wave acts, but what's happening to them? I can cite chapter and verse. The Knack is obviously the classic case...a whole slew of acts signed by Capitol, the Reds, I could go on forever. For all the hype, it's still business as usual. The labels are stuck in a rut, and they're just not effective at developing and nurturing talent, which is what the business is about..."

Miles and Ian Copeland: middle earth in a vast underground railway of rock.

Miles Copeland III, founder and head of IRS Records (International Record Syndicate) and younger brother Ian, president of FBI, view themselves as visionaries and new wave as a nascent movement — whether or not the Dead Kennedys ever play the White House.

"We think we've managed to accomplish something new in this business," says Miles, whose IRS acts include the Fleshtones, the Buzzcocks, Skafish, Oingo Boingo, the Cramps, the Damned — and the Dead Kennedys. "That you can succeed without following the system. That given time, and proper advice, and a little faith, you can make money on records *and* the road. The major labels are starting to look at things our way, but at this point we're still filling a large vacuum out there."

In essence, the 1½ year-old IRS, initially bankrolled with $50,000 of Miles Copeland's money, refuses to play the game of great expectations.

Says Miles Copeland: "The way the traditional system is set up, the act gets a lot of up-front money, the label spends a lot on the first album and sends the new group out on tour opening for a bigger group, paying the new guys $500 a week or so. If it doesn't happen on the first shot, there's no money left in the budget and the group is cut loose."

"Our philosophy is entirely different. We look at the process as a 3-year experiment. It takes at least that long for a band to mature and develop its skills. We say to a group or an individual artist, 'We'll give you time to develop, but you've got to give *us* time, too.' Meanwhile, under our system, we can make money right away, living within our means, touring without all the hoopla."

For Miles and Ian Copeland, the opportunity to talk about their business is a pleasant change. Most interviews center around their unusual family — dad Miles Copeland is a former Central Intelligence Agency official (the real CIA, not the record company) who was instrumental in the rogue elephant's Middle East operations; youngest brother Stewart Copeland is the drummer for the Police (the band).

Of the three Copeland boys, however, it is Miles who seems to have inherited his father's mantle of enigma. Blond, boyish good looks, almost, but not quite, cancel out eyes steeled with menace. A diplomatic officiousness almost cancels out a wild streak. In another time, perhaps, he could have been turning out cabinet officers instead of rockers.

"You can look around and see the new labels that self-destructed on their propensity to spend money as fast as they could. Infinity Records got started with an incredible hoo-hah, and a year later they were out of business...besides, I see no challenge at all in a David Geffen getting $40 million to go out and sign Elton John. Anyone can throw money around."

IRS and FBI tend to look for bands, like the Fleshtones and Buzzcocks, who have already proven themselves within their own local marketplaces. "I'm not interested in finding five guys off the street and putting them in a studio," says Miles.

To take these cult groups a step beyond, IRS enlisted the services of A&M Records, a major independent not that far removed from its own grassroots. "We had to face the fact," says Miles, "that we needed a national network for our records. A&M gave us the tools, and the advantage to them is it doesn't cost them anything. I didn't walk into Jerry Moss' office and say 'I want your money.' The reason is simple. We insist on doing it our way and once you take the label's money, you have their A&R guy making decisions on who you're gonna sign. We signed a straight distribution deal with A&M. We put up our own money to sign our own acts, put out our own records and market them our own way."

In the early stages, at least, there is very little the A&M machine (backed by RCA distribution) can do for IRS. "The radio stations are so far removed from what the public wants that no promotion department is going to change it. So instead of spending a lot of time and wasting money on a lost cause, we try other approaches. For example, maybe we'll put out five songs on a 12" for $5,000, just to get something out there in the market and create a buzz. Then we'll

get the group to tour. We'll hit the markets we can have some success with, the colleges (A&M just reactivated its college marketing department, spurred by IRS), the clubs, the discos. Then we'll come with an album. In the case of the Cramps, only one station, WHFS, went on the first album, but we were drawing 1,000, 2,000 a concert and making good money. We sold 20,000 copies, which isn't bad. Then on the next album, we got seven stations and we doubled those sales. As long as we're willing to stick it out, the group is going to continue maturing, and their material is going to be more and more attuned to the market."

After one year of business, A&M took a look at what they had. "An A&M sales guy would go walking into a store with three groups, say two of his own and one of ours. He's not expecting to sell any Cramps or Oingo Boingo, but he ends up selling twice as many of those as the others. He comes back and says, 'Something's going on out there.' It isn't something he's heard on the radio, they're still wrapped up in the 70s. But the sales guys know this new generation of music is penetrating the market."

A&M, having made at least a small profit in IRS' first year of operation, recently created a fund for the new label, giving them more leeway in signing and promoting artists. "Sometimes that's necessary," says Miles. "For example, with Oingo Boingo, you have a nine-man group that's been around six or seven years accumulating debts. They need money now. I think it's justified in this case — they had the biggest selling LP in L.A. for four weeks — to spend $100,000 on a new album. It's a case where we've reached the next stage of development."

The Copelands view their organization as a sort of middle earth in a vast underground railway of rock 'n' roll. "Our expertise is in the underground scene. We see ourselves coming in when a band has achieved a certain level at the cult stage and we take advantage of the cult to build a larger, national following. We can reflect what's happening all around the country in the club scene. Once we've broken through, a larger label, an A&M, can come in with their expertise in the upper reaches of the market. I'm not saying we don't want to grow, but the challenge for us is developing this new generation of artists."

The Copelands think new wave is a scene, not a musical form. Says Miles, "It's difficult to categorize the music. You have a lot of complex, shifting directions. Jazz, jazz/punk, punk/reggae, avant garde/punk. Partly it's a rejection of the whole progressive rock scene in the 70s. Some new wave groups have interesting things to say, some simply don't know any better..."

continued on pg. 101

The only synthesizer that can improve on Synclavier II is Synclavier II.

New England Digital is the only digital synthesizer manufacturer in the world that completely designs and builds its own computer as well as its own synthesizer. New England Digital's powerful 16 bit computer, along with the XPL language used to program it, make Synclavier II more versatile, flexible, and expandable than any other synthesizer made.

In order to understand how advanced Synclavier II truly is, it's necessary to understand the enormous differences between Synclavier II's hardware and softwear, and that of other digital systems.

No other digital synthesizer on the market is capable of keeping pace with Synclavier II's XPL language.

XPL is a high level structured language, which offers tremendously fast and accurate control for writing complex real-time digital synthesis programs. Synclavier II is the only digital synthesizer programmed in a high level structured language.

Other digital systems are programmed in much simpler languages, like Assembler. Using Assembler language, it's very difficult to write complex programs with any degree of speed or accuracy.

XPL language uses a compiler. The compiler automatically translates the way we think into the way the computer thinks. Assembler doesn't use a compiler. So the programmer has to do his own translating from the way he thinks into the way the computer thinks.

For example: If you wanted to express the equation A = 2 + 5 in Assembler, you would have to go through the following instructions:

(1) Find a register in the computer that is empty.
(Let's say it's register 0)
(2) Assign register 0 to contain A.
(3) Load register 0 with a 2.
(4) Add to register 0 a 5.

In XPL, the programmer just types in A = 2 + 5. That's it. The compiler automatically translates that equation into a series of instructions that the computer can understand.

If you wanted to compute the square root of five in XPL, you would simply write A = SQR(5); the compiler would automatically generate a set of instructions to communicate that equation to the computer. In Assembler, the programmer would have to write almost 100 instructions all by himself in order to get the same result.

The more complicated a program gets, the more XPL pays off. The inverse is true for Assembler. The more complex a program gets, the more impossible it is for the Assembler programmer to keep track of all the enormous details all by himself.

Synclavier II allows software changes to be made quicker and more accurately than any other digital synthesizer.

It's no small wonder that Synclavier II offers more than five times the features found on any other digital system. Synclavier II's XPL language is the most advanced programming process currently being used to program a digital synthesizer. XPL offers solutions to digital programming that other languages can't offer.

For example, one big problem encountered in programming is how to change one small function of a synthesizer system without changing something else in the process.

A change such as this is not always so easy to do in Assembler language. In order to change the function of just one button in Assembler, the programmer would have to rewrite the software program for practically the entire synthesizer. This is an extremely difficult task because the programmer himself is totally responsible for keeping track of every detail of the software program. Making a software change with Assembler is like having to tear down a finished house and rebuild it from the ground up, just to add a new window.

This tearing down and rebuilding process required by Assembler takes an immense amount of time, not to mention money. Furthermore, the chances are very great that the rebuilt "house" will have more variations on the original structure than the one change the programmer intended to make.

Using XPL to add a new feature to Synclavier II doesn't require the programmer to start over from scratch. The programmer can specifically address the one feature he wishes to change and let the XPL compiler take care of the rest. The compiler allows the new information to be incorporated into the present software without destroying any part of already existing features.

With XPL, New England Digital can afford to add new features to Synclavier II on a regular basis. In this way Synclavier II can remain state-of-the-art for years and years to come.

Synclavier II is the only digital synthesizer that can make affordable changes in its hardware.

What happens when a digital synthesizer eventually uses up all the computing power available in its computer by adding too many new features or options?

If you change any part of the hardware in a digital system programmed by Assembler, nothing will work at all. The new computer hardware won't know what to do with the old software. In order to make the new computer hardware work, an entirely new program must be constructed from scratch. This is a far greater project than merely adding on new software feature to an existing program. The time required to redesign Assembler software so it could deal with a hardware change, could take up to a year or more.

The architecture of Synclavier II makes hardware changes easy to incorporate. Synclavier II uses a MOVE architecture computer. Synclavier II's MOVE architecture allows additional computing power external to the computer's central processor itself. This means that the possibilities for implementing new hardware can be done in a modular form.

Synclavier II's software is designed so modular hardware additions can be handled by modular software additions. The use of hardware and software modules gives New England Digital total freedom to create any new operation they want for Synclavier II.

If the constant addition of new features eventually exhausts the computing power of Synclavier II's computer, New England Digital will already have the means to accommodate additional computing power for the Synclavier II system at a very reasonable cost. Other digital manufacturers will eventually be forced into a complete redesign of their systems at an enormous cost.

No other digital synthesizer in the world is capable of improving on Synclavier II's advanced technology.

No other digital synthesizer on the market is controlled by a computer anywhere near as fast as Synclavier II's. In fact, Synclavier II's 16 bit computer is more than 10 times faster than any microprocessor currently being used by other digital systems.

No other digital synthesizer is programmed in a high level structured language like XPL. The likelihood of another synthesizer manufacturer developing a high level language compiler competitive to New England Digital's, is not something to bet your future on. To bring New England Digital's XPL compiler to its present state has required more than 10 man years of development.

Synclavier II not only has the fastest computer and the most advanced software, it also has the only architecture that is flexible and expandable enough to permit serious advancements in its system's design without taking forever.

Synclavier II is truly designed to be a state-of-the-art digital system today, tomorrow, and for years to come. And New England Digital is the only synthesizer manufacturer that can honestly say it has the means to upgrade every Synclavier II they sell to keep pace with new changes in digital technology.

new england digital

DAVE EDMUNDS: NEW WAVE, 1955

With Rockpile now part of Dave Edmunds' rich rock 'n' roll past, the encyclopedia of fifties bounce offers some new Twangin...and more live roots.

By David Schulps

Musically, we didn't find a niche for ourselves. It amounted to a couple of songs from a Nick Lowe album, a couple of songs from an Edmunds album. Perhaps if Billy Bremner had done all the singing it would have been better. That was the closest we could get to something that didn't sound like Dave or Nick. Perhaps if it had started out as a band instead of doing all that solo album stuff, it would have worked."

Dave Edmunds is trying his best to explain why Rockpile — Edmunds, Lowe, Bremner and drummer Terry Williams — is no longer together after four years of continuous, if sometimes casual, existence. Considered by many to be Britain's foremost rock 'n' roll, rockabilly and even country band, Rockpile abruptly called it quits recently, after completing what was far and away its most successful American tour. Somehow Edmunds' explanation seems insufficient in light of the group's reputation and the quality of its output.

"And," he adds a bit sheepishly, "I had a row with Jake."

Jake is Jake Riviera, the inscrutable managerial mastermind behind Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe and Rockpile, a founding ex-partner in Stiff Records, the once-revolutionary British independent label on which Costello and Lowe first gained recognition, and currently head of his own F-Beat Records in England.

"I didn't think he was handling things right and I told him so," Edmunds says of Riviera, "and he doesn't like people saying things like that to him. Still," he insists, "we could have transcended any problems I had with Jake."

With conflicting stories about Rockpile's demise emanating from the Riviera-Lowe camp that place the blame for the group's demise on Edmunds' shoulders, it's quite possible the complete story of the break-up will never be told. The truth probably lies in a combination of a growing rift between Edmunds and Riviera, the problem of defining the group's relationship to the solo careers of Edmunds and Lowe, especially in terms of what material was suitable for Rockpile, and the question of whether the two should continue to record as solos at all, albeit with Rockpile providing the accompaniment.

Whatever the 37-year-old Edmunds decides to do in the future, his reputation as one of the finest roots rock 'n' roll guitarists and singers remains untarnished. His ability to fashion early rock 'n' roll, R&B and country forms into contemporary-sounding pop without falling into maudlin revivalism is a tribute to his skill as a producer and musician and to his belief in the timelessness of the music itself. Not long ago he complained that although he found the current music scene very healthy, too many of today's younger groups are rootless due to receiving too much attention before they've developed an understanding of how their own music relates to their influences.

The assimilation of his own influences into a cogent style has been a process of gradual development for Edmunds over the decade and a half he's been playing professionally. In that time he's dabbled at one point or another in nearly every rock style (save, thankfully, jazz-rock) and come back to the basic foundation of the music in the end, the hybrid of country and R&B that became known during the mid-50s as rock 'n' roll.

"It was the only lasting new wave, 1955," Edmunds says of that first outburst of war baby rebelliousness that got the whole ball rolling. "The kind of songs that were written during that period, three-minute singles with a bit of feeling and class, were what we based Rockpile on. Look at almost any Everly Brothers song: great singing, great words and an amazing guitar solo in the middle." He could easily be describing his own music. Indeed, Edmunds has regularly included an Everlys-style tune on his albums, with Lowe's lyrics capturing the naive adolescent spirit that made those records irresistible despite being cornier than Kansas in August. The four-song EP of Dave and Nick playing the Everlys that came with Rockpile's *Seconds of Pleasure* was barely necessary, given Edmunds' constant tributes.

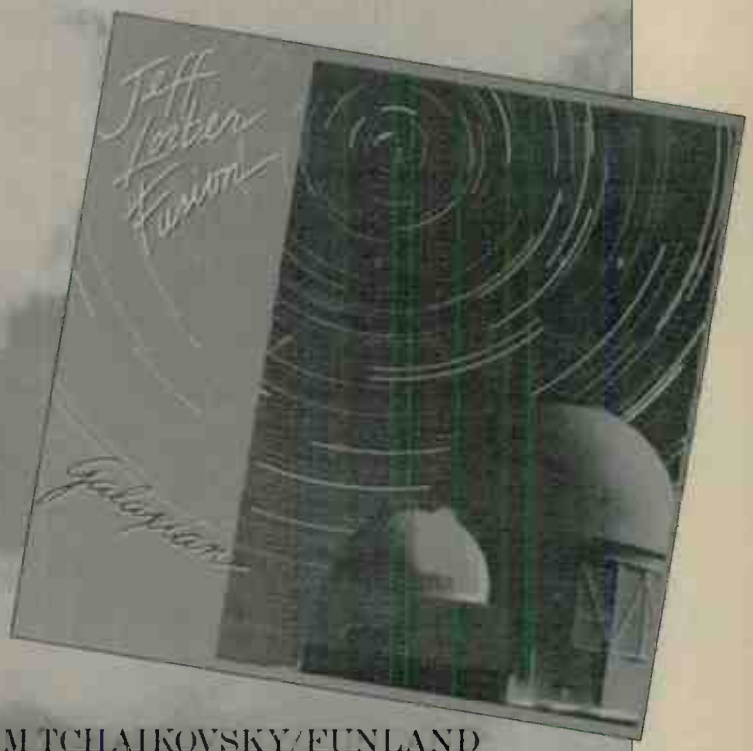
DEBORAH FEINGOLD

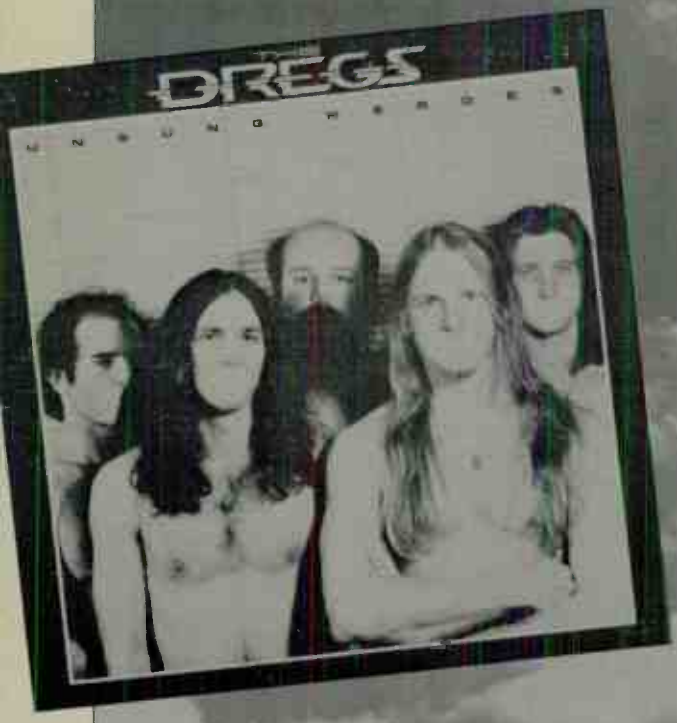
"Deadly serious fun:" three minute singles with a bit of feeling and class.

Perhaps more than anything it was the spirit of those records — which Edmunds calls "deadly serious fun" — that has had the most profound effect on his own music. Serious, because you know how much time and effort must've been spent listening to and copying the James Burton, Chuck Berry, Carl Perkins and Scotty Moore licks, the Sun and Phil Spector productions, and the George Jones and Everly Brothers inflections. They're all there on Edmunds' records, part of a musical vocabulary that, like words, can be taken out and used in any number of permutations to create a new idea. The fun part of it comes once you're fluent, as is apparent from the guitar interplay between Edmunds and the equally dexterous Bremner, whose rhythmic chording dashes in and out of the spaces in Edmunds' lead work.

To show how things have come full circle, Edmunds has at one time or another been asked to work with two of his guitar idols, Carl Perkins and Chuck Berry. A couple of years back Edmunds

BOUNDLESS MUSIC





BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY/FUNLAND

Bram Tchaikovsky knows that when it comes to great rock 'n' roll, there's no midway. So on his new LP, *Funland*, the British master rocker pulls out all the stops. His surging guitars and soaring melodies on tracks like "Shall We Dance?," "Heart Of Stone," "Breaking Down The Walls Of Heartache" and "Stand And Deliver" make this one of the year's standout albums.

JEFF LORBER FUSION/GALAXIAN

He's one of the most innovative forces in fusion today. After two consecutive #1 jazz albums, Jeff Lorber now journeys to the very heart of jazz-funk on *Galaxian*. A brilliant blend of infectious melodies and lyrical funk—highlighted by the hit vocal single "Monster Man"—*Galaxian* takes jazz-funk one step beyond.

THE DREGS/UNSUNG HEROES

Separately, they're five peerless instrumentalists: together, they're The Dregs. In concert, they create mayhem and on *Unsung Heroes* they play with the intensity and seamless artistry that shows why The Dregs have one of the most devoted followings in contemporary music today. Led by composer/guitarist Steve Morse, the adventurous quintet has created a unique synthesis that fuses jazz and country instrumental virtuosity with hard-driving rhythms that rock across musical boundaries.

ARISTA

Give the gift of music.

told me the story of how he had played with Perkins during Carl's English tour, only to discover that his hero was playing "Blue Suede Shoes" the way it appeared on Elvis Presley's cover version rather than his own original. Edmunds asked Perkins whether he was playing the wrong version of the tune. Perkins replied that this was the way he always played it and if it had been recorded any other way it must have been a mistake. Edmunds then proceeded to show Perkins how to play "Blue Suede Shoes."

After the story came out, Edmunds says, he was looked at as a heretic of sorts in England. People got annoyed that he'd had the gall to tell Carl Perkins how to play "Blue Sude Shoes." "I still feel embarrassed when I see him now. Please straighten it out," he asks now. "Say it got blown all out of proportion. I was just being a fan, that's all. So if you could print that with a bit of affection for old Carl..."

He also tells about an A&R man who called him a few years ago and asked if he wanted to produce Chuck Berry, who he was about to sign. Before Edmunds could say yes, he recalls, "the A&R man was warning me not to do it, because Berry was such a weird guy then.

"As it turns out," Edmunds remembers, "Berry didn't sign with the label, so it never got any further than that."

Edmunds himself has had plenty of time to develop his own musicial vision. He began playing in the early 60s with the Raiders, a group he says was Wales' first rock 'n' roll trio. They specialized in covering obscure tunes by well known American rock pioneers such as Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry, and Edmunds has since drawn regularly from his knowledge of little known but classic 50s material. The Raiders played around Wales for a few years but never recorded. Then, in 1966, the beginning of the psychedelic era, Edmunds moved to London for a short time, returning to Wales to form Love Sculpture, this time the region's first acid rock trio, specializing in recreating complex numbers like "I Am the Walrus."

When it came time for Love Sculpture to record, though, the group's label told them they were only interested in a blues band, blues being all the rage at the moment. Edmunds, whose blues roots extended about as far back as Eric Clapton, underwent a crash course in blues guitar styles and came up with *Blues Helping*, one of the most unabashedly white blues records ever made. The album is mostly notable for Edmunds stinging guitar tone and a few breakneck speed solos. Changing direction again, the group followed the album up by releasing a single of classical composer Khatchaturian's "Sabre Dance," and Edmunds' manic run-through of the song sped to the top of the British charts.

The album that followed, *Forms and Feelings*, is a highly eclectic mixture that ranges from an 11-minute first-take version of "Sabre Dance" to the first of the half-dozen Chuck Berry covers Edmunds has done over the years, "You Can't Catch Me." Love Sculpture's last hurrah turned out to be a short U.S. tour in 1970 (with Terry Williams having joined the group on drums), during which they played almost exclusively Elvis Presley and other Sun rockabilly covers. Edmunds had begun to rediscover his roots.

Fed up with touring and determined to learn the ins and outs of the recording studio, Edmunds returned to Wales and ensconced himself in Rockfield Studios, Monmouth, where as early as 1967 he had begun to experiment with record production and engineering, recording at the time a set of four Elvis Presley tributes, two of which have subsequently surfaced as album closers: "My Baby Left Me" on *Get It* and "Baby Let's Play House" on *Twangin'*.... At a time when the attitude of the musical community could be summed up as 'bigger is better,' Edmunds began to work on a solo album of basic, unembellished 50s style rock 'n' roll and rockabilly that, although underproduced compared to later efforts, offers the first picture of what would become Edmunds' predominent sound from then on.

In December 1970 Edmunds released his first solo single. "I Hear You Knockin'," a cover of an early 50s New Orleans rocker that had been a minor hit for Smiley Lewis, became a worldwide smash and one of the biggest selling singles ever in Britain. Although the disc was also massive in America, *Rockpile*,

The newest King horns are built by the same old hands.

Since January 1979, thirty product improvements have been developed by King.

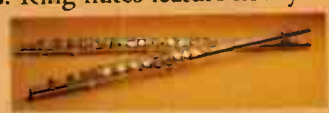
Since March 1893, our dedication to quality has remained the same.

New King Trumpets and Cornets. From student instruments to professional horns, the beauty is in performance, craft and value. Student models, like the 601 Trumpet and the 603 Cornet even provide many professional features for the beginner. Like grained valves for better oil distribution, a thumb-adjustable inside/outside 1st valve slide for more precise tuning and nickel silver inner slides. State-of-the-art King 2000 series Trumpets and 2000 Cornets all have one-piece bells and are available in two bore sizes.

New King Trombones. Now there are five new trombone models including a new Student model, 2 new Tenor models and 2 new Bass models. Many feature elegant gold brass bells. And they are now available in a number of new bore sizes. Our new Bass Trombones, 2107 and 2108 have a newly designed in-line dual valve system. And now, King offers the new Model 2125, a larger .525 bore, rich powerful tenor. All models feature the renowned King slide. Range extending "F" attachments are also available for many horns.

New King Marching Horns. The King Marching French Horn is beautifully balanced, yet retains all true french horn quality. The King Convertible Tuba is far more tuba than meets the eye. It's a superior, lightweight concert hall instrument; and with the addition of a simple lead pipe, it becomes a "bell in front" marching instrument. The new King Marching Baritone is styled like a cornet, but with a more fully projected sound.

New developments in Flutes. King flutes feature newly designed head joints and repositioned keys for easier play and faster learning.



New King Flugelhorn. This ideal medium-priced instrument stands alone, or is the perfect doubling instrument for trumpet players. It has the mellow sound, easy response and good intonation you'd expect of King. Proof that old hands are equally adept at making timeless classics and new innovations.

King Musical Instruments, Inc.
33999 Curtis Blvd., Eastlake, Ohio 44094

Play your best with a King.

the album on which it was included, wasn't released here until long after the single had run its course, by which time Edmunds had been more or less forgotten.

In Britain, though, Edmunds continued to build a successful non-performing solo career. Shifting his focus slightly from the 50s to the early 60s, Edmunds began recreating the Phil Spector "wall of sound" production style on his own in the studio, over-dubbing all the parts by himself on singles of "Baby I Love You" and "Born to Be with You." These Spectorsound singles were beneficial to Edmunds in a variety of ways, not the least of which was that they became hits in Europe. In addition, Edmunds seems to have arrived at a level of production expertise, possibly as a result of breaking Spector down to components, that has manifested itself in the rich sound he has consistently achieved on his subsequent records. Even at his most basic, Edmunds has consistently put a full-bodied, dense, slightly-echoed-but-clean sound down on his albums ever since.

Edmunds' notoriety and success in recreating the sound of the past also led directly to the musical directorship of the David Essex film *Stardust*, in which he also briefly appeared as a member of Essex's band, the Stray Cats. Under that name, Edmunds appears on the film's soundtrack, doing nearly a side's worth of early 60s-styled songs. Also during the same period, Edmunds stepped up his work as an outside producer, working with Foghat, Brinsley Schwarz (where he first developed his friendship with Nick Lowe, then in that group), Ducks DeLuxe and the Flamin' Groovies.

Edmunds has always contended that he's never been a record producer in the sense of sitting behind the glass and calling the shots for a band. Instead, he insists that he merely enjoys helping out friends by engineering and offering a few suggestions. This year, possibly as a result of his growing disillusion with Rockpile, he has stepped up his outside production activities again and has recorded albums with two young rockabilly-style bands, the Stray Cats and the Polecats.

Edmunds' studio period resulted in the *Subtle as a Flying Mallet* album, which he now refers to as "a compilation of various artists, with the two Phil Spector tracks, a couple of Everly Brothers and some live Chuck Berry tracks with the Brinsleys: no continuity." After his unhappy touring experience with Love Sculpture and an aborted attempt at a Rockpile band in 1971, Edmunds had virtually given up playing live, surfacing only for the occasional gig or two during the first half of the 70s. Finally, in 1975 Edmunds was persuaded to accompany Brinsley Schwarz on one of their pub tours (hence, the LP tracks). The experience whetted his appetite for the road and led indirectly to the eventual formation of Rockpile.

After the break-up of Brinsley Schwarz, Nick Lowe and Edmunds began hanging out together, mostly in recording studios and pubs, with Edmunds basically educating Lowe in record production. Together they recorded a novelty record, "Let's Go to the Disco," as the Disco Brothers. It did nothing saleswise, but it established them as a partnership of a sort. By 1976, things had begun to heat up in London. Lowe's "So It Goes," with Edmunds on guitar, became Stiff Records' first release and within months Lowe was going into an 8-track studio almost daily with one motley character or another who had been rejected by every other label and wanted a shot. Elvis Costello was merely the first and most prominent of Lowe's productions.

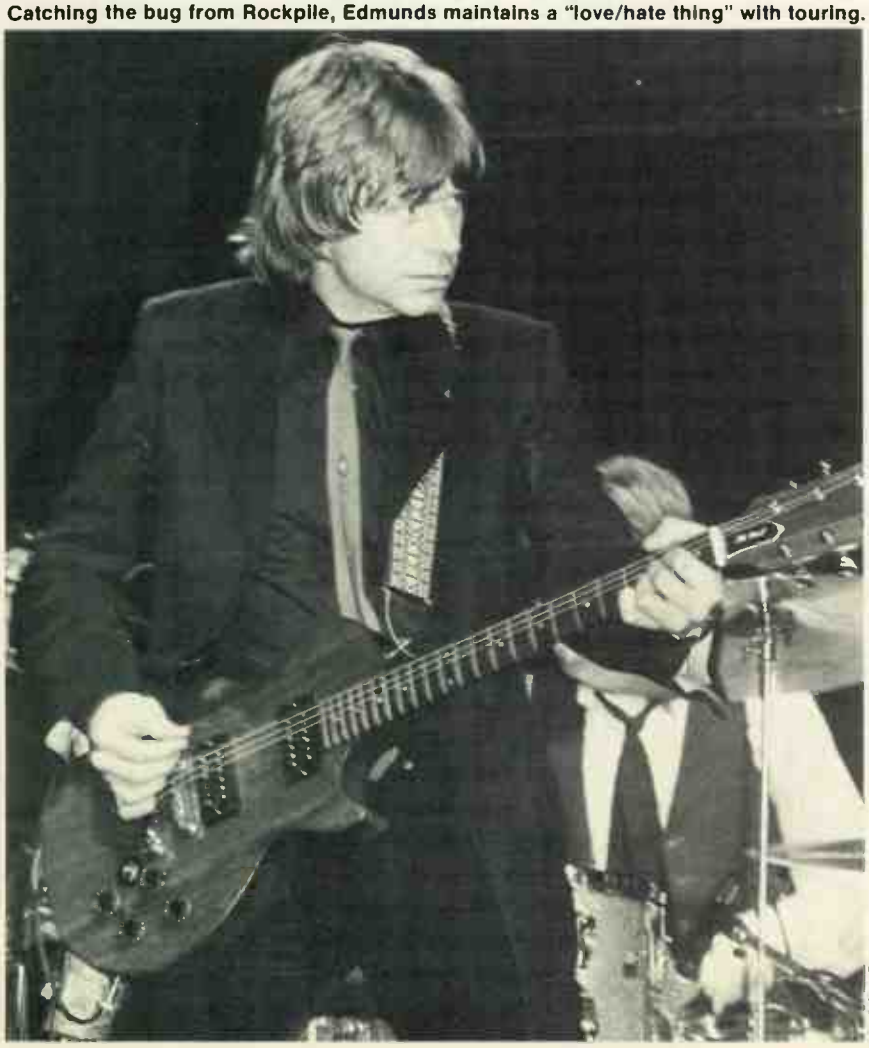
Edmunds and Lowe signed solo recording deals at around the same time, Edmunds with Swan Song (he's a favorite of Led Zeppelin) and Lowe with Columbia as part of a sort of Jake Riviera package deal that included Costello as well. Lowe played bass on and wrote or co-wrote much of Edmunds' *Get It*, Edmunds played guitar on Lowe's *Pure Pop for Now People*. When Edmunds, still suffering from great trepidation about touring, was asked to put together a band and appear as the opening act on the 1977 Bad Company U.S. tour, he went straight to Lowe. Terry Williams, who Edmunds considered the best drummer in England, was next to join. Edmunds and Lowe had been checking out Billy Bremner, then guitarist with a pub-rock band called Fatso, for some time. Bremner, probably one of the few guitarists in Britain who complements Edmunds in both style and ability, completed the line-up.

The idea behind Rockpile was simple: it was there when anyone needed it. For identification's sake the group name was initially prefaced by the name of whoever had a new album at the time of the tour. "To sell records," Edmunds says, "you've got to actually tour. Touring did a lot for me. I had five or six albums that had never sold more than 30,000 copies worldwide. After all the touring we did in 1977 and '78, my last album did a quarter of a million." His feeling about the road now, he claims is "a love/hate thing. When I'm not doing it, I can't wait to be on the road, and when I'm on the road...oh, I wish I was home."

Rockpile recorded as a unit on both Edmunds' and Lowe's solo albums from the time it was formed till its demise, with

continued on pg. 38

Catching the bug from Rockpile, Edmunds maintains a "love/hate thing" with touring.



EBET ROBERTS

*Soon to be released as a Half-Speed Mastered extended range recording.

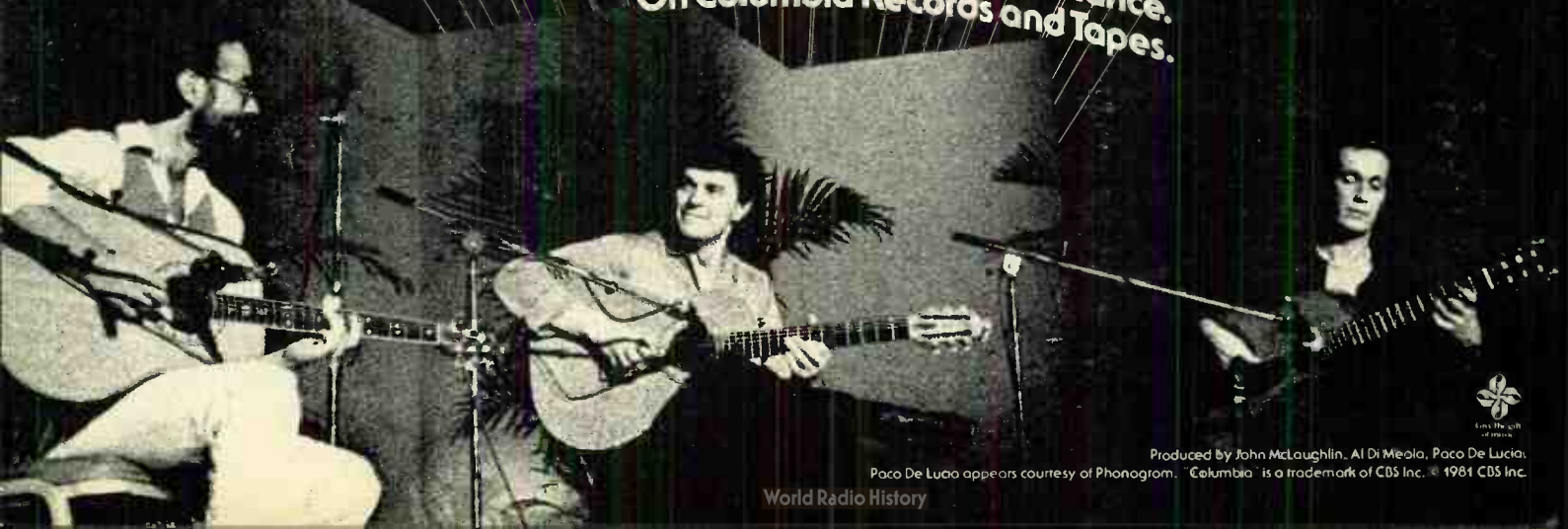
AL Di MEOLA, JOHN McLAUGHLIN AND PACO De LUCIA TAKE

GUITAR TO THE THIRD POWER

An incredible concert recorded live "Friday Night In San Francisco."

They've been electrifying audiences all over the world without benefit of electricity. Al Di Meola and John McLaughlin, the undisputed masters of jazz-rock guitar, join forces with Paco De Lucia, the renowned virtuoso of contemporary flamenco guitar, for an acoustic guitar tour de force: "Friday Night In San Francisco."* A live album that documents the intense passion of three of the most honored guitarists of the world in the collaboration of a lifetime. Performing duets and trios composed by Chick Corea, Egberto Gismonti, and Al, Paco and John.

Al, John and Paco. "Friday Night In San Francisco." Supreme inspiration, sublime performance. On Columbia Records and Tapes.



Produced by John McLaughlin, Al Di Meola, Paco De Lucia.
Paco De Lucia appears courtesy of Phonogram. "Columbia" is a trademark of CBS Inc. © 1981 CBS Inc.

EMERALD SAPPHIRE AND GOLD

Taking a brief foray off the beaten track, the curious listener with open ears is amply repaid.

By Brian Cullman

Once upon a time, if an artist confused a record company enough, they'd get signed. The eccentricity factor ran high: the legend that Brian Wilson had turned his living room into an enormous sandbox only increased his credibility, and one flamboyant producer used to show up for record company meetings with a dachshund under his arm, and throughout the meeting, would confer with the dog on various points. It got him a reputation as a genius.

The old "if you don't understand 'em, sign 'em up" theory didn't always work. It was responsible for records by Jobriath, Haphash & The Many Coloured Coat, Tonto's Expanding Headband and Uncle Dirty. But it also insured the signings of Van Dyke Parks, Captain Beefheart, Tim Buckley and Dr. John.

These days, record companies get confused by traffic signals and sign nobody. After months of rumor and speculation, at least two major labels have admitted that their big signings of 1981 will be shopping malls.

"This is, after all, the essence of post-post-punk, and someone had to take this sort of chance," announced a senior vice president at CBS. "The risks are great, but then so are the advantages. No shopping mall, to my knowledge, has ever tried to record a concept album."

Meanwhile, the really eccentric, unusual and brave albums get released on small labels, often operated by record stores like 99 in NYC or Rough Trade in San Francisco and London that know the street and seem to know what they can and can't sell. It all hearkens back to the days of doo-wop, with smart record store operators cutting and pressing up a couple of thousand discs by some corner boys, and to the link between the studios and the shops in Jamaica. After all, if you own the store, you don't have to worry too much about getting your records *into* the store.

ESG (*Emerald, Sapphire & Gold*), released through 99 Records on 99 MacDougal, N.Y., is the strangest and most fascinating record to emerge from this sort of arrangement. Everything about it is odd, apart from the rest of the industry. The cover looks like one of those old semi-psychedelic notebook covers that Woolworth's and Kresge's tried to sell in the late sixties, like the work of an enthusiastic but not overly

LAURA LEVINE

Emerald, Sapphire and Gold: loping street rhythms under silky, graceful vocals.

talented five-year-old set loose with a couple of magic markers: swirls of yellow and green and blue within which the song titles float free.

The group — four women and one man — work primarily with bass, drums and percussion, chanting and singing against a loping street rhythm, voices floating above the percussion like the song titles on the cover. Side two, recorded live at Hurrah's, shows a new band finding its legs, getting by on pure cool when all else fails. But side one is the revelation. After recording the tracks in NYC, they were sent over to Martin Hannett, Manchester's resident genius who produces Joy Division, The Psychedelic Furs and others. Hannett mixed the tracks, giving them an icy strut with some of the same depth and mystery as Joy Division: the cymbals cool and distant, the bass and drums locked together, the congas a safe distance behind the drums, peeking through the curtain, then edging back. So what you get is a simple, clear rhythm, a sassy walk down the street accompanied by lead vocalist Renee, a dream of a singer. She's got the silky nasal quality that Diana Ross had back on "Baby Love," combined with the street toughness of singers in groups like the Shangri-Las (on "Out In The Street") or The Cookies (on "Don't Say Nothing Bad About My Baby") without the sound ever feeling imitative or dated; hell, she sounds so right, it hardly seems like she's singing; it all sounds effortless and graced, as if she were the natural heroine of all of Patti Smith's and Laura Nyro's songs.

The songs never quite settle in as songs, even the best ones ("Moody," "You're No Good") are really chants, pieces of musical time; and the two instrumentals are more inventive than they are convincing. But the whole album *feels* right, from Renee's yelps of pleasure to Hannett's spare production. I've listened to it continually for the last three weeks and still find more life and guts in it than in most recent releases on major labels.

New Order is a revamped Joy Division, now without Ian Curtis, their lead vocalist who took his own life last year. Their new twelve inch ("Ceremony," "In A Lonely Place") on Factory Records distributed by Rough Trade comes in a regal green cover, complete with a small gold lion holding a red torch in its mouth and the insignia *VERITAS*. Everything about the package is knightly, somehow chivalric, as if it were a heroic gesture for them to carry on. Which it may very well be. Their sound is still dark and powerful, retaining the spare thoughtfulness of the Doors' best arrangements, especially on "In A Lonely Place" where the bass and drums seem clutched around a hollow sounding keyboard, and the vocals are quietly urgent but just out of reach. There is a strange sense that they're telling you a secret that you'll never quite hear. Immaculate production is by the ubiquitous Mr. Hannett.

The most utilitarian of the new releases is *Guard Dog* on the small but dedicated Audio Fidelity label. The record contains the sounds of a large and hungry German shepherd pacing about an apartment, growling savagely, barking, and chewing on animate and inanimate objects. Good for keeping would-be prowlers and former girlfriends/boyfriends from breaking into apartments, it also provides company and security for those who don't want the responsibility of owning a dog, but who nonetheless enjoy the gentle sounds of a noble animal terrorizing the furniture. At 45 rpm, it sounds like a Pekingese gone mad on methedrine. M

JUSTINA

Tommy Crain picks with the Charlie Daniels Band. He tunes with the Justina Quartz Guitar Tuner.

First, some reasons why Tommy chose the Justina:

- Accurate to within 99.94% (or 1/100 of a semi-tone). No other six-note guitar tuner comes even close!
- The Justina's amazingly stable quartz oscillator shows you immediately when you've got perfect pitch. No wasting time with a meter needle that bounces from one side to the other. At the studio, we asked Tommy to pluck his perfectly tuned D string. The Justina's needle immediately went to the exact pitch mark and *stayed* there. "My Justina makes tuning a breeze," Tommy said.
- Built in microphone for acoustic guitars.
- Large, easy to read meter.
- Input and output jacks.
- Light (6.4 oz.) and compact (pocket-sized) for easy, one-hand use.
- Rugged travel case, lean stand, and 9v battery all included.

Finally, one reason Tommy didn't have to consider. The low suggested retail price. He could easily pay more. But it's nice that you don't have to.

Check out the Justina at your favorite music store. Others may look like it, but nothing else performs like it. So ask for Justina by name.

Justina. Another state-of-the-art product from...

JTG OF NASHVILLE

1808 West End, Nashville, TN 37203

Tuning Range: −100 to +200 cents (approx. 415 Hz to 490 Hz against 440 Hz = A)

NOWHERE TO FLIP BUT OUT

Michael Ondaatje chases the elusive shadows of a New Orleans jazz legend with a poet's instincts and a novelist's craft.

By Rafi Zabor

"When you come right down to it, the man who started the big noise in jazz was Buddy Bolden. Yes, he was a powerful trumpet player and a good one, too. I guess he deserves credit for starting it all."
— Matt Carey

The first time I saw a copy of Michael Ondaatje's novel *Coming Through Slaughter* (now in Avon paperback) remaindered in an 8th Street bookshop in 1977 I managed to think something stupid in ten seconds flat. I saw the dolphin sonograph on the frontspiece, the irregular syntax and typography throughout and thought, "Right, if I'm gonna read about Buddy Bolden I don't want to be bothered by the avant garde mannerisms of the author." Still I was intrigued that a poet born in Ceylon and living in Canada should have written a novel about the maddened holy ghost of New Orleans jazz: Buddy Bolden, the first free trumpet in the New World, the savage crack of the American dawn, King of the Quarter in 1907 and dead, still unrecorded, in a madhouse in '31. There was a picture of Clifford Brown on the cover instead of Bolden, and a chapter that read in its entirety:

Passing wet chicory that lies in the fields like the sky.

Another chapter went:

Bolden's hand going up into the air in agony.
His brain driving it up into the path of the circling fan.

This last movement happens forever and ever in his memory.

Now I've been around long enough to know that's artful but I've also been brought up to believe a novelist should get his fingernails dirtier than that. Another reason I didn't read the book was that although I love jazz and I love novels I didn't give a rat's damn about the Jazz Novel and whether there would ever be a great one. I don't care about jazz novels any more than fish novels, war novels, psychological-pastoral-historical-comical-tragical metaphysical novels... If a novel can't stand on its own two feet without leaning on its subject for support I don't want to read it, except maybe on a train.

About a year ago I finally bought *Coming Through Slaughter* — a sense of professional duty perhaps, or the fact that

In his only known photograph, Buddy Bolden, the maddened holy ghost of Dixieland, peers through the mist of 70 years.

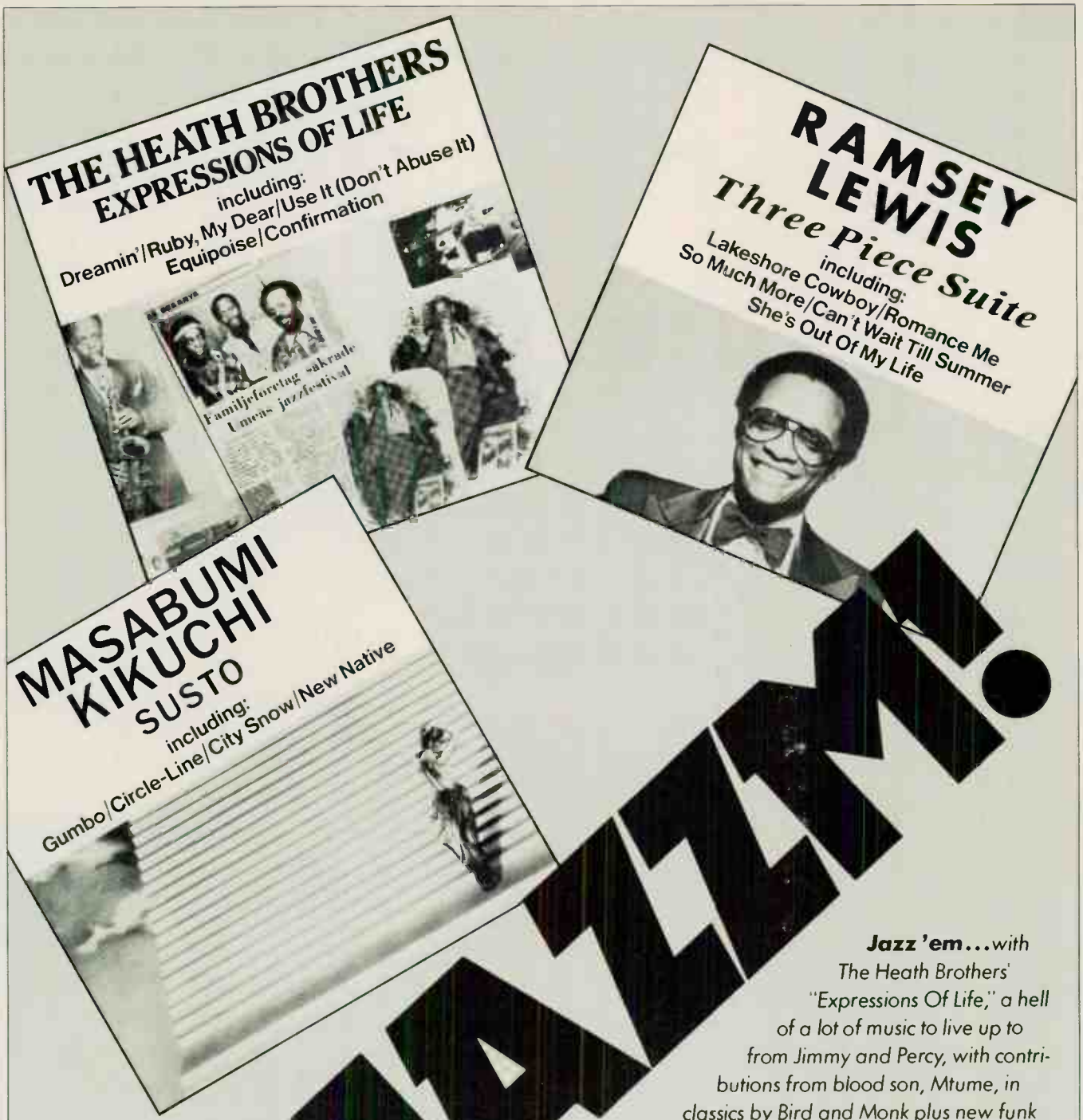
I'd started writing a jazz novel myself (for the usual reason: saw an unhappy bear in Istanbul). I read it quickly and quickly decided that not only was it the best jazz novel ever written but one of the best novels of any kind published in English in the last ten years. I've just read it a second time.

It's a poet's novel, by which I don't mean effete or "poetical" but that its language is unusually precise. Ondaatje builds up his portrait of Bolden's black New Orleans, not by broad scene painting but by an accumulation of small, sometimes infinitesimal details: the peeling storefronts on Liberty Street, "French Emma's 60-second plan," Grace Hayes' pet raccoon, the N. Joseph Shaving Parlor (where Bolden cuts hair during the day), "wallpaper left over from Lula White's Mahogany House" and "brown freckles suspended in the old barber-shop mirror" — all you need to know. In spots, Ondaatje's focus narrows even further as Bolden watches a woman cut carrots: "the silver knife curves thin and fast against carrots and fingers. Onto the cuts in the table's brown flesh." Then there's Bolden contemplating his wife Nora Bass, "every hair she lost in the bath, every dead cell she rubbed off on a towel." Ondaatje's precision creates both immediacy and vagueness: the details are in sharp relief, but that's all. The rest of the world is ambiguous, in doubt, a necessary but unknown presence.

Ondaatje also departs from common practice in his use of the available documentary evidence. Instead of incorporating it into his narrative in the usual historical-novel manner, Ondaatje uses it plain: interview transcripts already printed by Martin Williams in *Jazz Masters of New Orleans*, a capsule chronology of the East Louisiana State Hospital, authentic two-line interviews — just the facks ma'am. Like the super-realistic details, the super-accurate documentation fails to make the world conventionally clear; it's a fly's-eye view, multiple, fragmentary, compounded.

The book doesn't *explain* Buddy Bolden, doesn't violate his artistry by supplying it with a plausible background (no childhood in the book, not an atom), doesn't give him a cause-and-effect reason for going mad. Such dull and earnest stuff of TV movies and docudramas, which explains nothing, really, is omitted. *Coming Through Slaughter* is not, like the grand realistic novel, a full-scale tangle with that great adversary The World, but a minor-key series of feints and crosses: romantic, because a jazz novel cannot be anything else, yet cool and controlled, a muted Miles solo, full of hints and lapses, sudden arrows through the heart.

The plot? From the handful of known facts about Bolden's life Ondaatje spins a story that moves in the direction of



Jazz 'em... *with The Heath Brothers' "Expressions Of Life," a hell of a lot of music to live up to from Jimmy and Percy, with contributions from blood son, Mtume, in classics by Bird and Monk plus new funk standards like their smash single, "Dreamin'."*

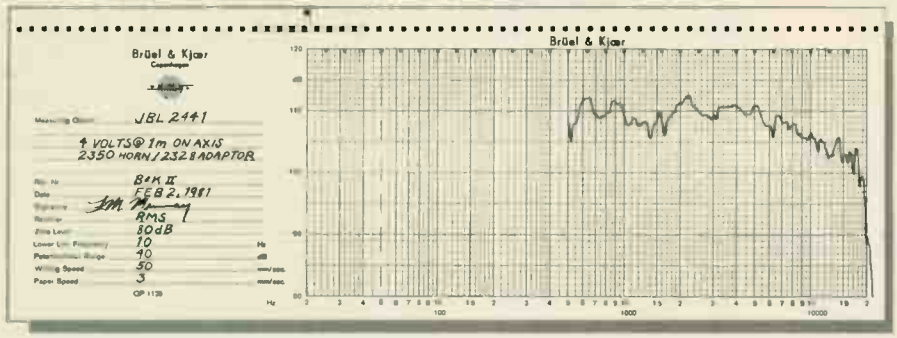
Jazz 'umm... *with Ramsey Lewis' "Three Piece Suite," a smart and soulful new album produced, arranged and conducted by TOM TOM '84 featuring the hit single, "So Much More," and more impressionistic keyboard kaleidoscopy.*

Jazz 'ommm... *with Japanese piano prodigy Masabumi Kikuchi's transcendental American debut, "Susto," real musical sustenance from a cat who cut his chops with Miles, now furiously stirring the fusion stew with Dave Liebman and friends.*

The excitement of jazz, on Columbia Records and Tapes.

Give the gift of music.

This is not the only reason to buy JBL's new 2441 compression driver.



Unequalized frequency response of a typical 2441 on a JBL 2350 horn.

As you can see from this frequency response curve, the new JBL 2441 delivers impressive levels of performance. From extended bandwidth to high sensitivity and smooth, peak-free response.

But as important as these performance parameters are, they're only part of the story. Using the latest laser holography and computer analysis techniques, JBL engineers have developed a unique diaphragm design that allows the 2441 to match its outstanding response with unprecedented reliability and power capacity. That means you get exceptionally high performance without the trade-offs found in previous driver designs.

The secret behind this increased performance lies in the diaphragm's three-dimensional, diamond-pattern surround.[1] As outlined in a paper published in the Journal of the Audio Engineering Society,* this surround is both stronger and more flexible than conventional designs. This permits the diaphragm to combine all the traditional reliability and power capacity benefits of its aluminum construction with the extended frequency response of more exotic metals. It also maintains consistent diaphragm control throughout the driver's usable frequency range to eliminate uncontrolled response peaks.

Additionally, each 2441 is built to JBL's exacting standards. The magnetic assembly is machined from rugged cast iron and steel. Extremely tight machining tolerances and hand tolerance matching maintain unit to unit consistency. And finally, each 2441 is individually tested to ensure that it meets published specifications.

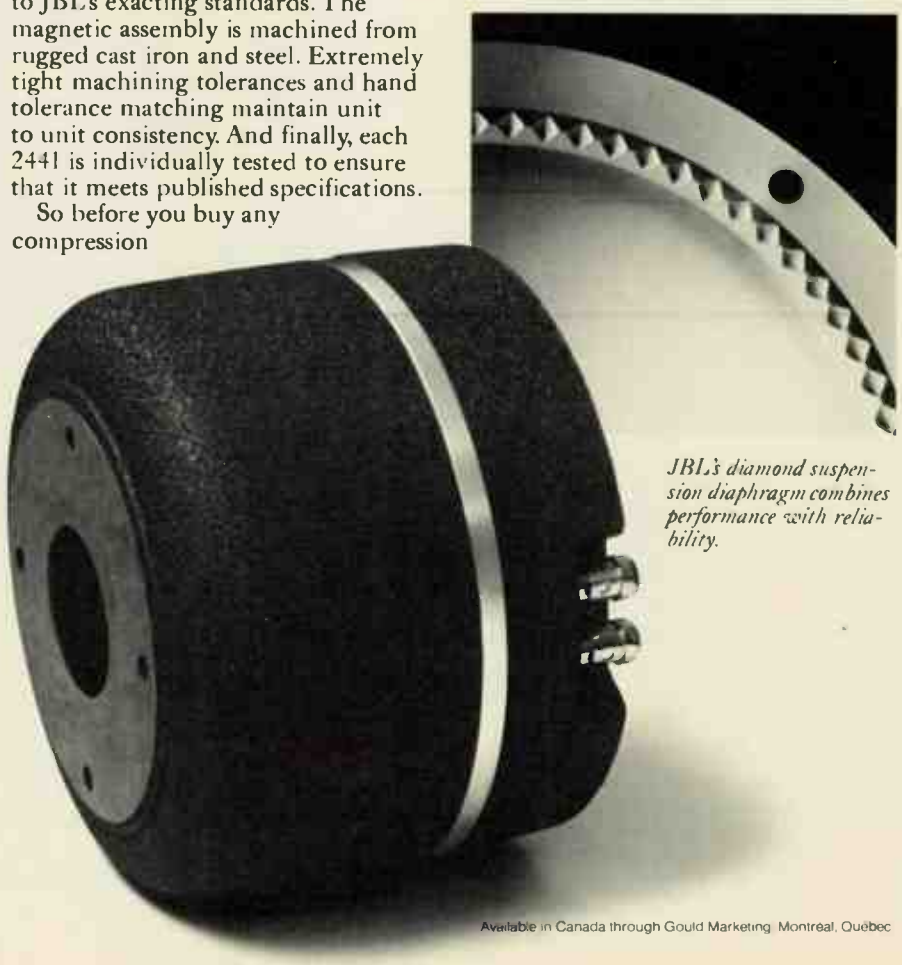
So before you buy any compression driver, ask your JBL professional products dealer about the 2441. It'll deliver a lot more than just an impressive frequency response.

1. Patent Applied For

*Journal of the Audio Engineering Society, 1980 October, Volume 28 Number 10. Reprints available upon request.

James B. Lansing Sound, Inc.
8500 Balboa Boulevard,
Northridge, California 91329 U.S.A.

Specifications		
Horn Throat Diameter	50 mm	2 in
Nominal Impedance	16 Ω	
Power Capacity	70 W continuous program	
Sensitivity (1 Watt, 1 meter)	111 dB SPL (on axis of a JBL 2350 90° radial horn)	
Frequency Range	500 Hz to 18 kHz	
Voice Coil Diameter	100 mm	4 in
Voice Coil Material	Edgewound aluminum ribbon	
Flux Density	1.8 T (18,000 gauss)	



JBL's diamond suspension diaphragm combines performance with reliability.

JBL Professional Products Division

Available in Canada through Gould Marketing, Montreal, Québec

myth but never gets there: halts on the road, one foot raised. It opens with Bolden the barber: "What he did too little of was sleep and what he did too much of was drink and many have interpreted his later crack-up as a morality tale of a talent that debauched itself. But his life at this time had a fine and precise balance to it, with a careful allotment of hours." Barbering from 7 AM to 4 PM, sleep from 4 to 8, then the music. He also edited *The Cricket*, a local gossip sheet, "his mind helpless against every moment's headline," scattered into the life of the street. "Looked at objectively *The Cricket* contained excessive references to death," particularly the bizarre accidental deaths that appealed to Bolden's nascent paranoia.

In the mixed chronology of the book's first three parts, Bolden has already disappeared from this relatively stable life, vanished who knows where after a gig in Shell Beach. An old friend of his, the handily named Webb, once a trumpeter and now a cop, visits Nora and then goes in search of Bolden, using the methods of an artist rather than those of the law: "trying to place himself in a mental position so high and irrelevant he hoped to stumble on the clues," and "entering the character of Bolden through every voice he spoke to." This search, which mirrors that of Ondaatje imagining his hero but which is also driven by Webb's envy of Bolden, free, moves the first part of the book the way the search for Rosebud moves *Citizen Kane*, but we already know where Bolden is, in Shell Beach, at the house of Jaelin and Robin Brewitt, Robin so beautiful that "when he saw her he nearly fainted" and trembling with fear and chaos, left his life.

Meanwhile, Webb rosebuds his way through New Orleans to complete the picture: the whorehouse photographer Bellocq (subject of Louis Malle's film *Pretty Baby*) whom Bolden may in fact have never met but who, in Ondaatje's invention or view, was the self-conscious artist and ruined bohemian who lured Bolden out of his fire and spontaneity towards the cold edge of the world; the pimp Tom Pickett, whose face Bolden did in fact slash to ribbons in N. Joseph's chair (Ondaatje's slashing scene is unnerving) and whom Webb finds alone in a room, his once fine face covered by flies to hide its ruin. In the second part of the book, Webb's deepening search alternates with scenes of Bolden's life with Robin Brewitt and her deposed husband Jaelin: good, mysterious sex and a vivid series of coolly edited filmic images of life in the house. After two years, Webb finds Bolden "where I am anonymous and alone in a white room with no history and no parading," with "Robin who drained my body

continued on pg. 104

FACES

EBET ROBERTS

ADAM AND THE ANTS

THE VENTURES

The Ventures are back! Although, as they are quick to point out, they never actually left.

Probably the most successful, and by far the most influential, instrumental band in rock history, the Ventures have been together continuously for more than two decades — for the past few years with their Sixties line-up intact. But it's been a full ten years since Bob Bogle, Don Wilson, Mel Taylor and Nokie Edwards have toured the United States. In the interim, they have become one of Japan's biggest attractions, winning every award that country has to offer.

Their return to American stages was prompted by Los Angeles deejay Rodney Bingenheimer (KROK), who was flooded with listener response after he aired several Ventures classics. Bingenheimer booked the quartet into the Starwood in L.A. and introduced them to the Go Go's, a female New Wave band, who wrote (and sing on) the Venture's new single, "Surfin' & Spyin'" (on Tridex).

Because of, in Bogle's words, "the similarity between New Wave and old rock," the Ventures seem to have timed their homecoming perfectly. When their tour hit Santa Cruz, California, punks, surfers and hoedads alike packed the spacious Catalyst (on a Wednesday night — two shows) and never left the dance floor.

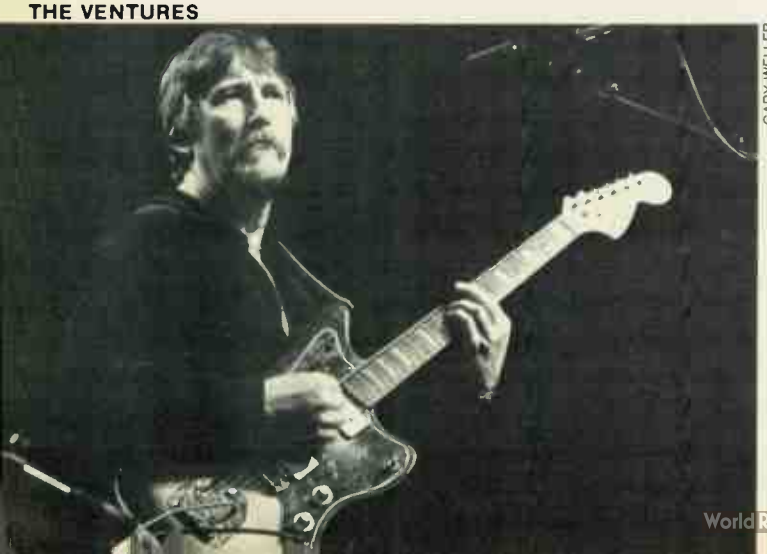
Without any overt attempt to update their sound or repertoire (a mistake they made in the late Sixties with albums like *Super Psychedelics*), the group reeled off hit after hit after hit, beginning with their first, the 1960 smash "Walk — Don't Run." A few songs later they played their *surf* version of the same, "Walk — Don't Run '64," and they included both in their second set as well (as they no doubt have in just about every set they've ever played). But even after four renditions of the melody, yours truly found himself screaming, "One more time!"

Sure, this is nostalgia, but the Ventures pull it off with pride and dignity, without trying to be camp or resorting to gimmicks. The group's new single was written and played with complete respect for the idiom but still sounds a bit New Wave. But, come to think of it, so do "Apache," "Penetration," "Pipeline," "Diamond Head," and even "Hawaii Five-O" (they sure don't write TV themes like that anymore). Conversely, the Ventures *ska* arrangement of "Goldfinger" fit perfectly alongside the rest of their set (mostly culled from the early Sixties).

Most impressive of all was the musicianship displayed. These guys are absolute monsters. They've been playing rock 'n' roll for over twenty years, and they still maintain the enthusiasm of a garage combo with the finesse of seasoned pros. Don Wilson is to rock 'n' roll rhythm guitar what Freddie Green is to swing; Bob Bogle's background as lead guitarist (before he and Edwards traded axes a couple of years into the gig) makes him all the more powerful on bass; with his huge drum set, Mel Taylor comes off something like a rock 'n' roll Louis Bellson; and Nokie Edwards has to be seen to be believed (I never could figure out what he was doing by listening to the records, and now that I know, I'm still trying to figure out *how*).

I'm not naive enough to think that an instrumental called "Surfin' & Spyin'" is going to knock the Doobie Brothers off the charts, but I'd like nothing better than to be proven wrong. — *Dan Forte*

THE VENTURES



GARY WELLER

ADAM AND THE ANTS

"Antmusic" has to do with insects, pirates, Indians, postpunks, glitter, Clint Eastwood, bubble-gum, clothes, homesexuality, and unh, almost incidentally, music. Three years ago, Adam Ant was about as unfashionable in his native U.K. as a Nehru jacket, stubbornly flogging the corpse of a punk nihilism which had dropped dead with the Sex Pistols. Ironically, it was erstwhile Pistols mentor Malcolm McLaren who turned Adam's career around by pilfering the original Ants and transforming them into Bow-Wow-Wow, his latest pet project. Forced to form a new band and carve a revitalized image, A.A. took McLaren's advice by developing a distinct media persona. Echoing David Bowie's "All The Young Dudes" cult-with-no-name, Adam dubbed his new order, "Antpeople," all of whom dressed in "Antclothes," and listened to nothing but "Antmusic."

"So unplug the jukebox/And do us all a favor/that music's lost its taste/so try another flavor — 'antmusic.'"

And while the congregation's philosophy was primitively funny, featuring costumes that were strictly bargain-basement B-movie fantasy, Adam and the Ants' syncopated, overlapping dance beat made you overlook the peripheral inanities of their first U.S. album, *Kings of the Wild Frontier*. In the privacy of your living room, the yelping, whooping chants and clickety-click drums, backed by distant yet insistent trebly guitars, and assorted whip-cracks, gun-shots and spaghetti-western twangs became an aural cinema, a veritable platter of pop junk assimilated into a singular vision.

So, fifteen years after the Beatles, another Anglo-insect descends on the colonies. The oddly placid mob who can't get into the Ritz to see the Ants' N.Y. debut don't *really* care — and well they shouldn't. All the action is outside anyway. Inside, the one-time Puerto Rican dance hall is festooned with skull-and-crossbone banners. The sweaty masses below want the show to be good so badly; Adam skillfully (and heartlessly) plays off this very yearning. He dangles his leather vest, covered with rows and rows of brass buttons (so very Errol Flynn), first baring a shoulder, then another shoulder, then a nipple, then another nipple, in a so, so marvelously fey way...

The vaunted two-drummer set-up is blunted by the live sound, though it does succeed in providing an African-like tribal stomp. Unlike Antvideo, the live Ants can't seem to stimulate this crowd, though the ant-hemic "Antmusic" begins to stir the embers of long-lost spontaneity.

After all the pre-concert hoopla, Adam and the Ants in-the-flesh proved to be much ado about nothing, though perhaps this is precisely Mr. Ant's point. The band puts the notion of escapist entertainment under the microscope, finds it wanting, but offers no alternative to fantasy role-playing and do-it-yourself dress-up. Still, this is only Adam and the Ants' "She Loves You, yeah, yeah, yeah," stage. Adam himself has succeeded — he's got our attention; now, he's just got to figure out what to do with it. — *Roy Trakin*

ROLLINS · WASHINGTON

The rumors were all over town (well, sort of): Rollins was trying to find a new saxophone and in the attendant trauma had fired bassist Jerome Harris, was thinking of appearing without pianist Mark Soskin, and calling in his old bass comrade Bob Cranshaw for the evening... The rising sun of the new Miles Davis album was eclipsed for the moment.

A few minutes after 8 PM, the largest, healthiest, funniest and best of all possible saxophonists took possession of the pianoless stage of New York's Town Hall, began a cadenza so brilliant and masterful it made nonsense of albums like *Love at First*

Sight, then filled "Three Little Words" with rank upon rank of craggy lines that didn't equal the cadenza in inspiration but didn't have to. Sonny Rollins dwarfed the stage and the music, traded some fours with Al Foster before taking the tune out, and when the ovation came, played a hilarious sustained note at it, a hearty bray in the face of public acclaim. I've got nothing against Mark Soskin but I'm glad he wasn't there. Rollins has often done his most adventurous work in pianoless bands (he still owns the tenor-bass-drums format as far as I'm concerned) and this night had already produced a handful of 60s-references and choruses more open-ended than I'd heard him play in years. Rollins didn't close the thematic gate behind him every 16 bars, gave himself a few more miles of landscape, ruminated, roamed. Possibilities beckoned. History rang a bell.

Mr. Rollins introduced his guest for the evening, Grover Washington, easily the best of the pop-jazz saxophonists, courageous but not foolhardy, carried only a soprano onstage, *no tenor*, and on "Old Devil Moon" played as he would throughout the concert — fluently and the way you're supposed to, a seamless personality, no passion

SONNY ROLLINS **GROVER WASHINGTON**

unmodulated by good manners, all the notes well-turned. But Sonny walked flat up, splat, tromp, the music all awkward flesh and human life, the man completely the gracious host. In fact he deferred to Washington at his own expense, and once Grover realized he was going to leave the stage alive, *he* sort of took over and made the rules, playing some very nice suburban split-level-with-lawn & roses solos.

The first set was remarkably brief. Sometime in the middle of the second, Washington's playing began to grate on the nerves, very Minnie Mouse and insincere, but he stayed on. Rollins loved him, played mostly at half-throttle with miracle moments, his command of the saxophone awesome, his generosity of spirit a palpable joy. When the second set ended too soon and we clamored for an encore I thought we wouldn't get, the band came out again and played a fifteen or twenty minute take of "Oleo," Washington taking his best solo of the night but Rollins really opening up, very reminiscent of the mid-60s (he's so large he dials himself long distance: "Hello, this is Sonny Rollins in 1981. Is that Sonny Rollins back there in 1957 and 1965? Are you well? Yes, I'm well too. ") and even double-timing a couple of choruses at an already rapid tempo. The piece and the concert were effectively climaxed by a long series of four-bar exchanges between the two saxophonists, and Washington finally hit it, put down his can of polish. Rollins never once drew a blade on him and they finished the evening together wearing different degrees of the same glow. Way to do it. Sonny Rollins has recently recorded with the Rolling Stones. Go figure. — *J.K. Gurtmanian*

U-2

Praise for Ireland's U2 first spread through the U.K. press like head colds in autumn. Now with the American release of their debut LP, *Boy*, U2 have risen to the dizzying post of fave rookies in the colonies, too. Actually, they share the position with a rotating handful of other newborn British post-punkers like Teardrop Explodes, Echo and the Bunnymen and the Psychedelic Furs.

It's a grand and solid sweep that U2's music makes, with spooky, modal melodies and lyrics curled evocatively around the daydreams and night fantasies of a child's transition to manhood. Guitarist The Edge's icy riffs hang suspended in the cavernous production, blending with chiming glockenspiels and thundering drums to create an atmosphere of heroic minimalism: Pink Floyd meets the Who. Following the traditional scenario, U2 is now pounding its way across America, hoping to go the record one better. And also true to the scenario, the heartland states just might provide the most accurate prognosis on their chances for a U.S. breakthrough. Top dog critics simply don't have as much impact out here, as evidenced by massive April Wine ticket sales. The night U2 played Minneapolis, guitarist Edge had a numbing head cold, lead singer Bono was suffering from tour lag, and the hall that had been booked had acoustics that have often brought greater bands to their knees. On the other side of the monitors stood the unconverted, unprepped denizens of a secondary market. The denizens and the debutante band surprised the daylights out of each other.

U-2

Live, U2 has that ineffable 'X' factor that suggests potential greatness. The arty preciousness of their music on record disappears into an exhilarating tightrope sprint across the cavern between kamikaze youthfulness and serious pop composition. Bono Vox is a much stronger singer than *Boy* would have you believe, and his Daltrey-esque stage moves work perfectly with the indisputable sense of fun he brings to rather solemn songs. Edge clamps his knees together, rocks back and forth and creates the spinal chord of the band's promise: rhythmic dialogues, strange and elegant chording, leads that hint at a monster of a musical imagination. Sure, they just might make it to next year but even more fun than watching the outsized crown teeter on *their* collective heads will be trying to guess what pseudo-movement thousands of trees will give their lives to herald in 1982. — *Laura Fissinger*

LEVON HELM

Since The Band broke up in 1976 with *The Last Waltz*, citing the wear and tear of 16 years on the road, vocalist/drummer Levon Helm has been the only member of the quintet to tour with any regularity as a solo artist. Helm, now backed by the Cate Bros. Band, shows no sign of disaffect or for the course he set when he left Arkansas for Canada in the late 50s with rockabilly singer Ronnie Hawkins.

At the Capitol theatre in Passaic, N.J., where he opened for Jorma Kaukonen. Helm demonstrated that the road can be as rejuvenating for some as it is debilitating for others. That weatherworn voice, creaking like a shutter in the wind, its hinges rusted in place, testified to the shape he's in.

Seated behind his own drums at stage left, Helm guided the group (Earl Cate, guitar; Ernie Cate keyboards; Terry Cagle, drums, and Ron Eoff, bass) through a series of Band classics and a smattering of tunes from his three solo albums. Varying the tempos and bending lyric lines to support his own backbeat, he served as the focal point in a band of Razorbacks without a frontman. The sight of Helm, clean-shaven since his role in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, was at first disarming but the good-ole-boy look that has replaced Farmer Gray made the presentation no less genuine.

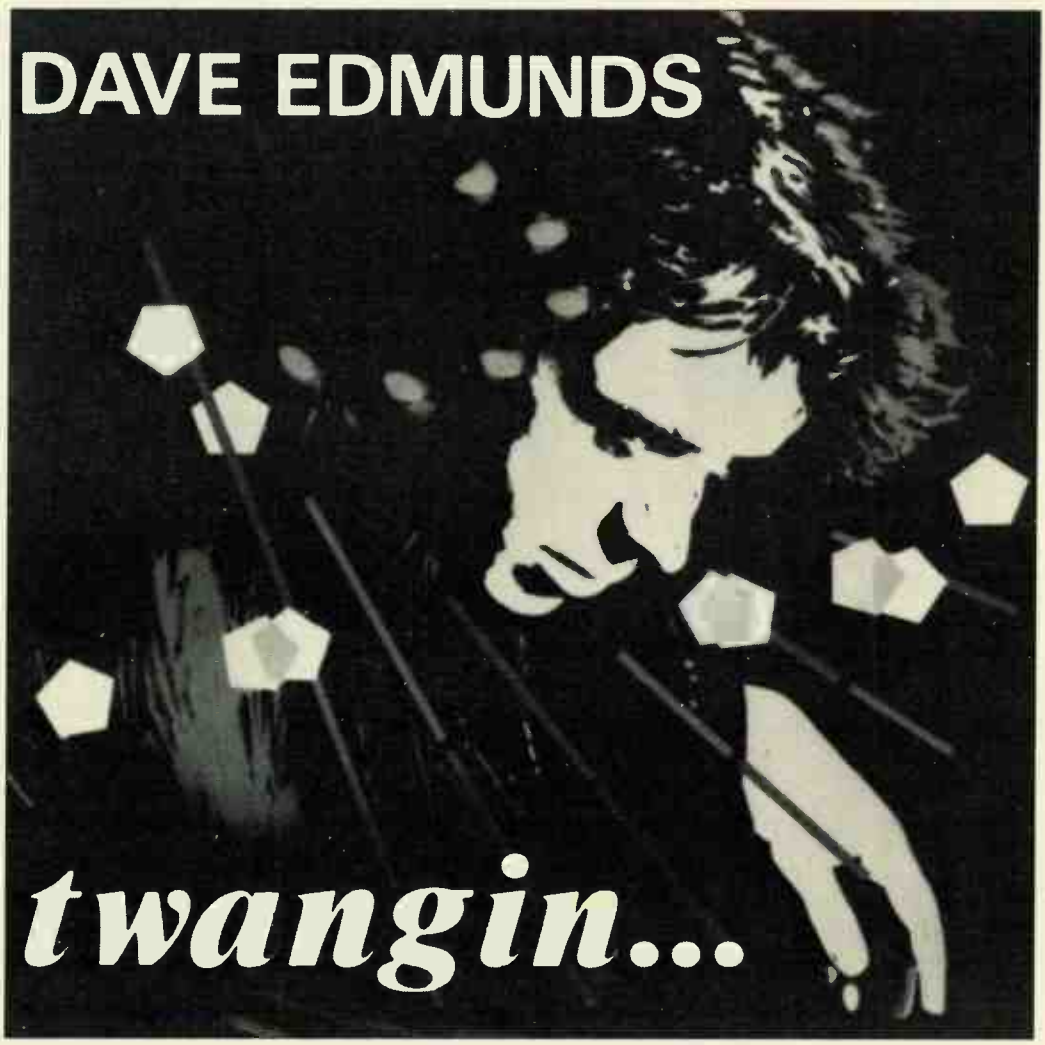
Overall, individual virtuosity was downplayed in favor of ensemble unity that didn't subordinate substance to form. Helm played with a herky-jerky motion, using rimshots and cowbell to punctuate stories about journeys that never ended and relationships that did. Earl Cate's guitar playing, sputtering at times in the style of Robbie Robertson, threaded its way through the text. And that voice — revealing the heartbreak of riverboat romance in "Evangeline" (for which Helm played mandolin), the barnyard bawdiness in "Milk Cow Boogie," the lament of an expatriate who never left his homeland in "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" — traced the rural origins of rock.

Helm, now pushing 40 and recently signed with Muscle Shoals Productions, bantered amiably with the audience and rocked with the same abandon he brought to the Hawks, Bob Dylan's mid-60s backup band that became The Band. Considering his massive book of standards, one hopes that in a headlining situation, preferably in a club where he isn't constrained by time to concentrate on the more familiar Band songs, Levon Helm will turn a few more pages. — *Gene Kalbacher*

LEVON HELM

BARRY SHULTZ AETNA LTD

DAVE EDMUNDS
"TWANGIN..."
featuring the single, "ALMOST SATURDAY NIGHT"



On Swan Song Records and Tapes

Give the gift of music

Produced by Dave Edmunds

SCOTT WEINER / RETNA LTD

CARLOS SANTANA

Unable to slake his thirst for new music, Santana swings from jazzy solo outings to rock-based group projects.

By J.D. Considine

The sound is unmistakable. Soaring above the throbbing bass and pulsating percussion, Devadip Carlos Santana's guitar resonates through Washington's D.A.R. Constitution Hall, a familiar voice.

As with the best guitarists, Santana has a sound all his own. With his crisp, clean attack and fluid tone, Santana's guitar style holds a middle ground between the note-conscious accuracy of a jazz technician and the expansive expressionism of a rock and roll maniac. That synthesis of styles should come as no surprise, because Santana's reputation cuts across both disciplines.

But tonight, as Santana leads his band through a two and a half hour celebration of their new album, *Zebop!*, the most striking aspect of his guitar playing is its vocal quality. The phrases Santana pulls from his guitar are not so much played as sung, cried and chanted. As the set progresses, Santana's guitar becomes increasingly eloquent, feeding off the chattering rhythms of the four percussionists, elaborating on phrases delivered by the keyboards or vocals.

To what does Santana attribute that singing quality? To studying records by his idol, John Coltrane? To trading licks with guitarists ranging from Mike Bloomfield to Mahavishnu John McLaughlin? To the lyrical tradition of his Mexican heritage?

Nope. Sitting backstage after the show, Santana admits that the vocal qualities of his playing were inspired by Dionne Warwick.

"I first started with B.B. King," he says, "because that's the most natural thing for a guitar player to start. Because you want to bend notes, you want to be able to express joy, attitude, anger, to cry...

"But for those people who really want to begin to sing, I suggest getting a lot of Dionne Warwick records — the old ones — and instead of playing the chords or the trumpet things, try to match her vocal, note for note. Because there was one time where she had that beautiful balance between black and white, you know? Not too black and not too white; right in the middle. The Burt Bacharach, beautiful stuff. I learned to sing, like that, through her."

That unexpected, idiosyncratic approach to guitar style is typical of Santana's attitude toward guitar playing. Although his technique is substantial, it's the musicality of his playing, not his abilities as a guitarist, that makes his best work worth paying attention to. Santana himself is well aware of this; to his credit, it was a lesson learned early.

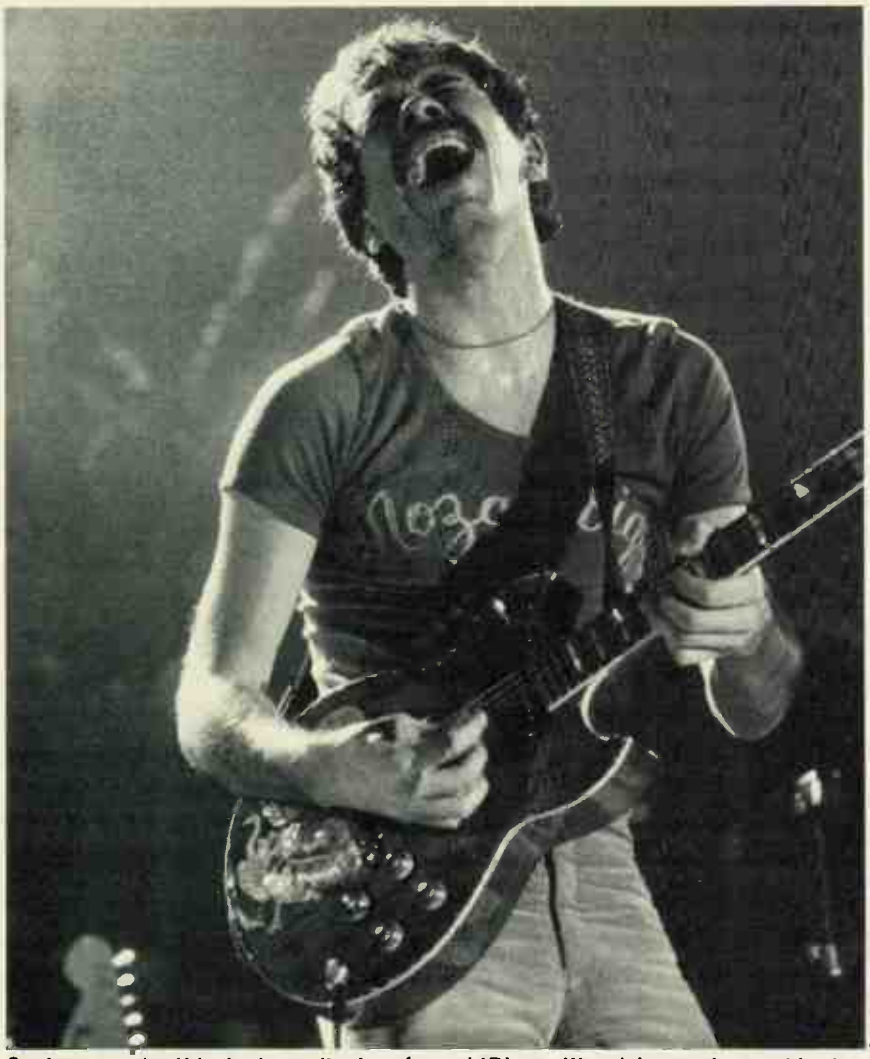
He recounts an anecdote involving his brother, Jorge. "My brother one time was really feeling down, and said, 'Do you know how many guitar players are outside, I mean just outside this door, who can burn you and me to death?' I said, 'Well, that may be true, but there's a lot of them who just sound the same.'"

Santana continues with a smile. "I can name you thirty, out of maybe a million guitar players, who sound like individuals," he says. "The rest of them just sound the same to me. It's like Les Paul said, when you put 'em on the radio, even their mamas won't be able to tell you who they are.

"I mean, that's a cold thing, but it's a fact."

One of the fortunate thirty, Santana's early taste was for blues. "Since I can remember," he says, "I was listening to Bobby Bland, Jimmy Reed, people like that. It was frustrating when I was a kid, because the people I wanted to hang out with were into the Beach Boys."

Naturally enough, considering Santana's predilection for blues and the preponderance of blues-rock bands in San Francisco at the time, the first edition Santana was the Santana Blues Band, which emerged in late 1966.



DAVID HILL/RETNA LTD

Santana acquired his singing guitar tone from old Dionne Warwick records, matching her vocals note for note.

The next step was somewhat unexpected. The Santana Blues Band was booked at the Fillmore with Howling Wolf and Steve Miller. But Carlos Santana never made it to that gig. "They took me to the hospital for tuberculosis," he says "I was there for three and a half months, and I couldn't get out. They just put me in this ward, like 'Cuckoo's Nest' or something."

In the interim, his bandmates kept the group together, rehearsing in his absence. One day, one of them came to the hospital to report that the band had added a conga player. Recalls Santana, "I thought, 'A conga player? That's different.'

"As a matter of fact," he adds, "Harvey Mandel was the first one to use congas that I can remember. And I liked that concept. I liked it more when I heard Gabor Szabo with congas."

Conga player Marcus Malone was the decisive factor in the band's transformation of the blues. "He's the one who brought in 'Jingo' and all those other songs," reports Santana, "which of course belonged to Olatunji.

"But it wasn't quite natural yet. See, at the time, the Jazz Crusaders, Horace Silver, Donald Byrd and a couple of other guys — Duke Pearson — were beginning to experiment with the congas and stuff like that, mixing jazz, blues and latin... We started to really just work on that and that alone, and all of a sudden we had something where we were able to headline at the Fillmore without selling any albums. So it was great."

Needless to say, that bit about "not selling any albums" changed quickly enough. In 1969, Malone left the band, and with two new percussionists, Michael Carabello (who had been in and out of the band since its early days) and Chepito Areas, the third edition of Santana was catapulted to mass recognition after playing a festival in upstate New York, called Woodstock. The band's first album, *Santana*, leapt into the charts; its successor, *Abraxas*, did even better. Latin-rock became rock and roll's newest and most successful hyphenated form.

All of which did little to alter Carlos Santana's thirst for new music. The next big change for him came one evening when drummer Michael Shrieve showed up at his house with a stack of albums, one of which was *In a Silent Way*.

"To tell you the truth," confesses Santana, "the first time I heard Miles, I thought it was cocktail music. Being a straight blues player, I wanted that rock and roll blues. And when I heard that kind of music, you know — I don't like bars. (Laughs) I *hate* bars.

"But when he brought *In a Silent Way*, that made me listen from a different point of view. The thing about *In a Silent Way* is that it had that bassline" (he hums the Dave Holland figure from "It's About That Time") "and that had blues... For some reason, I related to it like 'You Gotta Help Me' or 'Green Onions,' anything like that. Just a cycle. And what he was playing, and what Tony Williams was playing, it just opened a door for me. Then I wasn't so close-minded to jazz."

Then Shrieve played Santana some Coltrane. "I started listening to early Coltrane," he says, "before he went into the stratosphere, and the sense of melody turned me around. I stopped listening to B.B. and Gabor...I became obsessed with Miles and Coltrane, to the point where when I found out Miles was available for us to play with, I just went crazy.

Along with Miles Davis, Carlos Santana was introduced to a young English guitarist working with Davis and Tony Williams, John McLaughlin. Initially, little came of the association between Santana and McLaughlin, aside from Santana expressing his admiration for McLaughlin's work.Then, out of the blue, a phone call came.

"One time I was in the house," Santana remembers, "and the band was just starting to break up. Mahavishnu called and wanted to know what I thought about doing an album...I said, 'Sure.'"

The album that resulted was *Love, Devotion, Surrender*, hailed by many as the apotheosis of jazz/rock fusion. But to Santana, the most valuable aspect of those sessions was that Mahavishnu John McLaughlin introduced him to Sri Chinmoy, who was to become Santana's guru. "He saw in my eyes that I was searching for a spiritual discipline," Santana explains. "So he invited me. It wasn't an imposition, it wasn't like one of those things where you're going through an airport and somebody puts a flower on you, then they want something."

Hence, Santana's spiritual name, Devadip, the most obvious aspect of his association with Chinmoy. More important, though, is that having an understanding of both his spiritual and corporeal natures has helped Santana sort out his ambitions. As he puts it, "I have two hands, Devadip and Santana."

That realization has cleared up the confusion in the band's direction. For a couple of years, between *Caravanserai* and *Borboletta*, it wasn't clear whether Santana wanted to be a jazz band or a rock band. Now, Santana pursues both separately, alternating jazz-oriented solo albums with rock-based group efforts.

For example, there was *The Swing of*

LA BELLA'S MUSICIAN of NOTE

STEVE WINWOOD

Born: May 12, 1948 in Birmingham, England.

Home: Resides in Gloucestershire, England.

Profession: Musician

Earliest Musical Experience: I began playing the piano at age six.

Major Influences: Most good music ever made from *Elgar* to *Little Richard* to *Miles Davis* to *Hank Williams.*

Latest Musical Accomplishment: Making *Arc Of A Diver* on *Island Records.*

Keynotes: I sang with *The Spencer Davis Group,* later formed *Traffic,* spent a brief period with *Blind Faith,* and various work on sessions and joint projects.

On Today's Music: Through all fashions and phases of music certain things remain constant which usually relates to the quality of material and performance. I think in today's music there is still fresh talent who have these qualities.

On Strings: I've been playing mandolin recently and have used *La Bella Strings* exclusively. I also use La Bella 760RM on my bass, the 7GPT *Phosphor Bronze* on my acoustic, and the medium gauge roundwounds on my electric guitar.

E&O Mari LaBella

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

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

Delight, of which Santana bubbles, "I'm still elated from having played with people I admire, like Wayne Shorter, Tony Williams, Ron Carter, Herbie Hancock. When I do an album like that, as soon as I do it, I immediately want to play rock and roll. As soon as I'm doing rock and roll, I want to go back and someday record with McCoy Tyner or Elvin Jones. And as soon as I do *that*, I want to go back and maybe play with Jimmy Page or somebody."

Santana will tour Japan with his band plus Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams. Also, he's working on a recording session with the Fabulous Thunderbirds and members of Third World, "like a reggae/blues album," he says.

And always, he credits his spirituality for his growth. "I'm very grateful for this grace," he concludes, "that I can do an album like this and then like that. Two extremes, almost."

Carlos' Equipment

Because he is more concerned with the what of music than the how, his attitude toward guitars is almost lackadaisical. Asked what he looks for in a guitar, Santana says simply, "Well, I just want it to stay in tune. The rest, it'll surprise me."

Still, his guitars aren't exactly a casual collection. Tonight's performance found him breaking in a new guitar, custom built by Paul Reed Smith, of Annapolis, Maryland. It's his second Smith custom, and Santana seems to be a satisfied customer. "I used it through a lot of the set," he says, cradling it in his lap. "It's something, man...he must have a Japanese soul to keep going for quality."

Santana stumbled onto the Smith custom guitars after having borrowed one from Heart's Howard Leese. Now, the Smith guitars seem destined to eclipse Santana's beloved pre-production model Yamaha guitars. Nonetheless, the Yamahas and a sunburst-finish Les Paul remain as part of his stage set-up.

"I play a Stratocaster at home," he adds. He did, however, take the Stratocaster into the studio recently, using it to record Russ Ballard's "Winning" for *Zebop!*

"It sounded good," he enthused. "It felt good because I immediately got into that nice candy sound that Mark Knopfler from Dire Straits and Eric Clapton get. Just like that. Just plug it in, and no overdubs or anything."

While Santana is able to rattle off string weights by memory (.008, .011, .014, .024, .036, .042, all Yamaha), as well as the settings for his MESA/Boogie amps ("I usually put about 2 on bass, 7 on treble, the main master is on about 5, and the other two are on 7; a little reverb and that's it"), he's less specific about his effect boxes.

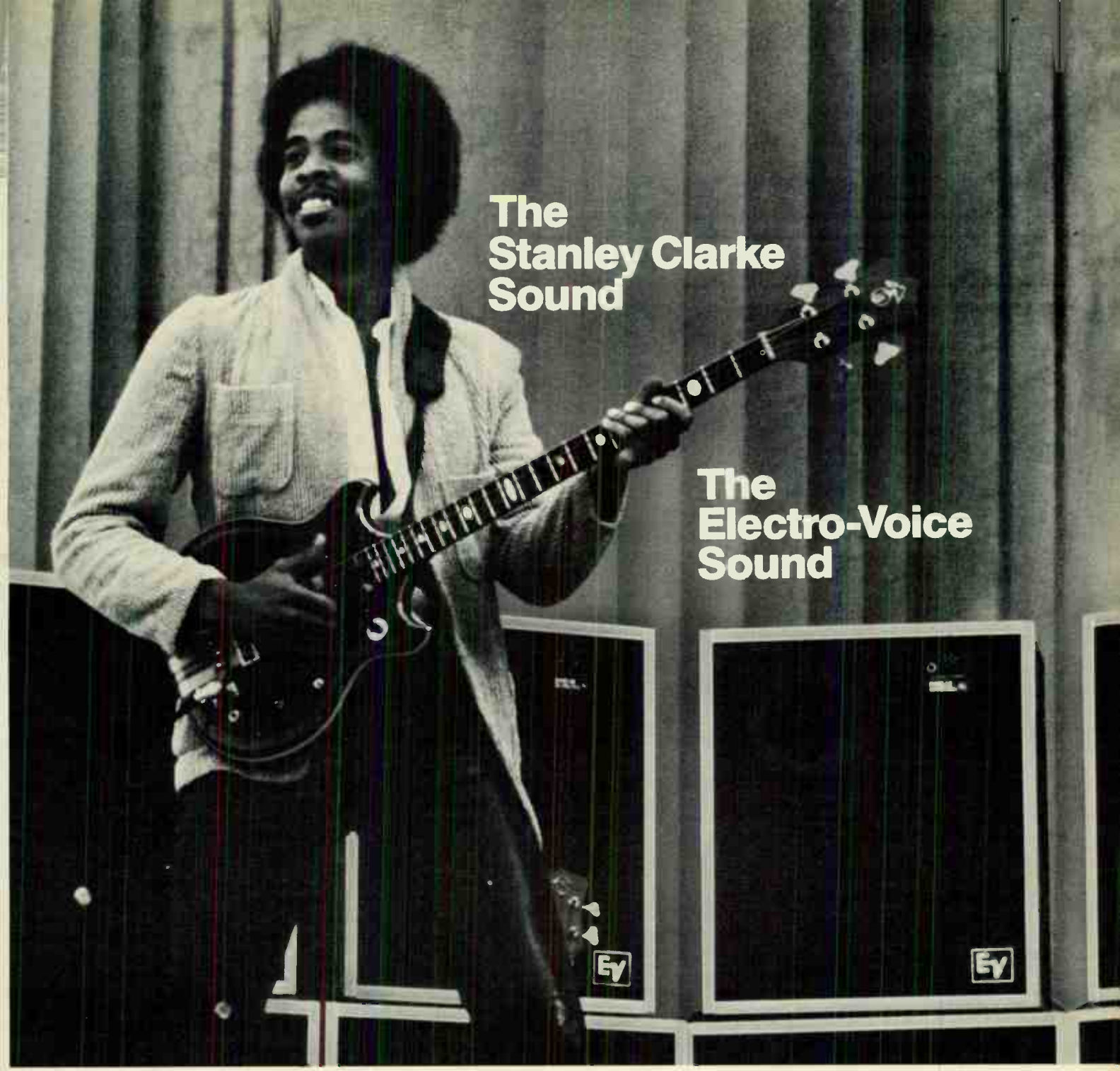
"I like to use a chorus now, since I saw Metheny a couple of years ago, " he says. What kind? He turns to a crew member busily packing guitars and asks, "What's the name of that chorus, is it a 6-something?" The crew member doesn't know either, and Santana embarrassedly holds up his hands and says, "It's a blue box about *this* big..."

Aside from the chorus, which turns out to be DOD-690, Santana uses an echo-plex — "very little" — and a wah-wah. Yet for a guitarist of such electronic restraint, Santana is quick to express admiration for Andy Summers of the Police, whose use of effect boxes is as extravagant as Santana's is limited.

"He uses a lot of stuff, three echoplexes," raves Santana, "but he sounds fantastic. To me, he's the Joe Zawinul of the guitar." Which is no small compliment. "Joe Zawinul is the ultimate, supreme best as far as Moog synthesizer. Everybody else sounds cheesey to me. I do like Herbie Hancock a lot, but I especially like Joe Zawinul. Because I believe that he takes a long time to get a sound. You can tell."

No less a factor in Santana's admiration for Summers and Zawinul is the fact that both the Police and Weather Report have managed to synthesize a sound out of jazz, rock and various Third World musics that captures what Santana calls "real primitive innocence."

Another band Santana admires, curiously enough, is Talking Heads. "Jim Morrison, Miles Davis in *On the Corner* — they got those things *down*," he says of the Heads. "It's great, and it sounds new. The Police sound is supremely unique, totally unique, and I give them a lot more credit. Nevertheless, I do adore and love the Talking Heads. They inspire me to get into some different cookie jars, you know?" M

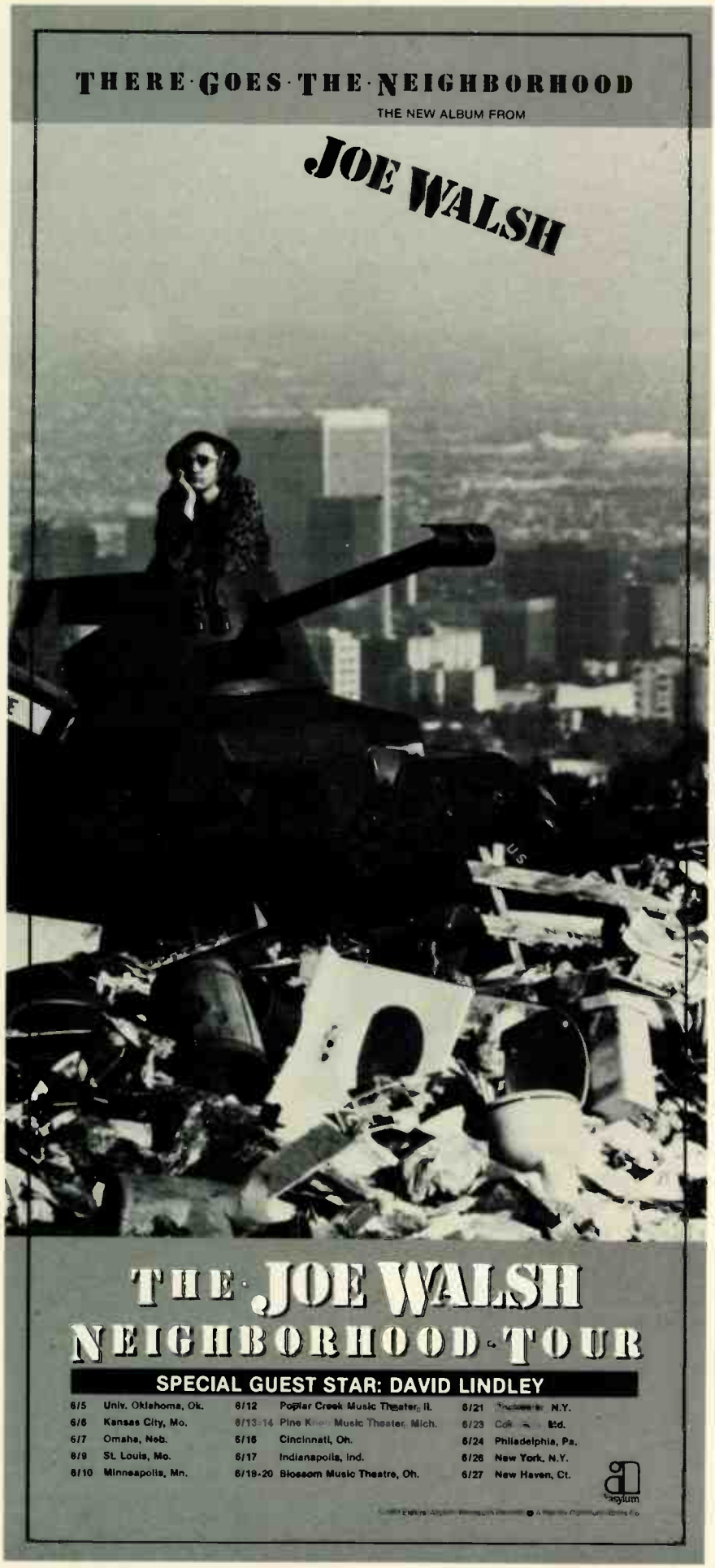


The awesome talent of Stanley Clarke must be heard to be appreciated. He could play through any system, but makes certain you can hear everything you're supposed to hear by playing through Electro-Voice Bass Guitar speaker systems. Give your audience the same advantage. See your Electro-Voice music dealer.

Electro-Voice
a gulton company

600 Cecil Street, Buchanan, Michigan 49107

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



Edmunds *cont. from pg. 22*

Edmunds producing and doing all vocals on his albums, and Lowe doing the same on his. And so it went: first on Edmunds' *Tracks on Wax 4*, then Lowe's *Labour of Lust*, Edmunds' *Repeat When Necessary* and even on Lowe's wife Carlene Carter's *Musical Shapes*. The band got better on stage, Edmunds discovered that he liked touring after all and all the time the quality of the recordings was consistent with the talent involved. Lowe's humorously cynical pop sensibility and his songwriting facility added two elements that Edmunds lacked, while Edmunds supplied the musicianship and the rock 'n' roll roots. The only question was when Rockpile would record as a band.

Seconds of Pleasure, Rockpile's only album, is not a bad record, but it is clearly not up to the standard of any of the Edmunds and Lowe solo discs. Although Edmunds denies it was a rush job, it sounds sloppy. The arrangements lack the imagination shown on previous Edmunds and Lowe discs and the recorded sound is paltry compared to the roundness of the solo albums. Lowe's fabled cleverness is nowhere to be found. It is an ordinary record by an extraordinary band.

Twangin ..., Edmunds' newly released solo album, recorded before *Seconds of Pleasure* but held for release until after the group's tour, is a far better testament to the group's abilities because it exhibits the kind of care that *Seconds* lacked. Perhaps it's personal pride, perhaps just the feeling of knowing who's in charge, but Rockpile may ultimately have worked better as a combination of two distinct solo personalities than as one band unsure of what it wanted to be. Although Edmunds now says that Rockpile's fatal flaw was that "it sounded too much like the solo albums," the real problem may have been that they thought they had to sound different.

As for the future, Edmunds says that he'll carry on making records and that he intends to keep performing live. "Rockpile gave me the bug," he contends. He promises, as well, that he'll put together a new band soon, hopefully, he adds, with Bremner and Williams. "I don't know what they want to do yet," he admits. "Maybe they're feeling a little weird at the moment and are waiting for the dust to settle. There's no rush right now, anyhow."

Edmunds perhaps put the break-up in perspective when he analyzed the final tour. "The reaction was fantastic, but I wasn't happy with the set. It seemed too contrived. We were trying too hard to be..." He pauses, searching for the right word. "To be Rockpile?" I suggest. "Yeah," he says, "Trying too hard to be Rockpile. That's it!"

In the end, strange as it sounds, having to be Rockpile may just have killed Rockpile. M

NO DOLBY.®

NO HARMONIC DISTORTION. NO OVERLOAD.
JUST THE FINEST NATURAL SOUND MONEY CAN BUY.

Guild

P.O. Box 203 • Elizabeth, N.J. 07207 • (201) 351-3002 • Telex: 138711

Fill out this coupon and send to Guild for your free full-color catalog.

M 381

For a 17″ x 22″ poster of this ad, mail this coupon to Guild with $1.00. Offer good only while supply lasts.

Name_____ Age_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Dealer/City _____

"Scotch" is a registered trademark of 3M.

If you've been using Ampex 456, you've been setting yourself up for Scotch 226.

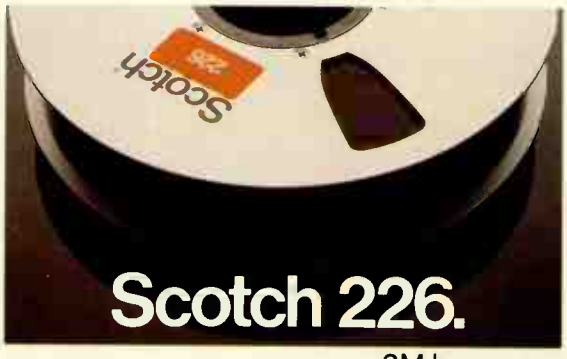
Our new Scotch® 226 is compatible with Ampex 456. But that's about the only way the two tapes are equal. Scotch 226 gives you much lower modulation noise and 2 to 3dB less print-through. Yet there's no compromise in headroom, signal-to-noise, biased tape noise, distortion levels or frequency response.

And because Scotch 226 delivers fewer print-through problems, we can offer Scotch 227, a one-mil version for longer playing time.

Best of all, you'll find Scotch 226 to be consistent in quality reel after reel, batch after batch. And that may be the most important difference to consider.

We developed Scotch 226 because we heard you wanted it. Those of you who like our mastering tape, but don't like to rebias, will find it's just the ticket. And together with Scotch 250, it gives you an unbeatable tape combination.

Most of the major equipment makers have already recommended Scotch 226. But you don't have to take their word for it. Test it for yourself. It's as simple as changing reels.



3M hears you.

3M

RESEARCH: PROGRESS
MESA ENGINEERING

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

Please send information on the entire M/B line to:
NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclose $1.00 for postage and handling please.
(MP)

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

MESA
ENGINEERING

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

MESA Boogie Ltd

TOM PETTY

Returned from legal purgatory and a vocal meltdown, the Gainesville gunfighter talks about the life and times of the band-next-door, critical chic, the corporate shaft, Hard Promises and cold facts.

By Dave Marsh

When Tom Petty burst into his manager's Sunset Blvd. offices early this April he was exuberant. No wonder. He'd just finished mixing and mastering his fourth and most mature album, *Hard Promises*, and the sessions had gone off without a hitch — indeed, much of the album had been recorded using completely live takes. (MCA had almost managed to create a crisis by announcing plans to release the new Petty album at a $9.98 list price. But Petty politicked judiciously in the media — at one point threatening to make the LP title *Eight Ninety Eight* — and his desire for a more affordable price prevailed.)

Hard Promises is not a breakthrough record, as *Damn the Torpedoes* was. But it presents everything that the Heartbreakers can do well in quantity, and Petty's writing has grown enormously. Emblematically, *Hard Promises* is the first T.P. record to contain a lyric sheet, which Petty says was a concession to lovine, but which also reflects his new confidence in what he has to say, and his ability to say it well.

But mostly Petty is in good spirits because he is finally getting the recognition he's wanted. Although some of the band's trendoid (new wave-ish) fans spurned them after the commercial ascendance of *Torpedoes*, Petty has found his voice and his public; he's a much more confident person now than he was when *Torpedoes* was released 18 months ago.

Back in the fall of 1979, Tom Petty's life was chaos — bits and pieces of rock and roll fallout. Although his third and best album, *Damn the Torpedoes*, was well on its way to putting Petty and the Heartbreakers on the world's multi-platinum map (sales to date: 2.4 million copies), the blonde Floridian was bouncing from one crisis to another.

Torpedoes had been completed only after the settlement of a legal dispute among Petty, manager Denny Cordell and his Shelter Records, and MCA Records (which had become Shelter's distributor by buying out ABC a few months earlier). Petty wasn't happy about suddenly winding up on MCA without having had any say in the matter. He claimed his contract made no provision for his assignment to a major label in such circumstances and he wanted out. MCA promptly sued for breach of contract and all hell broke loose. The situation was eventually resolved by Petty severing all ties with Cordell, and taking on Elliott Roberts' Lookout Management, and moving from Shelter to Danny Bramson's Backstreet label, also distributed by MCA. But the legal battle had been bizarre in its complexity — incredibly, both Petty and MCA were right.

PAUL COX/RETNA LTD

crutch and Ron and Stan I knew from Gainesville. They were doing a Benmont demo. And Ben said, "We should form a band." Well, the easiest thing to do was to take my record deal, because I couldn't get out of it.

When Elliot Roberts got involved, he took us all in here and said, "Look, you know, Tom writes the songs, he sings the songs, he does this, this and this. Everybody's great, everybody does their thing, but you have to face reality." We just kinda laid it right on the table, and said we can either accept it or if we can't accept it, we should break up. And everybody accepted it. They're a great band, and they're not dumb in ways of letting their ego ruin something good. Four albums in five years without anybody leaving is pretty good in this business. And we've been friends for at least ten years. We know each other so well, and we will call it out. If anything goes on, it'll immediately be called out.

MUSICIAN: On *Torpedoes*, both "Louisiana Rain" and "Don't Do Me Like That" were four or five years old. That made the record much more scattered thematically. Did that have anything to do with the legal situation you were in at the time?

PETTY: Yeah. I think it's amazing we made an album at all during that time. I've said before, I could write a book about it, but why in hell would you wanna read it? It was such misery, and so much a case of "Your Honor, what's *happening*? Why are they doing this to me? I've done nothing but play in a band. For God's sake, *what* is going on?" And it got into these amazing trips of you can't record, yes you can record; you can't play on the road, okay, yes, you can for a week and then you've gotta stop.

We'd be working in the studio and then they'd say, "You gotta look out for the marshals, the marshals are gonna come in tonight and grab the tapes." It got to where poor Bugs (the Heartbreakers' chief roadie) was just carrying all these tapes around in his car, and moving 'em, so on the stand I could honestly say, "I don't know where the tapes are." 'Cause these guys would have released the album in whatever condition it was in.

It got to where the judge came into the studio and they got out all the tapes and they had to make legal arguments as to what is a record and what isn't a record — is this finished? I was kinda just sittin' there mute, listenin' to these guys discuss whether it was done. It was totally ridiculous.

MUSICIAN: What made you fight so hard?

PETTY: I knew it was the end, if I didn't fight it. I knew what would happen to us if I didn't. It would have been the end. Because we never would have gotten enough money to survive as a band, because we were all totally broke.

MUSICIAN: Most people would use that lack of money as an excuse *not* to fight a large company.

PETTY: We didn't have the money, really. But I been poor all my life. I can honestly say [laughs] it's hard to find anybody been poorer than I have. I remember telling the lawyers for the other side, "Screw you. I will go to Florida; I'll sell peanuts if I have to. But I will NEVER give you this goddamned record. At least I'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you want this and you'll never get it."

On the other hand, when we did work, we had this vengeance. I don't think there'll ever be a feeling like when that record was a hit. It was such total victory. And it cost a fortune and we paid it all back, and as of today, we don't owe anybody any money.

MUSICIAN: How did you get in such a mess, anyway?

PETTY: We were just a band that hardly knew who they were in the first place. We'd been so confused; every hustler in Hollywood had come through. I don't know, they all thought we could make 'em money or somethin'. We were just playing the Whisky, that was about the only steady gig we had, and everybody in the world was coming in. Then the first album did real well in England and after that, it was really insane. We were always confused as to what we were supposed to do.

Then that bankruptcy thing came in. We had to go to bankruptcy court, but we were never bankrupt. If we had been it would have been an ideal situation, because once you're bankrupt, no contracts are binding. But once people put that tag on you — whew, everybody's gone. I have to give our producer Jimmy Iovine a lot of credit, just for moral support. He was one of the only people that would call me up, every day, and say, "We're gonna beat 'em, we're gonna do it, we're gonna make this record no matter what happens, and listen to it ourselves." For a good year this went on. A lot of people still don't understand the scope of what was going on. Like we had offers from record companies before *Damn the Torpedoes* that were *staggering*. I mean, it was so much money that I would say, "I just don't believe that at all. I don't wanna hear that." Literally every record company was at the door, saying, "If you can get free, we're gonna take care of you."

So there was that hanging over our heads, and me knowing that, if I lost, we were trapped. They were never gonna promote the records or even buy ads. So I said, "What's the point of making the records if no one's gonna hear 'em?" It really got down to a kind of self-respect, of "I refused to be bullied by these guys."

It really gave me a lot of faith in the country when we won. I don't see too many countries where you could go to court and say, "Your Honor, I have a little band here and these guys have come in and done this to me, and I would like to get rid of it. What do you think? I'll give all the money back, and everything. I just want out. I quit." And they took it dead serious. I gave the judge a platinum record.

MUSICIAN: Was the deal that landed you on Backstreet the judge's notion of a compromise?

PETTY: The judge's position was, just show me a way where I can get out of this that's fair. The big thing was to prove that what was going on with my publishing wasn't fair, it was almost dishonest.

You know, you don't think when you come into town with no money. Somebody says, "I'll give you enough to buy some amplifiers," you go, "Great. Let's go." You don't think. See, I was still trying to get out of the Mudcrutch deal. It had nothing to do with me, it had to do with a deal I'd made in 1974, when I'd been in town maybe three days.

We got seven record company offers in three days, from walking down the street, looking 'em up in the phone book. "Could we play this for ya?" And we'd come in, and they'd say, "Uh, yeaah." So we drove back to Florida, said, "Look, get in the car, there's a guy out there."

God, for years I been sittin' down there, trying to get a record deal. All I had to do was drive out and go down the street. [Laughs] Blew my mind. For years, that was the big topic: one day we'll get a record deal. In Gainesville, nobody ever even crossed through town that had anything to do with the music business.

MUSICIAN: Who else was around there?

PETTY: There were guys who had left. Skynyrd we used to play with, but they first went to Macon, to Capricorn, which was close. We went there once but we just kinda turned around and left, because we knew if we went into that, that's what we'd become. I loved the Allman Brothers, I thought they were great and I watched them ever since I was this high, but I didn't want to do that. So it was like, down here, they are NOT going to understand. They hardly understood it out here. So we left and in three days it was all taken care of.

MUSICIAN: You had no lawyer, no agent?

PETTY: We didn't have a manager, we didn't have *nothin'*. We drove out in a Volkswagen van. I had $37 and I remember packing sandwiches in bags. We'd go, "OK, dinner time," and everybody'd pull out a sandwich and eat it. We slept on the floor of a friend of a friend who wasn't real happy about us bein' there.

Then, I couldn't believe that you just go in and play these guys a tape and they start jumpin' around the room, goin' "Who's your manager?" Don't have one. "Oh yeah?! Well..." I just left a tape at Shelter and Denny (Cordell) called us, the day before we were leavin' and said, "I think it's a great group, I'd love to sign you up." We said, "Well, we're talkin' with this one and this one." He had a studio in Tulsa and he said, "Why don't you stop halfway across the country in Tulsa and just take a

LYNN GOLDSMITH

Heartbreak at the radar station: Ron Blair (bass), Stan Lynch (drums), Petty, Benmont Tench (keyboards), and Mike Campbell (guitar).

With Hard Promises, I've felt we've gone through so much and seen so much, we can't play dumb and make another record of teenage love songs.

breather and record some." We said great. Just to go in the studio was worth something.

Cordell was a great guy, really smart, really talented. I dug him right away. I can say that he gave me a great education in the studios and stuff. He always had the right ideas musically. On the business side, I don't agree with anything that he wanted to do, but on the creative end, I have to appreciate that he did all that for us. So we said no to the others. "We're gonna go with Denny because he talks like we do, and to hell with the rest of 'em."

When the big fight started, it was always back to: "But, Judge, I didn't KNOW. I thought they were all the same thing. I thought, black records with a hole in the middle. I didn't know it was any different, one label to another."

I remember the first time, going through Hollywood, driving down the street. We were goin', "There's one. There's one. Goddamn! There's another. Another. Look, a record company! *Look*." So we thought, well hell, you know, if we go in all these places, a few of 'em have gotta go for it. Cause there must be a hundred. And it was true, a few of 'em went for it. It was great.

MUSICIAN: The funny thing is that all that sense of triumph came out on the last record. It's as if, on *Torpedoes*, all you could see was how much there was to win. On *Promises*, what you see is how much there is to lose. Is this your response to success?

PETTY: I don't know if I'm ready to respond to success. Because I still don't feel like I've done everything I'm gonna do and I don't know what else to do and life's a drag because we're rich. I'm really *enjoying* the money, to tell the truth.

With our public image, I've always felt — and it's our fault in a way — I've always felt that we looked a little dumber than we are, to the public. With this record, I felt, we've gone through so much and seen so much, and there's so much to this, we can't play dumb and make another record of teenage love songs. It was just like playing dumb to me.

There's a lotta pain to it, and you don't really want to dwell on that, because I think it's hard for the audience to understand that there is. When they look at it, they see, "Hell, he don't pump gas all goddamned day. He don't even have to worry about the rent." I can relate to that because I've felt the same way. "You tell me it's bad. Screw you, I'll tell you about bad."

MUSICIAN: How does having a Number One album feel?

PETTY: It only got to Number Two. It made me hate Pink Floyd. [Laughs] I'll tell you something, no matter what anybody ever tells you, life is never sweeter than when you have a hit record. I mean, it is a *sweet* goddamn feeling. It felt great, especially after all that. It was really the only time in my life I felt like justice was *done*. "TP, we're gonna let you have it your way today." [Laughs, harder] It was hard not to just get gushy about the whole thing. And that's why, this record I just wanted to up the quality.

I think we can always up the quality; I don't understand rock groups that go down, that get worse. I really don't understand. There is no reason for that, if you just keep aware of what's going on.

MUSICIAN: That vigilance is sort of the message of a lot of these songs, especially "The Insider" and "The Night Watchman."

PETTY: "The Night Watchman" actually started as a joke on the whole thing of security. I have a guard on my house now, a guy who sits outside the door and keeps people back. So I wrote a song for him. It got so amusing to me. "You mean, there's gonna be a GUY outside the DOOR — all the time?" I

went as long as I could without doing it. For a long time, I just said, "No, I will NOT do that." And then it got where, yeah, I'm gonna do it now, because I don't want people standing in the middle of my living room. And worse.

MUSICIAN: Then there's the line about his life being worth more than the minimum wage.

PETTY: Yeah, are you really gonna stand there and shoot it out with these guys for whatever it is — $4.50 an hour? We have some great talks, all huddled together.

MUSICIAN: On stage, you've always been real careful about keeping your distance, and very concerned that the audience doesn't take you out of proportion.

PETTY: I think it was in '78 that it dawned on me about the audience. We had only been playing big rooms a little while and we went into Winterland. I think Bruce (Springsteen) had been there two nights before, and he built a lower stage across the front and it was still there. We weren't using it because the kids had all their jackets and everything piled up. So by the end of the night, I was just getting a little bit playful and went out, jumped down, just leaned over the crowd. We thought at the time they'd gotten me by the hand, but on the video tape you can see they get me almost by the waist. And take me into the audience and try to kill me.

MUSICIAN: What?

PETTY: I mean, they were gonna take my life. It was very violent, in the sense that they were all gonna take a finger and a leg. On the tape, I have on a real heavy vest and they ripped that, my whole shirt went, I had a neckerchief tied real tight around my neck and on the tape, it's hanging down to my chest because it had been so pulled and twisted. I lost handfuls of hair and my whole lip was busted. It was this weird sensation of falling and never hitting the ground and people diving in. They're crazy people when they're that worked up.

I remember that night was when it dawned on us: We *can't* go down there. I didn't intend to go down there in the first place, but it was like, hey, watch it, if they get ahold of you. They'll just get you down...it took a *lotta* guys to get me out.

MUSICIAN: I remember, you kind of stepped back from the edge at the No Nukes show, during "Cry to Me." I thought you were really going to give Springsteen a run for his money. But you didn't get closer, and I wondered why.

PETTY: I'm just amazed that I finished the set that night. I was

EBET ROBERTS

Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers' Equipment

The following information was provided by the mysterious Bugs, the Heartbreakers' roadie mentioned in the interview. It's a complete list of what everyone in the band uses, though hardly of everything they own, especially in the case of guitars. "We've got a million guitars," says Bugs, "one of every kind there is." He also notes that "everybody in the band owns at least one of 'em; the ownership is up in the air."

Guitars

Both Petty and Mike Campbell use Vox Super Beatle amps. ("Always have and maybe they always will," says Bugs.) Petty's basic stage guitars are a Fender Stratocaster and a Rickenbacker 12-string (although the beautiful cherry red one on the cover of *Damn* is actually Campbell's). Petty also carries a Gibson Flying V, a Dan Armstrong clear-body, an Ibanez Iceman and both six and 12-string Vox guitars. Additionally, he has a custom-built (by Ted Newman Jones) electric six string, with broken hearts on the fretboard. In the studio, Petty sometimes uses a Gibson Dove acoustic; whether the Heartbreakers will use any acoustic guitars on the current tour (as they do on several songs on *Hard Promises*) is still up in the air.

Mike Campbell's basic guitars are a Fender Broadcaster and a Gibson Les Paul, of which he has two, a gold top and a white top. "For variety," he uses that celebrated Rickenbacker; he also carries an Ibanez Flying V and an Ibanez Iceman, among others.

Neither Petty nor Campbell has made any modifications to these instruments. "They basically don't believe in it," says Bugs. "We just buy things, and if they work, great. If not, we try something else." In keeping with that philosophy, Petty uses no effects pedals and Campbell keeps his to the minimum: an Echoplex for the Broadcaster and occasionally, an MXR Dynacomp.

Bassist Ron Blair's basic rig comes from the Heartbreakers' sound company, Sound Production in Dallas. Usually, it includes a JBL power amp, Alembic pre-amp and Bi-Amp Graphic. His full range cabinet has two 12-inch and two 15-inch speakers. His bass is a Fender Jazz; he carries a Fender Precision as a spare but according to Bugs, it's never been used.

Keyboards

Benmont Tench has both a grand piano, with a Helpinstill pickup, and a Hammond C-3 organ. On top of the organ is a Wurlitzer electric piano; on top of the piano is an Arp String Ensemble. Rack mounted next to him are "assorted toys and graphics."

Drums

Stan Lynch uses a custom-made blonde Tama kit with a 26-inch bass drum, 15-inch rack tom, two floor toms (16-inch and 18-inch) and a 15-inch snare. His cymbals include a hi-hat, two 16-inch crash and a 24-inch ride. He also has a Chinese cymbal, which is explicitly not a gong, although it sounds a bit like one.

so...it wasn't my favorite show, I'll tell ya. It was our first time in an arena that size, and we hadn't played in a year — that was the first gig after the lawsuit. We flew in for two days, rehearsed, and went to play with Elvis in Memphis — or that's what I called it. And we didn't have our gear; it was Bruce's birthday; didn't have our monitors. Nothing. I got out, couldn't hear my voice and couldn't get anybody to turn the volume up. I was so nervous. The audience was very kind, I thought.

I remember, Jackson Browne said, when we were going up, "Well listen, now, if you think they're booing you, they're not. They're just saying 'Broooce.'" I said, "Well, what the hell is the difference?"

MUSICIAN: How did you feel about your segment in the *No Nukes* movie?

PETTY: I never felt good about the show and I didn't like the movie. I didn't like us *at all*. I mean, what I saw of us I thought was really terrible. And these guys were saying, "Naw, it's great. We love it! We've got to have it. I'll just *die* if it's not in the movie." But it wasn't any good, it wasn't even representative of a normal night. Should I let some kid pay his money because Tom Petty's in the movie, and he sees it and Petty's *no good*? No way. I'm all for supporting good causes, but I think the performance should be good or it's all a bunch of crap. I don't think I was unreasonable about it.

MUSICIAN: How have you adjusted to playing in arenas?

PETTY: I think we're one of the only groups that are really good in big halls. I'll tell you what it is about big halls, the band itself has so much more responsibility, just in making the audience comfortable and having the vibe nice, cohesive, where you can go in, sit down an enjoy the show. It's just such a weird thing to sit with 18,000 people and watch a rock show. And there's a lot of trouble to see that everybody can see, everybody can hear properly and everybody can get in and get to their seat without waiting for 19 days before it starts. And the list goes on and on.

To the band, it's even easier than playing a 3,000 seater in some ways because it's so infinite. It's all just black, bobbing heads as far as you can see. You don't really feel the pressure of those guys on the back, and at the sides. I forget about that: I play to the floor, mostly, and those are the only people I see.

But in a 3,000 seater. now, every cat there, you can see his eyes. There ain't no place to hide. But once we're out there, it's kinda like: We're here. we're gonna play till the end of the show and we're gonna leave. Nothing can stop that, everything can break and it don't matter. We're gonna get to the end of this battle; that's the front line.

In fact, the only time I get worried on stage is when I can't hear. That worries me because I'm afraid I'm gonna scream, 'cause it happened to me when I had the bad throat. I'd just scream my guts out and I couldn't sing.

MUSICIAN: What exactly happened with your throat?

PETTY: My tonsils were just severely infected. The first six weeks of that *Torpedoes* tour, every night was just a whole day of not smoking, not talking, getting a shot, a million teas, doctors at gigs and this terrible feeling of "Is he gonna play or isn't he?" Where I really damaged it was in Philadelphia; if I had stopped for two weeks that night, it might not have been such a serious thing. But I said no, we're gonna do it on sheer soul; it did work, it was amazing.

So they took my tonsils out. I couldn't speak for two weeks, but three weeks after the operation I was on stage again, in England, and I've never had any trouble since. But it left a real scary feeling any time I have a sore throat. Actually, Jimmy (Iovine) thinks that my voice got a little better in the lower register, but that could be the machinations of a sick mind.

MUSICIAN: How did you happen to give Stevie Nicks "Stop Draggin' My Heart Around" for her solo album? And aside from the fact that Iovine produces both of you, how did you wind up singing a duet on "The Insider" on your album?

PETTY: It's funny, you get such preconceived ideas about artists. I knew Stevie, but not real well, and she'd been asking me for a long time for a song. I thought that "The Insider" would be the thing for her, because it's acoustic, it has that kind of feel. She really liked the song, so we went to do the vocal and she started to sing harmony every time. Because my track was playing in her headphones as a guide. So she said, "Just let me sing the harmony one time." So she did, and when it was over, I just sat there, in awe. She walked back in and said, "How was it?" I said, "It's a-*mazing*." She said, "I can tell by the look on your face, you don't wanna give me this song. I'm giving it back to you right now." I really thought a lot of her for that.

Then I went through this terrible guilt. Jimmy and I thought, we can't take it back, because we promised it to her. So we went to her and said, "Stevie, what if we trade you another song for 'Insider'?" She said, play it for me, and we played her "Stop Draggin' My Heart Around." She says, "Wow! That's why I wanted *you* to write me a song — it's rock 'n' roll, that's what you do. 'The Insider' sounds like what I do." And I thought, how dumb of me, to think that she'd want me to write like her. We've got some videotapes of those sessions that are very funny.

MUSICIAN: Do you want a video cassette of the new album?

PETTY: We don't have a *Hard Promises* videotape, but it has some of that in it. Ron Blair, our bassist, has been working on it. Two years ago, when we were in Japan, we got these super-8 sound cameras and we filmed literally everything that went on, for ages. And Ron has a real talent for film-making; he's just shown me the first rough cut today. The video and the super-8 cut together great; you couldn't use the super-8 on a big screen, but for TV it looks fine. So we're gonna put it together a little more cohesively — it is cohesive but it jumps time periods a lot, even has stuff from the first English tour. I want to put it out because I want people to see what we're like, that we ain't really at all what the preconceived public image is. The image thing is weird.

When I read the column you wrote in *Musician* a while back,

I remember when we were going up to to the No Nukes show, Jackson Browne said, "Well listen, if you think they're booing you, they're not. They're just saying 'Broooce.'" I said, "Well, what's the difference?"

defending me against some N.Y. critics, it really hit home to me. The first time I read it, I was confused. I just said, "Who's mad at me?" Then we played New York, and I saw. There's a kind of bitterness there.

MUSICIAN: Did you feel that aimed at you, personally?

PETTY: I think a lot of it was directed at me for just getting away with so much, in their eyes. "Why is he on the radio, and the Clash aren't?" I felt the same way; I love the Clash, I like all those records. Why not the Clash?

But then, it's like it should only be the Clash and not be me. Because they're...but then, I always wonder, well *what*? We've never done anything to make them mad. I think a lot of it was because we were coming from L.A. A lot of people thought that nothing could possibly come out of L.A. with an ounce of integrity.

MUSICIAN: But you're not from L.A. Where do you think you're from?

PETTY: A lotta people think we're from L.A.; I've lived here seven years. I'm in a lot of different places all the time. And there's also this misconception that we're from Oklahoma. But I do feel Southern, I always will.

MUSICIAN: Well, except for Ronnie Van Zant, there hasn't been a really articulate rock musician from the South.

PETTY: I even think that Lynyrd Skynyrd, who I consider one of the only absolute real monster rock 'n' roll bands of the decade, never got their due, because they were kinda lumped behind the Allman Brothers a lotta the time. They were amazing. I remember seeing those guys, doing shows with them, just little dollar admission things around colleges. We knew then about Van Zant. A great writer and a very...honest guy. I

PAISTE: WE D EXTREM

In this picture there are 166 cymbals, 72 gongs, 37 crotales, 25 tuned discs, 4 sound plates, 7 cup chimes, 2 finger cymbals and a set of accent cymbals.

At Paiste we take their creation, and the percussionists art, very seriously indeed.

And we begin by listening.

Just as a drummer's style is modified and matures as he absorbs different influences and styles, so the whole music scene alters constantly.

At Paiste we have listened to and followed these changes.

For example, the needs of the modern Rock drummer can be seen reflected in the 2002 series which are specifically designed to cut through high stage sound levels.

For many they are the ultimate performing cymbal.

They, along with the other 5 ranges pictured here, are the result of listening to the comments and advice of many leading drummers and then crafting a series of instruments tailored expressly to their needs.

We listen in other ways too. We imagine a sound that does not yet exist, and then create a cymbal or instrument that reproduces that sound.

But to describe our entire range of percussion devices is obviously beyond the scope of this, or any other advertisement. (Indeed, to describe the Paiste range in any

O ONE THING ELY WELL.

depth would require a publication considerably thicker than the one which you're reading right now).

The only way to assess a cymbal, gong or percussion instrument is to play it.

Write us and we'll send you the address of your nearest Paiste Sound Center or Dealer, along with two books.

The first takes you through our entire range, describing their percussion characteristics, and also provides some useful advice on how to choose a cymbal. The second is a collection of profiles of 289 top name drummers, their kit layouts and their views of Paiste equipment.

As a final thought, consider this. Cymbals and percussion instruments are our sole reason for being in business. It is the only thing we do. It is what we do best.

There are many drummers who, through their own experience, know this to be true.

We would like you to become one of them.

I believe you're as serious about drumming as I am. Please send me the two free books you mentioned, and the name and address of my nearest dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

_____ City _____ Zip _____

Paiste America Inc.,
105 Fifth Avenue, Garden City Park, New York, NY11040
Tel: (516) 747 7899.
Toll Free: (800) 645 6094.

PAISTE

really respected him, and I think he should have gotten more.

MUSICIAN: Is it just part of the whole American stigma of being Southern?

PETTY: Well, they don't think that Buddy Holly was Southern, or Elvis. But anyway, what I'm getting around to, it would have been very easy to say, OK, we *are* new wave and let's go get the skinny ties. But it never looked like much of a challenge to me. It always looked like a much bigger challenge to try to work in the mainstream, to play to everybody. I never understood being so cool that nobody heard it. I still don't understand being so *absolutely* chic. Like, why don't you guys want to be on the radio? I always dug the music and the stance, but I never knew where we fit in, because we want to be successful.

There'll always be the up-and-coming new groups, which are always gonna be more exciting, especially to the writers and stuff, because it's something new. But I think it's gotten to the point where there's very few people that can have the platinum album scene and be honest, play and have no pretensions. They've almost always gotta wear space suits or some kinda outfit or be a fag or they do this or there's something weird that they do. Which is fine — I'm not knocking fags, or space suits. But where does it leave all the people who just want a rock band? Where are the people who just have bands?

MUSICIAN: There's this strange notion that rock was what weird kids listened to, and that the weirdest ones had bands. Is that what you remember?

PETTY: Well, maybe they were weird. I remember being in bands and people thought it was weird. But what it was was, those great bands were AM radio bands that you heard every hour on the radio. And I never understood why that became so unfashionable. It didn't — we're really talking about the press here, more than reality.

I just have that old — if it's old fashioned, I don't know, but I feel that if people paid, they should have a good show and that IS more important than anything. If I go to a show and somebody lames out on me, I really feel bad. I'm really angry, I wasted an evening and went through all this crap and told all my friends you were good and then you came out here and were terrible. It's what I got to with drugs: I can't go onstage and not see well. That's one of the things that success did: It shocked me into thinking that now I have to be somewhat responsible. I don't want to be too responsible or I'll be a bore. But I've gotta be responsible enough that I have myself in shape to do the show tonight.

MUSICIAN: One of the interesting things about your records is that you're very aware of your sources, back to Elvis or so.

PETTY: That's because we listened to those songs. The first records I ever had was a box of Elvis singles. You couldn't have picked a better box.

I had an uncle who was working on an Elvis movie in Florida. He invited us down to the set; I was about 11. I didn't know much about Elvis, but we went down, saw him do his little thing, went over and said hi. There was such pandemonium. I can still remember how insane this trip was.

So we got back and the talk around the neighborhood among kids was that we saw *Elvis*, man. So my friend said, "Yeah, what'd he do? My sister's got his records." I'd never heard of them — "Hound Dog," I think I knew. And the guy gets out this box and his sister was married and gone but she'd been a teenager in the Fifties and the box was completely full of Elvis singles and EPs. There was some Jerry Lee and Little Richard stuff. Took the whole box home for a Wham-O sling shot.

I spent the next two years, till the Beatles came, just literally, literally listenin' to 'em every day. It never, never occurred to me to play or that I would sing, it was just "These are great!" I'd listen to 'em all day. When the Beatles came, that kind of took over, and Elvis kind of moved to the back a little bit. By then, I must have been 13. Now I see, ah, you can do this. Here's a way out. Because even at 12, you gotta beat this place, gotta get out of Gainesville.

See, there's two parts to Gainesville. There's the college in the middle and around it are just rednecks, farmers. My family didn't have anything to do with the college until I started playing gigs. But for some reason, in the mid-Sixties there were so many bands there; I guess because there were gigs.

Marty Girard, that guy in the Motels, is a friend from Gainesville and we were talking the other day, we had no idea, when it was going on, that every town didn't have 45 or 50 bands just playing all the time. Because there were thirty fraternity gigs every weekend, and then there were the college gigs and all those college beer bars and the topless bars. We used to play the topless bars, that was the big money: a hundred bucks a week, six sets a night.

Don Felder and Bernie Leadon, of the Eagles, are both from Gainesville and there's a whole lot of players come from there. I think the whole town, everybody I know is here now. But nobody realized it, 'cause there was no studio.

It was a good way to grow up. It wasn't bad. You had to hustle if you wanted guitars and stuff like that. You had to really hustle if you wanted a new Telecaster. It drives me crazy to see these Hollywood bands today; they've got a semi-truck and a P.A., more gear than we got, and they don't have a record deal or nothin'. They're just playing the Whisky.

I took my kid to see the carnival down the street the other day. It was the first time I really felt successful. They had a group, like a garage band and I haven't seen a garage band in so long. It fascinated me. So I went, with my hat on and my hair up, and they had all big guitars and nice amps. I took a ride on the ferris wheel and went over to listen. They played the Who and the Stones and then they played "Breakdown." Amazing.

I'm standing in the middle of this crowd, watching them play this 15 minute version of "Breakdown," over and over and on and on. It was really neat. That's the true heritage of rock and roll, when the garage bands start playing it. M

PAUL NATKIN/ PHOTO RESERVE

Helpinstill **RoadMaster**™ Flight Case Piano

REAL PIANO PERFORMANCE AT AN AFFORDABLE PRICE

The Helpinstill RoadMaster does not imitate the sound of a real piano — it is a real piano.

The RoadMaster features real piano action, dual stringing, sound board, frame and pinblock. Permanently installed Helpinstill Piano Sensors capture every note faithfully and uniformly, delivering a clean, accurate signal to any external amplifier.

The RoadMaster travels light and sets up fast, playable in just a few seconds. The unique keyboard section folds down and locks in its own durable flight case for easy traveling. An advanced 14-lamination pinblock guarantees unheard-of tuning stability in a portable piano.

Whether you play in a quiet club or on a high energy concert stage, the sound of a RoadMaster is the sound of a real piano. Clean, bright and full. It is quickly becoming the standard of quality for stage pianos.

The RoadMaster is available in both 64 and 88 note models. It is built in America and sells for a lot less than the competition's import. The RoadMaster is the only stage piano that's one hundred percent real piano.

Complete the coupon below and we'll send you a free, color brochure and the name of the RoadMaster dealer nearest you.

Helpinstill Designs, Inc., 5808 South Rice Avenue, Houston, Texas 77081, (713) 664-5922.

HELPINSTILL

Free Color Brochure

Fill in this coupon for a free, color brochure and the name of the RoadMaster dealer nearest you. Mail coupon to: RoadMaster, Helpinstill Designs, Inc., 5808 South Rice Avenue, Houston, Texas 77081

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MPL

24

Shorter Solos. Mr. Gone returns from the Sahara and solos on Weather Reports, Make-Believe Ballrooms, Other Worlds, the Odyssey of Iska and the Familial Spaceship.

By David Breskin

Chanting, chanting, chanting like singing wafts into the den. With it, the fragrance of fresh cut flowers, incense, and fish frying in the kitchen. For the next half hour, Wayne Shorter's spiralling song of devotion snakes through the house, washing over the Japanese watercolors, the Joni Mitchell photographs, the book of Folon prints, the gold records of *Bitches Brew* and *Heavy Weather*, the Lyricon and Prophet, the grand piano and stack of freshly filled staffs on its bench...

Listening, I drift back into Shorter's rip-saw tenor in Art Blakey's band, his hard-bop horn launched with Jack Kennedy's rockets. Thrust, pressure, liquid fuel, an arcing ascent into the bright blues sky of Coltrane sun and Rollins moon. The right stuff for a jazz messenger, higher, burning hotter in the thin air of rising masters. And with Miles, into orbit — each revolution, each pass across America more elliptical than the last. Blackness, blackness, the cool friction of Orbits above Tony Williams, heat shield of the 60s. Farther still, after tearing dreams of Super Nova and steaming jungles of the heart, Major Wayne demands a Weather Report. Space shuttling 'tween arrow soprano and tear-drop tenor, Shorter in asymmetrical equilibrium, weightless, letting less do more, moving beyond Milky Way. Boxer with Blakey, Bauhaus architect with Miles, Buddhist of Boogie Woogie Waltz, Army sharpshooter at Fort Dix, Mysterious Traveller: telescopes of tradition search him out without success: off-center, untrackable, brilliant but invisible, soundings for a cosmic cartographer: no more notes. Shorter and shorter solos, Shorter lost in space, Shorter rechristened, Mr. Gone.

VERYL OAKLAND

The earthbound critics, peering as usual through the wrong end of their binoculars, howl in dismay and *disappointment*. Jack DeJohnette's '78 composition, "Where Or Wayne," becomes the more critically convenient (though non-existent) "Where Is Wayne?;" Joe Zawinul and Jaco Pastorius are deemed contemptible plotters, driving Wayne, *our* Wayne, from the yearly Weather Report discs; one respected critic even pan-fries Shorter, in *downbeat*, for falling into "routine" by "comparing" his solos on two recordings of "Black Market" (*Havana Jam* and *8:30*) which do indeed sound similar — largely because they're the same take. What have you done for me lately? What have you done for me lately? — Madison Avenue manure dumped on the drought-stricken lawn of Shorter's art.

Lately, if the truth be told, Wayne Shorter has been writing his rear off. He wrote a piece called "Twin Dragons" for Miles' long-expected new album (Miles to Wayne, via long-distance: "I asked you for a tune and you gave me a goddamn symphony!"). He's writing an album for Stan Getz, which Getz will probably record with a Swedish or Israeli orchestra. He's written new music for his next record, due out in late summer, which will feature Brazilian contralto Elis Regina and may involve *Double Fantasy* producer Jack Douglas. At the same time, he's been compiling a "story-book" of new material for Weather Report, his own "whole earth catalogue of music," as he puts it. And if anyone thought his instrumental capabilities had deserted him, his playing on *Night Passage* — the most recent Weather Report — should have closed that case. Shorter's tenor wit and audacity boost *Night Passage* to the same altitude as '74's *Mysterious Traveller* and '72's *I Sing The Body Electric*.

Shorter stops chanting. Outside, cliches of spring chirp and flutter, promising rain, green grass, new tunes, saxophone rebirth, a good conversation. Over the next two days I'll meet his mother, wife, and daughter at home, and his good friend, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, at the Roxy for a Gil Scot-Heron set. (Gil was married in this same den. Kareem was the best man.) I'll hear the man from the Brazilian consulate at the front door, and hear Miles trumpeting over the telephone. I'll hear of Wayne's love for his neighbor and portraitist, the husband of his first wife, Billy Dee Williams, and of his visit to "Strav's pad" (read: Stravinsky's house) back in the Miles quintet days. I'll see a report on the Space Shuttle on his large-screen Sony television and see him hard at work at the piano. And I'll remember mostly his sly laugh and his odd humor, and these solos, which speak for themselves.

This new gold horn is beautifully balanced. It sounds like a swordsman's horn. It's like Jim Bowie's knife, you know, made from a meteor, made from a star. This horn has flight in its sound.

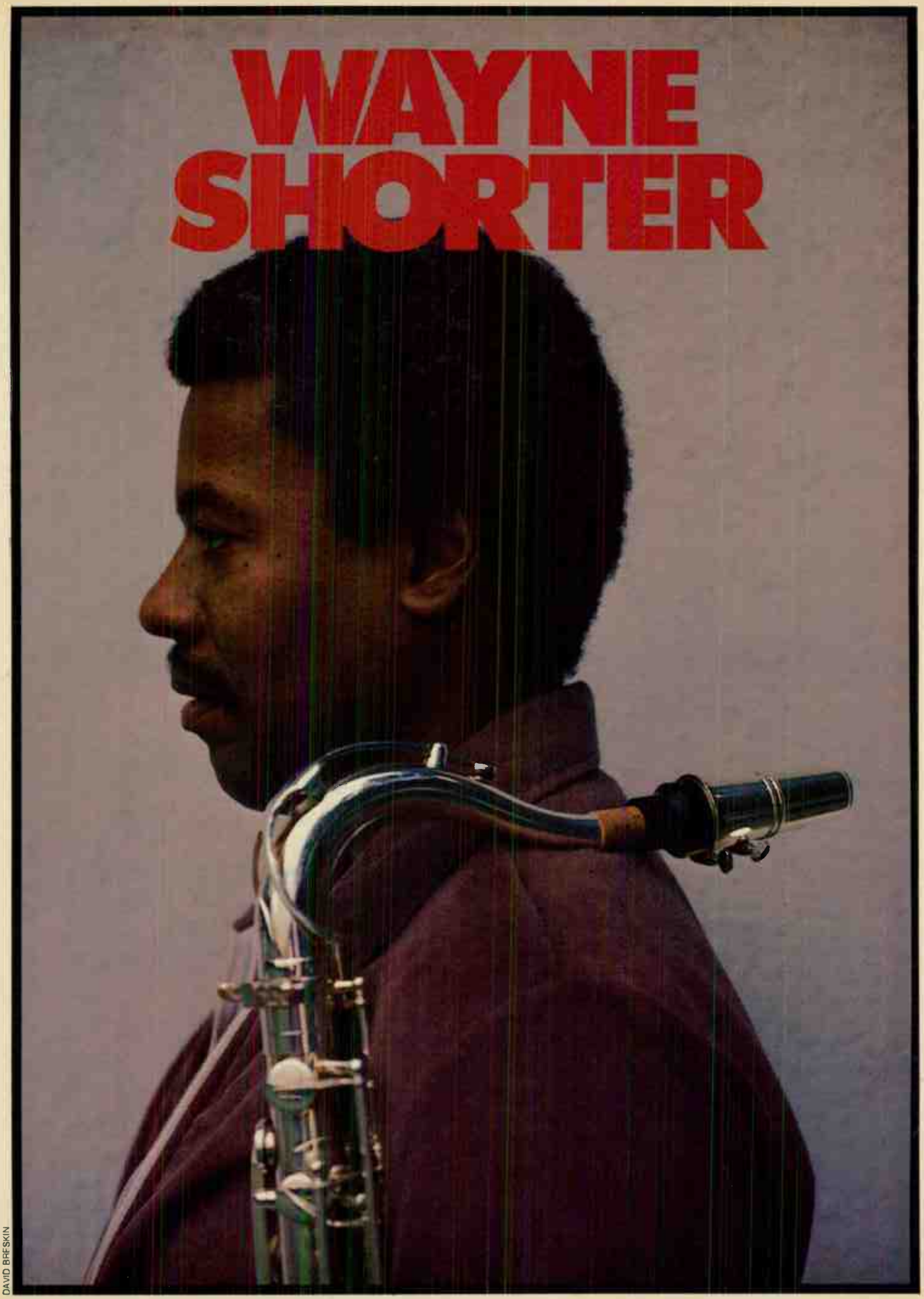
The Back Fire Escape

I used to see Lester Young when I was very, very young. I had no saxophone. I was about 15, and he'd come with the Jazz At The Philharmonic to a theatre 'round the corner from where I lived in Newark. I'd get together with some guys and we'd go up the back fire escape and sneak into the theatre. There'd be Billy Eckstine opening up with Stan Getz, and Charlie Parker with strings, and Lester would have the finale.

I noticed that Lester Young was different from *ev-ry-bo-dy*. He was always late. The show was long on and here comes Lester...walking into the theatre lobby. And he was the only one who used to carry the saxophone in a bag too. The rest of the guys had big, heavy, hard cases. His bag was shaped like a saxophone and he had this black overcoat and his pork pie hat and as he was walking in everybody — all the promoters — would run down into the lobby, yelling, I remember this, "There he is...there's the *Prez*!"

As soon as Prez came on stage, it was "Yeeeaaaahhhh!" I

WAYNE SHORTER



DAVID BRESKIN

Satie. I was prepared, I was ready to go. And early on, during a break, Miles came to me and said "Do you feel like you can play anything you want to play, anytime, anywhere, just play *anything* you want to play?" I said, "Yeah, just about." He said, "Yeah, I know what you mean."

Though no one could accuse me of rehearsing for five years with Art Blakey to go with Miles, Miles' whole thing had been a part of my life since I was very young. I'll show you something I drew when I was 15 years old — it has some of the feeling, some of that sensibility, sensitivity, Miles had, and the way Herbie played the piano as opposed to the way Bobby Timmons and all those cats played. This is a comic strip I drew. This was 1949.

The "comic strip" is a rather thick book of blue pen drawings entitled, Other Worlds. *There are launching pads and space suits and rockets and monsters and warfare and whirlpools, and one dapper looking future-man pointing out of the frame and saying to another, "Note the texture of her hair." The drawings are precise, intricate, clean, and crumbling from the press of time. Note the texture of her hair: Milesesque indeed.*

Whim, The Mutha of Invention

By the late 60s, we knew we were on the verge of something. Herbie said, "I don't know what to play no more." So Miles says, "Don't play nothin'. Only play when you feel like it." So we'd be playing a piece of music, and Herbie's sitting there with his hands in his lap...then all of a sudden he'd play one sound, and Miles said, "That one sound you made was a bitch." So everybody saw *something* happening...and we began playing songs without chords. Tony Williams then melted into the rock-jazz-swing thing, Lifetime, and I saw at that time maybe something more elusive, which came on *Super Nova*. Elusive, but not so elusive as to be uprooted out of the earth, the earthiness of life. At the time all this was going on, I could see the changes happening — but I couldn't really know the depth, the gravity of them

First of all, there was that recording of "Nefertiti." Joe Zawinul said when he heard that, he knew he wanted to hook up together. I remember being in the studio doing "Nefertiti," we kept repeating the theme and not soloing, we kept repeating, and Miles said, "Do you feel like soloing?" I went, "No man, I don't feel like it," so Miles just said, "*Oh shit*, let's keep repeating it." And Tony Williams just kept bashing. It was, "Ohhhhhh shit!" and I remember thinking, "Uh-oh, nobody else is doing this." In between "Nefertiti" and *In A Silent Way* there was a complete 180° turn. And then *Bitches Brew* came along. That's when Miles sent for John McLaughlin. I got a picture of him playing with us on the wall, see? I said, "Here comes Prince Valiant." He looked like Prince Valiant then.

Now, Now Child

We spent a whole evening at Joe's apartment in New York trying to come up with a name for our co-operative group. I said, "Let's have a name that people are confronted with everyday, how about 'The Six O'Clock News.' They have politics, and sports and the weather forecast." We decided we stay out of the political arena, the racial arena, and the fortune-telling thing. I heard, "Weather Report," and everybody, simultaneously, said YEAH! You report *exactly* what's happening *now* — as opposed to forecasting what's gonna happen. It leaves no room for ulterior motives or anything. It's very, very difficult to report exactly what I think now. Or *now*...or right *now*. Or *now*, for instance.

We knew we'd be together for a long time, but not ever doing something so *stale* that we'd *have* to break up. We said we'd be together as long as it was fresh, fresh and exciting, and when it's happening, it's only because we're doing individual things. And we'd say, let's get together later on and make it an event — another Cecil B. DeMille movie, bam!! This way we can give so much more when we perform than if we played all year long together, dropping our grain of rice into people's lives with the attitude — if you see us all the time, it must be worth something — it doesn't work like that. And if you're playing all year round, you can't write anything new — even if you write something new in your hotel room, it'll be the same music. You may think it's new, but it's probably an extension of the something you're already doing.

Weather Report has honed some other planes, other sides of planes and surfaces. We've tried to give some kind of alternatives for feeling about something or someone. When you play our music in a house, some people for the first time may think of music as interior decoration. Maybe we've done musically what certain designers have done, those that go futher than design, those that go to the soul: exterior decoration of the soul, interior decoration of the body. That's pretty good...that came out like a child.

The Drought

Material that's written, that's the life of the band. It's just as important as the expression of the material. So Joe has been asking me to write more because that would give more dimensions to the band, so that we can keep our personalities more colorful. Joe would like me to do, say, 85% of the writing — but I was struggling. I was struggling, trying to write — starting about 4½ years ago — trying to break through, wondering who else is like this, in the world, struggling and struggling. It was very painful trying to write, for the first time. I've heard about painters who would stop in the middle of the canvas and say, "That's all...I have nothing more to paint." That's how I felt. I was worried I'd gone dry, permanently. I'd wonder. And sometimes I'd talk to Miles and he'd say, "Yeah man, I know what you mean: if there ain't no more, there ain't no more."(Laughs.) Miles was glad to have some company.

Everyone talked and wrote about the onslaught of my partners, Jaco and Joe, but that's wrong. It was something I was going through myself. Other aspects of my life were developing. I was going through a metamorphosis, like the pain of being born. Parts of myself, which had been stunted for a long time, started to grow, and they met resistance. If value is being created in your life, you meet a lot of resistance. A lot of resistance came in the form of "Hey, you're not taking care of your music, you're not the 100% musician you're supposed to be." But I let everything go, I didn't try to do some *forced* music, which would have been catastrophic, to commit that kind of suicide. When you talk about someone's *life*, that's a helluva thing: to talk about somebody's life in terms of just how much music somebody's writing, or how many plays, or how many films...I would say the heaviest struggle I've had in my life has been the last four and a half years.

A Child Is Born

Iska. That's Iska in the kitchen. She was given a vaccination when she was very young, you know, a baby. And they called it Vaccine Pertussive something — for the arteries in the brain. And she had an allergy to it, to that shot. So that now she has brain damage. Over the years it's caused me a lot of pain, over the years; and that's another reason I started practicing this Buddhism. I've tried to break through some things, no matter what it might cost: it might cost a lot of publicity or negative comments, or people wishing out loud, "I wish Wayne would get up off his butt and take charge some more," they'd say, "Man, he used to be one of the top composers," and I'd say, "I'd like to hear him play, too." But it takes a human revolution when you start to do something because your daughter's got brain damage and you can't do anything, you feel like you can't do anything about it. But when you try to do something really valuable, you always meet with resistance, and it will erupt in your *entire* life — which cuts across everything you do — in your music, *everything*. We try to change the negative thing to a positive thing, to make the most value out of it. We call it changing poison to medicine. Not *avoiding* the poison — you drink it — but you change it to medicine. You face it.

I mean, you can't ignore the notion of karma. Why are we together, Iska and I? Why are we linked together? Iska was normal for three months, until she got that shot; I said *never*

TOM COPI

Weather Report: You report exactly what's happening now, as opposed to forecasting what's gonna happen. It leaves no room for ulterior motives or anything. It's very, very difficult to report exactly what I think now. Or now...or right now. Or now, for instance.

mind the shot, her life came in this condition to change ours, to open our eyes. It's very funny, but it's like...Iska kicking my butt, and at the same time, she's contributing a helluva message to us, every moment we look at her. She's fortifying us, she's helping us become indestructibly happy — even in the face of droughts and external catastrophes. We don't live in fear of earthquakes or what people might say. Iska's got a message, especially now, in the past year, she's made me try to take care of *everything* 100% — put 100% into everything. It grew, it was a growing message, so that naturally now it comes. Now I don't have to be really torn up about going on the road and she being here. But there will always be someone with Iska 24 hours a day, for the rest of her life. It's already set.

Shorter Takes

Chaos, Genesis, Go, Yes Or No, Juju, The All Seeing Eye, Playground, Footprints, Tears, Milky Way, Wind, Storm, Calm, Joy, Marie Antoinette, Tom Thumb, Sincerely Diana, Lester Left Town, Elegant People, Schizophrenia, Paraphernalia, Miyako, Twelve More Bars To Go, House Of Jade, Mahjong, Free For All, Adam's Apple, The Odyssey Of Iska, Freezing Fire, Super Nova, Limbo, Nefertiti, Armageddon, Sanctuary, Chief Crazy Horse, This Is For Albert, Orbits, Dolores, The Moors, Shere Khan The Tiger, El Gaucho, Night Dreamer, Sweet Pea, Eurydice, Beauty And The Beast, Blackthorn Rose, Hammer Head, Africaine, Port Of Entry, Children Of The Night, Charcoal Blues, Black Nile, Capricorn, Harlequin, Face Of The Deep, Pinocchio, Water Babies, Palladium, Umbrellas, Deluge, Montezuma, The Elders, Lost, Surucucu, Manolette, Three Clowns, Moto Grosso Feio, Antiqua, Ana Maria, Iska, Non-Stop Home...

Right To Life

A tune? It comes like a sound, a note — it comes like a person. And first it's like a person without eyes and a nose, and if you discard it, it's an abortion. But if you stay with it, stick with it, all of a sudden, the note becomes a real person and the person starts pointing his fingers to the next — and there's another note. The one you're writing tells you what the next person is gonna be like, and then the whole thing has its own life. And it's a natural feeling.

Right now, my improvising is intricately related to my writing. It's very related now because I'm investigating — not new harmonic structures or anything like that — but the way different harmonies go together. Once in awhile I take the chance to pick up my horn, and I feel something different happening with expressing the improvisation *throughout*, and over and underneath and around, the kind of harmony that I'm writing now. I'm incorporating scoring, you know.

Tools

I've got a new horn, a new tenor. It's got a sound that's outasight. It's gold-plated. My silver one sounds more tenta-

tive. The new gold one is beautifully balanced. It sounds like a swordsman's horn. It's like Jim Bowie's knife, you know, made from a meteor, made from a star. This horn has the styles I want to travel through. This horn has flight in its sound. That's what I like about Coltrane's sound — he has flight in his sound. I think with this sound, I can make a lot more notes sound like just a few. I'm gonna use both on stage.

I'm also getting myself a completely new instrument that an inventor, a young Russian guy, has been working on for ten years. There's no name for it yet; for convenience, they call it the Synth-a-phone. But I call it the Magic Wand. It's gonna have touch-digital stuff, and on the back there's 26 keys and buttons and rollers, like a bassoon. It has two or three things, like a Wave Bar, which are first-time-in-history features. The inventor is the same guy who made that big Tonto synthesizer, and helped with the Oberhiems and invented the insides — the guts — of the Prophet. It costs as much as a grand piano and I should get it any week now. The first one is for me.

The Body Electric

One thing I've found out about the synthesizer is that it doesn't quite yet have the tonal weight of the acoustic instruments. There is a kind of transparency after awhile with the synthesizer. But we will get to the point when it won't matter, because the synthesizer will no longer be sounding like or competing with acoustic instruments. It should compete with itself and become a whole — another kind of weight, another kind of body and texture. The only one who gets the full weight out of the synthesizer right now is Joe Zawinul, except for maybe Tomita.

Well, I have something about that whole electric vs. acoustic contoversy. I think that electricity has water in it. Electric neutrons or something like that, protons or neutrons, whatever they call them, whatever goes on: there's water *inside* them. Ha! So where there is water, there is acoustic! I mean, you know, it's like a little room that's moving around, a little room that's on fire.

DAVID BRESKIN

Ana-Maria Shorter: I met Wayne through his music, it was love at first listen.

Non-Stop Home

I've been listening mostly to movie soundtracks recently. I like some of the sounds John Williams gets in *Close Encounters*. Remember the ending, when those little things are coming, making way for the big ship? There were some great musical nuances, because my mother — she's 68 — she's in here watching it one day, and she said, "Dear Lawd," — she talks like that you know — "He's gettin' down with those sounds, honey!" And I said, "Yeah!" 'Cause the music started to swing with the visual.

Outer space? You know what attracts me? The security of it. Space tells me there ain't nothing to worry about. Even though you might worry about things, you still got that as a home. That's home too, you know. This home is only home because that's home, ultimately. It's exciting to have that much room for unlimited adventure. So when you go out that far, you ain't going nowhere but home.

By the late 60s, we knew we were on the verge of something. Herbie said, "I don't know what to play no more." So Miles says, "Don't play nothin'. Only play when you feel like it." So Herbie's sitting there with his hands in his lap...then all of a sudden he'd play one sound & Miles said, "That one sound you made was a bitch."

The Little Big Band

A lot of the strength of Weather Report's playing — our playing all *together*, not just individual soloing — is because of our tone quality. Jaco's got a certain, unique sort of tone, and Joe started getting really outstanding synthesizer tone qualities and I have a style, a tone quality, which in the mid-seventies was mostly coming from the soprano sax — and the tone quality seemed like it wanted to pull us ahead to be on display, for itself.

A lot of other groups, they would have the soloing on top, mainly because of the thinness of the tone quality. One person would have to take a turn, you know, individual solos one after the other, in order for each instrument to have that kind of *presence*. What I'm saying is that our tone quality *allows* us to play more freely.

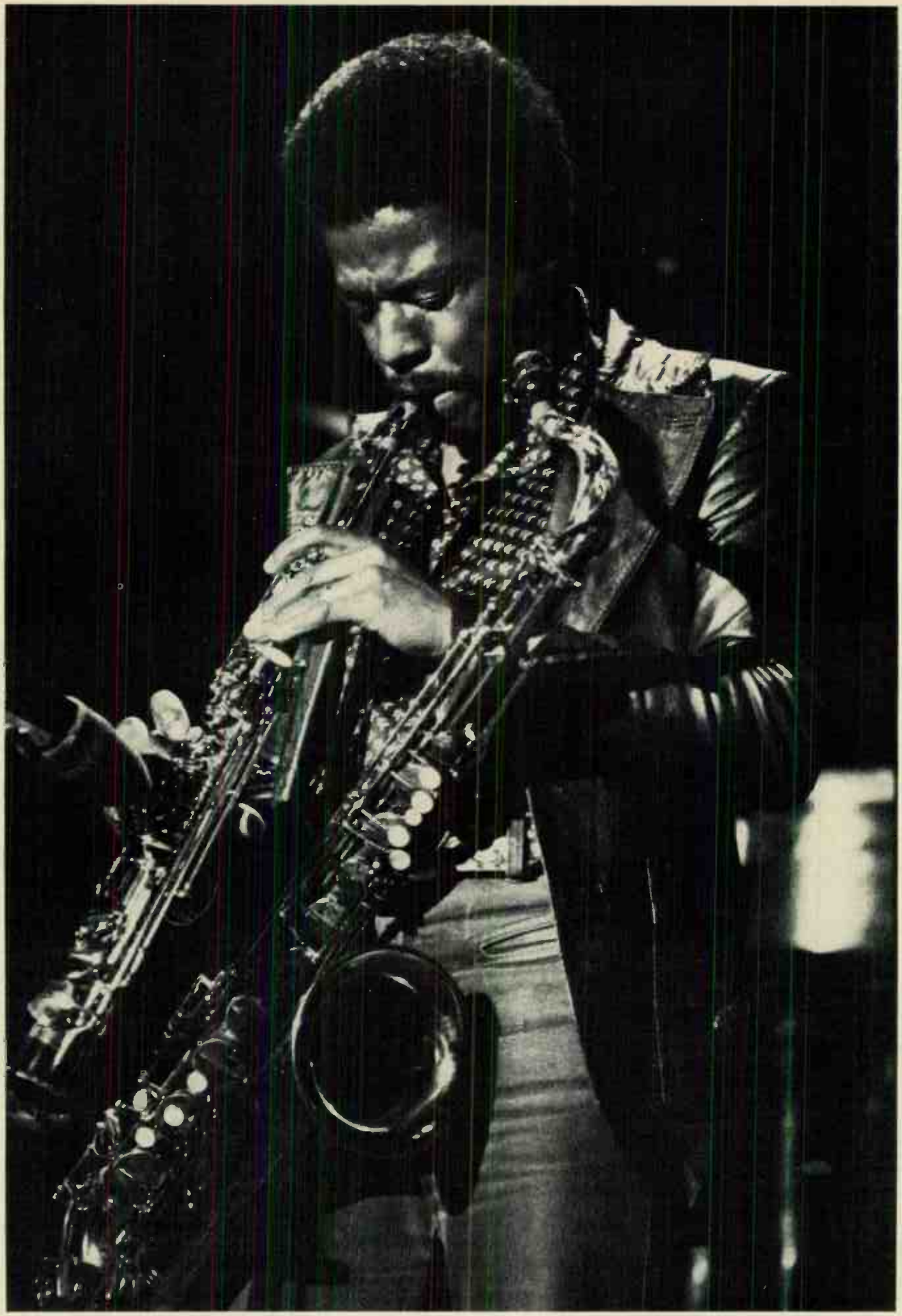
The "less is more" thing, that was quite right, because I was investigating some things. With a particular tone quality, you might not want to continue playing long, drawn out phrases. At some point the best part of the tone quality that you have *rings out*, but doesn't stay long; so my phrases were short for that search, that quest. Now, the audience may experience something different, because I'm right on top of a tone quality that's more conducive to "*more* is more." I'll probably be playing longer phrases, and that "less is more" formula will not apply to what's going to happen from this point on.

F-14

Improvising to me is like, say you're captain of a big commercial 300 passenger jet liner, improvising to me is like getting in a fighter plane. Same guy. No passengers. Solo! *So-low!* And going for total speed and destination. The trouble with being a big airliner, see, is you've got to regulate your speed, and regulate your destination. But when you improvise, ain't no room for passengers on that trip.

Sweet Science Swing

I'll tell you a funny thing. Joe saw me working out one time and he said he thought that if I had gotten into the ring to box,



TOM COPI

that I would've become a champion boxer. He felt the same way about himself, and about Miles, of course. I haven't seen them move like boxers, but what they do rhythmically — and what Sonny Rollins does — would make them good in the ring. And it's the same thing in reverse with a boxer, like Archie Moore. We used to correspond a lot, a whole lot, and I think Archie Moore would have been a good bass player or something like that. Some boxers I know, they *know* music.

The Spaceship

What makes me happier than anything? Music? No. When I see a lot of other people happy, like when I see the group now, and all our families. We've all come through a lot of personal things and we're holding together over the years. Families, domestic things — this makes me happy — everybody still pulling together like in a big spaceship of people and we all still have the individual things that we are, and we all overcome obstacles. That's the kind of happiness that keeps refueling itself. It can't be destroyed. Maybe it's someone overcoming something in the hospital, maybe it's someone overcoming something to write a composition, you take that and then you go out and play somewhere and you play with greater *gusto.*

Ana Maria Shorter Speaks

Ever since I was a girl, I've had a big passion for Miles. He calls from New York nearly every day. We talk to him. Maybe he and Wayne might rehearse something together over the phone. A few weeks ago, I called Miles at the studio. He played me a ballad, like I haven't heard him play for seven years. Well, I *screamed* and *cried* so loud. It was beautiful. And Miles said, "What a fool!" but then he went around telling everybody, telling the whole world, "Man, Ana Maria *cried*, Ana Maria cried." I did. I cried that day — it was one of the happiest days of my life. I was so happy to hear his life again, because that's what you hear in music: the essence of a life.

When I first met Wayne, he was real weird. I met him through his music, it was love at first listen. That told me a lot about the man, his music. Then I met him in person, at the Bohemian Caverns in Washington, he was playing with Miles. I was 18. I was after him, and when a woman is after a man it's only a matter of time until she gets what she desires. I'm from Lisbon, Portugal and I came from way far away to this country to meet Wayne Shorter, what else. Destiny. And I asked him to marry me. *I* asked, of course. He's not as weird any more; he's focused his life a little more, he's more in control.

He was drinking hard when he was with Miles. He'd sit up at the bar, ordering doubles and triples. Now mind you, he was a very quiet man. He kept everything inside himself. He was a very sad man — coming out of his first marriage — but he was writing beautiful music. Even after drinking, he'd pick up his horn and play the shit out of it. But later on, it began to affect him, and our marriage, and then I started to drink. And you can't have two. Wayne always told me being on the road is the loneliest thing; "It's lonely out there," he'd say. I guess drinking filled up that hole.

Wayne had a long drought. It was hard. He was entitled to it; he took the time to take care of other things in his life, away from music and Weather Report and whatever, and now he'll take those things with him. When I'm upstairs and I hear him downstairs and hear the music *pouring* out of him, I think, "MMMMMMM...Fantastic!" He gets up early, he's given up drinking. He hardly ever smokes a cigarette. He eats and writes music. You wait...he's gonna bombard the world again.

Wayne Again

I think the high point of my career is coming. Moments higher than before are coming, they're on the way already. I have two good horns now, I have the tools; and I have the valuable breakthroughs, crashes, changes, and turnovers in just my life that had to do with me, brought about by me, sifted out by me, and are all my responsibility from here on. I'm going up on Hill No. 5. I'm going for it now. Going for it the right way.

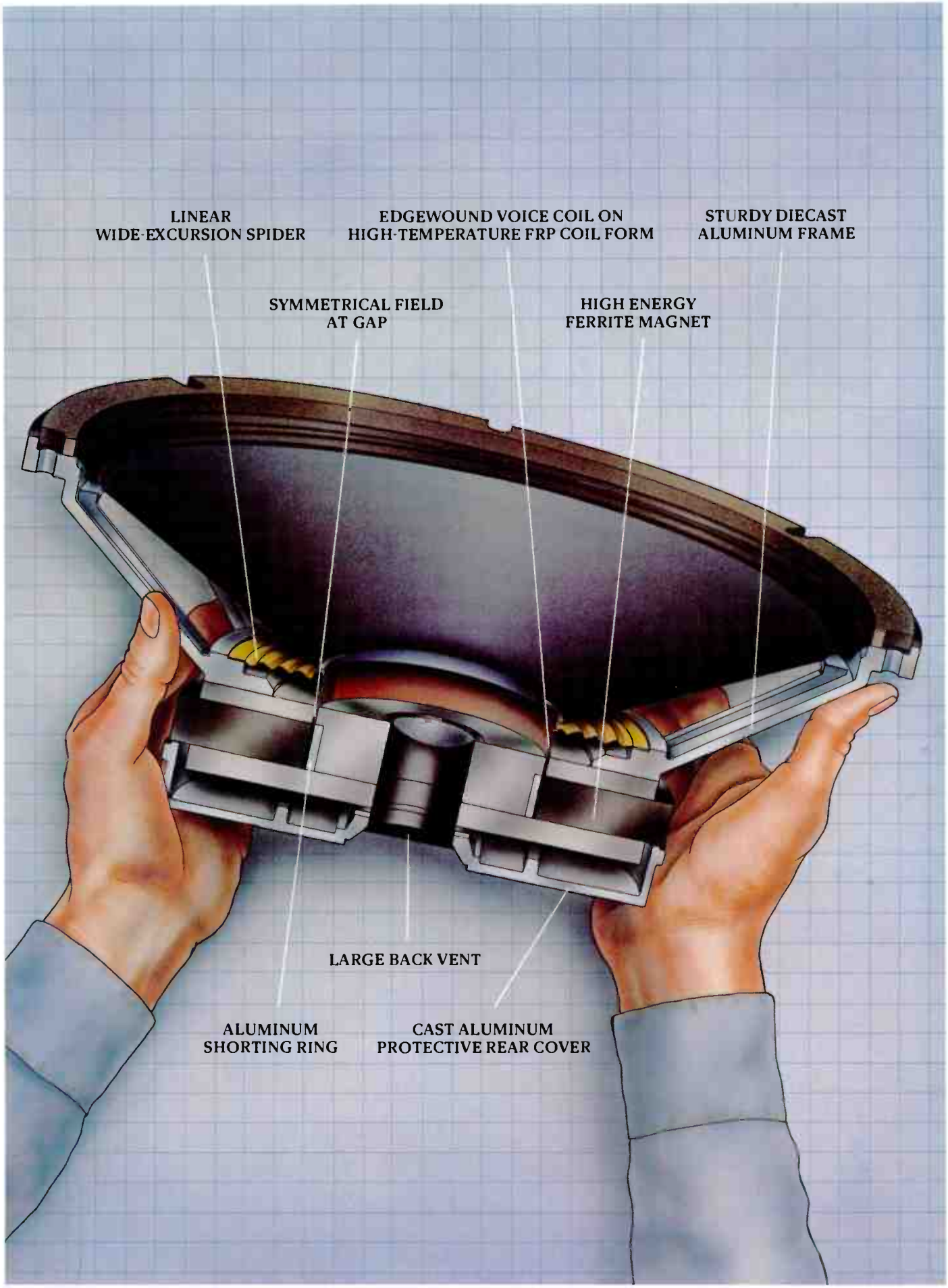
HOLD IT BEFORE YOU BUY SPEAKER COMPONENTS.

Buying professional speaker components has been a fairly standard procedure. Load up with your favorite standard and relax.

We want to make you a little nervous about that. Because staying with the standards could be a mistake.

Why? Simply put, we've got better speaker components to offer you. Better in ways you may not be aware of.

Here's your chance to find out what we mean. Read through this material. Then decide whether you want to stay with the standards. Or move ahead with Yamaha.



YAMAHA WOOFERS

Representing Yamaha's high technology and careful attention to quality control, these loudspeakers are consistently top performers. The 15" JA-3881 is ideally suited to musical instrument and sound reinforcement systems.The 15" JA-3882 features a symmetrical magnetic field, ultra-high-strength magnet and low-mass cone that make it an ideal choice for horn-loaded bass loudspeaker systems.

Powerful Ferrite Magnet Maintains High Efficiency

The motor assembly (magnet, magnetic assembly and voice coil) is the heart of a good loudspeaker. Yamaha woofers utilize specially formulated ferrite magnets, created in our own metallurgical processing plants.
A strong magnetic charge, plus inherently high retentivity, assure the speaker will retain its original efficiency even after hundreds upon hundreds of hours of high-power, high-temperature use.

Precision Magnet Assembly Concentrates Energy

Along with the magnet itself, the top plate, pole piece, and bottom plate constitute the "magnetic assembly." This assembly generates the magnetic field and guides the flux to the voice coil gap. Because we manufacture our speakers to precision tolerances, we are able to use narrower gaps, which concentrate more magnetic flux in the voice coil area. This ensures high efficiency so you get more sound per watt of amplifier power.

Symmetrical Magnetic Field Lowers Distortion

The JA-3882 utilizes a symmetrical field to maximize linearity (lower distortion) in high-accuracy sound systems; whereas the JA-3881 field is designed for ideal tone color in musical sound reinforcement systems.

Edgewound Voice Coils and FRP Forms for Power and Efficiency

Yamaha voice coils are edgewound and made of either copper (for its very high conductivity) or aluminum (for its low mass). The edgewound coils pack the most wire into a given cross-sectional area, and hence are more efficient than round wire designs. Yamaha's high-temperature FRP voice coil forms, which support the coils, have a low coefficient of expansion, so they are dimensionally stable. Also, unlike aluminum forms, Yamaha's are free of power-robbing eddy currents.

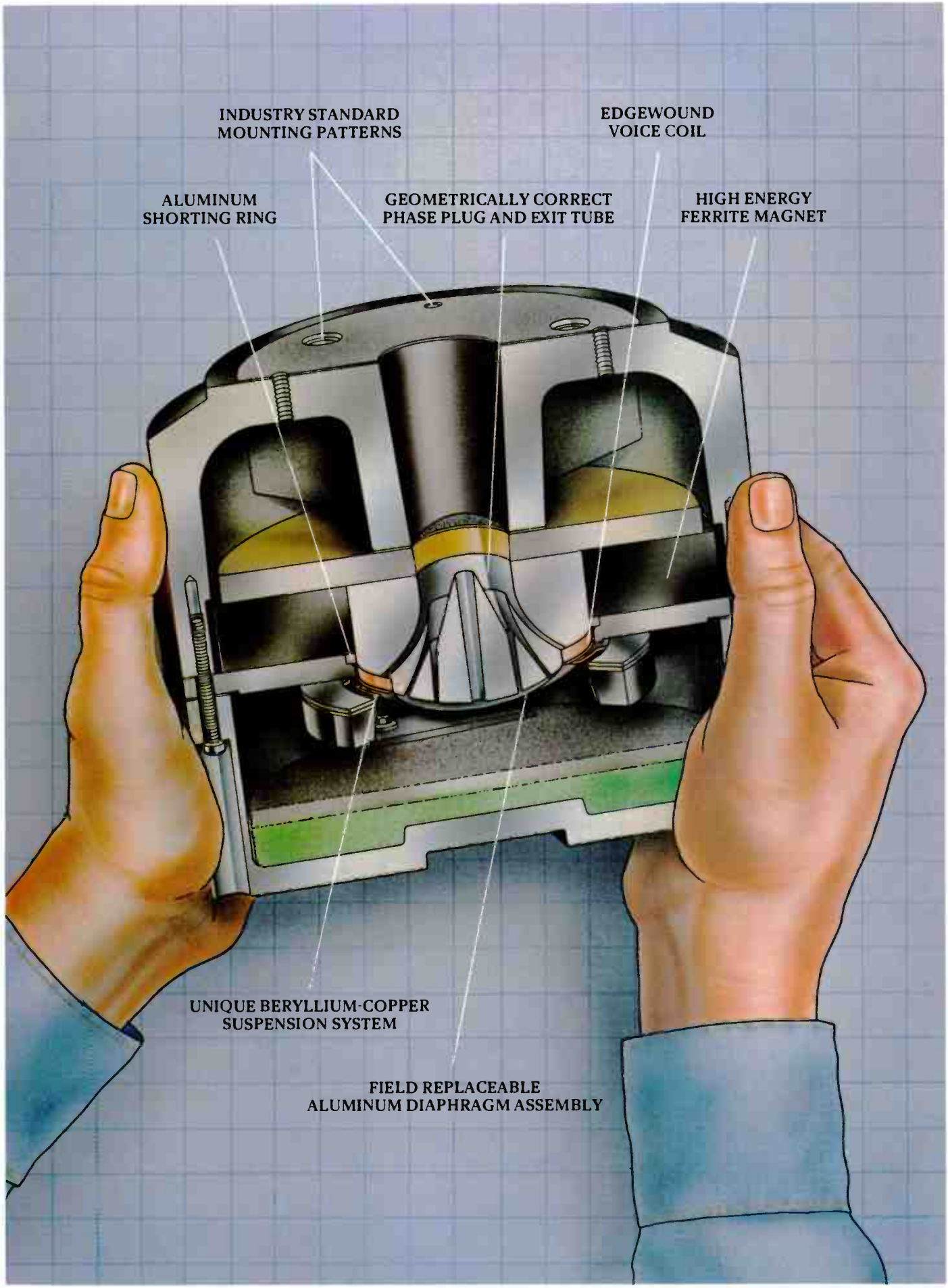
Cone and Suspension Linear Over Wide Dynamic Range

For greatest linearity and power handling capacity, the suspension (spider and surround) centers the cone in the voice coil while maintaining uniform tension at all times. This is achieved by carefully bonding to the cone a sine-wave patterned spider and a saw-tooth patterned surround—each made of a different fabric and impregnated with a different resin.

Diecast Aluminum Frame and Cover for Structural Integrity

Yamaha's rigid and structurally secure frame keeps the cone, voice coil and magnetic assembly in precise mechanical alignment. Even under the rugged conditions of a concert tour, the frame will not warp, twist or resonate. A large back vent relieves air pressure behind the cone cap and also improves cooling for sustained high-power handling.

YAMAHA



YAMAHA HIGH FREQUENCY COMPRESSION DRIVER

Yamaha's advanced technology, backed by decades of experience in the music industry, has produced the JA-6681B high frequency compression driver, a product with seemingly subtle improvements that make a not-so-subtle improvement in performance. The JA-6681B may be used as the mid or mid/high frequency component in two-way or multi-way sound systems.

Aluminum Diaphragm and Beryllium-Copper Suspension System

Yamaha's exclusive suspension consists of beryllium-copper fingers bonded to an aluminum diaphragm. The diaphragm is a pneumatically-formed aluminum dome whose rigidity and light weight provide optimum high frequency response with low distortion. The Be-Cu fingers precisely center the voice coil in the gap, a unique suspension which permits wide diaphragm excursion for high power handling, while maintaining excellent linearity for low distortion. Because severe high-power pulses do not cause the suspension to "take a set," the sound quality remains excellent throughout the life of the component.

Powerful Ferrite Magnet Maintains High Efficiency

Created in our own metallurgical processing plant, a custom formulated ferrite magnet provides the strong field essential to the driver's high efficiency. The magnet's inherently high retentivity ensures that the original strength will endure hundreds upon hundreds of hours of high-power, high-temperature use.

Aluminum Shorting Ring for Lower Distortion

The JA-6681B has a pure aluminum ring around the pole piece. The ring "short circuits" the local electrical currents (eddy currents) that invariably are induced due to the voice coil's rapidly changing magnetic field. Without a shorting ring, the flux density of the magnetic assembly would be "modulated" by the sound, causing distortion. The shorting ring therefore reduces distortion to a minimum.

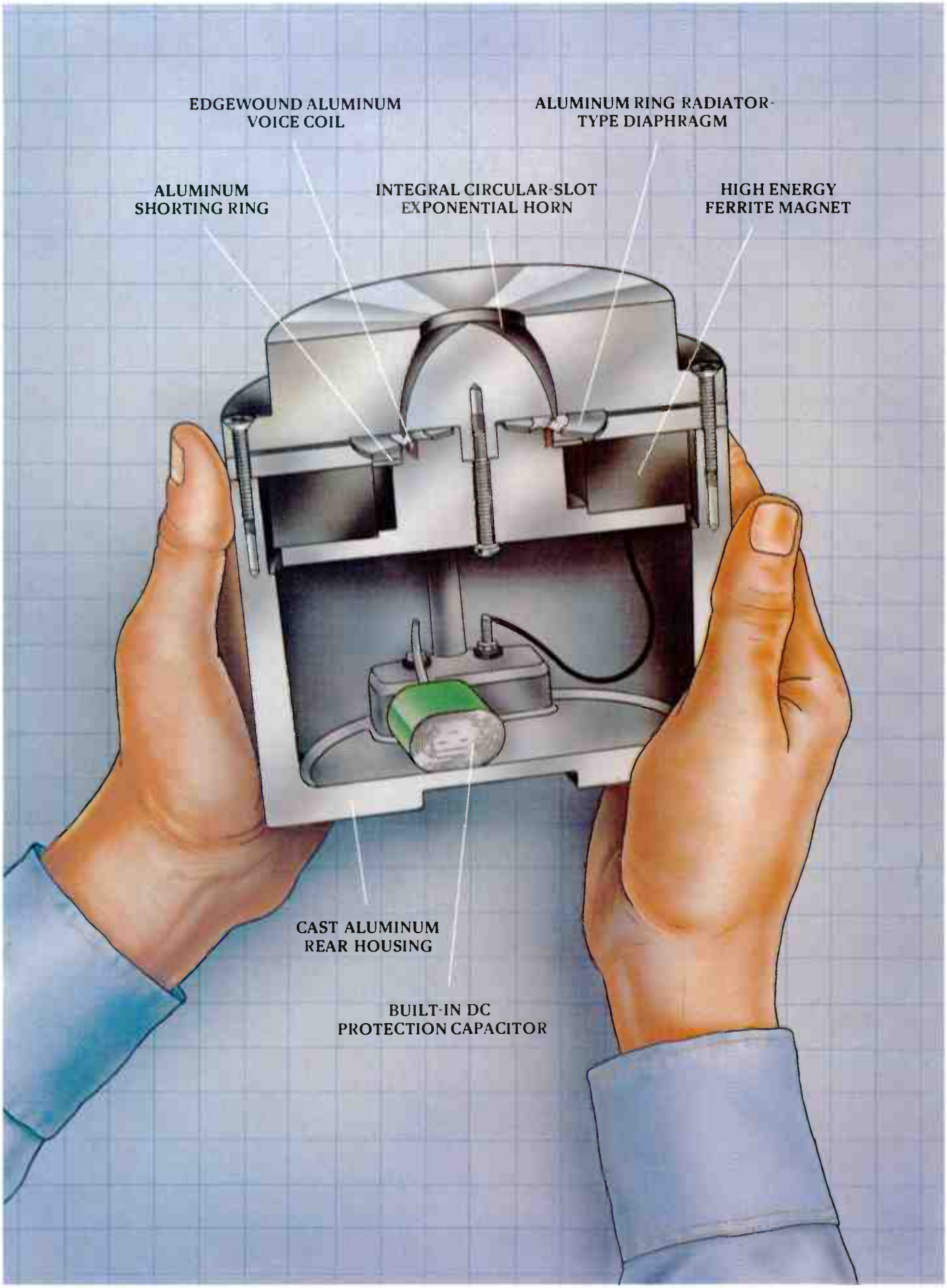
Geometrically Correct Phase Plug and Exit Tube

Yamaha's machined and diecast zinc-alloy phase plug gathers sound over the entire area of the diaphragm, bringing it together, in phase, at precisely the right point to form a coordinated wave front at the exit end of the driver. The exit tube couples the sound from the end of the phase plug to the beginning of the horn/adaptor assembly. The JA-6681B exit tube exactly matches the driver to the H-1230 horn, or to any other properly designed horn.

Cast Aluminum Housing

Yamaha's rigid diecast aluminum housing acts as a compression chamber which properly loads the diaphragm assembly. A combination of felt and foam damping material inside the housing avoids unwanted resonances. The housing also protects the diaphragm and magnetic assemblies from corrosion, dust and accidental damage.

YAMAHA



YAMAHA SUPERTWEETER

The Yamaha JA-4281B is a ring radiator-type compression tweeter. (The compression tweeter is a specialized compression driver with an integral diffraction horn.) At very high frequencies, a conventional dome would tend to break up and resonate, reducing the sound output and increasing distortion. Yamaha's JA-4281B substitutes a rigid aluminum ring for the dome, and thus produces high sound power at very high frequencies with low distortion.

Powerful Ferrite Magnet Maintains High Efficiency

A custom formulated ferrite magnet provides the strong field essential to the driver's high efficiency. The magnet's inherently high retentivity ensures that the original strength will endure hundreds upon hundreds of hours of high-power, high-temperature use.

Precision Magnet Assembly Concentrates Energy

This assembly generates the magnetic field and guides the flux to the voice coil gap—the relatively small area in which all the magnetic energy is needed. Because we manufacture our components to precision tolerances, we are able to use narrower gaps, which concentrates more magnetic flux in the voice coil area. This ensures high efficiency so you get more sound per watt of amplifier power.

The JA-4281B has a pure aluminum ring around the pole piece. The ring "short circuits" the local electrical currents (eddy currents) that invariably are induced due to the voice coil's rapidly changing magnetic field. The shorting ring therefore reduces distortion to a minimum.

Integral Diffraction Horn Matches Ring Radiator to the Acoustic Environment

The pneumatically formed aluminum ring radiator, with its anti-fatiguing aluminum compliance, is rigid and lightweight for the best frequency response and lowest distortion. The JA-4281B voice coil is edgewound and made of aluminum (for its high conductivity and low mass). The edgewound coil packs the most wire into a given cross-sectional area, and hence is more efficient than round wire designs.

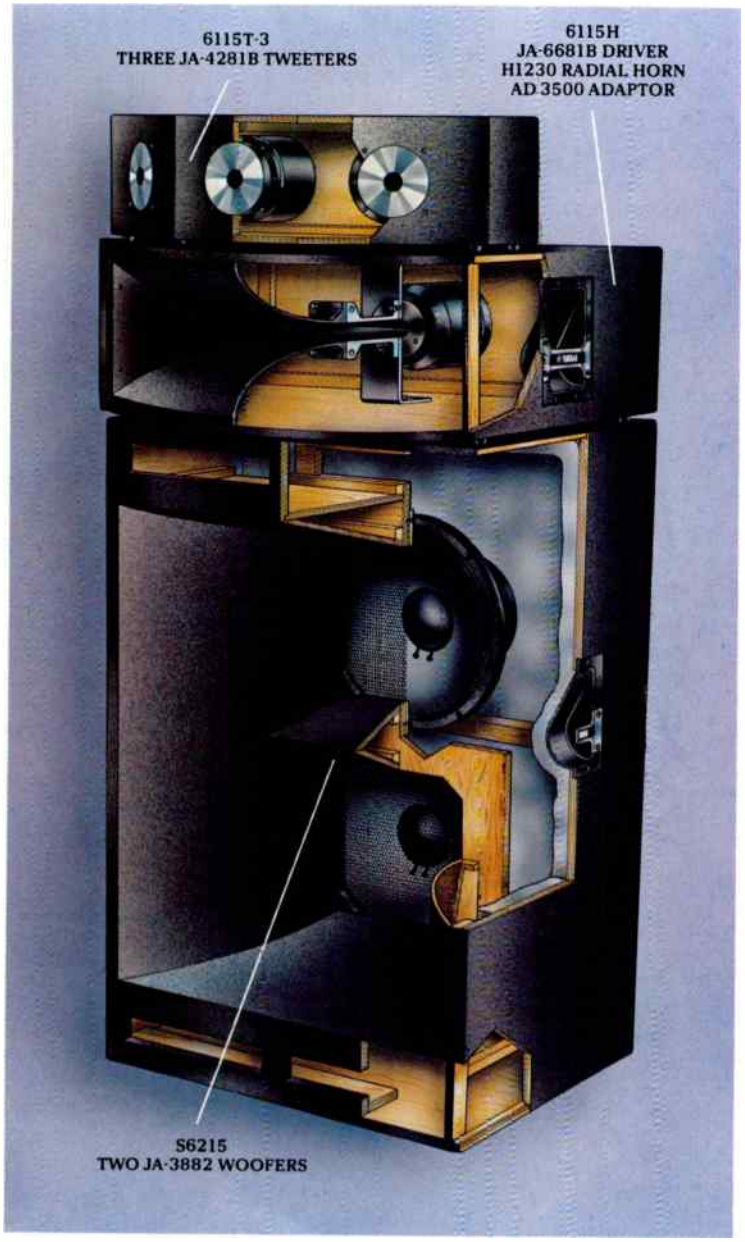
In the unlikely event of failure, the entire diaphragm assembly can be replaced in the field, in minutes, using common tools.

A circular slot-type exponential horn picks up the sound at the ring radiator diaphragm and acoustically couples it to the environment. The geometry of the diffraction slot (the exponentially expanding area between the bullet-shaped plug and the contoured front housing) permits wide coverage (120° @ 10 kHz) and properly loads the diaphragm.

Built-In DC Protection Capacitor

An 18,000 microfarad capacitor, located inside the driver, is wired in series with the voice coil. This blocks DC components from reaching the coil, thus lessening the chance of distortion or overheating in the event of amplifier malfunction. The capacitor is large enough so it does not affect response within the frequency range of the tweeter.

YAMAHA



S6215HT-3
MULTIPLE ENCLOSURE SYSTEM

Taken separately, Yamaha speaker components offer significant advantages. Put together in a Yamaha speaker system, these advantages combine to offer you professional sound that is unmatched by anything in the industry. The S6215HT-3 is an example of how these speaker components come together in a system. The system is modular, and the fully assembled enclosures are available separately.

Thiele-Small Aligned Design

The bass reflex enclosure has a computer-generated Thiele-Small aligned design giving optimum mid-efficiency and superior low-frequency loading.

Heavy-Duty, Roadworthy Features

The cabinets are made of 9-ply ¾" maple. All joints are lock-mitered and glue-blocked. All hardware on the rear panels is recessed. All handles are also recessed and are located at balance points for easy handling.

In the mid-range enclosure, the bottom, sides, and top are integrally tied to the horn and driver for maximum stiffness and light weight.

The system is loaded, painted, has feet and grilles, and is thoroughly tested and ready for high-performance sound reinforcement.

Now that you've heard what we have to say, listen to us. You'll hear what all this technology adds up to: better-sounding, more reliable speaker components and systems for your music. You'll be glad you held out until you got hold of Yamaha.

For more information, write: Yamaha, Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622. (In Canada: 135 Milner Ave., Scarborough, Ont. M1S 3R1).

YAMAHA

STEVE CARAWAY

AFTER MIDNIGHT WITH J.J. CALE

Not well known as the progenitor of many pop hits, J.J. Cale nonetheless thrives in a trailer in Anaheim with a "wet spell," a top selling imitator, and plenty of chicken fried steak.

By Dan Forte

"One day I was sitting at home, and the record company called and said, 'You've got a hit record. Why don't you get yourself a band and go out on the road and plug it?' I said, 'Well, if I have me a hit record, what do I have to plug it for?'"

J.J. Cale — he prefers John; most of his friends call him Cale — eased onto the charts in 1971 with a lazy shuffle called "Crazy Mama." Cale's whispered drawl over a restrained Jimmy Reed bass line sounded as foreign to AM radio then as it would today, but the single managed to slip onto the Top 40 after Eric Clapton had opened the door a year earlier by recording another Cale composition, "After Midnight."

Naturally, J.J. Cale's first album for Shelter Records, included "Crazy Mama" and a more laid-back Tulsa-ized arrangement of "After Midnight," and pretty much defined what has become known as the "Tulsa sound" in rock 'n' roll — bluesy, minor key tunes with only two or three chord changes, with a couple of faster country songs thrown in. The LP also established the guitarist as a prolific singer/songwriter, and initiated a sort of guru-disciple relationship between J.J. and Clapton that has continued to this day. To date, Clapton has recorded "After Midnight" three times, Cale's "Cocaine" twice, and "I'll Make Love To You Anytime." More significantly, the English guitar hero has himself penned several Cale-inspired compositions, including his hit single, "Lay Down Sally" and just about everything on his latest release, *Another Ticket*.

Though his albums and club appearances command a respectable cult following, J.J. Cale is known to the public primarily through other artists recording his material. Which is the way Cale likes it. He seldom gives interviews, and photographs of him are collectors items. "I don't keep that mystique about me to fool people," he explains; "that's to keep life comfortable. For my style, this is where I'd rather be."

Where Cale is at present is in his 23-foot trailer home, parked somewhere in Anaheim, California. After living in Tulsa, Oklahoma, for most of his life and settling in Nashville in recent years,

STEVE CARAWAY

The unlikely hitmaker who defined the "Tulsa sound" for its many imitators.

J.J. made the move to Los Angeles last year, for "several reasons. I didn't get *tired* of Nashville," he says, "but I got to where I didn't want to tour. The place was too comfortable. I'm a guitar player, man. Like Mick Jagger said one time, if you're a musician your home's a suitcase. I'm about as at home on the road now as I was in Nashville. I lived there for six years and put out five albums, and it was a great experience, but those days are over for me. I don't know whether I'll do better or worse — don't really care. I'm a free soul."

The move to L.A. has definitely had an effect on Cale's adrenalin. "You know how you hear someone say they're in a dry spell? Like, nothing comes. Seems like I'm in a wet spell now. I don't know why. You just reach a point where you have a lot of creative output."

Cale's last two albums, *5* and *Shades*, were released in relatively rapid succession — especially considering that he didn't record *Naturally* until he was 32 and it took him eight months to complete it. He didn't start cutting his next LP, *Okie*, until two years later.

And Cale is doing a lot more of what he's been doing for 25 of his 42 years, playing nightclubs. "Last night the club-owner came into the dressing room," he laughs, "and said, 'I heard that you wrote that song "Cocaine"!' Now this is the guy that hired me to come in there and play! I thought at least he would know who he was hiring. He don't know — nor does he care. I know I sit up there and play songs that I'm famous for by other people's recordings — 'Call Me The Breeze,' 'After Midnight' — and half the people in there think I'm doing Lynyrd Skynyrd and Eric Clapton songs. Of course, my versions are a little funkier and harder to take, but the original versions always are. Once you have the design — what I spent all my energy creating — then you can go ahead and improve on it. And that makes it more acceptable to the people who aren't music freaks."

Singing and writing songs are things Cale insists he does "out of necessity." If he had his way, he'd be perfectly content to just play the guitar. "I used to make my living doing that," he points out, "before I started writing songs. I was the guitar player back in the back. I didn't sing until I started writing songs, really, and I wouldn't have started then, but you can't write songs and not say something. I would have loved to have kept my mouth shut and played the guitar, but I never pulled that one off. I cut a bunch of guitar instrumentals back before I started singing and writing, and I couldn't give 'em to my mother."

J.J. describes the reaction to his first vocal attempts as "terrible. It still is, you know. I never considered myself a singer; it was a survival deal. Because if you're a great guitar player — I mean a *great* guitar player — it's hard to make a living. It's always been that way."

The guitarist describes the transition into songwriting as a "process that just evolved. I'll tell you how I started writing songs: You go to a nightclub, and the guy says, 'We want you to do the top ten songs.' So I'd go home and try to learn them, and I could get about three-fourths of them just like the records, but that other one-fourth I couldn't figure out. So I'd make up the fourth to try and keep gigs. Then it dawned on me — if I could make up the one-fourth, I could make up the whole thing. Of course, that took a few years."

Most of Cale's trademark songs are in minor keys and work around two or three chords, often variations on blues progression. "It's just based on a feel," he admits. "I don't write a whole lot of complicated stuff. Sometimes I'll play a riff and write words to it. For some time now I've written songs into a cassette recorder. Before that, I used to make tracks — get all the parts right, and then write the words to it. That's the way I wrote 'After Midnight.' It was an instrumental on some record I was trying to sell. I listened to it one day and wrote a poem to it.

"Probably 90% I write on guitar," he goes on, "the other 10% I write on piano. 'Cocaine' started out as a jazz song, in a Mose Allison bag, and I loved it there. I played it for my manager, Audie Ashworth, and he said, 'Boy, I really like that song. Put that in a rock 'n' roll bag, we can sell it.'"

Ashworth interjects: "I think Cale's jazz record on 'Cocaine' was probably better than the one we released."

"Probably," John agrees, "maybe looking at it on a long-shot it might be better. But right now, you know, if you want to get you a chicken fried steak, it was better for it in rock 'n' roll. You see, this is also a business. You don't do things you don't like, really, you just mod-

continued on pg. 101

"The closest damn thing."

We were recently lucky enough to catch Doug Kershaw on tour. After his show at Harrah's at Lake Tahoe he talked to us about his new Bose® sound system, which consists of four Bose 802 speakers, a Bose PM-2 Powermixer, and a Bose 1800 power amplifier. He's been using the system to amplify his electric fiddle, squeeze box, electric guitar, and vocals.

Q: Doug, you've been playing for a long time. I'll bet you've tried a lot of different kinds of sound gear, haven't you?

Kershaw: Yes, I've used lots of different things and I've spent a lot of time developing my sound. Even then, I could never quite get what I was looking for. But my new Bose system is the closest thing to what I want. The closest damn thing.

Q: What differences have you noticed since you started using the Bose system?

Kershaw: For one thing, it doesn't hurt my ears. You know, I've used some big speakers that have almost busted my ears. I've even put my foot through a few of them. But this is a true sound. It sounds just like my fiddle, no matter how loud I turn it up.

Q: Have you found that you have changed your playing in any way because of how the 802s perform for you?

Kershaw: The attack is easier. It's just easier.

If a Bose system makes it easier for Doug Kershaw, you might find that it can do the same for you. Visit a Bose Pro Products dealer soon and try one out.

BOSE®

Better sound through research.

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

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

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Phone ( )_____

MUSIC AND VIOLENCE

E UNDER THE PALMS

All Photos By Ann Summa

A SURVEY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PUNK

By Mikal Gilmore

"I can't imagine something like the Sex Pistols being played here in California. Their kind of sound just doesn't make sense in a place where everybody wears suntans and drives around in nice convertibles. I mean, you hear Boz Scaggs or the Eagles when you're riding down the freeway and it just sounds so right. Punk rock would be really out of place here."
— Graham Parker, interview for *Musical Notes*, 1976

Q: *"What's the pent-up aggression: what's that about?"*
A: *"Well, with me it just comes from living in the city and seeing everything—seeing all the ugly old people and just stuff like the buses and just the dirt. That's what I see all the time... I just think about that. So when I go there* [to a punk concert] *I can get out some aggression maybe by beating up some asshole."*
— excerpt from the Penelope Spheeris film, *The Decline... of western civilization*, 1980

IN the sprawling webwork of riches and dread that is Los Angeles these days, few people live out their caprices more colorfully or more fiercely than the punks—as if they were hell-bent on defacing the city's pacific gloss, or simply underscoring its balled-up artistic and ethical climate. In a sense, punk in California has always been something of a paradox: the city's self-possessed stylishness and cold-blooded opulence are so steady, so pervasive, that anyone who attempts to assert rage or ugliness as aesthetic values can't help seeming a bit misplaced, if not just plain pretentious. But there is an inescapable rightness about what the punks are doing in Southern California. In a place where one of the most widely held ambitions is leisure, and the most commonly respected product of art is prosperity, some of the few voices that make much moral difference at all are the ones that blazon hostility.

In any case, punk—as a digression in culture or community, more than an adventure in music or art—is flourishing in Los Angeles as it

continued on next page

has in no other place outside of London. In fact, Los Angeles may be the one place where punk has come closest to living up to its name—the one place where, as David Byrne noted in the May issue of *Musician*, "you find punks who really are punks: Mean as Hell, and not just the creators of an interesting persona." It's as if all the spike-haired, skin-headed, self-styled guttersnipes you see haunting the streets and clubs here were devoted to carrying out what they perceive as punk's first and foremost possibilities: namely, artful nihilism and studied primitivism.

It's that fondness for the ignoble that helps give L.A. punk its nasty streak. In his essay about British punk in *The Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll*, Greil Marcus noted: "By far the most violent in appearance and rhetoric of any musical movement, punk was probably the least violent in fact—though by far the most violence was directed against it." Los Angeles, it seems, is the place where the punks even the score.

For the most part, the violence is confined to a thuggish little ritual called, quite aptly, slam dancing: dancers gather into kinetic clusters and collide and rebound off one another like pool balls caroming around a snookers table. To most observers, it resembles a microcosmic version of pandemonium. (The music for these melees—a rabid, samely version of early monorhythmic, nonmelodic punk, usually dispensed by Fear, Black Flag, the Circle Jerks or other gothic posturers—is both prompting and incidental: merely a relentless agitating soundtrack or backdrop for the real performers, the audience.)

Sometimes the dancing turns into communal violence. What might begin as a shoving or jeering match between some punks or punks and outsiders can turn hurriedly into a mob action, with half a dozen or so partisans leaping into the fracas, drubbing their hapless target into a bloodied, enraged wreck. Often, scrambles will sweep across the whole breadth of a club or ballroom floor, touching off eruptions of chaos like a chain-blaze in a dry timberland.

Some observers I know have described these flare-ups as essentially the celebrative rites of a community defining itself; others have charged that the media has hyperbolized the whole scene. I don't think either of those claims is entirely true: punk violence is far from being the most troubling form of violence in Los Angeles today—after all, this is a place where the police force is almost never censured for its shootings of citizens and suspects—but what goes on in the clubs here isn't anything particularly festive or transcendent. It's simply a demonstration of would-be miscreants trying to make a shared style out of accepted notions of alienation and despair.

So what is it about the promised land that inspires so much enmity among its children? Craig Lee (a Los Angeles-based journalist who has played drums and guitar for Catholic Discipline and the Alice Bag Band, and currently plays in the Boneheads) did a nice succinct job of summing up the partisan's point of view in a recent article about surf punks for *L.A. Weekly*: "The English press has often snidely alluded to punk in L.A. being a farce, not like the London scene that grew from a revolt against a life of lower class drudgery. But facing a sterile, anonymous life in suburbia is as depressing to some kids as facing a life of dull labor and low wages is to the English punks."

I have my own view of the subject, which is simply that when you're trying to act out dreams of desperateness in a place where those dreams aren't intrinsic, then you just have to act a little harder and a little tougher. After all, it's a great kick, a great fancy of revolt, to feign hopelessness in a place just drowning

Dancers at the Starwood do the "Huntington Beach Strut," aka "slam dancing," a thuggish little ritual in which dancers collide and rebound off each other like rabid billiard balls.

with hope. When the passion and the moment fade, the punks can always kick back and settle into the subliminal, lulling rhythm of the city. That cadence of insensibility has been what's always kept time here: it has even, in its own way, given the punks their momentum, and eventually it will defeat and outlast them. Undoubtedly, that will make some of the scene's detractors fairly happy. But for the rest of us, those few voices of outrage that startle this vast, unconcerned cityscape are something we'll miss terrifically.

What follows is a chorus of opinions about the Los Angeles punk scene by three writers who have perused and reviewed the city's music for some time.

Chris Morris is the music columnist for the Los Angeles edition of *The Reader*. Ken Tucker is the rock critic for the *Herald Examiner*. Steve Pond is an assistant editor for *Rolling Stone*.

Tucker may have summed the whole scene up best in a *Village Voice* column: "For a town that considers Eve Babitz a major prose stylist, Barney Miller classic TV, and Tom Bradley an effective mayor, Los Angeles has the local bands it deserves."

PUNK VINYL

By Chris Morris

In case you haven't noticed out there in Minnesota, we're now in Phase Two of the Los Angeles Punk Rock Saga, a period that might be summed up as "let's put out a record and see if anyone outside of Orange County buys it." A year ago, there existed documentation of various hard-core punk bands—the Germs' *Germ (GI)*, with the late Darby Crash as a demented Audie Murphy; the Flesh Eaters' shrill, dumb-ass homages to Verlaine on *Ask No Questions*; anthology albums like *Tooth and Nail*—but they made no impact beyond each band's tiny cult.

The records were slapdash, and since this music isn't about music at all—fashion, privilege, and solipsism are more overriding concerns—the media-hyped myths were being forged not in the studio but in the nightclubs, where punch-outs were common etiquette and encores were frequently performed not by the headliners, but by the L.A.P.D.

What changed all of this was X's album *Los Angeles* (Slash Records), both for what it sold (50,000 and counting) and for how it sounded (professional). Like a lot of radical rockers, it's taken the L.A. punks a long time to learn that they're not compromising their anarchistic integrity by making sure that the bass guitar is plugged in, and X taught them that lesson.

X is the best L.A. punk band because it has the most to say and the most ways to say it. For intentional minimalism, though, the prize goes to the Adolescents, who reduce things down to a single cell: their song "Amoeba" became a concert anthem for slam-dancers hoping to subdivide themselves. Now comes a whole Adolescents album, and it offers a brutally succinct position paper on punk issues. *Adolescents* (Frontier Records) has nothing to offer in the way of guitars 'n' drums that you haven't heard from any number of one-minute punk toughs, but this quintet does have Themes: they hate children ("I Hate Children"), they hate girls ("You'd fuck any guy in town...Why the hell do you hang around"), they hate government (Did you really think you could make it big/Living among those nuclear pigs?"—very nice phrase, that last one), they hate their fellow adolescents ("I'm not accepted by my peers — so what?").

If any of those lines strike you as amusing, that's good, because while their chords are tedious, the Adolescents have a spikey sense of irony, humor, and even sincerity that may signal a healthy self-consciousness on the part of other young bands. The high point of *Adolescents* proves to be its longest, most sophisticated piece of music that reveals an ambition that's as anomalous to the Scene as it is gratifying: "Kids of the Black Hole" offers high, keening Byrdsian guitar strumming

Sepulveda or Saigon? Alexander Haig: "Can't we find these boys a war to fight? This is cannon fodder going to waste."

that gets faster and more desperate as the boys arrive at a final, genuinely scary couplet: "Pushing all the limits to a point of no return/Trashed beyond belief to show the kids don't wanna learn."

The Adolescents never get as good as this again on their album, and neither do most of the other L.A. punk records, to put it mildly. The Penelope Spheeris film *The Decline ..of western civilization* is a vivid depiction of Hollywood ennui, but the soundtrack album on Slash Records is for masochists only, spearheaded as it is by the town's most blithely offensive bunch, Black "White Minority" Flag, punks to do Alexander Haig proud, just politically hip enough so that I fully expect their next release to be a ditty praising the Salvadorean death squads.

On the other hand there's T.S.O.L. (the group name stands for "True Sons Of Liberty"); the back of their five-song EP on Posh Boy Records closes with the liner note "God Bless America." Far from being speed-freak John Birchers, however, T.S.O.L. write songs supporting the Polish struggle, advise the "Silent Majority" to wake up, entitle one tune "Property is Theft" and conclude "Superficial Love" with the line "President Reagan can shove it." Once again, the music is little more than a gray screech, but both Hollywood and the hard-core punk scene are so reactionary that leftist rants like T.S.O.L.'s may be the newest thing in outrage; how's that for convolution?

For people who still dye their hair in primary colors, the L.A. punks are a singularly humorless bunch, and examples of real jokes in this music are rare. The Angry Samoans are a half-parody, half-horror outfit led by a couple of once-and-future gonzo rock critics, Gregg Turner and Metal Mike Saunders. As

you might expect from such post-verbals, the Samoans know how to tip their two-chord anger over into parody. Their six-song record *Inside My Brain* (Bad Trip Records) is repulsively hostile to women and unsparing toward punk stupidity in songs like "Right Side of My Brain" and a vendetta against L.A. deejay Rodney Bingenheimer called "Get Off the Air." Better still is another six-song EP on Posh Boy by a band called Red Cross featuring jokers from Black Flag and the Circle Jerks; the high point of this one is "Cover Band:" "We're just a cover band...We can't rock worth shit."

All of the records described thus far contain scant, rare pleasures: a funny line, an ambitious moment, a scary sentiment. In short, it's not advisable to waste money on any of them, unless you're into sociological documents. The last two albums here, however, are something else: sustained, occasionally brilliant work.

The inner sleeve of the Flesh Eaters' *A Minute to Pray, A Second to Die* (Ruby Records) has a drawing that's an elaborate parody of Aubrey Beardsley: a black, bejewelled queen swathed in velvet robes and crucifixes, holding a tiny baby stiff as a doll, wearing its own enormous crown. A similarly ornate absurdity suffuses the Flesh Eaters' lyrics, by group leader-producer Chris Desjardins, whose shrieking vocals tear and pull at the thick swirl of music unfurled by this band of L.A. all-stars, including John Doe and Don Bonebrake of X, and Dave Alvin and Bill Bateman of the good neo-rockabilly group the Blasters.

Whenever Desjardins' voice isn't too prominent, the Eaters make dense, roiling music whose curt punk chordings are decorated by saxophones and maracas. To Desjardins' tedious schoolboy surrealisms (including song titles like "Digging My Grave" and "See You in the Boneyard," *not* intended as parodies, apparently), the band makes truly unsettling music full of coarse rhythms surmounted by hot, burly tunes. The Flesh Eaters' adherence to a hard beat even as they improvise freely from the melody renders *A Minute to Pray, A Second to Die* the first punk-bop album.

Finally, there's X's triumphant second album *Wild Gift* (Slash), a record of impeccable symbolism: 13 songs of bad luck; of frank desperation stated loudly and clearly; of a longing for calmer times cast in an updating of the most quaint rock genre ever conceived: rockabilly.

THE DECLINE... OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

By Steve Pond

Michelle's parents were in China and Darby, Donnie, Pinky and Gary were staying over when they found the dead painter in the back yard. Giggling, Michelle tells how they got out Donnie's camera, lay on the ground and took these family-like pictures. It was real funny. And Michelle didn't feel bad. Not at all, she grins—she hated painters. Boyfriend Darby has been listening dispassionately to the whole story; at this, he turns to stare into the camera and quietly rolls his eyes.

So goes one of the many illuminating moments in *The Decline... of western civilization*, Penelope Spheeris' compelling documentary look at seven Los Angeles punk bands and their audience. Without trying to explain anything, the movie's full of revelatory little glimpses: while the rest of the band X tattoos each other, lead singer Exene reads aloud from her extensive collection of religious pamphlets between loud hiccups, and guitarist Billy Zoon does some virtuoso ear-wiggling; conducting a guided tour of the former Methodist Church where he rents a tiny room for $16 a month, Black Flag's Puerto Rican singer, Ron Reyes, breaks into a happy chorus of *West Side Story*'s "I like to live in A-mer-ree-ca;" a Cro-Magnon oaf named Michael, who's shaving an X in his scalp and likes to beat people up ("It's something I'm good at"), is asked about girls. "Girls are *terrible*," he grimaces, then breaks into a horse laugh.

In a genre—rock and roll movies—noted for slapdash efforts, and a subject matter—punk/new wave—usually presented with borderline incompetence, Spheeris' witty, provoking film stands out the way the best of this music would if it ever made it onto the airwaves alongside Rush and Christopher Cross; it's the closest thing to a sane, non-hysterical look at a violent and confusing scene that we're ever likely to see. Certainly, Spheeris is affectionate toward her subjects: she treats X with near-reverence, announcing their entrance with a portentous shot of the flaming cross that adorns their first album cover and lavishing loving attention on the tools used in their gruesome do-it-yourself tattooing ritual. But nobody here is lionized. The late Darby Crash comes into clearer focus than any other individual as he makes a bacon-and-eggs breakfast, plays with his pet tarantula and staggers blindly across a Germs stage; even so, Darby seems like little more than the high school nerd who turned his ineptness into cool without quite understanding what he was doing. ("Cool" is a surprisingly coveted virtue in this crowd, often used by people like Exene and a defiantly blank skinhead named Eugene to explain themselves.)

The bands emerge from *The Decline* looking a lot better than the fans, whether those fans are seen battering each other in claustrophobic shots of the brawling pits in front of the stage, or isolated in a stark black and white to answer questions. "All the time, I'm just fucking bummed," says Eugene. "Living in this city, seeing all the ugly old people, the...buses, and the dirt." Far more than Exene or Darby or Fear's Lee Ving, Eugene and Michael have the unsettling faces you'll take home after this film.

All that aside, it still helps to approach the movie with a fondness for L.A. punk. This is, after all, a film of over a dozen performances, and those performances—monochromatic and spotty as they can get—could be unqualified tedium to a casual observer not interested in learning, say, that Catholic Discipline is the most pretentious band here, X the most professional, the Germs the most in need of the subtitles occasionally supplied, and Fear the most hilariously scabrous (the Alice Bag Band, Black Flag and the Circle Jerks also appear). But a fine sense of pacing eases most of those problems, and Fear takes the whole mess to its logical extreme for a fitting capstone. Lee Ving insults and baits the crowd into open violence; after a dozen bouncers clear the stage of the fans he's incited, he launches into "I Love Living in the City:" "My home smells just like a zoo/It's chock full of shit and puke." And then—looking a little bit and sounding *exactly* like Sesame Street's Cookie Monster—he manhandles the national anthem. "O'er the land of the free," he bellows. "And the ho-o...-mos, too."

Top of the punk pops: Ron Reyes of Black Flag, L.A.'s most blithely offensive band, baits and insults the crowd into taking action while Exene, figurehead of X and owner of a large collection of religious pamphlets, prepares to sing her blockbuster hit, "When Our Love Passed Out on the Couch."

Thus Billy Zoom's delicate curlicued guitar lines are pushed to the forefront of X's sound, where they nestle alongside the harmonies of Exene and bassist John Doe; behind them, Don Bonebrake's drums splash and spatter. The result is a tough headlong music of immediate appeal; as bleak and troubled as X's worldview is, it's never offputting or even depressing—there are too many wrenching guitar hooks, too many sweetly sour harmonies by John and Exene, to resist.

Wild Gift extends X's command of genre—there's even a calypso version of one of their earliest songs, "Adult Books"—but even their narrowest music has beguiling power, and I'm now certain that this band writes more interesting lyrics (elliptical, poetic, sexy, spontaneous) than any other rough rock band around. No matter whether you base your interest in rock 'n' roll in the Stones or Janis Joplin or Springsteen, I don't see how you could fail to be intrigued by a terse anthem-chant like "We're Desperate" ("get used to it" is the punchline) or a song title like "When Our Love Passed Out on the Couch." This is music rooted in the most interesting paradox that exists in rock music these days: an ebullient art whose subject matter is abject despair. Tom Bradley should give them the key to the city, but they'd probably ask for a lifetime bus pass instead.

CALIPHOBIA CORRECTED

By Ken Tucker

If you're a moderately well-informed music lover who gets a fix on the rock 'n' roll world from such New York-based journals as *Rolling Stone, The Village Voice*, or *New York Rocker*, your impression of a typical night in a Los Angeles rock club may run something like this:

Up on the stage, a quartet of unschooled teenage players

A common ritual is passing the punk around, while the Adolescents sing their classic, "Kids of the Black Hole." Below, while some rockers such as Tom Petty fear being pulled apart by the hordes, Exene, lead singer of X, swan dives into the third row.

crank out a burst of overamped speed-laced pogoscreech; the lyrics are garbled and unintelligible, and no song lasts longer than a minute and a half. On the dance floor, a surly, drunken, unruly mob of leather-bedecked, mohawk-headed beach kids scramble, shamble, crunch, punch, and throttle their way across the floor in a slam-dancing frenzy. They pause occasionally to gang up on and punch out an outnumbered longhair or two, assault the stage and leap off of it, or scale a balcony and swan-dive head-first back into the crowd.

Scenes like the one above do in fact occur in the L.A. clubs, but the rivers of ink expended on the new beach invasion by Caliphobic East Coast writers have resulted in nothing more than a sad, and sometimes willful, misrepresentation of the current state of Los Angeles rock.

The reporting on the recent surge of beach-punk violence in L.A. clubs has been infuriating on a number of counts. Some of the writing has been outright fabrication; the term "slamming," used to describe the body-contact dance style favored by the beach audience, was in fact concocted by a *Los Angeles Times* staffer (the kids themselves call their dancing the "HB [Huntington Beach] Strut"). Reporters have leaned heavily on the wild-youth aspects of the story, but to date not one writer has ventured out of West Hollywood to investigate the scene in the coastal towns to the south of the city that spawned the phenomenon. That tedious chore was left to filmmaker Penelope Spheeris, who included some striking interviews with punk fans in her documentary *The Decline...of western civilization.*

Rock 'n' roll hooliganism has been great copy since Bill Haley's heyday, and the beach punk scenario of bored suburbanites on a rampage does bear similarity to the situation outlined in the 1955 Nicholas Ray-James Dean opus *Rebel Without A Cause.* Punk rioting, now and always, makes for good copy, but that's not all there is to Los Angeles rock today.

Los Angeles has a big, highly active club scene, with venues dotting the landscape from seaside Santa Monica to the East L.A. barrio. Local bands are well represented on the national labels, but a number of small independents—Slash, Bomp, Rhino, Frontier, Voxx, Rollin' Rock, Happy Squid, and many others—have been quite aggressive in putting L.A.

continued on page 122

Winding up for the pitch.

Now you can give it the ol' fast arm. With revolutionary new Crank Machine Heads* by Gibson. They're so unique, we're making them **exclusively** Gibson. Each tuner has a winding lever tucked right in. When you're performing, it stays out of sight. But when you're ready to re-string, you get the extra pull you need to get tuned up quicker.

New Crank Machine Heads by Gibson. Just flip 'em out. Wind up for the pitch. And you're ready to play.

*Patent Applied For

P.O. Box 100087, Nashville, Tennessee 37210

Gibson

It holds tight when you let loose.

A strap that slips off can mean the end of a great guitar. Not to mention a great performance. But conventional strap locks don't always stay secure . . . especially if you don't stay in one place. Now there's a strap snap solution. The revolutionary Gibson Posi-Lok™ strap lock. Elongated instead of circular, so it fastens across the strap slit. It won't let go no matter what position you play in. The Gibson Posi-Lok. Because you can't move freely unless you're strapped in right.

P.O. Box 100087, Nashville TN 37210

Gibson

Not just a bridge. A threeway overpass.

A bridge can only cross between two places, right? Not anymore. Introducing the new Gibson **3-Point** Tune-O-Matic Bridge.* Now you not only have individual string gauge control, you actually choose the bridge location. Underneath are three positioning holes on each side for nine position possibilities. The design is so revolutionary, we've applied for a patent. When it comes to personalized tuning, our strong point is three points . . . the Gibson **3-Point** Tune-O-Matic Bridge.

Gibson

*Patent Applied for

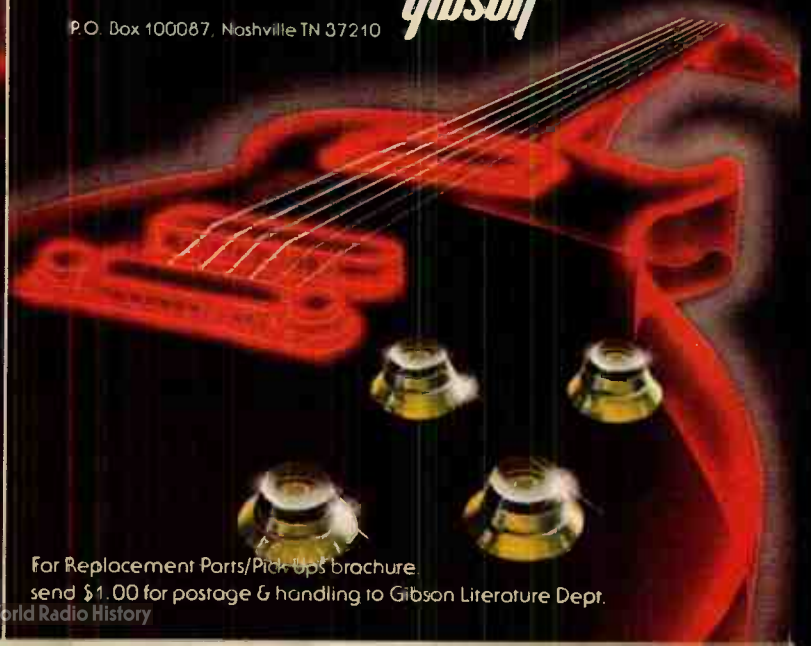
P.O. Box 100087, Nashville, Tennessee 37210

The ol' top hats are back.

Back when rock was wearing bobby socks and blue suede shoes, conventional gold tapered "top hat" knobs were part of the original 1959 Gibson Les Paul guitar. Times have changed, and that 1959 model has become a collector's item. But now you can turn up with a little of the Les Paul tradition on your guitar. Because those ol' top hats are back. With the same warm good looks they had in 1959. Just ask for LP '59 Knobs by Gibson. More than replacement parts. They're parts of a legend.

Gibson

P.O. Box 100087, Nashville TN 37210



For Replacement Parts/Pick-Ups brochure, send $1.00 for postage & handling to Gibson Literature Dept.

here's your rising organ line right where it belongs, here's the odd bit of vocal growl in perfect good taste. Kihn has all the tools he needs but the confidence to take several giant steps away from textbook pop.

To listen to Willie Nile is to be on the edge of your seat, waiting for the random lick or lyric image that propels a song abruptly forward—not so unlike Dylan, Springsteen or first-album Steve Forbert, to whom he's frequently compared. (His debut LP of last year was outstanding.) With *Golden Down*, though he still has a stoking band and a certain grandness in his writing, he nestles into an echelon considerably below them.

Nile starts this second album with an embarrassingly hackneyed image: "I am a poor boy from the other side of town/I shovel black coal and I watch the sun go down/Beyond the crooked streets of pain and misery/There is a girl who is waiting there for me..." This is not songwriting—it's imitation of, or homage to songwriting, and if Loudon Wainwright delivered it with a couple winks and grimaces, who could stifle a laugh?

There are nine songs here; here's how five of them start: "I am...I can't...I like...I was...I saw..." The formula starts to wear thin, even with a butt-rocking band of New York New Wave graduates like Willie's got. There are a couple of nice images—the singer's baby walking down the street like a "hand grenade with the pin pulled out," the singer inviting a Parisian gendarme to twist—but most of the material comes right off the folk-rock scrapheap. Willie Nile looks and sounds like a scrapper, and that's lucky, because he better fight off those cliches before they bury him.

two tracks, is almost as compelling as *Second Edition*, but it is the de-emphasis of the lyrics which most helps dissolve Lydon into this newly unified PiL. Generic emotion (file under "dread" like last time) has replaced specific character study, with vague words wholly reliant on the music for meaning. The results can be disappointing not only to followers of the cult-of-personality (like yours truly) but also to anyone hoping for language as inventive as that on *Second Edition*. (Here there are actually lines like "doom sits in gloom in his room.") Also, when Lydon pronounces certain negative words ("destroy," "vile," "stinking"—take your pick), it sometimes seems like an empty parody of his former self.

Still, most of the lyrics at least rate as appropriately atmospheric, and the new, more purely musical group has its own rewards. The almost English traditional percussion of "Phenagon" or what sounds like insects masticating in "Four Enclosed Walls" are all organically matched to Lydon's warbles, establishing a mood of truth. An undeniable horror world is created—one which truly has no past and no future. — *Jim Farber*

Santana
Zebop! (Columbia)

With *Zebop!*, Santana has added a new groove to its stylistic arsenal that rests comfortably somewhere between such classic English rock influences as Traffic and Genesis and the Afro-Cuban fusion that has always been the group's *modus operandi*. The results are mixed, but the strategy that Carlos and co-producer/manager Bill Graham have in mind is clear: seek out Journey's audience, overtake them, and thereby carve out a market share that will guarantee a string of top-5 selling albums. That's fine with me because Santana doing Journey is better than Journey doing itself.

There is the occasional gaffe here, like the song "Over and Over." It's not that Santana can't play believable arena rock: Alex Ligertwood knows how to bleat out an anthem for the headbangers with the best of 'em, being a Scotsman from Glasgow who put in a few years with Brian Auger's Oblivion Express doing the same thing. It's just that this kind of minor-keyed rock sledgehammer is merely an obvious

Introducing The Set-Up™ Modular Drum Grouping and Support System.

Now, a new level of versatility has come to drumming. Because the unique modular design of The Set-Up™ from Ludwig allows drummers virtually unlimited flexibility in tom tom placement.

From either bass drum or floor stands, drummers can build up to a three-level, six tom grouping—with each tom ideally positioned and angled for maximum playing speed. All positioned within a smaller total area, too. Because The Set-Up's design permits closer groupings with less stand clutter than any other system. And, thanks to Ludwig's exclusive Quik-Set™ feature, every component can be pre-set to an exact height and angle to make setting up faster than ever before.

Perhaps best of all, The Set-Up's design permits an outfit to grow with a drummer's music and stage or studio needs. Its total capability is something you've got to see to believe.

To learn more about The Set-Up, contact your Ludwig representative, or write Ludwig Industries, 1728 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647.

LUDWIG®

Now, drumming reaches new heights... new depths...new angles.

ploy to snap awake 20,000 'luded heads in the Lakeland, Florida Civic Center. Far more compatible with Santana's straighter rock proclivities is the very well-crafted Russ Ballard composition "Winning," which features exquisitely crafted guitar solos from Carlos and a great downbeat modulation for the ride out.

Otherwise, Side Two of *Zebop!* is pretty much vintage Santana. On "American Gypsy," percussionists Orestes Vilato, Raul Rekow and the amazing Armando Peraza trade fours with panache and abandon over a piano vamp by Richard Baker that would make Charlie Palmieri feel good. "I Love You Much Too Much" is the kind of extended Latin jam with rhythm changes that most bands mangle, but since these are the guys that invented it, there's a degree of refinement and sensitivity here that can still be breath-taking. So, as long as Santana still spends the majority of the time being itself, I guess I don't mind a couple of tunes wherein the band puts on the Journey masks—it's not a bad impersonation, anyway. — *Crispin Cioe*

The Fabulous Thunderbirds
Butt Rockin' (Chrysalis)

You'd have to have a heart of stone and feet of clay not to dig the Fabulous Thunderbirds. The T-Birds are a straightforward, *guilt-free* white (rhythm &) blues band from Texas. Their press kit is a scant one page long. There's no mention of which T-Bird got a Master's degree with an annotated discography of Lonesome Sundown, nary an anecdote about guitarist Jimmie Vaughn getting high with Jimi Hendrix, or lead singer/harp player Kim Wilson being an Ikette in drag for a week to make sure his dues were paid in full. None of that good copy floating around these guys, and none needed.

This is not, be assured, a high stakes operation; tilling the quasi-national up-from-the-frat-party turf, it shares the furrows with such equally unknown bands as the All Stars and the Nighthawks. The T-Birds have taken their slice of this modest scooter pie from the largely unheralded Louisiana/Texas side (as distinguished from Memphis/Chicago) and have been as judicious with the hot sauce as prodigal with the hard work. As a result, *Butt Rockin'*, their third disc in three years, is focused, direct and tasty.

Their Louisiana tunes are on the Crowley/Ville Platte axis. "I Believe I'm In Love," a wonderful Wilson tune that opens Side One (and which I think is a hit), tips its grand chapeau to Rockin' Sydney and his Dukes. The next track, "One's Too Many," was co-written by Wilson and Nick Lowe, noted fan of

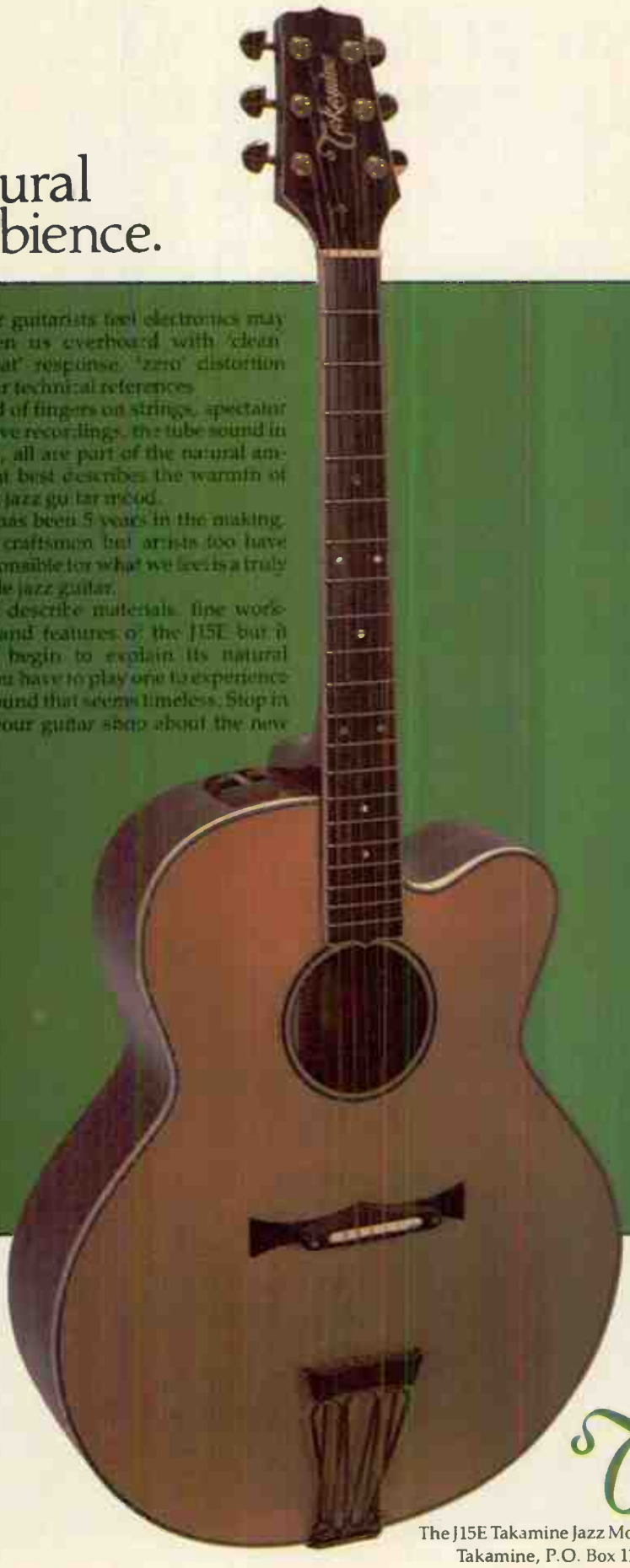
Natural Ambience.

Many jazz guitarists feel electronics may have taken us overboard with 'clean' sound, 'flat' response, 'zero' distortion and similar technical references.

The sound of fingers on strings, spectator noise on live recordings, the tube sound in amps . . . , all are part of the natural ambience that best describes the warmth of the classic jazz guitar mood.

The J15E has been 5 years in the making. Not only craftsmen but artists too have been responsible for what we feel is a truly remarkable jazz guitar.

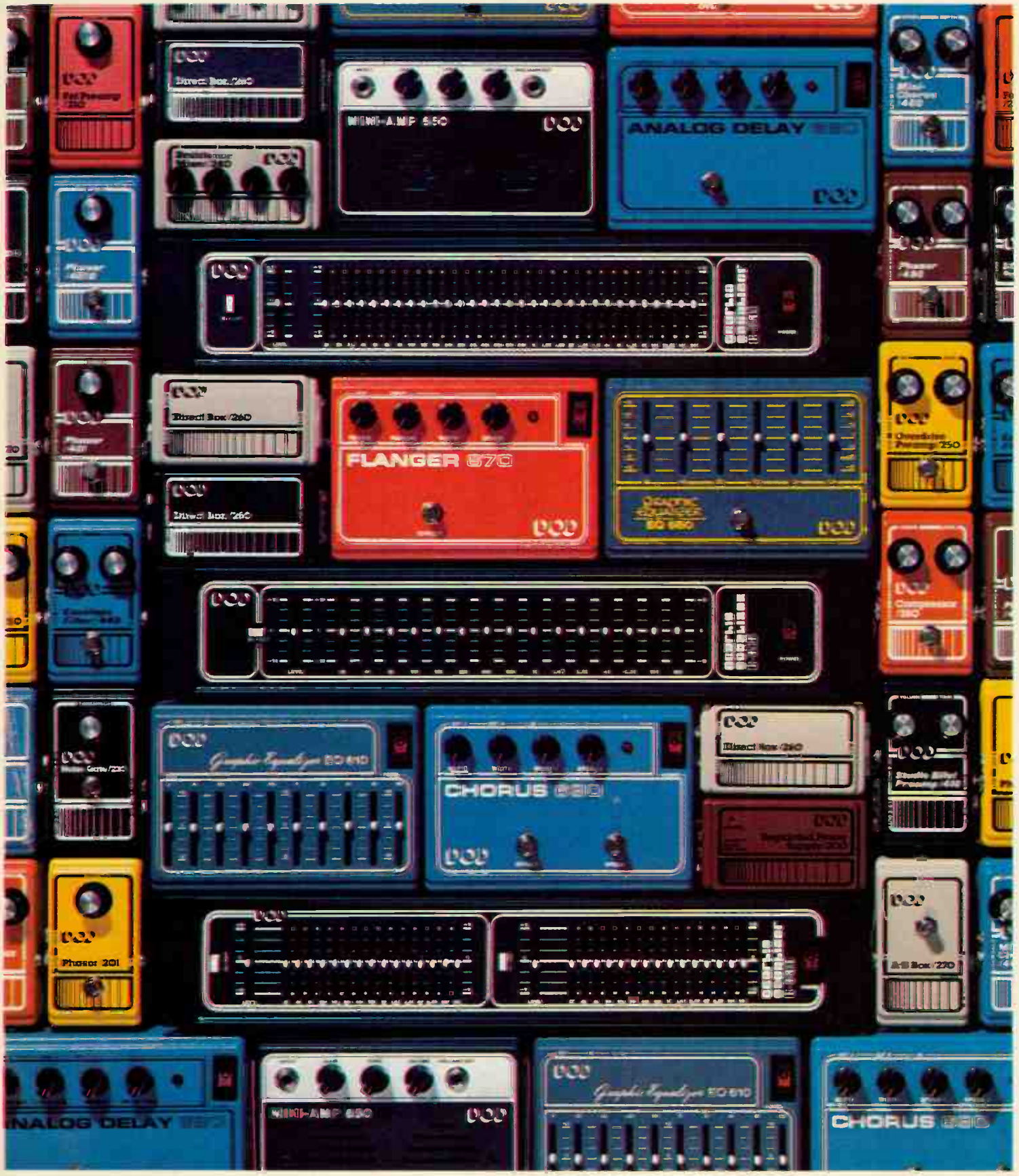
We could describe materials, fine workmanship and features of the J15E but it wouldn't begin to explain its natural sound. You have to play one to experience the rich sound that seems timeless. Stop in and ask your guitar store about the new J15E.



Takamine

The J15E Takamine Jazz Model Acoustic-Electric Guitar.
Takamine, P.O. Box 1168, San Carlos, CA 94070

SOUND IMPROVEMENTS



Electronics Corporation
242 West 2950 South Salt Lake City, Utah 84115 Telephone (801) 485-8534

Americana. (The song describes the sort of difficult woman Lowe usually writes about.) Wilson's rich baritone, suffused with echo, and his skillful, appropriate harp playing, are restrained and winning. "Tip On In," unreconstructed and without flash—"dedicated with great respect to the memory of Slim Harpo"—and "I Hear You Knockin'," another Excello gem, are difficult songs to cover. It's not enough just to unearth the tune, it's too easy to dress it up and misrepresent it. You have to *play* it, not reproduce it, and the T-Birds know the difference.

The Texas style originals, "I'm Sorry" and "Give Me All Your Lovin'" and the New Orleans style cover, "Mathilda," give guitarist Vaughn a chance to discreetly display his T-Bone Walker and Guitar Slim homework. And a 1:57 harp romp through "Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White"—can you mambo?—seals the deal. *Butt Rockin'* is fine work from a band with its heart in the right place and its chops from all the right places. Besides, any record that begins, "I don't know what's wrong with me/I feel foolish as a fool can be," is all right with me. — *Jeff Nesin*

Miles Davis
Directions (Columbia 36472)
VSOP
Live Under the Sky (Columbia 36770)

Some observers may be tempted to dismiss these two new releases as inconsequential, antiquated novelty items, but nothing could be further from the truth. Although *Directions* is a compilation of experiments and outtakes canvassing ten years (1960-70) of the bold one's turbulent career, and certain malcontents may still consider *VSOP* yet another ignominious all-star profit-sharing stunt, the content of these recordings belies these tags. *Directions* offers additional material documenting the whirlwind experiments of contemporary music's most illustrious mage, and the historical importance and aesthetic value of the release cannot be questioned. While *VSOP* is a direct descendant of one of Miles' mightiest ensembles — just add Freddie Hubbard — its members have cultured their particular brand of improvisational art to include their post-Miles points of reference, so that this isn't really a reunion band anymore, though that was the original intent back at Newport '76.

To refer to *Directions* as a gathering of outtakes implies that the material is of inferior quality. For most other record-churners this rule might apply, but not for Miles. Sure, there are some shaky moments here: the botched introduction to "Round Midnight" (which is all but forgotten by tune's end due to Miles' typically piercing and impassioned muted statement, Hank Mobley's lighter contribution on tenor and Jimmy Cobb and Paul Chambers' tenacious rhythm work); the flimsy ending on "So Near, So Far;" and the lame funk-rock plodding on "Duran." But these isolated moments are readily forgotten in light of gems such as "Limbo," where Miles stalks the outside dimensions of the complex harmonic and rhythmic interplay laid down by Hancock and Tony Williams; the "Silent Way"-styled "Water On The Pond," on which Joe Beck and Ron Carter jointly bounce the melody along with Williams laying down the straight four, and Miles dancing and fluttering while again probing the possibilities. "Fun" is what it must have been for Wayne Shorter, as his blossoming tenor demanded center stage and Miles dug that too, deciding to lay out and let his cohort do the talking; and check out the plugged-in Keith Jarrett with John McLaughlin in tandem on "Konda," as Miles blows the call through an octave divider, Brian Eno ten years early. If you listen closely you'll hear a page turn, but if you listen closer still you'll catch McLaughlin telling a short story minus the bionic chops he'll make famous in later years. Want more? Dig "Willie Nelson" as Miles spurts, spits and, with solid support from Dave Holland and Jack DeJohnette, simply kicks serious ass, proving that riffy funk-rock need not mean tedious listening. Still not convinced? All right then, how about "Song of Our Country," a Spanish-tinged Gil Evans orchestration from the *Sketches of Spain* session? The voicings and shadings are a perfect camouflage for Miles the matador as he lays the cool on the bull and...on and on. Don't let the price of this double set turn you away, you *won't* be shortchanged.

Live Under the Sky is a digital twofer recorded in Tokyo in late 1979. It rained throughout the performance, which may account for the audience's insanely excessive responses to cymbal crashes and sliding brass notes, Shorter's occasional difficulty with his horn and the audible pitter-patter of digital drops here and there. Despite the problems that ensued in the torrent, the performance was superb. The album opens with Freddie Hubbard's "One of Another Kind." Tony Williams feeds Hubbard an assortment of rhythmic curves and Ready Freddie responds with a smokin' solo that shadow boxes against Tony's kinetic fireworks. The following cut, Carter's "Teardrop," is a prayerful hush in three, and it's Herbie in the spotlight on this track. Hancock's empathetic acoustic piano touch, which had supposedly been lost to electronic keyboard action, is in fine form here and throughout the album. Shorter's pads

continued on pg. 85

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

Contemporary's Jazz

By Rafi Zabor

Here in the wonderful world of marginal existence, it's always been the independent labels that helped keep jazz alive, though of course jazz hasn't always been able to return the favor. The current decade bristles with indies, some of them chic and successful like ECM, others just able to stay in business like India Navigation, but of all the jazz companies operating in the 50s only one, correct me if I'm wrong, has made it on its own into the now. Not that that's so important in itself—one is, after all, more interested in the music than in the longevity of its corporations—but if a label continues to contribute to the artistic good health of the music, well, that's another story.

Lester Koenig's Contemporary Records, now run by his son John Koenig, was the quintessential West Coast Jazz label, and therefore sometimes dismissed from this grey coast as secondary to the main action, though it put out scads of good records, among them many by Hampton Hawes and Art Pepper, Ornette Coleman's first two public outings (still in print, too), and one of Mr. Rollins' most singular dates (*Way Out West*, with Ray Brown and Shelly Manne and a dumb-classic cover photo of Sonny amid cacti and sage, wearing ten-gallon hat, gunbelt, goatee, tenor and a wry, wary look). When four of the month's best records came in a single package from Contemporary in L.A. it seemed like time to sing a praise or two.

The last few years have been an education in Art Pepper, among other things, and one of the best early products of Pepper's return was *Thursday Night at the Village Vanguard* (Contemporary 7642), featuring the altoist and a rhythm section of George Cables, George Mraz and the inestimable Elvin Jones. The second volume, *Friday Night at the Village Vanguard* (7643), represents the expected advance over *Thursday*, the rhythm section meshing just a bit tighter, Pepper a little more at home with them, things like that. Pepper still sounds extraordinarily tense—he readily admits to a fear of audiences, and for all his long history this was only his second gig as a leader in New York—but he is one of those musicians who makes his tension work for him, and some of the album's best moments come in the honks and atonal flutters in which he blows off excess steam. My favorite two cuts on the album are "Las Cuevas de Mario," on which Elvin's miraculously floating 5/4 lets Pepper stretch out more expansively than usual, and Burke and Van Heusen's "But Beautiful," on which Pepper delivers a typically compressed and impassioned statement, full of light and shade and nuance and pain. All I can say is that every new Art Pepper album, and there are two this month, is not only welcome but an addition to one of the jazz world's real *oeuvres*.

Tete Montoliu's *Lunch in L.A.* (Contemporary 14004), a solo piano album featuring one duet with Chick Corea is in most ways superior to his recent trio album on Steeplechase, especially in the quality of its recorded sound: with a pianist as fine as Montoliu, you want to hear every overtone and nuance, and Koenig delivered. This is a dazzling record in every way, from the splendid piano sound to Montoliu's endless cascade of bop. The duo with Corea is less interesting, opening with some real interplay but ending with routine thunder and crash, but all the best carpets have flaws, no? Montoliu is a master pianist who communicates as much joy as he takes in his music and whom I have never ever heard run short of ideas or *finesse*. It's terrific to hear him so well-served by a recording, and to find simultaneously so much invention and so much care.

Chico Freeman's *Peaceful Heart, Gentle Spirit* (Contemporary 14005) is one of the most savvy albums to have come down the pike in awhile. If jazz radio existed, the record would even get airplay. Two of its five cuts feature

continued on next page

THE SOURCE

The Source.

The Controls.

16 programmable voices.

Touch panel for digital precision.

Instant editing and program storage.

Pitch and Modulation wheels.

Rear panel tuning and interface connections.

The Sound.

Dual oscillators.

Dual 4-part contours.

Moog® filter, Moog sound.

Noise generator.

Single/multiple triggers.

Our programmed memory chip linked with its Z-80 microprocessor.

The Features.

Two real-time 88-note sequencers.

24-note programmable arpeggiator.

Digital sample & hold.

Programmable sequencing of voice changes.

Program storage on standard cassette.

The Source.

The *new* monophonic synthesizer by Moog.

See your authorized dealer or write for details.

2500 Walden Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14225

moog®

We're the people who started it all!

bouncy bass vamps from Buster Williams, two percussionists augmenting an unusually restrained and dancy Billy Hart, and tunes bright enough to bring light to the soul of a Republican. The trick is that Freeman has not compromised himself a jot. Not only are the title tune and "Nia's Song Dance" highlights of the album (real hero: Buster W., and thanks) but they leave the rest of the disc free for a Dolphy tribute that just came back from lunch, a tough tenor cut ("Look Up," once a soprano feature) and the exceptional "Morning Prayer," one of Freeman's finest compositions only slightly spoiled by the weakness of the improvisation and poor cello intonation. Freeman is a remarkably improved saxophonist of late. He's been working hard to patch up the gaps in his technique—no more wavering pitch, no more loss of breath at the end of crucial phrases—and the spiritual freshness and stability he has always been able to communicate come through more consistently than ever. Additional pleasures are contributed by the great flutist James Newton, the ideally spacious orchestration, and a surprisingly eloquent *cuica* solo from Paulhino de Costa. Less commanding than *Kings of Mali*, but as Hamlet put it, a palpable hit.

Two cuts on tenorist Joe Henderson's *Relaxin' at Camarillo* (Contemporary 14006) feature the rhythm section I would have liked to hear throughout—Chick Corea, Richard Davis and a rough-hewn, bashing Tony Williams—though Henderson himself seems to have had a better day for himself with Corea, Tony Dumas and Peter Erskine on the rest of the album, more rhythmic assurance and a better flow of ideas. Henderson is one of the very few saxophonists to have learned crucial lessons from John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins without ever sounding like either of them. His tone is proud, ironic, gruff, humorous and unforgettable. He entered hard bop just as hard bop entered the space age, played memorably in every context Blue Note afforded, brought riff-based improvising to some very personal conclusions, never acquired the chic of having worked with Miles, moved to California, made excellent albums with militant titles for Milestone, and hasn't been heard from nearly enough in recent years. Here he does his best playing on Bird's title tune (a.k.a. "In Asylum Way") and "My One and Only Love," definitive post-bop and urban heart respectively. Corea plays well throughout, forsaking his most familiar mannerisms and playing with the intelligence and commitment that characterized his pre-bop work; he also contributed the two finest originals on the date.

These albums do not add up to anyone's definition of West Coast jazz, folks. They're just good.

VSOP *continued from pg. 81*

are dry for "Pee Wee, " and Wayne dishes out his finest effort on the record, prompting Hancock to compliment the tenorist at the conclusion of the piece (more screams from the drenched multitude). There's even a little acoustic funk conjured up on Williams' "Para Oriente" as Carter solos in relatively down-home fashion and Williams opens the walkin' groove a la Blakey for Hancock. On "Domo," Professor Hubbard takes the podium again, instructing more studious listeners on how to develop melodic fragments into coherent, full-fledged statements even on scary up tempo flights such as this. The onetime reunion has turned into a love affair once again.

Through it all lurks the shadowy figure of the jazz world's most publicized, least understood figure. You know, we've all heard those tales about Miles: squeezing the unknown breast, emptying his spit valve onto the laps of front row admirers, pulling the no-show on numerous occasions, etc. But that's all trivial, because Miles carved genius into CBS studio walls. That is the Miles Davis story, period. The rest is just headlines. When discussing Miles' music years ago, Hancock said: "Recordings are the landmarks, but they're not the entire trip." Well, word is that Miles is taking the wheel again soon, and I for one can't wait to hear the results. — *Peter Giron*

Leo Kottke
Guitar Music (Chrysalis)
John Fahey
Live in Tasmania (Takoma)

If you find it hard to believe that one man and a guitar can make viable music in the Cybernetic Age these two records provide living proof. Leo Kottke's decision to abandon the string sections and backing musicians he employed while trying to expand his audience is a welcome one—the sound he gets from his guitars is capable of orchestral breadth (especially in open C tuning) and a compellingly intimate quality. The return to solo guitar music seems to reflect a closer approach to his own voice as a composer as well—the off-center melodies and harmonic modulations that always hinted at his possible contributions to the genre flow more logically now, and he's found more natural ways of departing and returning to the alternating bass that defines the 'folk' style. The outside compositions—Ry Cooder's "Available Space," Sanot and Johnny's "Sleepwalk"—are beautifully done, but I prefer Kottke's own idiosyncratic visions.

John Fahey's vision has never been

anything less. *Live in Tasmania* was recorded at an Australian concert, and shows the originator of "American primitive guitar" in fine form. The free sense of meter, biting tone and oddball humor are still there, but they interfere less with the music than on some of his more esoteric records. He sure sounds relaxed in his brief "Dissertation on Obscurity" rap. If you ever wondered where Leo Kottke was coming from, this is your chance to find out. — *Chris Doering*

Emmylou Harris
Evangeline (Warner Brothers)
Rosanne Cash
Seven Year Ache (Columbia)

Seemingly so similar, Rosanne Cash and Emmylou Harris offer more to contrast than compare on their new albums. Cash's producer-husband Rodney Crowell may have graduated from the tutelage of Harris and *her* producer-husband Brian Ahern, but the work of both couples shares less in style and technique than it does in imagination. In fact, these two talented ladies approach the "neo-country" style so differently that one wonders if they're even of the same school.

Although *Evangeline* and *Seven Year Ache* feature some of the same musicians and singers—as well as Crowell's prodigious songwriting talents—Harris' LP is an exercise in austerity compared to *Seven Year Ache*'s lush melodic layer cake. While Cash solidifies the fine impression left by her debut and goes on to break now ground, Emmylou searches for a style somewhere between her "Hot Band" sound (which almost became a rut for her), and the acoustic approach of her last set, *Roses In The Snow*.

Rosanne Cash qualifies as country not so much because of her singing, the arrangements on her record, or even her surname, but by virtue of the subject matter she tackles—songs about love, hurt...and cheating. The music is a rich amalgam of pop, rock, blues and even jazz. Rosanne's commanding vocals wrench emotion from songs by Keith Sykes, Tom Petty, Steve Forbert and—on one obligatory straight country tune—Merle Haggard, with true authority. Her self-penned title tune is a clever grafting of the old cheating theme with a new feminine understanding; she sees the "seven year itch" as the ache of loneliness, and follows it with another poignant composition, "Blue Moon With Heartache," that expresses the flip side of the situation so effectively it sent chills down this listener's spine.

Emmylou chooses song subjects that

FINALLY THERE'S A COMPACT YOU CAN DRIVE AT 15 ips.

Introducing the Tascam 22-4.

After setting the standard for ¼" 4-track recording, it's only logical that Tascam would be the one to introduce the compact generation. After all, we developed the format.

Which means we knew what we were doing when we designed this high-speed transport drive for 7" reels.

The 22-4 4-track multi-channel recorder with sync was built to use 1800 feet of one mil tape. At 15 ips that gives you 22½ minutes of recording time.

And we didn't sacrifice an inch of quality to get you up to speed. Have a look.

Specifications (15 ips)

Wow and Flutter (Teac Test Tape YTT-2004): 0.07% peak (IEC/ANSI weighted), 0.10% peak (IEC/ANSI unweighted), 0.04% RMS (NAB weighted), 0.07% RMS (NAB unweighted).

Frequency Response* Record/Reproduce 0 dB referenced to 1 kHz: 40Hz-22kHz ± 3dB at OVU, 35Hz-25kHz at −10 VU.

Signal to Noise Ratio* at a reference of 1 kHz, at 10 dB above OVU, 585 nWb/m: 61dB A weighted (NAB), 56dB unweighted.

The 22-4 is a hard-working, no-frills machine. Which makes it perfect for the System 20, Tascam's hard-working, no-frills manual mixer.

See them both at your Tascam dealer. For the one nearest you, plus more information, just write to us at the address below.

Then you can test drive our new compact 22-4. It's the only way to see how well it performs at high speed.

TASCAM CREATIVE SERIES
TEAC Production Products

are less linear and more expansive, but the accompaniment and her pristine singing belie a certain country purity. As a balladeer she shines on the two Crowell songs and Paul Siebel's "Spanish Johnny," (with guest vocals by Waylon Jennings) and James Taylor's "Millworker," but the two truly stunning cuts are "How High The Moon" and "Mr. Sandman," two classic swing tunes delivered with a lilting gaiety.

In fact, when either of these ladies attacks the swing sound (which Cash covers with "My Baby Thinks He's A Train" and "I Can't Resist," albeit punchier than Harris, who guests as singer on the cuts), they point to both their obvious differences—Cash the hearty sensualist as opposed to Harris' pristine clarity. As long as both keep stretching the bounds of country music with their unique flair, they'll continue to deliver great music. — *Bob Patterson*

Champaign
How 'Bout Us (Columbia)

From an Illinois town of same name, Champaign has produced a debut album that, in the words of Michael Day, keyboardist & point man for the seven person group, "might be labelled a classic R&B record." Classic it is, not merely reflecting much of the funk'n'roll influences that Maurice White injected into the 70s, but expressing a freshness and a directness that we have come to expect from Midwestern funk. *How 'Bout Us* ducks the facile and coldly imitative potential that envelops many L.A. groups and makes us remember how powerful the forms were before they had been copied to death.

This here's-the-music, hold-the-glamor approach (the album features no glossy color photos of richly costumed stars) may have its source in the many years the rhythm section woodshedded as the house band for their own studio in Champaign. The interplay of the basic tracks has an airy lack of self-consciousness, particularly the bright Verdine White pop of Michael Reed's bass work. The vocals, led by Paulie Carman and Rena Jones (Les McCann) are full, with five strong singers laying down a celebratory wall of brilliant sound.

Definitely dance music, (the consistency of the album makes it a great party record) *How 'Bout Us* doesn't have the firecracker snap of aggressive funk; its songs inspire a smooth and sensual body movement. While most of side one and the first part of side two break little new ground, they offer a solid and commercially viable restatement of the genre. The record does open up a little in its last three numbers. In particular,

It's music to professional ears.

The Casiotone 202.

The CT—202 electronic keyboard sounds as incredible to the performer as it does to the audience. Because with the advanced Casio digital componentry, every one of its 49 sounds is as clean and as beautiful as you want your music to be.

It's got pitch control, 3 levels of vibrato, a built-in speaker, amp, and more funky piano, harp, and electric guitar sounds than any other electronic keyboard.

And since the digital components make it more reliable, you'll have less hassles, too.

If you're on the road a lot, the Casiotone 202 is the ideal accompanist. It weighs 16 lbs., so not only is it easy to stack on stage, you can even bring it back to your hotel to practice in between gigs.

But what's even more amazing, is the price of the Casiotone 202. That's music to anyone's ears.

So for a real test of the 202's performance, you really should hear it for yourself. Once you do, you'll know why it'll get rave reviews from even the toughest critic. Namely you.

If you'd like to know even more about the incredible Casiotone 202, or hear its great sound, fill out the coupon for a free soundsheet.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Tel._____

(Bus.) (Home) MPL

CASIO®

WHERE MIRACLES NEVER CEASE

Casio, Inc. Electronic Musical Instrument Division: 15 Gardner Road, Fairfield, N.J. 07006 New Jersey (201) 575-7400, Los Angeles (213) 923-4564.

"Lighten Up" juxtaposes a very punchy, sparse rhythm track with a vocal hopscotch that uses the spaces to great effect, incorporating the album's only lyrical compulsions that aren't romantically resolved: "Travellin' through a maze at twice the speed of light...my head is sure pumpin' fast but with the price of fuel, you know I can't be cool." The album's closer evokes another Midwesterner, Michael McDonald. This more adventurous musical form is probably what Champaign would like to move toward. Michael Day comments: "We aren't afraid to buck conventions. When Stevie did *Talking Book*, he broke a barrier. I respect people who will take a chance and not be afraid to challenge their audience."

You've got to look between the lines for much of this on *How 'Bout Us*, but it is the most we can expect from a debut album: solid, performable in concert, reliably familiar enough to move those units for Columbia. Champaign's followup will probably sound more like side two and may offer a clue to where the funk will evolve once audiences (and musicians) are secure enough to leave *That's the Way of the World* to a different decade.—*Jim Feldman and Jonathan Baird*

Sky
Sky 3 (Arista)
The Dregs
Unsung Heroes (Arista)

These 2 bands attempt to bring classical and rock music together in a more immediate way than the facile grafting of symphonic strings onto a rock rhythm section. To understand why the results are so different, let's remind ourselves of the differences between the two traditions.

Western classical music is principally the music of the note—the composer's written record of his intention, which may be interpreted, but never departed from, by the performer.

Folk and popular music, on the other hand, is the music of sound, of learning and playing by ear. And since the ear can hear from within as well as without, the folk tradition has always been one of improvisation.

So... Sky is five English players, one of whom, John Williams, is a candidate for Greatest Living Classical Guitarist. The other four are session musicians when they're not working together. Williams contributed an arrangement of Handel's "Sarabande" to the album, and the original material follows similar lines, drawing on the baroque and romantic styles and following a classical pattern of orchestration; repetition of themes with different instrumentation, development from solos or duets to the full band, etc. There are some lovely melodies and thoughtful arrangements, especially the jazzy "Connecting Rooms," which gives Williams a chance to show that incredibly pure tones can be pulled from a Les Paul as well as his Fleta classical. Yet the music doesn't really come together—Sky is modern chamber orchestra one minute, ersatz rock band the next. Only "Meheeco" manages to use classical precision to enhance and develop the swing of its odd-meter groove. The other pieces are often bloated into odd shapes by the entrance of trap set and electric bass, or drained of energy by the refinement of the performance.

The Dregs, schooled though they are, are anything but refined. Steve Morse's "Day 444" and "Attila the Hun" are intricate and structured enough to appear on *Sky 3*, but they exist primarily as vehicles for improvisation—he takes both out with fire-breathing guitar solos. *Unsung Heroes* is tighter and more structured than the Dregs' previous efforts, though it follows a now-familiar pattern—mostly boogie, a little bluegrass, a touch of funk, and the closing acoustic piece "Go For Baroque."

The members of Sky would probably deny it (their humorous liner notes certainly try to), but an aura of seriousness prevades *Sky 3*, a concert hall atmosphere that undercuts their moves towards rock. The Dregs, of course, would never be caught taking themselves too seriously. They are playing in both senses of the word. Yet *Unsung Heroes*, excellent though it is, is a refinement of a formula, while *Sky 3* hints at possibilities just beginning to be explored. — *Chris Doering*

Various Artists, *Homegrown* (Rock 106). If you thought the vast legions of local bands were producing dramatically different music from what is being recorded by the major labels, an anthology of one American city's local rock scene might change your mind. The winners of a Nashville radio station's promo contest, five bands whose ten best are on an album called *Homegrown* take the road most often travelled and fail to make the top dogs tremble in their kennels. Such heavy metal retreads as Lust and Placid Fury hammer away competently if joylessly, while Sexy does a fair Heart imitation. Two somewhat new-wavy entries do excite some interest: Ed Fitzgerald does a fun Cars / Bowie cop on the saga of mythical pop legend "Johnny Panic" while Gary Bethart makes two strong entries, "Blow Up The Band" and "Electric Boys," which could've saved the whole album if it did not sink so quickly from the other contributions. As a window on the minor leagues of suburban rock chasing the REO's, the Rushes and the Journeys, *Homegrown* reveals a depressing lack of originality.—*jb*

ELECTRO HARMONIX SALE

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

MODEL	PRODUCT NAME	LIST	SALE
0225	**SLAVE 200** Rackmount 200 Watt RMS Power Slave Amp	$399.00	**$168.00**
0300	**VOCODER** 14 Matched Band Rackmount Unit	799.00	**299.00**
0400	**MINISYNTHESIZER** 2 lbs., 5 octave range, full performance capabilities in a battery operated keyboard	249.00	**169.00**
0410	**MINISYNTHESIZER WITH ECHO** Same unit as Mini but has battery operated echo and pitch-glide bar	399.00	**299.00**
2001	**LPB-1** Power Booster. Can boost your amp power up to 10 times. Make your small amp sound like a Marshall Stack	25.00	**18.50**
1001	**LPB-2** Power Booster. Same as LPB-1 but in a foot operated unit	33.50	**24.50**
1005	**SCREAMING TREE** Treble Booster. Adds razor sharp bite that cuts	33.50	**24.50**
1010	**SWITCHBLADE** Channel Selector. Instant switching between accessories or amp channels	21.50	**16.50**
1300	**RTG** Random Tone Generator. Mellow random scientific music. Particularly effective with Memory Man echoes	89.00	**36.00**
2008	**MUFF FUZZ** Distortion Fuzz with edge	34.00	**23.50**
2010	**5X** Junction Mixer. Input/Output Mixer	14.00	**9.50**
3001	**CLONE THEORY** Chorus effect with Vibraflange. Sensational on bass guitar. A fluid orchestral effect	126.00	**79.50**
3003	**BIG MUFF PI** Distortion. Sweet violin-like sustaining sound used by Jimi Hendrix	58.00	**39.00**
3004	**ATTACK EQUALIZER** Makes your Gibson-type guitar sound like a Fender Strat	89.95	**29.50**
3053	**DELUXE BIG MUFF** Big Muff & Soul Preacher in one box. AC powered	130.00	**89.00**
3060	**GRAPHIC FUZZ** Noiseless dynamically sensitive distortion combined with graphic EQ	139.00	**100.00**
3075	**HOT TUBES** Vacuum tube overdrive simulator	94.00	**58.00**
3800	**VOLUME PEDAL** Great for tape reverse simulation	85.00	**59.50**
4100	**DOCTOR Q** Envelope Follower—For involuted mellow funk lines	55.00	**33.75**
4250	**BASSBALLS** Twin Dynamic Envelope Follower For Bass Guitar	91.95	**39.95**
4300	**SILENCER** Noise Gate/Line Noise Eliminator	79.00	**39.50**
4500	**SOUL PREACHER** Sustainer/Compressor for long undistorted sustain	89.00	**49.50**
4600	**SMALL CLONE** Sensational micro-chorus effect for guitar, keyboards, or voice	109.00	**64.50**
4800	**SMALL STONE** Phase Shifter. The #1 selling phase shifter in the world	89.00	**42.50**
4909	**AC/DC 9 VOLT BATTERY ELIMINATOR**	14.95	**9.95**
5100	**ELECTRIC MISTRESS** Flanger. Shimmering comb filter sweeps	109.95	**69.75**
5150	**DELUXE ELECTRIC MISTRESS** Flanger. Used by Pink Floyd	129.00	**83.50**
5200	**ATTACK DECAY** Creates a variety of bowed and plucked sounds	199.00	**67.00**
5500	**SOLID STATE REVERB** No springs or moving parts	299.00	**138.00**
5800	**BAD STONE** Phase Shifter	99.95	**58.00**
5950	**DELUXE OCTAVE MULTIPLEXER** Octave Divider. Great for voice or guitar	199.00	**119.00**
7100	**POLYPHASE** Studio phase shifter with envelope following mode	199.00	**139.00**
7300	**GOLDEN THROAT II** Voice box with mouth tube	149.00	**109.00**
7600	**10 BAND GRAPHIC EQUALIZER** with footswitch	123.95	**79.50**
7451	**DRM-15** E-H Digital Rhythm units with	$229.00	**$139.00**
7460	**DRM-32** 15 and 32 beats respectively. Programmed by the slickest, most soulful Motown and NYC R&B studio musicians in hundreds of session hours	299.00	**174.00**
7660	**MINI MIXER** Four mixable inputs	99.00	**69.50**
7700	**POLYCHORUS** With flanging, chorus, slapback echo modes and companding	215.95	**139.00**
7811	**MEMORY MAN** Stereo Echo/Chorus/Ambitron	269.00	**159.00**
7850	**DELUXE MEMORY MAN** Echo with Chorus, Vibrato and Companding	349.00	**219.00**
7860	**ECHO 600** 600 millisecond delay—Echo/Chorus/Vibrato	399.00	**339.00**
7900	**MICROSYNTHESIZER** A sensational multiprocessor for guitar. Outsells all brands of guitar synthesizers in the world combined	299.00	**189.00**
7950	**BASS MICROSYNTHESIZER** Designed specifically for bass guitar	299.00	**189.00**
8000	**GUITAR SYNTHESIZER** Used by Steve Howe of YES	1,495.00	**595.00**
9203	**DOMINO THEORY** Sound sensitive light tube	49.95	**29.50**
9390	**3 PHASE LINER** Electronic Necklace	39.95	**15.90**
9550	**CORONA CONCERT** Gas Flask	195.00	**79.00**
9620	**STEREO AMBITRON** plus reverb. Converts any mono source or record to stereo, or any stereo to quad	479.00	**185.00**
	ELECTRONIC DRUMS		
5300	**SPACE DRUM** Popular disco effect now also used in Reggae	99.00	**59.00**
5310	**PANIC BUTTON** Assortment of police siren sounds	89.00	**35.00**
5320	**SONIC BOOMER** Tuneable drum over 10 octave range	89.00	**35.00**
5330	**ROLLING THUNDER** Low frequency noise bursts	89.00	**35.00**
5350	**SUPER SPACE DRUM** Space drum with modulation capabilities used by the CLASH	129.00	**79.95**
5360	**CRASH PAD** Variety of pink noise sweeps	129.00	**87.00**
5370	**CLAP TRACK** Hand clapping drum with tape reverse options	149.00	**92.00**
5380	**SEQUENCER DRUM** 8 variable tones in a unique percussion controlled memory unit	199.00	**119.00**
5385	**CLOCKWORKS** Controller & Percussion Brain	229.00	**119.00**

Please ship at SALE price: MPL-3

Model #	Product Name	Sale Price
		$

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Check or Money Order total $

Card # Expiration Date

Signature

Name

Address

City State Zip

ELECTRO·HARMONIX·27 W23 ST·NY·NY·10010

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

For automatic demonstrations call 212-741-1797

ROCK

SHORT TAKES

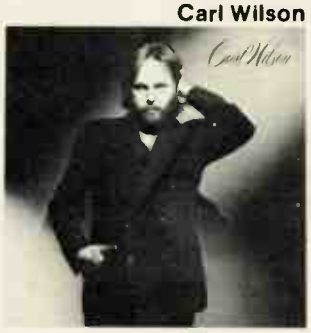
A case of the Cramps and a tale of two Cales — not to mention a Beached Boy, a grounded Starship, and a flatfooted Ballet.

By David Fricke

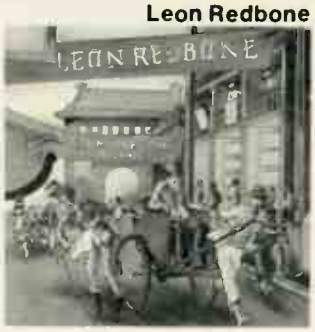
Devo

Plastics

Carl Wilson



Leon Redbone



Devo — *Live* (Warner Bros.) Hey, hey, they're the new Monkees, homogenized New Wave humanoids programmed for pop success. Formerly a clever entertaining combo perverting science and rock 'n' roll for their own warped satiric purpose, Devo have, in fact, devolved into a smug hit machine churning out Top 40 trinkets. This six-track 12" EP, recorded live in San Francisco, shows there is still a mean beat amidst the bull. But where we once laughed with them, are we now laughing at them?

Plastics (Island) Originality is not this Japanese band's strong suit. Toshi Nakanichi has his David Byrne psycho-tenor down pat and the striking Chica Sato specializes in Yoko/B-52s style scatspeak. "Cars" is a Devoid "Taxman" and "Parks" sounds like Eno-era Bowie tackling Lou Reed's "Satellite of Love." But there is an exotic flavor and arty good humor to the Plastics' customized Anglo-American technopop. Besides, their Akron and Athens, Georgia soul brothers could stand the competition.

Carl Wilson (Caribou) To say this Beach Boy's solo debut is an improvement over his brother Dennis' is to damn it with faint praise. One half vanilla funk and the other faceless if soothing ballads, the LP is at best an uncluttered showcase for Wilson's distinctive warbling and his crafty way with a songhook. The Beach Boys' strength is obviously in numbers.

Billy and the Beaters (Alfa) A Knack-alike-come-lately? Worse than that. This is a watery gumbo of Leon Russell fake R&B, Doobie flourishes, and Springsteen melodramatics by a band of studio clinicians led by pop tunesmith Billy Vera, all warmed over by producer Jeff Baxter. Some of the tunes are catchy, but then so is the flu.

The Cramps — *Psychedelic Jungle* (I.R.S.) From the dark side of rockabilly comes this nasty foursome, stirring up more of their spicy voodoo stew on this second album. They have always taken more than a few cues from 60s garage band bash (here they cover "Green Fuz" and "Primitive," culled from the notorious *Pebbles* compilation series), but they also come up with some real trash classics of their own like "Don't Eat Stuff Off the Sidewalk" and "Can't Find My Mind." The Cramps probably recorded "Surfin' Bird" in another life.

Spandau Ballet — *Journeys to Glory* (Chrysalis) It's hard to see the music through the movement. Spandau Ballet currently hold the U.K. charts captive under the banner of a glam revival in which so-called Blitz kids dress up like dandies and bop to antiseptic electro-funk. This ultra-cool quintet leads the pack by virtue of their immaculate packaging (the Aryan cover design, snappy dress — their hair dresser gets a credit here, f'r cryinoutloud) and a series of rather impressive singles. But at a full twelve inches, they milk themselves dry trying to get an album's worth of music out of an EP's worth of ideas. The modern dance they ain't.

Rupert Hine — *Immunity* (A&M) Hine, a noted English producer and prog-rock figure, takes us on a spookhouse ride through his neuroses ("I Hang on to My Vertigo," "I Think a Man Will Hang Soon") with horrorshow keyboard blasts and electronic fright gags for dramatic punctuation. Basically a one-man show, but Marianne Faithfull's vampiric growl on "Misplaced Love" deserves honorable mention.

The Vapors — *Magnets* (Liberty/UA) "Turning Japanese" was one thing. An album of second-rate rewrites in the manner of the Jam is quite another.

Leon Redbone — *Branch to Branch* (Emerald City) What the Masked Man of Nostalgia does — recreating 78 RPM Great Depression boozin' blues at 33 1/3 — he does better than almost anybody. But too much of this LP sounds like the same old song. Highlight: Jelly Roll Morton's weepy "Why" with Dr. John gently tinkling the 88s near the end.

J.J. Cale — *Shades* (Shelter) More laid-back than Eric Clapton and Mark Knopfler combined, Cale sounds so groggy on this collection of Deep South Shuffles that it's often hard to tell whether he's mining a good groove or just stuck in a rut. He works backwoods magic in the C&W and jazz flourishes of songs like "What Do You Expect" and "Cloudy Day," but the frenetic arrangement of "Mama Don't" is the only upper on this album of otherwise sweet dreams.

John Cale — *Honi Soit* (A&M) According to rock's other prominent Cale, "Honi Soit qui mal y pense" is a slice of medieval French meaning "Evil to those who think it," or "stick it in your ear." Which is exactly where Cale's first studio LP in almost seven years belongs. Just imagine the Freudian hellfires of *Fear* ("Wilson Joliet," "Russian Roulette") stoked with the crystalline melodicism of *Paris 1919* ("Dead or Alive," "Magic & Lies"). And "Streets of Laredo" upholds Cale's twisted tradition of turning old classics upside down.

Judas Priest — *Point of Entry* (Columbia) Neither as clubfooted as Black Sab-

continued on pg. 100

BIG SHOT!

Dual (hi & low) Inputs with choice of preamp sensitivity. Contacts are made from a special silver alloy to repeatedly provide positive contact.

Specially designed 10" loudspeaker optimized for enhanced tonal characteristics and high sensitivity.

Reverb Control (Reverb model only) adjusts intensity of a new three-spring reverb unit.

Solid State, self-contained, 20 watts (5% THD into 8Ω load)
H-17" (432mm)
W-13¾" (350mm)
D-9¾" (248mm)
Weight 23.5 lbs (10.7kg)

Master Volume with pull boost adds a further gain stage to provide the legendary Fender "overdriven" sound. Provides full spectrum of sound from clean to driven at the touch of a single control.

Speaker On/Off Switch for "silent" practice with headphones.

Headphone Jack doubles as an auxiliary high level output.

Line Output Jack for hookup to mixer or tape recorder.

Reverb Pedal Jack (Reverb model only) for remote on/off selection.

THE FENDER HARVARD REVERB. IT'S NOT JUST SMALLER. IT'S BETTER.

The Fender Harvard Reverb amplifier is not only smaller than most 20 watt amplifiers. It's better, too.

How can we make it better *and* smaller? By taking a little more care when we build it. And pricing it so it's the best buy of any of the small amps.

Here's what you get.

Our most experienced engineers pioneered the small, practice-studio amp in the early 50's. They used all their ability to design this low-noise, tube-like sounding FET preamplifier. Then, carefully carried out every detail and nuance.

The result is a guitar amplifier with more power than its small size would suggest. Producing the ultimate in performance and sound. With a high-grade Tolex covering to give it the Fender "look."

There's more.

We also have a regular model. The Fender Harvard. It has all the same quality features, without the reverb unit, at an equally competitive price. Either model can produce the *clean* or *overdriven* sounds at the touch of a single control.

No matter what kind of guitarist you are, the Fender Harvard and Harvard Reverb will give you just what you're looking for.

If you're a pro, the Harvard will make it more obvious.

If you're not a pro, it'll make it less obvious.

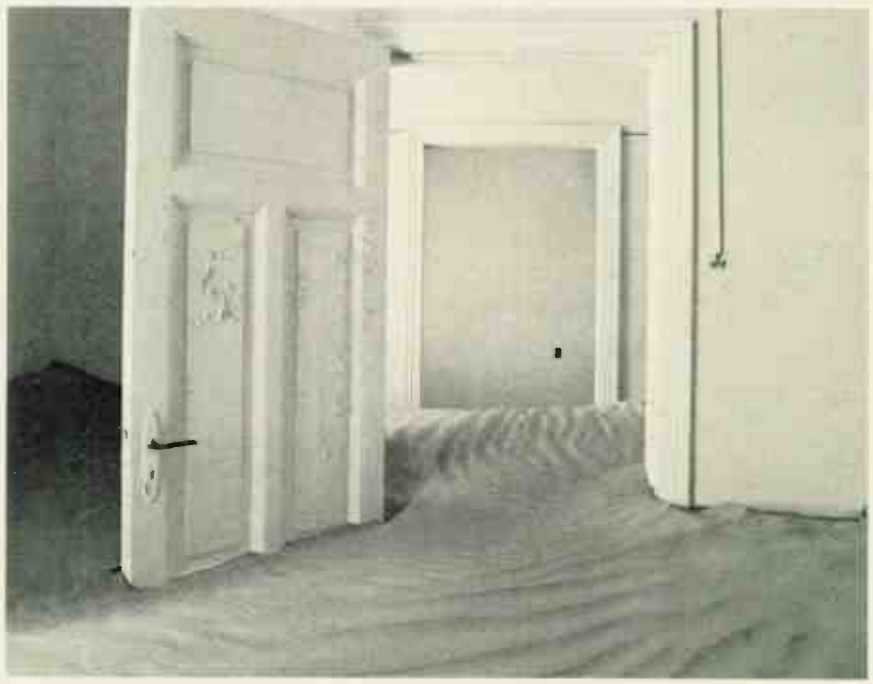
Fender®
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

JAZZ

SHORT TAKES

A slow month at the jazz desk still means a few zillion albums. Your reviewer listens on into the night, and smiles in the end.

By Rafi Zabor



Misty Beethoven

Wake me, shake me, this is the first slow month for new releases the jazz desk has seen in its busy life, and I've found myself listening to the late Beethoven (Sonatas by Schnabel, Furtwangler's wartime Ninth, *Missa* under Jochum, Quartets by everybody) and revisiting albums I'd had to take at a dead run in the usual deluge of discs. **Steve Swallow**'s *Home*, on ECM, continues to improve with each hearing, Dave Liebman's tenor work in particular sounding more earthy and satisfying and Swallow's charts for Robert Creeley's poems coming into sharper focus. "Echo" emerges as a classic setting ("Broken heart, you timeless wonder. What a small place to be. True, true, to life, to life," is the lyric in full) and Sheila Jordan is the only singer capable of rendering something so short as a complete cycle of experience. *Ming*, by the **David Murray Octet**, on Black Saint, came in at last month's last minute and I liked it fine in the time I had, but now Olu Dara's proud, declamatory trumpet crying against the rough ensemble of "Dewey's Circle" has the leisure to take on their full weight of meaning (Charlie Johnson's Paradise Orchestra rides again, or Buddy Bolden rises, or both), George Lewis' lead on the Ellingtonian title ballad sings more bittersweetly, and Murray himself, running his personal gamut from thematic coherence to Ayleresque squiggles and squeals, sounds more completely authoritative.

As for Beethoven, he got me thinking as to how little had been done for string-writing in jazz, particularly with the 20th century so rich in virile precedents — went back and listened to Stan Getz & Eddie Sauter's *Focus*, yup — when along came **Art Pepper**'s *Winter Moon* (Galaxy 5140), for alto, rhythm and the traditional collective sigh and there were no grounds for complaint. Pepper is just the man to live out this particular lost romantic dream and make it stick, and the choice of repertoire is perfect; some blues, "When the Sun Comes Out" (an inspired choice); even the "Love Theme" from *The Eyes of Laura Mars* sounds pretty hip. My comments on Pepper elsewhere in this issue apply here too; he becomes more fascinating with each new release.

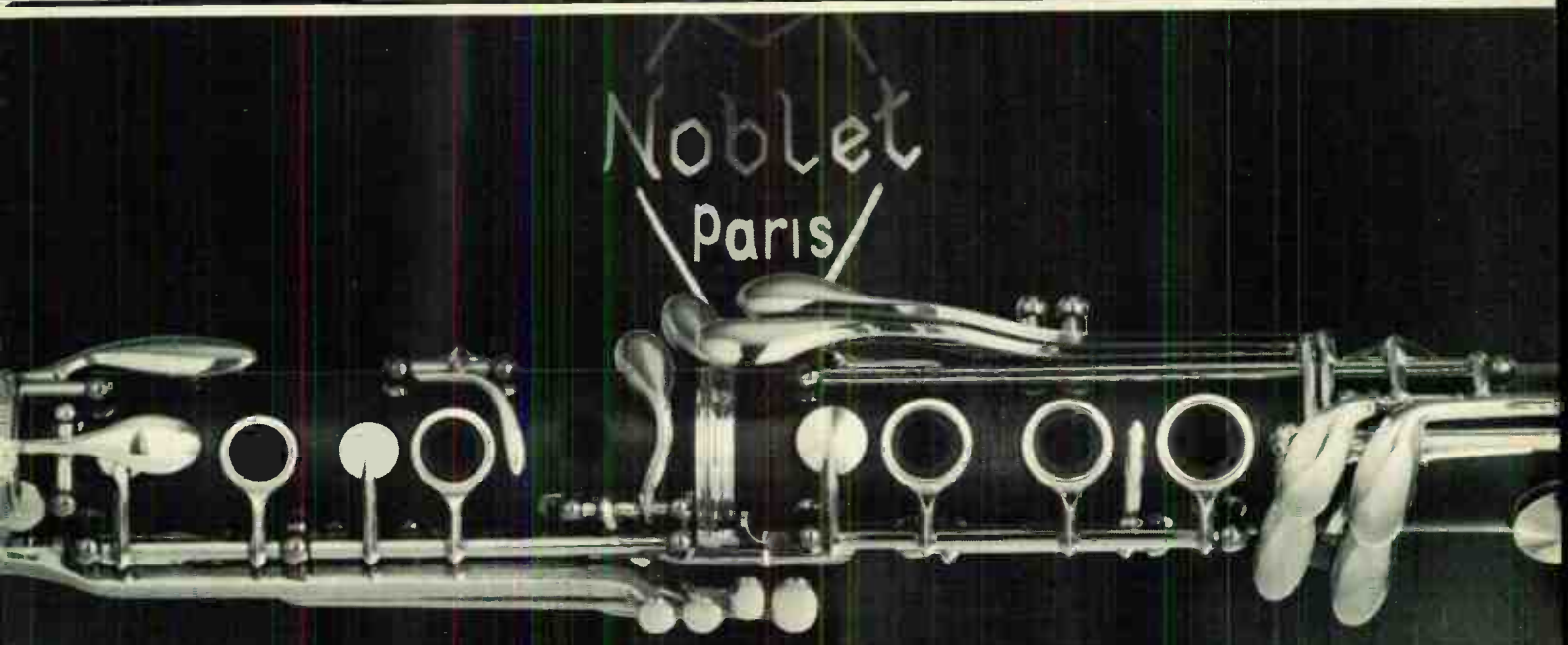
Also on Galaxy (5129) is **Red Garland**'s finest album since returning to active recording last year. Garland did not sound nearly so accomplished on his previous two albums, or so relaxed; it seems that Ben Riley serves Garland's purposes better than the superdrummers who got there first, laying down the time evenly and actively and letting Garland link idea to idea so that his solos can find their natural shape. Oddly enough, he's least effective in the trademark block-chord sequences with which he ends his outings (played with Miles, they provided the prototype for Tyner). Ron Carter should only play so well on his own albums, and Kenny Burrell shows up for three tunes because he belongs there. Notice also the novel non-listing of song titles on the liner: the composers get the fine print and you get to fill in the blanks. Or not. Zen is back.

So are other old hands. **The Heath Brothers** have another one out on Columbia (37126), *Expressions of Life*. Each side leads off with a leap at the funk market arranged by Jimmy Heath's son Mtume and continues with the usual: expert playing that often lacks edge, though Jimmy Heath soars twice on soprano (a brief and startling obligato on "Ruby, My Dear" and a fiery solo on "Then What") and turns in a solid tenor "Confirmation," making this album the Heaths' best on Columbia so far.

If you'd like to hear something with a bit more bustle and guts, try **Johnny Griffin**'s *NYC Underground* (Galaxy 5132), recorded live at the Vanguard and bristling with commitment and heart. Griff, the returning tenor hero who didn't get eaten alive, is backed up by Red Garland disciple Ron Mathews and the appropriately tough rhythm team of Ray Drummond and Idris Muhammad. Griffin also does one telling monologue between "Yours Is My Heart Alone" and "Alone Again" (one of the album's two prize ballads): "It was my idea to do an album in the Vanguard with *people*, 'cause I hate studios — hear that, Orrin?" That's the stuff.

The Modern Jazz Quartet offer *More from the Last Concert* (Atlantic 8806), which took place in 1974 and has already given birth to a healthy twofer. Of course the new album's terrific and no leftover — two blues, "England's Carol," the long "In Memoriam" cycle and two more John Lewis originals. The MJQ

Something new from the oldest name in clarinets.



From the moment you pick it up, you'll sense that there's something special about the new Noblet 145 soprano clarinet.

You'll know it when you feel the rare grenadilla wood which produces the rich and full resonance of a true artist-grade clarinet.

You'll know it when you feel the delightful I-don't-want-to-put-it-down balance of the instrument.

You'll know it the instant you begin to play. The Noblet 145 has a warm mellow sound, precise intonation, and forceful projection . . . qualities that bring classical performances to life.

Once you've played the Noblet 145, you'll *know* that this is the culmination of 230 years of experience in woodwind instruments. The fact is, at Noblet we've been making fine clarinets since the days of Mozart. But we've never made a clarinet we were more proud of than the Noblet 145.

For more information, call us toll-free at (800) 558-9421. Or write to Leblanc, 7019 Thirtieth Avenue, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53141.

Noblet
Since 1750

was, after all, a perfect band with an ideal balance of its four constituent parts: Lewis' delicate piano structures, Jackson's bluesy golden striker, Percy Heath's forthright basswork and Connie Kay's bell-like cymbals and rich snare timbre — a complete vision, a world, the blues refracted through crystal. What a clean exit for an ensemble so classic: it left no heirs and you'd swear it was still around.

Ron Carter's back with *Patrao* (Milestone 9099) featuring two different bands and one of his tritest tunes in "Ah, Rio" — but does Kenny Barron play piano on it! Elsewhere there's a quartet with more great Barron, an unbelievably restrained Jack DeJohnette, and Chet Baker doing a very credible impression of late-50s Miles — his work has the same inner tension that made Miles' stuff live, so let us not talk falsely now — though he sounds best on open horn on "Tail Feathers." Carter himself is a rather ungainly soloist and a great section man.

Contrary to appearances, I did *not* cover every reissue in the world last month. This time I was hoping to feature Pickwick/Quintessence's budget reissue of classic Ellington (1938-46) but the albums haven't come. Permit me, then to recoup a few losses. **Thad Jones and Charles Mingus** (Prestige 2506) Jones' first album, on Mingus' own Debut label once upon a time, features two bands, a quartet with Mingus, Max Roach and pianist John Dennis (stolen by *that bassist*) and a quintet with Kenny Clarke, Frank Wess, that bassist again but stolen this time by Thad's graceful brother Hank. Thad Jones' tart, assymetrical trumpet style, with its unexpected accents and unpredictable dynamics, has always struck me as a spiritual kin to brother Elvin's drum style. It sparkles brightest here on the boppish "Bitty Ditty," but my favorite early Thads are still two Blue Notes, *The Magnificent Thad Jones* (portrait of Thad with Times Square garbage can on the cover) and an even better album featuring an all-Detroit band, good originals, and some surprisingly polished early Elvin. Both albums could do with a reissue. **The John Coltrane/Ray Draper Quintet** (Prestige 2507) features Draper's attempt to revive the tuba as a jazz instrument, a slightly rag-tag rhythm section, and a late-50s Coltrane so towering he dwarfs everyone else I've heard this month and am likely to hear the next and the next and the next. Lest we forget. **Eric Dolphy**, *Caribe* (Prestige 2503), sets the Martian altoist at an ever greater distance from his accompanying band than usual. If Dolphy playing with the Latin Jazz Quintet conjures visions of extraterrestrial salsa, forget it. The LJQ does its best, and Dolphy is brilliant and flies closer to Bird than usual. An excellent Blue Note I managed to overlook in last month's tumble was **Blue Mitchell**'s *Step Lightly* (BN 1082), a fine band date featuring Horace Silver's rhythm team, early Joe Henderson and Herbie Hancock, a Leo Wright who is not the burning altoist I remember from Dizzy Gillespie's band but a stranger with bizarre, Braxtonian intonation. Blue and Joe cop the honors but what lingers in the memory is effortless *esprit de corps*.

Lambert, Hendricks & Ross (Columbia 37020), formerly *High Flying with L, H & R*, is a welcome reissue on CBS' cut-rate line, and although it is not *Sing a Song of Basie* and includes neither "Cloudburst" nor "Bijou," it's got "Come on Home," "Cookin at the Continental," other blasts of vocalese and is a lot of fun. L,H&R albums should always be kept in print. Please. And although we know that jazz critics don't know anything about music, *Jazz Critics' Choice* (Columbia 36807), for which my elders and betters chose twelve favorite tunes in 1964, is a quick, cheap way for non-collectors to catch up on a few classics. No, it's not an Ellington album, though the Duke's here. One great Armstrong cut, Lester Young's "Lady Be Good," Cootie, Lunceford, Teddy Wilson, great Bessie Smith, Miles and only one utter clunker, Martial Solal's "International Blues," which must be heard to be believed.

Elsewhere, Perhaps

Trumpeter **Bill Dixon** scored one of the great orchestra triumphs of the 60s

GHS Presents 3 Types of Long-Lasting Acoustic Strings for 3 Different Kinds of Sound

Every serious musician strives to establish his own style and sound. Whether you want brilliance, full-bodied richness or a sweet and mellow tone, one of our three types of acoustic strings will give you just the right sound for your particular style.

GHS Strings are available in 6 and 12 string sets . . .or you can select your own gauges from our assortment box.

SILK & STEEL
Mellow and sweet

A★ BRONZE
Rich and full-bodied

BRIGHT BRONZE
Extra crisp
and brilliant

ghs strings
THE STRING SPECIALISTS

Manufactured by GHS Corporation
2813 Wilber Avenue Battle Creek, Michigan 49015

avant garde with an RCA album whose name I have forgotten and which Pickwick/Quintessence would do well to re-release. Dixon hasn't been heard from nearly enough since. *Bill Dixon in Italy, volume one* (Soul Note 1008) continues his obsession with deep texture, and though there are *longueurs* aplenty, there is also some fine, sputtery Dixon, a spectacular rhythm team of Alan Silva and Freddie Waits, two other trumpeters and a strong-voiced saxophonist named Steven Horenstein of whom I'd like to hear more. Most of all there's an original artist working in a language certifiably his own, and when his textures get up and walk, the music is both haunting and majestic, long tones sustained over dark vamps, slow wreaths of melody uncoiling, humid slurs and cries. No one else is doing this stuff, kids. We need this guy around.

ECM has checked in with three new albums, **Gary Burton**'s *Easy as Pie* (1184), **Abercrombie Quartet**'s *M* (1911), and **John Clark**'s *Faces* (1176). Burton's album was expert but disappointing, with Steve Swallow's bass solos the only real standouts. Clark, probably the best french-horn player in jazz, surprised me by not coming out and playing more. The Abercrombie gang's new album is, I think, a "vast improvement" over their first; I was particularly delighted by the kick-ass grooves on "M," "What Are the Rules " and "Flashback." More clubdates and power to them (Abercrombie, Beirach, Mraz and Donald). A provocative Metheny/Mays/Vasconcelos album also showed up, but had a precise rectangle cut into it with a razor so we couldn't hear it well enough for a review. Trust ECM to perfect and regularize the damaged record.

A new label named Gramavision has come out with an interesting album by saxophonist **Ralph Simon**, new to me, *Time Being* (Gramavision 8002), a very accomplished date for a first outing. John Scofield and Billy Hart are the hottest players on hand, and Paul Bley helps, but there's more to the date than that, like consistently good writing and production values. Simon himself has a way to go, but he's promising. Scofield's just great.

'Nother new label in town, and blowing rather hard on the promotional trumpet, is JAM, or Jazz American Marketing, with some good new albums out. The best is *Music for Violin and Jazz Quartet* by the **N.Y.5** (JAM 001), primarily Michal Urbaniak playing his tush off powered by a super rhythm section of Kenny Barron, Ted Dunbar, Buster Williams and Mr. Roy Haynes. The recorded sound is a bit crowded and boxy, but Urbaniak is the greatest Polish violinist in jazz, has been sorely missed, and the rest of the guys you know or you won't have read this far. Dunbar's guitar meshes particularly well with Urbaniak in the front line and provides a parallel but funkier intensity in the solo spots. Three Horace Silver tunes, count 'em, two Urbaniaks and one Wayne Shorter. Can't be bad.

Jam 003 is the new one from the **Toshiko Akiyoshi — Lew Tabackin Big Band**, *Farewell to Mingus*, and since the band's best moments are still invariably Akiyoshi's thickest voicings behind Tabackin's tenor, the long title ballad is the place to go. Not as grand a work as the recent *Minamata*, it's still a sign that the band continues to grow and mature. You may remember that when it started off, Tabackin had to take virtually all the solos. He still takes the best ones, but the rest of the band is coming along, and the ensembles are fine.

But the last-minute album that really lit the fire was *Never Make Your Move Too Soon* (Concord 147) by **Ernestine Anderson**, who stumbles over "What a Difference a Day Makes" but elsewhere turns in such a major-league vocal performance — quick, pass that critic's poll ballot over here — that I, that I, that I, that I what? Geez, do you know how few first-rate, genuinely terrific jazz singers we've got out there? She can sing ballads, blues, boppers, and sing them seriously or make the right kind of fun when she has to, must have lived a lot, has a great voice out of Carmen and Dinah (and the blues, and the church),

micro *phonies...*

fact:

There are some new (and some not-so-new) microphones on the market that have a very familiar shape. In fact, a person who is not careful might confuse one of these for a Shure microphone!

However, in this case, beauty is only skin deep. Whatever the outward resemblances may be, it isn't hard to tell the difference between a Shure microphone and an imitation:

Sound Quality. The famous Shure Sound has *never* been duplicated— whether you prefer Shure's distinctive crisp response with a presence peak that is perfect for vocals, or a flat frequency response for instrumental pickup.

Reliability. Shure has the most demanding and rigorous Quality Assurance programs in the sound industry ensuring dependable performance, time after time. Each Shure microphone shrugs off the kind of abuse that's associated with tough usage, adverse humidity and temperature conditions, and accidental mishandling. What's more, Shure microphones carry a one-year guarantee on parts and labor!

Shure Nationwide Dealer Network. When you are thousands of miles away from the place where you bought your Shure microphone, and you find you need service, or technical advice, or a matching component, you know you can put your hands on what you need— quickly. Worldwide!

Model SM58

the real thing

Insist on the Shure name on your microphone. It's performance insurance that can't be imitated.

® SHURE ®

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

can convey everything she wants to without posing falsely even once, speaks to you straight from herself, knows what she's doing and lives in *Seattle*? Quick, alert the outposts, send out for rain... M

Rock Shorts *cont. from pg. 92*

bath nor as witty and facile as Blue Oyster Cult, this British kamikaze squad accepts the limitations of their chosen genre, heavy metal, and then beats the pants off of them. The songs are nothing new under the sun, but buried under those crunchola riffs and Rob Halford's full moon howl, how can you tell?

AC/DC — *Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap* (Atlantic) The late Bon Scott roars again on this slab of highly combustible mega-boogie from 1976, most of it previously unissued here. Ears, prepare to bleed.

Jefferson Starship — *Modern Times* (Grunt) The Frisco rock space shuttle, with Grace Slick aboard, touches down on anonymous hard-rock turf in six of the nine tracks here. The combination of the Kantner/Slick/Mickey Thomas vocal axis and the anthemic quality of Kantner's songwriting lifts "Wild Eyes (Angel)" and "Modern Times" a bit above ordinary. As for "Stairway to Cleveland," well, "fuck you we do what we want." And that was always the idea, wasn't it?

Tuxedomoon — *Desire* (Ralph) *After Bathing at Baxter's* thirteen years on. While this drummerless quartet has more in common musically with Britain's post-punk futurist mob, they evoke the spirit of Acid Age daring here, hacking away at the jagged edge of the new psychedelia and coming up with startling sound sculptures like "Jinx," the hypnotic "Victims of the Dance," and their mischievous rewrite of "Holiday for Strings" (retitled "Holiday for Plywood"). Drugs could never improve on this.

Killing Joke (Editions EG) Sound and fury, PiL-wise. You can dance to the splintered funk of "Bloodsport" and "Change," but it won't be easy since blood-boilers like "Wardance" and "The Wait" will already have you pinned to the wall.

Kate and Anna McGarrigle — *French Record* (Hannibal) In any language, the McGarrigles are a rare and beautiful thing. The fragile melodies and touching poignance of their songs is further heightened by the French-Canadian flavor of the arrangements and the organic charm of the sisters' singing. Romantic music in a Romance language.

Brave Combo — *Music For Squares* (Four Dots) These nervy Texas pranksters play polkas, rhumbas, and tangos — complete with snorting saxophones and an asthmatic accordian — the way George Thorogood sinks his teeth into Chuck Berry. And I hear they do a mean version of "Purple Haze" live. The last word in ambient music. (Write to the Brave Combo c/o P.O. Box 233, Denton, Texas 76201.) M

IRS *cont. from pg. 16*

After his first year, it is enough for Miles Copeland to say IRS "survived." "I looked around me and refused to accept the pressure to make it in the first year. Now I can look around and say, 'Hey, we're still here!'"

As for Ian Copeland, his FBI has evolved into a perfect complement to the IRS, and a booking force in its own right. *Variety* recently listed FBI among the top 5 music agencies in the U.S. As a former agent with Paragon in Macon, Ga., Ian can recite his own litany of bad vibes. "The way it's done in other agencies, the group comes in and wants to tour, the agent pulls out the charts. Sorry, nothing doing. Or worse, he says, 'Sure, we'll do a tour.' The band goes back to England and waits. Three months later, the group is all hopped up about a U.S. tour, and the agent calls back and cancels. He was waiting to see if their album hit the charts."

"We're not dependent upon tour support that could fall through at any time," continues Ian, "We look at touring as a way to support the groups. We'll fly 'em over on Laker Airways, put 'em up in somebody's house, whatever we have to do to cut corners and come back with something in our pocket..."

"The thing that we're trying to reverse in the music industry," he concludes, "is the concept of the pie-in-the-sky that new talent is usually sold on. We talk to groups in straight language. We talk about how much we think we can sell, and what we'll be making. We want to create incentives for growth. Right now, we've reached a position where we have some catalog to fall back on, we can take some risks, spend a little more."

"But the industry eventually has to see the need for companies like ours. Take the Dead Kennedys, for example. There's no point in having A&M work a record like that. They can't do anything with it. We understand Ticketron won't print tickets with the group's name on them. But we've sold over 20,000 units through our own Faulty Products distribution operation, because we know the underground scene, and we know there's a large market out there that needs to be tapped..."

So there you have it — the FBI, the IRS and the Dead Kennedys tied together. Seems right, somehow. M

J.J. Cale *continued from pg. 64*

ify them to survive. Maybe it's not quite as arty as you want it to be, but the true art stays at home I guess."

The reason behind Cale's penchant for minor keys goes back to the guitar. "Guitars are inherently out of tune all the time," he explains, "and in minor keys the dissonances sound a little closer than in majors, where you're tuning up all the time. Also, it's easier for me to sing in minor keys. In Europe they call all minor music 'romantic music.' Several guys over there asked me, 'Mr. Cale, how come all your songs are romantic?' It gets back to the feel. It also fits that drone kind of thing, where you don't have to put in a lot of chords. But I do do that a lot — I guess I ought to quit."

As for the Clapton connection, the Englishman's mentor volunteers, "A lot of people come up to me and say, 'Doesn't it bother you that Eric Clapton or so-and-so had a hit with your song?' No, man. *Bother* me? I'm glad! The system is set up to where if Clapton does that, I get paid. And he's doing a lot of work, while I'm getting paid. Yeah, sure, I kicked the song into the deal, but look at all the stuff he's got to do to make the record, to promote it. Let me tell you something: Eric Clapton has copped a *lot* of people's stuff, and that's why he is who he is. He's been influenced by a lot of people besides me. He might be doing that right now, but he has a much broader range."

Cale didn't meet his biggest fan until years after Clapton had made "After Midnight" a hit. By that time Eric had already cut "Cocaine" as well, although J.J. wasn't aware that he had. "We went to England, and Clapton and his whole band — Carl Radle, Jamie Oldaker, Dick Sims, all guys from Tulsa — came down to the gig. Clapton sat down in the back and played the guitar, way in the back.

READER SERVICE

The following companies would love to send you info on their products and services. Just send along this column with your choices checked and we'll do the rest.

___	Unicord	2
___	Marshall	3
___	Roland	4
___	New England Digital	6, 7
___	Zildjian	9
___	Kaman Strings	11
___	Gibson Parts	13
___	NED	14, 17
___	D'Addario	20
___	King Insts.	21
___	JTG of Nashville	25
___	JBL	28
___	La Bella	35
___	Imaginearing Audio	36
___	Electro-Voice	37
___	Mesa	41, 105
___	Paiste	50, 51
___	Helpinstill	53
___	AKG	62
___	Ludwig	77
___	Coast/Takamine	79
___	DOD	80
___	DiMarzio	81, 83, 85
___	Unicord	82
___	Moog	84
___	Teac	87
___	Casio	89
___	Steinberger	90
___	Electro-Harmonix	91
___	Fender	93
___	LeBlanc	95
___	GHS	97
___	Ross	98
___	Shure	99
___	Hamer	101
___	Peavey	107
___	Washburn	108
___	Guitar Poster	109
___	Whirlwind	110
___	Gibson Bass	111
___	Rickenbacker	113
___	Sequential Circuits	115
___	Martin	117
___	Audio Technica	119
___	Hondo	121
___	Ovation	124

Return to: M, P&L
P.O. Box 701, Gloucester MA 01930

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Then we went over to the studio, and they put on a 16-track tape of 'Cocaine.' I didn't know that he'd cut it. We hung out and partied about half the night. That's the only time I ever met him; I thanked him for cutting all the music."

These days Clapton seems to have absorbed the Cale style so completely that he's writing his own tunes in the same vein. "I Can't Stand It," from *Another Ticket*, could probably fool Cale's own mother. "Yeah, I don't get any reward for that," J.J. smiles, "but that's okay. See, he's getting to a point where he can write that way. Remember how I was telling you how I could get maybe three-fourths of a song down and then write the rest myself? You finally get to a point where you can write the whole thing in any style you want to do it in. So he finally figured out how to write all that stuff.

"Which might be bad for me," he laughs. "But it's not in the song, it's in the feel. And once you've figured that out ...well, he's figured that out, so he doesn't need to use my words anymore."

Though he claims it is not his favorite pastime, and is probably the hardest of his roles, Cale agrees that "songwriting is the most profitable thing I do. The only thing I like to do is play the guitar. The rest of it's a lot of BS. The rest of it is how I pay my rent. Because nobody appreciates guitar, or any music, as much as a musician. I mean, you know all the great guitarists who no one's ever heard of. But the dollars are in the songwriting — so I survive and stay in music without having to shine shoes for a living. I like to make a living while still holding a guitar in my hands. The writing and the singing don't come as easy. The guitar is fun.

"When I got into the recording deal I found out they don't care nothing about technique, they don't care nothing about melodic content or anything like that. All they're looking for is hit songs. It's a shame, but that's what controls the industry. Money controls. And I can dig it — I'll get all I can, you know — but a lot of the things I've done have been, like I said, out of necessity. To be able to play music without having to work a jackhammer. That's what I wanted to do, and I had to make some trade-offs. You play the guitar for ten dollars a night forever, and pretty soon you starve to death. It's like anything else — if you're in the automobile industry, manufacturing cars, you have to keep broadening and expanding your line to cover all the things that are connected to the business."

One of the first things Cale added to his musical line was engineering. "After playing bars for about fifteen years," according to J.J., "I figured, well, the music comes out and lays in the air and it's gone. I'd always been interested in the tape recorder; I consider it as much a musical instrument as the guitar."

Cale learned engineering, bit by bit, while building a studio in L.A. with one of his old Tulsa buddies, Leon Russell. J.J. recalls the first time the two musicians ever crossed paths: "I was playing a nightclub in Tulsa, and he came in and asked the piano player if he could sit in. He was about 16, I guess; I was around 22. He's one of those rare people that when you hear them play a musical instrument, they're what the old folks used to call gifted. Well, Leon's gifted in music. He's full of crap in a lot of other things, but he's hard to beat on piano. I think Leon had studied classical music, so he had that first. And once he learned all that, he couldn't wait to play that funky music down at the bar."

By asking a lot of questions while building the studio, Cale "learned how to make my sounds go into the tape recorder. That's the process for making records. The other process is you get your producer or engineer and walk in and say, 'Do it for me.' That interested me a little bit, but I've always been the kind of guy who likes to work on a carburetor, you know. I like the smell of electronics."

Cale has had a hand in engineering most of his six LPs, with several cuts recorded either at his house (with John overdubbing all or most of the instruments himself) or at his own Crazy Mama's studio in Nashville. Recently, though, he has concentrated more on playing, leaving the technical chores to others. "The engineering got in the way of the music," he feels, "and I might have suffered from that quite a bit. But for what I lost in creative ideas, I gained in another field. The knowledge was as rewarding as the cash dollars or having a great sounding record. I was learning. It was like going to school and putting your thesis out every year for sale."

All of Cale's albums have been produced by himself and/or Ashworth, although J.J. is open to using an outside producer at some point in the future. "We never have gotten into that," he says, "because my records are really demonstration records. I still don't look at my records as masters. And part of the recording process for me is writing the songs. It's just a trial and error thing. And my records all sound the same. I could probably hire God to produce it, and it'd still sound like my records, because that's where I'm at. That can't be helped, I don't think."

As far as any changes in direction in the near future, Cale has no immediate plans. "I'd like to change," he stresses, "but you know what? You can't. Once you become, let's say, famous, you become stylized. You have to have a trademark, a bag, right? Up to that time you can imitate, you can be whoever you want to be. But once you're famous, it's really strange — you can't get out of

continued on pg. 116

Bolden *cont. from pg. 29*
of its fame."

What Bolden has apparently fled is not only the New Orleans that splattered his mind but the loss of psychic privacy and of self that can undo an artist by falsifying him into other people's ideas of him. What happens to an artist when his infinite, free self is manifested into the finite world by means of his art, is seen, heard, tagged, referred to, tallied with every moment's headline, other humans, cans of soup, trapped between privacy and publicity, one self and another, this world and the next? For some artists this is a problem. For Ondaatje's Bolden it is a lethal problem. How much it has to do with the real Buddy Bolden, who was by all accounts a loud and public man who revelled in all the glory and liquor and women his music won him and who probably went mad because he overblew the cornet (Armstrong said so), I couldn't say, but it's Ondaatje's novel and he's entitled to do what he wants with it. It's the kind of thing a private poet would imagine of a public horn.

Once Webb finds Bolden, the uneasy idyl is over. Bolden woodsheds in Webb's country cabin, where he and Nora honeymooned way back, then returns to New Orleans. "All my life I seemed to be a parcel on a bus. I am the famous fucker. I am the famous barber. I am the famous cornet player. Read the labels. The labels are coming home." He has four days in town before the parade during which he will go mad for good. There is his reunion with Nora — Ondaatje is brilliant in scenes of intimacy with women — and a spectacular nighttime fresco of syphilitic whores with broken ankles hauling their mattresses and doing business in the street.

Bolden has nowhere to flip but out, and the verbal cadenza in which he virtually blows his brains out through his horn does not really climax the book, though I think Ondaatje wanted it to. The quiet hospital coda is superb (Slaughter is a town he passes through on the way there), and Ondaatje himself enters the book, like Webb identified with Bolden: "I did not want to pose in your accent but think in your brain and body." This pretty well defines his method: Bolden neither speaks nor thinks in dialect, and Ondaatje has not gone after realism but an artist's vision of personal truth. If there seems to be little jazz in the book, that's a false impression. It's there, sometimes by implication, seldom falsely. It's a tricky book but I trust it. The last paragraph presents Bolden in the asylum at the end of his life or, perhaps, Ondaatje at the end of his work. "I sit with this room. With the grey walls that darken into corner. And one window with teeth in it...Thirty-one years old. There are no prizes." M

How serious are you about quality?

By now every serious player recognizes the MESA/Boogie as one of a small number of truly classic and original musical instruments: the founder of modern amp design.

In terms of concept, its revolutionary combination of size, power, gain and controllability ushered in a new era of sound and versatility for guitar players.

Yet just as an historic reputation is not earned overnight, our commitment to quality has been a ten-year pursuit of perfection.

Some of our features have by now become standards throughout the industry, but the sought after musical quality of the MESA/Boogie is definitive and continues to elude its many imitators.

The MESA/Boogie legend is above all else built on a reputation for useful innovation, superior quality and personalized service.

Each amplifier is hand built in its entirety and master craftsmanship is evident in every detail. Individual burn-in, set up and quality control takes nearly one week per unit.

Direct communication with your amplifier company is a reality at MESA/Boogie.

Because we're serious.

AVAILABLE DIRECT: SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
1317 ROSS STREET • PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA 94952
WRITE OR CALL FOR INFORMATION • (707) 778-6565

MESA ENGINEERING

semi-hollow format with a solid center wood block running through the cavity or any one of many variations in between is tempting, especially when you consider that the specific choice may have more to do with the genre of music to be played on the guitar than with purely structural considerations.

The semi-hollow electric provides an apt case in point. With Wilbur Marker at the helm of Gibson's Research & Development team in the fifties, the company started devising ways of reducing the cumbersome size of their better-known hollow body "jazz" guitars like the Johnny Smith and the Super 400. First came the Gibson Byrdland with its shorter scale length, then the ES-175 with its smaller overall body dimensions. Both of these instruments had mounted humbucking pickups instead of floating pickups over the body, a radical departure from accepted tradition at the time. The ES-175 was the front runner for the legendary Gibson "ES" (Electric-Spanish) series of thin-line, semi-hollow body guitars which eventually culminated in the Gibson ES-335, ES-345 and ES-355 models. These slim instruments featured double cutaways and solid center blocks inside the chamber for more punch and less acoustic feedback.

Because the ES line was so quickly accepted into the rock 'n' roll firmament, everyone assumed these guitars were the ideally proportioned blend of hollow and solid body designed for higher decibel music. Actually, the semi-hollow bodies were created to provide more stand-up comfort for the player while maximizing the cutting power and brilliance of the guitar so it could be easily distinguished from the other instruments in the band. Ironically, the need for projection was a guiding factor behind Lloyd Loar's brilliantly innovative work in the development of Gibson's early archtop guitars. As the semi-acoustic instruments went through bigger and bigger amplification, blues and rock players grew to appreciate their control over feedback and distinctly honking, "nasal" quality which added a new sonic dimension to the electric guitar. Initially used by blues guitarists like B.B. King, the ES line is now popular with session musicians like Larry Carlton and Lee Ritenour because it can be played clean for traditional jazz/pop styles or "fattened up" for the kind of rich, tapered sustain which has become a fixture on contemporary rock 'n' roll recordings.

And even though the semi-hollow body is barely a third as thick as the original hollow bodies, its overall width and length are still a tad unwieldy for some modern players. When Gibson and well-known jazz and session guitarist Howard Roberts collaborated on the Gibson Howard Roberts "Fusion" model they took this point into consideration before creating a semi-acoustic guitar with overall dimensions slightly larger than the Les Paul (14 7/8" wide, 18 1/8" long, 2 5/16" thick). With a maple top, side and back and a solid block of maple with a layer of spruce on top running through the body, the Howard Roberts guitar uses a standard Gibson humbucking unit for the bass pickup (i.e. traditional jazz sound) and a hotter "super" humbucking pickup for the harder-edged treble position. Based on the electric demands of the studio and theoretically intended to provide the player with as much tonal flexibility as possible in a small, compact guitar, the Howard Roberts is one of the first commercially made instruments to investigate the implicit potential of the semi-hollow concept.

George Benson and Jeff Hasselberger of Ibanez probably deserve the credit for being *the* first to develop a commercially available, limited-series hollow body instrument with drastically reduced proportions, the "George Benson" GB-10 guitar. Benson, who had emerged to the forefront of contemporary jazz guitar using accepted instruments like the Super 400, was rapidly becoming more of a front man/vocalist due to the success of albums like *Breezin'*. He needed a smaller guitar that could be played standing up and which would also be able to transmit his characteristic sound through a large PA system in bigger venues. The instrument had to have exceptional brilliance and clarity, something traditional hollow bodies lacked in large-scale live applications, while retaining a dark, woodsy "acoustic" sound.

The materials used for the GB-10

THE GUITAR POSTER T.M.

THE GUITAR POSTER is a beautiful fine art print and the most innovative and complete presentation of music theory and guitar instruction ever devised. The enthusiastic response by guitarists, from beginners to pros, has made ***THE GUITAR POSTER*** the new standard of excellence in the field of music and guitar education.

FOR ALL STYLES & LEVELS

You don't need any formal music training to be able to understand and use ***THE GUITAR POSTER.*** Any guitarist can find and play any chord or scale, in any key, anywhere on the fretboard. From the basics of DO RE MI to playing the locrian mode over A MINOR SEVEN FLAT FIVE, ***THE GUITAR POSTER*** takes the answers out of the books and puts them up on your wall.

So for about the price of a new set of strings ***THE GUITAR POSTER*** gives you a beautiful, decorative poster as well as a lifetime's worth of music lessons.

We honestly don't know of a single product in the entire music industry that gives more pure value for a few hard earned dollars than you get with ***THE GUITAR POSTER.*** It's the best value in music today!..

Also available is the first of our new series of colorful, innovative musical reference cards, ***MUSIC NOTES #1.*** *This heavy-duty, laminated 8½" X 11" reference card provides any musician with a handy, portable, lifetime reference source. The TABLE OF KEYS (side 1) and the CHORD AND SCALE TABLE (side 2), make transposing any chord, scale, or chord progression to any key a quick and simple process. Slips easily into a binder or instrument case---ONLY $2.95!*

AVAILABLE AT FINE MUSIC STORES EVERYWHERE

FEATURES: ★ THE NOTES OF THE FRETBOARD ★ HOW TO TUNE ★ BASIC CHORDS ★ MUSIC NOTATION ★ OPEN TUNINGS ★ CIRCLE OF FIFTHS AND KEY SIGNATURES ★ CHORD AND SCALE INDEX ★ MOVABLE CHORD AND SCALE FORMS ★ TRANSPOSITION TABLE ★ ★ COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS

or clip and mail this handy coupon

money back guarantee

PLEASE SEND_____copies of THE GUITAR POSTER $5.95 ea.

_____copies of MUSIC NOTES #1 $2.95 ea.

_____PICK PACKS ☐T ☐M ☐H ☐MIXED $1.00 ea.

Include $1.00 postage and handling for each order (except PICK PACKS)

California residents add 6% sales tax. —

ENCLOSED IS $_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY/STATE/ZIP_____

MY VISA/MASTERCARD # IS_____

EXP. DATE_____ SIGNATURE_____

CASTALIA PUBLICATIONS BOX 792 FORESTVILLE, CA 95436

ALLOW SIX WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

were chosen to that end: a spruce top, curly maple back and sides, and a rock maple neck for additional stiffness. Available in sunburst or natural blond finishes, the GB-10 also features reduced-to-scale humbucking pickups mounted over the body, an ebony fingerboard with abalone pearl block inlays, ivoroid binding, special inlay on the headstock and a half-brass, half-bone nut. The "George Benson" has a thicker top, fairly heavy bracing for the top to restrict fundamental vibration and a rigid neck for more projection. The front (GBF) and back (GBR) pickups are mounted over the body from the fingerboard and pickguard, not just to avoid restricting surface vibrations, but so they would cleanly sense *only* the string vibrations. The volume and tone controls are mounted onto the body like those on semi-hollow body guitars, providing an offbeat hybrid nature to the GB-10's electronic setup.

But the real tour-de-force here is the beautifully proportioned adaptation of the traditional hollow body shape. Taking Benson's input as a starting point, Hasselberger traced the outline of a D'Angelico, a Gibson L-5, a Gibson ES-175 and Les Paul onto one piece of paper and came up with a nearly perfect free-handed blend of these instruments on the first go round. "We were really lucky to have it come out so right the first time, we only had to tighten up the design and make the curvatures more symmetrical," recalls Hasselberger. "It was one of those rare occasions where we just let it happen and it worked out OK. The whole thing came together in a rather small time over several bottles of Courvoisier at George's house. Once we had the basic shape, the guitar took on a life of its own."

Because the GB-10 is a limited series, top-of-the-line instrument, Ibanez can afford the luxury of having three senior craftsmen work exclusively on these instruments with specially selected woods that are kiln-processed three times instead of two. Only fifty of these per month are made worldwide, making them somewhat hard to find, but worth the effort, especially to see what can be done in updating a traditional guitar. Ibanez also has a new semi-hollow guitar with double cutaways designated as the AS-50 which is approximately 3/4" smaller all around than an ES-335. Designed to compete on a head-to-head price basis with Gibson semi-hollow guitars, this guitar grew out of the modern guitarist's need for a slightly smaller 335.

Ibanez and Gibson have been the first major manufacturers to sense the shift toward hollow bodies in new shapes and sizes, but many of the young luthiers building custom instruments are also exploring these fertile growth areas for future electric instruments. And besides, they're a heck of a lot more fun to build.

Get your hands on the new Victory Bass, by Gibson. Success has never felt so good. Or so comfortable. From narrower high frets to the deep cutaway body design. An adjustable neck pitch and new neck shape give you even more fast action and playability. And the feel is so balanced, you'll swear it's a part of you.

This Gibson bass is destined to be number one, with sound unequaled on the stage. Or in the studio. Hold it back for light, smooth jazz. Or rip it wide open to heavy rock. No matter how you play Victory, you'll look great doing it. Because new molded black pickups and a reshaped pickguard add extra class to the sleek Victory Standard or deluxe Artist model.

If you're going to play, play to win. With Victory Bass, by Gibson.

THE THRILL OF VICTORY

VICTORY BASS
by Gibson®

For a full-color catalog, send $3.95 to Gibson Literature, P.O. Box 100087, Nashville, TN 37210. For a poster size reprint of this ad, send $2.00 to Dept. VB.

years with quite a few equipment changes, while emphasizing that the room should not be considered complete and finished. He also freely admits to sinking his earnings from recording and performing into his studio in an effort to improve the room and keep pace with those technical developments that actually further the recording arts.

One of those accepted technical "advances" for which Hammer has little compassion is 24 track tape. "I prefer 16 track to 24. There's a measurable difference in signal to noise ratio and 24 track is essentially smaller than 16 track—you can really saturate two inch tape with 16 tracks. Squeezing eight more tracks onto the same tape limits the tape's reproduction characteristics. Sixteen track gives you more headroom and I like to have as much space on the tape as possible and really hit the tape with the signal. If you need more than 16 tracks you've always got the option of strapping two 16 track machines together. Sixteen has a better sound." Jan recently purchased an MCI JH 24 for his 16 track and uses a Revox A700 that he and Hanks modified to Studer B67 specs for two-track mixdown.

The board Hammer has installed is a Sound Workshop Series 30 console and he has only the highest praise for the unit. "There was no competition when it came to selecting a board. It's perfect for this installation and for its dollar value. I needed something small but I had to have professional specs. The Sound Workshop affords me automation capabilities if I choose, though I'm not sure if and when I'll go that route. When you're mixing 16 tracks, automation is a certifiable luxury. I can live without it right now."

Outboard equipment is both standard and offbeat in state-of-the-art terms. A Deltalab Acousticomputer which is gaining more and more notoriety both in recording studio and sound reinforcement applications, Keepex Gain Brains, MXR Auto Flangers and APSI Graphic Equalizers complement a pair of vintage Universal Audio 176 Tube Limiters Hammer rescued when CBS was gutting one of their New York studios. He likes the distortion characteristics of the tube design but also has a pair of Urei 1176 LN Limiters for applications where tube distortion is detrimental to the desired application.

Monitors in the control room are JBL 4333's powered with McIntosh amplifiers. For A/B comparison when mixing Hammer uses a pair of "Vintage Sears & Roebuck Hi-Fi speakers." Like the battery, these speakers are diehards and Jan figures they're about 14 years old. Hammer also uses a dbx Compression unit to duplicate the compression radio stations use when broadcasting. This gives him a better idea of what mixed material will sound like over the radio.

Hammer has many stories about this "little studio that can." (Jeff Beck's *Wired* LP was mixed on an eight track machine and a Tascam board at Red Gate.) But it wasn't until he threaded the Revox with a two-track mix of his most recent project that the real worth of the small studio became apparent. A collaboration with Journey guitarist Neil Schon and bassist Colin Hodgkinson (Hammer plays keyboard and drums), the record will be released shortly on Columbia. The sound literally leapt out of the JBL's and this visitor was led to comment about the "big" sound this small studiio with no claims to the state-of-the-art is capable of. Hammer grinned and nodded his head. "You don't have to have every new thing on the market to get good, professional sound. It's important to realize that I didn't get this sound overnight; it's taken eight years. I suppose there are a number of things in the studio that could be updated to state-of-the-art, but I'm creating music, not just maintaining the state-of-the-art. I live here, I can set up anywhere in the house and get different sounds. It may be unorthodox but it works. That's what's important; I'm interested in sound. I'm not in the studio business. The studio is where I can work on my own terms at my own pace. An accountant has nothing to do with what I do with my music here."

It would seem that as opposed to paying his money and taking his chance, Hammer pays his money and takes his choice. M

EAR•FORCE

SEQUENTIAL CIRCUITS INC

Send $2.00 for the new demonstration cassette of the Prophet-5 and Prophet-10, or $1.00 for a demo record to:

SEQUENTIAL CIRCUITS
Dept. 3
3051 North First Street
San Jose, CA 95134

J.J. Cale *continued from pg. 102*

your own bag. Sure, I'd like to do some punk rock and everything else. But right now I'm just trying to perfect what I do."

Now that he's fulfilled his obligations to Shelter/MCA, Cale is laying down tracks for his first LP with Mercury/Phonogram to be released later this year. When he's not on the road or kicking back to his trailer, Cale can usually be found at his rented rehearsal hall where he has set up much of his recording equipment. "I'd say 80% of the money I've made in music I've put back into some kind of musical instrument or recording equipment," he reflects. "I did buy me a Porsche automobile, and I bought me a boat which I sold to Audie. When Eric Clapton did 'After Midnight,' I heard that on the radio and went out and bought a Chevrolet. Then I bought a Cadillac, then I got two trucks, and then three vans. Wore all of them out on the road." Ⓜ

Cale's Equipment

Having retired his trademark backless Harmony acoustic (which was "customized" by Cale, with about a half dozen different pickups, countless switches, and no back), J.J. is currently using a Fender Stratocaster on the road. "I use the Stratocaster because, number one, it cuts," he declares. "The Strat I'm playing now is a 1977. I went down and bought two more Strats — I paid a bunch of money for an old '56, but I don't like it. This particular '77 has a thinner neck. I think what they did at the factory is, they put a Telecaster neck on it accidentally, because all the new Strats have a thicker neck — down by the nut it's real chubby. This one I have is thin down there, and for some reason I like that.

"I put an Alembic Stratoblaster in there," he continues, "and I love it. It's noisy as hell, so to take some of the hum out of it I painted the inside with this silver paint, which is really expensive. Don't try that. If you breathe that stuff for more than two minutes, it'll kill you. And I'm sitting in the trailer painting the thing...

"I use Fender strings, and I'm playing through a Peavey Artist amplifier, which I really like. I used a 410 Bassman with the Harmony, and when I put the Harmony away, I put the old Bassman away, too. The Peavey is half transistors and half tubes — a tube amplifier and a transistor preamp."

For recording, Cale often uses a 1960 Les Paul sunburst ("It has that fat sound"), and his collection also includes a Gibson Super 400, a dot-inlay 335, and a few bargain basement models, like his Coral Firefly. "It's their 335 imitation," says Cale. "Coral, Danelectro — they're all the same. They're made in Neptune, New Jersey.

"When I record, I change guitars all the time, but I still sound the same."

At CF MARTIN we have never compromised the integrity of our craftsmanship. Regardless of the size of the instrument, quality has been our continuing commitment.

The Martin pursuit of quality continues with our Seven Series. The 7-28 and 7-37K meet the needs of musicians who require a small guitar with dreadnought styling but insist on Martin quality. Patterned after the D-28 and D-37K, the Sevens command the attention to detail that has become the Martin heritage

Regardless of size... Quality craftsmanship

Martin instruments, regardless of styling, are more than a collection of exotic woods. They're a philosophy, supported by a heritage of quality craftsmanship that dates nearly 150 years.

C.F. MARTIN & CO. NAZARETH, PA. 18064

MARTIN & SIGMA GUITARS ARE THE OFFICIAL GUITARS OF OPRYLAND U.S.A.

Classified

BOOKS

THE DEATH OF GURDJIEFF and other astounding contemporary works by Jan on an internal journey to that dangerous edge wherein reigns the continual improvisation of the imponderable. Free book catalog. Chan Shal Imi Press, PO Box 1365-F, Stone Mountain, GA 30086.

I LOVE THE PIANO. Songbook. Great songs made easy to play. $3.00: Music House, Box 544, Bronx, NY 10467.

ROCK READ — the only book deal you can dance to — presents: *The New Music* by Baker & Coupe, $6.95 — A full-color look at Tom Petty, the Police, Pretenders, Rockpile, Clash, Jam, Costello, and *hundreds* more from the US, UK, Europe, Australia, Asia. *Volume: International Discography of the New Wave*, $7.95 — A complete guide to New Wave/Punk bands (4,000), records (10,000), independent labels (1,000), stores, fanzines, more. Limited edition "yellow pages" of new music. Add $1 shipping per book. Free catalog available. Send check/m.o. to Rock Read, Dept. M, 799 Broadway, NYC NY 10003.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BOOKING BANDS IS BIG BUSINESS. Start your own entertainment agency. Join nationwide offices. $10,000-$15,000 minimum investment. $1500-$6500 down; financing available. Send for brochure. Horizon Management, Inc., National Headquarters; 106 Main Street, 11; Binghamton, New York 13905.

INSTRUCTION

DJ-NEWSCASTER-TV CAMERAMAN-Sportscaster-Announcer-Studio Technician. Financial aid and VA benefits. American Academy of Broadcasting, 833 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, PA 19107. (215) 922-0605. Call collect.

PIANO UNIVERSITY offers free catalog of cassette courses in all aspects of piano playing. Write Box 192-pl, Medford, OR 97501.

YOUR DRUMMING CAN SOUND BETTER within six weeks through my drum set study course on cassettes. Improve your Time, Swing, relaxation, concentration, memory, hearing. Better than the local teacher or College of Music. Not for beginners. How can you qualify? For proof of success (including 24 pages, twenty minute recording), send two dollars to Stanley Spector School of Drumming, 200 West 58th St., Dept. ML-10, New York, NY 10019.

INSTRUMENTS

GUITAR STRINGS

Our selection is fantastic, and, our "direct to your door" service is a fast and economical way to get your strings!!!

Free Catalog Available

Fred's String Warehouse

P.O. Box 7, Temple, PA 19560
1-215-929-9946

DRUMMERS! Drum Recovering Kits are available! Over 30 choices for Pearls, Sparkles, Flames and Woodgrains. Send $1.00 for full info and samples (refundable on first purchase). Precision Drum Company, 151 California Rd., Yorktown Heights, NY 10598.

LEFT-HAND GUITAR SHOP: New, Used & Vintage; complete access. Write 6421 Lignum St, Springfield, VA 22150.

MISCELLANY

SKINNY NECKTIES. 100% polyester with a satin finish. Pink, Pink-Red, Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Sky-Blue, Navy-Blue, Beige, Brown, Dark-Brown, Black, White. Send money order for $4.50 each to: Ties, P.O. Box 1814, Pacoima, CA 91331.

ROCK FILMS, IMPORT RECORDS, VIDEO, photos, used 16mm film. Rush $1 for catalog! GOLDEN FILMS, PO Box 601, Bentonville, AR 72712.

GUITAR STRINGS and accessories, top brands at low prices. Write for free brochure. Guitar Things, Inc., Box 706, Mukilteo, WA 98275.

MUSICIANS

SERIOUS MUSICIAN? Important report on aspects of purchasing land will get your studio, repair shop, or "getaway" for composing sooner! "Most informative"! Send $4.00, S.A.S. Long Envelope to LAND INFORMATION, Box 51, East Berlin, CT 06023.

MUSICIANS GET WITH IT!

WHY WAIT FOR THE RIGHT GROUP OR RIGHT MUSICIANS TO FIND YOU? YOU CAN FIND THEM!

CALL US! THE MUSIC INDUSTRY'S LARGEST NATIONWIDE REFERRAL

GET THINGS ROLLING — NOW!

PMR™ PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS REFERRAL

CALL TOLL-FREE: (800) 328-8660

(612 825-6848 for Minnesota Residents)

PMR™ A Subsidiary of BOYD HUNT ENTERPRISES™

PHOTOS & POSTERS

SPRINGSTEEN OR STEVIE NICKS SAMPLE. Professional Color Photos of every rock band, including top female performers. Fast service! Highest quality! Catalog $1. Dorian Boese, MN-Box 2413, Scottsdale, AZ 85252.

ROCK/COUNTRY COLOR PHOTOS! AC/DC Alimans, Beach Boys, Bee Gees, Buffett, Cars, Chapin, Chicago, Cross, Dire Straits, Doobies, Denver, Eagles, Elton, Engelbert, Foreigner, Heart, Jan/Dean, Journey, Kansas, Loggins, Mandrells, Oaks, REO, Rogers, Waylon, others. Catalog/Sample $1. Mention favorite. SMILE, Box 15293-M Chesapeake, VA 23320.

RECORDS & TAPES

TOP DOLLAR PAID for good condition LPs all types. We'll travel for quantity. Nuggets — Boston; (617) 536-0679.

JAZZ MAIL ORDER SPECIALISTS. Imports, domestic labels, independents, budgets. Send $2.00 for Master Catalog. 88 pages of jazz and blues. Fast service. Foreign orders welcome. Write Dept. M, Daybreak Express Records, P.O. Box 250, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215.

LIVE ROCK-CONCERT TAPES. Available on reel, cassette, cartridge tapes. Send stamp for catalog. MD Tapes, RD2 Box 306, Milford, NJ 08848.

THE COMPLETE STORE for the Serious Record Collector. Extensive selection. New, used, discontinued (classical, opera, jazz, shows, popular, etc.) TOP DOLLAR PAID for your collection. PRINCETON RECORD EXCHANGE, 20 Nassau St., Princeton, NJ 08540. (609) 921-0881.

WORLD'S LARGEST RECORD COLLECTORS magazine — Goldmine. Over 50,000 records offered each monthly issue. Sample $3.00 (U.S.). Free music book catalog — rock, jazz, oldies. Goldmine, Box 187-MU, Fraser, MI 48026.

IMPORTS & JAPANESE AUDIOPHILE LPs —Largest selection in the East of British, European, Japanese, and Reggae LPs. Many domestic titles available on superior Jap pressings. New arrivals daily. 45s too! Same day service. Frustrated? Try us first! Send for free new catalogue. Pure Pop, 115 S. Winooski, Burlington, VT 27621. Tel. 802-658-2652. Home video cassettes also.

FANTASTIC SELECTION of imported LPs, 45s, EPs, limited editions and rarities. Deluxe illustrated catalogue $1. Rock Record Imports, P.O. Box 7787-M, Chicago, IL 60680.

$1.99 & UP! Cutouts/Overpressings/Rare/Imports/Independent Labels/ 275+ pages, $1.00 for catalog (refundable). If you buy by mail, try us! SQUARE DEAL RECORDS, PO Box 1002P, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406. Dealer inquiries invited.

THE NILSSON/LENNON ALBUM: "Pussycats," Harry sings, John produces, Ringo plays. Manufacturer's cutout (the fools!) $5.99, while they last. Lollipop Records, Box 499M, Fresh Meadows, NY 11365.

ROCK 'N' ROLL PARTY TAPES! Professionally mixed—All groups. Low prices. Rush 2 stamps for catalog: Angel Products, Box 119-MS, Hauppauge, NY 11787.

JAZZ, POP, BLUES LPs! Over 1600 titles offered at discount prices. Send for free catalog! MAINSTREAM RECORDS, Box 271-M, Cambridge, MA 02138.

IMPORTED & DOMESTIC LPs — American, Canadian, European, and Japanese. Folk, Classical, Jazz, New Age/Wave, Reggae, Old Timey and Bluegrass. Send for free update sheet. Many domestic titles available on superior Japanese pressings. Fast service. Full catalog available June 1—$1. ALCAZAR, Box 429 Dept. M, Waterbury, VT 05676.

REGRETTABLY FOR SALE: Eno/Sinfield/Scheckley multi-media project and *Meet the Residents* first pressing. Both Mint. Send bids and phone: D. Neel, 7129 Eby Dr., Shawnee Mission, KA 66204.

T—SHIRTS

CHARLIE PARKER T-SHIRTS! Also Ellington, Coltrane, Holiday (also women's shirts), Dolphy, Monk, Miles, "Bebop Lives," Mingus, Bud Powell, Dizzy, Dexter Gordon. Original designs, satisfaction guaranteed. S-M-L-XL. $7.00. BIRD LIVES, P.O. Box 87M, New Lisbon, WI 53950.

DIRTY OLD GUITARIST*, DIRTY OLD Drummer*, Dirty Old Piano Player* T-shirts with humorous silk-screened design. Quality 50/50 tees! Red or light blue in sizes S-M-L-XL. $6.98 plus $1.25 postage. Send check/m.o. to *® Rainbow Designs, 11 Peeptoad Road, Warwick, RI 02888.

CLASSIFIED: $1.25 per word, $25.00 minimum. DISPLAY: $100 per column inch. Frequency discounts available. Call Laura at (617) 281-3110.

For the performer who has everything.

The Microphone Wardrobe

Top artists told us what they wanted, and we listened. Our most sought-after vocal dynamic microphone, repeated in gold plate and selected matte colors. With matching cables and a professional carrying case. Vivid. Exciting. And definitely not for everyone.

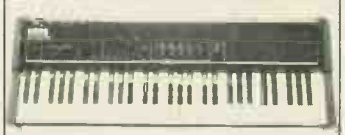
audio-technica.

1221 Commerce Drive, Stow, Ohio 44224

B.B.'s Best Buys

Electro-Harmonix's Mike Mathews continues to employ some of the more innovative and creative marketing ideas that we've seen in the MI industry. Already lauded for his Hall of Science on West 48th St. in NYC, Mathews is now to be complimented on his **Baddest Band Contest** for rock 'n' roll bands nationwide. E-H sent out 15,000 direct mail flyers for music stores and past customers to garner bands to compete for a $2,500.00 first prize at battles every Saturday from May 25 through October. At that time there will be Play-offs of the weekly winners to determine the baddest. Mathews has signed up over 300 bands so far and is encouraging as many different forms of rock as possible in the competition. We feel Mike is headed in the right direction in promoting both music, talent and general activity in his chosen field and tip our hats to E-H for their efforts. For info: Electro-Harmonix, 27 W. 23rd St., NYC, NY 10010, Attn: Alice Tully. Also ask Alice about their new **Drum Sequencer**, whose eight tones, linked in time by digital circuitry and triggered by impact

or automatically, produce everything from short, single phrases to continuous recirculating patterns. Flexibility of control over pitch, rate of sequence, and envelope allows for a broad range of musical and pure sound effects: disco bass lines, pinball machines, laughter, emanations from the Twilight Zone, "Frippertronics" without a single tape loop! Each of the eight tones is adjustable over a seven octave range. Pitch, rate, and envelope are controlled by sliders. Clock/Pad and Repeat/Single switches yield four distinctively different types of effect. For the most natural feel, the striking pad is made of real leather. AC powered, the Drum Sequencer comes with the hardware for mounting to Roto-Tom or cymbal stands.



In **Korg**'s LP-10 Electronic Piano, particular attention has been paid to exact duplication of the complex piano envelope and attack characteristics, including a varying rate of decay for higher notes in relation to lower notes. The six band ± 12 dB equalizer section provides the ability to exactly tailor sounds to taste, or to room acoustics. There's even a variable decay control to select different initial envelope fall-off characteristics.

The new LP-10 also features a total of three different mixable voices. In addition to acoustic piano, there is an electric piano voice which can create vibes piano sound, and a "Clav" voice. A built in variable speed chorus creates effects ranging from subtle acoustic doubling to "detuned" honky-tonk piano sounds. Also featured are a three-position "sustain" mode switch which selects "sustaining" organ or "percussive" piano characteristics, with or without damping. Unicord, 89 Frost St., Westbury, NY 11590.

Close-up of the typical **Superwound** guitar string shows how the center core only goes over the bridge. This string has been patented throughout the world by the designer James How.

The most recent addition to the guitar range is the Selectra Special, a high quality nickel set, which is slightly heavier on the wound strings than the regular Selectra set. This modification results in a bigger sound while the strings retain their original feel and flexibility. Superwound Ltd., 20 Upland Road, Bexleyheath, Kent DA7 4NR — distributed throughout America in music stores.

MXR's engineers learned that the sound and gain relationships from the tube amplifier were due not only to the characteristics of the tubes but also to the physical properties within a speaker enclosure. They discovered that a speaker's low frequency resonance changes at long excursions (high volume levels). The engineers consequently succeeded in duplicating this sound electronically. Next, with the addition of a filter control, the guitarists can roll off high frequency harmonics which also change at louder levels. And, with an output level control, these three parameters (drive, resonance, and filtering) can be combined, and a wide range of different sounds can be achieved at any volume level. Hence, they've brought you the Distortion II. MXR, 740 Driving Park Road, Rochester, NY 14613.

Now there's a new lady in B.B.'s arms. The **Gibson** Lucille Custom. Available in two models, the Custom and the Standard, they're both built with a laminated maple top, back and rims in a double cutaway ES body style. A solid maple center block runs the length of the body sandwiched between two layers of spruce for added density and sustain. The neck is 3-ply, 22 frets and only .795" thick at the brass nut.

The fingerboard is ebony with block inlay position markers on the Custom model. A brass truss rod cover engraved "B.B. King" and pearl inlaid "Lucille" and "Gibson" are apparent on the peghead of the multiple bound custom model. Lucille's hardware is goldplated on the Custom and chromeplated on the Standard. Both models are available in either ebony or traditional cherry finish. Gibson, 666 Dundee Road, Northbook, IL 60062.

The **Sunn** 4120 Dual 10 Band Equalizer will fit into any sound reinforcement application as well as being an excellent tool for recording. The equalizer has two identical channels featuring 15 dB cut or boost at ten ISO center frequencies, a level control with a 40 dB range, dual LED level sensing, balanced and unbalanced inputs, and a bypass switch that completely disconnects all electronics from the signal path which allows level matching between the equalized and unequalized signal. Sunn Musical Equipment Company, 19350 SW 89th, Tualatin, OR 97062.

THE LONGHORNS
by Hondo

The Longhorn Guitar (Model HP 1081) features 32 reachable frets for highs no other guitar can deliver; and a body design that enables you to play them.

An ultra-fast neck, coil tap, phase switch, brass nut and bridge, and power boost control that brings you above the band instantly...with intensity!

The Longhorn Bass (Model H 1181) is equally unique and features a double octave neck.

Available in three magnificent new finishes: cream sunburst, metallic bronze and natural walnut.

Play the music of discovery. Capture The Longhorns by Hondo.

For a full color (18" x 24") poster of THE LONGHORNS send $3.00 to: THE LONGHORNS, Hondo, P.O. Box 2344, Ft. Worth, Texas 76113

HONDO

IMC

HONDO GUITARS, International Music Corp., P.O. Box 2344, Ft. Worth, Texas 76113

Camp Gitchee-Gumee disgraced: a Circle Jerk shamelessly displays Mohawk haircut. Where do these guys get their material, anyway?

music in front of the public. A diversity of styles are reflected, both in live shows and on record.

It may come as a surprise, but the common denominator of the current crop of L.A. bands is their bedrock traditionalism. When the punk rebellion erupted in the city in 1977, it appeared to fly in the face of existing musical styles and conceptions, but latter-day Los Angeles rock has returned to the roots of modern American music. Even the survivors of the '77 revolution sound more conventional to '81 ears: check the brazen Doors cop in "Universal Corner" on X's second album *Wild Gift*, or dig the Alley Cats' live versions of "Under My Thumb" and "Jailhouse Rock."

L.A. rock of the non-punk variety falls into several readily identifiable categories, each one in the American grain:

Pop New wave pop remains the bread and butter of the local club circuit; the great challenge remains to find music of worth among the skinny-tied minions. The current cream of the local popsters includes the Zippers, a group from the '77 era who have refined their music into a brash synthesis of new wave and hard pop; the Plimsouls, a quartet led by the Nerves' Peter Case, who consciously draws on the leathery, melodic style of Australia's Easybeats for their inspiration; 20/20, Beatlesque melodists with a touch of Twilley who essay some interesting experiments on their new album *Look Out!*; former Twilley band member Phil Seymour, who can sing a catchy pop number with soulful vigor; old-timers the Pop, still winding out the hooks on a new Rhino EP; and the Motels, who scored hits last year with purring singles featuring vocalist Martha Davis. There are dozens of has-beens, also-rans and challengers in this area, from chart-topping charlatans the Knack to such new pretenders as Great Buildings and Gary Myrick and the Figures; almost to a man, they hearken back to the golden era of 60s English and American pop for their sound.

Blues/Rhythm & Blues/Soul/Rockabilly There has been such a resurgence of interest in the blues in L.A. that some veteran black stars are stepping back into the spotlight: shouter Roy Brown is becoming a club fixture, and R&B bandleader Johnny Otis recently returned to the studio to cut his first album in years. A number of feisty roots bands are raising temperatures in local houses: the Blasters, a powerful quartet from Downey who cover every style from Billy Boy Arnold to Jimmie Rodgers and write the best originals this side of John Fogerty; the Falcons, a blue-eyed soul aggregation created by ex-members of the Quick; the Flesh Eaters, a temporary super-group starring participants from X and the Blasters that adapts Louisiana blues and rockabilly into a hellish post-punk matrix; Beachy and the Beachnuts, a frat-soul goof outfit; the James Harman Band and the Hollywood Fats Band, trad Chicago blues units; Thee Precisions, old time R&B bashers featuring man-about-town Phast Phreddie Patterson; Top Jimmy and the Rhythm Pigs, spotlighting tough blues shouting; the Sheiks of Shake, who play abrasive Beefheart-style

"Pushing all the limits to a point of no return Trashed beyond belief to show the kids don't wanna learn."

— The Adolescents

blues; and the Gun Club, in which Delta blues and Cajun rhythms meet punk head-on. The number of groups devoted to black and white blues of the 50s and 60s increases with each passing week.

Surf/Garage Some of the city's most entertaining bands sucessfully incorporate elements of these most devalued 60s rock styles. Jon and the Nightriders, an instrumental combo led by surf music scholar John Blair, has single-handedly rekindled a surf revival; in the Nightriders' wake, the Ventures have come out of retirement, and there is street chatter about the "psychotic surf music" of the Unknowns. Both the Last and the Unclaimed have picked up the garage band gauntlet, borrowing bits and pieces from ? and the Mysterians and the Chocolate Watch Band for their nouveau-punkish music; the Last lie on the pop side of the spectrum, while the Unclaimed favor die-hard garage revivalism. Finally, there are the Go-Go's, a female quintet who include more than a dash of surf music in their punkified girl groups sound (the Ventures' first post-retirement single is a version of the Go-Go's "Surfin' and Spyin'").

There is other less traditional music that pops up territorially: East L.A. Chicanopunk (the Plugz, the Brat, Thee Undertakers) and the new breed of Pasadena rock experimentalism (BPeople, Human Hands, Monitor). There are some performers who resist easy classification altogether, like self-styled "Jewish Lesbian folksinger" Phranc.

Any way you want to look at it, the Los Angeles music scene is considerably busier, wider, and more old-fashioned than the current national dispatches would lead one to believe. There's something besides Black Flag, the Circle Jerks, droogy aggro happening in the L.A. clubs; it may be that nothing less than a real Cook's tour of the city's street scene can right the thus far uncorrected misimpressions forged by the music press. M

Total Harmonic Control.

The new Distortion II gives you maximum control over harmonic distortion while preserving the characteristic sound of your instrument.

MXR has managed to trick solid state circuitry into reacting audibly like tubes, yielding a warm sound with incredibly smooth and elastic sustain. For lower volume levels, we've incorporated a resonance control to add low frequency punch, characteristic of a speaker cabinet driven at high volume levels. A variable filter controls the upper harmonics for smoother, more "tapered" distortion while a drive control varies the amount of sustain and harmonic content over a wide, usable range. MXR's noiseless circuitry allows you to regulate gain from your instrument without annoying hiss and pops.

No bells, no whistles — just total control in a compact, indestructible package. Try the Distortion II at your MXR dealer and discover the world of total harmonic control.

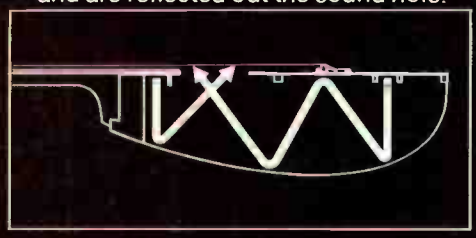
MXR Innovations, Inc. Dept. L
740 Driving Park Avenue Rochester, New York 14613 (716) 254-2910

MXR Musical Products Group

the Guitar that turned its back on tradition.

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

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



The science of acoustics says that a smooth, non-porous surface is the best reflector. To check this principle, we tested the best flat-backed guitars on the market. Science was right. Their wooden backs absorbed the tops' energy. Braces and squared-off corners trapped the sound inside. Roundback prototypes, on the other hand, showed outstanding projection throughout the entire guitar range. The smooth, rounded back pushed-out the sound more efficiently. Each note was clear and strong.

Deeper bass, brighter treble. The amount of air inside the guitar body affects tone. Because different styles of music demand different tonal qualities, we've developed two body sizes: the deep-bowl and the shallow-bowl. Our deep-bowl guitars have more air volume to give you a warmer, fuller sound that helps you fill an auditorium. If you're a lead player, the shallow bowl gives you the extra cut you need in the mid and treble ranges to be heard over other instruments.

Play the Ovation roundback. It will change your ideas about traditional acoustic guitar design.

Ovation

New Hartford, CT 06057
A Kaman Company
Send $1.00 for a complete catalog.