

MUSICIAN

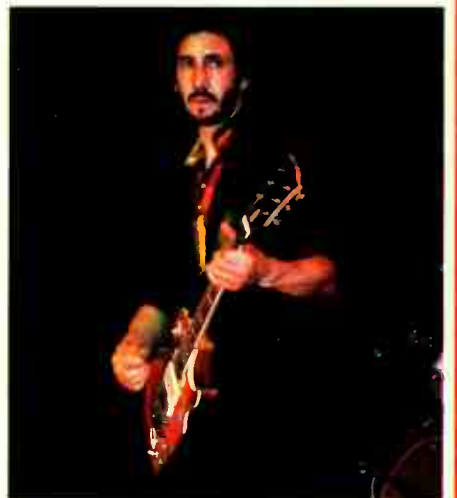
PLAYER & LISTENER

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THE ARTISTS SPEAK

PETE TOWNSHEND, SONNY ROLLINS
STEELY DAN, PAT METHENY, NICK LOWE, BONNIE RAITT
McCOY TYNER, STEVE HOWE, GEORGE BENSON, DAVID BYRNE

THE 80s...WHAT'S AHEAD



SONNY ROLLINS RETROSPECTIVE



Expression through time delay.

Time delay has become increasingly important to musicians and engineers as a way to color musical sounds and create spatial illusions. MXR's Flanger/Doubler and Digital Delay have proven to be effective tools for the musically creative professional who requires a wide range of performance possibilities from a precise and cost effective time delay unit.

Both the MXR Flanger/Doubler and Digital Delay offer a flexible system of controls which provide ultimate freedom for creative expression. They feature frequency sweep and width controls, a mix control (between the dry and the delayed signals), a regeneration control for additional intensity and multiple repeats on doubling and echoes, and a delay bypass jack which enables the user to employ a footswitch to bypass the unit entirely for instantaneous cut-offs of time delay effects. Both units represent an expandable system, and can be easily ganged together or interfaced with other instruments and recording gear.

The MXR Flanger/Doubler provides a manual control over delay time, and rear panel connections offering full remote delay time adjustments and a VCA output suitable for stereo ganging of two units. The MXR Flanger/Doubler can switch easily between flanging and doubling modes, and two LED indicators are provided for easy visual monitoring of sweep speed and range.

The Flanger/Doubler is capable of producing infinite varieties of flanging, hard reverberation, vibrato, and numerous doubling effects including subtle chorus

sounds. It offers a time delay range of .25 to 5 milliseconds in the flanging mode and 17.5 to 70 milliseconds in the doubling mode.

The MXR Digital Delay offers a continuous range of delay times from .08 to 320 milliseconds. This range of delay times is expandable with three optional memory cards, in 320 millisecond increments to 1280 milliseconds, with full bandwidth (20Hz to 20kHz) capability to 160 milliseconds. The Digital Delay features push button controls for varying delay ranges. A level control regulates the input signal to prevent overloading of the unit's circuitry, and LEDs monitor the input level and indicate whether the effect is in or out.

At fixed delay times the Digital Delay is perfectly suited for "traditional" delay applications such as "slap echo," discrete echoes, and synchronization of speakers in PA applications. By adjusting sweep frequency, mix, regeneration, and level controls, the Digital Delay offers additional effects which include doubling flanging, pitch alteration (vibrato, pitch bending), frequency modulating, and infinite (non-deteriorating) repeat hold.

The MXR Flanger/Doubler and Digital Delay are designed for use in the studio and on stage, with line or instrument levels. They're reliable, delivering a clean signal consistently, with a dynamic range exceeding 80 dB. And as with all MXR Pro Group products, optional road cases are available. For the serious artist, the MXR Flanger/Doubler and Digital Delay are the versatile tools which provide the key that will unlock his creative musical imagination.



Expression through equalization.

The MXR Dual-Fifteen Band and Thirty-One Band equalizers are cost effective electronic signal processors designed to meet the most exacting equalization requirements in a wide range of professional applications.

The MXR Dual-Fifteen Band equalizer can be used to tailor the frequency response of two sides of a stereo system, or it can act as two separate mono equalizers. In performance one channel can equalize the house system, while the other is used independently in the stage monitor line adjusting frequency response and minimizing the possibility of feedback. In the studio the Dual-Fifteen Band equalizer can be used to compensate for control room acoustics.

The MXR Thirty-One Band equalizer provides maximum detail in the most demanding equalization applications. It can be used in pairs for ultimate stereo control, or in live performance interfaced with PA systems and other instruments. The Thirty-One Band equalizer is also the perfect tool for conditioning film or video sound tracks, and in mastering applications.

The spacing of frequency bands on ISO centers (2/3 octave in the Dual-Fifteen Band, 1/3 octave in the

Thirty-One Band) and a flexible system of controls offer superior accuracy in frequency equalization. Each band can be boosted or cut over a range of ± 12 dB. Clear, readable markings alongside each level control allow for quick and accurate checks of equalization settings, and aid in resetting the sliders to predetermined positions. The tight mechanical action of the sliders prevents slips during indelicate handling.

The MXR Pro Group equalizers afford maximum control of frequencies while maintaining the highest level of sonic integrity. The Dual-Fifteen and Thirty-One Band equalizers both have a dynamic range exceeding 110 dB and, as all MXR Pro Group products, will drive low impedance lines. Audio signal, including transients, is reproduced faithfully due to a high slew rate and a wide bandwidth.

The MXR Dual-Fifteen and Thirty-One Band equalizers are designed to withstand the demands of a professional road and studio schedule. Their superior design and superb craftsmanship reflect MXR's continuing commitment to the manufacture of the highest quality electronic signal processors for today's creative artists.



THE history of music has forever been a search for new and expanded means of expression in sound. In every age, composers, performers, and instrument builders have sought out new ways to broaden their creative range. By leading in the development of new musical technology, MXR is carrying on this progressive tradition and pushing it to its limits.

We currently produce some of the most sophisticated electronic signal processors in the history of the art. Our graphic equalizers, time delays, and our new Pitch Transposer are just a few of the products we're developing to give the contemporary artist the control and freedom he needs to create what he hears.

New realms of expression from MXR.

The Pitch Transposer is MXR's newest addition to our professional line. It is one of our most innovative products, and possibly the most revolutionary signal processor in the music industry today. It is a unique, high-quality unit which provides a cost effective and flexible package for today's creative artists.

The Pitch Transposer extends your musical boundaries by creating live instrumental and vocal harmonies. It has 4 presets which allow the artist to predetermine the intervals to be processed. Transposed intervals can be preset anywhere from an octave below to an octave above the original pitch. The chosen interval is activated by means of touch controls or a rugged footswitch. LED indicators display which of the four presets has been selected.

A mix control is provided, enabling the unit to be used in one input of a mixing console, or with musical instrument amplifiers. A regeneration control provides for the recirculation of processed signals, creating more and more notes, depending upon the selected interval. This results in multitudes of voices or instrumental chords. An entire new range of sound effects and musical textures, unattainable with any other type of signal processor, is suddenly at your fingertips.

With many other pitch transposition devices a splicing noise, or glitch, is present. The MXR Pitch Transposer

renders these often offensive noises into a subtle vibrato which blends with the music, and is, in some cases, virtually inaudible. The result is a processed signal which is musical and usable.

We have been able to maintain a high level of sonic integrity in this most versatile signal processor. The frequency response of the processed signal is beyond 10 kHz, with a dynamic range exceeding 80 dB.

A micro computer based display option allows the user to read the created harmonic interval in terms of a pitch ratio, or as a musical interval (in half steps). This unique feature allows the pitch to be expressed in a language meaningful to both musicians and engineers.

We designed our Pitch Transposer as a practical musical tool for those actively involved in creative audio. It reflects our commitment to provide the highest quality signal processors with the features and performance that will satisfy the creative demands of today's musical artist. See your MXR dealer.

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We designed the Jupiter-4 to give you the kind of performance you'd expect from a poly-synth costing twice as much—and then we decided to add some extras. The Jupiter-4 provides four independent voices with instantaneous selection of 19 available programs. The Programmer allows the storage of ALL synthesizer parameters (VCO, VCF, VCA) and, in addition, allows the programming of each program's output volume and LFO vibrato—features our competition somehow forgot.

Where the others leave off is where the Jupiter-4 really begins. We've included a built-in Chorus Ensemble that eliminates the need for detuning banks of oscillators to achieve a fat sound, and our stereo output can span the effect across an entire stage. An incredibly versatile feature is our built-in Arpeggiator which cascades the entire keyboard in any of four patterns. The arpeggio can be controlled either internally or by an external trigger from a digital sequencer or Roland Compu-Rhythm.

The Jupiter-4's spring-loaded Bender is functionally engineered to be the simplest, most effective design possible for adding expression to your music. The Key-Assign mode allows you to select which oscillator bank goes to which key you depress, and if you want, all four oscillators can be played in unison making the JP-4 an unbelievable lead line synth.

If the controls on the synthesizer itself aren't enough for you, we've also included a sustain pedal, AND a rocker pedal that can be used for either volume or VCF control—all of which makes the Jupiter-4 easily the most expressive synthesizer on the market.

But if all of this still isn't enough to make you try out a Jupiter-4, this one fact will be: It costs \$2895.00. Why do the others cost so much more? You'd better ask them that question.

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MUSICIAN

PLAYER & LISTENER

NO. 23, MARCH, 1980

Bonnie Raitt: A fine guitarist and very much a singer with a hot stage act who's never received her due. Bonnie talks about her beginnings, MUSE and her latest Asher produced album.



Sonny Rollins is the greatest tenor player alive whose career covers three decades of intense personal and musical evolution. Whether inside or outside his playing is monumental, always Rafi Zabor chronicles.



Into the 80's: The musical decade is opening on a depressed note, at least financially, prompting us to ask artists and industry what's ahead. Surprising optimism was shown, good music will survive.



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Sonny Rollins by Phil Bray, Pete Townshend by Lynn Goldsmith

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New models. New features. Renowned tradition. Now King is pleased to present five new trombone models which incorporate our latest advancements. These include a new Student model, 2 new Professional models, and 2 new Symphony bass models. And, in addition, many new features are now available on previous models too.

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Publishers Letter

With all the criticism in the music press that's been leveled at the decade just past, we feel it's important to keep some perspective. The 1970's could have been a lot worse. After all, Dylan could have become a Moonie. Debbie Boone might've run for President. And Meatloaf could've posed in the nude for a Cosmopolitan centerfold.

Even after he released his album, The Pope wasn't photographed by People Magazine dancing with Donna Summer at Studio 54. Nor did he make a live album at Budokan.

And thank goodness Greg Allman didn't marry Carly Simon. Rod Stewart didn't marry Cher. Jan Wenner didn't marry Cher. And Cher didn't marry Billy Carter.

And here's something that probably hadn't occurred to you: suppose the accordion had made a comeback? Or Sammy Davis Jr. or the Archies? What if Bill Graham had turned the Fillmore into a roller disco? If Blondie had been a brunette?

Or what if they found out that Peter Frampton and Olivia Newton-John were the same person. Or that Don Kirschner was Lou Reed's dad?

KISS might have turned out to be all girls.

Alice Cooper might have spent the decade doing Chevy ads on TV. Or ABBA for Burger King.

Gerald Ford could have become a roadie.

And remember: no record company released a Jonestown record.

Fortunately, nobody thought of cloning Mick Jagger or Rod Stewart. If they had, there would have been twice as many Rods and Micks to keep up with.

Yessir, the 1970's could've been a lot worse.

Yoko could've caught on.

Bad Company might have covered *Tie A Yellow Ribbon* as a Christmas album.

They could have made a movie about the life of Donny & Marie.

Or Sid Vicious. Or Mark Farner.

And there could have been two Rex Smiths. Two Black Oak Arkansas. Three Barry Manilows. And even more disco.

There could have been a barbershop disco.

Bumper car disco.

Disco for pets.

Disco for snakes. And disco in your bathroom.

So before you go cutting down the 70's, remember: John Travolta could've moved into the apartment upstairs from you. You could've been Ted Nugent's father, Bob Marley's hairdresser or Ethel Merman's disco partner.

It was a tough 10 years admittedly, but it could have been a lot worse. After all, what if you'd been Leif Garrett?

Letters

WEATHER RETORT

Michael Shore's review of Weather Report's 8:30 makes me want to cancel my subscription. His outrageously generalized view of their last four records is total crap! If he's trying to tell me that *Mr. Gone* sounds remarkably the same (Mr. Shore's words) as *Black Market* tell him to get a hearing aid. I think the "treadmill" Shore refers to is more in evidence in the recent reviews of Weather Report's music, most of which put down Zawinul and Pastorius while offering faint praise to Shorter. I hope all the negative reviews, particularly since *Mr. Gone*, have not contributed to the breakup of the finest band of the 1970's.

Todd Swenson
San Francisco, Cal.

THEY WERE ON VACATION...

I loved your End-of-the-Decade Issue. Superb in every way. But I'd like to know why Lester Bangs doesn't make a single mention of Steely Dan in his Rock in the 70's article in your Jan. issue. Only

two months ago you featured them on your cover and now there's no clue they were even playing in the 70's. To omit them completely is a mistake.

Bernard Jackson
Muskegon, Michigan

MORE ZABOR

The article *The Bear* by Rati Zabor was a beautiful piece of writing. It made me want to play. Here's eight bucks for a subscription, keep it up! "Playing well is like being the future". Yea!

Russ Gold
New York, N.Y.
P.S. Where can I find more of this man's work?

The bear will hopefully continue to roam our pages for the foreseeable future. Stay tuned. Ed.

BYRNED OUT

What's all this rigamarole, anyway? Sure, Talking Heads is a good band. They've cut some good disks, they're

written some fine songs. But just a minute. God incarnate? "cuts anything Herbie Hancock has done in years"? I mean, what do you expect with B. Eno behind the board, he who makes his records of nothing but sounds (did I say that was bad?)

So they cut a few good tunes. They have a good beat. *Fear of Music* is a collection of thoughts. Sometimes the technique gets in the way. Sometimes it hits home. Sometimes I think David Byrne should take his own advice and "talk to (his) analyst, isn't that what he's paid for?"

You know, of course, that I wouldn't take the time to write unless I felt strongly about T. Heads, and I wouldn't feel strongly if I didn't care, if it didn't matter to me. But they're (he's) only human ... just listen ...

D. Albrecht
Pittsburgh, Pa.

NO PUSSYFOOTING

Superb! I'm deeply appreciative for the insightful article on Brian Eno. [Musician #21] To express realities as such brings faith and credence to the proper recording of our music's history. I now consider Musician to be the finest "slickie" music magazine on the stands. Your writers are top notch as well!

Judith E. Zonder
West Hollywood, Cal.

SUPER-MUZAK?

Personally I thought most of Stevie Wonder's *Secret Life of Plants* was some new kind of super-Muzak and that your man V. Gaits went a little overboard on it, but how come *Musician* was the only music magazine that knew what "A Seed's a Star and Tree Medley" was all about? Gaits was right about that one. It's one of the greatest songs I've ever heard. How do you do it?

Arnold Kleinkopf
Los Angeles, Cal.

We always keep a couple of cosmologists on staff in case of celestial problems. Ed.

CORRECTIONS

Time again to exorcise a few printers devils. Last month the little fiends attacked our Faces Dept., removing Helene Barte DeClair's name from the Horslips feature. They showed up again in *The Bear*, part two, where they ran off with Jane Winsor's credit for the illustrations. Pat Metheny's *American Garage* turned up as *Garage Band* in the record review section due to our misreading of the info on the test pressing so don't blame reviewer Michael Shore. Biggest and most glaring of all, in *Musician's* list of its poll winners, Stevie Wonder, Al Jarreau and Bruce Springsteen turned up without being identified as the MALE VOCALIST winners they are. Sorry, guys. Ouch. Mea Culpa, and to all a good night.

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"Of course I play Zildjians. This is serious music."

Peter Criss



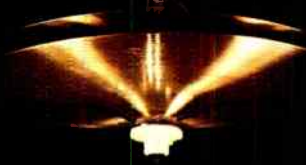
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For Peter Criss of **KISS**, playing anything but Zildjians would be unthinkable.

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RECORD NEWS

By Robert Ford and
Nelson George

Belts Continue To Tighten

As the captains of the industry continue to claim the slump is over, more and more record company people are turning up on the unemployment lines as labels continue to tighten their belts. A number of labels have been folded; **RCA's** Free Flight Records (a Nashville based pop label that never had a chance) and **A&M's** Horizon which started as a jazz label, but was changed into God knows what by Tommy LiPuma. LiPuma returns to **Warner Brothers**, where he was quite successful with the likes of George Benson, Michael Franks, and Al Jarreau. Interestingly enough, Horizon had its first hit record (Brenda Russell's "So Good So Right,") just as it was being folded. The same sort of irony took place with Rupert Holmes' "Escape" which hit number one on the Billboard singles chart two weeks after its label, **Infinity**, went out of business. This fact will probably be brought out in court when former Infinity president Ron Alexenburg's \$2 million lawsuit against **MCA**, parent company of that now dead label comes up. This could be a very interesting case with implications for the entire industry.

Ticket Sales Off

The current slump in the rock music business has begun to affect the concert industry, where attendance at rock shows is down as much as 25 percent in secondary markets. Even in major markets, concert-going has declined 10 to 15 percent.

A growing number of promoters are not booking some headline acts because they worry about being able to pay them. On the positive side, though, other promoters

say they're asking big acts to play smaller halls — at higher ticket prices, of course — for several nights, instead of doing one show in a huge auditorium.

Some artists, like Bruce Springsteen, have always sprinkled their tours with gigs in smaller halls, as a treat to loyal fans. But now, even such super groups as the Who, the Rolling Stones, the Allman Brothers, and the Grateful Dead are beginning to appear in smaller venues.

Concert fans will also be glad to hear that promoters are now beginning to convince certain headline acts that they'd do better as a supporting act, rather than as a headliner. In the future, this means that the line-up at shows may be stronger, with more big name acts second bill.

Disco Not Dead!!!

The news of disco's death is greatly exaggerated. So says **Ray Caviano**, president of the Warners distributed RFC label and long one of disco's most prominent music industry spokesmen. To prove it Caviano has appeared in eight major cities seeking to renew media and industry support of the still lucrative disco business. Key elements of his presentation; the rise in dance-oriented music retailers, the large number of disco records that still cross over to the pop chart, and the continued health of the club scene.

Caviano blames a substantial part of the recent anti-disco backlash on the media. He feels the "Saturday Night Fever" hype and the insinuations of many writers that disco would replace rock as America's major music, unduly influenced pliant record executives. The result was too much product, no quality

control, and no artist development.

New Wave Glut

These observations may have serious implications for "New Wave" music. With new wave music being hailed as "the next big thing" young American and British new wave bands are now being pumped into the market with all the speed the recording industry can muster. Aside from the Knack, which has established a memorable, though certainly not original persona, who can tell the difference between the marketing of the Beat, the Pop, the A's, the Sports, the Headboys, the Yachts, etc... The new wave bands run the risk of being as endless and indistinctive as their disco predecessors.

On the plus side for both disco and new wave rock is the rise of rock dance clubs. Rock 'n' roll was originally a dance music, but somewhere about 1967 it got disconnected from its roots. Disco put dancing back on the cultural scene and the rock clubs have captured an audience sensitized to dancing, but who prefer Talking Heads to Boogie.

Of Kings and Queens

The Beatles have become history and their place is in a museum. Now that's not some new wave rocker talking, but one of the curators at London's famous Victoria and Albert Museum. They're now appealing for Beatles souvenirs from the early days of the group to put in a new building devoted to British rock music of the 1960's. The museum is looking for early posters, tickets and fan magazines which older Beatles fans may still have.

Rock and roll fans received a big surprise this week when

the Queen of England revealed that she is a fan herself. The revelation happened when the Queen attended a London concert given by Bill Haley and the Comets to celebrate their 25 years in the music business. After the concert, there was a presentation ceremony for Haley. The Queen shook his hand and said, "It was great to hear that music again, I grew up on it and it reminds me of when I was young."

Home Album Taping Rises

Two separate surveys on album taping at home have added fuel to the war of the words between AOR radio and record companies over the playing of entire albums. The Copyright Royalty Tribunal found that 70% of music tapers queried would have bought the album if they hadn't been able to record it. In answer to another question, 40% said they have slowed down their record purchases because of home taping. Research by radio consultant Ken Burkhart revealed that 18% of all radio listeners between 18 and 34 years old had taped entire albums off the air during September, October, and November. The survey covered 13 states and was based on 3,000 interviews.

What this indicates is that home taping of recorded music is extensive and that the playing of entire albums by radio encourages it. Lost revenue for companies and performers is the economic result. Many record executives Elektra's Joe Smith prominent among them, have called upon radio to cut back on this policy. Radio has offered its sympathy and little else. The playing of entire albums at selected times has become a major part of most AOR formats. Hard to see that changing now.



OSBORN/CERF

Producer Peter Asher: The Maven of Mellow, catalyst of L.A.'s soft rock sound, and Godfather to James, Carly, and Linda.

After Jimi Hendrix died and Eric Clapton disbanded Cream, the teeming carnage of late 60's rock melted down, and in the process fostered two major and lasting pop rock trends for the decade that followed. Heavy metal, with Led Zeppelin at the helm, codified guitar distortion to satiate the ever-expanding, always youthful audience for this music. The other format, which came to be dubbed "soft rock" somewhere in the mid-70's, has been an equally pervasive, if less obvious force in pop music. Ironically, first disco and now what gets loosely called New Wave rock, threaten the genre. Cynics claim it was all just a demographic coup by the music industry anyway, a calculating way to reach larger audiences by combining, and to some extent, cleansing previously divergent sounds and attitudes. Of course, this same criticism can be levelled at virtually every pop format over the last 20 years, and where there's dross, there's also quality (and even art). So, I recently took a very long, hard look at all that is genuinely soft in rock today. When I woke up a couple of days later I started writing.

The roots of soft rock fall somewhere between folk music and MOR. Early Jimmy Webb/Glen Campbell collaborations, like "Wichita Lineman," as well as the seminal work by David Gates and

Bread (especially "I Want To Make It With You") paved the way for a genre that eventually became a production/engineering feat. The catalyst was Peter Asher, who first tasted the sweet tang of folk-derived success with the English folk-rock duo Peter & Gordon in the mid 60's. His early 70's work with Linda Ronstadt was extremely influential, in that he basically took a folk and country influenced singer and built a pared-down, hygienic rock and roll sound around her voice. The basis of that sound could be adjusted to fit various singers and styles, and Asher went on to literally define the notion of how soft rock and eventually, "L.A. music" would sound. That notion involves fairly basic and sparse instrumentation combined with an incredible amount of attention paid to the details of recording beautiful sounding players and instruments. Engineer Val Garay has been working with Asher for years, and together they created what is, for me, the pinnacle of soft rock artistry two years ago: James Taylor's *JT*. On this, Taylor's band sound is an eerie sort of ambience, as if everybody were indeed playing together, live, in the studio. And yet, the instrumental sounds coming out of the stereo are so individually lush, resonant and separated that they're almost, but not quite, distracting from the tunes themselves.

In terms of studio technique, the Asher/Garay sound evolved in a strange way. When mixing most pop and rock, an engineer will boost the mid-range (up to 10,000 cycles) with equaliz-

ers, on the assumption that the ear naturally gravitates to this range anyway, and that enhancing it increases listening pleasure. Garay and Asher innovated by boosting the high end instead (especially in the guitars and keyboards) — a frequency range which is considered marginally audible. This type of equalizing, however, creates a delicate and subtle resonance that is especially effective on these instruments. To compensate for the boosted highs, the relative volume levels of the bass and drums are raised in the entire mix. With the rhythm section so high in the mix, simple parts played extremely accurately and recorded carefully become crucial for the overall blend. Of course, this is a very generalized explanation of a complex recording process, but basically, the Asher/Garay L.A. "sound" was born out of their experiments with studio technique.

Listening to the current batch of Asher-produced records, I find James Taylor's *Flag* and Bonnie Raitt's *The Glow* have made the most out of mellow, L.A. style. Taylor's album has its weak spots conceptually, but he still sounds completely comfortable and emotionally expressive in this aural landscape. For example, his version of the Goffin/King classic "Up On The Roof" beautifully contrasts the Leland Sklar/Russ Kunkel rhythm section's relaxed timekeeping with Arif Mardin's elegantly understated string charts and Taylor's own ringing acoustic guitar. R&B standards like this often translate well into soft rock, since great melody is absolutely essential for the pop hybrid to succeed. Taylor's undeniable forte is the ability to project life and feeling into this production style with a delicate and precise behind-the-beat phasing, which in turn makes his own songs believable. Too often folk singers attempting the transition to pop have retained a mannered, "nobody knows de trouble I ain't seen" approach to vocals which only renders them crass-sounding. But even on a song like "Millworker" from *Flag*, Taylor's middle-class roots are never in question; rather, the singer's very delicacy and care with the sad theme of a life in factory work gives the song a probing documentary quality that is all the more powerful.

Bonnie Raitt's latest album and direction get detailed coverage elsewhere in *continued from page*

Soft Rock:

Pop confections that snap and crackle as they melt in your ears.

By Cris Cioe

Pop

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So even after a Maxell recording is 500 plays old, you'll swear it's not a play over five.

maxell
IT'S WORTH IT.

continued from page 13

this issue of MP&L, but I would just add that with *The Glow*, Asher and Garay have easily adjusted their crystal-clear approach to fit the harder R&B material and accentuate Bonnie's eloquent sensuality without losing one ounce of their technically perfect soft rock imprint.

Elsewhere in this genre, though, I notice some stalwarts are breaking ranks. Carly Simon has, with her last LP *Spy*, opted to completely solidify her New York-derived sound, working with producer Arif Mardin and players like Will Lee, Steve Gadd, David Spinozza and Richard Tee (all masters of virtually every modern funk idiom). So, her music really transcends the soft rock considerations we're emphasizing here. Kenny Loggins and Jim Messina, only a few years ago strong contenders in the "lighten up" sweepstakes, have opted for solo careers. Ironically, both have moved into personalized, jazzy R&B-flecked production sounds that are clearly attempts to be "contemporary," and while Messina's *Oasis* and Loggins' *Keep The Fire* both hit some nice grooves, neither album concerns our present endeavor. Or consider *In The Nick Of Time*, Nicolette Larson's current LP. On it, producer Ted Templeman, he of Doobie Bros. fame, has steered the chanteuse into various neo-R&B stylings (including a very snazzy, Motown-hits-the-street-of-San Francisco version of the Supreme's "Back In My Arms"). England Dan and John Ford Coley have evolved a big orchestra sound that's a slightly hipper version of Barry Manilow's production schematics. And whatever happened to Seals and Crofts?

In fact, the face of soft rock is crumbling before our very ears. Take, for example, Poco's single "Crazy Love," one of the sweetest soft rock singles on the charts last year. Forget how much the song sounds like the Eagles (who still hadn't released *The Long Run* when this single was hot), the tune is a muted, bittersweet paean to the "faded memories" of a lost love, with only the faintest country undertones. However, Poco's accompanying album, *Legend*, touches a few harder bases than this single would imply, mixing up country rock with, dare I say it, some disco rhythms. And what about the Eagles themselves, for that matter? Well, I love the band's rhythm section and sound, which patterns itself after Memphis soul greats like the late drummer Al Jackson, Jr. and bassist Duck Dunn. And in many ways, their latest *The Long Run*, is a masterful LP. And yet, when all is said and done, this is really a rock and roll band, as Joe Walsh's guitar presence underscores on cut after cut.

For the true soft rock cognoscenti — and I mean the fan who's disappointed with Bob Welch's newest LP *The Other*

One because it rocks too hard but who also faults Little River Band's *First Under The Wire* for its very slick playing yet lack of emotional commitment — there are still a few artists and one band that aren't afraid to lay back. For the purest soft rock updating of the Buffalo Springfield/CSNY legacy, we must turn to the oft-underrated Dan Fogelberg, who has been making solo albums for most of the past decade. Acoustic guitars dominate Fogelberg's mix, and while nothing startling happens harmonically, the music on his last LP, *Phoenix*, is so delicately layered and constructed that it represents the best of this sub-genre in the soft rock catalogue.


From England, Al Stewart and Gerry Rafferty strike me as the major purveyors of wist. Stewart's *Time Passages* features the singer's extremely deadpan reading of various still-lives and landscapes, tossing out lines like: "We're collecting the days/Putting the moments away/You're on my mind like a/Song on the radio." This is great long-distance driving music — it pulses lightly rather than grooves — with suitably ephemeral and fleeting lyrics. Peter White's flamenco-like acoustic guitar solos are atmospherically striking, and alto saxist Phil Kenzie's lush phrasing and tone are becoming something of a trademark in this genre (he also plays a nice solo on the aforementioned Poco LP). Gerry Rafferty's sudden success as a solo artist with "Baker Street" a couple of years back was only the tip of a soft rock iceberg. His second album, *Night Owl*, weighs in with a delightful gospel influence without getting obtrusive about it. And the major prerequisite for being a great soft rocker, namely the ability to turn out memorable singles consistently, is Rafferty's strongest suit: "Days Gone Down" is right up there with Otis Redding's "I've Been Loving You Too Long" in the pantheon of elegant pop songs that celebrate a love that lasts.

Jennifer Warne's second album, *Shot Through The Heart*, reveals a truly romantic spirit that finds its best expression in the soft rock vein, although she hasn't yet found that perfect production setting to frame her bittersweet pop worldview. Nonetheless, Warne's presence strongly penetrates this album, and she gives "I Know A Heartache When I See One" its best reading to date. It's interesting to note she covers Dionne Warwick's 60's hit "Don't Make Me Over" with such heartfelt candor that Warne may be the natural heirress to Dionne's incredible Bacharach/David period of pop transcendence.

Of course, no soft rock overview would be complete without Fleetwood Mac, and whether the band's recent LP *Tusk* meets its record label's expectations or not, the record is virtually a summary of the best that's been mellow in the 70's, with enough brilliant, if muted

innovations to point the way toward some kind of future for soft rock. This band has the only original production sound to compete, in a big way, with the Asher/Garay axis. Again, the rhythm section of Fleetwood and McVie is the crucial factor. Bass drum and snare are mixed up to be clear, warm and throbbing through every track, while the bass itself is so natural sounding and round that electric seems the wrong adjective for the instrument. Songs like "Sara," "Sisters of the Moon," "Brown Eyes," and even the rocker (in the 50's sense of the word) "I Know I'm Not Wrong" are like rich tapestries, with some extraordinary vocal production wafting through the music. Also, guitarist Lindsay Buckingham's presence and assistance with producing John Stewart's *Bombs Away Dream Babies* LP, from which the excellent single "Gold" was mined, further extended Fleetwood Mac's sound and influence last year.

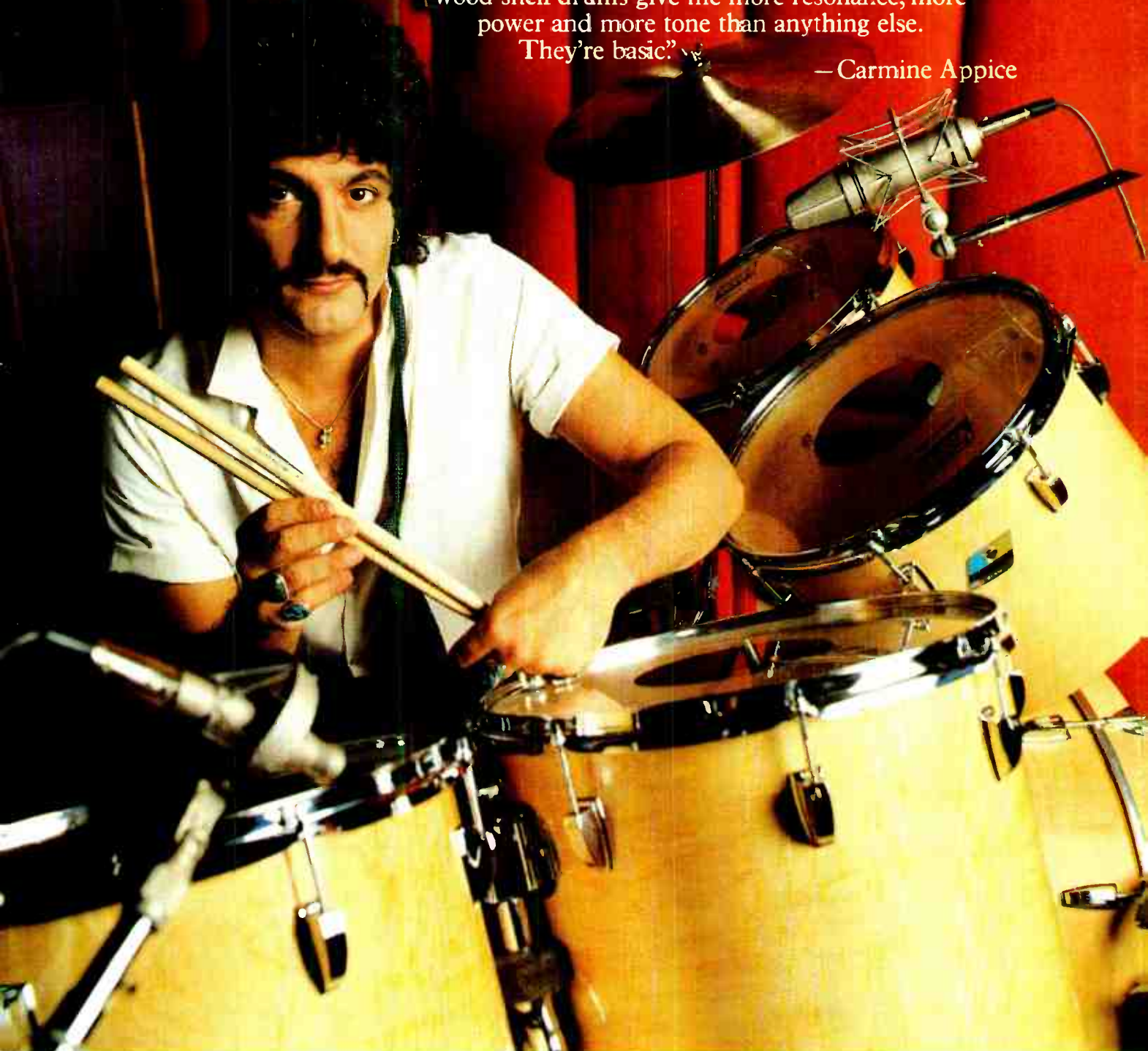
Finally, I must mention three guitarist-singers whose current oeuvre is striking and influential, even though they're not normally associated with soft rock per se. Eric Clapton's *Backless* continues a string of softly percolating LP's that feature lovely duets with singer Marcy Levy ("Promises" is one of the best) and of course Clapton's fluid virtuosity on guitar. J.J. Cale, from Tulsa, has been supplying Clapton with songs for years ("After Midnight" is probably the best known) and furnished Dire Straits with their entire musical conception, but Cale's own albums are quiet gems that compare with no one else. 5, his current one, simmers and bubbles around Cale's whispery, seductive voice and sinewy guitar style. His songs are built on country blues licks and structures, but burn with a soft fire that is all his own. The third guitarist, Ry Cooder, has run through a number of styles in his recording career, but with last year's *Bop Til You Drop*, he produced one of those eternal jewels that will bear listening for years to come. It was also the first all-digitally recorded pop album, which gives Cooder's small band of seasoned players an amazing intimacy on disc. This combined with the excellent choice of material — much of it choice R&B and early rock like Elvis Presley's wonderful "Little Sister" — and Cooder's effortless, translucently melodic guitar playing make this an essential album to own.

So, that's the soft rock sitch today. I haven't bothered discussing the schlock, because we're all exposed to muzak plenty every day. Rather, the last year has seen more in the way of meaningful mellow pop music than the entire decade, as the form itself and its best musicians have matured. And hopefully, as the Temptations, some of the original soft rockers from another era, once put it so masterfully: "like a river, flowing to the sea, it's growing." 

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Leonard Cohen: cult figure, troubador, devotional poet. Twelve years after "Suzanne" his recent songs may be his best yet.

Now it's Werner Herzog and Talking Heads and Eno, but then it was Leonard Cohen. The names change along with the uniforms, and the dark-eyed girls in black who sat nearest the candles at parties, who read Coleridge or who read palms, the ones who are now involved in EST or singing with the B-52's or living in Connecticut, they were unapproachable once upon a time, aloof; but if you mentioned Leonard Cohen, the doors magically opened. His name was the trumpet that could topple Jericho's walls and admit you into someone else's city. This was a poet with a capital P (that capital being for Published), a secret all over the block until the block association grew tired of secrets and planted shrubbery instead.

As a respected poet and novelist, Leonard Cohen received an enormous amount of attention when his first album appeared back in 1967. A timid, mawkishly produced record, it managed to be both magical and fussy; despite the fact that Cohen seemed overwhelmed by syrupy girl choruses and unsympathetic backing musicians, he loomed large as a presence — larger than the record and larger than the songs.

The media apparently expected Cohen to become another George

Plimpton . . . after all, if he could write novels and poetry and songs with equal success, why couldn't he also host television shows, conduct the Philadelphia Symphony, teach religious studies at McGill, and publish a cookbook? Making records was obviously slumming, a means to greater celebrity. And so his continuation and perseverance in music so confused and angered the American media that by the time he released *Songs of Love and Hate* (1971), he was all but ignored.

A cult figure here, in Western Europe he was not so much a star as an accepted fact of life, like mineral water or brie. In France, especially, he appeared to continue a tradition that began in Provence with the Albigentians ate in the Twelfth century and which had evolved through George Moustaki, Claude Marti, and Jacques Brel — the troubador, the chanteur, the message-bearer. In France, as he has pointed out, no one has ever asked him why he can't sing; the directness of his voice and the simple need and will to sing are more highly regarded than vocal range.

With few exceptions, we expect our singer-writers to entertain us or impress us with their instrumental dexterity; yet Cohen is a journeyman guitarist with a limited, monochromatic drone of a voice. What he has is hypnotically powerful phrasing and a way of giving both his words and the spaces between the words equal weight, equal

importance; like the old joke: How many Zen monks does it take to change a lightbulb? Two. One to change the bulb, and one not to change the bulb.

His method is slow illumination . . . we are in a darkened room with him, and he is holding a small flashlight which, at his discretion, he shines at first one object and then at another: a bed, a chair, a broom, a pair of shoes beside an open door. We will never see the entire room, know its size and proportions and colours, but we've been given access to very particular visions, specifically framed, that could never be seen otherwise, never be known.

It took Cohen up to *Songs of Love and Hate* to perfect this style of delivery, and since then it has served him unerringly (except in *Death of a Ladies' Man*, the album he recorded with Phil Spector, where he appears to be fighting his way up from the very bottom of some dismal well of sound). As he developed his vocal style, he was also refining a way of writing songs that touched on subjects or edges of subjects that most song-writers avoided or were simply unaware of. If his early songs were occasionally girlish:

*She used to wear her hair like you
Except when she was sleeping
And then she'd weave it on a loom
Of smoke and gold and breathing.*

(from "Winter Lady," sounds like one of Edna St. Vincent Millay's out-takes) or preachy:

*You who build these altars now
To sacrifice these children
You must not do it anymore.*

(from "The Story of Isaac")

His later work took chances and enormous leaps of faith that were occasionally breath-taking . . . if not always in their success, at least in their daring and breadth of vision.

In "Chelsea Hotel #2" he wrote the bitchiest love song imaginable:

*I don't mean to suggest
That I loved you the best
I can't keep track of each fallen angel
I remember you well
At the Chelsea Hotel,
That's all —*

I don't think of you that often.

And in "Lover Lover Lover" he grafted seemingly disparate verses and choruses together in the most evocative fusing of images since Lou Reed's "Pale

continued on page 75

Leonard Cohen's Latest:
More songs about love and transcendence in the tradition of Rumi and Attar.

By Brian Cullman

Edges

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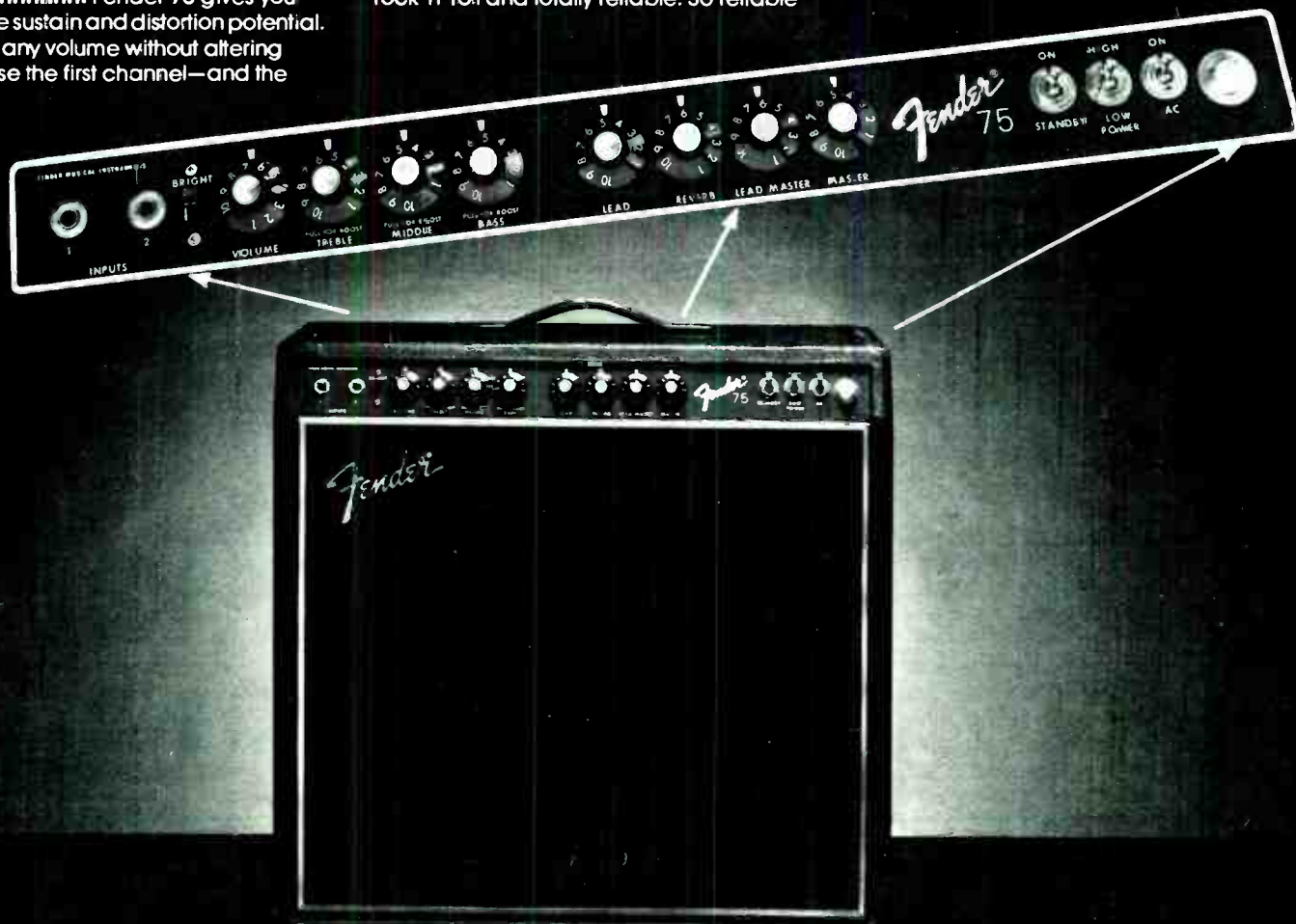
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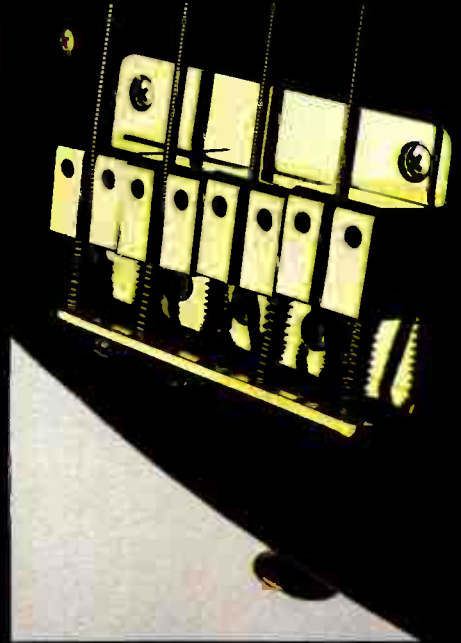
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EBET ROBERTS

Three blond lads from England with a blend of pop and reggae making it big on the charts.

Only a little over a year ago, the Police were just another heavy metallic English trio which appeared to be trying to jump on a punk bandwagon already overloaded by imposters with limey accents and forked haircuts. The group careened through an undistinguished set on a dead weekday night at CBGB's while a handful of the curious dispiritedly watched. The lack of excitement was no surprise. The dyed-in-the-blonde three piece, featuring mysterious Sting on bass and vocals, drummer Stewart Copeland and guitarist Andy Summers had just been inked to A&M Records here, thanks to the drummer's brother, Miles Copeland, an aggressively innovative American record entrepreneur who had found success promoting new wave music in England.

The Police, managed by Miles, had only a self-produced import single out in America at the time, a catchy reggae-ified ditty about love with the proper prostitute entitled "Roxanne," and it had attracted a modicum of critical attention. In the midst of that evening at CB's, the band broke into the tune and it suddenly became obvious that they had latched onto a potent rhythmic force. The sinewy 1-3 reggae backbeat was the perfect

bridge to the hard-rock catharsis of the song's irresistible chorus. I sat up and took notice of the Police for the very first time, as if I'd never quite heard them before. "Roxanne" was not just a one-shot single, either . . . it indicated an obvious direction for the group to follow — a brand of white pop that effortlessly (and it was *most* important to appear not to be trying *too* hard) fused the subtle rhythms and dub-like textures of reggae with the propulsive bass undertow of rock 'n' roll.

The Police eventually released their debut album, *Outlandos D'Amour* (A & M) and "Roxanne" surprised a few people by catapulting into an American Top 40 that had been none too kind to roots reggae in the past. Predictably, the English music press was livid, having casually dismissed the band as lightweight exploiters of the sacred Jah beat for teeny-bop consumption. What the critics didn't point out was that bands like the Clash ("White Man In Hammer-smith Palais," "Police and Thieves") all the way back to the Beatles themselves (the mock-calypso of "Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da") had attempted to incorporate the island sound into their music with varying degrees of success. Songs like "So Lonely," "Hole In My Life" and "Can't Stand Losing You" as well as "Roxanne" off the first album, skillfully and seamlessly incorporate reggae without the embarrassing, often racist self-consciousness or crass commercial calculation that mars similar efforts (just think of the Rolling Stones' god-awful "Cherry Oh Baby" from *Black And Blue*).

At the Palladium a few short months later, the media was predictably out in force to greet the Police as spearheaders of a new "pop-reggae fusion." The concert, an SRO affair which had the punters three-deep in the aisles, featured a version of the Police that had gained even more musical maturity and confidence in the interim since the Hotel Diplomat show. The feedback guitar-dub interludes, especially in "Regatta de Blanc" and "Walking On The Moon," attained a new level of complexity and sophistication, an altogether sincere attempt to discover a white rock equivalent for reggae textures and rhythms.

One must remember that, for a young English pop musician, reggae has the

same kind of pervasive influence and primitive mystical appeal that roots rhythm & blues would have for an American-born rocker. To call the Police's assimilation of reggae a "rip-off" would be like calling the Young Rascals blue-eyed soul a blatant rip-off of Wilson Pickett (remembering how the Rascals consistently crossed over into the R&B charts with their singles), or claiming that Mick Jagger exploits James Brown or David Johansen unabashedly steals from Levi Stubbs. When white artists choose to imitate black artists, they can be successful only by bringing something of their own to the interpretation. For the Police, the risk of appearing foolish or worse, condescending, is a real aspect of their work and is often incorporated into it through a semi-self-conscious vulnerability that has become entirely and uniquely their own. The Police must be succeeding for I did happen to see a number of black people digging the show, certainly more than usual for a white rock 'n' roll concert.

Reggae provides a holistic, religious world-view and a detailed political cosmology of revolution for its artists, just as rock 'n' roll once promised, linking product and producer spiritually as it fuses the musician with his song. Even though Sting and his cohorts cannot sustain that sort of metaphysical scrutiny in their admittedly lightweight pop songs, they succeed precisely because they don't try to come on like heavy Rastas. In their own self-effacing manner, the Police manage to explore the most obvious surface of reggae, its beat, in their work. They only traverse the light side of the moon because it's the side that's visible to the most people, and there's nothing wrong with that.

Regatta de Blanc is the tip of a musical iceberg that includes white ska bands from England like the Specials, Madness and Selector, heavy dub bands like Culture and Burning Spear, reggae poets like Linton Kwesi Johnson and Tapper Zukie and seminal purveyors of the ska like Desmond Dekker, Justin Hines, Don Drummond and the Skatalites. If the Police can lead people to explore the remarkable cultural universe of possibilities (and it undoubtedly will lead to more than that) then they have succeeded in getting their message in a bottle heard.

The Police:
Kingston meets Kensington;
their Message in a Bottle gets
through.

By Roy Trakin

Rock

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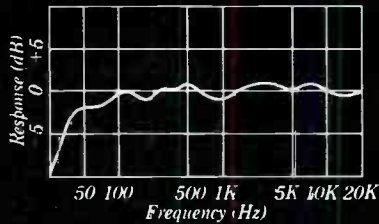
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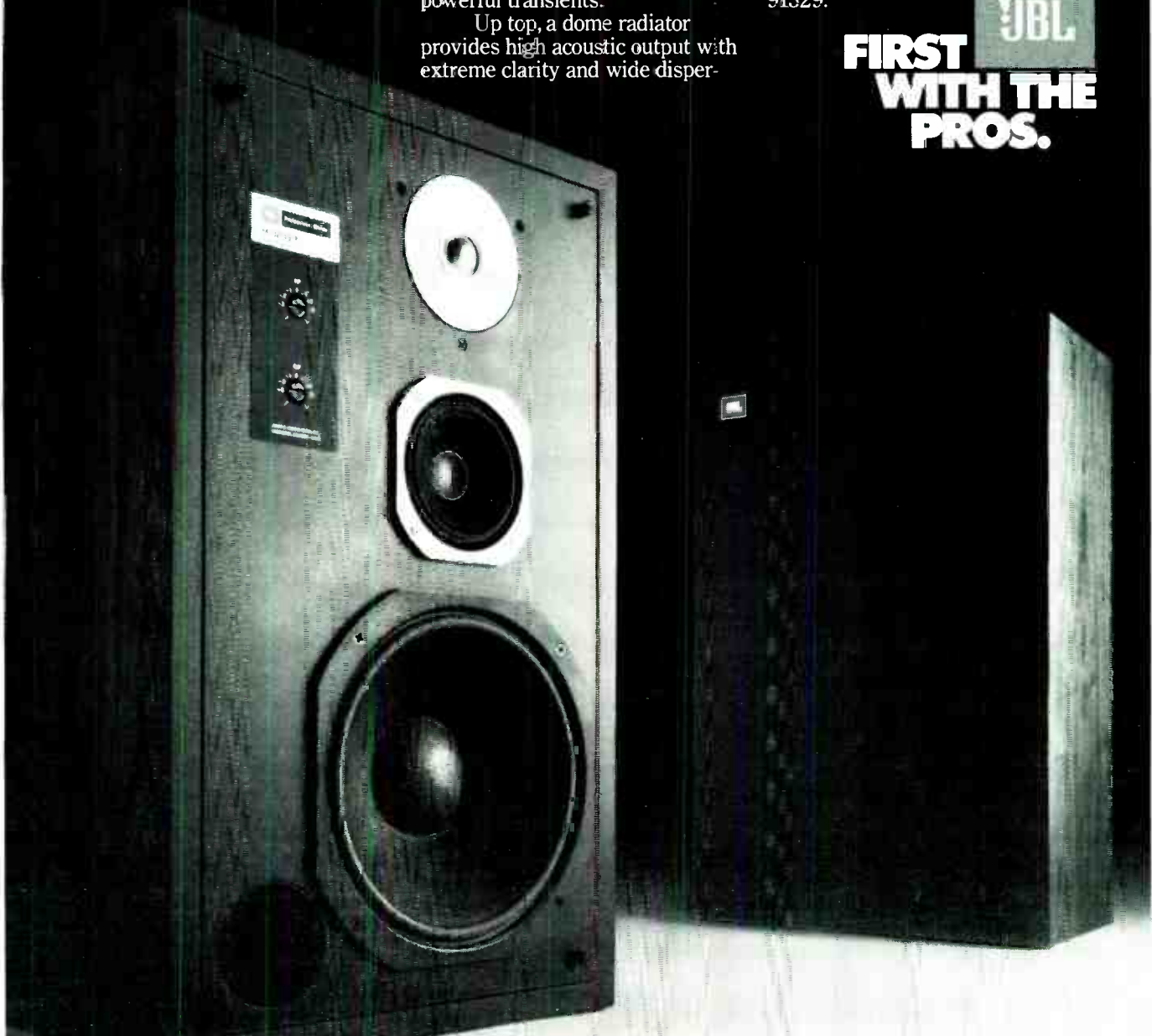
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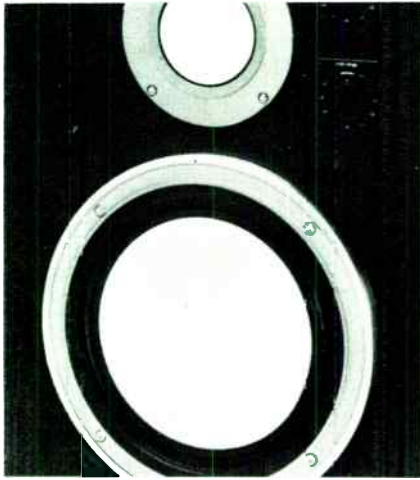
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Learn to listen. That's the first rule to buying loudspeakers that your audiophile friend might neglect to tell you when asked for advice. Sure, he may suggest his favorite speakers, fill you in on acoustic suspension versus ported designs, lecture you on boominess and harshness, but when it comes to choosing what speakers you're going to play your music through, trust no one's ears but your own.

Regular readers of this column should now be armed with a working knowledge of the basic specifications audio component manufacturers publish in reams. At the risk of boring you to death, I would just like to remind you of a rather important point I made before launching into that four-issue pronouncement — specifications are not that important. They may be nice to read in all those pretty four-color brochures you'll bring home from your local hi fi shop, but they are not the basis for a final buying decision. The ultimate decision must revolve around two prime factors — your ears and your budget. With no other component can that be more the case than with loudspeakers.

You've probably heard it before and you'll hear it again, loudspeakers are very subjective devices. And for that reason it's usually best to choose speakers first in putting together a system because they have such a great effect on how your system will sound. It's not hard to understand why speakers are so subjective when you realize that a speaker is merely a collection of paper cones and magnets that transform

electrical energy into mechanical energy, then dump it all into your living room. Imagining the effect a paper cone and a wooden box can have on sound is much easier than trying to imagine transistors that sound different.

So before you buy any speakers, learn to listen. You can begin in the comfort of your own home. Regardless of what hardware you're now listening to, put on a record and listen — really listen. Play the same record several times, each time focusing your ears on different sounds. How's the bass? You say it's there alright, but it's not gut-wrenching? Okay, now how about the highs? Do those cymbals sound crisp and clear? Can you just picture those Zildjians shimmering under the stage lights? No? Do you want to? The point is not that you necessarily want gut-wrenching bass or shimmering highs that pierce your eardrums. That's for you to decide. But by carefully analyzing how your present speakers reproduce different instruments and tones throughout the audio spectrum, you can better judge how other speakers do the job. If the flashy \$800 speakers that audio salesman is demonstrating deliver nothing better than what you're hearing at home now, it's time to move on.

Of course, you can't learn to evaluate loudspeakers by confining yourself to your present pair, obviously made even more difficult if you're shopping for your first speaker system. So get out there and listen. Make the rounds of your local audio shops, listening to as many speakers in your price range as you can comfortably absorb. By that I mean don't try to pack in so much listening that after a few days they all blend together like the sound of a passing commuter train.

Throughout this process, be certain the electronics through which you are comparing speakers do not differ substantially. When comparing speakers in the same store, this shouldn't be a problem. Just make sure the salesman switches only speakers, not receivers, turntables or cartridges. Naturally this is a bit tougher when auditioning speakers at several shops, but try to at least stick with receivers or amplifiers of similar power ratings and similar turntables and cartridges.

Listen to familiar music. Perhaps the oldest standing rule when shopping for

audio gear is to bring your own records. It's a good idea. How can you judge a speaker when the music it's reproducing is completely unfamiliar to you? Also, don't limit your comparing to stores. Check out what your friends are listening to.

Regular readers of this magazine most likely have another benchmark by which to judge speakers — live music. You are serious about music, you enjoy it and listen often. You probably hear more live music in one month than most Americans do in a year. Use this experience in selecting speakers. If it's punchy brass that you enjoy, how do those horns sound through the wooden boxes marked \$250 each? If the metallic edge is missing, if the horns just don't bite, you may want to keep listening.

What other parameters to consider when speaker shopping? For some, physical size may be a factor. Not everybody wants or can accommodate large, floor-standing speakers. Of course, large is relative. Many so-called bookshelf speakers couldn't fit on any bookshelf I've ever seen. Fortunately, if space is a problem, there are plenty of reasonably sized speakers offering great sound and remarkable bargains. Look at the smaller bookshelf units from Acoustic Research, Bose, KLH, Infinity and Mordaunt-Short.

If how much space the speakers occupy is not of concern, that problem's solved, however, if your room is relatively small anyway, you just may be wasting money if you decide to shell out \$500 to \$900 on a pair of exotic floor-standing speakers designed to be driven by 150 watts per channel. Most likely, you'll use only a fraction of the power and you won't be able to fill the room with any more music than you can with a more civilized system. If machismo is not a factor in buying hi fi, be realistic. You've got a small room, and you've found medium sized speakers that sound the way you hear music, buy them. It'll leave more money for concerts.

Once you've decided upon a pair of speakers that deliver the One True Sound for you, the pair chosen will in large part help determine the receiver or amplifier you'll buy. You'll need to note

continued on page 77

Choosing A Speaker:
Polk around a bit, do some
Acoustic Research, but let your
ears be the Bose, O.KLH?

By Terry Shea

Hi-Fi

FACES

Dixie Dregs

If you thought you'd heard everything there is to hear in the jazz-rock idiom, hold on, because the Dixie Dregs will demolish any notions you had that nothing fresh and unique is blooming in the fusion wasteland.

The nuclear band was formed in 1975 when guitarist Steve Morse and bassist Andy West ("left-overs" from a defunct Augusta, Ga., group called the Dixie Grits, thus, the Dixie "Dregs") joined with a couple of classmates at the University of Miami to form a jazz ensemble. It was an unlikely combination — a jazz drummer from New York (Rod Morgenstein), a violinist with a 1½ year stint in the Miami Philharmonic (Allen Sloan), a rock bassist who also gave cello recitals, and a guitarist who could play jazz and classical pieces with equal dexterity — but the chemistry worked, and the four diverse talents were forged into a band.

In the years since then, keyboards have been added

to fill out the Dregs' sound, and finally, in 1977, after some rocky, near-starvation months, the first record (*Freefall*) was released. Two other albums followed on the financially troubled Capricorn label, as did two changes in keyboard personnel. But as of December, 1979, things seem to have smoothed out for the band: Tee Lavitz is now the permanent keyboard whiz, Arista is its new record label, and the group is in the studio in Atlanta working on a self-produced album to be released in March, 1980.

The album, according to West, will follow the pattern of their preceding work, featuring tight, precise ensemble arrangements, unusual time changes that somehow seem as natural as breathing, and lightning solos displaying impeccable taste and virtuosity. The music will be, as composer Morse once said, "a blend, like coffee," including not simply a fusion of jazz and rock, but of bluegrass, classical and funk as well. "The album will represent what we're like in concert," says West, "— just high energy Dregs."

Indeed, one could not find a more "high-energy" song than "Take It Off The Top," which opened one of their recent concerts. A thumping guitar and drums led into a theme stated by the violin and synthesizer, which was in turn punctuated by some very heavy-metal chording

by Morse. The song built in intensity over several exchanges between guitar, bass, violin, and keyboards, and ended with a final rave-up of the theme.

A few songs later, after the awesome, apocalyptic "I'm Freaking Out" (to be on the new album), came "Night Meets Light," a slow, powerful eight minute tune, evoking images of dawn. The song slid effortlessly between 7/4 and 5/4, and rose to a riveting climax behind Morse's intricate electric guitar lines.

As always, the group ended its set with "Cruise Control." Double the length of the album cut, both Morse and a wild-eyed Morgenstein stretched their chops a bit, and lots of fun was had at the song's *finis* with flashpots and a "tribute" to The Knack.

The Dixie Dregs is a band not only "to watch," but to closely listen to in the 1980's. Already the group is setting new standards for musicianship and creativity in the field of fusion, and I, for one, hope they'll be at it for a long time. — Steve Hurlburt

The Apollo

Amid the terminal apathy that afflicts Harlem — both from within and without — it's easy to forget the days when it was a thriving community. There was a time when they talked of the Harlem Renaissance, great poets and painters, Duke Ellington and the Jungle Band at the Cotton Club... only the Cotton Club was reserved exclusively for the rich, white downtown crowd who'd come up for a taste of high-tone sin and exotic entertainment. Harlem had other places for her own, like the Savoy Ballroom (1926-1958), where dancers lindy-hopped and jitterbugged to the best big bands in jazz. By all accounts the most hallowed temple of them all was the Apollo Theatre on 125th Street off Eighth Avenue.

Originally the Hurtig & Seaman's Burlesque House when two white men (Frank Schiffman and Leo Brecher) bought the theatre in 1935, the Apollo went on to become the spiritual and cultural capital of Harlem. The key to the

theatre's success was the incredible intimacy between audience and performer, well documented on the classic *James Brown Live at the Apollo Volume II* (King 1022, long out-of-print and a collector's item), where the godfather quite literally fucks an entire theatre on an unbelievable version of "It's A Man's World." The greatest figures in gospel, jazz, blues, soul, rock, dance and comedy played the Apollo: people like Billie Holiday, Mahalia Jackson, Billie Eckstine, Duke Ellington, Jackie Wilson, Otis Redding, Ray Charles, Dizzy Gillespie, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, Moms Mabley, Redd Foxx...



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

And as great as the performers were, the audience demanded all they had, and then some. Apollo audiences gained a reputation as the toughest, most discerning listeners in New York. If you were jiving you'd never make it through your first number. But if you were coming from the heart, it didn't matter if you weren't a star, because the audience would make you one. Remember those famous Wednesday Amateur Nights at the Apollo? No? Well, you know about Ella Fitzgerald — she got her start at an Apollo Amateur Night.

Fat years were followed by lean ones and the Apollo ground to a halt in the mid-70's as people showed an unwillingness to go to Harlem, and major black acts opted to go for the megabucks of larger venues and "later" for their roots. After three years on ice, the Apollo re-opened in May of 1978, reputedly with black ownership (but whispers and rum-



TOM HILL

ors have pointed to unseen white backers). Business was not what it should have been, and press attention was non-existent. Fortunately for the Apollo, two of the biggest and most powerful black acts — Parliament/Funkadelic and Bob Marley and the Wailers — recognized their debt to the community, and for a few weeks in October Harlem was jumping as it hadn't in years.

George Clinton and Marley brought their bands in for extended engagements which served to showcase the power of funk and reggae and the charm of the theatre itself. The Apollo is the best theatre for music in New York, bar none. It holds 1800 people, yet maintains the feeling of a large cabaret; even in the upper balcony you're never out of touch with the performers. The acoustics are wonderful, and the runway leading from the stage into the audience was a dramatic tool in the hands of Clinton and Marley, who responded to the challenge of Apollo audiences with some of their strongest performances ever. When P/Funk staged an insipid dance contest called "Freak of the Week" (should've been called "Chump of the Month") the audience was audibly disgruntled, but when Philippe Wynne (ex-Spinners) came on like a vocal Dizzy Gillespie, or performed his classic "Sadie", the feeling was like a revival meeting.

Powered along by the understated work of the Barrett brothers on bass and drums, Marley and his wonderful backing vocalists, the I-Threes, led their fans through a peaceful celebration of their greatest hits, like "Jammin'" and "Africa Unite." The Wailers captivated their interracial Apollo audience with a mixture of apocalypse and ecstasy, as Marley alternated between his chosen roles of prophet and pop star.

The Apollo is an institution New York can be proud of, a beacon with the power to enliven 125th Street and all of the city. So it saddens me to report that at press time I learned the IRS had locked the theatre up and clamped

down on the management for failure to pay back taxes. If it weren't for bad luck, wouldn't have no luck at all.

— Chip Stern

Sheila Jordan

Sheila Jordan has been on the verge of popularity before, in the early and middle Sixties, after recording the striking "You Are My Sunshine" with George Russell and then her own *Portrait of Sheila* (long since vanished) on Blue Note. There were a few more gigs and writeups, her fans waited for the inevitable to happen and for her to be declared the vocalist of the decade, but Jordan's reputation never made it above ground. In the Seventies, her gigs were few and far between, she did some guest shots on Roswell Rudd albums, a couple of Japanese imports under her own name and, more recently, a duo album with Arild Andersen for Steeplechase.

In the meantime, like Betty Carter before her, she has been picking up a large following in Boston due to annual gigs at New England Life Hall and Jonathan Swift's, and the sponsorship of George Russell and Ronnie Gill, president of the Boston Jazz Coalition. Later this winter, she'll have an album coming out on ECM on which she will sing the songs of her longtime associate Steve Kuhn and be accompanied by his trio. Jordan's fans ought to be pleased, and those of us who have enjoyed Kuhn's songs have been waiting for a better singer than Kuhn to sing them.

At a recent Boston concert, Jordan appeared with Kuhn, bassist Harvie Swartz and drummer Bob Moses in a concert of Kuhn tunes and standards. She illuminated Kuhn's difficult and idiosyncratic "Saga of Harrison Crabfeathers" and "Tomorrow's Sun," making them humane and palpable in her throaty, keening honesty; romped through "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To" and "Confirmation" and sang an unforgettable "Lonely Town." As always, she was at once childlike and sophisticated, and despite the



LEE BORAH FE'NGOLD

absence of obvious melodrama and spectacle, she was emotionally compelling to an unusual degree, drawing the audience gradually towards her until she owned them.

After the concert, her friends threw her a surprise birthday party (she broke the half-century mark in November). Jordan responded with astonished humility and finger-wagging humor while fighting the damp out of her eyes. Sheila Jordan has been something to celebrate for a long time now, and she's waited too long for work and due recognition. She's on the verge of a larger popularity again. Let's hope she makes it this time. — Fred Boucard/V. Gaits

Joe "King" Carrasco

Joe "King" Carrasco is a kid up from Austin who is almost singlehandedly revitalizing the Tex-Mex tradition (Doug Sahm, Bobby Fuller Four, Sam the Sham even). Ingenious enough to write lyrics like "Well I love you like my sister/Like an enchilada plate/Oh, my little hot sauce you really do it to me," he recently released his first album on his own Lisa label (\$4.98 to P.O. Box 12233, Austin, Texas, also available as an import on Big Beat/Chiswick). When asked what he was going to do with the royalties, Joe replied that he was going to spend all of them on printing more copies and then give those away "so it'll be real popular!"

His whole act reflects this sort of unselfconscious innocence (meaning that on one level it's not an "act" at all). When his quartet recently played a weekend at New

York's Lone Star Cafe, Joe was not too cool to wear his trademark red cape and crown onstage. He also employed a 60-foot cord which allowed him to jump offstage and walk the bar, run upstairs into the women's restroom, then outside and actually climb a tree, whanging out Chuck Berry riffs the whole time. Also of note is Farfisa player Kris Cummings, because this band understands Farfisa like nobody since, well, maybe since ? and the Mysterians. Unlike so many other new acts who play like they went to Sixties Genres school, Joe "King" Carrasco and El Molino are the real thing, American innocents living out the tradition instead of imitating it. Major labels are already interested, and we'll keep you posted. In the meantime, send him the money and get the record; in this day of prepackaged power-pop soundalikes drowning in their own varnish, it's a steal. — Lester Bangs





DEBORAH FEINGOLD

MOVING OFF CENTER NEW CONCEPTS IN STEREO MIXING

Ever notice that when you listen to stereo you are subjected to a discreet tyranny that glues you to a spot midway between the speakers? Ever wonder who put you there and why you don't feel free to move?

By Robert Fripp

As a means of presenting on record the perspectives of the symphony orchestra in the concert hall, stereo was a highly successful translation of terms between the media of live and recorded performance. But it didn't work with rock music. The weight of the drums, bass, et al, coming straight down the middle as in early mono recordings, was dispersed in the early Sixties by their rather arbitrary placement in the remote corners of the stereo mix. The price for clarity and ease of identification was reduction of poke (punch). Neither did recorded perspectives reflect performance perspectives.

During the later Sixties, greater sophistication and experience increasingly filled the space from left to right, at best using stereo to convey a sense of three dimensional space and geometrics unique to the medium of recording. At that time rock in the auditorium was still mainly a monaural experience amplified. Middle-left and middle-right were discovered as respectable resting places for instruments, although problems of comparative size remained (and remain): flying tom-toms and giant drum kits straddling the stereo conform to no performance reality and are irksome.

Increasingly sophisticated technology (4 to 8 to 16 track recording) made it possible once more to place the rhythm section heftily in the middle while still using the stereo fully to graft the impression of size onto solid rock. Over a period of one minute, the lead guitar would creep eastward while Young Muscles on rhythm flexed without com-

promise. For small combinations of, say, guitar, bass, drums and voice (now fashionably minimalist but out of favor during the leap to Gothic extravagance in the Sixties) stereo continued to be a problem not fully solved by ADT (analog delay) or DDL (digital delay), techniques developed since circa 1970. If the bass, drums and vocal were in the middle, then guitar flapped solitary and uncomfortable off to one side. Hence the "back to mono" campaign to reintegrate the divergences and recapture the strength of rock in its straightforward two-dimensional aspect.

For those remaining committed to movement between speakers, to finding a compromise between earthy solidity and the vast, multi-directional vacuity that characterized the worst of (so-called and ill-named) English art rock, there emerged a new version of an old tyranny: the Tyranny of the Producer; Big Ears, who would sit dead between the speakers and impose his own perspectives onto recorded music. It was a tyranny that rivalled that of the enthusiastic art-rock space cadets whose sudden success seemed to validate pretensions on all levels; they huddled in unholy quorum with pliant engineers to generate excess everywhere.

The Producer's perspective implied that the home listener would ideally also sit in center mode. Although people continued to hear records in an off-center location, often through the inconvenient design of small rooms or careless placing of furniture, this began necessarily to

assume the status of audio heresy or social disadvantage.

This I term the Tyranny of the Center.

From the producer's perspective, only one location is permissible. But should the producer abandon this tyranny, the listener's audio perspective, and hence his experience of music, is liberated: any of the infinite number of points along a line from left to right are equally valid, and produce an equally valid perspective.

This became clear to me while I was producing the Roches and trying to convey the essence of three idiosyncratic women working outside stereotypes, translating from performance to record (something like putting Goethe into English or Shakespeare into German and expressing the implicit rather than the literal sense). How to paraphrase on record the mobile geometry of their work?

My solution was to not impose one interpretation by mixing to a fixed center, in this case technically easier in the absence of a rhythm section. The clue to this is given during the first song, "We," as voices and guitar sharply jump positions in a seemingly crass procession: the performers move about for one song, the audience by implication for the remainder of the album.

This does not, however, solve the problem of accurately and interestingly recording the rhythm section. If you wish to keep its full weight, the rhythm section has to be in the middle. What most people do is put the rhythm section pretty well in the center but with tom-toms and so forth still flapping about here and there. My personal solution is to translate the rhythm section into mono, in other words straight down the middle or so close that it's virtually the same, while the stereo works three-dimensionally around it. That was the approach I used on mixing "The Zero of the Signified," a track on the forthcoming album *Under Heavy Manners*. Essentially, the rhythm section was in mono, while the Frippertronics and solo guitar worked around it.

In general, my approach to mixing is to view the stereo as a three-dimensional field in which geometric patterns are created by sound. Simply expressed, volume determines proximity, frequency range determines the height, and left/right panning the width. Probably there are geometric patterns that are naturally consonant and reflect the proportions of sacred geometry, but in the absence of accurate information and an established tradition, one must work intuitively. I have listened to mixes in which the stereo placement (rather than the performance, music, or relative levels) made me feel profoundly uncomfortable.

Some people are able to translate music into abstract visual terms; the translation of music into stereo is the challenge of mixing. M



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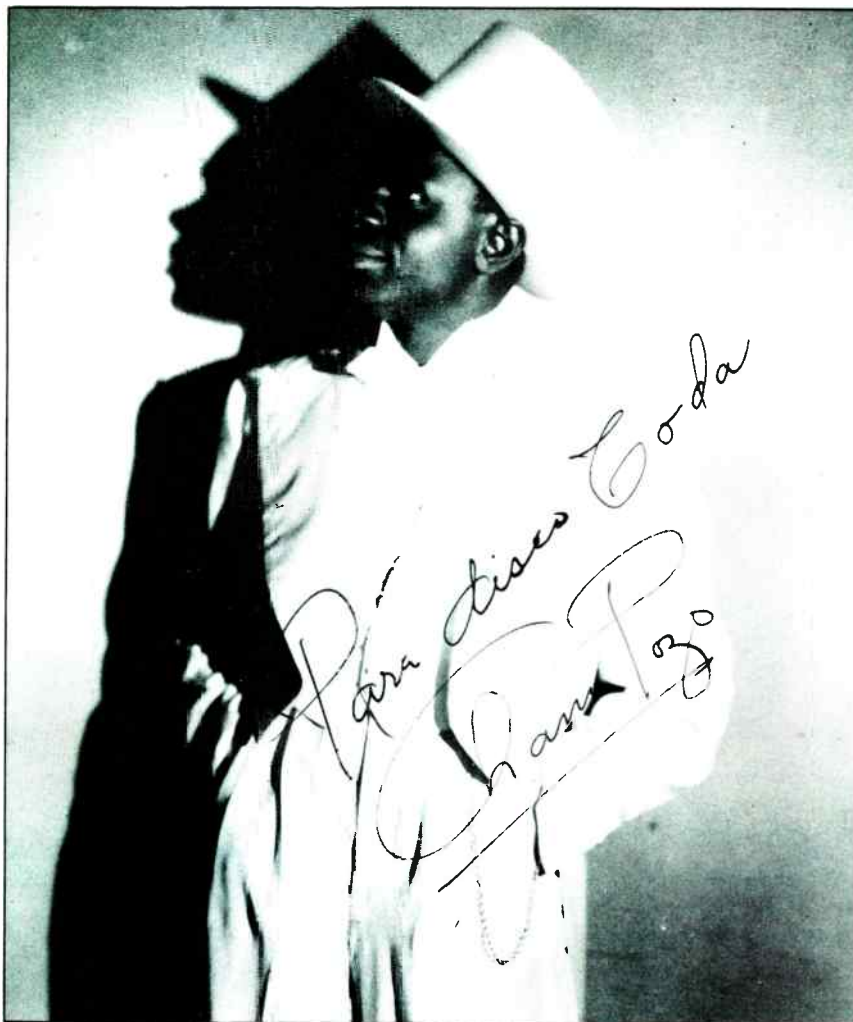
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THE FAST LIFE AND DEATH OF CHANO POZO



Chano Pozo introduced the conga to American jazz when he joined Dizzy Gillespie's big band in 1946. But racism and macho pride caught up with him.

By Max Salazar

Afro-Cuban jazz, or Cubop (as it was called for awhile before the other name stuck) was a valuable and probably inevitable synthesis of two different musics with a common historical root. It achieved its initial popularity through several key encounters, such as Charlie Parker's with Machito's Afro-Cubans (an important band in its own right) and Dizzy Gillespie's with Chano Pozo. In retrospect the Gillespie/Pozo meeting seems the most important because it went the deepest and because it did so much to further an immense and fruitful cross-breeding of North and Latin American music, the results of which are so all-pervasive today.

There is belief among Latin musicians that in order to be recognized you first have to die. The prime example is Chano Pozo, who was murdered in a Harlem bar on December 2, 1948. The

following day, not one word about his death was printed in any of the popular or ethnic New York papers. A few jazz books had a bit to say about him, and all speculated that he had been killed for failing to pay a large debt. A fictitious story about one thousand dollars found in the heel of his left shoe was perpetuated. Now, thirty years after his death, Chano Pozo is a legendary Latin music hero. His name is used in song lyrics and his tunes have been recorded many times by various artists. His photo is used to sell records and books. In May 1977, North American musicians travelled to Havana for a Chano Pozo memorial concert. When musicians talk about Chano Pozo they speak in reverential tones about the God of the drum. Many old timers still remember his blurring hands and rousing African religious chants.

Of the many factors contributing to Pozo's burgeoning popularity during the last three decades, two are most salient: his compositions "Tin Tin Deo" and "Manteca," and his introduction of the conga drum to jazz in 1946, while he was a member of the Dizzy Gillespie orchestra. Gillespie's use of the conga drum was inspired by the Machito band of the early '40's. Mario Bauza, crackerjack trumpeter and Machito's musical director, hired popular black jazz musicians, and they interpreted his arrangements with a distinct jazz feeling. Afro-Cuban jazz as such emerged at La Conga Club in the summer of 1943, when Bauza wrote and arranged "Tanga." Later, as Joachim Berendt pointed out (in *The Jazz Book*, 1959), "Gillespie brought Chano Pozo into his band to capture the Machito atmosphere. Because of Gillespie and Pozo, conga drums and other Latin percussion instruments are now part of jazz, pop, rock and disco orchestras."

The Local Hero

The story of how the conga drum found its way into American jazz began on January 17, 1915 in Havana, Cuba, when Encarnacion Gonzalez and Cecilio Pozo saw their son born in their one-room flat at Solar El Africa, District of Pueblo Nuevo. El Africa was one of the hundreds of *solars* (plots of land) throughout Cuba whose one-story, oblong buildings were erected two centuries before to accommodate African slaves. In each *solar*, fifty feet of ground separated the rows of buildings, each of which was divided into one-room apartments. Between the rows were the community water taps. Chano Pozo grew up in this impoverished world. By the time he reached his late teens he was known as a *rumbero* (street dancer) and *gua-peton* (tough guy). He would spend most of his day in the *solar* drumming, chanting, dancing and composing songs. He fell in love with every pretty woman he saw. There wasn't a month in which he didn't have a savage street fight with an irate, jealous boyfriend. He drank excessively but exercised daily to remain in top battling condition. His calloused hands were hard as steel. Getting hit by Chano Pozo was like getting a brick in the face.

Chano first enjoyed fame in the late 30's, when his songs won the top cash prizes in the annual Carnivals. The year Chano's *comparsa* (Carnival song) took first prize, he permitted a representative of an American publishing company (still in business) to publish it. He was paid ten dollars. Other Havana *barrios* bid for Pozo's songwriting skills. He declined all offers until he began hanging out at El Barrio De Belen with his friend, vocalist Miguelito Valdes, who at the time was singing Pozo tunes with the famous Orquesta Casino De La Playa. It

continued next page



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Courtesy of Ken Smith

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was also in Belen that he met and fell in love with Cacha Martínez.

Pozo's mother had another son, Felix Chappotin (who gained fame as an Arsenio Rodríguez trumpeter in the 40's, and in the 50's became an international star with his orchestra, Chappotin Y Sus Estrellas). Near the end of the 30's Chappotin organized a band and asked Chano to write a song that would attract some attention. With Chappotin, Chano wrote the ever-popular *comparsa*, "Los Dandies De Belen." The song was entered in the Carnival and won top prize for the district of Belen. This made Chano a celebrity. Hotel revue dancers hired him to choreograph their shows.

In the Carnival that year, as always, each district had its own *comparsa*. Forty couples in costumes danced to it and were followed by a dozen musicians playing congas, quintos, batás and trumpet. Heading the procession was the composer, who was followed by dancers holding aloft banners that read "El Baracon Del Pueblo Nuevo," "La Sultana De Barrio Colon," "Los Bravos De Jesus Maria," "Los Dandies De Belen," and so on. There are a few old timers who remember that El Barrio De Pueblo Nuevo was the only district in which dancers carried a second banner, with CHANO POZO written across it in bold black letters. Hundreds of people lined up on the sidewalks and supported their district when it passed in parade.

In the early 40's, Chappotin and Chano were the musical directors of El Conjunto Azul. When Azul disbanded in 1943, Chano earned some of his money as a songwriter but the bulk of it as a bodyguard for the owner of a radio station. Although wealthy compared to the average Afro-Cuban, Pozo continued to live at the run-down Solar El Africa. Juan Alvarez, who lived in Pueblo Nuevo during the early 40's, recalled Chano's gold Cadillac parked in front of the solar. "Chano was a hero to us. He gave us a feeling of pride ... it made us feel good to see him change clothes a few times a day and own a few cars. If he could be famous because of music, we believed other black Cubans had a chance. I was one of the kids at El Solar who used to see Chano in a red silk robe at the community water tap, washing up."

One day in 1943, Pozo received a letter from Miguelito Valdes telling him that some of his songs were hits in New York. Chano asked his publisher for the royalties owed him but was put off. The following day a security guard blocked his way into the publisher's office. A fight ensued and Chano's fist sent the guard sprawling to the floor. The guard pulled a pistol from his belt and shot Chano twice in the stomach. An operation failed to remove one of the bullets, which had lodged at the bottom of his spine and was thereafter to cause him pain whenever he sat in one position for any length of time.

In December, 1945, Mario Bauza met Chano in a Havana musician's hangout, a cafeteria. It was their first meeting but, as Bauza said, "I knew of him. We had recorded his music. He saw me, came over to my table and introduced himself." Chano asked Bauza about life in New York, found out that his songs were popular there and that black people were treated better than in Havana. Bauza also told him that he and Miguelito Valdes would help Pozo out if he went North.

In May, 1946, Chano, his friend Pepe Becke and Cacha left Havana for New York. Bauza telephoned Dizzy Gillespie and told him "I got what you've been looking for ... he just arrived from Cuba."

Dizzy Atmosphere

Speaking of his first meeting with Pozo, Gillespie said, "I've always been interested in Latin music. When I formed my big band I told Mario (Bauza) I wanted a tom-tom player. He took me to Chano's furnished room on West 111th Street, between Lenox and Seventh. We hit it off well even though he didn't speak English. When Chano joined my band is when the Afro-Cuban innovation in jazz began. At first he clashed with my drummer, Kenny Clarke. This changed when I sang him the melody and the beats."

Gillespie's first recordings with Chano on conga were made for Musicraft on July 9, 1946, including "One Bass Hit," "Things to Come," "Ray's Idea," and "He Beeped When He Should Have Bopped." For the remainder of the year, Chano was just another drummer with Gillespie, experimenting with sound. No one paid him much attention.

"In 1947," continued Oller, "Art Pancho Raymond and I were staging the Tico Tico Sunday Rumba Matinee Dances at the Manhattan Center. We gave Chano a few special-attraction shots. For each show he dressed in white from head to foot. At intermission time Chano stripped to the waist and applied oil to his body. He drummed and chanted things I had never heard before. The people loved it and urged him to continue. I always ended his act by going on stage and yelling into the microphone 'Chano Pozo!' I would applaud, urge the audience to join me and would then nod to the bandleader to play music or else Chano wouldn't get off the stage."

In late 1947, Chano recorded a dozen new sides with Gillespie. Then, in concert with Gillespie on December 27, Chano dominated the Town Hall stage, mesmerizing the audience with incredible drumming and chants to "Tin Tin Deo," "Cubana Be Cubana Bop" and "Manteca." Three days later "Manteca" was recorded for RCA and it marked the beginning of the Pozo/Gillespie collaboration's musical immortality. Speaking of those December, 1947 RCA sessions, Gillespie said, "All of my Afro-Cuban



"Chano stripped to the waist and applied oil to his torso. He drummed and chanted things I never heard before ... the people loved it."

songs except "Cubana Be" (written by George Russell) were composed by Chano and me. It was Chano's idea and I always added something. Chano would sing the instrumental parts and then would ask if anything was missing. Man, there was always something missing. Chano and I had different versions of "Tin Tin Deo." Mine had chords and Chano's was strictly rhythm and melody. When Chano conceived the idea for "Manteca," it served for the first part only. He didn't take it anywhere. It needed a bridge. So I sat at a piano and created one. After we recorded "Manteca" I didn't think much about it ... it was just another good recording. Now everywhere I play people want to hear it. Is it a popular tune? ... In January, 1948, my band was in Europe. We played a Belgian jazz club. Chano did something which made the people go wild. The band was playing "Manteca." When it came time for Chano to solo, he rose from his chair shouting African chants. The strap fastened to the drum broke and the conga drum fell on the floor. He never stopped chanting, leaned over the drum, reached for the strap and began raising the drum slowly to an upright position. Then in one quick motion he sat in his chair and jerked the drum upright and continued drumming as if what had happened was part of his routine. It wasn't and the crowd loved it ... Chano knew the importance of publicity. Every time someone wanted to snap a photo of me, Chano always got in the picture, put his arm around me and smiled. On one occasion a reporter asked me how Chano and I communicated. Chano, standing behind me, answered him in broken English ... 'Deezy no speaky Spanish, me no speak Engleesh ... we speak Africa!'

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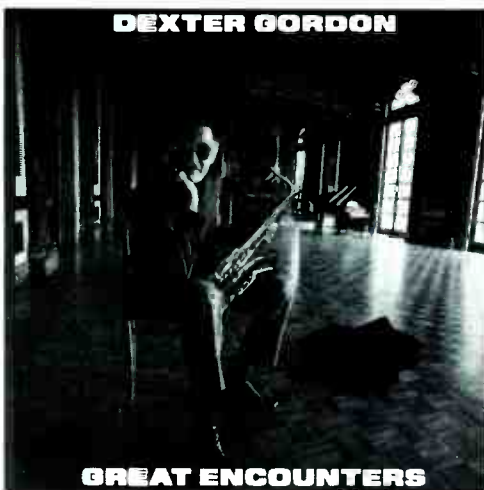
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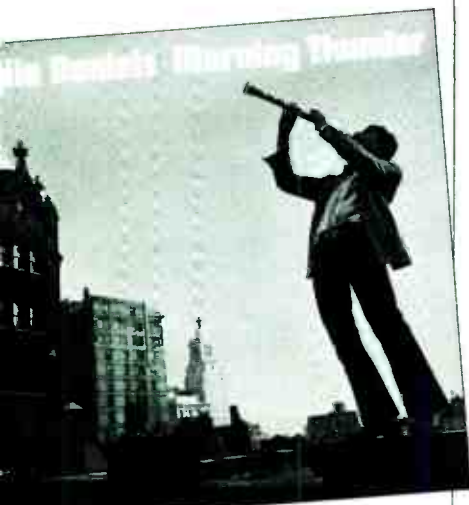
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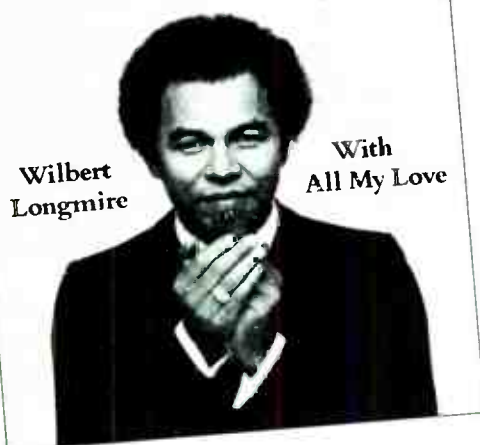
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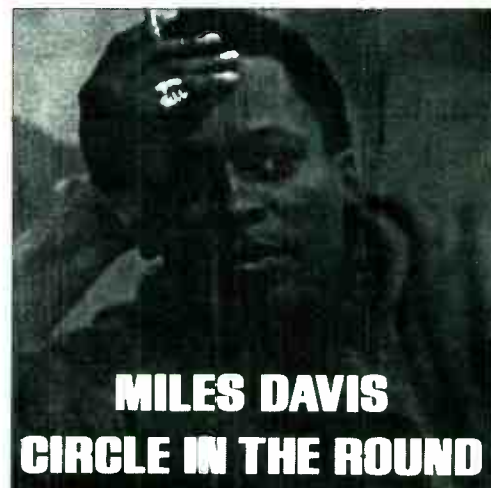
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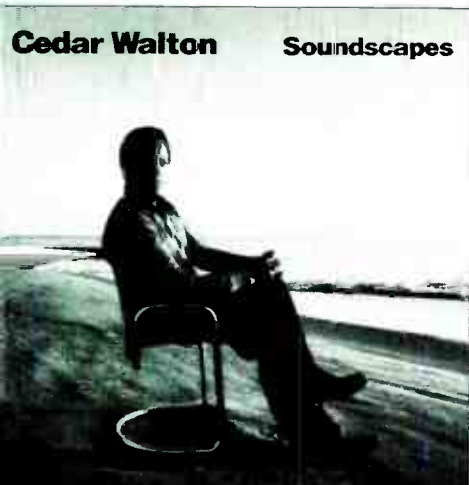
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ONE WORD DESCRIBES THEM ALL: INDIVIDUALS.



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

BONNIE RAITT

Bonnie Raitt is an earthy, spirited blues-belter and accomplished slide guitarist whose impassioned approach draws on and contributes to the blues tradition of her mentors Fred McDowell and Sippie Wallace. Her concerts are rock's answer to the Mardi Gras — funky, incandescent revival meetings that combine the energy of rock and blues with a genuine warmth and depth of feeling rare in these times.

By Vic Garbarini

Bonnie Raitt is not a name you normally see hovering near the top of most critic's polls. Category by category she's consistently outgunned by artists who have honed their particular specialties to a finer edge: Aretha Franklin outranks her as a vocalist, Lowell George and Duane Allman as slide guitarists, Jackson Browne and Bruce Springsteen as composers. And yet as I look back over the past decade I'm hard pressed to find an artist who has afforded me more sheer enjoyment, or turned in as consistently an excellent and satisfying body of work as Bonnie Raitt. It's not that she's "the best" at any one thing, whatever that means, but rather as rock's finest exemplar of the renaissance ideal she consistently excels at everything she does: proficient women instrumentalists have always been a rarity in rock, but as a first-class slide guitarist brought up in the tradition of her friends and mentors Fred McDowell, Son House and Arthur Crudup, Raitt belongs in a class all her own. As a singer she is an earthy, impassioned, and sometimes raunchy blues-belter in the style of Big Mama Thornton, Janis Joplin, and her friend Sippie Wallace, with a husky, evocative voice — composed of equal parts of sandpaper and velvet — that can cut through blues, folk, funk, and rock-based material with equal grace and passion.

She manifests the usual contradictions of temperament that seem endemic to the artistic character; matching toughness with vulnerability, idealism with practicality, a reflective nature

with disarming candor, and a bawdy, sometimes raunchy sense of humor with an earnest commitment to women's rights, safe energy, and other matters of social conscience. With her Radcliffe education and earthy, zestful approach to both music and life she comes across as a kind of Ivy-League Janis Joplin with a touch of Gilda Radner thrown in for seasoning. The amazing thing is that she's able to hold all of these disparate elements together in a harmonious balance. Whether articulating the agonies and ecstasies of interpersonal relationships or promoting the safe energy ethos at a Muse benefit, she's able to tap the essential, primal force of rock and blues while still conveying warmth, refinement, and a clear sense of purpose, making her one of the few artists who've managed to combine the idealism of the 60's with the exuberant vitality of the post-punk rock and roll. Her concert at New York's Palladium earlier this winter has an extraordinary musical event by any standards — an incandescent, epiphanous celebration for artist and audience alike. She so obviously and thoroughly enjoyed what she was doing, whether churning out utempto rockers like Robert Palmer's "You're Gonna Get What's Coming" or vamping through bluesy classics like Barbara George's "I Know", that it was inevitable that the joyous contagion would spread to her audience. The fact that she's able to see herself simply as an ordinary person with certain musical gifts allows a space to exist through which

creativity and energy can enter, illuminating her own work as it flows outward and connects her with her audience. The result is a profound intimacy and sharing between Raitt and her fans that makes for one hell of a performance. The point is she's earthed as well as earthy — grounded and open enough to act as a viable conductor when the magic strikes. It's a reciprocal arrangement, of course, she feeds off her audience too, but in a healthy way that succours the overall event as much as it does her own ego.

This same naturalness and lack of pretension enables her to integrate her political and philosophical beliefs into her music without coming across as either a strident proselytizer or an obsessive crusader. Bonnie also gives the impression of being firmly in control of her own career: she may be vulnerable on many levels, and while she's certainly open to advice and guidance it would be hard to picture her as a pliant, will-less instrument in the hands of some domineering manager or producer. She prides herself on overseeing every aspect of her musical activities and responsibilities, from initial song selections to final arrangements and mixes, to the extent of refusing to fully get behind and promote the one album (*Streethlights*) where she was forced to relinquish full artistic control to her record company.

The following interview ranged over many of the details of her productive career, from her early encounters with bluesmen like Fred McDowell over ten years ago to her most recent collaboration with producer Peter Asher on her latest album for Warner's, *The Glow*. We began our discussion by immediately delving into matters of considerable weight and substance:

RAITT: (Examining her mid-section) Boy, am I ever getting fat!

MUSICIAN: Just for the record Bonnie, exactly how fat are you?

RAITT: Well, Vic, I'm glad you asked that, I'm so fat that I can barely . . .

MUSICIAN: Come on, there's hardly an ounce of flab on you. Why do some women think they have to resemble a CARE poster in order to be attractive?

RAITT: Next question.

MUSICIAN: O.K. How did Fred McDowell and the other black bluesmen you were associated with react to a white, middle class girl from L.A. coming up in their tradition? Were they very supportive from the beginning, or were they a bit suspicious at first?

RAITT: No, they were very supportive. I started out just being their friend. That was ten years ago in Cambridge when I was hanging out with Dick Waterman, who managed Fred and a number of other great bluesmen. Dick really took care of them, put them up in his house, drove them around, did just about everything for them. A couple of times when I was visiting Dick I'd just pick up a guitar and start jamming with them, and they were just tickled more than anything else — they thought it was really funny, in a nice sort of way. When I started to play professionally they were quite proud. The only time it became uncomfortable for me was when I eclipsed them in popularity, when we went from me opening for them, to them opening for me.

MUSICIAN: I noticed that you still tour with them whenever possible.

RAITT: Sure, Robert P. Williams, Muddy, Sippie Wallace — I try to work with as many of them as I can.

MUSICIAN: Your concert the other night at the Palladium was simply amazing. I've rarely seen such spirit, energy, and rapport between an artist and her audience. There's a hint of that on one or two of your albums, like *Give It Up* and *Sweet Forgiveness*, but I really wasn't prepared for what I saw.

RAITT: People have always told me that I'm much better in concert than on record, but yeah, the Palladium show was a great night. Actually, they've all been more or less like that on this tour, I seem to be hitting my stride.



ANDY FREEDBERG/ENCORE

MUSICIAN: You were fortunate enough to study right at the source, with some of the very best country blues guitarists. When did you first develop your interest in slide guitar?

RAITT: I actually didn't learn anything through my association with Son House, Fred McDowell, and Arthur Crudup other than a few chords from Fred that I hadn't known. I basically taught myself most of that stuff off their records before I met them. What I learned from them was a certain attitude about life, and about singing. I started playing guitar in 1960 around the time folk music was becoming popular, the Kingston Trio, Odetta, and Joan Baez, those people. I spent my summers at a camp on the East coast because my father was away touring, and the college kids who were our counselors became my role models. I really identified with the whole folksy-beatnick-radical trip. I played at school assemblies and spent a lot of time just practicing in my room. Then I heard a Vanguard album called *Blues At Newport '63* with Brownie and Sonny, John Lee Hooker, Dave Van Ronk, and Mississippi John Hurt doing "Candy Man". When I heard that, I thought, "forget this Judy Collins stuff!" I mean, I went nuts! I sat there trying to figure out how to play "Candy Man" for about two weeks, and when I finally learned how to do it I felt like I'd been born again or something.

MUSICIAN: Who would you cite as your main influences as a slide player?

RAITT: Fred McDowell, Lowell George, and Ry Cooder, though I was a Robert Johnson and Son House freak before that.

MUSICIAN: On your earlier albums you played acoustic guitar, often a National Steel, though in your later work you've switched to electric for both your rhythm and slide work. What prompted the change?

RAITT: I'm generally more of a fan of electric slide than acoustic. It's not really a matter of one being better than the other, I've just evolved into liking electric guitar because it sustains more, and because it sounds more like a human voice. Also because I play with drums, and acoustic guitar just doesn't cut through a set of traps.

MUSICIAN: You're an instrumentalist, vocalist, composer and arranger with a clear sense of where your music is going. Do session musicians or your band members have any difficulties in relating to you or taking direction from you?

RAITT: In terms of whether there was any sexism or surprise about me being a musician, I would have to say no. It was only difficult in the sense that anyone who doesn't play drums who has to explain to a drummer that you don't like what they're doing, and how to do it differently, is going to have problems. But I've managed to work out ways of communicating my intentions.

MUSICIAN: You've had seven moderately successful albums, but never a hit single, though "Runaway" off your last one looked like it could have been a contender if you had glitzed it up a bit. Do you ever feel any pressure from your record company or producers to really push for an AM hit? I'm wondering if your association with Peter Asher indicates a willingness and desire to go for a more commercial sound?

RAITT: I certainly wouldn't change my sound to make it more commercial, but I am working with Peter Asher because I think he makes records that will reach more people without selling out. I haven't gone after an AM audience in the past, though I'd like to now because it's the only way I'm going to break my album past a certain level of sales. I don't want to tour incessantly anymore, I've been doing it seven months out of the year and not making any money at it. The price of touring is up 40-45%, without profits going up.

MUSICIAN: What kind of stuff do you listen to at home for pleasure?

RAITT: Well, I listen to Little Feat above all else, also a lot of Al Green and Howlin' Wolf. Actually I go to the studio to watch my friends make albums quite a bit, people like James and Carly, Jackson Browne, Linda Ronstadt and John David Souther.

MUSICIAN: I'd suspect that Al Green was more of an influ-

ence on your vocal style than any of the other people you mentioned . . .

RAITT: I'd say so, I was trying for an Al Green on "Runaway", for instance. Aretha Franklin was a tremendous influence too, an incredible talent. Then there's The Average White Band, Chaka Khan, Ry Cooder, Delbert McClinton, The Fabulous Thunderbirds, old r&b — that kind of stuff.

MUSICIAN: Last time around, on *Sweet Forgiveness* you recorded with your touring band, whereas on *The Glow* you worked with the elite of the L.A. session mafia, people like Waddy Wachtel, Rick Marotta, and Bob Glaub. Why the change?

RAITT: I had been listening to the way certain records on the radio had been mixed, and I didn't think that mine were sounding quite punchy enough. I enjoyed working with Paul Rothchild on both the *Sweet Forgiveness* and *Home Plate* albums, but "Runaway" was not terribly successful and basically I was just looking for a change. I read a *Rolling Stone* interview with Peter Asher where he mentioned that the only person he was thinking of working with besides Linda and James was me, so we got together. I wanted to make a really raw record rather than one that was slick or commercial. Peter agreed, and we used Waddy and Rick and those guys because he thought he could do the best job with me using those particular people rather than my touring band.

MUSICIAN: Your albums are usually balanced between blues, R&B, rock, ballads, though on *Glow* you concentrate mostly on old R&B tunes. Does this mean you're going to settle in on R&B for the foreseeable future as a vehicle to work with, or might your next album take off in some other direction?

RAITT: Each album is just determined by what songs I like best at the time. There's no deliberate attempt on my part to adopt any one style or other. If I hadn't recorded "Since I Fell For You" or "Bluebird" on the first album, I would have done it on this one. It's more a function of which songs I find rather than any specific direction I'm trying to take.

MUSICIAN: You wrote some of the best songs on *Give It Up* yourself. Then there was a long hiatus where you didn't record any original material again until *The Glow*. What happened?

RAITT: I'm not a writer. The ones that I do write are because there's something specific I want to say that I can't find in another songwriter's material. The ones on *Give It Up* were written distinctly to get back at somebody, and I'm not about to have somebody I love split and mess up my life again just so I'll have some fodder for some tunes! The songs that I pick already say what I want to say, whether it's "Guilty" or one of Jackson's, or whatever. So the reason I came up with "Standing By The Same Old Love" was because there was something I wanted to say that I didn't see being said elsewhere, also 'cause I wanted to do something with a hard-rock feel.

MUSICIAN: You play less slide on *The Glow* than you have in a good while, I hope that doesn't indicate a trend.

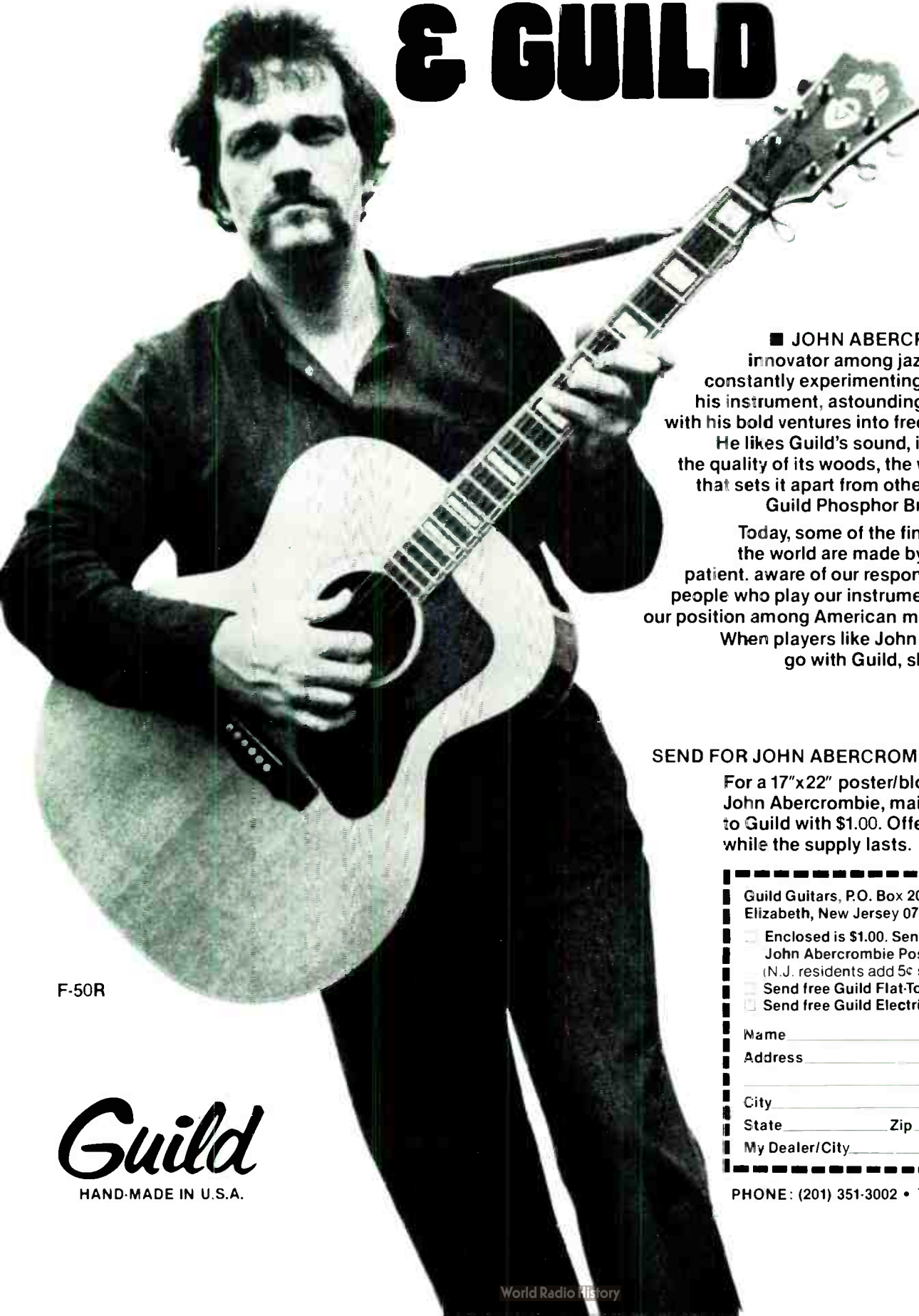
RAITT: No, I love playing slide, it's part of what I do and one of the reasons people come to see me. I play about six slide songs in my set, but if I played slide on every song I'd be bored to death. I try to play what's appropriate on each tune. When I don't play guitar on my album sometimes it's because I feel I can't do the part appropriately. I enjoy playing slide, and I think I do it well on some tunes, but it would be egotistical and stupid to try to do it all the time. As for regular-style guitar playing, I'd rather leave it to my other band members or session people who do it more proficiently. Lately I've been concentrating more on my singing and slide playing than my songwriting or folk guitar.

MUSICIAN: How did you get involved with the anti-nuclear movement?

RAITT: In May of 1978 I did a fund-raising concert in New York with James and Carly, John Hall, and Michael Franks to raise money for the Karen Silkwood Defense Fund. I had read about the Silkwood case back in '74, was curious about it, and then the nuclear safeguard initiative was on the ballot in

continued on page 80

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A Rollins Cadenza

People love Sonny Rollins. One of the first things I noticed on becoming a jazz writer was that musicians now about forty (in their teens when Rollins came into his first maturity) almost all come to a point in their interviews when they remember him, and then their talk stops while the memory of awe takes over. "Oh man," they'll say finally. "*Sonny Rollins*." Sometimes their hands are raised over the head and shaken, as if to throw an invisible volleyball (Freddie Hubbard to Ted Curson to Charlie Haden). Working musicians don't do this for anyone else. Critics do their own version of the dance. Haven't you ever noticed that some of the best articles on Sonny Rollins are irradiated, even partially undone, by a kind of joy? People tend to lose their cool over Rollins and fall prey to a general sense of wonder. He's touched them, though many younger listeners — from their early twenties on down — tend to miss the point. And here's another article about the man. Just what is everybody trying to tell, or sell you? The World's Greatest Tenorist? A hero for the Eighties? The latest necessary idea? A reason for living or just a way to pass the time?

I know that Rollins is sick of hearing himself referred to as a musician who made some great records in the Fifties, but the Fifties are where you have to begin. Those records stand up the way Charlie Parker's do. They make the most satisfying kind of sense. Rollins plays solos so self-sufficient they are a kind of miracle, idea emerging after idea as if according to laws that come into being at the same time as the ideas themselves. Spontaneity and calculation do their dance, the tenor stumbles oddly into old songs and then soars off into the kind of brilliant, cleanly articulated, utterly surprising and totally right double-time runs that only Parker has done well or better.

One of the best things those Fifties solos have going for them is their apparent lack of ambition. They don't, at least not now, sound all that different from what a lot of other tenorists were playing at the time, but how individualized and heightened they are once you really begin to hear them: the broad contours so familiar but the details so unpredictable and daring. These great solos have the disarming air of having been tossed off; tossed off, moreover, from the improbable platform of such standards as "How Are Things in Glocca Mora," "I'm an Old Cowhand," and even "There's No Business Like Show Business," not to mention the wonderful, wonderful "Wonderful, Wonderful" and "Only You." (Include your favorites in the space provided below.)

by Rafi Zabor

It's interesting that the three most centrally innovative soloists of the early Fifties — Rollins, Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk — were each noted, among other things, for their personal approach to the standard tune. (It was an essential part of early Fifties cool to be superior to your materials. This is a departure from the best music of the bop years, in which it hardly seemed to matter what tunes Charlie Parker chose to play (although there were certainly exceptions and Rollins, Monk and Davis all composed radically original music of their own). It was impossible to go beyond Parker without pointing the music elsewhere, for instance toward pauses, omissions, lags, and minute rhythmic, harmonic and emotional displacements. All three men used fewer notes than Bird had, and partly because Rollins was the most technically proficient of the three, his aims were the least specialized and obviously striking. Miles approached standards as if he could walk through them inviolate as an angel, Monk as if he trod on them in heavy boots that made their bones ring like bells, and Rollins, who served part of his apprenticeship in both men's bands and learned from them brilliantly, did both these things and a few others besides. He made great fun of those instantly old tunes but he also took an unconstrained and generous delight in them, never pulling them so far out of shape that they became unrecognizable. No, a tug here, a few stitches taken out there and sentiment and its travesty were embraced simultaneously. This doubleness seems to be one of Rollins' signatures: to be both exploratory and at his ease, affectionate and mocking, all at the same time.

His earliest recordings were made in 1948 and '49 with Bud Powell and Fats Navarro and reveal an eighteen year old tenorist already sure how he wants to sound — brave kid, his tone is awkward and assured all at once — and so eager to play that he will often cut off the final bars of the preceding solo. The earliest photos of Rollins I have seen show us this musician: the face not yet Hebraicized, the body a fullback's, and the eyes (like Ricky Ford's these days) heavy-lidded and very king-of-the-hill. The point is that this earliest Rollins had tremendous drive; without it his great refining and shaping mind would have had nothing to work on later. A second point is that this primal intensity never left Rollins' music, no matter how modified and refined it has become. For all his geniality and ease, Rollins is one of the most intense musicians alive — hard to notice, because we habitually equate intensity with the

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ROLLINS

flailings of obsession — and this is why his music has such an uncanny power to delight and uplift us. He has always been wired to the main generator, one way or another.

Rollins' recordings from 1951-55 show him moving toward his mature approach, occasionally obtuse, more often interesting in ways that fail to satisfy us now only because we can see to what greater glories they were leading. At length — one would like to say "inevitably" but one does not really know — the Rollins energy and intelligence began to find or make their perfect forms, and the classic Sonny Rollins of the middle Fifties emerged once and for all. Late in 1955 he joined the Clifford Brown - Max Roach quintet and began his great series of recordings for Prestige, Blue Note, Riverside and Contemporary. He became known as a major, if erratic creator, and also as a dangerous innovator, at whom the barbs of the orthodox would be aimed until worse fiends emerged a few years later (Mingus and Coltrane were also catching it). It is necessary to point out that the period of mastery was also, from the beginning, a period of experimentation. No matter how comfortably embalmed in vinyl the Rollins of the Fifties may seem to us today (good old Sonny Rollins), he was always, and he continues to be, the least predictable of musicians. He has never played the same way for very long. The Rollins bird, *rara avis*, no sooner perfects his nest than he leaves it.

Brown & Roach Inc. was that rare thing, a really perfect band. It didn't matter that Richie Powell couldn't make all the tempos and George Morrow occasionally sounded tubby on bass. Modern jazz had never been so happy a music and would never, alas, be so happy a music again. Roach was defining what modern drums were all about and Harold Land, with his forthright, sober sound, was the perfect foil for the miraculous and golden trumpeter. Paradoxically, when Rollins joined the band the music became less completely satisfying and the way in which this happened elucidates precisely the ways in which he was an explorer. His mind, in contrast with Brown's for instance, worked in unsettling and un placid ways, and his personality was strong enough to alter, even undo, the band's magnificent composure. It is the first hint we have of how disturbing Rollins' insights can be. Take, for instance, his perverse half-tempo first chorus on "I'll Remember April" or, even better, his opening after Brownie on "Pent-Up House," in which he draws a response to the trumpeter's last phrase, then pulls at it like a piece of taffy for an unconscionable length of time before, you know, agreeing to play ball with the rest of the guys. Even then he played a different ballgame, with more elusive rules. Rollins made Brown & Roach a less perfect though more creative band. I suspect that, heard live, it may often have been a better one. On record generally it is not.

The heresies from the Village Vanguard would come in 1957, but '56 saw the release of *Saxophone Colossus*, an unusual title for the work of a twenty-six year old musician, and a single peg was discovered for Rollins to hang on. Anyone who remembers Thematic Improvisation from last semester, please raise your hand.

It was discovered that Rollins' solos, in addition to possessing the virtues of humor, inventiveness and grace, were thematically unified: seeds of melody sown early on emerged later as orchards in which harvest was in progress. In particular, his group of solos on "Blue Seven," when etherized upon a table, were observed to contain a complexity of organization hardly attained to since the Ring cycle, *Ulysses* and Bartok's third quartet. In a word, the New Criticism, already quite Old in literary circles, had come to jazz. Intellectuals had a new toy to play with — "Hmmm fellows," the musicians they portrayed in their articles seemed to say to themselves every time they cut a blues, "it is again time for us to assert the primacy of the Kansas City heritage and to demonstrate that the products of Black America can equal the masterpieces of Europe." — and Sonny Rollins swore off reading jazz criticism forever. You can't blame him — it's hard to get on with your necessary business when everyone is telling you what it is — but there is also no denying that those

solos were sweetly organized. And why shouldn't they be? Why shouldn't an artist's reflective intellect float naturally above the world of his inventions and, like the hand of an interested god, reach down and make ideal an organic order among them? But this is only an aspect of Rollins' genius, and he has always been greater than the sum of his analyzable parts.

Colossus is a pretty foursquare date anyhow. I spend more time with the looser *Newk's Time* on Blue Note, "Tenor Madness" and "The Freedom Suite." And there are the trio sides (six of them now) from the Village Vanguard, with Wilbur Ware and Elvin Jones. There, the familiar contours are gone, the errant details are foremost and everything that is most vagrant and daring in Rollins takes up the whole of our view. "The Freedom Suite," another trio side (with spectacular accompaniment by Max Roach and Oscar Pettiford), also looks to the future: a twenty minute piece for tenor, bass and drums in which each instrument has an equal role, but which Rollins ultimately rides to glory in the fierce final section. It's interesting that the humor is largely confined to the short pieces that accompany the suite. This may partly be due to the serious subject of the longer work, but it may also be that Rollins was beginning a different, and differently serious kind of search in himself. Shortly after *The Freedom Suite* was released, Sonny Rollins retired from the jazz scene, partly to deepen his musical researches but also to have the privacy to find out who he was through the practice of yoga.

Light in the Dark Ages

Bad jokes were made about his retirement ("A Trane ran over him.") and, later, there was the spectacular mythograph of Rollins playing alone on the walkway of the Williamsburg Bridge, suspended between heaven and the deep. A lot happened between 1959 and 1961, during Rollins' absence. Ornette Coleman had come to town, John Coltrane's quartet had begun its awesome heyday, and the names Eric Dolphy and Cecil Taylor were no longer automatic terms of derision. The world was being shaken, and Rollins was in eclipse.

His first album, *The Bridge* (1961), made for RCA of all people, featured his spare but conventional touring band of tenor, guitar, bass and drums. Rollins was playing brilliantly, with a new lightness and clarity to his work. His tone had lightened too, and his mastery of the instrument had if anything become more complete. He was playing so well that at first it was hard to notice that he was much less boisterous and funny. One had the sense, perhaps, that he had become larger than anything he could play. His second date for Victor was a *bossa nova* album. You could not make a *bossa nova* album that did not sell in those days. (Rollins did.) Many people were disappointed, but at about this time LeRoi Jones started spreading the word that Rollins had hired Don Cherry and Billy Higgins out of Ornette Coleman's band, and the castle gates were about to fall.

Rollins likes to maintain that he never "joined the avant garde," and of course an artist of his stature never "joins" anything except another aspect of himself, but at this point Rollins did begin an odd and brilliant kind of playing based upon his earlier work but still unlike anything he had done before and unlike anything else in jazz (except, of course, some of the music that has come out of it, cf. Roscoe Mitchell, some Braxton, Air, et. al.). It still seems to me that the best thing on *Our Man in Jazz* (that month Victor released *Our Man* in this, *Our Man* in that, everything but *Our Man in Chickenfat*) is the conventional if unexpected blues Rollins hauls up by its coat collar at the end of "Oleo." Elsewhere on the album, throughout long and freely shaped performances, the lags and unexpected phrasings that had once implied so much without pulling the music out of shape, had become the music's shape. Notes were bitten off in odd places, drawn in odder ones, and attached to still other notes by their backs and their middles. Honks and wisps intruded here and there. It's exhilarating stuff, so ingeniously constructed it seems impossible that anyone could actually play it, but play it Rollins did: his



In 1955, Rollins joined the Clifford Brown & Max Roach quintet and began recording prolifically as a leader. Even in those days he was an innovator and explorer whose work looked to the future.

tone had darkened, his range had been extended at the top and bottom, he seemed never to run out of breath or ideas. He had a Mohawk haircut, his eyes were huge and looked either lonely, vacant or startled.

I never caught the quartet with Cherry, but shortly after it disbanded I saw him at the Five Spot during one of its golden ages, when only four musicians headlined there: Monk, Mingus, Rollins and Roland Kirk. Rollins played with bass and drums only: Ron Carter, new in town, and Roy McCurdy, whose excellence and flexibility in that band I have never forgotten. I remember Rollins starting his sets from behind the kitchen doors. He would come treading hugely out playing some bizarre march in harmonics, tramp up and down the aisles, at least once a night catching one of my feet unawares and then, when he had attained the stage, the real music would begin: endless and inventive medleys in which blues faded into calypsos which were succeeded by long, fast, boppish *tours de force*. He exchanged a lot of fours with McCurdy. The music seemed to be coming out of Rollins in a single uninterrupted ribbon of sound. I remember being amazed, and if I don't really recall what the music sounded like — that is to say, I can't play a satisfactory cassette of it in my head — I do know that the things this trio recorded (on *Now's the Time* for RCA, sometimes with Herbie Hancock added), however good, lag far behind what happened routinely at St. Mark's and the Bowery. I also remember Rollins crouching beneath the piano and ringing little bells attached to his vest. I also seem to have some recollection of him playing long, fogbound halloos into McCurdy's snare drum. The next record that came out, *Sonny Meets Hawk*, confirmed the growing weirdness. Rollins seemed intent on pushing conventional improvising as far as it could go: huge disconnected torsos and arms of sound, like unfinished or broken statuary, lay at odd angles like colossi across the chord changes; a long squeal, like air escaping a balloon, was played behind Coleman Hawkins' outchorus on "Lover Man"; perverse, sputtering descents of sound opened solos, and some brilliant discontented playing got done. Rollins was looking for some-

thing, maybe the doorway out of everything he already knew.

The next time I saw Rollins it was at Birdland, and he provided the strangest evening of music I have ever seen. A haggard-looking rhythm section came out and began to play rough-house blues. Rollins materialized in the wings. The Mohawk and goatee were gone, completely. With his head shaven, Rollins looked surprisingly like a coffee bean. He wore a dark brown suit over a turtleneck of the same color and he was staring at the audience as if it had just gotten off a tour bus from Mars. He walked to center stage, played two soaring, unbelievable choruses, and waved the rhythm section to a stop. He began to stare up at the lights, his head canted to one side. Every five or ten seconds he emitted a note. Every minute or so, the memory of a tune would surface and Rollins would rise to it but then no, it was back to the light, or empty space, and a note or so every ten seconds. He remembered that someone at a front table had requested "Glocca Mora." He walked up to the table, bent over it and obliged with the first two bars and afterwards returned to center stage and stood again like an empty house through which the wind was occasionally blowing. In retrospect, it doesn't seem that strange at all. Everybody interesting passes through significant periods of uncertainty. In a life of spiritual practice in particular, there are long stretches of time in which one is, in Gurdjieff's phrase, "between two stools," and can rest neither in this world or the next. It would be odd if in the process of personal transformation this did not occur. I'm taking a guess that this happened to Rollins, and I may be wrong. I'd like to go back to that evening at Birdland and hear it again, especially after Roscoe Mitchell.

The history books have it that Rollins was in circulation throughout the Sixties, but as I remember it he appeared only rarely: a solo set here, a concert there, a no-show at a tribute to Bird at Carnegie Hall. His physical appearance kept changing, as if he couldn't decide who he wanted to be. The next time I heard Rollins live, it was 1965 at the Village Vanguard, and he was playing standards again with a quartet of Ray Bryant, Walter Booker and Mickey Roker. It was a coherent band, and I remember listening awe-struck to endless choruses pouring



DON SCHLITEN

out of "Three Little Words." The version on Sonny Rollins on *Impulse!* does not even come close. I feel sure that Rollins was then playing far and away the most inspired and masterful bebop since the death of Charlie Parker. His fleetness, inventiveness and ability to tie his solos together at top speed with cascades of cross-references and *leitmotifs* amazed everyone in the house. It was as if he would never have to stop playing, as if his resources really were infinite. Rollins seemed to be regrouping. A year later, the soundtrack to *Alfie* came out, with its wonderful, encyclopedic solo on the title tune, the line copped from the riff to "Singin' in the Rain," only jauntier. He seemed to be reviewing every style of which he had ever been capable. It was a triumphant performance.

His next album, *East Broadway Rundown*, had Rollins "joining the avant garde" again, but with some room left over for a blues and "We Kiss in a Shadow." Rollins' next official retirement began in 1969 and would last until 1972. When the decade closed, one had the sense of a Rollins brilliant but discontented; fragmentary, when the decade had belonged to men capable of giving themselves over to single and consuming obsessions. He was thinking of quitting music and becoming a teacher of yoga, something an audience intent only on its own pleasure will find incomprehensible, but which many men who work as artists in American bars will more easily understand.

Eternity, Publicity and Fraternity

Rollins' return in 1972 was announced by the release of the excellent *Sonny Rollins' Next Album* on Milestone. It seemed to usher in a new age of Rollinsiana. The music was more conservative than ever. Rollins was using fewer notes and his phrasing was statuesque, sometimes even predictable. It never lurched off into the unimaginable or the unknown, but it sounded like a firm new beginning and the music had some of its old happiness and warmth back. Rollins sounded whole, not as if he had closed the door on all the disturbing parts of himself, but as if he no longer needed to go peering into dark corners because he had found, or possibly become, what he had been looking for. At the cost, be it admitted, of a certain amount of detail. Not long after the album came out I heard Rollins at the briefly reassembled Half Note on 53rd Street. Rollins — with a quintet of Walter Davis, Walter Booker, David Lee and Matsuo — was playing the same kind of music, he had on the record, only transcendently better. Simplified phrasing or no, he was a constant wonder, and I was overwhelmed by the same feeling of inexplicable, almost supernatural richness I had first encountered hearing Ellington's band live.

But a few disappointing albums followed, some of them

comprising awkward attempts to get funky, and a lot of people felt let down, even in the clubs. This general decline in Rollins' reputation may have set the stage for the welcome accorded Dexter Gordon in mid-decade. Gordon came to America, played as wonderfully as he had on two previous visits when no one paid much attention to him, and this time was crowned with the gold of legend and enough hoopla to announce the Second Coming. Someone must have needed a hero. I have always suspected that when audiences get too excited about an artist there is usually an element of cannibalism involved, as if the artist has synthesized a substance in himself that the audience lacks, needs and can smell at a distance, some balm for the vacuity of its own collective life. When the feeding frenzy hits there are great public celebrations but there is also an altar backstage where the artist gets sacrificed. Now that the celebrants have dropped Dexter Gordon from their jaws, I'm glad that Rollins recognizes his latest brace of rave reviews as "the kiss of death" (the very words). Sometimes I am convinced that my most lurid views of the music scene are basically true — they include the press — and that hungry ghouls roam the world in search of sound and a juicy *agnus dei*. Perhaps I exaggerate, but I'm glad in any case that Rollins has no intention of sitting for the part.

The raves that greeted *Don't Stop the Carnival* last year can hardly have been more justified. Not only is "Autumn Serenade" everything its most delirious adherents have claimed it to be, but it is evidence in full that Rollins had completed another transformation in an already Ovidian career. It was impossible to speak of simplified phrasing anymore, and however baffling Rollins' choice of repertoire and musicians, it was obvious that, as an improviser, he was again in complete command of his multiple and unpredictable resources. *Carnival* was followed by the Milestone Jazzstars tour, which further consolidated Rollins' ascendancy, and by the tour album, which disappointed those who caught the Jazzstars live on their best nights.

After the tour Rollins reassembled his quartet (Mark Soskin, piano; Jerry Harris, electric bass; Al Foster, drums) and I got to hear them at a concert at the Wembley Conference Center, in England. It was a very good concert with some great moments. Rollins looked at least a decade younger than his forty-nine years — yoga strikes again — seemed happy and relaxed, tore off an unfamiliar introduction and then proceeded to play "Strode Rode," last heard on *Saxophone Colossus* (does this mean I'm going to get to hear "Asiatic Raes" again?). It was both a romp and a tour de force, and Rollins demonstrated by the time it was over that whatever his inconsistency on record, in concert he is a completely confident master artist who never stumbles or falls. One thing I noticed was that, as on his recorded solo on "Alfie's Theme" and as he had begun to do on fast tempos since 1972, he liked to round off almost every chorus with a return to the melody, as if to regroup. This seems to me distinctly different from the practice of thematic variation. His lines do not extend infinitely outward in thematic linkage anymore; he keeps tabs on them by periodically hauling them back in for a brief examination.

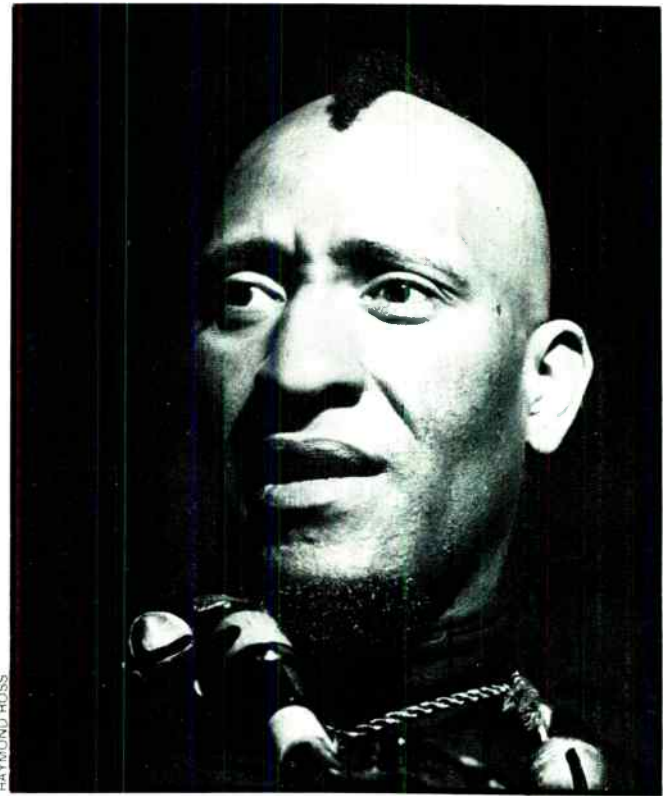
The first complete miracle of the evening came on the second tune, a near-calypso called "Little Lu," on which Rollins did something I have not heard done as well by any improviser since Louis Armstrong. His solo was long, and although he did little more than embellish the original melody, every chorus was an occasion, each time he played the bridge it was an unprecedented event. I cannot recall ever having heard music of such pure songfulness. Instead of the usual jazz spectacle of a man grappling with his fate, here was that of a man dancing with it, singing it endless sunlit calypsos.

The slim, happy man onstage seemed distinctly different from the statuesque Rollins who had returned in robes to showbiz in 1972. The new Rollins is given to casual clothes and funny hats. He laughs more, seems more unassuming and at ease, and likes to share himself with the audience. Like the '72 Rollins, many of this one's best moments come in unaccompanied cadenzas, but the current saxophonist uses

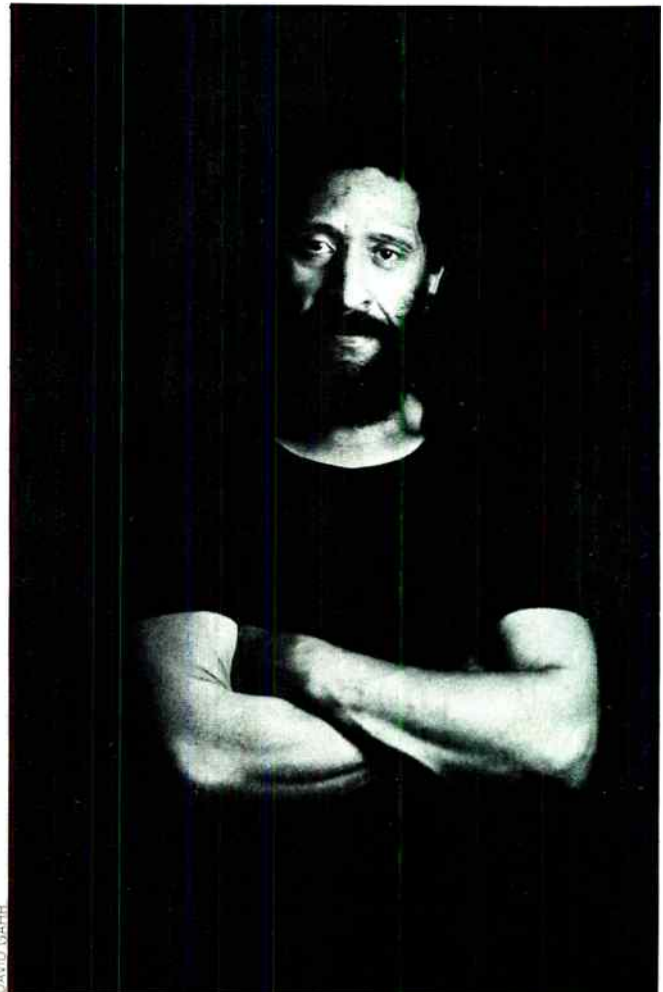
more notes, phrases more ingeniously, and his tone resembles more than ever that of his ancestor Coleman Hawkins. He paced his concert well, laying back here and there to replenish his energies but using the entire second half of the evening to build a triumphant, exhilarating finish the audience could fly home on. There was, it seemed, no self-destructiveness in this man's creative intensity and no violence of feeling for all his music's power, something well-nigh unique in modern jazz. Many of the tunes he played appear on *Don't Ask*, his most recent Milestone date, and were, of course, much better in concert. On the ballad section of "Disco Monk" he took the most dangerous chances, playing demonically long lines it seemed he could never resolve, but did. No improviser alive has more completely mastered his chosen materials. The evening's ballad was "Easy Living," with a cadenza in the middle; a cut below "Autumn Serenade" but still in the masterpiece bracket. The calypsos danced, the up-tempos burned, and all was right with the world. A short but rousing version of "Alfie's Theme" finished the evening off. After I left the concert and hadn't stopped grinning for a few hours I asked myself if I still wanted to hear Rollins work out with some avant-modernists, say Anthony Davis, Fred Hopkins and Steve McCall. Against all expectation the answer was no. This man knows his own idiosyncratic way through the labyrinth of himself better than any commentator or well-wisher could. He also talks plain sense about his music.

Struck by his ability to keep evolving, I asked Rollins to what extent his spiritual practice had helped him to stay creative. "It's helped me to keep my health together," he said, "and be able to function in the world as an artist. It would be harder to correlate the musical benefits directly. I'm the kind of person who would be interested in spiritual things and I'm the kind of person who would make the music that I do. The two go together because they're both who I am." I asked him what he had had in mind in the Sixties, during his most avant-garde excursions. "I don't feel that I've ever played in any way that was foreign to anything else I've done. I might sound different in different periods, but it's all part of my expression, and different elements may come to the fore at different times. In the future I may return to things I've only touched on before. I can't say what in particular I had on my mind in the Sixties except for the usual thing of trying to build up my expression, which is still incomplete. When I started out I was playing with musicians who were much older and more experienced than I, and I was always learning, always developing from what I feel was a very low point. I was never the kind of musician who came on the scene when he had gotten all his stuff together. I haven't yet. I feel that I'm still developing." I suggested that this attitude, however unrealistic it might seem to the outsider, may be one of the things that helps him keep evolving. "I've been told that," Rollins replied. "I understand that this could be a good attitude for an artist to have, but I come by it sort of organically. I've always felt that way." I thanked him for all I'd gotten from his music over the years, and he said he appreciated the thanks but "you know, as they say, it isn't me, it's the creative forces, so I can't get a really big hit out of praise."

I was left with the feeling that Rollins' attitude toward his art, routinely considered eccentric, is fundamentally sane, and although his humility may be tinged with subjective doubts it is not only useful to him but deeply realistic. As much as I want to talk about how wonderful Sonny Rollins seems to me, I don't want to end up just another icon-maker lacquering up a fresh board for Our Hero of the Reeds. He may be the greatest tenor saxophonist in the world, but to make too big a fuss about it is a misplacement of emphasis, and does the man a disservice (although I suspect that even he knows how good it is for business). Creativity comes into the world where a way has been made for it. It belongs to everyone and no one. Still, as an expression of pure pleasure and because I know there is room for it in there somewhere, I want to say my own parting hurrah. Sure, why not. Let us now praise Sonny Rollins. ♪



The Sixties saw Rollins doing some of the strangest, most exploratory and imaginative work of his career. Since coming out of retirement in 1972, Rollins has played with new stability, strength and humor in a range of idioms from calypso to funk to straight-ahead jazz.



INTO THE 80s

THE ARTISTS & THE INDUSTRY SPEAK

The end of the Seventies has been a time of agonizing reappraisal for the music world, what with Mega-rock generally limp and Disco waning, New Wave still struggling to establish a beachhead in the mass market, jazz seeking to consolidate its recent gains while remaining open to new directions, and profits in general taking a nose-dive, forcing the music industry to tighten its belt and rethink its priorities for the coming decade. We asked a select group of musicians and industry moguls to tell us what they thought were the most significant musical developments of the seventies, and what directions they think music and/or the music industry will (or should) take in the eighties. Their answers were thoughtful, perceptive, and at times a bit ridiculous. If their collective assessment is right, we can look forward to a decade characterized by greater artistic diversity coupled with shrinking budgets — compelling both listeners and record companies to become more selective. In a music world devoid of frills, only the fittest will survive. Interestingly enough, everyone seems to be looking forward to it.



Pete Townshend

PETE TOWNSHEND Who Guitarist

The 70's and 80's? Can I just say *ERRRRR* about both? How about *Eaarghh* for the 70's and for the 80's maybe *nnnnghghgh*. No? Well, I hate to sound like a record executive but if I knew those answers I would be rich. I don't think anybody knows, how can you know what's going to happen? As for what happened in the 70's, I think the 70's were really boring, I'm glad they're over with and let's go ahead upwards and onwards. Well, I definitely don't want to see World War III, but on the other hand I don't think we will. America's far too weak to fight a third world war — you puny little nation you — Russia would crush you. Of course I'm absolutely right, that's why I wear a red tie, a red shirt, red socks and a red scarf. The most famous group of the 80's will be wearing red and drinking brandy. I don't think we've actually arrived at a new sound — you put on the B52's and all that stuff and — well I don't think we've arrived at a new sound. I don't think we're working on it either. I think the Pretenders are very good ... I'd like to die quietly. I think I will. I don't know what's going to happen in the 80's. I've got no clue, I don't care either. Of course, you've got to make a living, you've got to care as a matter of social conscience ... harumph, garook, glumpstrangle ... garble ... garble ...

LYNN GOLDSMITH

STEELY DAN Becker & Fagen

The 70's: Rock 'n' roll seems to have taken a turn for the deliberately plodding and stupid, much more in the past few years than before. It seems to be a genuinely desirable pose, musically anyway — to make really primitive-sounding things.

We both really like rock 'n' roll when it's good. The principal elements of rock 'n' roll appeal to us very much. But we don't like much of what's being done — you probably don't either.

The current state of music is low . . . low enough that it approaches zero, which I learned in my differential calculus class. They're making us look good . . . making us look like champs.

The 80's: audiences are getting more used to hearing jazz harmonies because of all this fusion business, which may have something to do with our popularity.

There is a progression of some sort. I think it's towards more sophisticated harmonic structures and stuff like that — but I really don't think it's towards jazz.

It's hard for musicians to find a new direction to devote themselves to, especially when you consider what the commercial realities of music have been. That is: one is encouraged to imitate others. This is especially true of jazz. If a jazz musician is to survive, he is encouraged to play crossover music. But when you combine elements of various types of music, you end up with some sort of mish-mash that inevitably loses impact in a number of ways. The other thing is that when people are encouraged to be different, it's just to be different in some striking way for the sake of being different.

There are all these great musicians now — technically gifted; they've worked at it more than the people who began rock 'n' roll, but they don't have the music to play.



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

I hope people pick up on it and start experimenting again. I guess there's just a lot of good musicians with no vision . . . no concept of what they want to do.

We're not gonna get a lot different. There aren't gonna be any revolutionary departures in the near future, though we're always trying to do something a little different from what we've done in the past . . . not to repeat ourselves . . . to keep it interesting. But we're not going to start using sitars or anything . . .

STEVE BACKER Exec. Producer—Arista/Novus, Savoy, GRP Records

In the coming decade I believe that the music will take on different characteristics than it had in the 70's. Perhaps because it is such a spontaneous art form, the changes that occur will most likely parallel social and economic change: my feeling is that as we go through these changes, whether it is a severe recession or running out of oil, or just being forced into dealing with a more basic lifestyle than we've been used to, the way in which people are going to want music presented will also change. There was a good deal of self-indulgence in the selfish 70's, and this in turn will give way to greater simplicity, fewer frills, and less gimmickry. There will be a kind of 'back to basics' philosophy coming into play. Virtuosity is what jazz is all about; it's a celebration of the individual, and that's what you've got to get back to.

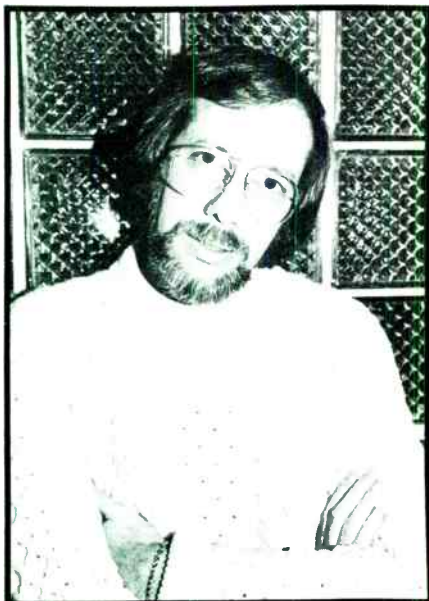
On the business side I think that pretty much the same marketing techniques will exist throughout the 80's, and that there won't be any radical departures from current approaches. The same basic formulas — airplay, publicity and promotion, in-store play, visibility in the marketplace, etc. — will continue to be important. I don't think that changes in distributor or corporate conglomerations will have an enormous effect on how the music is marketed, or on how many dollars are invested in it. If it shows

strength, if it shows signs of wide-scale acceptance and crossover potential, then the same dollars will be invested in it that would have been invested in the 70's.

I also feel that many artists, even some who are esoteric on a recording level, will suddenly become more appealing to a wider audience through visual media. As the medium grows, the opportunity to expose the visually-oriented artists to more than just a radio or club audience will eventually pay off in increased sales of those particular artist's recordings.

GEORGE BENSON Jazz Guitarist

"We had a windfall in the communications area in the 70s, more people loosening up radio formats for jazz and other kinds of music that normally didn't get played too much on the radio. Also, there has been an increasing willingness on the part of some musicians to be, um, well, *communicative*. Now I never thought jazz would die as some people were saying a few years back,



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

Steve Backer



VERYL OAKLAND

George Benson

but I do think more jazz musicians have come above-ground, so to speak, and have let jazz lose some of that renegade, rebellious image jazz musicians always had. And I think that's good — it gets more people to hear music they might never hear otherwise. These have been the most important trends in the 70s — the popularization of contemporary artists, the loosening up of commercial formats, and the greater communicative attitudes of many artists. Of course, there are plenty of artists around who would rather remain innovators and don't want to seek commercial success, and I'm always happy to see those fellas because you need *that*, too. It's just too bad that the system still doesn't really cotton to them or understand them.

"That'd be the best change that could happen in the 80s, probably. But I don't know what'll happen yet. We're in a melting pot situation right now, and it still hasn't settled yet. I do think, though, that it'll settle differently from yesterday's labels. Ultimately, the whole thing will be determined by the record companies, they're the ones who can further or arrest an artist's forward motion, who decide whether it goes in the direction of artistry or commercialism. They determine whether people even get to *hear* the artists, who people are gonna listen to. But with all the crises and things that've happened in the industry recently, things are getting shaken up a bit, and that could be very interesting. Then again, if the industry tightens up, we won't be able to hear the lesser-selling artists, the people who spice up the predictable stuff and make life a lot more interesting."

RON POWNALL



David Byrne

NICK LOWE Composer/Bassist/Producer

The 70's: what seems to have happened is that the musicians themselves, who by and large are a bunch of bozos, began believing what was written and said about them. You see, most musicians are really thick. In the hierarchy of the pop world they are really at the bottom. Roadies have a better time than musicians do, even though the whole rock music business is geared to making them feel that they're on the top. Record company presidents will bow at the feet of certain guitarists — things like that. That's bollocks — they're on the shitpile.

Ever since the musicians themselves, poor bastards that they are, started believing what was written about them: being poets or composers comparable to Elgar or Shostakovich or something, that's when the trouble started. That is, I'm talking sort of post Sgt. Pepper — people started writing about that as if it was some kind of symphonic work.

After that's when these geezers said: "Oh, got a bit o' poetry 'ere Brian. Wot about this: the Schemellion laughed at the gates o' heaven . . . How's about that?"

"Very good . . . very good . . . put a bit o' moog on that and I think we got it . . ."

That's when all the crap started. Myself, I went through that period as well, until I started realizing it was crap. Luckily — and that's the word — I realized soon on that my efforts in that direction were totally useless, and I woke up to the fact that no matter how hard I tried, no matter how much I liked Robbie Robertson, Lowell George, Van Morrison or somebody like that, there's no way I was ever gonna be them. I woke up to the fact that my roots were probably in the *worst* period of music — the late Sixties, but *pop* music. When I realized that, my troubles were pretty much over, because I found I had a much wider scope to work from . . . or steal from.

EBERT ROBERTS

Nick Lowe



I enjoyed this punk thing coming along because it put pop music back as the property of younger people, which is where it should be. It shouldn't be some middle-aged asshole in an office dictating what trends should be so it's all safe and tame. That's why you get wallpaper music.

I watched this program the other night — "The Midnight Special." I thought this is supposed to be the music integrity program. This is supposed to be *it!* But if you asked any of those groups on there what they thought of the Bee Gees, they'd really sneer at you. But I'd far sooner see the Bee Gees than I would that garbage — "Schemellion laughed, don't leave, stay away." That stuff is supposed to be rock 'n' roll?

It's frightening . . . it's so tame and limp. That's what frightens me — people who can get off on something so vapid, so lacking in style, originality, or anything. Pure pomp and circumstance. Not one good or original idea. They ain't gonna be playin' Journey records in ten years' time. They'll have forgotten them.

My attitude is that what I do is trash music . . . garbage music, not poetic, symphonic works. If you make music with that attitude in mind — which is sort of like the way a lot of people are starting



Steve Howe

JANICE FRIEDBERG'S ENCOCHE



Ted Nugent

RON POWNALL

TED NUGENT
Heavy Metaler

The most important events in the 70's were:

1. The DC-10 crash in Chicago.
2. My solo on "Wang Dang Sweet Poontang" in Detroit, Sept. 3, 1979.
3. The accumulation of rock and roll knowledge amassed through the experimentation by all of us crazy 60's rockers with regard to the listenability and rhythmic and melodic cohesiveness of traditional Chuck Berry guitar progressions and a moving 4/4 beat (and the application thereof!).

In the 80's rock is heading: to Room 1415 of the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Atlanta, Ga. (MY ROOM!) Rock and roll is what it is because of its capacity for *non-progression*. If it doesn't come spontaneously, it loses something. Rock

to think — you stand a better chance of doing something good at it than by laboring away at it.

As for the 80's, I ain't gonna be in this five years from now. I'm gonna make me a pile and get out, because there's nothing more pitiful than someone who's sliding downhill. So I'll make my wad and buy my mansion and do someth.ng else.

STEVE HOWE
Yes Guitarist

Every decade goes through a recurring series of trends, and during the 70's the transitions were quite rapid. One minute it was soft rock, the next heavy metal, and finally punk and New Wave, which I think was the most important development of the end of the decade, because we got back to rawer music with more topical lyrics. I was very glad about Elvis Costello's success. He was the first real New Wave artist to break through. He wasn't totally violent and aggressive punk, he had his subtleties.

In the 80's I think that both new and established artists will have to continue to fight for their music, but we'll all also have to learn to be content with a more modest level of success. The music business has got to get more realistic.



Pat Metheny

RON POWNALL

DAVID BYRNE
Talking Head

Not too much comes to mind when I think of the 70's. It seemed to come and go and not very much was really changed. The only thing I can think of was that multi-track recording really arrived. Back in 1968 or so I still used 4-track. I think of the 70's as the decade of the well-scrubbed album.

The 80's: I think music is going to be more specialized in the 80's in the same way your magazine isn't meant to be all things to all people. Even in terms of my own listening habits I tend to listen to one kind of music at a certain time of day and another time I'll listen to something completely different. As far as Talking Heads goes, I have absolutely no idea where we're headed in the 80's. We're trying to use the technology that's available without getting carried away with it. You always have to remember what you're doing — you're making something that's going to be interesting to listen to, rather than something that's just going to be judged by other recording engineers.

PAT METHENY
Jazz Guitarist

In the 70's it was Miles Davis, Cannonball Adderley, James Taylor, Jack DeJohnette, Manfred Eicher, Joe Zawinul, Wayne Shorter, Jimi Hendrix, Leo Kottke, Michael Gregory Jackson, Steve Swallow, Bob Moses, Jim Hall, Paul Bley, Earth Wind and Fire, Herbie Hancock, Freddie Hubbard, Rickie Lee Jones, Elton John, Aretha Franklin, NRBQ, Steely Dan, Cheap Trick, Clash, Sonny Rollins, McCoy Tyner, Charlie Haden, Chick Corea, Jaco Pastorius, Gary Burton, Eberhard Weber, Jan Garbarek, Ralph Towner, Joni Mitchell, Michael & Randy Brecker, Dewey Redman, Paul Motian, Arthur Blythe, The Art Ensemble of Chicago, Keith Jarrett,



Sam Rivers

DEBORAH FEINGOLD



Ed Rosenblatt

and roll will never move forward, I pray, but rather become intensified through the utilization by new and old musicians of latent riffs straining to come out of guitar necks around the world.

SAM RIVERS
Saxophonist/New Music
Patriarch

You have to go back to the 60's to understand the developments of the 70's. There was a kind of rare, open freedom that hadn't been enjoyed in the U.S. since probably the 20's. The revolutionary ideas of Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor liberated music in the 60's, freeing it from its pervious structures. In the 70's all the materials that had been dispersed among various people were linked together and put into one kind of art form, a form so completely open and original that a person can completely develop his own particular philosophy of music without having to abide by any so-called rules. I'm speaking of the avant-garde, of course — it was the culmination of all the ideas that came exploding out of the 60's. I think Ornette Coleman's work represents the most significant musical development of the

decade: he was the catalyst, the man who took all these ideas and put them together and made them whole, like Charlie Parker did in the 40's.

The 80's: I think it is really up to the imagination of the musicians themselves to take the music where they want it to go. As a musician you are the creator. You are completely open; you make your own rules and set your own musical terms; there are no bounds. When you go into the 80's with this kind of open situation, anything can happen.

ED ROSENBLATT
Warner Bros. V.P. Marketing

1979 was the culmination of a period of incredible growth in the record industry, which is really only two decades old. Ev'ry ill deed ever done, at least from a marketing standpoint, seemed to fall on our heads. Now that the turmoil has subsided I think we can see from a detached point of view that we shipped too many records in the fall of 1978, resulting in returns that we weren't equipped to deal with. Anyone who does what I do for a living has to take a look at that if these problems are to be avoided in the future. We have a new return policy now, and there's going to be less aggressive selling of commercially untested records. This in turn will put more of a load on the promotion department to get different types of music played. We've got to wait until the records are getting played before we ship large quantities and buy a lot of ads.

Also there will be fewer new artists signed. If our A&R department looks at five new acts and one of these acts absolutely knocks them apart while the next is really good, and the remaining three are fair, they'll sign up the first one only. Up until recently they might have signed the first two.

Generally, I'd say we're heading towards a period of continued, though slower, growth. I think that certain musi-

cians are going to have to be less demanding of the record companies in regard to limousines, billboards, and other marketing luxuries: the record companies are blamed for a certain percentage of these things, which are actually foisted on them by some artists. A T-shirt, limousine, or billboard has nothing to do with the ultimate success of an artist's particular record, concert, or recording date. Things have to be approached from a more practical business point of view, while keeping enough room for creativity. Creativity is really the base of our whole business. Less frills, more business, and as much creativity as possible.

SUN RA
Bandleader/Composer/Mystic

I think these punk rock people are doing something interesting, for a lot of reasons. They're stirring people up, getting people angry, and whenever musicians do that, it's usually good. When I was playing New York recently, a bunch of these young English punk musicians came up to me and asked me if they could buy some of my records. So they *must* be on to something!

The good thing about the punk people, from what I understand of it, is that they're taking music beyond just the musical plane, into the *social* plane. Lots of musicians are really playing, but they aren't involved on the social plane. They're in the academy of music plane, so to speak. You got a lot of people playing individually, solo-wise, but not enough people playing *together*. Musicians are still tied up with the *music*, they aren't projecting themselves to the people enough.

The 80s are going to have to be about *unity*. We've had so many different styles, they're gonna have to get together and really prove something. Time's running out for this planet, people need to get together and get some direction. We have to go to *natural* feelings, not artificial — like swing, the true feeling of jazz. It's fine to talk about new things, but you can't ignore what's good about some of the old things, either — like, I do "Indian Love Call," and some things by Richard Rogers and George Gershwin. They had swing, they had noble intentions, they're old but they're great, they still sound great today and they always will. You can't ignore what's pure, you can't mess with noble sentiments.

The 80s will be a time when, hopefully, all these musicians who can play will get together under the right *masters*. The 80s will be the time for *masters*. Musicians are getting to be more and more like actors in this drama we call life — they just need the right directors to *really* make it. We have to deal with humanity and simplicity. The *people* are the *instrument*. People are going to have



Sun Ra

STUART COHEN

to pick up on that, whether they think they can or not. After all, they've tried everything possible on this planet, why not try what seems to be impossible?"

GEORGE CLINTON

Funkadelic Funkmeister

Looking back on the 70's I'd have to give a lot of credit to what is now known as disco music — even though we're changing the name and concept back to what it was originally known as — dance music. It led people to the point where we could really get them on the American dance floor. So you feel just the way you felt in the 60's about Sly, bridging the gap that we wanted to cross from the Temptations to Jimi Hendrix. Disco bridges rock and funk — people getting down out there on the dance floor where we can aim it at their booty.

The 80's: in the 80's we're going to go all the way out and have a funk attack. Funk will come of age. People don't realize how conditioned they've become to like one thing and not another. That's why I always try and keep them guessing and come up with something different, so people won't become bored. I think this time the accent with Funkadelic is really going to be on vocals with the attack and decay of a synthesizer, the interpretations of sound you get in a synthesizer mode. I also think it's going to be much more difficult to keep what's basic in all dance music, namely R&B, out of music — more difficult to exclude black participation. That shit worked for a minute with disco, but once everybody started dancing they got the urge to hear the real thing. Jazz, fusion, Gospel, punk — everybody is going to dance. Once we get all those world rhythms together that'll give us the energy to make positive changes in people. That's the big goal, to get all of those universal rhythms back together.

JOEY RAMONE

Punk Progenitor

The 70's: I got disgusted with groups like Foreigner and Toto and all those people who were doing half-hour guitar solos — that's not rock and roll. I don't want to sound conceited, but I think our music really broke things open and helped create an awareness that started a sort of chain reaction and now New Wave is taken seriously. We wanted to save rock and roll. The Sex Pistols had a lot of shock appeal. We were more into doing three-minute songs that were fun and exciting — defiance with taste.

The 80's: I'm sure New Wave will become the new force. The more soft-core people like Joe Jackson and The Beat are beginning to break through now. I don't think heavy metal will die out, though, there are too many kids out there into quaaludes, but I'd like to see newer groups like the Clash, the Heart-



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

breakers, Buzzcocks, Rattlers, Shrapnel, Sham '69, and Tom Petty make it.

STEVE GREENBERG

Concert Promoter

I think that the entire period of the 70's is represented by American rock and pop music moving in the large arenas and outdoor stadiums: it was the era of the big concert and the big superstar tour. The concert industry as we know it didn't exist in the 60's. It started to develop in the 70's coincidental with the emergence of the modern new sports arenas like the Spectrum, the new Madison Square Garden, Atlanta's Capital Center and many others. Also the late 70's saw a tremendous increase in professionalism and theatricality relative to the live concert scene. I remember a concert at the Spectrum in '67 featuring the late Janis Joplin and the Vanilla Fudge, among others, where the amplifiers were stacked so high on the stage that the people on the lower levels couldn't see the performers. Lighting and visual effects were also very unsophisticated in those days, whereas now you get very sophisticated lighting and theatrical effects from people like Jules Fisher, who designed the 1975 Rolling Stones tour, and groups like Earth Wind and Fire, Kiss and Funkadelic that put a greater emphasis on visuals and stage shows than we had in the 60's.

The 80's: the current slump in the record business is having a definite effect on the concert industry, with record companies cutting back on their expenditures and not supporting some tours. We have no problems selling out supergroups like the Who, Billy Joel, or the Grateful Dead — but the more marginal groups are not going out on the road so we're not getting the same number of concerts as we had in the 70's. Traditionally the kind of people who attend arena concerts are between 14 and 21, but with the declining birth rate you have less and less of those people.

You've got an older audience, while at the same time the younger audiences are becoming more selective and demanding. Situations such as Cincinnati, where you had a large crowd scrambling to get into a facility to see the Who, are turning younger people off. I think festival seating is a thing of the past; people want to have a guaranteed, comfortable seat close to the stage. Some of the New Wave acts that are getting absorbed into the mainstream, like Blondie and Joe Jackson, are going to start to make their presences felt in the larger facilities, but the concept of the really large concert that flourished in the latter part of the 70's may be coming to an end. There were too many hassles for the artists and promoters, as well as the fans: it took two days to set up the



EBET ROBERTS

Joey Ramone



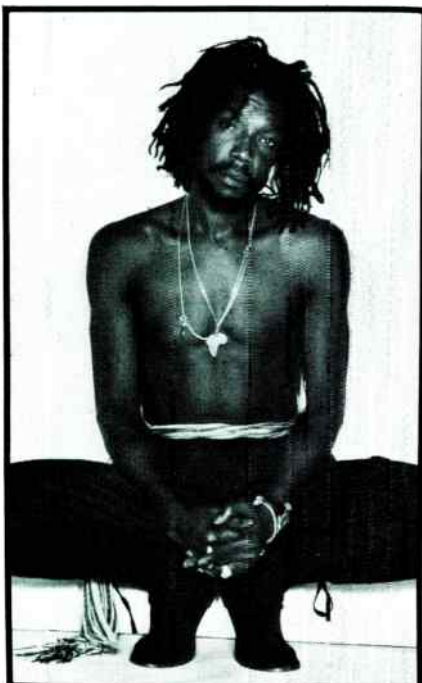
McCoy Tyner

TOM COPIE

equipment and another two days to tear it down; to play one date took five days out of a touring schedule, and the security problems were immense. The bottom line is that you're going to see more and more concert attractions taking place in smaller venues. I think we're going to get back to small is better. In terms of the larger facilities, the promoters are just going to have to be a little more ingenious in attempting to sub-divide the halls in order to create a more comfortable environment for their patrons.

PETER TOSH
Reggae Singer/Songwriter

Reggae has been very effective during the 70's in spiritually, physically, and emotionally relieving the world's depressions. On my recent tour I noticed people in places remote as Amsterdam able to relate to my lyrics — reggae has become universal.



Peter Tosh

The 80's: the music business has to get deeply in both respecting and promoting reggae music in the same way they have been promoting funky disco and shake-your-ass-booty-get-down. Reggae music will always maintain the same directions as long as it's coming from a universal inspirational source.

McCOY TYNER
Jazz Pianist

I don't listen to very much music, I'm pretty selective, so it's very difficult for me to answer these questions. I'm busy enough working on my own music. I do feel, though, that audiences are becoming a little more selective, I guess because they've heard such a barrage of stuff over the last few years and let's face it, not all of it is good. It creates a problem which I think audiences, artists, and industry people are becoming aware of. They don't want anything contrived or watered down. We've had diversity without variety, or variety without quality, or something like that, and now, in the 80s, maybe the cream will rise to the top. It wasn't that bad in the 70s, really, but after so much of all that stuff — an overload — it's gonna have to swing back the other way, towards more selectiveness, more purity of expression, more intensity and more quality.

I can't see too far in the future, but I think this development towards diversity with quality, and without compromise, might take hold. That'd be the best thing. Meet the people halfway, but don't bend over backwards."

JOE PIASEK
Program Director, WPIX-FM NY

During the 70's FM radio grew to be a dominant force in media and began to adopt a more scientific approach to both programming and technology. What was once free-form "progressive" became calculated AOR, album oriented rock, while the music business

became "the recording industry," and now had the power to pre-fab many a fab four. All this reached a nadir around '78-'79, with many of the mainstream popular recordings that dominated AOR over-produced and just plain monotonous: folk rock had become mellow rock; jazz-rock fusion sprung into disco; the aliens had landed! by '79 radio had become as uninspired as the people/government/climate/media in general, but once the fog of the decade dissipates I'm sure that all the superfluous recordings will have melted from radiation . . .

In the future I would like to see more radio programmers get a real understanding of the music tastes and interests of their audiences, and realize that the concept of "contemporary" programming does *not* exclude music of either the past or the future: timelessness is the essence of great music.

SEYMOUR STEIN
President, Sire Records

During the Seventies it was the small companies who were out there in the street finding new people, artists that the majors will be fighting over in years to come. Traditionally, we've always been the innovators: there never was an 'RCA Sound', was there? We have to gear ourselves towards finding new artists, and can't afford to become service organizations for established stars. We've got to bank on our ears. Music is the medium, and there are many channels in which it can be conveyed. The music itself is what's important, although film and video discs are certainly among the conduits of the future.

The inroads that are being made by the new wave band will continue into the 80's. I think rock 'n' roll is very much alive, and becoming more and more so. The globe has shrunk a great deal since the 50's and the 60's, and there are lots of good bands all over the world.

GIL SCOTT-HERON
Musician/Poet

Jazz-rock fusion had to be the most important musical development of the decade, starting with Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew*. The 70's were a cybernetic decade for recording in that most of the advances were made in regards to technology. Recording techniques moved ahead by about 30 years in comparison to prior decades, becoming a much more precise art.

The 80's: eighty per cent of today's FM radio seems to be as commercial as the biggest AM bubblegum trip, making it difficult for experimental and challenging music to get exposure. Other than non-commercial college radio there's little room for anything other than Top 40, disco, and pop. I'd certainly like to see that changed in the 80's.

Rufus Reid on Bass and Bose®



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JANE WINSOR

THE BEAR

Chapter III
By Rafi Zabor

We first met the articulate and saxophone-playing Bear in chapter one, frustrated by his life of street dancing and his fear of communicating with anyone but his friend Jones. In chapter two, he got fed up, put on a raincoat, went down to the Tin Palace and jammed with Arthur Blythe, Lester Bowie and Steve McCall. Now, back in his old life, he finds a heavy depression settling in . . .

The Bear woke up an hour before his usual time to find that he had clawed the corner of his mattress to shreds again, another night of bad dreams. They had begun to plague his sleep since the jam session at the Tin Palace, peculiarly vivid, with all the weight of waking experience. He unwound himself from the labyrinth of his sheets and walked hazily into the bathroom, where he turned on the shower and looked at his reflection in the mirror while the water heated up. He appeared lustreless and oppressed. Is there anything, he asked himself, in this undignified hulk of a body that is capable of being raised up to Beauty? Or was that just another dream . . . The glass fogged over.

He pulled open the pink plastic curtains, stepped into the tub and under the hot spray of water. Purify me, he asked it. I am the oblation and the sacrifice. I am the clarified butter. And speaking of dreams, what had last night's been? Recently he had been assassinated while conducting Mass in a barn, hunted by the Mafia and eaten alive by ghouls under the sea. Last night's feature, he now remembered, had been less routinely nightmarish but somehow more depressing.

He had been walking down a vaguely-outlined city street towards evening when, as if a force had driven his head

downward, he found himself looking at the backs of his paws. They were changing into pink, worm-fingered human hands. He felt deeply nauseated and afraid. Then, too quickly, the dream had changed: he began to fly headfirst across the pavement at tremendous speed, and the street was no longer vaguely formed: despite the fact that his eyes were fixed in shock on his half-paws half-hands, every stone, every speck, every fleck of light on every pane of glass and every filament of floating city soot were brought home to him in riveting, unnatural detail. He did not recognize the street but it came to him, as he flew through its preternaturally detailed gridwork of matter, light and shade, that he would see it one day when he was awake, possibly at the same speed. This reflection made no sense to him and he woke briefly in the dark room, carlights crossing the ceiling gridded by blinds, before lapsing back into the discontented hunger of vague dreams and partial sleep. He followed a pale, half-familiar woman through a maze of alleyways till dawn.

The shower hadn't helped much and the night still clung to him. He turned off the water, got down on all fours in the tub and shook himself dry.

In the kitchen he made eggs and coffee, sat at the table to eat them and found the phone company's Final Warning concealed among the napkins, where Jones must have put it the day before. Soon, the Bear smelled the day's first cigarette, and in a little while Jones himself appeared in his doorway, rubbing at his eyes. "Gumorning, Bear," he said.

"Morning Jones," said the Bear. "Coffee's up."

"I need a shower. Keep it hot."

Ten minutes later they were seated across the table from

each other, Jones eating Wheaties and the Bear having another coffee. "You left the bathtub full of fur again," said Jones. "I wish you'd um . . ." He waved his hand vaguely in the air.

"Sorry," said the Bear, and held up the message from Ma Bell.

"I was hoping you wouldn't find that. I'll pay it."

The Bear took a puff from Jones' cigarette and replaced it in the ashtray. "We have the money?"

Jones shrugged. "I'll pay it. The calls are mine."

"I use the phone too." The Bear had acquired the habit of conducting lengthy late-night conversations with long-distance operators in Denver, Idaho City, Des Moines. He told them he was a businessman, a writer, a father, a son.

"Doesn't cost you," said Jones. "I was thinking of finding a job in a restaurant."

"What about the act?" the Bear asked him. "If we're out of cash I'm ready to go to work."

"Aah," said Jones, "take a break. I can wait tables for a couple of weeks, it won't kill me."

"What do I do, sit around the apartment all day? *Terrific.*"

"Watch TV," Jones suggested. "Read a book."

"Get sluggish," the Bear counterposed. "Die of boredom."

"What the hell else can I do? I can't drop you upstate anymore. The forestry commission's tightened up its act. They'll fly your ass to Manitoba."

"The wild's not what it used to be," the Bear allowed.

Jones cracked his knuckles and stretched his arms above his head. "Things will have their revenge," he said, "but right now I'm gonna go out for a paper and look at the want ads. Anyway I can get you while I'm out?"

"Alms for oblivion," said the Bear. "Whatever they might be."

"I'll bring you some if I find any."

The Bear washed the cigarette taste out of his mouth at the sink, then unpacked his alto and ran through a few rudiments among the breakfast things. Seeing Blythe up close had made him want to extend his usable range and speed up his fingering. Practice was a cheerless task but it worked: his paws gradually accustomed themselves to working faster and he began to get a bit more control over the reed. All it needed was persistence and repetition. It seemed a shame, though, that the whole thing couldn't be done on just the sweet, searing fire of God. *Ecce the Last Romantic*, he thought, put down the saxophone and looked at the breakfast mess on the table. Jones had put a cigarette out in the hardened yellow of an egg and the Bear had spilled the dregs of his own final coffee. This is supposed to inspire me? he asked himself. The fire, the inspiration, the whatever-it-was that had filled him just a few nights before lay dormant or damaged somewhere in the workings of his chest. He tried to play "Giant Steps" but it sounded listless, empty, not right. He put his alto down and washed the dishes.

When Jones came back he seemed excited, red in the face and out of breath.

"What happened?" the Bear asked him. "You land a job at *La Lutece*?"

"Not exactly." Jones held an opened newspaper out in front of him. "You made the *Voice*."

The Bear squinted his eyes and made out the headline. "*Ecological-Jazz Fusion*?" he said.

The mills of the world had begun to turn. The critic who had been at the Palace that night had been trying to get a piece into the *Voice* for months. Despite the fact that when he phoned Bowie and McCall the next day they told him nothing had happened — in fact, the next time he had stuff that made you see bears play alto he ought to give them some too — the critic sensed that this was his big moment and refused to be deterred. He knocked off the best piece he could and brought it to the offices of the *Voice* the next morning. The editor of the music section turned it down flat.

"Bob, I don't believe it!" the writer cried out in protest.

"Last night," Bob assured him wearily, "I saw the lead guitarist of a punk band cut a dog's dick off onstage."

"It's hardly the same thing," the critic maintained.

"I've seen a seal play 'Maryland, My Maryland' on bicycle horns too," the editor told him, "though not recently."

"Bob I swear to you this bear is one of the five best altoists in the city. It happened. I was the only one there. It's a first, a scoop, an exclusive."

"Stop the presses, hold page one," the editor deadpanned, and reached out his hand to answer a phone.

The critic looked at his watch and gave himself half an hour to pester the piece into print before taking it to the *Soho Weekly News*.

In the end, a promised piece on Funkadelic was not delivered on time and the *Voice* accepted a drastic rewrite with the biggest rhetorical turns taken out and all the italics deleted.

"What do you think it means that I made 'analogical reference' to Albert Ayler, Lee Konitz, Albert Schweitzer and Chu Berry?"

"Beats me," said Jones. "But I like the use of the singular. Very classy. Does it say anywhere in there that you paid alms for oblivion? Because then we'd know what it means, if you had."

"I mighta missed that part." The Bear wrinkled up the top of his head and scratched himself midway between the ears. "Did you catch this?"

"Which."

"About how amid the drastic imbalances inflicted upon the natural world by human avarice and stupidity the great silence of the natural kingdom has at last begun to unfold itself into sound?"

"Just what I said before," said Jones. "Things will have their revenge. Makes me feel prophetic."

"I ain't," said the Bear, "a thing."

"Sure you are," Jones told him prophetically. "We all are. It's a very thingy world. The sun shines down equally on the good and the bad, the just and the unjust."

"Then," the Bear read on, "he tears Paul Winter to pieces for three paragraphs for having committed *naivete*, and from this bloody platform I seem to arise as, get this, 'the first enunciation of a new age of possibilities not only animal but human, the unlocking of a bizarre and singular door in the mansion of the future, and possibly the best altoist to appear in New York since Zoot Finster.' How does that grab you?" asked the Bear.

Sounds like our man drinks a lot of coffee," Jones figured. "Does he say anything in there about me?"

The Bear retired to a corner of the living room with the newspaper, and after awhile there issued from this corner, by analogical reference, the contented sound of his laughter. "I mean it's got nothing to do with me," he announced finally, "but it's made my day. Glory be."

"You still want to work the street today?" Jones asked him.

"Can it wait till tomorrow?"

"We've got two more days to pay the phone bill and I can get credit at the grocer's."

"Do I seem like a first enunciation to you?"

"First time I saw you I said to myself . . . there's a bizarre and singular . . . um . . ."

"Door," the Bear prompted.

"Exactly," concluded Jones. "What should I get for dinner." "Hinges."

The next day they were out on a midtown streetcorner at lunchtime. Their police permit was posted, a decent crowd had gathered and the Bear was flat on his back, moaning and crooning and waving inarticulate paws at the sky. He wasn't sure he'd be able to complete the routine. Time and the city were pounding him to a powder and something weaker was fighting for life in his heart. Faces looked down at him in a ring and laughed, showing their teeth and tongues. There's so little left of me, thought the Bear, why not take it all? Why not kiss it all goodbye? Why not give up? I love being an entertainer. He

felt himself begin to slip away. "Harooo," said the Bear, and waved his paws. "Haroooo."

Jones knew that Harooo was not in the script, and when it was time for him to walk over, look triumphant and plant his foot on the Bear's chest, he looked down closely to see if everything was all right. "Haroo?" the Bear asked him, and looked with unforgettable clarity into his eyes. Jones felt his entire life rise up to accuse him, and he stepped away from the Bear in confusion.

They cleared seventeen-fifty on the first show. Picking himself up and dusting off his jacket, the Bear wondered idly if anyone in the audience had read the piece about him in the *Voice*.

Looking out at the Bear, who stood waiting in the middle of a ring of shoppers on the pavement, Jones felt like tearing himself to pieces rather than go on. He should never have let the Bear talk him into taking the act out on the street again. It was torture for them both. The Bear was an *artist*, and if he was afraid of standing there in the human world as what he was, it was Jones' job to help him, give him strength. I'm the only one who knows who he is, Jones told himself. I raised him from a cub, I gave him records and an education. When he turned out to be special I protected him but I should have been able to give him more. If I had been a better human being . . . If all I had was money, if I'd been man enough to stop my family from cutting me off we wouldn't have to do this, we'd live in the Bahamas, pluck our food off the trees . . . For big occasions the Bear would slap a fish out of the waves. If I were a better man I could have given him a life. If I had money I could have given him a hideaway, but O Lord look at us now.

A three-deep crowd had gathered in a ring around the Bear and it was time to begin. Well, thought Jones, making a living is a bitch even under the best conditions. You get eaten alive, a little at a time. He tipped back his straw boater, cued up his harmonica and began to play "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" in B flat major. The Bear saluted, then began tapdancing in a circle, a desperate, toothy grin on his face as he passed before the faces of the crowd. He pulled a small American flag out of his plaid jacket and waved it aloft. There was a small, merely ritual ripple of applause.

There they were: Jones with the beginnings of tears in his eyes, inhaling and exhaling into a small chromium harmonica as if it had been surgically attached to his face, the Bear dancing in a circle with a terrible grin on his face and the crowd just beginning to loosen up and enjoy itself, just starting to clap its hands to the music. Above the tops of the slab-and-crystal buildings the sky was a clear and brilliant blue.

Jones put down his Hohner and switched on the Sony. The Bear did an effectively funny belly dance, an adept disco parody (paws pedalling the air), and then, while Jones put on a Shore Patrol armband and got out the Bear's white sailor hat, he did his strutting, avuncular Viennese bit to Strauss. When Jones tossed him the sailor hat they looked at each other across the pavement for a moment as if across a chasm, an identical pain piercing their hearts, before going on. The Bear was the drunken sailor, Jones the S.P. barraging him with questions as to his unit, ship and status. The Bear's groaning, monosyllabic answers were perfectly timed, his impersonation of human drunkenness uncannily exact for a beast. The crowd loved it, laughing and wiping at their mouths, and the bit was beginning to find its rhythm, but when Jones popped the Bear over the head with the foam-rubber billy and the Bear groaned and took his second roll in the gutter the show went suddenly slack and the hilarity ceased. It was Jones. The billy had dropped to his side and his shoulders slumped. "C'mon Bear," he said, "let's go home."

Lying there on the pavement looking up, the Bear blinked twice and let his mouth fall open, surprised. "Suits me," he said finally. "I feel like shit."

"We can't do this anymore," said Jones, pulled off his armband and walked away.

At first the crowd thought this was a brilliant new wrinkle in the performance, some combination of signals, ventriloquism

and pathos, and although uneasy they applauded. But when the Bear started helping Jones pack up, switching off the cassette machine with weary casualness and putting it with his folded jacket in the valise, uncertainty set in, as if the crowd were seeing a piece of modern theatre no one had written an essay about yet.

"You get the cab," said the Bear, "and I'll get the money. *Alms for oblivion*," he announced to the crowd, suddenly having realized what it means. As he went around the circle, hat in hand, collecting dollars, matchbooks and fear, the Bear could feel the skin of his life tearing almost audibly open, a membrane that had kept him from what? It was either new life or fatal illness from here on out. Anyhow that bit of prophylaxis was gone. "Only fifty cents?" he said to a lady with hollow cheeks and tweezed, Dietrich eyebrows. "For a first enunciation, a bizarre and singular door?" He saw her mouth drop open, her eyes register pain. "Sorry," he mumbled, and moved on down the line. "Sorry. I didn't mean . . ."

"Cab's here," he heard Jones call him.

"Hope it's a Checker," said the Bear. It was.

The Bear pocketed the money and made his way to the taxi. Jones was already inside. As the people parted like the awe-struck waters of antiquity to the left and right of him, the Bear realized that it was time for his last public gesture as a street entertainer, but the necessary poetry wouldn't come. What could he say? O you people, change your lives? Somehow it lacked the necessary punch.

He reached the taxi door and turned. They were still there: good. But as he waited for the buildup of rhetoric that would enable him to call down the fire of heaven on a nation of vacated grinning fools he recalled the woman he had just wounded with a remark and realized that like her all of them were innocent, whatever he had suffered under their eyes. The crowd was no target, merely human, merely a little uneasy due to a momentary, Bearish breaching of the laws of nature, and the only thing he wanted was to restore to them their fragile, baseless sense of peace. I'm just not ruthless enough, he told himself. It'll be the end of me yet.

"Our revels now are ended," he told his public gently, "and our little life is rounded with a sleep." He bowed deeply, hand on heart. "You are all a generation of vipers," he muttered under his breath. "Lotsa luck."

The applause started as he straightened up and continued as he backed into the cab. "That's New York for you," he remarked to Jones as he pulled the door closed. "If they think it's art they clap their hands, if they think it might be real they turn pale and hope it goes away. Do you realize we cleared over thirty bucks?" He smiled and waved to the crowd as the cab pulled away.

"What came over us?" Jones asked him.

"Gee I dunno," said the Bear. "You wanna try it again and find out?"

"Nope."

"What it was," said the Bear sagely, "was the law that says, Whatever the reality of a situation is, that's what has to come out in the end. There's no going back. That was a genuine change of state."

"Shucks," said Jones, "you don't have to explain *everything*."

"Where downtown?" asked the cabbie.

"Stay on Second," said Jones, "and I'll tell you when we get there."

"Great costume you got there," the cabbie said, looking back.

"Thanks," said the Bear. "I'm beginning to develop a fondness for it myself." He reached forward and pulled the plexiglass partition carefully closed. "So that's it," he said to Jones. "When we get back to the apartment I'm gonna call Lester Bowie and tell him that the guest shot with the Art Ensemble is on, if it's still okay with them, but I don't know what happens after that, how we make a living or what."

"You know," said Jones, settling back in the seat, "with that

continued on page 75

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RECORD REVIEWS

Little Feat



No Nukes



McCoy Tyner



Marianne Faithfull



LITTLE FEAT

Down On The Farm, Warner Brothers HS 3345.

Amid the minge that passed for modal boogie in the 70's, Little Feat were a beacon to those standing in the shadows of the great unwashed. Under the avuncular leadership of slide guitarist/vocalist/songwriter Lowell George, the group combined indefatigable, high-stepping blues with elements of jazz, power-chord rock and light-fingered funk. Their live shows were among the most skillfully entertaining in all of pop music.

Though Little Feat effectively ceased operations some years ago, Lowell George's death led them to fashion this final farewell out of some previously unreleased material. Alternately cheerful, flippant, poignant and prophetic ("Don't it always hit you/right when you think you can lay back easy," sings George on "Front Page News"), *Down On The Farm* is an appropriate coda. As with their most mature work, melodic and rhythmic intricacies regularly confound the formulators. George's graceful slide guitar, Bill Payne's long, blowsy keyboard fills, and rich vocal counterpoint make this LP more than a quick wave-of-the-hand goodbye.

Though side one could do without the Beverly Hillbilly strains and some MOR filler is unfortunately included ("Wake Up Dreaming"), Little Feat's last will do nothing to detract from their reputation. In the acrylic age, they were a giant, friendly woolly bear. — *Mark Mehler*

MUSE BENEFIT ARTISTS

No Nukes, Asylum, ML-801.

This three-record, lavishly packaged set documents five days of concerts last

September at Madison Square Garden, held to benefit MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy) — a worthy cause if ever there was one.

Surprisingly, there is very little anti-nuclear soap-boxing contained in the grooves; most of that is saved for the 16-page booklet included. John Hall sings "Plutonium Is Forever," Jackson Browne delivers "Before the Deluge," Gil Scott-Heron offers "We Almost Lost Detroit," and just about everyone joins in on John and Johanna Hall's anthem, "Power." New meaning is also injected into "The Times They Are A-Changin'" (Taylor & Simon) and "Teach Your Children" (CSN).

A little too much space is given to "greatest hits" we've all heard ad infinitum — Larson's "Lotta Love," Raitt's "Runaway," Young's "Get Together," the Doobies' "Takin' It to the Streets" — and not enough to the type of strange-bedfellows jamming which took place. Browne does join Springsteen and the E Street Band for "Stay" (perhaps a better arrangement than the *Runnin' On Empty* version) and Nash joins Browne for the eerie "Crow On the Cradle," but it would have been nice to hear more once-in-a-lifetime couplings (Cooder and Khan are pictured together on the inner sleeve).

The album's one downfall might be that it's a bit of a potpourri — not what you'd call eclectic, just sort of a hodge-podge. I can't imagine the Crosby, Stills, Browne and Taylor fans who will most likely buy this (the LP is weighted fairly heavily in the Malibu singer/songwriter direction; and, of course, Springsteen fanatics will buy anything he's on) getting into Raydio, Chaka Khan, Gil Scott-Heron and Sweet Honey in the

Rock. And what the Doobie Brothers are doing in the middle of all of this is anybody's guess.

This problem could have been turned into a nice programming vehicle by ganging all the R&B on one disc, the rock and roll on another, and the singer/songwriters on the rest, but instead there seems to be no rhyme or reason to the herky jerky sequencing. James Taylor has the dubious task of following Chaka Khan, and Jesse Colin Young has the equally formidable job of following Gil Scott-Heron.

At a list price of \$17.95, I can't see a lot of R&B fans rushing to the cash register with *No Nukes* copies under their arms. And since only about \$3.00 will ever reach MUSE, it might be as helpful to just send a fin to MUSE, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York City, NY 10011. — *Dan Forte*

MCCOY TYNER

Passion Dance, Milestone M-9091.

This sounds like a McCoy Tyner album.

So what else is new?

Nothing, and therein lies the problem, if you call being one of the best-selling and most influential pianists of the past twenty years a problem. Certainly this is one of Tyner's best albums in years, far more enticing a set than the overrated *Milestone Jazzstars on Tour* or the somnolent super-session *Together* of earlier last year; yet progressive listenings reveal less and less. I don't want to dismiss McCoy Tyner out of hand, because no one has pursued his art with more uncompromising energy and integrity. I merely want to point out what even his oldest admirers see as an increasing sense of redundancy in his music; of course what is redundant to me might be your bread and butter, so you're wel-

come to view my gripes as recommendations.

At this point in his career Tyner's playing closely suggests the influence of the great Art Tatum. Tyner has developed a bravura style full of broad dynamic contrasts, rhythmic crescendos, rolling tremolos in either hand, sprinting right-handed melodies and avalanches of bass chords. It is emotional and energized but emphasizes ornamental flourishes at the expense of harmonic development or thematic interest. This is most apparent on *Passion Dance's* three solo improvisations, a banquet of

less footage of the *Star Wars*-costumed "road-eyes." A two-record set, *Live Rust* contains no new material, though the versions here definitively spotlight Young's ability to be either wistfully philosophical or stridently critical. Marking the end of a decade, this most reticent of artists has responded with a flurry of productivity and you certainly won't hear me complaining about that.

Depending on your perspective, *Live Rust* is either essential, superfluous or both. The hard-rocking versions of "Cortez the Killer," "Powderfinger," "Cinammon Girl" and "Tonight's The

definitive version of "Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting," which contrasts the high, arching sirens of Curson's trumpet, the sinuous, shouting testimonials of Ervin's tenor, and the overwhelming spiritual fervor of Dolphy's alto. Dolphy's solo left me tearful and cleansed, progressing from blue fragments of vocalized melody and overtones, to a rhythmic/ tonal abandon that is cathartic even by Dolphy's standards — possibly his greatest recorded solo.

Dolphy is both more conservative and low-down ballsy on this version of "Folk Forms #1," an organic blues suite that

Mingus



Millie Jackson



Cecil Taylor



George Adams



Tyner's patented devices and pianistic delights, but precious few ideas — an hour later you're hungry again.

Tyner is better framed by a strong rhythm section, and in these live performances Ron Carter and Tony Williams give the pianist the thunder and lightning he needs underneath (on two numbers). "Moment's Notice" is taken at a brisk gallop and Williams' support and soloing are remarkable, probably his most powerful recorded work of the decade. "Song of the New World" is one of Tyner's finest Afro-Latin excursions; Carter's thick, pliant ostinato and Williams' crackling backbeat point up the rhythmic qualities in Tyner's music that have so enraptured the rock-influenced, post-Mahavishnu jazz audience.

Despite my complaints, this stands as a strong, representative sampling of Tyner's art. I can't bring the same sense of awe and surprise to Tyner's music that I used to feel, and I wonder if it's my jaded tastes of the crystallization of a style into an end rather than a means. Is it a quibble on my part to say I'm bored and impressed at the same time? — *Chip Stern*

NEIL YOUNG & CRAZY HORSE *Live Rust* (Reprise).

After the brilliance of last year's Crazy Horse concerts and the searing intensity of the *Rust Never Sleeps* LP, *Live Rust* seems almost like an anti-climax, an album not even as interesting as Young's last live set, *Time Fades Away*. In fact, the Neil Young-directed movie from which this soundtrack comes somehow managed to turn an electrifying show into a bit of a self-indulgent bore, documenting as it did every minute behind-the-scenes gesture that accompanied the presentation, including end-

Night," the ode to Johnny Rotten, are sculptures of pure, unabashed raunch, featuring Neil Young's guitar-playing at its dirty-ass best. The softer, acoustic stuff, "I Am A Child," "Sugar Mountain," "Comes A Time" and "After the Gold Rush," are interesting only in their juxtaposition to one another, as Young travels the road from innocence to frustrated maturity back to a more self-conscious naivete'. It is the archetype voyage of the 70's from hope to disillusionment to the painful reassessment of priorities that results in the creation of new values. I felt *Live Rust* details the road we've all travelled this last decade with an accuracy that is not only chillingly real but still optimistic. In the aftermath, the castles that were burned have gradually been built up again, only to be destroyed ad infinitum. What remains is the ebb and flow of the beat, which goes on. When Neil Young sings, "Rock 'n' roll will never die," it is with an ironic awareness that, yes, it will die, only to be reborn in a new guise. Hey, hey, Hi, Hi... — *Roy Trakin*

CHARLES MINGUS

Mingus at Antibes, Atlantic SD 2-3001.

For me this is the essence of Charles Mingus — conceptualist and soloist — from a small group that has had an immense influence on the great black music of the Art Ensemble of Chicago, and will likely be of great importance for generations of musicians in all genres of American music.

The telepathic improvisations of Charles Mingus, Dannie Richmond, Ted Curson, Booker Ervin and Eric Dolphy are built on a bedrock of sanctified blues. Revivalist fervor was always at the heart of Mingus' music, which is readily apparent on what may be the

encourages total group improvisation. Especially noteworthy is the unyielding drive of Mingus' harmonies, and the seamless fabric of shouts, boinnnnngs, bends, triplets and guitar-like ideas he uses to create instant orchestrations. Mingus and Richmond's rhythmic conversations are swiftly syncopated, and elastic enough to allow five totally individual voices to interact as one, constantly discovering new accents and inflections; and on "I'll Remember April" Mingus and Richmond are supportive enough to elicit whimsical turns of phrase from a fading but thoughtful pianist named Bud Powell, a patron saint of the instrument.

The importance of this music is the way it weds blues, bop and modality to free jazz. There's too much music to discuss here, too many surprises for you to experience yourself; music as futuristic and expressive as "What Love," as timeless and rocking as "Better Git It In Your Soul." As vital and alive as this music is, one is left to ask why it took the death of Charles Mingus for it to see the light of day. While I celebrate the unbridled joy of these five masters, I'm left cynical by the system that devalues then exploits their gifts. — *Chip Stern*

ANTHONY DAVIS/JAMES NEWTON QUARTET

Hidden Voices, India Navigation 1041.

Listening to this album, I am struck with the sensation of a new generation of jazz musicians coming completely of age. Newton and Davis have seized new possibilities for themselves and opened up what I take to be substantially freer access to the resources of American and European tradition than any musicians before them have enjoyed. In a way, *Hidden Voices* represents a

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consolidation of the gains made by the jazz avant garde during the past decade and a resolution of difficulties, but Newton and Davis have, I believe, done more than merely add the polish of the conservatory to what has been shaped in the workshop. This is living music; they have found new ways of going on.

The album opens with Newton's tribute "Forever Charles," one of the few compositions I've heard to successfully use Mingus' way of writing melody. The band swings with naturalness and authority. Guest trombonist George Lewis overpowers Newton's flute and turns in some of his best playing on record. Davis does some good work, his piano a bit less well recorded than one would wish, and the rhythm section of bassist Rick Rozie and drummer Pheeroan Ak Laff is completely poised, completely relaxed. The rest of the album is comprehensively conceived: exemplary use is made of funk, free jazz and contemporary classical materials and it all works. Newton and Davis have each acquired the reputation of being the best men on their instruments to have emerged from the Seventies. They deserve the rep and as far as I can tell their performances here are their best on record so far. In addition to the conceptual and compositional coups, I would have sworn you couldn't make so full-bodied an album with a rhythm section, flute and an occasional trombone. That Newton and Davis have done so says a lot for the thought that has gone into writing the music and developing the band. I could not be more encouraged for the possibilities of music in the Eighties. — Rati Zabor

FRANK ZAPPA

Joe's Garage, Acts II & III, Zappa/Phonogram SRZ-2-1502.

MILLIE JACKSON

Live & Uncensored, Spring/Polydor SP-2-6725.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

Broken English, Island ILPS 9570.

Sex. How can something that's supposed to be so natural, such a pleasure, such fun, be such a godawful BITCH? Here are three albums that explore the question.

Joe's Garage is Zappa's latest sleazy, smarmy opus: an involuted, futuristic fable set in a police state where people get it off with kitchen appliances and so on. For quite awhile now Zappa's satiric compulsion has been degenerating into alarmingly misanthropic dreck-mongering. What I find so objectionable about this album, aside from the relentlessly dull and overwrought music and the blandly competent playing, is its utter hopelessness. Zappa has apparently become so cynical — about sex, about people, about music, about everything — that he even feels it's impossible to make a meaningful record. People

want to keep him a huge star and impri-son him in trite expectations and product-think? Okay then, says Frank, I'll *rub their noses in it*. What's so sad is that the joke may not be on him; *Joe's Garage* will more than likely be as big a seller with Zappa's followers as any of his other slick product. What's even sadder is that Zappa does evince native talent, insight and intelligence, but so little now that one is tempted to forget the good work he's done in the past. Like Pink Floyd's *The Wall* — another flatulent epic — *Joe's Garage* can't help but mirror some important exigencies of *Our Times*, but it's a destructive, time-wasting indulgence all the same. Zappa just does not rise above the level of his own scatological insults and references. There are no new insights, no solutions, hope or laughs.

What I'd love to see is Frank Zappa locked in a room with Millie Jackson. *She'd* teach him. Long known as an accomplished Gladys Knight-styled soul singer with a gift for raunchy rapping, Millie Jackson is, how you say, a *right-on woman*. *Live & Uncensored* presents a definitive compilation of her singing some greatest hits, rapping and interacting magnificently with her audience. She is as aware of the personal/political ramifications surrounding *Sex*, *Getting and Enjoying It*, as anyone. She's sassy, soulful, buoyantly funny, ebulliently bitchy. Unlike Zappa, she won't let herself wallow in capricious bitterness — she respects herself too much for that, so instead turns her righteous anger into an uplifting blue-collar catharsis for every wronged woman (and some wronged men, too), and there are a lot of them in the live audience testifying back. While some of her raps, like "Logs 'n' Thangs" (my fireplace, your log), are a bit too much on the gratuitous/obvious side, and there is some filler (do we really need another, near-identical version of Toto's "Hold the Line"?), most of the music is tight and smooth, her timing and singing are great, and she gets off some voluptuously vengeful verbiage on raps like "Be a Sweetheart" and "The Soaps." (Too bad we won't be hearing "The Phuck You Symphony" on the radio.) You listen to this album after Zappa and realize there's still hope. Thank you, Millie.

Finally, there is Marianne Faithfull's *Broken English*. Whether Faithfull's intended it to or not, this record gains plenty of added resonance from our awareness of her past. Faithfull was one of the first of many whose lives were ruined through association with the Rolling Stones. Her odyssey from innocent folkie to mysterious/mod Old Lady to forgotten reject to drug addict to acclaimed -actress-laboring -without -big-success bespeaks a chilling knowledge of the darker underside of *Sex* and *Drugs and Rock & Roll*. It's there in her

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voice: raspy, nasal, corroded, like Stevie Nicks gone to hell and back and better for it, too. Junk, pain, booze, late-night arguments: all right there, putting the razor's edge on the sharp, discoid pop of her super-efficient band (all no-names except for guest Steve Winwood). While it's an erratic album, *Broken English* has enough great moments to make it a harrowing and revelatory listening experience. At its best — the title cut, "Brain Drain," "Guilt," "What's the Hurry" — it presents someone who (like Zappa) is a victim of herself, her image, her past; and who, like Millie Jackson, refuses to take it lying down. The celebrated "Why D'Ya Do It," the track responsible for the "May contain language offensive to some listeners" sticker on the cover, is a striking, interesting failure: a spume of vengeful sexual vitriol that leaves nothing to the imagination, it ends up sitting there gloriously nasty and not much more. Still, better this than Joe's *Garage* (though better Millie's "Be a Sweetheart" than this). A greater mistake is the cover version of "Working Class Hero." No one should try to remake it, ever. Still, *Broken English* stands as a dramatically forceful statement by someone who can rightfully claim the overused title of "survivor." While not the self-assured avenging angel Millie Jackson is, Faithfull does achieve a demonic transcendence; unlike Zappa, she rises above her own crap. Roxy Music's *Manifesto* may be the comeback of the year; *Broken English* is the comeback of the decade. — Michael Shore

CECIL TAYLOR

3 Phasis, New World NW 303

The greatest Cecil Taylor record ever? Could be, doc. It is certainly the most accomplished elucidation of his group conception since *Unit Structures* and *Conquistador*, his great Blue Note albums of the Sixties, and after a few hearings I'm inclined to give *3 Phasis* the edge. The music is played by the same Unit that appeared on Taylor's last New World album, but here they're even better. Ronald Shannon Jackson is one of the strongest drummers Taylor has ever worked with, and central to the success of this album is his resolution not to play Taylorisms on the drums: he sticks to his own style, rooted in R&B, and lends the music immense solidity and power. His presence may also have led to the long shuffle section on side two (Art Blakey having a nightmare?), sure to be the most-discussed feature of the album and also, not incidentally, altoist Jimmy Lyons finest recorded hour in a long career with Taylor. The music seems to turn on the tripolar axis of Taylor, Jackson and Lyons, although the bass playing of Sironi is of a high order (and underrecorded), trumpeter Raphe' Malik adds the punch of brass at the right moments, and violinist Ramsey

Amin contributes both ideas and filigree.

As always it is Taylor himself, the most brilliant pianist alive, who most commands our attention, his music a calculus of fire, his imagination working at a pace no one else's even dreams of and every detail exactly right. This is probably his most melodic and lyrical performance on record. *3 Phasis* is a single composition 57 minutes long (value for money) and provides the clearest insight yet into Taylor's compositional method (Gary Giddins' methodical liner notes help). The recorded sound is unspectacular but honest. Try not to miss it. (Worth ordering if you have to: New World Records; 231 East 51 Street, NY, NY 10022) — Rafi Zabor

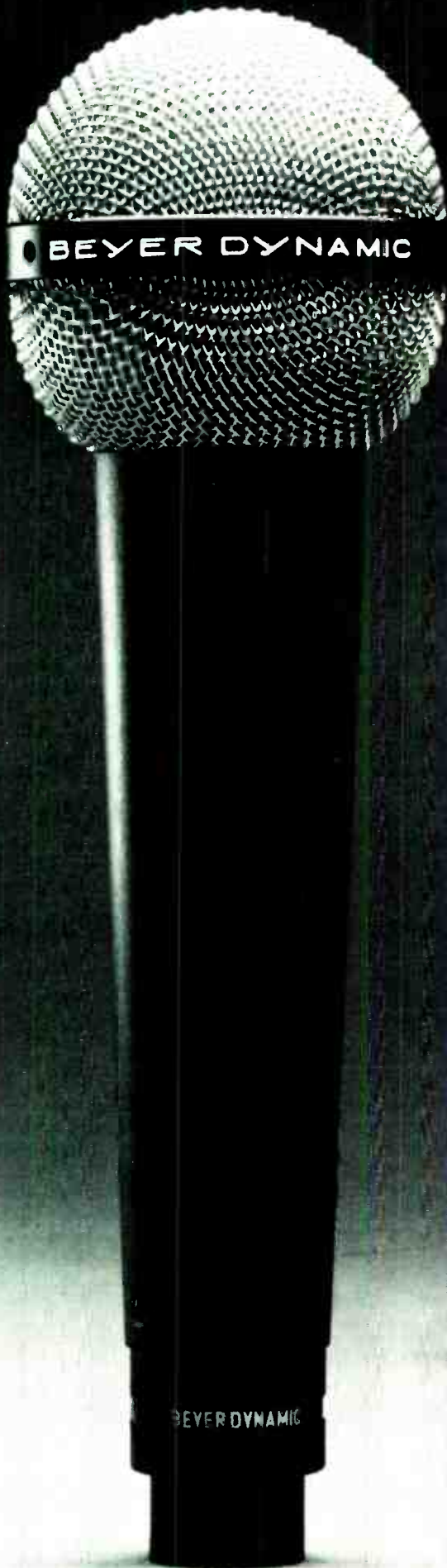
SAM PRICE

Rib Joint, Savoy 2240.

The passing of time has tended to dim the connections between rock and jazz, but the earthy quality of the blues has been slipping out of popular music and modern improvising for some time. The boogie woogie and the shuffle certainly seem to be a link between the swing beat and the backbeat. The Savoy label documented much that was important in both genres during the 40s and 50s, much of which has been re-issued through the label's current affiliation with Arista. The "Roots of Rock and Roll" series showcases the rhythm and blues singers, doo-wop groups, honkers and shouters and various instrumentalists of the 50s who provided the foundation for much of contemporary music; of all these albums, none has had the impact on me as has Volume 7.

Sam Price is a pianist from Dallas, Texas with deep roots in blues and boogie stretching back to the late 1920s. *Rib Joint*, covering sessions recorded in 1956, 1957 and 1959, contains some of the rawest, most transcendent rock and roll I've ever heard. It's an encyclopedia of vamps and riffs, each groove a classic. This is not the teenage fantasy music that was being promoted at the time. *Rib Joint* is a choppy ocean of tremolos and triplets, splashing rhythms and writhing solos. Price's piano provides the rhythmic trunk of the group, frequently rising from his two handed attack to ride the riff with a piquant solo statement. On the later sessions the group sound is tighter and cleaner; I much prefer the more sprawling early sessions with King Curtis' swaggering, agitated tenor and Mickey Baker's zigzagging, distorted guitar work; together they make "Ain't No Strain" sound as avant-garde and violent as any contemporary new wave band, but the band is equally adept at backroom smokers like "After Hour Swing." And when Kenny Burrell sits in for Baker on four cuts, it's dirtier and more extroverted than you can believe.

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ass-kicking directness. There is enough raw rhythmic material and infectious soloing to keep you bopping for some time to come. — *Chip Stern*

GEORGE ADAMS

Sound Suggestions, ECM-1-1141

OLD AND NEW DREAMS

Old And New Dreams, ECM-1-1154

Looks like ECM really has lost its virginity, coming on like Blue Note for the Eighties, but only time will tell. In the meantime we've got two good jazz albums here. Adams, an unusually brilliant tenor saxophonist who sometimes hits the squeal button as a cure-all, has turned in an excellent date with Heinz Sauer on a second tenor (good, but Adams cuts him), Kenny Wheeler likable on trumpet, Richie Beirach as usual more interesting as a sideman than as a bandleader, and the all-purpose great rhythm team of Dave Holland and Jack DeJohnette. Adams, Sauer and Wheeler each contribute originals, Adams get to holler a typically indecorous blues, and the last cut on the album is a near-perfect take on Miles Davis' mid-sixties quintet. Despite memorable tenures with Charles Mingus and McCoy Tyner, Adams has been seriously underrated. With David Murray, Chico Freeman and Ricky Ford he is one of the finest tenorists to have come forward in the last ten years. I'm

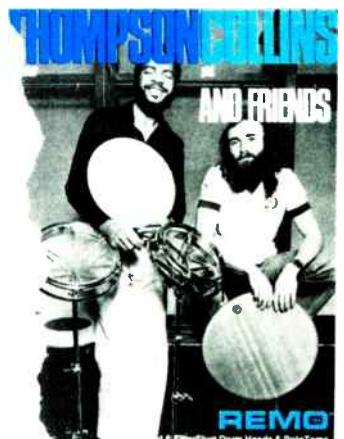
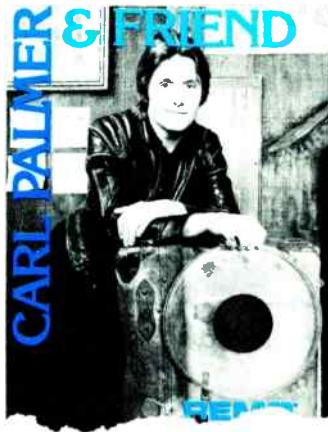
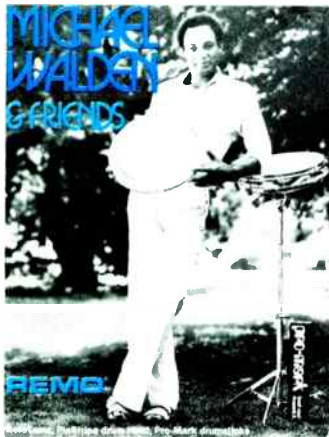
glad that *Sound Suggestions* is more than a miscellaneous blowing date and hope that Adams can continue to record for ECM or some other label that will get him the exposure and respect he has long deserved.

There's been some first-hearing disappointment with the *Old and New Dreams* album. I wish people would listen to it a second time before writing their reviews. I know that "Lonely Woman" is a conventional dirge rather than the torn and searing threnody of the original, but it succeeds on its own terms if you let it, and the rest of the album's fine. Here's how it's laid out: two "band" pieces, each by Ornette Coleman (the unseen guest at every table), then features for each man in the band, turn and turn about. Ed Blackwell's "Togo" is a model of how to write a musically coherent drum feature; Don Cherry's "Guinea" is the most charming new tune on the album, with Cherry alternating trumpet and piano; Dewey Redman's musette feature sets you authentically down on the steppes of Central Asia and Charlie Haden offers an eerily exact impression of whalesong. As in concert, the rhythm section stars. A minor complaint: the fabled ECM sound only picks up the higher partials of Blackwell's cymbals, and the jubilant street-celebration he sounds like is refined away. Less a complaint than a

wish: it would be great to hear Ornette Coleman play with this band, tearing through the music like a man with his life in his hands, no sense of decorum, no patience for what's conventional, right or wrong. Without that, this is an historically resonant recital featuring four of our finest musicians and a body of music that will continue to be source material for new creation. — *Raji Zabor*

Narada Michael Walden — *The Dance of Life*, Atlantic SD 19259. There is a theory among scientists that all matter disintegrates within a few billion years or so. Should they discover a method to speed up the process and need an object to experiment with, I would gladly donate my copy of this, Walden's Bomb. Here is a prime example of what George Clinton means by "the blahs" in today's dance music. The only practical use I could imagine for this album would be as a gift for someone taking beginning hustle lessons at Arthur Murray's. For those who dig Narada's drumming, don't even bother. The only respectable cut is the last but by the time you get there you don't care. — *peter giron*

Andrew Cyrille/Jeanne Lee/Jimmy Lyons — *Nuba*, Black Saint 0030. An excellent, often harrowing album in which it is proven, once again, that avant garde jazz has a master vocalist in Jeanne Lee. She has a marvelous, sensual, Sarah Vaughanish voice, can



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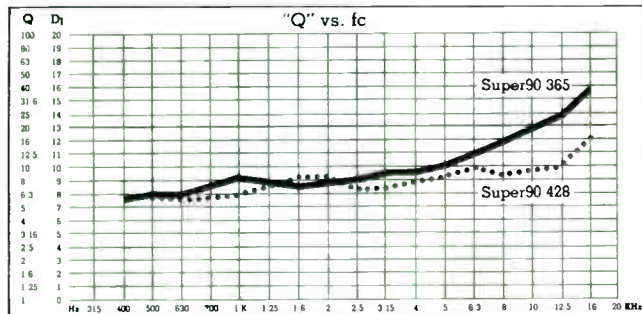
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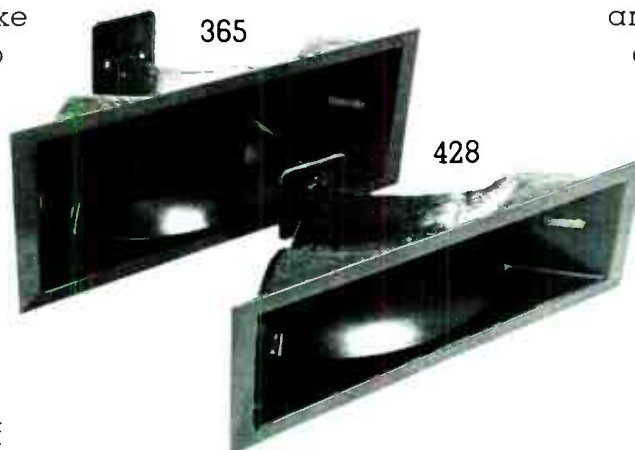
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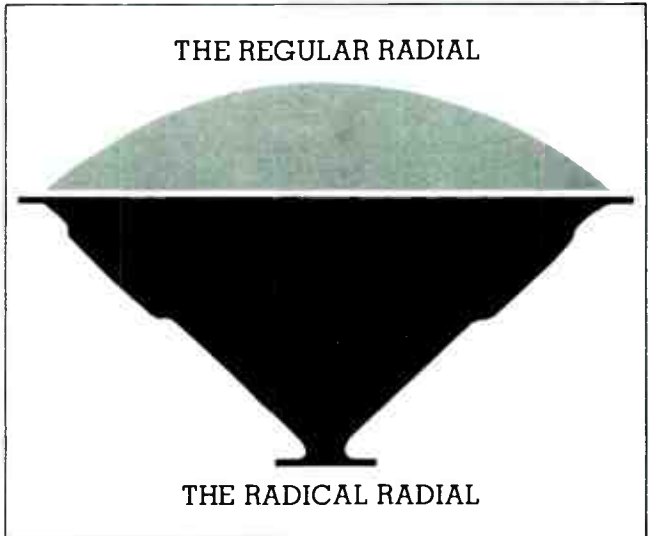
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do anything with it, and is a superlative improviser of melodies. Her failure to establish more than a marginal career for herself puzzles me. Maybe the audience is more comfortable with women singers than with a creative artist who is a woman and sings. Maybe the new music seems too forbidding an idiom to summon up the casual lust audiences like to feel for chanteuses. It's sexism either way. The Cyrille/Lee/Lyons trio is a unique, austere and unexpected performing unit, with all three members contributing originals and performing as well as we've come to expect of them. And Jeanne Lee is a great singer by any standards; she demands to be heard. — *Rali Zabor*

Django Reinhardt — *The Versatile Giant*, Inner City IC 7004. This is one of the real finds in Inner City's interesting new Jazz Legacy series; historic recordings of the great guitarist that stretch from early Hot Club recordings to works recorded close to the time of his death.

Some of it is a bit dated, but Reinhardt is brilliant throughout. The clincher is four cuts from 1946 featuring Django on electric guitar as the featured soloist with the Duke Ellington Orchestra, his every note glowing like neon — spectacular, essential work. Along with Charlie Christian, Tal Farlow, Wes Montgomery and Jim Hall, Django Reinhardt is still the main man in jazz guitar improvising. If you don't know what I'm talking about, *The Versatile Giant* is the place to start. — *Chip Stern*

Gary Numan — *The Pleasure Principle*, Atco SD 38-120. The audience is composed of machines and men in grey overcoats. The organ plays onstage, and out of the wings comes Gary Numan, flying across the proscenium like Peter Pan being sucked into a black hole. Over a persistent low-end melody, he delivers a monochromatic philippic: Me, I disconnect from you — me, I walk on air — me, I am your Bizarro — me, I'm a rock star. Me, I'm wondering where

personal style ends and stupefaction begins. — *mark mehler*

Dave McKenna — *Giant Strides*, Concord Jazz CJ-99. One of the most gifted interpreters of the American popular song, pianist McKenna delivers vibrant, orchestrally-conceived readings. He possesses an incredible left hand that generates the rhythmic impetus of an entire band. The pianist's tour de force rendition of Benny Goodman's "If Dreams Come True" is as fine an example of his eclectic, yet personal style as one will encounter. Block chords, stride passages, thumping bass lines, boppish melodies, and swing passages are effortlessly integrated into a breathtaking performance. — *clifford jay safane*

Ray Charles — *Ain't It So*, Atlantic SD 19251. I'm glad Charles is making good records again now that he's back with Atlantic. This one's about as good as *True to Life* and the best thing on it is a sorta-disco version of "Some Enchanted Evening" but you probably don't believe me. Charles is so great he could sing the phone book and bring it off. Here he sings Manilow and I hope that's as close as he ever gets. — *r.z.*

George Duke — *Master of the Game*, Columbia 36263. The arrangements are predictable but tight, and the record is well produced. Duke's lyrics proclaim, "I may be wrong bein' the way I am but I just can't live by somebody else's plan." How come his voice is a passable imitation of Bootsy's? Since his hit with "Dukey Stick" he continues to plagiarize P-Funk while cutting down on his own playing time. "The Alien Succumbs to the Macho Intergalactic Funkativity of the Funkblasters," runs one of his titles, and although the credits indicate that Duke at least touches many keyboards he never cuts loose on any of them. The lyrics are tedious and the band chugs fashionably along. This is a record made for Duke's new audience, but admirers of his past work will find little satisfaction in his mediocre commercial approach. — *p.g.*

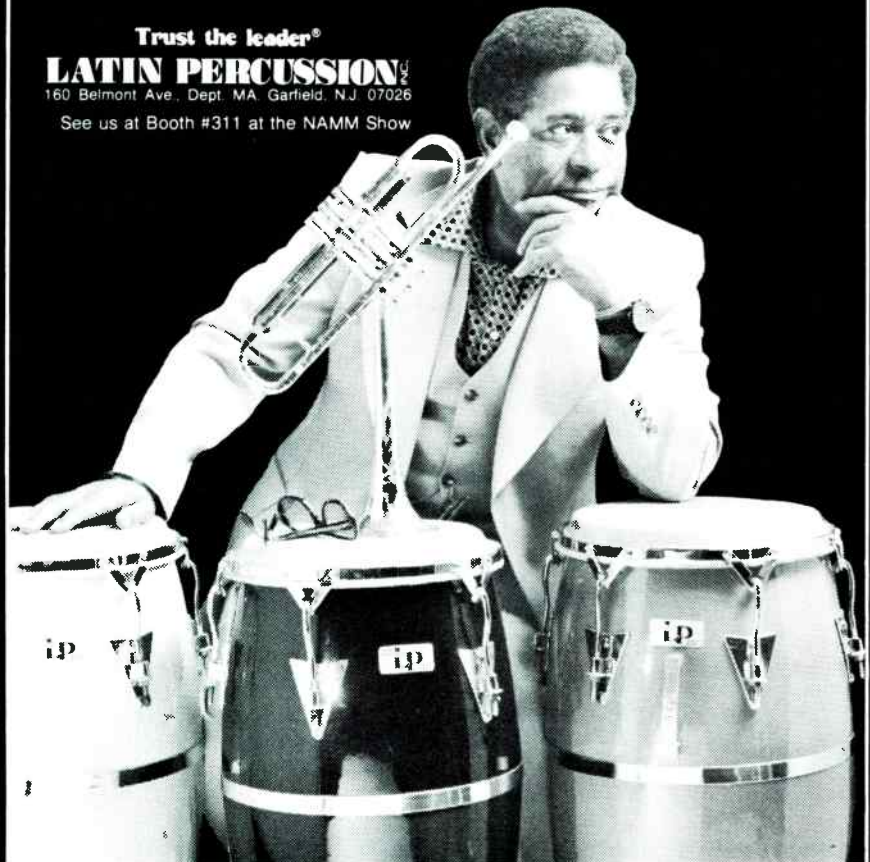
Cecil McBee — *Music From The Source*, Inner City IC 3023. You've got to feel kind of, well, blasphemous to put down a song with the title "God Spirit," but outside of trumpeter Joe Gardner's contribution, it seems a rather listless piece of rubato musing. The excellent remainder of the album is given over to Mach-four modal improvisations with african, latin, gospel and mid-eastern flavors. McBee is one of the reigning masters of the bass ostinato; his rumbling, rotund lines provide length and depth for exceptional solos by Chico Freeman, Gardner and a very interesting pianist named Dennis Moorman. Steve McCall and Don Moya provide the percussive underpinnings. The recorded sound is not good, but the spirit and power of the music more than make up for it. — *c.s.*

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Burning Spear — *Harder Than The Best*, Mango MLPS 9567. For those who find Peter Tosh and Bob Marley too pop-oriented, the title of this new "best of" collection says it all. Containing the best of Burning Spear's excellent *Marcus Garvey* and the cream of their other five albums, *Harder Than The Best* is both more African and more in tune with New Orleans R&B than Tosh and Marley. Winston Rodney, singing like a slightly disembodied Stevie Wonder, is the spiritual center of this tart, hypnotic music. — c.s.

Chick Corea — *Delphi*, Polydor. I would have sworn that after so much coy superficiality Corea could not, for all his talent, turn in an interesting solo piano set, but I was mistaken. The series of short pieces that make up the title composition have a good deal of the feeling and charm of Corea's old solo albums on ECM, a little airy-fairy it is true, but worth hearing nonetheless. The stride pieces that make up the rest of the album are a disappointment, to say the least. Chick, get outa Sea Org! Dare to go above or below cheerfulness on the emotional tone scale! Drop scientology fer godsakes and come home. — r.z.

Johnny Griffin/Art Taylor — *The Jams Are Coming*, Timeless Muse TI 311. To these ears, Griffin has taken over the jeweled crown and now sits firmly established as the King of the

elder tenor saxists. The cat is blowing like he's possessed, but by no means is he simply wildly spewing notes — everything he plays makes sense. This live date consists of only two tunes, the title blues, played medium and fast, and the evergreen *All The Things You Are*. With 20 minute readings, both vehicles are fully explored, including two totally solo excursions from Griff, who, indeed, does stand alone. Though many of these patterns and resolutions have been evidenced before, this tenor powerhouse makes them stunningly new and vital. Taylor pounds the tubs for all he's worth, making the affair really pop. Pianist Rein De Graaff takes a flying solo on "Things" that is both technically and emotionally potent. Another top-flight album from the expatriate from Chicago, who, thankfully, visits his homeland now and again. — z.s.

Twennynine — Featuring Lenny White — *Best of Friends*, Elektra 6E-223. Looking to boost a recording career that has been in a state of limbo since his Return To Forever days, White has recruited Earth, Wind & Fire synthesizer wizard Larry Dunn to co-produce this album. The result is another state-of-the-funk recording with little to offer in the way of originality. Fans of White's percussive talents will find little interest here. The fact is "Twennynine" features Lenny White in name more than in

performance. Move over, Norman Connors. — p.g.

David Murray — *Live Volume 2*, India Navigation IN1004. In only a few years Murray has established himself as one of the most important tenorists of the decade, a swaggering man of the horn, capable of torrential declamations and pensive meanderings alike. On hearing his playing on this brilliant sequel to *Live at the Lower Manhattan Ocean Club, Volume 1* I'm struck by how much he edits out of his solos. Side one and two's improvisations are futuristic, cool and swinging by degrees, a fine balance of melodic freedom and group interplay which seems a development of Sonny Rollins' "out" period (*Our Man In Jazz*). Lester Bowie is at the peak of his lyrical powers, Fred Hopkins' bass provides a dark swirling canvas of pure motion and blues tonality, and Phillip Wilson is a percussive shadow dancer. An important record. — c.s.

Arthur Blythe — *Metamorphosis*, India Navigation IN1038. This second set of live material from Arthur Blythe and a sextet of tuba, cello, trumpet, percussion and drums (the first was *The Grip*), showcases Blythe's immaculate sense of melody, timbre and swing. It's a combination of third-world elements, blues and Blythe's unique mobile harmonies: the title tune segues in and out of tonal centers on a variety of rhythmic pulses.

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"Shadows" is an impressionistic dirge, and "Duet For Two" features Blythe and cellist Abdul Wadud in extraordinary counterpoint. — c.s.

Mary Lou Williams — *Solo Recital*, Pablo Live 2308-218. A superb set of performances from one of our finest pianists, recorded in Montreux in 1978. The music has all the historical range and authenticity we associate with Williams, from spirituals to ragtime to standards and originals, but even more striking is her remarkable depth of expression. Williams has been a creative force in the music for a half century, and now she seems consistently able to bring all her wealth of experience to bear on every number, every turn of phrase. It's an intense listening experience. This kind of thing does not exactly grow on trees. I'm glad it comes out on record now and then. Recommended. — r.z.

Various Artists — *Intensified! Original Ska 1962-66*, Mango MLPS 9524. A charming cross-section of the musical period that preceded reggae. Not until 1965, on Justin Hines' "The Higher The Monkey Climbs," does the characteristic reggae rhythm begin to emerge. The fidelity on these songs resembles that of an old tube radio, and the music itself has the venerable resonance of Mardi Gras parades, shuffles, movie music, the Beatles, latin and early 60's pop — particularly Motown — only slightly altered by the prevailing winds of the Caribbean, with good, jazzy horn solos to boot. — c.s.

Sidney Bechet/Martial Solal — *When a Soprano Meets a Piano*, Inner City IC 7008. A masterful, delightful pairing of the New Orleans and bebop generations that features soprano patriarch Bechet in the twilight of his years but at the peak of his prowess. His pungent, varnished tone and broad vibrato should come as a revelation to the post-Coltrane sopranoists with their nasal tones and rat-in-a-maze improvisations. Solal is a wonderful improviser in the tradition of Bud Powell and bases his solos on the changes, in contrast to Bechet's melodic paraphrases and thematic constructs. The rhythm sections are commendable, particularly drum master Kenny Clarke on side two. A great record that proves modernism is more a state of mind than a matter of age and time. — c.s.

Dave Liebman — *Pendulum*, Artists House AH8. Derivative but explosive playing from five modernists for whom the classic modes of Miles Davis and John Coltrane are still important. Liebman, along with Mike Brecker and Chico Freeman, has shown a particular affection for Trane stylistically, but his energy and inventiveness elevates *Pendulum* beyond mere imitation. Al Foster and Frank Tusa provide rock-steady support and open-ended embellishments of the solos; Richie Beirach's untethered

chording and swinging impressionism seem better suited to this music than some of his own recent projects; and trumpeter Randy Brecker toots way beyond his hype, damn near stealing the record. Best cut: "Footprints" (why does everyone play this song so well?). — c.s.

Chano continued from page 31

Nineteen forty-eight was Pozo's best year. "Manteca" made him a popular musician. He had many recording dates with Gillespie and a few with James Moody's band. The Gillespie band was hot and it toured to several American cities. One day during the last week of November, 1948, when Gillespie's orchestra was playing a concert in Raleigh, North Carolina, Chano's congas were stolen. He returned to New York to buy new drums and was supposed to rejoin Gillespie in another Southern town.

Death of a Drummer

One of Pozo's first stops in New York was Simon Jou's restaurant on Lenox Avenue near 116th Street. Jou (pronounced *who*), known for good black coffee and Cuban pastries, also sold congas, bongos and other percussion instruments (they were displayed in his front window). Selecting his drums, Chano heated the skins with wax and attracted a crowd while he tested their tonality. Instead of rejoining Gillespie, he remained in New York for the next two days, enjoying Harlem's night life. On the third day, while walking on Lenox Avenue, Chano saw a man named Cabito inside the La Palma Restaurant. Cabito, a short Cuban mulatto, was held in high esteem by Spanish Harlemites. Decorated during World War II, he was a soft spoken man, sensitive and a die-hard *macho* who would rather die than live in disgrace. Cabito was a neighborhood bookmaker and also sold marijuana on the side. Chano played a number from him and bought twenty five marijuana cigarettes, which he called *pitos*.

Later that evening while driving around Central Park with four other musicians, Chano offered them a *pito*. They lit up, inhaled, and didn't feel the usual buzz. They chided Chano for his inferior goods. While passing La Palma, Cabito was spotted and a fuming Chano alit from the car. Out on the sidewalk he demanded his money back. When Cabito refused, saying he didn't know about any inferior goods, Pozo hit him in the face and knocked him flat on his back. Chano then reached into Cabito's pocket, removed a five dollar bill and walked away.

The following morning Machito was walking by El Rio bar on the corner of 111th Street and Lenox. He heard the juke box, looked inside and saw Chano Pozo dancing while a barmaid cleaned up. Machito came in and spoke to Chano for a few minutes. "Chano told

me that when he saw Dizzy he would tell him he didn't have his congas yet. Chano had his drums but didn't want to play in the South. He didn't like the separate rest rooms and everything else which separated the whites from the black people. Chano said he would join Dizzy at the Strand (NYC) Theatre."

Machito left and Chano continued dancing. Minutes later Cabito came in. Their eyes met and neither said a word. Chano turned his back to him and walked to the bar. Cabito left and returned minutes later while Chano was dancing. Cabito pulled a gun from his coat. Chano, his eyes opened wide, stopped dancing and was about to say something when a fusillade toppled him. He landed in a crucifix position. Cabito blasted away until his bullets were gone. He leaned over the body, satisfied himself that Chano was dead, lay the gun on the bar and asked the barmaid to call the police.

The Way Home

The plane carrying Pozo's remains landed at Havana airport on the morning of December 9. The night before, Amado Trinidad had paid Chano tribute on the radio. His opening remark was "El Tambo de Cuba Es Muerto" (Cuba's number one conga drummer is dead). Trinidad urged Cubans to greet the plane at the airport. A few hundred people showed up. About fifty cars filled with mourners joined the funeral procession and followed the hearse from the airport to the funeral parlor located at Zanga and Belascoin Streets. A few thousand Cubans viewed the body during the one-day wake.

Cabito was tried, found guilty and sentenced to five years. When asked why he killed Chano he said he had no choice, that he couldn't live with the humiliation of people seeing him smacked and do nothing about it.

Chano Pozo died at the age of thirty-three. He hadn't yet reached his musical peak. I interviewed thirty-three people and most of them remembered Chano as a staunch *macho*, a man who didn't have many friends. Three believed his death was due to his having offended the gods of the Abakwa religion by giving Dizzy Gillespie Abakwa chants whose melodies became Gillespie hits. One person said Chano was punished because he kept postponing a sacrificial lamb ceremony to his saint Santa Barbara. As for myself, I feel that he might still be alive today if Cabito had controlled his macho pride. Racial discrimination also contributed to his death. "After Chano's drums were stolen," said Machito, "he had to return to New York and replace them. If the attitude of the South had been different and the people would have respected Chano as a man, Chano would have rejoined Gillespie and would not have seen Cabito. If that had happened, Chano might be alive today." ▣

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Rockettes

By Vic Garbarini

Funkadellic



Kate Bush



Lou Reed



Bonnie Raitt



If you've been following any of the major music journals over the past few months you've no doubt noticed that we critics seem to be inordinately fond of lists: 10 Best Albums, Best Guitarist, Best Female Vocalist — that kind of thing. Listomania strikes most of us right around Halloween each year as we begin to anticipate the ritual end-of-the-year polls. (You can just imagine the kind of adrenalin rush an event like the end of a decade brings on.) And why not? Polls are, after all, a critic's ultimate platform for pontification, a kind of aesthetic Last Judgement that yields the writer the maximum satisfaction for the minimum output of effort. Very energy-efficient. But fear not, gentle reader, I'm going to spare you (and myself) the whole Best of the Decade schtick this time around. I've decided instead to serve up an even more pretentious list of twelve albums that for one reason or another, in my opinion, failed to garner either the critical recognition or commercial success that they deserved; a baker's dozen Honorable Mentions are thoughtfully included as an addendum. So here they are, a dozen lost classics of the 70's. Bon Année.

1. **Funkadellic** — *Hard Core Jollies* (Warners) Sly Stone meets Jimi Hendrix Comin' Round The Mountain. Best funk of the decade.
2. **Lou Reed** — *Rock and Roll Animal* (RCA) Proto-punk odes to angst featuring majestic, soaring guitar pyrotechnics by Steve Hunter and Dick Wagner.
3. **Kate Bush** — *The Kick Inside* (E.M.I.) The only American release to date by this 19 year old English wunderkind. Exquisite melodies and uncannily perceptive lyrics that chronicle a girl's

awakening into womanhood with wisdom, wonder, and delight. Some first class rock and roll, too.

4. **POCO** — (Epic) The Buffalo Springfield meets Santana. A surprisingly effective blend of bright, vibrant country-rock and sinuous latin rhythms. Messina, Furay, and Tim Schmidt all went on to achieve further fame, fortune and flatulence with other aggregations, but this was their finest hour.

5. **The Sex Pistols** — *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's The Sex Pistols*. Lest we forget. Sure, you followed all the gossip, but did you then go out and buy the album? I thought not. Anarchic exaltation etched in vinyl. Apocalypse Now for the ears. Stuff like "Anarchy in the U.K." and "God Save The Queen" scared the shit out of Pete Townshend but failed to earn Mr. Rotten the M.B.E. he so coveted. Instead, he became the first recipient of the not-so-coveted Guy Fawkes Memorial Head Bashing And Pummeling Award.

6. **Television** — *Marquee Moon* (Elektra) Tom Verlaine's mesmerizing solo on the title cut still lures the cobra out of the basket every time.

7. **Bonnie Raitt** — *Give It Up* (Warners) Mardi Gras time in Woodstock. Dixieland-blues-folk-funk-rock gumbo, served steaming hot.

8. **Fairport Convention** — *Fairport Chronicles* (A&M) If I could only bring one album with me to a desert island, this would be it. I'd even lug it along knowing that desert islands usually don't have electrical outlets for stereos, as I draw comfort and sustenance from merely having it around. Much more than mere archivists, Fairport were the guardians of Britain's heritage. Sandy

Denny and Richard Thompson breathed new life into the folk tunes they performed, blending the stately grace of medieval madrigals with the ardent power of rock and roll on both the traditional and original material in their repertoire. Thompson's solo albums continued in the same spirit, particularly *Henry The Human Fly*, *Pours Down Like Silver* (Island), and the underrated *First Light* (Chrysalis).

9. **The Byrds** — *Ballad Of Easy Rider* (Columbia) *Sweetheart Of The Rodeo* was great country, but this is great country rock. Easily the most consistent in quality of the McGuinn/White/Parsons (either Parsons) era albums. "Jesus is Just Alright," "Tulsa County," and "Gunga Din" are all latter-day Byrdsian classics. Clarence White's impressions of James Burton on acid are particularly ingratiating.

10. **Joan Armatrading** (A&M) Sandy Denny by way of the West Indies. Dignity, strength, passion, and intimacy — and a voice like liquid ebony. Class.

11. **The Raspberries** — *The Raspberries Greatest Hits* (Capitol) Imagine if you will the perfect pop group: Beatlesque harmonies, the energy and ardor of the early Small Faces, melodies that would worry Brian Wilson, a vocalist who sounds like a cross between Steve Marriott and Paul McCartney, and a manic drummer of the Keith Moon school. Well, Eric Carmen and the boys were just that, producing a body of work that surpassed anything turned out by the aforementioned groups during the 70's. Unfortunately they were about 5 or 6 years too early. Pure Pop For People Who Weren't Ready For It.

continued on page 75

Delaying Tactics

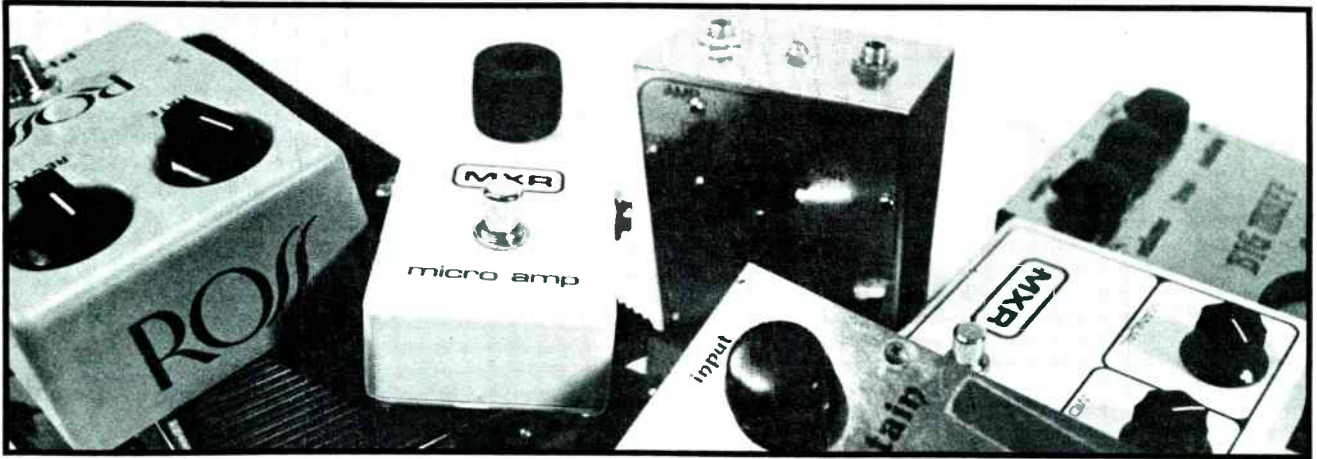


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A DICTIONARY OF EFFECTS/PEDALS

OR WHAT THE HELL IS A FLANGER?



Confused by the enormous number of electronic effects on the market and what they're supposed to do for you? So were we, so we did some research and found that there are four major categories of effects. Understanding this makes it a lot easier to comprehend what all those funny names actually do, and how you might use them.

By Tom Sahagian

The range and diversity of guitar effects available to the average musician has expanded so much recently, it seems that a newer, more complicated and absolutely necessary, impossibly named effect is introduced every week.

Accompanying this expansion of electronic hardware has been a growing confusion among musicians about the function and terminology of all these effects. If it appears that an electrical engineering degree is needed to understand effects properly, it's almost true; what's ironic is that some of the engineers don't seem to be too sure about what's going on either. The situation is going to become more complicated, too, as research and development continue.

That's good, in that musicians will have even more sonic variables at their disposal. But it's not so good if everyone is so confused they can't make an informed decision about which effect to use and to whom to turn over their hard-earned bucks.

To begin lifting the veil of confusion, a broad overview of currently available guitar effects is clearly in order. At this point, it seems best to limit discussion to certain effects boxes. Guitar synthesizers and almost-synthesizers, frequency analyzers, octave dividers and mechanical bowing devices will have to wait for other columns.

No one seems to agree on a specific classification of effects, so this one is somewhat arbitrary, but we think necessary and as straightforward as we can make it. Most boxes fall into one of four broad groups: those that modify signal level, frequency response, distortion level, and those using time delay.

SIGNAL LEVEL MODIFIERS **Volume Pedals, Compressors, Noise Gates**

For our purposes, signal level, (amplitude) translates into volume. Predictably, then, a volume pedal is the most basic level control (not including the ones on your amp and guitar).

If your instrument has an output too low to effectively exploit your amplifier, a preamp or power booster can be used to bring the signal up to more useful levels. A compressor, on the other hand, will take the signal and squeeze it into a narrower loudness range, skewed usually towards the louder end of the original range. Thus softer notes are boosted a lot, and loud ones are reduced a little. As a note dies out, it is "kept alive" by the compressor for much longer than usual, giving the note great sustain.

Arbitrarily placed in this category is the noise gate. When several (or even one, sometimes) effects are strung together, a lot of unwanted low-level hum and noise can be produced. The

noise gate shuts off the circuit when no note is played so that the noise is effectively eliminated. A good noise gate can react quickly to the beginnings and ends of notes so that it doesn't cut them off as it kicks in and out of operation. But it won't respond so fast that it cuts in during slight pauses between notes.

FREQUENCY RESPONSE MODIFIERS

Equalizers, Filters, Wah-Wahs, Envelope Followers

Despite fancy names like parametric equalizer or bandpass filter, these effects are all tone controls at heart, although much more useful and sophisticated than the knobs on most guitars and amps. They allow the musician to decide which frequencies in the sound spectrum will be emphasized and which will be reduced. Equalizers allow control of specific frequency bands, usually octaves or 1/3 octaves, over a wide range. Various filters usually pass either high or low frequencies, although bandpass filters allow only a preset band of frequencies to be heard. The venerable wah-wah pedal is just a variable low-pass or bandpass filter. So-called envelope followers are filters that pass higher and higher frequencies according to how aggressively a note is plucked. Some have a control that permits a wah-type sound.

DISTORTION LEVEL EFFECTS

Pre-Amps/Power Boosters, Power Attenuator

The basic fuzz box. Different electronic components have different distortion characteristics (hence the "tube sound" vs. the "transistor sound"). Some are more pleasing to some people than others. A wide variety of distortion types is available. Some preamps/power boosters also promote distortion either by sending a distorted signal to the amp or by overdriving the amp's preamp. A relatively new product, the power attenuator, permits high-volume distortion at low volume by reducing power output to an amp's speakers. It is placed between the amp output and speakers.

TIME DELAY EFFECTS

Tape Echo, Analog and Digital Delays, Doublers, Choruses, Flangers, Phase Shifters

These gadgets comprise a large part of the recent effects explosion. At first they were large and expensive, but now many good-quality effects are both compact and relatively affordable. All employ time delay, but the length of delay and what they do with it makes each type sound differently.

Tape Echo Units. These once reigned supreme, but advancing solid-state technology could soon render them all but obsolete. They are essentially a tape recorder with an endless tape loop. By recording a signal onto the tape, picking it up with a playback head some distance away and mixing it with the original signal, a delayed signal, or echo, is produced. Depending on tape speed and the distance between record and playback heads, echo length can be varied. Electrostatic echo units substitute an electrically-charged whirling disk and brush pickups for tape and heads. Echo delay varies with motor speed. Echo units can produce fairly long echo times, some as long as 30 seconds or more, and some remix the echo signal for repeat echo. But reliability troubles, complexity and size will probably consign them to oblivion in the not-too-distant future.

Digital and analog delay. Don't let these terms scare you. They refer only to the way the unit accomplishes its task. Digital units are generally less noisy, but more expensive. Both types are usually employed as echo units, although additional circuitry can give them an array of time-delay effect capabilities.

Doubler. When two guitarists play in "unison", there is in fact a slight delay between the two. Also there is a slight difference in pitch. Since a doubler "doubles" the sound of a guitar to make it sound like two people are playing, it must delay the signal and bend the pitch

to sound realistic. Further realism is obtained by slight variation of delay and pitch. For example, if the average delay were 50 milliseconds (1000 milliseconds = 1 second), it might vary from 45-55 milliseconds. Nominal delay for chorus units can be anywhere from 15-80 milliseconds.

Chorus. There appears to be little consensus about what exactly constitutes a chorus device, but as the name implies, it generally creates a sound like a whole chorus of instruments — sort of a multiple doubler. Most units contain a sweep oscillator that rapidly varies the delay and pitch, much like a doubler does. A regeneration (feedback) control adjusts the fatness or multiplicity of the sounds. Some models have a stereo feature that sends different outputs to two amplifiers to create a more spacious effect.

Flanger. In the old days (not so long ago!), it was found that if two identical tapes were played together, and then one was slowed down slightly for a short time, a strange sweeping sound resulted. The tape was slowed down in a primitive way: someone briefly pressed their thumb on the tape reel flange. When engineers discovered what this did to the signal and figured out how to do it electronically, they called the device a flanger. A flanger takes a very short delay and varies it slightly, like a chorus does. The difference is that the percentage of the range of delay that is swept is much wider than with a chorus, and is swept more slowly; while you don't want to be aware of the sweep in a chorus sound, the broad sweep of a flanger is part of the sound. Nominal delay of a flanger is about .25 to 20 milliseconds, much shorter than with chorus. When the original and delayed swept signals are mixed, there is a cancellation of some signal at many specific frequencies, and reinforcement of others. These cancellations are called notches; the reinforcements are called peaks. The notches and peaks sweeping across the frequency spectrum create the familiar "whooshing" effect. There are notches in chorus effect, but they don't move much, and there are so many they aren't perceived as notches.

Phase Shifter. A signal passed through certain electronic filter networks changes phase with respect to the original. What that precisely means is too involved to explain here, but the important thing to know is that the amount of phase change (phase delay, usually), is different for different frequencies. Since phase delay ultimately manifests itself as a time delay, the result is a signal that has various delays in it, depending on frequency. A sweep between the original and delayed signals is required,

continued on page 77

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Rockettes cont. from pg. 70

12. **Fripp & Eno** — *No Pussyfooting* (Island) Fripp & Eno & wine & revox = spontaneous combustion of the first magnitude. Vive L'Ambience!

Honorable Mentions

1. **Pat Metheny** — *Bright Size Life* (ECM) Fluid, crystalline guitar improvisations in a pastoral mode, refreshingly free of the fusionoid clichés that mar some of his later work.

2. **Kate and Anna McGarrigle** (Warners) The Roches' country cousins.

3. **Big Star** — *#1* (Ardent/Stax) More pure but premature pop.

4. **Boz Scaggs** — *Moments* (Columbia) Sensuous, mellifluous cabaret music for aging hippies.

5. **Spooky Tooth** — *Spooky Two* (A&M) Tuneful but tough Brit-rock with moments of neo-classical grandeur. The best album Procol Harum never made.

6. **Alan Price** — *O Lucky Man* (Warners) Tweedy English cabaret rock with plenty of heart. Catch the film.

7. **Steely Dan** *Countdown To Ecstasy* (ABC/MCA) For "Boddhisatva" and the pungent Baxterisms on "My Old School".

8. **Jesse Winchester** (Ampex) "Yankee Lady" and "Biloxi" establish Jesse as a one-man Band, with a little help from guesstwho?

9. **Genesis** — *Selling England By The Pound* (Charisma) Gabriel and friends craft some elegant yet vigorous art rock.

10. **The Move** — *Split Enz* (U.A.) Back when Lynne and Bevan were peddling metal instead of plastic.

11. **Fleetwood Mac** — *Kiln House* (Warners) The "lost" transitional album, post Peter Green but pre Bob Welch.

12. **Thin Lizzy** — *Jailbreak* (Mercury) A little black, a little green, and a lot of Springsteen, especially "The Boys Are Back" and "Romeo and the Lonely Girl".

13. **Be Bop DeLuxe** — *The Best of And The Rest Of* (Harvest) Hendrixesque classicisms. Very European.

Bear cont. from pg. 54

in the seat, "with that little article in the paper behind us we could probly manage to book you a little tour."

"A tour?" said the Bear.

"You said yourself there was no going back. Why not go straight ahead?"

The Bear ran a paw over his face, as if to wash it. "I dunno, Jones. My family has a long tradition of silence. Twenty generations of talking bear and I'm the first one to so much as open my mouth to a human being."

"That's because I'm such a swell guy," Jones told him.

"I'm not sure I can go any farther than that," said the Bear.

"You've already gone farther. If you want to cross the next line," Jones cleared his throat, "I'll be with you."

"I know that," said the Bear. "But a tour . . ."

"Think about it."

The Bear looked out at New York City rocking past the taxi window. Stone everywhere, and hordes of humans gathered at the major intersections. Ten or fifteen million crazed and mortal beings, hypnotized by work, love, hate, family and the past. What were the odds, the Bear asked himself, in all that multiplicity, on gaining a purchase on freedom? My strength has always been in solitude. Maybe that's what comes of being different, maybe it's what filters down to me from ancestors who lived in caves. Looking out at this sampling of the millions is just the thing to convince me that I have no meaning and no chance. What could it possibly matter if one more or less creature toots on a saxophone? They were just passing Fourteenth Street, where dead, drugged-out husks shambled around like ghosts in coats. Living in the world means becoming part of *that*. He shuddered at the human race.

On the other hand, thought the Bear, the right, the brave thing is to grasp your personal grain of truth and take your shot. God help me, he thought, I'm a sap. He turned to Jones. "Guest shots?" he said. "A tour? I'm ready if you are."

He looked down at his paw and it was shaking.

— to be continued —

Edges cont. from page 16

Blue Eyes."

If his last record (*Death of a Ladies' Man*) was not received as an outright disaster, it was because Cohen had already been written off as a failure or a mere curiosity — a fact which seems borne out by Columbia's handling of his newest record, *Recent Songs*. Despite the fact that it's been packaged to look like it's already deleted (complete with a cover illustration that makes him look like a cross between a fallen priest and Dustin Hoffman with a tummy ache), and that it's being promoted using quotes from the weakest, most archly sensitive lyric on the album, it's his finest record to date. Stunningly produced with the help of Henry Lewy (who also records Joni Mitchell), the album is firmly rooted, brave in the ways that Neil Young's and Lou Reed's best work is brave. The verbal and emotional leaps are outrageous:

*Climb on your tears and be silent
Like the rose on its ladder of thorns.
Then lay your rose on the fire
The fire give up to the sun
The sun give over to splendor
In the arms of the High Holy One.*

(from "The Window")

Like most devotional poets (Dante, and especially Mevlana Jellaluddin Rumi and Attar, two fine Persian poets who he cites as specific influences here), his constant themes have been

carnal love and spiritual love, and like most devotional poets, the two become enmeshed into Love with a capital L, the need for the grace of God and for the affections of a woman becoming inextricably twined. The fusion as well as the tension is at the heart of his finest work.

*A ghost climbs on the table
In a bridal negligee
She says, My body is the light
My body is the way
I raise my arm against it all
And I catch the bride's bouquet.*

(from "The Gypsy's Wife")

Throughout the album, he is supported by a host of extraordinary musicians, particularly John Bilezikjian on oud and Raffi Hakopian on soaring gypsy violin. Jennifer Warnes, who has performed with Cohen since the early '70's, contributes elegant background vocals to "The Guests" and "The Window," and duets with Cohen on "The Smokey Life," a dryly unsentimental cabaret song that boasts Cohen's most sophisticated melody to date.

There are strange and occasional lapses, as there are on all of Leonard Cohen's albums — like Lyndon Johnson, Cohen has a habit of lifting his shirt and showing his scars to anyone who might possibly take him seriously; he needs an audience to witness his defeats as well as his victories, and each album traditionally features several notable defeats, some noble and some simply incomprehensible. Here, they include "Our Lady Of Solitude," a stale song with no discernible tune; and a spirited mariachi band that cavorts through "The Lost Canadian" with all the grace of a Mexican St. Patrick's Day parade.

But, more than in the past, the pleasures far outweigh the problems. "Oh bless the continuous stutter / Of the word being made into flesh" he sings at the end of "The Window." On the strength of his new album, Leonard Cohen would seem to have no peer at making the flesh into word.

All song lyrics published by Stranger Music, BMI

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THE TAXMAN COMETH

HOLDING ONTO YOUR HARD-EARNED BREAD AT TAX-TIME

It's a cold world out there at tax time. As a musician you've got a lot of justified deductions you may not even know about, however you've still got to substantiate them. The following tells you how — even if you haven't been keeping records.

by Bill Koshelnyk



You Finally Made Some Money . . . But Here Comes the Taxman

Well, here you are at the end of your best year yet. The band's been working regularly . . . you even did four months on the road . . . and everybody's pulling in enough each week so you're all finally eating something more than pasta and oatmeal.

Of course, you did put that six grand into new equipment. There was the sound system for all those funky rooms where nobody could hear you very well. Then there was the used Rhodes (a good deal, and some of the songs just need that sound). And of course, all those effects pedals . . . What the hell, it was an investment that'll pay off down the line, even if it didn't leave too much cash in hand at the end of the year.

So you file your income tax and — whoops! "What-do-ya-mean I gotta pay sixteen hundred dollars?! Sure, we were makin' good bucks. But we bought all that stuff . . . we had expenses on the road . . . I mean, do you know what it costs to put a band up at the Holiday Inn?"

"No problem," says your smiling, round-faced accountant (if you're lucky enough to even have one). "Let's just get all your receipts together. We'll itemize your expenses on Schedule C, and —"

Receipts? Itemize? Schedule C?

"Well, ah . . . I guess we didn't hold on to any of that stuff. But everybody knows

what a Rhodes costs. I mean, these things ain't cheap!"

Your accountant looks at you quietly. Then he takes a package of Sight Savers out of a very orderly desk drawer, cleans his glasses and lectures you on the importance of good record keeping. There is a slight tone of annoyance in his voice.

Well, he never did understand the music business, and you always got the feeling he considered it somewhat unsavory. But he *is* right about keeping good records. And your problem now is to recover whatever you can before Uncle Sam wipes out the little progress you made in a year of hard gigs, long rides and cardboard pizzas at four a.m.

Proving what you spent is the key. If you can provide some documentation of what your career as a professional musician cost you during the year — and show that the money you put out did in fact go for *legitimate* business expenses — you might be able to lower your tax base considerably and, just possibly, save the ranch.

But where are you going to get that documentation if you haven't been keeping records all along? It could be that you've got more information on hand — or close by — than you realize.

First of all, you don't have to have a sales slip to have a receipt. Hardly anyone pays cash any more for items more costly than, say, lunch at McDonald's. And a cancelled check is a valid receipt, as is a charge slip from a credit card purchase. If you don't save you charge slips (which you certainly should!), your monthly credit statement itemizes your charges and is the next best thing.

If you don't save your credit statements and cancelled checks you deserve little sympathy. But all may not be lost.

Your credit card company can provide duplicates or summaries of your credit records, though this involves paperwork, computers and time — and that can be costly. You may be charged accordingly. And any purchases you made through a music dealer are accounted for in the store's sales records, so you can ask the dealer to provide documentation of the transactions and the prices you paid for the merchandise.

You can also obtain documentation of a purchase from a private individual — if

you bought a used instrument, for instance. Of course, here you are at the mercy of that individual's own record keeping, recollection of the details of the transaction, willingness to cooperate and, quite frankly, honesty.

Say you bought that old Martin D-28 from Fred down the street and you need Fred to verify that you actually did pay him the \$800 you're claiming on your tax return. Well, Fred just might have it in mind to forget about that little transaction. It's not that we'd suspect old Fred of fencing a hot D-28, though that's not outside the realm of possibility (and you'd better not have known about it or you could be an accessory, after the fact, in a theft).

But maybe Fred has neglected to report the profit he made from that sale on his tax return and isn't too happy to have you bringing the whole business up. If Fred won't cooperate, there's no way you can prove the \$800 isn't still in your pocket and fully taxable.

So it may require a lot of memory searching, a lot of refiguring and a lot of leg work, but you might be able to come up with enough data and solid documentation to support your claims for major purchases.

The Livin' Wasn't Easy, but It Is Deductible

Now all those miles you drove, all those meals eaten on the road, the motel bills and hundreds of little expenses — all you can do is sit down with your memory and try to piece together some coherent picture of your activities over the year.

Do you have check stubs or any tangible proof of payments you received? They will show when and where you worked, and that's a start. Do you know how much mileage you had on your car at the beginning of the year? Subtract that from your current mileage and try to figure, even roughly, the percentage of the difference you can chalk up to business driving.

Did you stay at a lot of hotels? Try to remember when and where, then get on the phone and find out what the rates were at each of the hotels when you stayed there. The big chains have toll-free numbers for central reservation services, so you might be able to obtain at least some of the information you're after without running up too many long-distance phone bills.

If you can connect with helpful people on the staffs of hotels you stayed in, you might even be able to obtain solid verification of your hotel bills, possibly even copies of registry cards or charge slips. Don't count on it, though. You may have a hard time convincing people you're who you say you are and need the information for legitimate purposes. Hotel employees will be wary of violating the privacy of their former guests and leaving themselves open to possible legal action.

In short, you've got to dig. But it's worth the effort if substantial tax savings could be at stake. And you might find your claims can stand up even without the conventional support of every single sales slip and cancelled check.

Know How the Taxman Works . . . Be Reasonable.

The most important thing about any deduction claim, even one for which you can provide documentation, is that it be plausible, justifiable and reasonable. That is, an expense must fit within the logical context of your profession. It must be for an item or service that is useful to what you do for a living, or as the United States Tax Code puts it, "ordinary and necessary . . . in carrying on any trade or business." And the price you claim to have paid for it should not be excessive.

A word of warning in your dealings with the tax man: Everybody knows that you don't have to prove anything until somebody questions what you've said. And, of course, the Internal Revenue Service can't audit more than a small percentage (2.5% last year) of the massive number of tax returns filed each year. So it's a crap shoot whether or not your form will even be pulled.

But don't try to get cute with the government, figuring you can slip something by. Maybe some wild claim will fly, and maybe it won't. If you ever are audited, your returns can be yanked for the past three years. And you could wind up paying heavily for three years' worth of discrepancies. So *play it straight!* You probably have more legitimate deductions than you think anyway.

The best thing you can do in your tax planning is keep every receipt, every sales slip, every cancelled check, every charge slip, every monthly charge statement. And tie all that into a consistent record by getting yourself a record book and writing down every expense that's in any way related to business. You'll be amazed how it piles up.

Finally, get yourself a good accountant — preferably one with experience in the tax affairs of musicians.

Everybody has an obligation to pay taxes. But there's no reason anyone should pay more than necessary just because of sloppy business practices. Your activities as a professional

musician provide you with many opportunities for tax savings. And you can save a bundle, or you can get hit hard. It's really all up to you. **M**

Hi-Fi cont. from pg. 23

the efficiency of the speakers and the recommended minimum and maximum amount of power. As you'll recall from an earlier column, a speaker's efficiency refers to how much power is needed to drive it properly. Inefficient speakers need more power than efficient speakers. Whatever you do, you don't want to come home with a 100 watt per channel receiver and hook it up to your speakers rated to handle a maximum of 50 watts. Look to your audio salesman to help you here. Which brings up one last bit of advice when shopping for any audio component. If you're going to need help, are looking to audition components and seek advice on matching components, shop at a store than focuses on service to the customer, not a warehouse-style discounter interested only in your cash and the model number desired. There's nothing wrong with that type of operation, but he doesn't make money holding your hand through the process of selecting a system. However, there are outlets that do make their living that way. Make them earn it. Listen. **M**

Effects continued from page 73

just like with flanging and chorus, but there are much fewer notches. With flanging and chorus, all frequencies are delayed the same amount at a given time. So even though all three units have delay, sweep, notches and peaks, the delay and notch structure is different for each, and produces different sounds. The notches/ peaks for chorus and flanger are structured basically the same; they occur at harmonics of a given note. The two devices sound different because of differing sweep range, sweep speed and delay time. With phase shifters, there are only a few notches/peaks, and they are spaced differently. The more stages a phaser has, the more notches it produces, but to achieve the number present in flanging would take many, many stages — too many to be practical.

Of course, there are many effects that are combinations of any (or all?) of the above. Some are pedal controlled, while others offer knobs. Some musicians have been able to modify or otherwise creatively mess around with effects to extract sounds the unit was not specifically designed to produce.

In a broad overview like this, many details must receive scant attention. Future columns will attempt to be more narrowly focused without becoming hopelessly technical. If there's a subject area you feel has been ill-served by the consumer press, let us know. **M**

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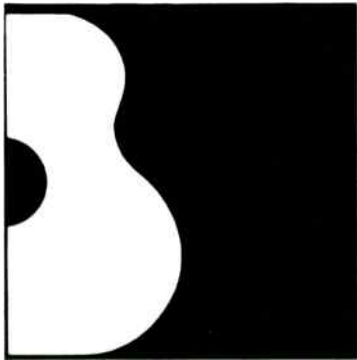
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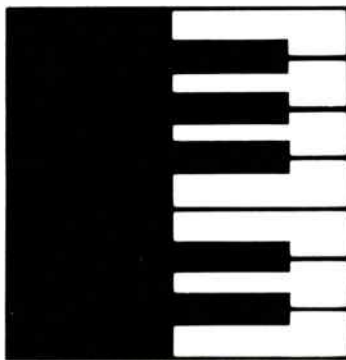
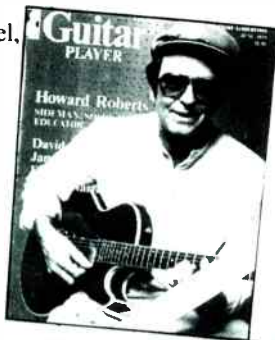
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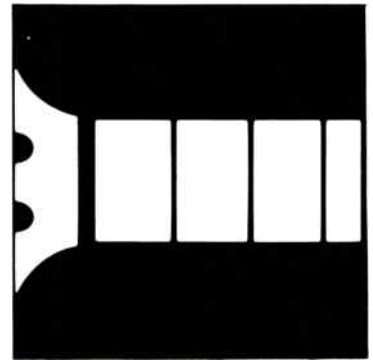
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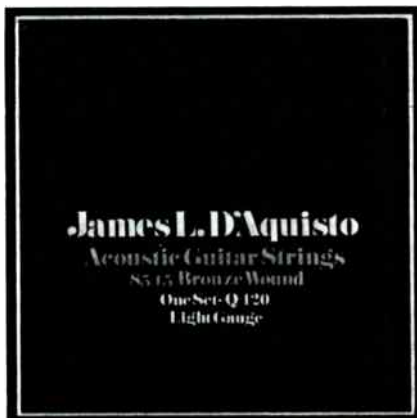
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Raitt cont. from pg. 36

California and I was approached by the Silkwood defense people to do a benefit back in '77. I've been political all my life, this wasn't something I jumped into out of the blue. I've been doing concerts for women's health centers and listener-sponsored stations, Tom Hayden's campaign for Senate, the anti-war movement back in college...

MUSICIAN: A real troublemaker, huh?

RAITT: Yeah, when I was a kid and they would have air raid drills in school I would never go under the desk, they used to make me go to the principal's office. Anyway, the money we raised from the Silkwood show wasn't enough to do very much, that's when John and I got the idea to get some other artists and do Madison Square Garden. Originally it was to be for only one night, but it wound up being five. We set up a board to give the money away and set up a public non-profit foundation with the books open. There'll be a film, probably coming out in the spring, and we're planning more concerts for Seattle, Denver, and Atlanta. Also a Jazz MUSE Concert for New York.

MUSICIAN: During the late 60's many of us had the feeling that music itself could actually help to change people's consciousness. The No-Nukes movement seems to be the first positive manifestation of that possibility in many years, but other than just raising money for the cause do you believe that musicians can, through their music, really affect peoples' consciousness?

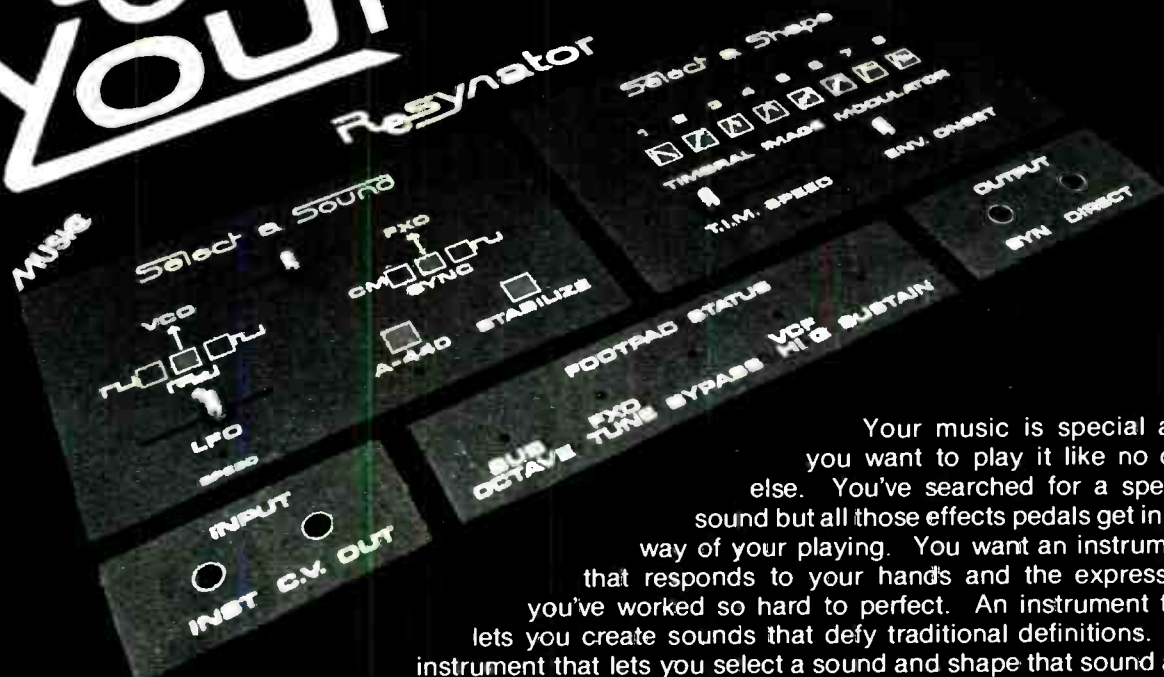
RAITT: Yes, but they don't have to actually sing about nuclear power to do it. Up till now I've found it hard to sing overtly political music, because I think it gets pedantic and the melodies are usually terrible. Not all of them of course, I do John Hall's "Power" for instance. I must say as an aside that I think that singing about the relationship between men and women is just as political, and if you listen to the lyrics of the songs I do they almost always have some sort of content that's concerned with men and women becoming more equal.

MUSICIAN: What specific results do you see coming from the MUSE concerts?

RAITT: The spirit of the thing was important, not just the money. Activists and musicians had to come together, groups that ordinarily wouldn't have had any association with each other. Activists who normally wouldn't talk to each other, warring factions that might be fighting for various funds from the government have to get along now if they want to partake of the money we raised. This is a tremendous catharsis for the musical community too, to come together like this after talking for so long about how we really must put aside our personal egos and musical styles and work for a common cause. ♪

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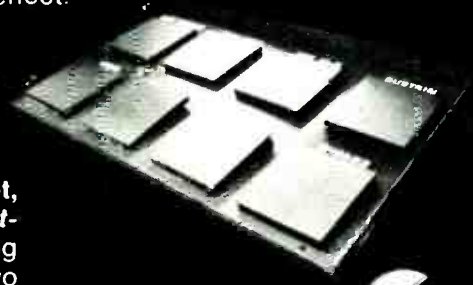


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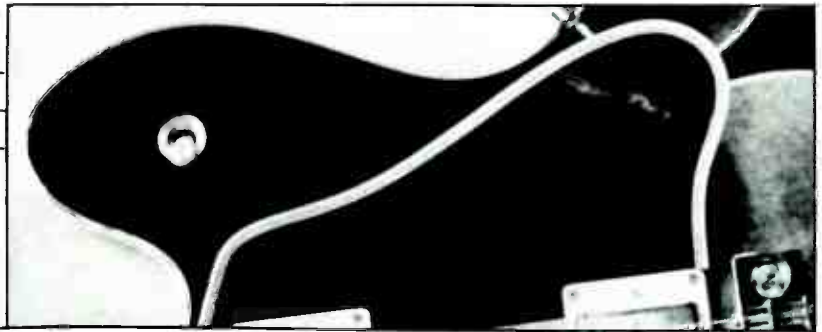
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This month's column concludes the list of definitive guitar styles recordings. Since some of these are out of print, I've included some possible sources below. These records are worth tracking down, so don't give up! Again, these are records that I consider most helpful for learning the various guitar styles, and many have been learned note-for-note by players over the years. An asterisk next to a title indicates that a transcription is available, which can be very helpful for rapid learning and polishing sight reading. The time saved can be put to other uses.

If you'd like a list of the exact cuts I use in my classes at Berklee College of Music, send a self-addressed stamped business size envelope to me in care of Musician, Player & Listener.

JAZZ

WES MONTGOMERY: *Vibratin'*,* R 9499; *Full House* RLP 434; *Beginnings*, 531-H2; *West Coast Blues*, JLP 9208.
 JIM HALL: *Undercurrent*, SS 18016.
 JOE PASS: *For Django*, PJ 85; *Catch Me; Chops*,* Pablo; *Portraits of Duke*,* Pablo 716.
 HANK GARLAND: *Jazz Winds From A New Direction*,* JCS 8372.
 JIMMY RANEY: *Solo*, Xanadu 140.
 TAL FARLOW: *Tal Farlow*, Guitar Player P 24042.
 BARNEY KESSEL: *Just Friends*, SNTF 685.
 JOHNNY SMITH: *Johnny Smith Favorites*, LP 2237.
 HOWARD ROBERTS: *The Real Howard Roberts*, CJ 53.
 LENNY BREAU: *Legendary Lenny Breau Now*,* Sound-hole; *Live At Shelly's*, RCA.

POP JAZZ

HOWARD ROBERTS: *Somethin's Cookin'*, T2214.
 WES MONTGOMERY: *Movin' Wes*, V 8610; *Bumpin'*, V 8625; *Tequila*, V 8653; *A Day In The Life*, AM 2001; *Down Here On The Ground*, AM 3006.
 GEORGE BENSON: *Breezin'*, WB 0698.
 KENNY BURRELL: *Guitar Forms*, V 8612.
 BUDDY FITE: *Buddy Fite*, Cyclone 4100.

POP

LES PAUL: *Les Paul Now*, LON SP 44101.
 TONY MOTTOLA: *16 Great Performances*, ABCS 738.
 TOMMY TEDESCO: *Guitars of Tommy Tedesco*, IMP 12295; *Best of 50 Guitars*, LSS 14045.
 CHET ATKINS: *Best of Chet Atkins*, LPM 2887.
 THE VENTURES: *Colorful Ventures*, BST 8008; *Only Hits*, UA 147.
 GRADY MARTIN: *Cowboy Classics*, MON 7617.
 NASHVILLE STRING BAND: *Nashville String Band*, LSP 4274; *Strung Up*, LSP 4553.
 JERRY KENNEDY: *From Nashville to Soulville*, SRS 67066.

ROCK & ROLL

CHUCK BERRY: *Chuck Berry's Greatest Hits*, CH 1485.
 DUANE EDDY: *\$1,000,000 Worth of Twang*, JLP 3014.
 THE VENTURES: *Walk, Don't Run*, BST 8003; *Surfing*, BST 2022. LONNIE MACK: *For Collector's Only*, EKS 74077.

JEFF BECK: *Yardbirds*.
 THE ROLLING STONES: *Out of Our Heads*, PS 429; *Hot Rocks*, PS 606/7.

ROCK

JIMI HENDRIX: *Rainbow Bridge; Are You Experienced?*
 ERIC CLAPTON: *History of Eric Clapton*, ATCO SD2-803.
 GEORGE HARRISON: *Beatles*, 62-70 SKBO 3403, 3404; *Beatles '65*, ST 2228.

JAZZ ROCK

LARRY CARLTON: *Crusaders*, 1 BTS 6001; *Larry Carlton*,* BSK 3221; *Aja*.
 JEFF BECK: *Blow By Blow*,* BL 33049; *Wired*, PE 33849.
 AL DIMEOLA: *Elegant Gypsy*,* PC 34461.
 ROBBERN FORD: *Tom Cat & the L.A. Express*, SP 77029.
 PAT METHENY: *P.M. Group*,* ECM 1114; *New Chautauqua*,* ECM 1131; *American Garage*,* ECM 1155.
 DAVID SPINNOZA: *Spinnoza*,* SP 4677.
 JOHN MCLAUGHLIN: *Inner Mounting Flame; Handful of Beauty*, PC 34372; *Electric Dreams*,* JC 35785; *Electric Guitarist*, COL 35326.
 PAT MARTINO: *Joyous Lake**.
 MICK GOODRICK: *The New Quartet*, (Burton) ECM 1030.
 RANDY ROOS: *Orchestra Luna*, KE 33166.

SOLO

JOHNNY SMITH: *Man With the Blue Guitar*,* R 2248.
 CHET ATKINS: *The Other Chet Atkins*, LPM 2175; *Class Guitar*, LPM 3885.
 JOE PASS: *Virtuoso I*, Pablo 708; *Virtuoso II*, Pablo 709.
 GEORGE VAN EPS: *Soliloquy*, ST 267; *7 String Guitar*, ST 2783.
 BILL HARRIS: *Great Guitar Sounds*, Mercury 12220.

Possible sources of out-of-print records: Daybreak Express, Box 250, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn NY 11215; Jaybee Jazz, Box 24504, Creve Coeur MO 63141; First Edition, Box 1138, Whittier CA 90609.

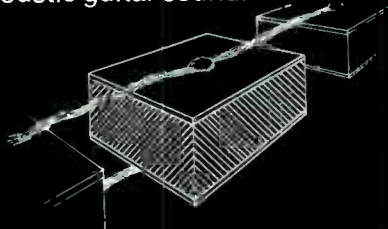
Here's another exercise that I learned from Mack Dougherty. Let me remind you that technique is in your ear. You have to be able to hear subdivisions of a beat clearly in order to play them. Start slowly and cover each set of adjacent strings before advancing the metronome two notches. Rest for a few seconds between sets and build speed to your limit in each practice session. I have found this simple exercise to be extremely valuable. Have fun!



Next month: Developing Your Time Sense

Plug it in. Play it. You'll experience a new presence that's unlike anything you've ever heard.

Like our other guitars, the Ovation stereo acoustic-electrics use six, individual piezoelectric crystal pickups. When stressed by mechanical energy like vibration, the crystals emit an electrical impulse. A coating on the top of each crystal collects the impulses generated by the vibrating string above it. A coating on the bottom collects the signals produced by top vibration. The combination of top and individual string vibration gives you efficient, accurate and distortion-free reproduction of the acoustic guitar sound.



Your sound, with a new dimension.

On stereo models, the pickups are wired in pairs of three. Strings 6, 4 and 2 play in one channel. Strings 5, 3 and 1 play in the other channel. With proper amplifier separation, stereo gives your sound a "third dimension."



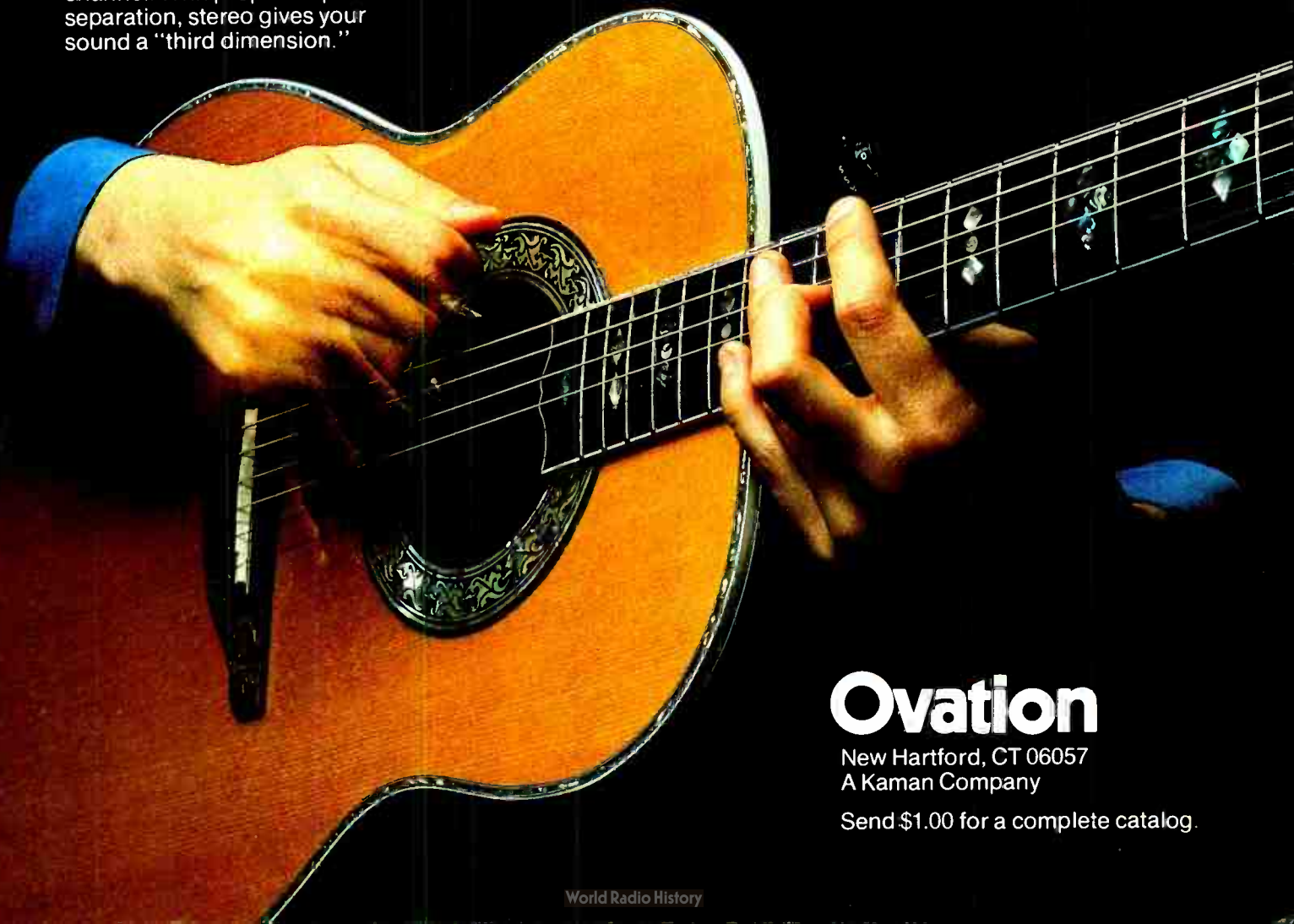
For the club player, it means being able to fill the room. For the recording artist, it means unlimited mixing possibilities when going direct to the board.

Built-in flexibility.

To shape the pickup's output, there's a built-in stereo F.E.T. pre-amp. Excess midrange frequencies can produce a muddy, "electric" sound. The stereo preamp functions like an equalizer to filter-out unwanted midrange. You get the clean, full sound of an acoustic guitar — in stereo. Master tone and volume controls on the guitar give you complete flexibility.

The Ovation stereo acoustic-electric guitar. In nylon (the Electric Classic) and steel (the Electric Custom Legend). At your Ovation dealer.

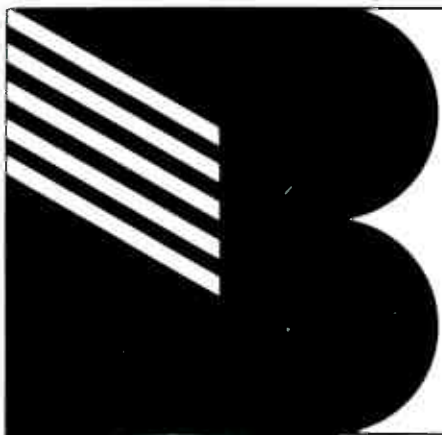
The Stereo Acoustic-Electric Guitar



Ovation

New Hartford, CT 06057
A Kaman Company

Send \$1.00 for a complete catalog.



est buys



SCHECTER necks are available in a wide choice of exotic and domestic hardwoods, from Birdseye to Cocobola, Bubinga, Pau Ferro, and more. The necks are all made from one piece construction and feature the 1950's shape and a lowered radius fretting surface which allows a more buzz-free string bending. A choice of various size frets are also available. Necks are sold in fine sanded raw-wood condition or can be ordered with an oil or lacquer finish. ISA, 6164 N. Sepulveda Blvd., Van Nuys, CA 91411.



DiMarzio Insts. introduces their newest bass pickup, the Model G. Identical in size to a standard humbucking guitar pickup, it also uses the same mounting hardware. The Model G has slight adjustable pole pieces, enclosed in a creme cover. A four wire cable is standard, permitting dual sound and phase reversal, as well as other options. DiMarzio, 1388 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island, NY 10310.

Two popular **TEAC** cassette decks, the A-500 and A-510, have been upgraded to accept metal particle tape at no additional cost to the dealer or consumer. The new decks will be designated A-500MKII and A-510MKII (pictured). Both decks feature micro-switch full logic controlled transports, capable of remote control. The A-500MKII has a standard metering system; the A-510MKII offers fluorescent peak-reading bar graph meters with an improved calibration scale. Suggested retail for the A-500MKII is \$260.00; for the A-510MKII, \$295.00. TEAC, 7733 Telegraph Rd., Montebello, CA 90640.

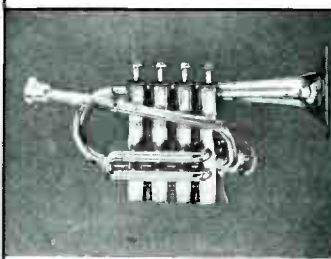


Community Light & Sound has introduced two new 90-degree radial horns that offer the best of both worlds — radial horn performance coupled with the ease of packaging found in a flat front horn. The horns are highly efficient and exhibit smooth axial directivity with no vanes, obstructions or diffraction effects in the critical throat area. Flat front flanges insure an airtight seal in ported enclosures. These horns are ideal for touring bands either mounted singly or in multiples for quick setups. Community, 5201 Grays Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143.



Sequential Circuits, Inc. introduces the **Prophet-10**, a true polyphonic programmable synthesizer with 10 full voices and two manuals, each with 5 voices. Both sets of 5 voices have their own program, allowing two completely different sounds to be played simultaneously. Each voice has two voltage controlled oscillators, a mixer, a four pole low pass filter, two ADSR envelope generators, and independent modulation capabilities.

Additional features include: pitch-bend and modulation wheels, octave transposition switches, assignable voice modes (normal, double, single or alternate), voice assignment LED indicators, automatic tuning, programmable volume control and a master overall volume control, a program increment foot-switch, three-band programmable equalization, two assignable and programmable control voltage pedals which can act on each manual independently, polyphonic modulation section, upper and lower manual balance control, an A-440 reference tone, and stereo and monobalanced and unbalanced outputs. Sequential Circuits, Inc., 3051 North First St., San Jose, CA 95134.



For rapier-like solos, **G. LeBlanc** unveils their model 118 Courtois Bb Piccolo Trumpet distinguished for its fine playing qualities, superb craftsmanship and ease of playing. Features include four valves, monel pistons, a third valve trigger and a suede case. G. LeBlanc, 7019 30th Ave., Kenosha, WI 53141.

Guild has introduced a micro mini-amp for any electric guitar. The 2 7/8" x 2 3/4" unit plugs directly into the guitar, no cables are required. Containing a 2" speaker, the MM-500 is powered by two standard 9V batteries. Easily fits into the accessory compartment of guitar case. No set-up needed. Different sounds can be obtained by using the guitar's volume control, from lively clarity to raunchy "heavy" distortion. Also can be used with bass guitars, and electric pianos. The mini-amp, Model MM-500, lists for \$55.00. An adaptor, M-55, is used for strato caster type guitars, \$2.95 list. Guild Guitars, P.O. Box 203, Elizabeth, NJ 07207.



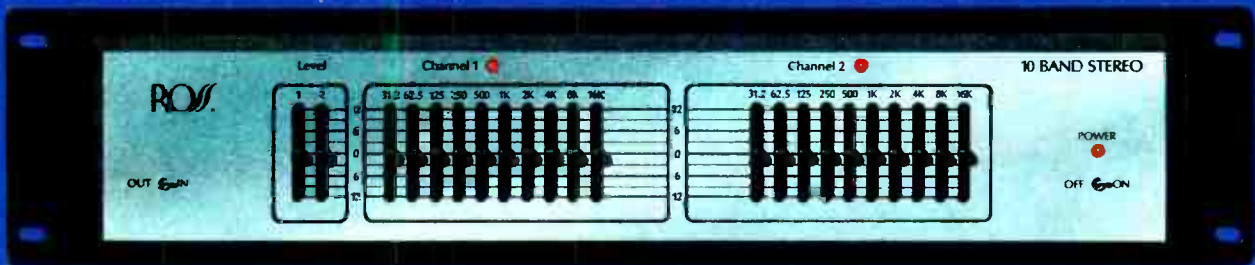
The **Polyfusion** CA-2 and -CA-3 Cord Analyzers have been designed to provide a fast accurate means of testing the two most commonly used audio cables, including guitar cords. The CA-2 has three LEDs to give a visual indication of the guitar cord's condition as it checks for continuity and shorts. Housed in a compact bakelite enclosure and powered by a single 9V battery the CA-2 lists for only \$19.95. The CA-3 checks microphone cords with three conductor XLR connectors on both ends (one male and one female). Five LEDs are provided to give instantaneous readout of the cord's condition. Each of the three lines is checked for continuity and shorts to any other line. The CA-3 operates on two 9V batteries, is housed in a black bakelite enclosure and lists for only \$29.95. Polyfusion, Inc., 160 Sugg Road, Buffalo, NY 14225.

ROSS

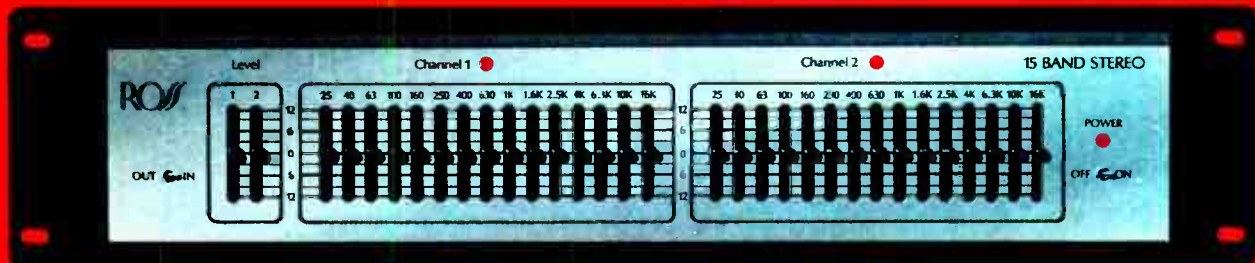
T.M.

MADE IN U.S.A.

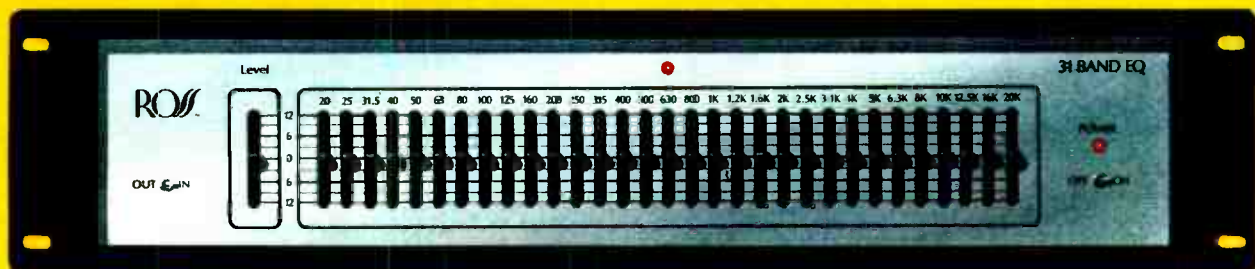
Keas Electronics, Inc.
210 W. Main
Chanute, Kansas 66720



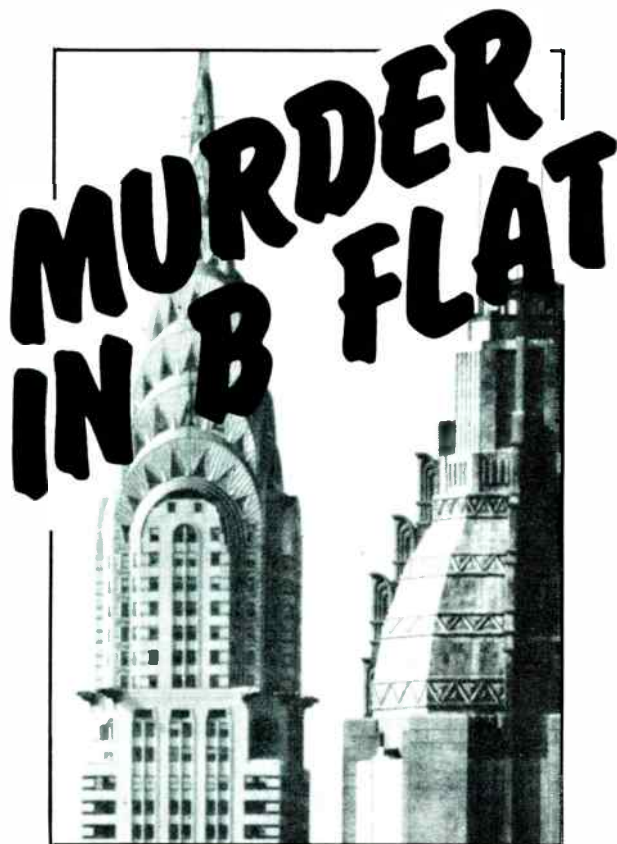
\$239.95



\$289.95



\$299.95



I was sitting around the office that day. There wasn't anything to do — no murders, no blackmail, no bank robberies — so I took out my tenor sax, put my feet up on the desk and played around with "Sonny Moon for Two." Then the blonde walked into my life. She came into the room in sections. I eyeballed the rhythm section first, then I looked up at the brass and smiled. I love big bands.

"Say, that's a pretty nice motif you've got there," she told me.

I looked her up and down. "Your thematic development ain't so bad yourself," I said, downing a shot of methanol out of the office bottle. "Pull up a coffin and tell me your problems. I eat it up."

"Are you really a private investigator?"

"I ain't a window dresser, honey. What's on your mind?"

"Musicians' royalties have been disappearing all over town," she said.

"Sweetheart," I leered at her, "that's the oldest story in the world."

"But you don't understand," she told me, wiping a tear from her eye with the kind of handkerchief you can't even get at Bloomingdale's. "They sell millions of records and all they get from their record companies is one subway token a month..."

"Tell me about it," I drawled, and played a couple of choruses of "Confirmation." "What are you," I asked her after my solo, "a public-spirited citizen? You came in here because the abstract situation bothered you, or maybe you got a personal interest?"

"You're pretty sharp," she said, grinning at me out of the corner of her mouth.

"They don't pay be for being opaque, baby. You tell me the story and I'll tell you if there's anything I can do."

"I live with a musician," she began.

"Uh huh," I drawled, took a snort of dry-cleaning fluid out of my pocket flask and set fire to a Camel. "You mean you didn't come in here because you love me?"

She tried to ignore that. "He's a bassist . . . and . . . when he got his subway token in the mail this month he took it down to the station, the one we always use . . . and . . . Mr. Flexingbergstein — "

"Call me Flex. It what."

"It . . . *didn't work in the machine.*"

"You mean he couldn't get on the train?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

"And then what?"

"He went to his record company to complain . . . and . . . I *haven't seen him since.*"

"He's a *musician*, sweetheart. He'll be in touch in a couple of months."

"But it's just not like him to go away without a word to me, without a tour . . . Mr. Flexingbergstein . . . *Flex*, will you take my case?" It was a question she knew how to ask. Maybe she had been to asking school. When she put her baby blues on me and used that great phrasing, all those crazy accents, there was nothing I could do . . . The next thing I knew I was standing outside the Black Rock on Sixth and Fifty-Third, wondering how I was going to get in past the security guards . . .

The city looked great that day. Pieces of soot not quite as big as pigeons coasted through the sky like dirty Japanese kites and the sidewalks were full of Museum-of-Modern-Art vampires, the kind of characters who suck their sustenance off of Francis Picabia and Man Ray. I looked up at the record company building. It was a lot bigger than I was but I had a plan.

I was going up to the executive offices and play a tenor solo so terrific they'd sign me to a three-year, five-album contract on the spot. I'd cut my first album that week and start getting royalties right away. Maybe then I'd find out what had happened to the blonde's bass-playing boyfriend, though frankly I had already figured me and the blonde for a house in the country, a white picket fence and roses in the garden.

I walked across the street like I owned it, knocked a hole big enough to walk through in the glass doors and moseyed up to the security guard. "Dave Flex to see Walter Yett," I told him.

"Do you have an appointment?" he asked me.

I pushed back my hat and leered at him. "What do you think, turkey?"

He smiled nervously and gave me a pale green card that was not quite as green as his face. "Take the elevator to the left," he said.

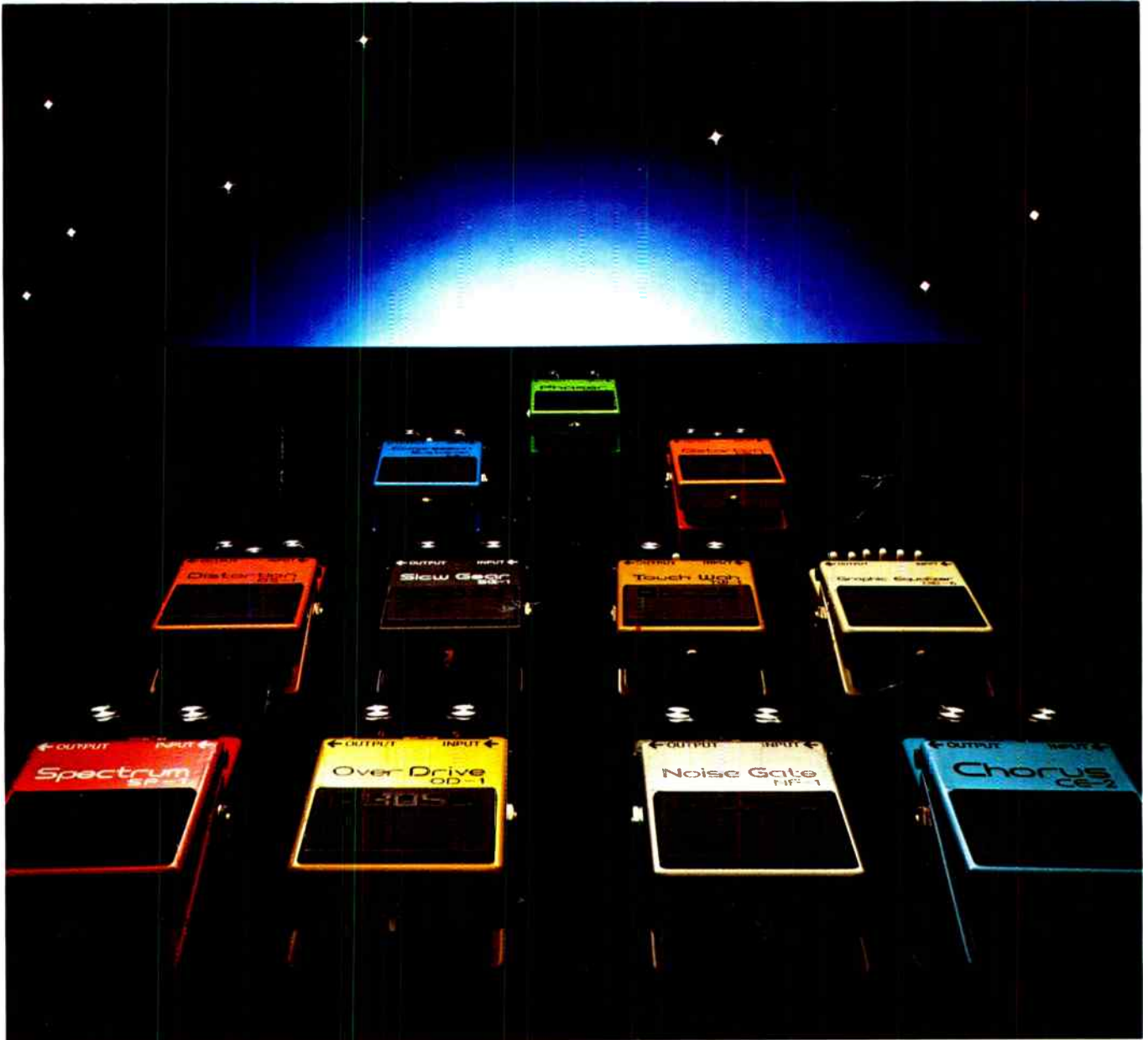
"And the next time I come in here, you call me Mister."

I walked around the desk. On my way to the Otises my snooper's habits made me look down a side corridor at a bank of pay telephones. There was a dead body in one of the booths and he was not smiling. He wore a blue suit, a wispy black beard, shades and a beret, and he was wrapped around an eighteenth-century double bass. His right hand had fallen to his side, but his left still clutched the neck of his instrument in sculptured frozen *rigor mortis*. He was fingering a triple stop. The key was B flat minor. He was dead.

So they thought they could stuff dead bassists into phone booths, did they? So they thought they could break that beautiful little blonde girl's heart? Well, all they'd done was make me fighting mad. All bets were off now. The fun and games were over. I hung an out-of-order sign on the phone booth and continued on my way to the elevator, tearing the little green security card to pieces and dropping them on the gleaming marble floor. I took the first high-flyer to the twenty-eighth floor, walked past three gasping secretaries and pushed open the boardroom door. There was a big man with a halo of white hair sitting behind a desk, smoking a Havana cigar. "We've been waiting for you, Mr. Flexingbergstein," he said.

I never saw it coming. Something hit me from behind, the lights went out and I tumbled to the floor, a thousand Eric Dolphies soloing in my brain.

(continued in *Modern Detective* #12, Dec. 1939)



Silence. The Step Beyond.

Even more important than what an effect adds to your performance is what it doesn't add. Noise — pops, clicks, and hiss can make a good effect virtually unusable in a performance. That's where BOSS effects are different, and it's a difference you'll notice from the moment you turn them on.

You see, all the different effects on the market share the same noisy problem — they all use the same kind of mechanical footswitch, and no matter who makes it, it still has the same problem — it makes an audible "click." That can be a pain in the studio where you have live mikes, but even worse is that a mechanical switch is prone to make popping noises in the signal when it's engaged, and that's a real problem no matter where you are.

BOSS effects have been designed differently. We incorporate what is called

F.E.T. switching. This means that there are no mechanical contacts in the signal system, so it won't make an audible click — and it can't make a pop. The switching is done totally electronically and cleanly.

But that's only the beginning of the beauty of BOSS pedals. You'll find a host of other features the competition has yet to catch up with. Features like battery eliminator jacks on every pedal, skid pads that work, and a unique design that allows you to change the battery without exposing the circuit board. And, back on the subject of silence, you'll find BOSS pedals to be the quietest pedals on the market with signal to noise ratio consistently better than 80 dB.

You'll find a BOSS pedal to fit any need — from phasers to flangers, to equalizers to

compressors to the new CE-2 Chorus Ensemble, a compact version of our legendary CE-1.

None of the BOSS pedals make noise. No clicks, no pops, no hiss. And that's pretty important. Cause if you're serious about your music you know that what you leave out is as important as what you put in.

BOSS products are designed, manufactured, and distributed by Roland.

Roland Corp. U.S. Los Angeles, California
 Roland Corporation (Australia) Brookvale, NSW

Great West Imports, Ltd. Vancouver, BC
 Canada

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 Great Britain

 **BOSS**



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