

A Celebration of Life



Barry Zweig

*February 7th 1942
to
March 15th 2020*

Welcome
Malaika Zweig Latty, Daughter



To all of you who loved my dad, who played with my dad,
We are here today to celebrate my dad's life on his birthday. Please
forgive me for not inviting you all to speak, play, or write something.
It's simply overwhelming because his reach into the community was so
big. For those of you who would like to write a tribute to my dad,
please send your written contribution to me: palatability@gmail.com.
I will be compiling all of your sentiments and stories, and will present
the lasting tribute on my dad's website: <http://www.barryzweig-guitar.com>. This is a beautiful site created by his dear friend, Ted Mayer.
Please visit it whenever you are missing my dad. Thanks to you all,
Malaika Zweig Latty

Barry was born in Detroit, Michigan on February 7th, 1942. His love for music came naturally. His mother, Diane, always had music playing on the radio and on the record player. She loved the great songs of the immortal composers of the "Great American Song Book", especially George Gershwin. She loved to sing harmony parts to the songs that came on the radio. She taught Barry to clap on 2 and 4 when he was a little toddler.

When she asked him what he wanted for his fifth birthday, Barry asked for a banjo. He must have seen one in a movie. His folks gave him a round Gretsch ukelele instead, and he's been playing music ever since. He played the violin from the age of eight until he was eighteen. Just before his fifteenth birthday he heard the mellow sound of the jazz guitar on the radio. The tune was Mountain Greenery by the Dave Pell Octet. The arrangement had jazz and classical elements and a unique guitar part. "I could do that!" he thought to himself and he soon had his first guitar, which cost the grand sum of ten bucks.

In 1964 Barry was drafted into the Army. He had the incredibly good fortune to be assigned to the NORAD Band in Colorado Springs, Colorado where he got the opportunity to study with the legendary guitarist Johnny Smith.

After his discharge from the Army he soon was called to join the Buddy Rich band. He played on two albums with Buddy Rich including one with Sammy Davis Jr. Sammy must have heard something he liked because he asked Barry to be his guitarist. Barry toured with Sammy Davis Jr. for fourteen months.

In 1968 Barry decided to settle down and break into the Los Angeles music scene. Since then Barry has played for, and/or recorded with Peggy Lee, Natalie Cole, Willie Bobo, Herb Alpert, Doc Severinson, Ray Conniff, Henry Mancini, Andy Williams, Bill Holman, Don Ellis, Gene Estes, Abe Most, Dave Pell, Keely Smith, Al McKibbin, Jackie Ryan and many others. He was the guitarist for Dinah Shore on her television show from 1976 until 1981.

Barry has taught at UCLA, USC, and the University of Texas at El Paso.

Reflections

I have known Barry since the late 50's. There have been times when we both were on the road and we would run into each other and hangout together, I especially remember when I was playing at the London House in Chicago with George Shearing and in walks Barry. He was on the road with Sammy Davis. We were so happy to see each other and share our stories and be with an old friend. I remember when he was playing in Palm Desert and he got to play with Stan Getz and how proud he was. Barry was always open and generous of himself & supportive of his friends. He lent me his L5 Gibson Guitar to play when I played with Benny Goodman.

I always loved going to Guitar Night and hearing Barry play with John Pisano.

Barry was always such a warm person. No matter where we would run into each other he would always have a big warm heart and hug. It was always fun being around Barry.

Whenever I think of Barry I have to smile!

Dave Koonse

I have known Barry since the early 60's. I knew his mom and dad and his sister. Wonderful people! I was in the army in the Norad Band in Colorado Springs. Jim Trimble got him pulled out of basic training and had the Colonel bring into the band. He would have been in the motor pool greasing tanks.

We worked a lot of gigs and recording for the Armed Forces radio stations with the band. On New Years eve at the officers club in Tacoma Washington, Barry came out (we were all blotto) wearing a diaper and a big cigar going around sitting on the officer wives kissing each one.

Back home here I started my band and Barry played in it for about 30 years. He was always late for everything. He came to a gig once and stepped right through one of his speakers. His nickname in the army was the Destroyer. We did the Dinah show together. He lived up to his nickname was always dropping his guitars and other things during the interviews.

Barry married a wonderful woman, having a wonderful daughter.

Barry was one the most talented, warmest person that I ever knew. One time in the army late at night in the barracks started to cry and I asked him why. He was worried that Barney Kessel was not playing as good he used to.

He was a real sweetheart, a lovely person, great friend and I am starting to cry now so I am ending this letter. I really miss him!

Randy Aldcroft

Reflections

Over the years, I've been fortunate to study with a handful of masters: Spiritual teachers, artists, writers, and musicians including my other "Barry," Dr. Barry Harris. I feel confident in saying this though he'd deny it and probably admonish me: Barry Zweg was a master. An artist of the highest order.

I first met Barry in 2013 at the Del Monte Speakeasy, where he had a weekly gig in the basement of The Townhouse on Windward Avenue. After he finished, I went up to compliment him on his unbelievable guitar, an original Gibson ES-150, and that conversation turned into a mentor-ship and then grew into an amazing friendship.

When I went back to Canada four years later, our relationship moved from weekly lessons in my Venice apartment, to the phone. Those times I missed his call, he'd get my voicemail. "Mark-ela, how are you? Are you practicing? How's genius girl?" (his nickname for my wife). I'm just checking up on you. Call me."

One call that really stayed with me was the time I phoned Barry in the fall of 2019. I wanted advice about improvising when playing live with a group of Toronto heavy hitters. I was driving home from a lesson with a local teacher when Barry called me back to lay his wisdom on me. I pulled over, and whipped out my iPhone to take notes.

There I am, stopped on the side of a dark Toronto road asking for Barry's advice who was in sunny LA. "Barry, please tell me about improvising on the bandstand." He said, "Remember: You have to love music more than you fear making a mistake. You're not the mistake you're making. The best note you're playing could be the mistake. Besides, what's a half step between friends?" That made me laugh. Then he said, "Don't recoil. Jump in and do your best. Play less and listen. Every note you play — make it count. You're not just rattling stuff off that you've memorized. Understand the harmony — make it go smoothly. And listen to the little notes that are there under your hand."

When I was studying with Barry, he constantly stressed the importance of hearing and playing tiny melodies on the guitar. At one lesson, he stopped me and said, "Man, I love your national anthem." "Why?" I asked. "Because of its chromaticism." Then he played, "Oh, Canada" perfectly and effortlessly.

As I sat in the car taking notes, Barry continued. "Dick around. It's trial and error. Give yourself a break. Give yourself credit. Play back up and don't solo unless you want to. And if you think you stand a chance, then do it."

I started to ask another question but he stopped me.

"Wait. If you fuck up ... instantly forgive yourself. The little child in you is a brave motherfucker. Help him along. Don't be mad at him. Don't be mad at yourself. You're learning, so learn from your mistakes."

He waited for me to type my notes then he said, "Got it?" "Got it," I said.

"Good, I've got to go." And then he was gone.

But he's still with me every time I pick up a guitar.

Mark Goldstein

Reflections

I met Barry around 1976. I was a waitress at Donte's, and the jazz community was very strong at that time. We had some great clubs, there was a lot of playing, hanging, and camaraderie. There are some beautiful and fun memories that I will probably never ever forget. He always felt like family to me, and I felt he went out of his way to do favors for me with love. I wrote a ballad named Diane, and he loved that song, and we played it at his mom's funeral. He played at my 2nd wedding and he playfully threatened my husband if he treated me badly! There was a night at Alfonse's when we saw each other and playfully walked passionately across the room, taking our coats off as we approached each other laughing. He thought I did so much for him in the last few years, but it didn't feel like an effort at all...it was a natural and totally loving outreach to him. He was and will always be my friend.

Cathy Segal-Garcia

I knew Barry Zweig since the late 1970's. He was an inspiration for me from the beginning when I heard him play at Donte's and other local haunts. We became friends in the early 80's and it was a joy to be his friend, play music together, and discuss both the serious and frivolous. He had a great sense of humor and deep well of musical knowledge. His playing was always inspired, joyful, creative, melodic. I deeply miss my dear friend Barry.
Much love,

Jim Fox

Barry was my teacher, and then we became friends. I went to a lot of his gigs. Sublime euphoria. What a great player, so much music lived inside of him. A real musical Wizard. He had such a light-spirited, gentle way.

When he moved to Alhambra, we got together more often. He had amazing stories about his experiences working for television shows and interesting band leaders.

It was a blessing and inspiration to hang with him. Like hanging out with Mozart of the guitar. He leaves quite a hole for many of us.

With heartfelt gratitude...Rest in Peace...

Denis Alvino

Reflections

There are some people that you meet out of the blue, and you know instantly that you are going to be friends. That was how I felt when I first met Barry Zweig.

It was on a Christmas Day Eve in 1997, at the home of John and Jeanne Pisano. I was invited, along with an endless crowd of people reflecting every part of the music industry, to the Pisano's legendary yearly Christmas party.

It was a great thrill to be hanging with, and conversing with many of the musicians and industry people that I had grown up listening to and reading about.

It was about an hour into the festivities that Barry walked in accompanied by his mother.

Jeanne Pisano introduced us and as soon as they got comfortable, Barry and I had a little talk and I knew instantly that this was someone I would be spending more time with and get to know.

Eventually, the conversations started to taper off and you could feel the mood changing as John Pisano started setting up the amps, stands and mikes etc. for this room full of gifted musicians to start conversing once again, but this time with guitars, bass and keyboards.

One by one the guitarists would come up and play with John, accompanied by a never ending supply of world class bassists.

It wasn't long before Barry's turn came around and impressed doesn't begin to describe how I felt.

Barry played beautifully, richly harmonic and with a great sense of time. I was hooked! And after that night, wherever Barry was performing, I showed up! I was a Barry Zweig Groupy!

I will forever miss Barry's clever sense of humor, his stories, his playing, the secret chords that he would share with me, and most of all our conversations about just about anything and everything imaginable.

I feel a great sense of loss, but also at the same time, a great sense of gratitude for being able to spend time with Barry, get to know him, and call him my friend.

Bob Barry

Reflections

About the Fake Fake book

Yes, actually I started it, but Barry contributed his share. Even his mom, Diane, came up with a few. She was a pistol! When I began, it was during the Gulf War around 1991, so the first "fake book" had tunes on the order of "This Scud Be the Start of Something Big," "The Boulevard of Broken Pavement," "Marine, the Dawn in Breaking," "It's Saudi Duty Time," and dozens more. Barry sent me "Blame It On the Bossa Mitzvah" and I fired back with "It's a Sin to Tel Aviv." I loved Barry. One of Diane's was "Cairo Mubarak to Old Virginny." Over two decades we also did puns for the Shanghai Olympics ("Shrimp Toast is a-Com-in'," "Dim Sum on the Ceiling," "Kowloon Has This Been Going On?" etc. We had a Michael Jackson song book ("I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Cocoa-Puffs," "Sittin' on the Dick of the Boy," "Sonny's Side of the Bed," etc. The Jewish Fake Book was a real treat. "Zvi Cohen's in a Fountain," "When Meshugge Walks Down the Street," "Haimish Behavin'," "The Goy Next Door," "I Doidn't Know What Tsimmes Was," "I'm In a New York Shtetl Mind" ... many and others. It was always such a joy to hear Barry laugh. He chuckled with his entire body! I miss his warm laughter as much as I miss his superb playing. God bless his soul, I hope we will meet again to jam and to pun.

Dean Chrisopher

Barry, so dear, admired, loved and missed by so many of us. We're all still missing you!!! And remembering your friendship, your laughter, your sense of humor, your beautiful music... What a beautiful soul!!! A great friend and an amazing jazz guitar player. Thanks for all that music, the laughter, for caring so much and being such a beautiful friend.

You are forever close, within our hearts. How lucky was I..!!! xoxo

Maria PuGa Lareo

Reflections

What can we say about our dear friend and colleague, Barry (or BZ)? We can say many things, but as I think of him, I reflect on the utter joy he always had when he played. On the many gigs I did with him, when the groove was going strong, he would get this almost beatific smile and look at you to encourage you on. He was a great soloist, but I felt his accompanying of other soloists was a strength that he had over many players. He had a witty way of saying things, and that made time fly by on the gig and breaks were even too short sometimes. A sweet and generous spirit overflowed in him, as proven by his support and enthusiasm for other players and their gigs. I miss him more than I can express, and fortunately have some live videos at home to enjoy and keep his wonderful spirit alive.

Ken Wild

I met Barry Many years ago when he sat in on a gig I was playing, with singer Michie Sahara. I had heard about him, but we had never met. He blew me away with his beautiful harmonies and creative accompanying. I ended up studying with him for more than three years, he eventually refused to take any money from me, we had become close friends.

I never saw him angry, he always had a smile on his face.

We would talk every day and I considered him a close friend, but I knew he spoke to all his friends every day, and they considered him a close friend - he was special.

He was such a force, his mastery of harmony and musical taste, creativity, yet he constantly dismissed his talents with a laugh and a joke.

When I'm working on a piece of music and try to think how to approach it creatively, I think - 'how would Barry do it', and there it is!!

I think about him every day, and I know he is with me.

Miss you buddy.

Ted Mayer

Reflections

I miss my sweet uncle. I loved him very much. For me, the world isn't the same without him in it...

Brad Mello

I can still remember the feeling of several intense magical moments of music making with Barry. But most of all, I cherish the memory of his smile which would break into a wonderful, infectious laugh brimming with understanding. As I hear his laugh now, it brings tears to my eyes. RIP Barry Zweig

Dave Parlato

Barry was a much beloved member of the music scene in Los Angeles, and more specifically part of a global fraternity of jazz guitarists who share a common love. It's safe to say that we all loved Barry. To say that he was a great guitarist or kind, generous, hilarious and highly talented is redundant. We all know that. I was fortunate enough to make his acquaintance very young. I was 18 years old playing in the lounge at the Las Vegas Hilton, and Barry was in the main room as part of the headliner's (Ann Margaret) rhythm section. Leaving the hotel Barry saw me and introduced himself. That unhesitant outgoing gesture of friendship is the Barry that I first met, and who I always remember. We became fast friends and while we were together in Vegas he introduced me to Sivuca, the legendary Brazilian musician who was stealing the show from Harry Belafonte nightly at Caesars Palace. Sivuca and Barry already were mutual admirers, and I was fortunate to get to hang out with them for several late nights. Years later I moved to Los Angeles, and here is Barry, always constant. He was very generous with me. And I am grateful for all the time I got to spend with him over the years. I think of him often and I smile. Wherever he was, he brought joy. That is his gift.

Sid Jacobs

Reflections

When I was fourteen years old I was playing with older jazz players from high schools and colleges all around the LA area. I would even get called from local 47 musicians, to make big band rehearsals at local 47 rehearsal rooms. Just not a lot of bass players in town in 1958. One day I got a phone call from John Bellah who was the leader of a quartet that Barry was in. I didn't know any of the guys at that time. They rehearsed on Saturday afternoons at the drummer, Joe Wright's house. They all lived in North Hollywood and I lived in Hollywood. John said he would pick me up to take me to the rehearsal. I asked my mom if it was ok, and then told John I could do it. That first Saturday my bass was packed and I was all ready to go.

I heard a knock at the door and when I opened it I saw a 1951 black ford in the driveway, and then I heard someone say "Hey" and I looked down and there was Barry. That was our first meeting. Barry was still in high school and I was in junior high (now called middle school). I was taken by the warmth and beauty Barry played with, and he was just a kid a couple of years older than me. He was extremely generous and patient with me and was never condescending when he tried to help with changes and bass lines. Barry had switched to playing guitar after quitting violin which he had played in the high school orchestra. He loved the guitar and didn't even own one yet, he was borrowing the one at that time. I had this wonderful period of my life, playing every Saturday with John's quartet at Joe's house. It was a gift to me from heaven. Through those early years I got to play with Barry on some casuals and some big band rehearsals. I got to know his family who were lovely people. I have never met anyone more welcoming and friendly than Barry's mom. That's what I hear in Barry's playing.

Thank you Barry, for being my friend and mentor.

Harvey Newmark

Reflections

I could go on for hours about Barry and how great he was as a musician, how much fun he was to hang out with, and how he was my favorite person ever, but I guess I should just say something about the DVDs. Maybe this would work:

With a little help from some VIPs in Barry's life (Bob Barry and Alan Waite contributing artwork, and Ted Mayer doing the cover production and notes), Barry's friend Marc assembled a 3-DVD set of 21 tunes that the Barry Zweig Trio performed at Barry's long-running gig at the Speakeasy, in Venice, California. These tracks were personally selected by Barry, and each features an amazing rhythm section. Marc has made the DVDs available to all of Barry's fans and friends. He's covering all of the production and mailing costs, but he's asking anyone who'd like a set to make a contribution (he's suggesting \$20, but anything will be accepted), which he will then forward to Barry's family. He's sent out about 30 of them, and he's got about 20 more to distribute, but when they're gone, they're gone. If you'd like one, contact Marc at wesfan54@gmail.com, or send him a check at this address:

Marc Blumenreich
554 Arch Pl.
Glendale, CA 91206



These DVD's show Barry caught at the top of his game, and the Speakeasy had a cool vibe. Barry loved playing there, and his joy was shared by everyone there. These discs are guaranteed to make you smile.

Marc Blumenreich



Barry Zweig
February 7th 1942 - March 15th 2020