

JANUARY 30, 1975 50c

the contemporary
music magazine

down beat



JOE ZAWINUL



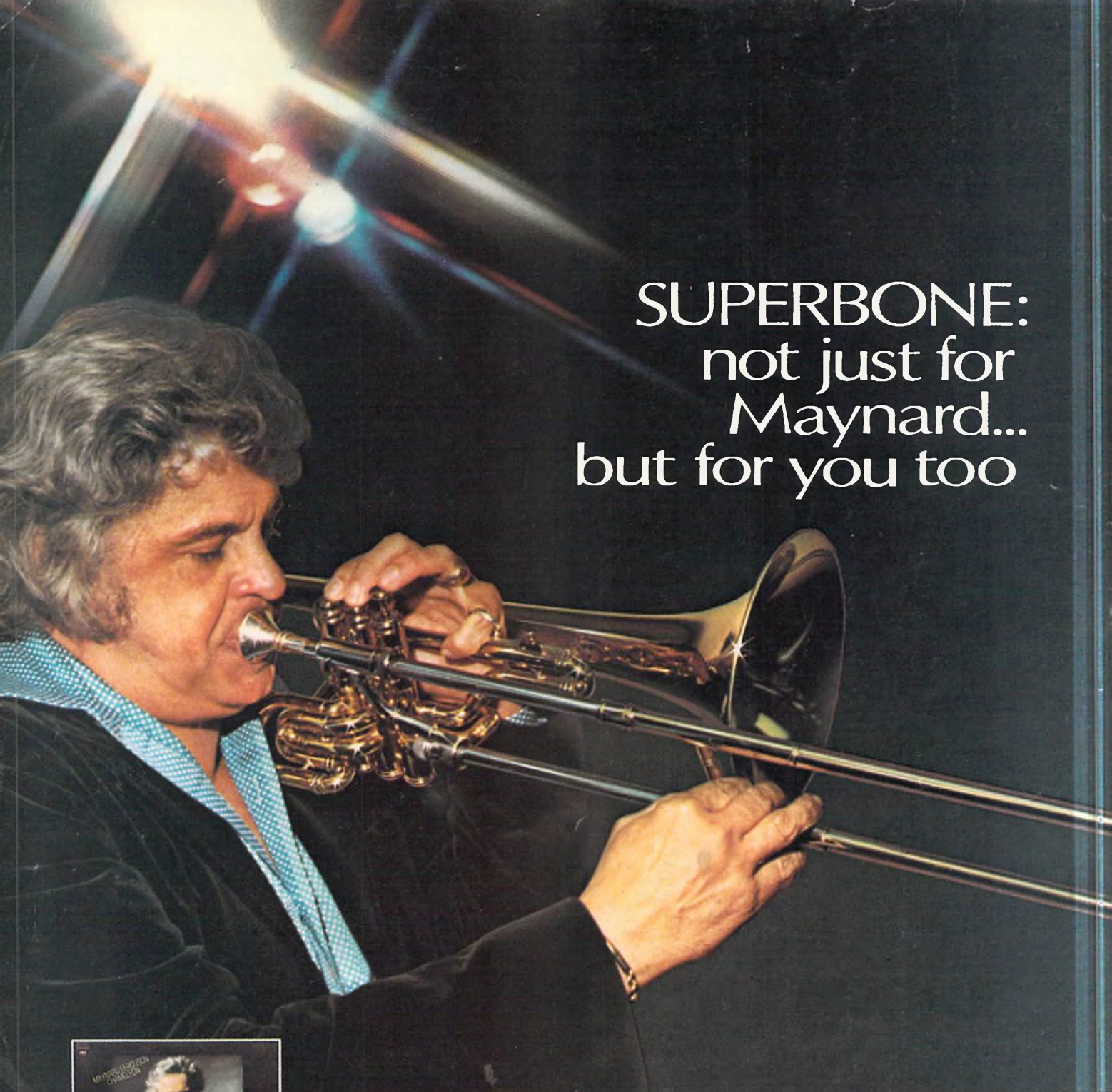
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Bass

Bass
Key bass
Tuba
Bass guitar

Combo Pianet
Electronic piano

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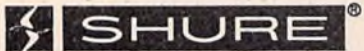
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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

For the convenience and edification of
db's staff and readers, we offer a brief and bi-
ased preview of the 1975 contemporary mu-
sic scene.

City Scenes: Billy Cobham booked into
Buddy's Place while Rich goes into Shelly
Manne's new club... Manne's club closes,
Rich cancels Cobham... Cobham chal-
lenges Rich and Manne to a drum battle (in
3)... George Wein (on piano) books Ballan-
tine Be-Bop Battle into Ronnie Scott's...
Ginger Baker gets injunction because of "un-
fair competition"... Agnew Agency offers
to book battle on Mid-East tour (if Agnew
can take over piano)... Kissinger vetoes
deal (wants Leonard Garment on clarinet)
... Rich challenges State Department on
Johnny Carson TV show while Ed Shaugh-
nessy subs at Buddy's Place.

Bicentennial Celebrations: Daughters of
the American Revolution book Pointer Sis-
ters into Constitution Hall... Frank Zappa
conducts National Symphony Orchestra in
premiere of *His Mothers Mass* in Kennedy
Center benefit for parents of retired rock pro-
moters... National Endowment for the Arts
announces grant to Willis Conover and Don-
ald Byrd for the purchase of Howard Univer-
sity... A new American wildlife album by
Supersax: *Bird Ruffles & Flourishes*.

Bicentennial TV specials include: Hall-
mark presents—*The Booker T. Washington
Story*, starring Redd Foxx, music by Archie
Shepp, makeup by Cicely Tyson... Danny
Thomas presents—*The Sophie Tucker Story*,
starring Cicely Tyson, music by Blossom
Dearie, makeup by Miles Davis... Norman
Granz presents—*Anita Bryan's Cavalcade of
Blues*, featuring original recreations of Ma
Rainey, Della Reese, and Her Nibs, Georgia
Gibbs, score by Isaac Hayes, makeup by
Orange Julius.

Potpourri: Muse, Onyx, and Mainstream
records simultaneously announce the discov-
ery of 92 never-released Charlie Parker sides,
some with original rhythm section of Stevie
Wonder, Stanley Clarke, John McLaughlin,
and Peter Erskine... Two new Grammy
awards go to Joe Turner's *Shubert Song Cycle*
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Nilsson's *Bucharach Odyssey*—"Best C&W
Album by a Nordic Soprano, With a Band"
... Upcoming *All in the Family* episode fea-
tures Archie moonlighting as road man for
Alice Cooper.

George Wallace hires Ethel Waters away
from Billy Graham, appoints Stan Kenton
Music Director. Graham lashes back: revives
Uncle Tom's Cabin as Spades on Ice, starring
Liza Minelli and Sammy Davis, Jr.—negotia-
ting with Shelly Manne to book show into
his new club...

In this issue: a particularly sensitive inter-
view with pianist-composer Joe Zawinul; in-
formative conversations with Larry Coryell
on the state-of-the-art of energy guitar and
with members of Traffic on that group's cur-
rent activities... AND don't miss Norman
Connors' first Blindfold Test—good insight
into where this brilliant, young drummer is
at.

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discords

Alive And Active

Please note that in *db's* Herbie Hancock article, Ray Townley referred to me as Herbie's "former" producer. As they say, the reports of my demise are slightly exaggerated. I continue to proudly serve as Herbie's producer, personal manager, and friend.

David Rubinson San Francisco, Ca.

Fathead Recollections

Heartfelt thanks for Michael Cuscuna's long overdue article on David "Fathead" Newman. It was upon hearing his solos on *Hard Times* and *Ain't That Love* that I first looked at my high school band's saxophone as something that wasn't a curse from God and my parents. He inspired me to quit the jive-ass football team, drop out of a turkey college where they said I couldn't use my metal mouthpiece, survive four years of the Navy (two in Vietnam), end a marriage that wouldn't include music, and still endure the dues enough to have a grin on my chin everytime I get to play. Fathead is truly the epitome of the Texas tenor sound and I still remember the thrill of touching his boot when he played a concert with the Charles band in 1960. If you think his influence on saxophone styles isn't still felt throughout the southwest, just drop by sometime.

Larry Hollis Oklahoma City, Okla.

Shepp Applauded

Many thanks for the fine article on Archie Shepp. It's a nice way of apologizing for what you used to say about him.

Eric Sagaard Oslo, Norway

Severinsen Reaction

It seems that Doc Severinsen has never forgiven the good Lord for not having made him a knocked-out bebop player. Poor Doc. He rants and raves about the dues he's paid and about the fact people won't consider him in the same class as Freddie Hubbard and Miles.

What he needs is a long vacation away from everything so that he can appreciate the fact he has incredible chops, technique, a nice cozy gig on the Tonight Show, a six figure income, and the world's zootiest suits. Then he could relax and not worry about what he doesn't have.

Peter J. Hof Anaheim, Ca.

Yeah! Yeah! to the article about Doc. How refreshing for someone to have the guts to tell it like it is. This article should be required reading for all music students in our high schools and colleges.

Les Spurling McPherson, Ks.

After reading your interview with Doc Severinsen, I felt like I had just talked to him myself. I too became enraged at the idea that whoever is in charge of recording Doc's music could be narrow-minded enough to think that there's no audience for him and the Tonight Show orchestra, one of the greatest bands ever. My God, are they not the least bit aware of the way he plays symphonic music and how he is received at these concerts? I've been wishing for years that he'd record some of these dates, as well as the band and some of their charts. I had no idea the record companies were so dense!

Katie Schultz New York, N.Y.

Sonny Strikes Home

In reading your Blindfold Test article with Sonny Stitt, I was brought up short by his remarks on the Bean, Bird, and Lester. "I sure miss the hell out of all of 'em." So do we, Sonny, so do we.

William Jackson Los Angeles, Ca.

Poll Disagreement

The *db* '74 Readers Poll is so outrageous that every knowledgeable music fan should be sick to his stomach! For example: Jazzman of the Year—Herbie Hancock (over Buddy Rich and Maynard Ferguson); Rock/Pop/Blues group—The Mothers (over Chicago and Emerson, Lake and Palmer). The biggest disgrace of them all came in the drumming department, with Billy Cobham being named number 1. Buddy Rich is second to this no more than average drummer, with Louie Bellson tenth and Carl Palmer seventh! Cobham can't even hold the sticks of these others. If you think for one minute that Buddy Rich is not the world's greatest drummer, I challenge Cobham or anyone else to get on the same stage with B.R. and prove otherwise.

Stanley Zuckerman Brooklyn, N.Y.

I think either your readers are sick in the head or else the *db* poll is rigged. Not only does Billy Cobham take the top spot from Buddy Rich, the following drummers do not even get a single vote: Joe Morello, Roy Burns, Shelly Manne, Ed Shaughnessy, Bobby Colomby, Dan Seraphine, Kenny Clarke, Keith Moon, just to mention a few. All of these are much better than Cobham.

Richard Harris New York, N.Y.

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JAZZ TORNADO FOR WICHITA

The Wichita Jazz Festival has announced its plans for the 1975 season. On April 18, the Festival will sponsor a college jazz band and combo competition in the Century II Theater in Wichita. Gary Burton, Gerry Mulligan, and Clark Terry, along with their quintets, will act as adjudicators in addition to conducting the master classes.



Burton

Hahn

Finalists for this event will be chosen from tapes sent to the Festival. There are three categories: local, state, and national. There will be one winner from local, one from state, and two from the national category. Musicians interested in appearing on the 12 hour program at Century II are invited to write for applications from Wichita Jazz Festival, Inc., P.O. Box 18371, Wichita, Ks., 67218. All tapes must be accompanied by application forms and photographs. Tapes must be postmarked no later than February 1, 1975. The finalists will be notified by March 1 and will appear on the April 20 12 hour Festival bill.

This year's festival will feature the following: Gary Burton, Bill Evans, Gerry Mulligan, Clark Terry, Jerry Hahn, Dizzy Gillespie, and Joe Williams, each appearing with their own groups, plus Supersax and Woody Herman and the Young Herd.

In addition to this year's festival, the WJF, Inc. will sponsor a National Stage Band, Big Band-Combo-Arranging-String camp to be held on the campus of Wichita State during the week of June 1-6. Clinicians will be: Gary Burton, Phil Wilson, Steve Swallow, Wes Hensel, John LaPorta, David Baker, Jamey Aebersold, Lou Marini, Jr., Lou Soloff, Jack Peterson, Louis Bellson, and Rich Matteson. College credit will be offered for the course.

Cherry Meets Terry



JOHN KILBY

TROMBERT

Cherry

Riley

"Don Cherry Meets Terry" is the title of a workshop that concert German critic Joachim Berendt is preparing for Westdeutsche Rundfunk Cologne (West German Radio and Television Network). Riley is one of the world's better known electronic music experimenters while Cherry was an integral member of Ornette Coleman's combo in the early '60s.

As of late, Riley has been developing his concept of "cyclic" or "periodical" music by study-

ing Moroccan and classical Indian music. Cherry has immersed himself in Indian singing and has employed Balinese and Chinese elements on his records.

The collaboration between the musicians will take place in February, when they will work together for five days and present the results on the final day of their workshop, with the broadcast date set for February 23.

The event is being produced by Berendt with the help of German composer Peter Michael Hamel.

FINAL BAR

Former trumpeter-arranger **Richard Smith**, devoted servant of Kansas City music and musicians, died of a sudden heart attack November 14 at the age of 65. Originally a violinist, he played trumpet with the legendary Kansas City Rockets led by Thamon Hayes, and scored for the band in the years under Harlan Leonard's direction (he appears on the RCA Vintage *Harlan Leonard Rockets LP*). Smith served as secretary of the black Musicians Union Local 627 for a decade, prior to assuming the presidency from 1954 to 1970; when the Kansas City Musicians Unions integrated, Smith became Executive Assistant to the President of combined Locals 34-627, a post which he held until his death. He was a guiding force in the Mutual Musicians Foundation, giving it a significant role in Kansas City's performing arts scene. —gary shivers

potpourri

The Percussive Arts Society has announced its **2nd Annual Percussion Composition Contest**. This year's competition is limited to a keyboard percussion solo, with or without accompaniment. The composition must be written so that it can be performed on "keyboard", "bar", or "mallet" instruments (marimba, vibes, xylophone, orchestra bells, chimes, etc.). If accompanied, there is no restriction as to the instrumentation of the accompaniment. Composers should be prepared to provide a piano reduction for works with large orchestral or band accompaniments to enhance publication possibilities.

Three cash prizes will be awarded. There will be a \$10 entry fee per composition and all entries must be received before June 1, 1975. Information is available from the Percussive Arts Society, 130 Carol Drive, Terre Haute, Ind., 47805.

Brazilian multi-percussionist and general all-around spark-plug **Dom Um Romao** has left **Weather Report**. Dom plans to

return to his native Brazil, where he intends to assemble his own band for purposes of recording and performing.

Dr. Peter C. Goldmark, the inventor of long-playing records, the first functional color television set, and the video cassette, recently received the **University of Pennsylvania's Harold Pender Award** from the school's Engineering Alumni Society.

The **10th Annual Chesapeake Jazz Festival** will be held on March 21, at 7:30 P.M. in the Edgewood High School auditorium in Edgewood, Maryland. The festival will serve again this year as the Atlantic Coast Regional for the All-American Jazz Festival which will be held in Mobile, Alabama in June. Admission price is \$2.50 and a tape is required from all interested bands for purposes of adjudication.

Fantasy Records has announced that a new film featuring the **Blackbyrds** is available free of charge for broadcast pur-

poses. The 12-minute, 16mm color film includes Blackbyrd tunes *I Need You*, *Walking In Rhythm*, *Do It*, *Fluid*, and *Gut Level*. Anyone interested should contact **Sue Evans** at Fantasy In Berkeley, Ca.

Maynard Ferguson and his band will present a combined jazz workshop and concert on February 8 at **Indian Hills High School** in Oakland, New Jersey. There will be separate workshops highlighting **Jazz Improvisation**, **Ensemble Rehearsal**, and **Sectional Rehearsal**. Tickets are \$5 for students, \$6 for adults.

Of late, many people have shown up at **Sam Rivers'** lower Manhattan basement loft, **Studio Rivbea**, expecting to find **Anthony Braxton** in performance. Though announced on the advance handbills, Braxton did not appear. Recently, Anthony stopped in our office and clarified the matter: "I have had nothing to do with the use of my name. I knew nothing about the concerts." Furthermore, accord-

ing to Braxton, he has no intention of performing there in the near future.

An Open Note to Alice Babs: Mercer Ellington has four takes with you and the **Ellington Orchestra** that he wants to give to you so that you can release them yourself. Please contact Mercer at his New York address.

Woody Herman has established a permanent scholarship to be awarded yearly to an outstanding young Milwaukee musician. The scholarship is in honor of **Sister Adrian**, Herman's elementary school music teacher, who is still alive and well at 93. Woody announced the award at a welcome home party given in his honor which occurred at the **Hal Leonard Publishing Co.**, the firm who printed charts from his last two albums. Herman will give an annual concert in Milwaukee, with all proceeds from the event going to the **Sister Adrian Fund**.

On Tuesday, December 17,

downbeat NEWS

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Notes From Down Under

The following is a letter received recently by **db** from roving San Francisco clubowner Todd Barkan.

Monday, November 18
Melbourne, Australia

Bright moments and greetings sunnyside from "Down Under." It's a torrid summertime in Australia and the response to Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the Vibration Society over here is even hotter than the weather. Overwhelming in fact! Wherever we have played—Auckland, New Zealand, Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne—the band has received ecstatic standing ovations and played countless encores. Everywhere we travel we are treated with the dignity, respect, and constant kind attention that is usually only given to rock stars and white classical artists like Maria Callas and Isaac Stern in the U.S.A.

Rahsaan immediately endeared himself to many Australians when, shortly after his arrival on these shores, he acquired and quickly mastered a native, aboriginal wind instrument called the *didgeridoo*, (pronounced "dij-ur-eee-due") which had hitherto been played almost exclusively by Australian aborigines. The didgeridoo is fashioned from a long, hollowed-out tree trunk and is extremely difficult to play. When properly played, it makes a very low, burbling, non-stop deep hum—not unlike the sound of an unattended, plugged-in erotic Hoover vacuum cleaner! Didgeridoo and tippy canoe!

While in Adelaide, we were



taken to a special game preserve up in the mountains nearby, where we hugged koala bears, played with kangaroos, and even got to talk to many of the native birds. Rahsaan serenaded one of the cockatoos with a beautiful *shakhuachi* solo.

Bright on!
Todd Barkan

Soundstage Update

It's time for a second look at *Soundstage*, the new television concert series being aired nationally over PBS (the Corporation for Public Broadcasting) that we first mentioned in our Sept. 12 issue.

As of this date, shows have been produced and aired on Muddy Waters, Jose Feliciano, Randy Newman, the Pointer Sisters, New Orleans r&b, featuring Dr. John and Professor Longhair, and the Idlewild Show, a special recreation of the Paradise Club in the Summer of '58. Shows yet to be seen but waiting anxiously in the wings are John Sebastian/David Bromberg (Jan. 14), Bonnie Raitt with Buddy Guy and Junior Wells (Jan. 21), Tom Rush/Gamble Rogers (Jan. 28), Dave Mason/Donovan (Feb. 4), Chick Corea/Herbie Hancock (Feb. 11), Don McLean/the Persuasions (Feb. 18), and Kris Kristofferson/Rita Coolidge with Billy Swan (Feb. 25).

The series has been produced in Chicago at the PBS local affiliate, WTTW, with Ken Ehrlich serving as executive producer and Elliott Wald associate producer. An hour of uninterrupted music, the network feed time has been 10 PM Eastern and 9 Central, Tuesdays, though each affiliate can air it at other times if they so wish. (So a quick glance at your local listings may save you time and trouble.) Each station has the option to repeat each show, with Chicago repeating them the following Sunday and Los Angeles the following Saturday. The other option, TV/radio simulcast, has been picked up by only two of the stations, Chicago and Atlanta.

Besides local Chicago press, which almost always goes to extremes to champion its own causes, the national press also has been highly favorable toward the series. The rock press, including *Rolling Stone*, *Zoo World*, and *Crawdaddy*, has cast favorable eyes on the program, as have such unlikely cynics as *People*, the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Washington Star*, *L.A. Times*, and *Boston Globe*. *T.V. Guide* even lent space to a laudatory critique.

Even more importantly, the musicians have expressed feelings of gratitude for being allowed to freely express themselves without artistic compromise. Bonnie Raitt's manager, Dick Waterman, sent in a praiseworthy letter and Dr. John got Kristofferson on the show by telling him, "This is the only show that lets you do what you do."

At the moment, bids for the next fiscal year are in from a multitude of affiliates. Apparently, there is a certain amount of resentment from the more noteworthy producing stations (Boston, New York, San Francisco, L.A.) that the series was voted to Chicago, not known for inhouse production. The reason that Chicago did get it was Ken Ehrlich's realistic budget proposal (\$300,000 for 15 shows as opposed to 1 million for 12 shows by some others). Chicago again has a bid in for the second year of *Soundstage*.

The beauty and commercial-less quality of many of the programs shows the Chicago people are fully qualified to continue the series. But whoever wins the apple, they will be hard-pressed to equal WTTW's excellent job.

—ray townley

downbeat NEWS

Fans On The Road

Chris Spieldenner, 18 years old, from Sandusky, Ohio, decided to take his savings for college and put them toward an education gotten on the road. He and two of his brothers (Mike, 20, and Pat, 22) have since traveled around the country visiting various jazz clubs. The excursion took three months and ended a week before Christmas.

Chris made an initial trip to Washington, D.C. and visited the Etetera and Blues Alley. Then, taking Mike and Pat with him in a camper loaned to them by a brother-in-law, the trio hit every jazz club they could fit into a demanding itinerary that included Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison, Seattle, Vancouver, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Kansas City. "Reading about the clubs in the magazine (**db**) gave me the idea," he said.

Along the way, Chris took plenty of color slides, went out

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New Releases



JACQUES BISCEGLIA

Three Dog Night; the second installment of an anthology tagged **History Of British Rock**; and the latest funk session from **Chaka Khan** and **Rulus**.

New deliveries from **Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone** include albums by **Azar Lawrence**, **Rusty Bryant**, and **Hampton Hawes**, plus an assortment of the late **Gene Ammons'** better-known pieces.

John Payne, an accomplished but unheralded tenor saxman who has recorded with **Van Morrison**, **Bonnie Raitt**, and **Johnny Shines**, has issued his first album on his own **Bromfield Records**. Write **db** for further info.

Mandrill has been signed by **United Artists**, with a record scheduled for winter release.

Columbia is high on **Miles Davis'** double album **Get Up With**

It, which the grapevine says is his best since **Bitches Brew**. Other Columbia additions are: **Sun Goddess**, **Ramsey Lewis**; a double record live album by **Argent**; and a live **Mott The Hoople**.

Arhoolle's latest are: **The Country Boy**, **K. C. Douglas**; **King Biscuit Time**, **Sonny Boy Williamson** (comprised of vintage 1951 recordings including **Pontiac Blues**, **Mr. Downchild**, and **Eyesight To The Blind**); **Dick Oxtot's Golden Age Jazz Band with Diane Holmes**; and **Blackland Farm Boy**, **Bill Neely**.

Recent **WEA** additions include: (From **Atlantic**) **The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway**, **Genesis**; **Reflections Of The Big Band Era**, **Duke Ellington**; **New And Improved**, **The Spinners**; **Total Eclipse**, **Billy Cobham**; **With Everything I Feel In Me**, **Aretha Franklin**; **Another Begin-**

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"And-a-one, and-a-two, and-a-three, let's go!"
came the countdown blasting through Mission Control.

"Who is doing that?" shouted General Feckless.

"What is that craft?"

"This is a Mustang, man," came the answer
through the P.A. "And we're gonna show you dudes
how to fly!"

"It's Spencer Racy," muttered General Feckless.
"Get him off that platform. If he takes off, people will
wonder why we can't build a good machine that
doesn't cost a fortune."

The General's cohorts rushed to the platform,
but Spencer flipped on the 100 watts peak power of
his Pro Reverb and gave them a blast of that built-in
reverb and vibrato.

"Stop the TV cameras!" screamed the General.
"No one must know of this."

It was too late. Spencer gave the cry, "Thrust me,
ba-bee," and the exclusive patented Fender floating
bridge lifted him off the platform and aimed him
toward the stars.

"Listen, world," announced Spencer. "If you
wanna rock-it, you really have to sock-it. Lay into it
hard with a strong ear bender..."

**"You get there faster
on a Fender."**

Play it from the top

Fender
CBS Musical Instruments,
a division of CBS Inc.

For a full-color 22" x 25" poster of this ad, plus Fender's complete
catalog, send \$1.00 for postage and handling to: Fender, Box 3410, Dept. 574,
Fullerton, California 92634.



TRAFFIC JAM

by marv hohman
& ray townley



PHOTOS: LINDA WING

When Traffic first appeared on the scene back in 1967, the three-piece band exhibited a sound that quickly became instantly recognizable. While many of the English groups of the time sported an overload of psychedelic ear-crushing guitar, the compellingly exotic Traffic rhythms featured elements of blues and jazz as well as rock.

The basic nucleus of the band has remained the same since then. Dave Mason, the fourth member of the early lineup, departed and returned before finally embarking to the U.S. to attempt a solo career. And, of course, there was a one-year hiatus in the activities of the band during 1969 while Steve Winwood pursued his interests with the ill-fated "supergroup" Blind Faith, which combined the talents of Steve, Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker, and Rick Grech. But aside from that venture, the triad that appeared on the cover of *Mr. Fantasy* those seven years ago is still intact, if not tighter than ever.

Vocalist/keyboardist/sometime guitarist Steve Winwood has been around for so long that it is difficult to believe that he's only 26. Possessing a voice which several critics have hailed as the most accomplished in English rock, the rhythm and blues influenced Winwood has grown steadily stronger with the passage of time. His training period with the Spencer Davis Group long behind him, Steve has extrapolated upon his roots to the point that he now often employs jazz inflection and phrasing in his vocals. This year's *When The Eagle Flies* album finds Winwood experimenting with synthesizer and mellotron, the results of which are heard to best advantage on the moody and powerful *Dream Gerrard*.

Lyricist/percussionist/sometime vocalist Jim Capaldi has proven himself one of the more creative wordspinners in rock. Over the years he has written lyrics to all of the memorable Traffic classics (composed by Winwood), evidencing a dualistic interest in escapist fantasy and social awareness. The last few albums have included several songs of an especially despairing nature (*Sometimes I Feel So Uninspired*, *Graveyard People*, *Walking In The Wind*, and *Many A Mile To Freedom* come immediately to mind). They mirror Capaldi's vision of a world growing increasingly more berserk. Throughout it all, Jim has managed to maintain his percussive abilities, contributing that effervescent and supple rhythmic swirl which has come to characterize Traffic. He is also the only member of the unit who has recorded as a solo artist, having issued in the last three years a pair of recordings featuring all of his own material.

Saxophonist/flutist/sometime keyboardist Chris Wood was the first horn man to actually become an integral part of an English rock band. From the very beginning of Traffic, he has been the surprise weapon in the band's arsenal, supplying a rich layer of textures and a broad spectrum of dazzling coloration through his sparse but incisive solos. An outgoing, gregarious guy by nature, Chris denies being extremely proficient on his instruments. Yet his pioneering work with electronic adaptations for his reeds, such as the echoplex, wah-wah pedal and Gibson Maestro octave divider, combined with his unerring sense of good taste and timing, have more than compensated for supposed virtuoso deficiencies.

The newest addition to the Traffic lineup is Rosko Gee, a tall Jamaican-born bassist whose sinuous lines have melded perfectly with the band's personality. Rosko came in early last year following the band's decision to return to a four-man lineup. (Four albums, *Welcome To The Canteen*, *The Low Spark Of High-Heeled Boys*, *Shoot Out At The Fantasy Factory*, and *On The Road*, had featured six-man ensembles.) Rosko had been performing with Gonzales, a highly-touted London-based reggae group, when the others persuaded him to join up with Traffic. His presence is especially notable on *When The Eagle Flies*, as his thumpingly infectious bass runs incorporate elements of urban funk and avant-garde experimentation as well as reggae. On the tour, he regularly performed a long, winding bass solo which built to a feverish climax.

The band's nine-album output has been amazing in its consistent quality. They have cautiously stayed away from the glittery affectations sported by so many of their countrymen during the last few years, instead concentrating on solid, unmannered musicianship. Whereas most of the band's earlier recordings were more tightly controlled, the latest albums have included at least one lengthy, improvisational jam per disc. This has ignited criticism of the band by those who claim the group is not technically equipped for such instrumental pyrotechnics. Their latest album should help dispel some of that talk, since the 11-minute *Dream Gerrard* is easily the most adventurous composition the group has ever undertaken.

Other critics have stated that Traffic is basically a studio creation and that they are unable to translate their recording successes into live performances. Although it would be unfair to deny the skillful ears and hands of Winwood and Island producer Chris Blackwell, the band's recent tour proved them totally capable of a well-paced, almost perfect set. In their Chicago concert, they skillfully and excitingly mixed such old favorites as *40,000 Headman*, *John Barleycorn Must Die*, and *Pearly Queen* with their latest material.

We first attempted an interview with the band in Armando's, a posh Italian restaurant, with band and friends grouped around one gigantic feast. It seems everyone present was in good vino-inflamed spirits, from the band and record company personnel on down to the overwhelmingly boisterous John Martyn, another Island recording artist who was the opening act on the tour. Odds on the upcoming Ali-Foreman title fight was the prime consideration, with the banter tending toward the manic. Ali was the decided sentimental favorite and several wagers were made on the spot. Needless to say, the interview tapes proved unlistenable.

The next day the odds were on our side, as we managed individual sessions with Winwood and Wood. While talking with Steve, he mentioned that he wasn't feeling well and didn't relish the thought of a 400-mile drive to the band's next gig. (Winwood refuses to fly and consequently takes a steamship both ways across the Atlantic and drives a van from one city to another while on tour.) That afternoon a doctor diagnosed Steve's stomach pains as a severe case of ulcers. He immediately canceled all remaining dates on the tour, and, at present, is convalescing at his country home in Gloucestershire, England.

Hohman: Steve, there are many differences between music in the U.S. and in England. Is it the educational system that varies?

Winwood: I haven't had any real experience with educational theory here, so in that sense I don't really know. But I do know that in England the whole music education process tends to be biased and limiting. It's certainly not as open-minded as it is here.

Hohman: Is this because you're closer to European classicism, whereas all the different ethnic influences over here make things less restricted?

Winwood: Oh, yeah, I mean they don't think they're still close to European classicism but they really are.

Hohman: What about the difference between the media here and there, it sometimes seems that the pop charts in the States are pretty miserable but when you compare them to the English ones, they seem almost like heaven. Why is it so bad over there with guys like Gary Glitter and the Osmonds consistently on top?

Winwood: It's the fault of the radio. You see, in England you've got only one radio station, practically, the BBC. If you or I wanted to listen to radio, we'd either listen to Radio Three, which is a serious classical station, or Radio One, which you probably wouldn't want to listen to, since it is the rock and pop station. They you've got five or six music papers that are sort of like the *Daily American*, or if you can imagine it, a *National Enquirer* dealing with music. So that's what controls the people's tastes.

Hohman: Does Traffic ever get played on the BBC?

Winwood: Only sometimes, very late at night, they might play our pieces. There are a few other stations, like the pirate ones, beaming from other locales, but by and large they are very hard to pick up.

Hohman: How did you first get into the music business, or as they say, rock 'n' roll? What did you hear?

Winwood: What did I hear? I think it was Debussy (*laughter*). No, I think it must have been Elvis Presley.

Hohman: What about your early days with Spencer Davis, when you were the English Stevie Wonder boy wizard?

Winwood: Well, I was with Spencer for about three years. I joined him when I was 15. When I first started playing music, the only opening in England was jazz, that was the only way you could get to play with other musicians. There was a scene at the music school I attended which was a lot different. I spent a year there, I wasn't kicked out, but at that time it all seemed wrong to me, that whole kind of formalized education. And so I started playing jazz, sitting in with various people. Then I really wanted to get into other kinds of music so I started going to clubs to listen to folk musicians. When I first heard Spencer, he used to sing folk songs.

Hohman: You never did any folk material on the Davis albums, though.

Winwood: No, we didn't. At that time, of course, we were deeply interested in American rhythm and blues, people like John Lee Hooker, Jimmy Reed, Muddy Waters.

Hohman: Why did you decide to leave Davis? Was it lack of gigs?

Winwood: It wasn't that, we had plenty of work. I just wanted to form my own group. I had met Jim at a club in Birmingham where we always used to play. I was worried that what we were doing with Spencer just wasn't that creative.

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STEVE WINWOOD: A DISILLUSIONED SUPERSTAR AT 26



JIM CAPALDI: IMPOSING DRUMMER & LYRICIST

CHRIS WOOD: CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO CULTURES



ROSKO GEE: BOTTOM MEMBER OF THE QUARTET



Townley: Chris, you're from Birmingham, too, just like Steve and Jim?

Wood: Yes. Jim is from about 25 miles south in a county town, which over there is equivalent to an American state.

Townley: Steve told me that Birmingham is very heavily industrialized.

Wood: Yeah, it runs into two areas. Where my folks live is what they call the Black Country, which at one time was known for iron smelting. Then you have Birmingham which is mostly cars, jewelry, and the like, and next to it, about 30 miles away, is Coventry, which is a big industrial complex. I liken it to Chicago or Detroit in a way.

Townley: Steve said he comes from a working-class family. How about yourself?

Wood: Well, I suppose you'd have to call it middle-class, if you want to put "class" on it at all. Although if you went back one decade or so, it would be working-class or lower-middle-class. They have never been rich.

Townley: How did you get into music?

Wood: They tell me I was the record player in the family. My parents had a collection of different records like Bing Crosby and stuff. It was one of those old-fashioned things. I got heavily into classical, and, ah, Bill Haley.

Townley: Did the BBC play rock and roll?

Wood: I really couldn't answer that. I suppose a certain amount was being played, but this wasn't really how you heard it.

Townley: How did you become exposed to the music?

Wood: It was mainly through school and, deliberately to be different, I wanted to listen to jazz, modern jazz. Like all the other kids were listening to Jerry Lee Lewis and I said Ray Charles was far better. Then one thing led to another. I think it was a record by Dizzy Gillespie who used to have a flutist who doubled on guitar; this is going back a while, I believe it was Les Spann. I heard that and I liked the *sound* of the flute immediately. Just the sound.

Townley: So flute was your first instrument?

Wood: Yeah. I always had this dream of playing the sax in a rock 'n' roll band, for some reason, and then I saw that film *Jazz In A Summer's Day*. From there, I went into painting. I had been attending a private all-boys school, Stouerbridge, that folded up. So instead of going to another school like that, I went to art college and, after five years, I wound up at the Royal Academy in London. It was a real fluke. I don't know how I got in there. All this time, we had this band in which we pretended to play modern jazz. We'd play an interval set at the local jazz club.

There was this modern jazz tenor player who used to play with dance orchestras around Birmingham and he went with me to buy my first tenor sax. No inhibitions, you know what I mean. I got on the stage after a week of having it and would burn a foul, dirty sound. We thought we were playing jazz, but really we were doing 12-bar blues.

So then I joined a semi-professional group called the Sounds Of Blue who played things like *Hold On I'm Coming*, any kind of shit that was going on at the discotheques. We just tried to assimilate it. You see, Birmingham is one of those places that unless you get out of it, you're stuck there for life 'cause there's no output. There's no way of getting your thing out without going to London. I mean, even the Beatles didn't make it in Liverpool. They just popularized the fact that it wasn't all from London, you know, it was different people from different areas. Anyway, I was a year

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Hohman: When did Mason come in? How about his decision to leave the band?

Winwood: David had played in Capaldi's band. Of course, he lives in the States now and I think the attitude, the proudness of Los Angeles or something, may have rubbed off on him a little bit.

Hohman: As far as the folk element goes, *John Barleycorn* was obviously deeply rooted in it. Do you often go back to the folk tradition for musical inspiration?

Winwood: Yeah, but I refuse to be any kind of a traditionalist. I think it's a bad thing for people to do that. It's a clique.

Hohman: Do you still go to folk clubs in England?

Winwood: Yes, I do, but I don't go to the London ones, the important ones. I go to the little local ones in the country from time to time.

Hohman: What about Island Records, you've been with them since they began?

Winwood: It's been owned by Chris Blackwell since the beginning. Chris is from Jamaica, which maybe explains the name of the label.

Hohman: There seems to be an overriding interest in exotica, equatorial imagery, lush vegetation, the whole thing of escaping to some paradisaical tropic isle that runs throughout your material, in songs like *Vagabond Virgin*, *40,000 Headmen*, *Hidden Treasure*, *Rainmaker*, *Roll Right Stones*, *Pearly Queen*, and others.

Winwood: I don't really see how *Pearly Queen* can be considered that way, it's actually a song about a Cockney girl. But I guess maybe we're just primitives at heart. It's hard to be that way in England, although that's what we've attempted to do. We lived in the middle of nowhere with no electricity and everything, just the four of us. There wasn't even a road, it was almost some kind of fantasy world. We didn't have a studio because we hadn't gotten to the point where we could afford one. This was during the time when we were working on *Dear Mr. Fantasy*. I still live out in the country, near Oxford.

Last year, during the energy crisis, I used candles, they're really better anyway. I was lucky to obtain a few logs for the fire. I've got an airpipe organ, a German Schnitzler, that I use whenever the power's out. Somebody's got to pump it up a bit, though.

Hohman: You don't like flying, either, I've heard. Do you like taking the boat across the ocean?

Winwood: This time I took the Q.E. II (Queen Elizabeth II). It was fantastic, it took five days to come over. After about two days, I got to know the crew. They all turn on and smoke dope, right in the crew quarters. Then you have all these gay waiters, they get dressed up and prance around the crew's quarters. It was all really incredible.

Hohman: You've done a lot of session work with other people. Which ones do you remember best?

Winwood: I have played on quite a few, it's a

funny thing to try and think of them all. I've played with Shawn Phillips, Eddie Harris on his English album, Joe Cocker, Amazing Blondel, Muddy Waters, and B. B. King, but I don't keep books or logs on what I do.

Hohman: What about Vivian Stanshall or Roger Ruskin Spear?

Winwood: I don't know Roger Spear very well at all. But I helped Stanshall on his solo album. It's really good, it's got a lot of African musicians on it, Mongezi Feza and a lot of others. I imagine that Viv is more than a little alcoholized these days.

Hohman: Who writes the lyrics to the songs?

Winwood: Jim writes almost all of them, although Stanshall wrote *Dream Gerrard*. Jim isn't exactly a literary fanatic like Viv, he isn't well-read in the strict sense, but he has a feel for what is good and bad in literature.

Hohman: Why did you decide to return to the quartet format?

Winwood: It was kind of complicated really. It's not just because we wanted more money or anything like that. It was difficult with a seven-piece band, we were always split in two, with Roger (Hawkins) and David (Hood) in Muscle Shoals and the rest of us half a world away in England. I think we all feel better now.

"People who haven't seen us before are probably expecting something a bit more physical and loud." —Winwood

Hohman: You mentioned earlier that you have been into jazz for years. Of all the bands that came out of England in the late '60s, yours and Soft Machine have been the most jazz-oriented. Was that intentional?

Winwood: Well, jazz has often been associated in England, quite wrongly I think, with an establishment. I know that the Pete Townshends or Eric Claptons never did connect themselves in any way with what might be called jazz and that's probably why, because of that establishment stodginess. But I don't think that attitude is necessarily true. Certain bands, like Buddy Rich's, don't interest me in the least. I mean, when Chris and I see him, we can't stop laughing, it's hilarious.

Hohman: What is it about him particularly that's so humorous?

Winwood: I don't know, it's just that he's very American, sort of hyper, it's the whole way he talks, conducts, and treats his band, he just sort of growls at people. It's not that he isn't a good musician, but it's the way that he's developed his musicianship that I find so funny.

Hohman: Are you into Miles Davis?

Winwood: Ever since *In A Silent Way*. I was into him before that in a way, but that's the album that really did it. I don't know exactly what to call the music he's playing, but I am

interested in it. I like the new young serious composers, too. There are these student programs on the BBC for kids that just came out of music college. They're unknown to Americans. I'm not saying that all of it is fantastic or anything, but that field interests me very much.

Hohman: Have you ever had the desire to do an extended piece like the Who's *Tommy* or the Kinks' *Preservation*?

Winwood: Yeah, very much so, but I would need to work with some kind of librettist to get that together. I've begun solo albums several times, I've got a lot of material for one shelved. But everyone seems to do them and maybe that's why I don't.

Hohman: How many instruments do you play?

Winwood: Well, that depends. The only thing I'm really proficient at is keyboard, piano and organ basically. I can do some things on guitar that a lot of so-called skilled guitarists can't, but I don't necessarily think that I'm good at it.

Hohman: You've never played horns?

Winwood: No, but I would've liked to. My father played horn, sax and clarinet. Maybe that's why I didn't start on them, he was always trying to get me and my brother to play clarinet. He was a professional musician for a time, he used to play at people's weddings and things like that. He wasn't extremely serious though, and didn't do it all the time. Capaldi's father still does gigs. He plays accordion, he's got boards and an electric accordion with a wah-wah pedal.

Hohman: When did you do your first tour of the States?

Winwood: It was in '68. We went straight to San Francisco. When we got off the plane, we were met by Owsley, the Acid King. It was like some kind of dream, you know, very surreal. We've done eight or nine tours since.

Hohman: Do you think that the audiences have changed over here, that there is some underlying social change that the country is currently undergoing?

Winwood: Yes, but it's hard to put your finger on exactly what has changed. I'm not more comfortable with the audiences now, but I think that's mostly me, and nothing resulting from them. If I had been older when I started performing and more settled in my ways, then maybe I would feel differently today. I think there is a lack of something, maybe because there are so many giant-scale productions that the audience has a preconceived idea of what to expect. People who haven't seen us before are probably expecting something a bit more physical and loud.

Hohman: Do you think the typical crowd of today is more demanding than say three or four years ago?

Winwood: The people are all more blasé, and there seems to have been a change in mood. Six or seven years ago, everyone was thinking that they were going to be able to change the world. Today there's a general disillusionment and everybody realizes how difficult it

TRAFFIC DISCOGRAPHY

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Steve Winwood

BLIND FAITH—Atco SD 304

BEST OF STEVIE WINWOOD—United Artists UAS 9950

Jim Capaldi

OH HOW WE DANCED—Island SW 9314

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the mysterious travellings of an austrian mogul

by ray townley



PHOTOS: HERB NOLAN

“Every man and every moment is a star. Each is in its own orbit, and as long as it keeps it together, it forms its own perfect universe. If anyone of these leaves its orbit at any time—that goes for the music, too; that’s one of our principles which we don’t apply analytically but as a form of life—if anyone of these steps out, then something has got to change. That’s when some kind of collision occurs and that collision is necessary, because when everything is balanced nothing is moving. The stronger make the weaker, and everything moves again, but in another orbit.”

To our left jugged man’s latest extravagances—concrete and glass highrises that defy the laws of nature. The Standard Oil Building in its marble encased erection: the John Hancock in a pyramidal swoop capped by large insectile antennae. They stood forbiddingly yet somehow majestically against the burnt amber of the late afternoon sky, like phallic homages to the eternal mysteries of space and animation.

To our right as far as the naked eye would allow, to the Eastern horizon, brooded the expansive Lake Michigan—one of nature’s most magnificent extravagances. Partially alive with vegetation and cold-blooded vertebrates, partially dead through man-made pollution, the waters washed up against the stone and cement Oak St. Beach in a slow but inevitable victory against the receding shoreline. The cracked and discolored cement showed signs of weather-beaten corrosion.

The warm late-autumn winds whipped at our jackets as we headed north directly into its staccato gusts, our feet leaving fleeting imprints in the lakeshore sand. It was invigorating. Miles Davis once said that in order to write the type of music Joe Zawinul writes, you “have to be *free inside of yourself*, with two beige kids, a black wife, two pianos, from Vienna, a Cancer and cliché-free.” At this

moment, Josef Zawinul was sifting his thoughts guardedly before speaking in his oddly phrased Europeanized English. He neither wanted to be misunderstood nor did he want to sound superfluous. He was struggling to free his internal thoughts so that when he spoke he did not verbalize in clichés.

“It’s the same as in music,” Zawinul began, pondering the ground. “You cannot put yourself in a position where you say, Okay, I want to talk about this. In the moment you do that, it’s already over. In the same way, you cannot prepare yourself to play something, because the moment you do, it’s been played. So getting into this conversation has got to be as natural as anything else.”

The overwhelming immediacy of the skyline reminded me of Cecil Taylor’s recent visit to Chicago and his obsessive preoccupation with tall buildings. I mentioned this to Zawinul. “Cecil’s a great musician,” he replied as if my remark had sparked a pleasant moment from the past. “He’s got beautiful form. I heard him and Shepp play *Body And Soul* a couple of years ago down in the Village at the Village Gate. I just walked down there and it was really something.”

The question arose as to why Zawinul left New York City for the West Coast, Pasadena to be exact. “Because I felt like it, man. I

don’t care where you are, if you have the music in you, it’ll go with you wherever you go. New York’s too dirty for me now. I go back enough to get certain big city inspirations. Maybe one day I will go back there, but I don’t know. Maybe I’ll move here.”

We walked a few steps in silence to allow the last remarks to sink in. I wondered if the portable cassette recorder I was holding in my hand was picking up the conversation over the undercurrent of din from the nearby Lake Shore Drive, an eight-lane highway that separated the beach and us from immersion in the urban jungle.

Zawinul had other things on his mind that he wanted to get out. “I’ve been getting into philosophy. I’ve been reading for years.

“It must!” he stated emphatically in response to my query if his philosophical studies influenced his music. “Everything has got to have an influence on your music. Every change, every new awareness, everything is related to everything else.

“I’ve been getting into Spinoza (Dutch philosopher of the 17th Century) because he’s a rationalist and I am not. It’s nice to see the other side, getting away from imagination once in a while and seeing how someone tries to know by pure reason alone. Belief is nice, I love belief, but it’s also hip to see what some-

one thinks who knows about belief but says, Okay, I want to check this shit out from a purely realistic viewpoint. That's interesting and it makes a lot of sense, too. You should look at things from many angles . . . I don't really want to get into everybody. I think if you cover Spinoza, you get most of the rationalists' thought, because he comes from Descartes."

But what about more primitive religions and philosophies? "Primitive in which way? What is primitive, anyway? . . . How many years have you had access to this kind of thought? Africa was cut off from this world. I just bought a nice little book, called *African Rhythms*. It's just poetry, stories, you know, old tribal tales from different countries in Africa. It's clear, very clear . . . a long time ago I got into Indian philosophy, and Chinese, all of that. They all have something to say."

Josef Zawinul has a way about his verbal inflections that communicate powerfully, and often frighteningly, the strength of his ideas. In the same way, when he pierces your vision with his hypnotic stare, his eyes aglow, it's as if a sacerdotal representative of the Lord is about to place final judgment on you. "I want for you to write down what I'm saying. I'm really interested in getting this shit out."

"The mixing of races and the mixing of cultures creates the greatest of all things. This is my theory. This is what I really believe in. Not only in the 20th Century, but period. I was thinking of this a couple of nights ago. Just check out the countries from which the greatest intellectual and artistic giants came. They have always been from countries where a great amount of mixing was going on."

"Take Austria, for example, when it was like a small United States, with all those different countries under one banner, the Austria-Hungary Empire. There were Czechs, Hungarians, Serbians, Croatians, people from parts of Asia, it covered so much, man. And all these people met in a central melting pot, which at the time was Vienna. It created a completely new world and way of thought. Take African people, but African people in America, where all this mixing has been going on. The black man over here is so talented and creative because of that. From a mathematical viewpoint, I was thinking of this: everything which is true, the exact opposite is also true. Since the weakest thing is incest, that means the strongest thing has got to be the exact opposite. So the further the races go apart, the greater the freshness of the blood."

"Black people are amazing, they've got so much happening for themselves. Therefore, I don't dig this line when blacks say everything has got to be together now, '(in mock imitation of street jargon) it's all right, man, our people are tight!' Now, dig countries, for instance, that have always been away from internationality, like Norway, Finland, Switzerland,

Sweden. Now I have nothing against them, but there hasn't been anything coming out of these countries, man, in years. Everything is getting lighter, lighter, lighter, there's no new blood in there."

"The greatest, most talented people come from either the blacks in American . . . or the Catalonians. Damn near everybody in Catalonia is a genius. Then you have the Moorish influence there, too. That's when classical music was alive, when they had the Africans in there. Did you know there was a lot of African influence on Europe, classical music, in the old days? I mean Beethoven was a half-breed, you know. Friedrich Gulda told me this, and he's one of the great Beethoven interpreters. He said it is proven that Beethoven's grandfather was a blackman from Africa. And Beethoven was also Germanic. This mixture is what makes it."

"I'm presently very heavy into Arabic music. When I'm home I always listen to Arabic music. They've got it all, African influences, the European thing, it's that whole trip."

All of this philosophical surmising would seem like so much intellectual diletantism if it weren't for the fact that Joe Zawinul, the man with the Franciscan cropped hair style and physically intune body, is the inspiration behind the most popular and singularly new electronic music group of the '70s, Weather Report. Furthermore, his composing abilities have had more to do with the initial flowering of this music than most people realize. Perhaps most importantly, Joe Zawinul's personal odyssey is unique: born and raised in the rural mountains of Austria, he moved to America and became immersed in the cultural and musical life of Africa through his love of jazz. Simply put, his theoretical meanderings are firmly rooted in his personal preoccupations.

We're now seated in his hotel room, safely shielded from the natural elements, sipping cognac.

You wrote *In A Silent Way* and *Pharoah's Dance* (on *Bitches Brew*) among others. Do you want your name to be as recognized as *Herbie's* or *Miles's* for your role in the new music?

"No, I think everything comes in time. We get plenty of recognition as Weather Report. It's enough."

Do you feel satisfied being known as *Weather Report* and not as *Joe Zawinul*?

"I would say that anyone who knows *Weather Report* knows me."

How did the whole recording of *In A Silent Way* come about?

"Miles called me up one day in the morning and told me to come down to the recording studio at one o'clock. I said fine. After about a minute, he called me back and told me to bring some music. Now, two years before that time I had spent a winter with my

family in Austria, and I wrote about ten tunes, including *In A Silent Way*, *Direction*, which Miles used to play for a long time as an opener for his show, *Early Man*, and *Orange Lady*, which by the way is 14-minutes of *Great Expectations* on the *Big Fun* album. But there was some kind of mess-up with the titles, so it was not mentioned that it was my tune. Also *Pharoah's Dance*, *Double Image*, and a couple of other things, I wrote them all in this period during 1967."

Let's see, *In A Silent Way* was cut in '69 . . .

"Right. I cut it later myself, and I played on my album the whole version like I wrote it originally. Miles only played the last part."

On the jacket of your solo album, you talk about *In A Silent Way* being inspired by boyhood experiences in the Austrian countryside. How did you conceive of the tune, its textures and rhythms?

"This I don't know. I just took a pencil and a piece of paper and wrote it, within a minute and a half. There was no stopping. The concept was clear from the very beginning. And there was never any change, except for the last eight bars. Miles stayed on the tonic, while I on my recording changed the bass notes."

Before you went into the studio with Miles were you familiar with his mid-'60s group with *Herbie and Ron Carter*?

"No. I did listen to one album, *Nefertiti*, but I'm not an extensive listener. I listen very fast. I check things out and that's it. If I really love something very much, I might listen all through the day, and I did listen to *Nefertiti* and some other Miles music, oh, it was a long time ago. But I can get the message if I listen to it a couple of times."

You played the *Fender Rhodes* and the organ on that first session. Was that the first time you had ever played the electric piano?

"I actually played electric piano in 1959, the Wurlitzer. The first person I heard playing one was Ray Charles. We worked with Ray on tour when I was with Dinah Washington. When the house pianos were bad I used the Wurlitzer, you know. And then later on with Cannonball I recorded on the Wurlitzer . . . There was always a nice relationship between the artists and Harold Rhodes, the inventor of the Rhodes piano. Of course, he always wanted to improve the instrument and he would constantly be asking cats what was happening with it. In the beginning, it was not really a piano that could be used for traveling that much. It was getting messed up, getting quickly out of tune, and so more and



more he started adjusting it. Today, it's a heck of an instrument."

Do you think the touch on the electric piano is more sensitive today?

"I don't know, man, touch is something that is so personal I don't think . . . after a while if you play an instrument long enough, it becomes you anyhow."

Have you ever been concerned with whether the electric piano sounded like an acoustic piano?

"I always liked the electric sound, from way back. I remember the first time I played the Hammond organ. It was in '48-49. I was playing in an Austrian service club. They had it in this little chapel and there was this little Hammond organ (*voice gets softer*). It was such a nice, such a hip sound; I mean I've played piano all my life and there was something beautiful and refreshing about it. Like the Wurlitzer had a special sound that I still really like."

A lot of people out in the audience are not really aware of all the instruments that you, Herbie, Chick, play. What are your particular instruments? And why have you chosen them?

"I use two Arps, two 2600s, just for the convenience of setting things up because they're not as fast as the Moog. You have to constantly move, therefore I use two. I can work better that way. Certain sounds are already setup and I can stop mixing them up. I also play the Fender Rhodes with all the relatives, you know, phase-shifter, echoplex, wah-wah pedal.

"I like the ARP because of what I can do with it. I hear the Moog, it's immediately the Moog. With the ARP I can do things that will fool the heck out of you. I can hide between voices, I can do all kinds of things. To me it's a much more natural sound. The variety of colors is greater, too. Woodwind sounds . . . if you have the right ear, you can really get it. But it takes time and work—like if you've got the coordinations of a fighter, getting those combinations together—it's the same here, you get your moves together so that you can perform with it."

Do you approach the synthesizer mainly as a keyboard instrument or as an electronic . . .

"I'm not really thinking like that. I don't read books about it because I would get completely confused and it would take me so long. I just find what I want to hear by doing it and coordinating it. Sometimes, if I make a funny move with my left-hand—because out there on the stage everything happens so quickly—and make some sound that I didn't intend, my right-hand will make something out of that other sound. One hand washes the other. As far as the melodic concept, I think it has nothing to do with the synthesizer. It's just a matter of certain people having different concepts."

Did your experiences with Miles on those first

two albums, did they help you get your ideas together for Weather Report?

"Not from the music, but from the way Miles handled a recording session I learned a whole lot. They had the tapes running constantly, not to lose certain things. The best things are usually happening when you just get together and try this shit, you know. Miles is a leader, but in such a relaxed way that you never feel like someone is trying to tell you something. There was very little talking going on. It was more just the vibes."

You've been with Wayne Shorter since Maynard Ferguson in '59?

"Wayne and I have been running buddies for 15 years, going into the bars, drinking, talking about music. I knew I would have a band together with Wayne one day when I went over to Bill Russell's house, the basketball player, and he was in the basement listening to *Nefertiti*. From then on I knew it, because there were certain things I heard, certain concepts, which were very, I wouldn't say similar, but complementary."

How did the original Weather Report come about? What did you envision when you said to Wayne, "Let's start a group"?

"Well, Wayne hadn't been working for a year. At the time he was writing a piece for a 22-piece orchestra. And I had tons of music and it was just time. And when it's time to quit certain things, it's time to quit. Miroslav (Vitous) had made a very nice album for Atlantic. I knew Miroslav for quite a while; I judged this contest in Europe where he came in a winner. We had similar backgrounds culturally. It was very easy to get into his music and understand it, so it fell together in one afternoon.

"We never talked about a concept. We went down into the studio the first time—Billy Cobham, Wayne, Miroslav and myself—and made a tape (I still haven't listened to it.) Immediately we knew that that was gonna be it.

"We found ourselves a manager, and we were in Wayne's apartment trying to figure out a name. Finally, after thousands of names—Audience, Triumvirate, all kinds of names—Wayne came up with Weather Report. We all said, That's it. That's the fun thing, when it's happening you immediately know it."

What about the situation of the band rhythmically? Why have you changed drummers so often?

"Why do you think?"

"We are auditioning drummers now. We have tried to audition drummers in all kinds of environments, in homes, in rehearsal studios, but the only way you really find out is on the stage. And there is no question about the difficulty of playing drums, period. And to play drums with a band that is 80% improvising is the most difficult. And we have not found the one yet. Everyone we've had, so far, has had something special, which was very beautiful. But there's so much more to it."

It looks like you're looking for a drummer whose beat is more pronounced?

"Yes, but not in a rhythm and blues or rock and roll sense. STRENGTH can be expressed in many more subtle ways than that."

Mysterious Traveller as opposed to the very first album you did seems earthier, the sounds are warmer. It's not quite as spacey or ethereal. Even the difference in titles is significant, I think: from Milky Way to Junglebook and American Tango. It seems like your heads are in a different place now.

SELECTED ZAWINUL DISCOGRAPHY

Featured

RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD STREAM—Vortex 2002

MONEY IN THE POCKET—Atlantic 3004

ZAWINUL—Atlantic 1579

Weather Report

WEATHER REPORT—Columbia C 30661

I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC—Columbia KC 31352

SWEETNIGHTER—Columbia KC 32210

MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLER—Columbia KC 32494

with Miles Davis

IN A SILENT WAY—Columbia CS 9875

BITCHES BREW—Columbia GP 26

LIVE-EVIL—Columbia G 30954

BIG FUN—Columbia PG 32866

with Cannonball Adderley

PLANET EARTH (with Yusef Lateef)—Riverside RLP S9404

JAZZ WORKSHOP REVISITED (with Yusef Lateef)

—Riverside RM 444

NANCY WILSON/CANNONBALL ADDERLEY—Capitol T1657

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—Capitol T2216

MERCY, MERCY—Capitol T2663

74 MILES AWAY—Capitol T2828

THE BEST OF—Capitol SKAO 2939

PRICE YOU GOT TO PAY—Capitol SWBB 636

WALK TALL/QUIET NIGHTS—Capitol STBB 697

COUNTRY PREACHER—Capitol SKAO 464

with Friedrich Gulda

HIS EURO-JAZZ ORCHESTRA (with J. J. Johnson)

—Priser STR 3141 (import)

with Dinah Washington

WHAT A DIFFERENCE—Mercury 60158

UNFORGETTABLE—Mercury 60232

with Ben Webster

SOUL MATES—Riverside 476



LARRY CORYELL

speaks on MODERN ELECTRIC ECLECTICISM



JENS RU DAT

I'm listening to FM radio—WRTI, Philly—and on comes this electric thing, unidentifiable at first, but, uh, I think it's Miles . . . I can hear a guitar with wah and something else, keyboard, I believe, also with wah, it sounds nice . . . I wonder what other gadgets are in there . . . Wow, these gadgets like wah and fuzz (even Charlie Haden used a fuzz wah once) are here with us to stay . . . So what will they invent next? . . . Whatever it is, we might as well treat them as bona fide, legitimate INSTRUMENTS . . . Wait a minute, the announcer's coming on . . . yeah, it was Miles all right . . . no, the title is, what? Billy Preston, oh yeah, Billy Preston, what a tribute. . . .

One of the more frequent questions I encounter on my mucho travels with the itinerant Eleventh House—besides “who’s your favorite guitarist” and “what do you think of Mahavishnu John McLaughlin”—is: “Where is it going?” or “What do you see in the future for electronically-oriented music?”

My answer to this query is always positive
18 □ down beat

in nature. I'm not a crystal ball gazer, but from my experience I can confidently say things look good, in terms of both the mechanisms and the musicianship involved.

With the exception of a short stint on acoustic ukulele at age 12 and with an acoustic round-hole Sears guitar a few years later, I have always been an electric guitar player.

This is not to deny the acoustic guitar at all; one of the things I've realized after spending so much time with the electric guitar is that in this age of electric EVERYTHING, including typewriters and toothbrushes, the natural guitar sound has a beauty unparalleled in all the infinite-opportunity-spectrum of electronics. A good balance of acoustic and electronic music is healthy.

Even at the beginning of my development, I found myself irrevocably attracted to the added possibilities that electricity provided. Besides being louder (naturally . . . and unnaturally, but more on that later), you could alter the basic guitar sound (*amplify*, if you will) with adjustments of bass, treble, volume, and in the case of my first amp, with tremolo and/or vibrato, I can't really remember the difference between the two. I remember being about 14-years-old and playing *Heartaches* with the tremolo/vibrato on and marveling at the sound.

Those crude and humble (albeit exciting) electronic additives of the '50s have now led to the sophisticated electronics of the '70s. It wasn't so much that musicians couldn't HEAR the new sound possibilities afforded by electronics, the technology hadn't advanced far enough yet. There were, however, less sophisticated sound-changers. One of the first things that got me off as a fledgling in the late '50s was a discovery of lighter gauge strings, beginning with the unwound third (as in contrast to a wound, or heavier gauge, third was nearly impossible to bend more than a half step) and ending ultimately with what we have today, that is to say, a wide range of string gauges from ultra-heavy to ultra-light.

Amplifiers and the electronic innards of guitars have also evolved since then but I remember one amp that sounded great way back then was the Fender Bassman. I borrowed a vibrato box from another guitarist plus a spring-echo device that belonged to a Hammond organ from the local music store, hooked it up to the Bassman, and was ready! The only drawback to that setup was that I couldn't get the echo to project much within the sound of the band and it sounded very much like a predated fuzz.

Though, as electronic sophistication grows, so do the problems. With all the electronic components in a modern jazz/rock band like the Eleventh House you never know if your "stuff" will work right or even work at all before you go up there to play. We just played a concert at Town Hall and unfortunately didn't get a chance to do

a sound check, so when the gig came, we had a long delay just getting the trumpet to work. Stories abound from roadies to musicians alike about the weirdness of sound checks, and so many times a good sound check has resulted in bad sound on the gig, or sometimes you'll miss the sound check completely and things will work out beautiful.

But back to the radio . . . Stanley Clarke is on with something called Bass Folk Song . . . Here he comes, all by his lonesome, then the ensemble answers him . . . Soulful! . . . Hmmm, this is reminiscent of Chick, I wonder if that's him on piano, oops, keyboards . . . Now there's a group, Return To Forever, that demonstrates good use of electronics . . . Watching them on stage at Cornell a few weeks ago, I was knocked out by their sound . . . Urbaniak, too, his sound was good, because he works carefully with his equipment . . . The way both bands (and hopefully ours too) blends all the electronic elements into a unit takes work . . .

Another thing I remember about the early electronic era (this is the early '60s now, approximately) was how sorry I felt for keyboard players who liked string-bending guitar music. This one guy I knew named Marius sometimes would get so frustrated when we were jamming that he would grab at his non-electric piano ivories and use body english to try and bend notes. Another time I was listening to Mike Mandel at a club and I thought I was hearing things because he was bending notes out of a Hammond organ when it turned out he was turning the instrument off for a fraction of a second in mid-flight and turning it back on again to get the bend!

So it's a small wonder that the synthesizer has served so well as a pseudo-revolutionary link among electronically-oriented musicians of this generation. Now the keyboardists can bend notes. Thanks to pitch bend, they can bend notes further than even the most slinkily-strung guitar. And there's more in store. I understand that the guitar companies are coming out with a new thing on their guitars whereby you can synthesize right on the fretboard; in other words, you can do anything a keyboard synthesist can, including pitch-bending.

I've had great success with the prototype of what Musitronics calls the Phase Synthesizer, the technical details of which I know nothing. What I DO know is what my ear tells me when I play through the thing, and the result is heavenly. It is a combination of phaser and envelope follower, combined with several other variables. Another new invention on the scene is the stereo pickup developed by veteran music inventor Norman Anderson. Mounted on Norman's own Anscor guitar, the sound is like that of a regular, monophonic-type guitar enlightened by the additional string vibration absorbed by this new pickup.

We've all been flipping over phasers lately

SELECTED CORYELL DISCOGRAPHY

Featured

LADY CORYELL—Vanguard 6509
CORYELL—Vanguard 6547
SPACES—Vanguard 6558
AT THE VILLAGE GATE—Vanguard 6573
BAREFOOT BOY—Flying Dutchman 10139
FAIRYLAND—Mega/Flying Dutchman 51-5000
OFFERING—Vanguard 79319
THE REAL GREAT ESCAPE—Vanguard 79329
INTRODUCING THE ELEVENTH HOUSE—Vanguard 79342

with **Free Spirits**
OUT OF SIGHT AND SOUND—ABC 593
with **Chico Hamilton**
THE DEALER—Impulse 9130
with **Gary Burton**
A GENUINE TONG FUNERAL—RCA LSP 3988
with **Mike Mantler**
JAZZ COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA—JCOA 1001-2
with **Leon Thomas**
BLUES AND THE SOULFUL TRUTH—Flying Dutchman FD 10155

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RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

***** excellent, **** very good,
*** good, ** fair, * poor

RETURN TO FOREVER

WHERE HAVE I KNOWN YOU BEFORE—Polydor PD 6509: *Vulcan Worlds*; *Where Have I Loved You Before*; *The Shadow of Lo*; *Where Have I Danced With You Before*; *Beyond the Seventh Galaxy*; *Earth Juice*; *Where Have I Known You Before*; *Song to the Pharaoh Kings*.

Personnel: Chick Corea, acoustic & electric keyboards, synthesizer, percussion; Al DiMeola, acoustic & electric guitar; Stanley Clarke, electric bass, organ, percussion; Lenny White, drums, percussion.

***** 1/2

It used to be that when a so-called jazz musician began to play in a style more accessible to the wider public, he was accused of being unprincipled. If Chick Corea's previous albums with Return to Forever haven't put that old chestnut to rest, the present excursion should. *Where Have I Known You Before* is an instantly enjoyable set which nevertheless remains faithful to two essential musical principles: unity and energy.

Unity, first of all, because this is a tight band. On record, the music is concentrated, stripped to its essentials, with nary a note, a chord, a color out of place. If credit for this is due to producer Corea, things are no different when performer Corea and colleagues stretch out on stage. There's a kind of thematic unity here, too. The album's title and accompanying poem conjure up a sensation of déjà vu, a sort of cosmic nostalgia; and, indeed, you have the feeling that you've heard this haunting music—the rock ballad which opens *Lo*, the vaguely Hispanic line of *Kings*, the insistent and unabashed funk of *Juice*—somewhere else before. DiMeola's contribution adds to this impression; this young guitarist already sounds like a lot of things, chief among them a wailing banshee whose riffs are less important for their notes than for their evocative vibrations. Unity also applies to the simplicity of the lines themselves. It's nearly all laid out on the first listening; the descending and ascending melodies of the opening track have a certain inevitability to them, and melodic fragments you hear on one cut keep popping up in themes and solos elsewhere in the set. Like most other musical edifices built from basic bricks, this album doesn't provide many surprises on subsequent listenings; but so far I haven't gotten tired of hearing this particular one over and over again.

Energy has a lot to do with it. The five longer tracks are entirely electric, and Corea, who was one of the first musicians to explore the possibilities of the various electric keyboards, remains a state-of-the-art practitioner—singing, squawking, and sighing with an audacious resourcefulness throughout. If he's not above exploiting a few cheap thrills (like the synthesized spaceship taking off as *Lo* moves out of the shadows), his apparently inexhaustible melodic and rhythmic imagination more than redeems him. The *Where Have I* tracks are interludes for Chick on 20 □ down beat

acoustic, exquisite and appropriate: catch how the lilting, folk-like *Danced* segues into the extraterrestrial gymnastics of *Galaxy*, the classic high-energy RTF line stated in bold unison over White's volatile drums. Energy and Lenny White, of course, are two names for the same thing; and, to my ears, this maturing and already accomplished drummer has never sounded better than on this date.

Unity and energy; but there's more: an empathy which enables the group to bring off with aplomb the various transitions of a tune like *Lo*; a healthy dose of funk; a few forgivable lapses into cliché; and an evident joy in making open and accessible and ultimately haunting music. If you're looking for musical principles, you can't do too much better than that.

—metalliz

GIL EVANS

THE GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA PLAYS THE MUSIC OF JIMI HENDRIX—RCA CLP 1-0667: *Angel*; *Crosstown Traffic/Little Miss Lover*; *Castles Made of Sand/Foxey Lady*; *Up From the Skies*; 1983—*A Merman I Should Turn To Be*; *Voodoo Chile*; *Gypsy Eyes*.

Personnel: Evans, piano; John Abercrombie, electric guitar; Bruce DiMatas, drums; Susan Evans, conga, drums; Peter Gordon, French horn; Billy Harper, tenor sax, flute; David Horowitz, electric piano, synthesizer; Howard Johnson, clarinet; Ryo Kawasaki, electric guitar; Trevor Koehler, tenor sax, flute; Peter Levin, horn, synthesizer; Keith Loving, guitar; Tom Malone, synthesizer, trombone, flute, bass; Michael Moore, bass; Dan Pate, bass; Marvin C. Peterson, trumpet, vocal; Warren Smith, Jr., chimes, Latin percussion, vibes; David Sanborn, alto flute, soprano sax; Lewis Soloff, trumpet.

Gil Evans and Jimi Hendrix were planning to collaborate on a recording when the rock guitarist died suddenly in London. Last year, when the New York Jazz Repertory Company presented its concert program, Evans was able to reactivate the Hendrix project and the result is this LP.

Evans has continually been a dynamic, innovative force in jazz arranging. Starting with Miles Davis in the late 1940s, Evans brought large ensemble groups away from the confines of swing (the Davis group, for example, was a nine-piece band that played briefly at New York's Royal Roost). He constantly searches for new expressions; his LPs with Davis (*Miles Ahead*, *Quiet Nights*, *Porgy & Bess*) are just some examples of his insightful and sensitive approach to ensemble jazz.

Evans brings the same intelligence to bear on this interpretation of Hendrix' music. At first, it would seem that Hendrix' sound, filled with the power of rock electronics and distortion, would be the least suitable material for a jazz arrangement. But Evans magically translates Hendrix' guitar into a blend of horns and reeds, and yet preserves the vitality and humor of the original sound.

Gypsy Eyes is a brilliant arrangement by Trevor Koehler that takes the introductory Hendrix riff and then builds from it within the structure of big band soloing. The coordination between band instrumentation and electronic synthesizers is superb on all the arrangements. *Voodoo Chile*, for instance, humorously uses electronic effects to suggest the throbs and grumbles of the Hendrix style.

My favorite cut, *Angel*, takes the elusive melodic character of Hendrix and captures his solo guitar with beautiful, soulful poetry. Evans has done much more than just arrange some rock tunes for a jazz ensemble; he has taken the arranged band concept another step towards greater artistic freedom and he has opened the doors for others to follow.—kriss

MICHAEL GIBBS/ GARY BURTON

IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST—Polydor PD 6503: *The Start Of Something Similar*; *Four Or Less*; *Dance*; *Blue*; *To Lady Mac*; *In Memory*; *Family Joy*; *Oh Boy*; *In The Public Interest*; *To Lady Mac*; *In Sympathy*.

Personnel: Gibbs, composer, arranger, conductor; Burton, vibraphone; Marvin Stamm, Randy Brecker, Pat Stout, Jeff Stout, trumpets and fluegelhorns; Mike Brecker, tenor and soprano saxes; Harvey Wainapel, alto and soprano saxes; Paul Moen, flute, tenor and soprano saxes; Bill Watrous, Wayne Andre, trombones; Paul Faulise, bass trombone; Dave Taylor, bass trombone and tuba; George Ricci, cello (side one); Alan Schulman, cello (side two); Pat Rebillot, electric piano and organ; Al Zavad, piano and electric piano; Mick Goodrick, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass guitar; Warren Smith, percussion; Harry Blazer, drums (side one); Bob Moses, drums (side two).

SEVEN SONGS FOR QUARTET AND CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—ECM (Polydor) 1040ST: *Nocturne Vulgaire/Arise*, *Her Eyes*; *Throb*; *By Way Of A Preface*; *Phases*; *The Rain Before It Falls*; *Three*.

Personnel: Burton, vibraphone; Michael Goodrick, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Ted Seibs, drums; members of the NDR-Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Michael Gibbs.

The central figure on both of these records is Mike Gibbs, the English composer and arranger who, in addition to having written for Stan Getz (*Sweet Rain*) and Gary Burton's groups, also did the orchestrations for the recent Mahavishnu album with Michael Tilson Thomas and the London Symphony.

Although a glance at the instrumentation of *In The Public Interest* would seem to suggest that this is a standard big band album, this is hardly the case. Gibbs rarely uses any conventional section writing at all. Instead, he consistently invents and exploits innovative, unconventional groupings of instruments. For want of a better designation, I'm inclined to call him a *texturalist*. He's especially skilled at laying down shifting blankets of sound which provide sometimes percussive, sometimes floating backgrounds for Burton and Mike Brecker, this album's principal soloists.

As a composer, Gibbs relies mainly on working out thematic variations of repeated, subtly altered melodic phrases, which here tend to be dissonant and angular. Characteristic of this is the line Brecker plays on *The Start Of Something Similar*, reminiscent of early Ornette Coleman. Gibbs' melodies are paradoxically hypnotic, yet stimulating.

While the overall tenor of *In The Public Interest* is one of turbulence and tension, the mood is reversed on *Seven Songs*. This is lightly textured, lyrical, flowing music. Gibbs writes here with less high-tension dissonance and fewer jarring rhythmic structures. The beat is as often implied as it is directly stated. Indeed, much of this record is implicit rather than explicit; if you don't listen with some concentration it's liable to flow right over your head.

On both records, Gibbs' orchestrations seem inevitably *right*: he doesn't over-score. In fact, on *Seven Songs* he drops out the orchestra entirely and allows Burton and Goodrick a *cappella* solo space of which they take full advantage. And on both records, there's often much going on in the background: Gibbs, like Mingus, delights in playing around with sly background rhythms, relishing their possible permutations. But most intriguing is his use of *form*. As Burton remarked in a *db Profile* on Gibbs (Sept. 12, 1974), he writes in expansive, liberating

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structures. Never since *In A Silent Way* has music seemed so open-ended.

Either of these records would be sufficient to establish Mike Gibbs' reputation; together they doubly confirm the breadth of his talents. They are indeed impressive. —balleras

THAD JONES/ MEL LEWIS BIG BAND

POTPOURRI—Philadelphia International X598: *Blues In A Minute; All My Yesterdays; Quiet Lady; Don't You Worry 'Bout A Thing; For The Love Of Money; Ambiance; Living For The City.*

Personnel: Jones, flugelhorn; Lewis, drums; Jerry Dodgion, flute, alto and soprano saxes; Ed Xiques, flute, alto and soprano saxes, clarinet; Billy Harper, tenor sax, flute; Ron Bridgewater, tenor sax, clarinet; Pepper Adams, baritone sax; Jimmy Knepper, Cliff Heather, Quentin Jackson, Billy Campbell, trombones; Jon Faddis, Cecil Bridgewater, Steve Furtado, Jim Bossy, trumpets; Sir Roland Hanna, piano, electric piano; George Mraz, bass; Buddy Lucas, harmonica, jaw harp.

It's been four years since Thad Jones-Mel Lewis brought out a record, and that's a long time for the band the people have been consistently voting the best in the land to be without a fresh product. Actually, this is their second recording since *Consummation* was issued on Blue Note, but the other still lingers in a foggy contractual limbo. With *Potpourri* the band is also making its debut on Philadelphia International Records, a company with the resources to give the band proper attention and promotion.

There are two problems in evaluating this release: first, the time and distance between new records tends to increase the level of expectation, perhaps unfairly so; second, anyone who has heard the band live with any regularity has his own ideas about the kind of excitement, spontaneity, and force of personality to expect. Consequently, in a Thad Jones-Mel Lewis performance compressed into eight tunes and about 40 minutes, not everyone is going to be completely satisfied or emotionally fulfilled. But make no mistake—this is a fine album. The band rips through its intricate book of arrangements with the precise, crisp swing that has made it famous.

Side one opens with *Minute*, kicked off with a blast from the horn section then sliding into a strong Mraz bass solo accompanied by Hanna's electric piano and Lewis' brush work. The blues builds with an Ellingtonian feeling due in part to Quentin Jackson, who offers four choruses of distinctive plunger trombone. From there both Ron and Cecil Bridgewater handle the solos as the band plays with time, difficult section breaks, and manipulates the melody with Thad guiding the ensemble through some typically complicated maneuvers. It reminds you right from the beginning that this band works not just as one big unit but as several small groups interacting with one another.

Minute is followed by two sensitive ballads. *Yesterdays* is the frame for an exquisite performance by Billy Harper, who sounds both tough and mellow, and *Quiet Lady* is a vehicle for Thad's warm and lyric flugelhorn. The side closes with *Worry 'Bout*, the first of two Stevie Wonder tunes. Jerry Dodgion's flute leading the sax section is the dominant color.

Side two is dominated by one work—indeed, it may be the most distinctive cut on the album—Dodgion's interpretation of Marian McPartland's *Ambiance*. The only piece not arranged by Thad Jones, it is deceptively simple yet subtly intricate. The middle section features a Dodgion-Mraz duet which alone is worth the price of the album. Incidentally, Hanna is heard on acoustic piano here, one

of the few times on the record he isn't on the electric keyboards. Hanna's strong and forceful piano personality has been a recognizable part of the band's sound for some time, but the electric piano has not usually been part of that feeling. I personally wish that the electric keyboard hadn't been used as much.

Of course, that brings us back to the problems mentioned earlier, the difference between what we've heard sitting in front of the bandstand and what we think the record experience will be. They're not always the same thing. —nolan

MICHAL URBANIAK'S FUSION

ATMA—Columbia KC 33184: *Mazurka; Butterfly; Largo; Ilex; New York Batsa; Kama (Part I); Kama (Part II); Atma-Yesterday; Atma-Today; Atma-Tomorrow.*

Personnel: Urbaniak, electric violin, Vi-tar violin, soprano sax; Urszula Dudziak, voice, percussion; Czeslaw Bartkowski, drums; Pavel Jarzelski, bass; Wojciech Karolka, keyboards, electric piano, Moog synthesizer, electric organ, clavinet; Ray Mantilla, congas, drums percussion.

Despite Michal Urbaniak's claim that native Polish folk forms have had little influence on his artistic development, I think that to a large degree it's precisely those ethnic elements that distinguish Fusion's music from other jazz-rock experimenters.

On *Fusion*, the unit's first domestic release, the ethnic feel was more subdued, while it's Mahavishnu influence was more apparent and dominant. On *Atma*, things are a little less hurried. *Mazurka* combines the strict, happy dance form with some spacey, synthesized strings. It's hip corn and very disarming. Abruptly, a lovely bridge leads into Urbaniak's solo violin. His ballad playing, through vibrato-less, is broad and soulful, reminiscent of master Stephane Grappelli's.

During *Butterfly*, Urbaniak employs one of his favorite devices: following a simple piano intro, he's heard as if from afar, bowing in the upper register. His swirls come nearer and nearer, until it sounds like there's a full-blown dervish in your livingroom. Effective in small doses, Urbaniak employs it far too frequently. Likewise, even considering the free and easy swing of vocalist Dudziak's antics, we hear too many of her dramatic mid-to-high register swoops. But she shines on *Kama (Part I)*, where her wordless, improvised solo is processed through various echo and tape devices.

Throughout *Atma*, Karolka's broad spectrum of keyboard colors combine with Mantilla's Latin funk and Bartkowski's forcefulness in a persuasively danceable manner. Finally, Fusion's music is of a happy breed, infused with an effervescent feeling. —adler

BARRY MILES & SILVERLIGHT

BARRY MILES & SILVERLIGHT—London PS 651: *Buck Rogers; The Cat; Loved You So Long; Gypsy Dance; The Top Belle; Big Mack; Time And Space; Los Viajeros (The Travelers); Sweet Love And Devotion; Silver Lightning.*

Personnel: Miles, electric & acoustic pianos, mini-Moog synthesizer, clavinet, vibes, percussion, vocals; Terry Silverlight, drums; Bill Washer, guitar; Harvie Swartz, bass guitar; Bob (Babbit) Kreinar, bass guitar (tracks 3, 5, and 9 only); Jeff Mironov, guitar (tracks 3, 5, and 9 only); Alan Schwartzberg, drums (tracks 3 and 9 only); Jimmy Maculen, congas (track 3 only); Kathic Baillie, Alan Le Boeuf, Mike Bonagura, vocals (track 3 only); Sissy Houston, Maertha Stewart, Joshie Ahmsted, vocals (track 9 only); Tony Pagano, percussion (track 9 only); The Somerville Strings (track 9 only).

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Miles Davis

Less than a week after Duke Ellington's death, Miles Davis entered the studio and recorded side one of this album—an exhausting but exhilarating tribute to one of America's greatest musicians. The side is called "He Loved Him Madly" and it's a powerful, evocative listening experience.

In addition, Miles has recorded perhaps his most eclectic album to date. African rhythms, blues, a ritualistic dance-on-fire explosion called "Calypso Frelimo," and an adventure called "Honky Tonk."

All along, musicians like John McLaughlin, Billy Cobham, Herbie Hancock, and Keith Jarrett are performing with urgency and brilliance.

"Get Up With It." An eclectic burst from Miles Davis. On Columbia Records and Tapes

Hancock, et al., now pose a serious problem for those who would follow in their footsteps. The best practitioners of the new sounds favor an eclectic, almost freewheeling attitude, incorporating diverse forms into the total identity projected by the music. But just when does a group's music pass from the realm of positive eclecticism into that of the watered down and unfocused?

The answer obviously depends on the individual musician in question. Barry Miles, for example, has chosen a difficult, complex path for himself but he's obviously having a gas following it. There's a light, warm, familiar feeling to Barry's music despite the fact that it has as yet no strong, distinctive identity.

Barry has chosen a tighter format for the tunes on his latest date, thus dropping the more freely improvised atmosphere of his two excellent quartet sessions for Mainstream. Explosive energy levels on the uptempo pieces have remained constant from the two earlier albums, largely because of drummer Silverlight's continued presence. (Terry is Barry's precocious brother and still only a high school senior.) But everything else is more compact, particularly the solos.

In contrast, the sprawling range of styles encompasses two out-and-out pop numbers (*Loved You and Sweet Love*), sung by Barry in a pleasant if unspectacular voice, rather like Mose Allison by way of Union, New Jersey. His unique falsetto scat, featured so prominently on the earlier Mainstream albums, is heard only once on this album, backgrounding *Time And Space* with an exquisite one-man chorus. Barry gives the strongest indication of his own lyrically tender style on the quieter *The Top Belle* and *Time And Space*.

The disc's uptempo tunes tend to be more derivative. *The Cat* pops along wittily in a Mahavishnu-Hammer groove, resembling some of the muted, subtly funky things of the original Orchestra. Both *Gypsy Dance* and *Los Viajeros* are infused with strong Corea vibes, and *Buck Rogers*, the album's Silverlight-penner opener, is probably the best energy piece, a duet between Barry and his brother that rockets along at a virtuoso pace, fueled by a fleet Moog-bass figure.

The relative brevity of the tunes encourages Barry, a glib keyboard stylist of many notes, not to overplay. It's another mark of maturity. That many of the tunes remind the listener of a number of highly influential contemporary musicians should be in no way construed as a criticism of Miles; rather, they chart a wider territory in which this gifted, evolving young musician can grow.—*mitchell*

EBERHARD WEBER

THE COLOURS OF CHLOE—ECM (Polydor) 1042 ST: *More Colours: The Colours Of Chloe: An Evening With Vincent Van Ritz, No Motion Picture.*

Personnel: Weber, bass, cello, ocarina, vocals; Ack van Rooyen, flugelhorn; Rainer Brüninghaus, piano, synthesizer; Peter Giger, drums, percussion; Ralf Hübner, drums (track 2); Gisela Schauble, vocals, cellos of the Sudfunk Symphony Orchestra, Stuttgart.

*** 1/2

In a decade in which more fundamental detente has been achieved on the turntable than around the conference table, this is an album calculated to reinforce a few American preconceptions about the strengths and weaknesses of contemporary European improvisors. Weber, a veteran of many Continental recording studios, but a new name to me as a leader, has come up with a paradoxical gem: carefully crafted, consistently sparkling, occasionally brilliant, but ultimately rigid, static, and sometimes cold almost to the 24 □ down beat

point of lifelessness.

Which isn't to say that the album doesn't have its moments. *Van Ritz* is one of them. It opens with a sound characteristic of the whole set: dissonant strings and disembodied voices envelop a bass line at first throbbing, then atonally lyrical. Suddenly everyone starts to cook: Weber with authoritative plungings and soarings, Giger with delicate cymbal splashes, Brüninghaus with brusque, oblique commentary, and van Rooyen, in his only extended statement, with a propulsive line, articulate though a bit too reminiscent of a roller coaster ride. All this is happening at once, and just enough out of rhythmic phase to make it sound even more active than it really is. But it's over too soon, and we're back to the ghostly string choir. Throughout most of the rest of the date, Weber opts for stillness, set pieces of keyboard and strings succeeding each other abruptly, rather than organically. *Chloe's* colors are beautiful all right, but this is a slide show, not the flowing kaleidoscope which the best collective improvisation sets in motion.

The abilities Weber brings to this date are formidable. He's a more than capable player, a gifted lyricist (catch the line of the title cut, before it etches itself indelibly in your mind's ear), an effective if monochromatic orchestrator. He's also chosen fine sidemen, who unfortunately get to demonstrate little more than their skill in choosing tones from a largely predetermined palette. All that is missing is a sense of freedom. Possibly that illustrates one difference between our side (historically improvised) and their side (historically precomposed) of the pond. More likely, it's the difference between a pretty and promising album, and a truly superior one.

—*metalitz*

GEORGE BENSON

BAD BENSON—CTI 6045: *Take Five; Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams; My Latin Brother; No Sooner Said Than Done; Full Compass; The Changing World.*

Personnel: Benson, guitar; Kenny Barron, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Phil Upchurch, guitar, electric bass (*Full Compass* only); Steve Gadd, drums; John Frosk, Alan Rubin, Joe Shepley, trumpet; Wayne Andre, Garnett Brown, Warren Covington, Paul Faulise, trombone; Jim Buffington, Brooks Tillotson, French horn; Ray Beckenstein, flute; Phil Bodner, English horn, clarinet, alto flute; George Marge, English horn, piccolo, flute; Al Regni, flute, clarinet; Seymour Barab, Frank Levy, Jesse Levy, Charles McCracken, Alan Shulman, Paul Tobias, cellos; Margaret Ross, harp.

George Benson's new album, *Bad Benson*, contains impressive side-personnel: Phil Upchurch, Kenny Barron, Ron Carter and Margaret Ross. It's a shame that such an array of talent and versatility should produce a merely good album. Perhaps because I have come to expect such great things from Benson & Co., I find myself unsatisfied at something short of superb.

Bad Benson begins with a reworking of Paul Desmond's *Take Five*. Sebesky's arrangement can only be described as pretty—pretty cello surges, orchestral crescendos, bass solos and guitar improvisations. The second piece, *Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams*, begins with a gentle harp and flute, making an easy transition from mellow guitar to strings. The most exciting piece is *Full Congress* with its heavy bass, strong horns, and beautiful ending. *The Changing World* is a quiet and thought provoking piece, another example of a fulfilling number.

No Sooner Said Than Done is reminiscent of *White Rabbit*, yet it doesn't achieve the same heights. It fails where *White Rabbit* succeeds.

My Latin Brother has one inherent fault: it doesn't reach the Latin funkiness of, say, Ray Barretto or Eddie Palmieri. The piece alternates between heavy improvisational guitar and Barron's easy piano. Even with the rhythm changes, *My Latin Brother* is obviously lacking as a Latin tune.

The album contains two weak songs, but two out of six isn't bad . . . I'll settle for those odds.

—*antalin*

OSCAR PETERSON

GREAT CONNECTION—BASF/MPS MC 21281: *Younger Than Springtime; Where Do We Go From Here; Smile; Soft Winds; Just Squeeze Me; On the Trail; Wheatland.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

What can one say about Oscar Peterson in a trio setting? Few pianists have recorded more (for that matter, I think Oscar holds the record for LPs, with more than 50 on Verve alone) and with greater consistency.

This version of the trio—one of the last from a few years ago—was not the most cohesive, lacking the integration of the edition with Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen (not to mention what to me was the greatest of the pianist's trios, the one with Brown and Herb Ellis), but Pedersen is very sympathetic, and Hayes does his best to keep up with Peterson's tempo fluctuations.

Soft Winds, not unexpectedly, brings out the Tatum in Oscar and is one of my favorites here. Also fine is *Smile*, the beautiful, sentimental Chaplin tune, done up eloquently by Oscar. *Wheatland* is a pretty original, and *Squeeze* winds up a whole lot faster than it started. If you like Peterson's racehorse tempos, the closest he comes here is *On The Trail*—fittingly. Hear the bass in the opening of *Springtime* (a fine track for everyone). In all, typical Peterson—no more, no less.

—*morgenstern*

BOBBY PIERCE

NEW YORK—Muse 5030: *New York; Children Are The Creator's Messengers; Hooray For The Children; Too High; Sleep Baby; Minority.*

Personnel: Pierce, organ, vocal, electric piano, celeste; Billy Mitchell, tenor, soprano sax; Frank Strozier, alto sax, flute; Bobby Alston, trumpet; Ted Dunbar, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, Fender bass; Freddie Waits, drums.

This is pleasant, funky jazz-rock. Pierce, a Cleveland based organist-pianist who additionally sings in a fairly standard soulful voice, is found here in the company of some skilled New York studio musicians. The result is professional but not terribly innovative or exciting.

As an organist, Pierce is in the mainstream Jimmy Smith tradition, although his playing lacks the energy and excitement of Smith's best work. At points, he seems a bit intimidated by his sidemen, and he sometimes falls into the rut of repeating variations on an ascending sequential run, thus ending in a light squeak. Also too predictable are Bob Cranshaw's electric bass lines; they're cleanly played, but unoriginal.

As a composer, Pierce pens some pleasant melodies, the most effective of which is *Children Are The Creator's Messengers*, a delicate soft-rock piece with some fragile flute work by Frank Strozier. *Sleep Baby*, a slow rock-beat lullabye, is likewise pretty, but has predictable chord changes and rhythm section accents. *Minority*, the Gigi Gryce standard, is the loosest performance here, but again, there still isn't that much to listen to. —*balleras*

GARY BARTZ

SINGERELLA—A GHETTO FAIRY TALE—Prestige P-10083: *St. Felix Street; Dozens (The Sounding Song); I Don't Care; Blind Man; Singerella—A Ghetto Fairy Tale; Lady Love; Mellow Yellow; Nation Time.*

Personnel: Bartz, clarinet, soprano and alto saxes, mouth harp, synthesizer, percussion, vocals; Maynard Parker, guitar; Hubert Eaves, electric and acoustic piano, clavinet; James Benjamin, electric bass; Howard King, drums. Hector Centeno, guitar (tracks 3 and 8); Kenneth Nash, percussion (tracks 4 and 8).

★ ★

A jazz opera? It's Cinderella with a ghetto twist. Singerella, our black princess to be, can be seen on the album cover in both the before and after: scrubbing the tenement steps reminiscent of Cinderella at the fireplace, and elegantly yet simply attired, casually posed against the rail of the same steps. Our fairy tale takes place in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto yet it could be anywhere. Gary Bartz has provided the listener/reader with an informative lyric sheet lest the significance of his cover photos go unnoticed. As a matter of fact, with the exception of *I Don't Care* and *St. Felix St.*, which were arranged by Hubert Eaves, all the tunes were penned, produced and arranged by Bartz.

St. Felix St. sets the scene. It begins with a woeful horn and progresses to establish a funky mood. It's sort of pretty, especially with Bartz's synthesizer. From there it's *Dozens*, the traditional African sounding song . . . that of mockingly insulting another's family. Cute. *I Don't Care* is pure rock and uninteresting. *Blind Man* is reminiscent of the hand jive genre . . . the lyrics display a poignant understanding of ghetto callousness.

We have now reached side two and it's *Cinderella—A Ghetto Fairy Tale*. The vocalist is

atonal. *Lady Love* begins with a pleasant horn vibrato, progressing to a big band sound with the advent of the synthesizer. It's innovative, enjoyable and quite pretty. As a matter of fact, it's the best tune on the album . . . the one which demonstrates the most versatility, both musically and lyrically. *Mellow Yellow* contains some interesting guitar riffs. *Nation Time* has an interesting saxophone. The album is interesting inasmuch as it's innovative as a jazz opera. It's interesting. That's the nicest thing which can be said. —antalin

JOHNNY GUARNIERI

PLAYS HARRY WARREN—Jim Taylor Presents JTP 102: *Nagasaki; Shadow Waltz; September In The Rain; Lulu's Back In Town; You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby; I Only Have Eyes For You; You'll Never Know; I Found A Million Dollar Baby; Lullaby Of Broadway; Boulevard Of Broken Dreams; The More I See You; With Plenty Of Money And You.*

Personnel: Guarnieri, piano.

★ ★ ★

Guarnieri has made some fine records in his time, and he continues to show a broad range of musical ability. *Nagasaki* is taken at a frightfully fast stride tempo; sometimes, in fact, the tempo is beyond his reach and the notes are imprecise, but no matter—it's enjoyable. On the slower pieces, *Waltz and Beautiful Baby*, he falls into a relaxed Teddy Wilson mood, occasionally adding Hinesian flourishes.

Guarnieri is a full enough player, but something is missing here: there are moments when Guarnieri's lonesome monologue is a bit unfulfilling. There are supper club moments, inspirational gaps, that might have been aided by the addition of a bassist or guitarist. However, even with these limitations, hearing Johnny rip them up in *Nagasaki* and

With Plenty is at times even electric. Had it come before the rush of other recent solo albums by revived pianists, it would not have been a bit disappointing. Write db for further information. —rusch

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formative years of modern jazz," as chief Ralph J. Gleason notes in the inner sleeve. Wonderful!—let's hope it comes true, and that future joys include Fantasy items, as some of these four do. It may even be worthwhile to retire such mistakes as the Rollins (Prestige 24004) in favor of completeness. Odd combinations are inevitable in such a program, yet I consider these Farlow and Stitt sets crucial, with the Clayton-Tate and Hines sessions featuring the most rewarding instances of these artists at work.

The Farlow is comprised of a 1955 date with the Red Norvo Trio and a 1969 studio quartet. The ambitions of vibist Norvo, bassist Red Mitchell and guitarist Farlow were far lower than the MJQ's, yet the comparison of approach is inevitable. The three switch lead and accompaniment roles most gracefully. Farlow's comping is not a million miles removed from John Lewis's ways and the more sophisticated Milt Jackson would be proud of the *How Am I To Know* Norvo solo, for example. The material is all pop songs, *Lullaby of Birdland* and the very boppish *I Brung You Finjans For Your Zarf* excepted; I find this trio's *Funny Valentine* sentimentality more agreeable than the MJQ's in similar circumstances. Mitchell's playing is excellent throughout (a lovely *Old Black Magic* solo), Farlow's choruses and half-choruses are usually quite pleasing (note *Who Cares?*, *Cabin In The Sky*, *Valentine*, etc., etc.) The combinations of swing, solo, interplay, and formalism render the Norvo trio more successful on its own terms than a great deal of post-Clarke MJQ, in fact.

The more aggressive setting of the quartet date does not deter Farlow, but rude accompaniment (especially by bassist Jack Six and drummer Alan Dawson) and stylistic inadequacies make this date less satisfactory. From a good beginning in *Straight No Chaser* his choruses grow gradually more disjointed; Farlow must have understood his structural problem, for he is willing to introduce weak material in order to maintain flow at all costs (note *Sometime Ago*). *My Romance* demonstrates a loss of his earlier ballad feeling, and while his giddy treatment of *Summertime* works satisfactorily, the eccentricity of approach is the most memorable quality. A post-Christian guitarist, Farlow sought individuality above all; the elements of later Django are thus curiously misplaced, his octave sound unique, the making of phrases and choruses superior to most of his contemporaries, and, on the whole, this collection presents valuable insights.

Clayton and Tate were enjoying something of a revival in 1960-61, when these quintet sets were done. Tate's style by this time had assimilated something of later Hawkins, and while his clarinet work (*Blue Creek*) is not his strongest point, his improvisations here rank among the very best of his long career. His Big Boss Man approach made him quite an ideal partner for Clayton, his bold melodies contrasting with the trumpeter's subtlety and variety of effect. Sir Charles Thompson's work is happy throughout—the perfect accompanist, his soloing justifies the immense respect accorded to him by lovers of jazz piano.

The context is almost ideal for Clayton, who throughout his recording career has repeated a level of performance worthy of consideration among the finest jazzmen. A lyricist with great melodic resources, his art had by this time broadened in emotive scope with his incorporation of personal sound devices (*Blue Ebony*), which went hand-in-hand with

his traditional contrasting of relatively even muted playing with more rhythmically complex open-horn (*When A Woman Loves A Man*). These sessions are not Clayton at his most intense, but the blues date works especially well. *Rompin' At Red Bank* is almost Clayton jam session quality stuff, and Miles-Trane lovers are especially encouraged to listen to these trumpet-tenor vibrations.

The Stitt is rather more remarkable, for he is a lesser figure than Clayton, yet I suspect this collection is an accurate representation of his tenor work in 1950-51. The two alto solos, *Cherokee* and *Imagination*, are poor music, the two baritone solos not much better, and the 28 other tracks range from delightful Stitt to *I Can't Cope*. His ballad playing—an outstanding *Stairway To The Stars* excepted—tends to be dead, and though the beginnings of his usual static approach are apparent, the lack of a slick phrase to place in the structure is often evident. Despite a deadly sextet date, the bulk of his improvising here features interesting ideas, mingling wit and shit, as it were. The quartet with Kenny Drew, Tommy Potter, and Max Roach worked generally well, for instance, and he smokes J.J. Johnson in the quintet session.

There remain the 8 tracks with Bud Powell, Curly Russell, and Roach. Convention has it that Stitt never plays well unless challenged by his associates. The truly outstanding quality of his soloing must be a response to Bud's total brilliance then, for these piano solos are priceless, ranking among the finest choruses of this, his greatest, period. The joy of music, the wonder of creation, the incredible invention and pursuit of melody permeate every instant of these performances, from the great *All God's Chillun Got Rhythm* to the end. The best of an era is presented in miniature here, but the illumination of the art remains timeless.

It is impossible to more than remotely suggest the amazements of the Hines 1955-56 dates within the context of this review: my notes begin with "great," "incredible," "terrific," "classic," and then go onward and upward. Never mind that conventional jazz histories limit Hines' contribution to the period of swing piano, or that today's jazz fans date his greatness from the mid-60's solo LPs. There's every reason to believe that the reason that we don't have several dozen collections as excellent as this is due to 45 years of record producer eccentricities and Hines' own peculiar career choices—the big bands, the dixie bands, the present-day small groups. Certainly the technical excellence and surface extroversion immediately capture the listener, but the musicality of the invention bring you back again and again.

The rhythm section in the Fats Waller tribute hardly hinders Hines' flights. On the contrary, guitarist Eddie Duran's brief choruses are foils for often marvelous piano commentary, and Hines shifts tempos and emphasis with near-perfect ease (cherish *Honeysuckle Rose* and *Ain't Misbehavin'* especially). On the solo LP, note how *Blues For Tatum* moves from a blues feeling to a purely original Hines conception within the 12-bar framework—and that's not the best item here, either. If the freedom of his later solo work is somewhat missing here, this collection must nonetheless be considered among his best work, and further evidence that Hines is one of the most wonderful experiences in the history of American music.

And these reissues are only four twofers among many previous and a great many more to come. Keep your eyes and ears open.

—litweiler

Norman Connors



CHARLES STEWART

by herb nolan

In the two years that drummer Norman Connors has been recording with and leading his own groups, he has produced four superb recordings (*Dance Of Magic*, *Dark Of Light*, *Love From The Sun*, and *Stewfoot*) and given every indication he is among the most innovative and musically uncompromising leaders around. In addition, the talent he has assembled for his recording dates in many cases has included strong creative leaders in their own right—Herbie Hancock, Carlos Garnett, Gary Bartz, Eddie Henderson, Buster Williams, Stan Clarke, Cecil McBee, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Jean Carn.

Connors grew up in the projects of North Philadelphia where one of his earliest influences, Lex Humphries, lived across the street. After moving to New York City in the mid-'60s, he worked with Marion Brown, Archie Shepp, Sun Ra, Jackie McLean, Sam Rivers, Jack McDuff, Leon Thomas, Lou Donaldson, and for three years with Pharoah Sanders.

"I've spent half my life listening to music," says Connors, "and the other half playing. I used to spend from eight in the morning until six in the evening, when my parents got home from work, practicing and studying. And from about six until one in the morning, I'd either listen to the radio or records. I've done a lot of listening in my years."

This was Norman's first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.

blindfold

test

1. MCCOY TYNER. *La Cubana* (from *Sama Layuca*, Milestone). Tyner, piano, composer; Buster Williams, bass; Gary Bartz, alto sax; Azar Lawrence, tenor sax; Billy Hart, drums; Guilherme Franco, Mtume, percussion; Bobby Hutcherson, marimba.

The bass sounds very Stan Clarke-ish, or maybe like Juni Booth. It could be Buster Williams. The record has a good feeling—the feeling is beautiful. McCoy. That's got to be McCoy, only he can play like that. This must be his last album. That was Gary Bartz who took the solo—just beautiful... Guilherme Franco on percussion. I heard Hutcherson—Hutch! I can't tell who the drummer is, he doesn't sound distinct. I mean, he sounds like somebody playing off the original approach to that kind of music. Of course, I know it's not Elvin—I know Elvin's sound—but it sounds like somebody influenced by Elvin and Rashied Ali, and quite a few other people. I'll take a guess, it could be Billy Hart although it doesn't necessarily sound like him. I mean, Billy sounds so many different ways. I've heard him with Wes Montgomery and he played along with me on some of Pharoah's records; he plays differently with different people so I can't really pinpoint Billy's style. I don't even know what Billy's sound

sounds like. But he's a very good drummer.

I like the record. I like McCoy and his mind, but I like his earlier stuff better. I think one of my favorite groups was the one with Freddie Waits—I think Woody Shaw was on trumpet and Gary Bartz was on alto. I really like that period. I also liked his group with Sonny Fortune. Alphonse Mouzon and Juni Booth; I thought that was his best group.

I'll give the record five stars for McCoy being McCoy. In fact, I give McCoy all the stars in the world for him being McCoy and sticking to what he believes in. He's such a beautiful person and musician. The rest of the stuff was nice, it didn't knock me out, but it's all right.

2. RASHIED ALI. *Exchange Part I*, second cut untitled (from *Rashied Ali*, Frank Lowe *Duo Exchange*, Survival Records). Rashied Ali, drums; Frank Lowe, tenor sax.

The saxophone sounds like someone with a Pharoah Sanders influence, but it's not Pharoah by any means. I heard a little bit of Newk influence at the beginning—just a little bit. The drummer sounds like something Sonny Murray would do, but at the moment I can't make that man out... No bass, no nothin', just drums and horn... Rashied Ali. The only person I know who did something

like that was Rashied and Frank Lowe. It was a very poor quality recording. I couldn't even tell that was Rashied. I love Rashied, to me he plays some of the prettiest multi-rhythmic things I've ever heard, but I didn't particularly care for him on that. Frank Lowe, I couldn't even tell where he was coming from on that particular recording. As far as the record quality, I won't even deal with stars. The recording was poor, and I didn't hear a certain brightness in the drum sound that I know Rashied can get... I'll give Rashied five stars for being Rashied.

3. ARCHIE SHEPP. *Fiesta* (from *The Way Ahead*, Impulse). Shepp, tenor sax; Roy Haynes, drums; Grachan Moncur III, trombone.

Yeah, that's good quality sound there. The drummer reminds me a little bit of myself. There's only one person who can play like that. Roy Haynes. And the only person with a tone like that is Archie Shepp. That's Roy Haynes and Archie, so far.

Nolan: The liner notes say the drummer is Beaver Harris on this cut.

Connors: They made a mistake! Archie Shepp is one of my favorite musicians, every record of his is different. The concept is open wide, you never know what he's going to do next. I really like the way he interprets Duke Ellington compositions. Archie has a hell of a mind. He's Gemini, you know, he's brilliant, a very brilliant man. He gave me my first record date when I moved to New York. I hear Grachan on trombone.

I'll give three stars to the record and five to Archie Shepp and Roy Haynes. No, I'll give three stars to this composition.

4. THE ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO. *Part One, How Strange—Part Two, Ole Jed* (from *The Art Ensemble of Chicago*, Prestige). Fontella Bass, vocal; Lester Bowie, trumpet.

I like it so far. It's out of an African kind of thing, but it doesn't sound African. It sounds like Americans trying to play a very simple African rhythm. The vocalist sounds good, I don't know who she is but her voice is beautiful. It reminds me of Abbey Lincoln a little bit... The trumpet is out of tune; I mean the voice would throw me, but the background is kind of out. I'll have to guess, that would be the Art Ensemble of Chicago with a chick singing—Fontella Bass or somebody like that.

I caught them for the first time when I played the Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival with Pharoah. I did the Newport Festival with Sam Rivers and they played right before us. A lot of their music doesn't make too much sense to me, but they have a thing. It's just I don't understand it, but that doesn't mean anything. The group never knocked me out, but then I haven't listened to them that much so I really can't say. It's interesting. What they do is very dramatic, but I don't get much emotional, melodic, harmonic quality from it. It doesn't move me like Aretha singing, or John Coltrane or Pharoah Sanders playing, or Miles playing a certain note. They sound like a group that would be more popular in Europe than here. I give them two stars for... ah... whatever they do.

5. MAX ROACH. *Mendacity* (from *Percussion Bitter Sweet*, Impulse). Roach, drums; Abbey Lincoln, vocal; Booker Little, trumpet; Eric Dolphy, alto sax.

Right from the start, that's one of my favorite trumpet players, Booker Little, who's dead now. Aah, I love her, that's Abbey. Of course, I was influenced by Max more than anybody else, and this is one of my favorite records by him. This is the one with Eric Dolphy and Booker Little. I think I have every record Max ever made.

Five stars for the album, five stars for everybody who's on it and five stars for every composition. And 50 stars for Max Roach... The solo by Eric Dolphy, 50 stars for that solo. There's not much you can say about Max Roach, he's the greatest drummer, composer, and musician of all time. I call him the godfather. I would recommend every drummer study Max Roach. **db**

Profile

TOM COSTER

by Charles Mitchell

One of the major reasons for the increasingly adventurous and exploratory nature of Santana's music is keyboardist-composer Tom Coster. He's one of the primary sources of the band's newfound melodic strength, as well as a gifted improviser, with unusual dynamic sensitivity, a rare quality for musicians performing at supersonic levels of sound. Maturity achieved through varied experience is the key to Coster's musical gifts, and his career should be an example to all up-and-coming young musicians. But let him tell his own story:

"I'm 33 years old, born in Detroit, but I've lived in California almost all of my life. Basically, I'm an accordionist. That's the first instrument I played. I was like the black sheep of the accordion group because I was always playing jazz on the accordion instead of oom-pah-pah bass lines and stuff like that. People would always tell me that I couldn't play jazz, that I had to play polkas and so forth. Accordion teachers unfortunately seem to teach a particular style of music. They all teach the same songs. You get a lot of chops because you're always playing so fast, but they limit the instrument in the way they teach it.

"After high school, I went to a junior college which had an excellent lab band. It was the College of San Mateo, which was under the direction (at that time) of Dick Crest. It was a very fine band with some excellent musicians. Of course, they all laughed when I came in with my accordion. They had a decent pianist and I couldn't play piano very well at all then. When they did give me a chance to play accordion after humiliating me for so long, they were knocked out. Eventually a few of us got a very swinging small group together out of the big band.

"From college I went into the Air Force where I was very fortunate to get into a field band—a real good one. The director of that field band, as a matter of fact, eventually became the director of the Air Force Band. Even though you *legally* cannot get into the Air Force on accordion (you have to be a pianist), the director liked the way I played, and asked me to play in his combo.

"In the service, I met some incredible musicians, both in my first field band and later in Alaska where I was transferred. It's an eight to five gig and it's *music*—concert band, dance band, percussion ensemble, jazz band. In the jazz band, I was playing vibes and accordion, and since there

was a grand piano around, I started really learning to play. Little by little, I got away from accordion and more and more into piano.

"I came back to San Francisco after five years in the Air Force, learned the Hammond organ, and started gigging at the bottom—all kinds of little clubs, which got better as I went along. Those were still the days of after-hours clubs, when all the good cats who were playing in town at the Both/And and the Jazz Workshop would come around after their gigs to play some more. I was very fortunate to sit in on those sessions.

"The first real break I had was an invitation to play with Buddy Rich's band, which didn't pan out ultimately. I continued on the local scene, and finally made a decision to get into rock and roll. I joined a band called the Loading Zone, and even though we didn't make much money, it was fantastic. We had a couple of great horn players.

"It was a tough transition from jazz to rock. Every time I would take a solo, I would play too many notes and burn myself out before what the band considered to be a climax. To play what they wanted, you had to be more basic, closer to a simple rock rhythm. They didn't hear all those notes. It took me a long time to understand that concept and build to a climax that would please the audience. And I've always believed in pleasing the audience as well as myself.

"But after about a year, the band really wasn't materializing. I took an offer to go with Gabor Szabo. This was in 1971. We changed the sound of Gabor's music from a swing rhythm to a funkier thing, but the band never recorded, due to some problems with the famous Bob Krasnow and Gabor's association with Blue Thumb Records. It was too bad, because at the time I was doing about 60% of the writing for the band, and all of us could play as much as we wanted. It was a beautiful relationship, but when the promises of recording never came about, I began to look for other work.

"George Duke offered me a job with Frank Zappa's band. He was with Cannonball Adderley at the time but knew Frank could dig having me. But I turned the gig down because I had to get my head straight on a few things. Subsequently, I was offered a job with Malo, and about ten minutes later, Santana called. Things were happening all of a sudden, including a gig with Elvis that I turned down.

"I was very surprised at the music the new Santana band was playing. It was highly jazz-oriented last year, but unfortunately might have been a little bit over the heads of the kids. So this year, we're back to playing a lot of Carlos' older material in concert. And the *Borboletta* album is much more commercial than *Welcome* was. My playing on it is extremely commercial. We want to keep the Santana name alive; we want people to buy

the albums. If other musicians think this is a cop-out or whatever, it's something that they really have to witness and to live to understand. If you can give the kids a good commercial album every now and then, when Carlos or I or someone else in the band decides to do an album like *Illuminations* (with Alice Coltrane), which I had a great deal to do with, then it's beautiful. That way you're giving the kids what they want, but also opening up a new perspective to them."

Coster is essentially a self-taught writer and arranger. He started in the Air Force, where he had a whole band at his disposal to work out the kinks while he was developing. "I bought the Russell Garcia book on arranging, a very good one, incidentally. With help from a few other people in the organization, I learned the basics and started writing for my band in the Air Force. I also wrote very commercial rock stuff for the Loading Zone, some very fine, danceable tunes which I hope we can do in the Santana band someday.

"With Santana, it's a different situation. All songs, with very few exceptions, are collectively written. Carlos and I have closely exchanged ideas for the last few years, and we've come up with what I feel is a unique relationship. I've learned a lot. It's not like so many things I hear. So many things sound the same to me now. As much as I worship the musicians on those CTI sessions, it's the same rhythm sections, the same kinds of tunes, the same arrangements. To my ears, it's very repetitive.

"Our music requires a lot of thought and a lot of feeling—involvement. When Carlos and I got together, half the time it was at his house and half the time at mine. And if we weren't getting into it on a particular day, we'd stop. The next day it might be beautiful. We would try to capture moods. That's what the music on *Illuminations* is all about. If you listen to the three *Angel* pieces or Alice's *Bliss: The Eternal Now* and you close your eyes, you can very much *feel* the moods we were trying to express in the titles of the pieces and the pieces themselves.

"It isn't just a matter of coming in and playing your part. It's a matter of feeling those moods. If you play this way, then what comes out is sure to sound different from everything else. And other musicians can learn from it too.

"A melody that people can remember and a nice rhythm that they can feel are both very important in making music that'll stay with people. You also need the right tempo in which to play that rhythm. Various bass lines and melodies are often played too fast or too slowly. They don't lay right, so the proper tempo is very important."

Dynamic control is another key facet in the craft of weaving melody, rhythm, and effective tempo into a pleasing package for the listener. Santana is a loud band in concert, and Coster finds that there have been problems getting proper dynamics within the thunderous sonic atmosphere, in addition to physical problems, namely hearing.

"Physically, I have received some damage to my left ear, which is the side exposed to the amplifiers. Also, it's very difficult to adjust to playing some of my instruments at this level. For example, you just can't get a good sound out of the Fender Rhodes at the volume we play. On the organ, you're limited, too. You can play just a very few stops. The textures of the band are much more audible at lower levels.

"I find that rock and roll musicians in general just don't know what dynamics are. Evidently playing loudly stimulates the audience, it stimulates the rock and roll musician, and it's just part of their upbringing. They don't know *mezzo forte* from *mezzo piano*. However, it seems that whenever we attempt to play softly, there's some energy lost, because we're not used to playing that way continuously. Unless you're accustomed to the lower levels, it's very hard to play softly and *then* loudly and more energetically."

Although a trip to see the Santana band in person is an exhilarating rock experience, Tom Coster's range and depth as a performer can best be gleaned from Santana's *Welcome* and *Borboletta* albums, and Santana and Coltrane's *Illuminations*, all on Columbia. Tom's tunes and instrumental performances on these LPs mark him as a fluent, creative force in the new fusion music. **db**



PHOTOS: LINDA WING

MORTON SUBOTNICK

by lee underwood

Electronic music composer Morton Subotnick knows he is in the forefront of 20th century musical thought, but he is in no way smug or self-righteous. "The public's ear is catching up so fast that what is 'tuneless' today soon becomes popular. Now that I am primarily devoting myself to refining my techniques, in five or six years I'll be the conservative."

Chief contributor to the creation of the Buchla Synthesizer—a non-keyboard synthesizer that fits into a padded suitcase—the 41-year-old composer of *Four Butterflies*, *Sidewinder*, *Touch*, and *The Wild Bull* lives in West L.A., teaches two days a week at the California Institute of the Arts, and spends most of his time in his converted garage studio in back of his house. There he develops and expands his concept of total media—music, film, laser beams, strobe lights, etc.

"I don't consider myself to be visually oriented. I'm time oriented, and if I'm going to be compared to a film maker, I'm in trouble. I consider my films to be visual music, and the sound is auditory music, both made from the same score, both going simultaneously. If I could control smell, I might have a smell piece of music, thus having a contrapuntal totality springing from a single conceptual seed."

With or without smells, Subotnick's L.A. premier of his just completed *Four Butterflies* was a powerful experience. Sound filled the theatre from all four speakers—it traveled around the walls, across the ceiling, from corner to corner and back again. On screen, a multitude of blazing, shifting figures evolved from one form, to another, to still others.

It is no secret that this is the age of Einstein, and that the synthesizer is the only significant addition to the family of instruments in the last 100 years. Relativity and the synthesizer have forced us to re-evaluate both our perceptions and our

conceptions of not only music, but of all new art in general.

"In the early part of the 19th century," Subotnick explains, "the Newtonian Machine was the prime metaphor, and in that age they thought of evolution as the perfection of a gear-like world in which everything is balanced and perfectly synchronized. It is understandable that a person living then could not easily see the possibility of something actually new taking place that had never been there before."

"Then in 1859, Darwin said man descended from another species, and blew everyone's mind. The Tree of Life metaphor contradicted what people had grown to believe was the perfect Newtonian world."

"Now that we've accepted Darwinism—survival of the fittest, capitalism, right answers, wrong answers—we don't want to give it up for Relativity, which has been around for some 50 years already. In our age of Einstein, there are no right answers that exclude other possibilities. Everything is more than one thing, and it's hard to accept."

"Musically, that means there is no 'good' art or 'bad' art; there is no single music, but a body of musics—plural. Perhaps the prime metaphor of our age is the butterfly. You can almost see it as a

crystallizing of the Relativity Theory, like molecules. There's a bunch of people who are writing music, and we have *refused*, as artists, to say one is better than another. I like this, or I don't like that is very different from 'That's good art', or 'That's bad art.' 19th century masterpiece thinking is irrelevant today."

Subotnick clearly points out that rigid conceptions of what constitutes a musical experience hold people back from fully appreciating electronic music.

"If someone were to come along and disappear in front of you, it might make you go crazy, because it would defy the world as you know it. We see what we believe is really there. To have a piece of music without any so-called melody in it is just like having someone disappear in front of you. It's difficult for them to even hear what is there... they aren't going to believe it! And they don't want to believe it, because it means re-learning. It's really hard."

Subotnick is right. It is difficult at first. But growing numbers of people all over the Western world are beginning to realize there's no question about it: once you get turned on to Subotnick's kind of music, you like watching people disappear in front of you. db

caught



MARIA MULDAUR

Avery Fisher Hall, New York

Personnel: Ms. Muldaur, vocals; Benny Carter, alto sax, leader, arranger; Harry Sweets Edison, Snooky Young, trumpets; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Tony Ortega, alto sax, clarinet, flute; Plas Johnson, tenor sax, clarinet, flute; Sahib Shihab, baritone sax, flute; Marty Harris, piano; John Collins, guitar; Earl Palmer, drums; John Williams, bass.

To call this concert extraordinary and unprecedented would be no exaggeration. For the first time, a singer who appeals essentially to the rock generation was able to confront her very youthful audience with an all-star jazz orchestra, expose them to songs and arrangements of pure jazz quality, and prove that thus exposed to it, they could dig it. In fact, the capacity house would hardly let Ms. Muldaur offstage.

After an adequate but slightly pallid warm-up set by Livingston Taylor, James Taylor's 24-year-old singer-guitarist brother, the lady sauntered on as the band struck up the introduction to the Fats Waller tune *Squeeze Me*, from her recent *Waitress In a Donut Shop* album. Her light, airy sound and gentle vibrato, the jazz-oriented phrasing, and the character of this ageless song reminded a few of us out there that Ms. Muldaur bears an amazing (and entirely coincidental) resemblance to Mildred Bailey, whom she had never heard in person or on records.

Occasionally during this beautifully planned set, Ms. Muldaur dipped into her regular pop repertoire, but the band, and Benny Carter's arrangements, gave everything a special glow. For instance, Jimmy Rodgers' *Any Old Time* was decorated with a bristling

solo by Frank Rosolino, and a touch of Dixieland clarinet by Plas Johnson. Of course, she sang *Sweetheart*, the one about the girl in the shop, "dedicated," she announced, "to all the waitresses at Chock Full O' Nuts," and sung with an easy relaxation that has been all but lost to jazz in this era of belters.

John Collins' guitar was heard from briefly in the beguiling *Oh Papa*, written by David Nichtern. The latter's *Midnight At The Oasis*, despite the fact that it had been Ms. Muldaur's hit single and the most direct cause of a tremendous sale for her first album (close to a million at press time), was not sung. She just didn't feel it fit in this night.

On the other hand, she did sing Ellington's *Prelude to a Kiss*—enchantingly—and *It Don't Mean a Thing*. And Don Redman's *Gee Ain't I Good To You*, and the old Blue Lu Barker blues, *Don't You Feel My Leg*, a raunchy evocation of premature Harlem juke-box porno of the 1940s; and *Lover Man*, and the Lunceford-like two-beat swinger, *It Ain't The Meat It's The Motion*.

Only on *I'm A Woman* (the one Peggy Lee did, not the Helen Reddy feminist anthem) did the band incorporate a semblance of rock, with John Williams switching to Fender bass. Throughout the set, Earl Palmer was a rock of Gibraltar, Marty Harris (whose regular gig is with Diana Ross) swung superbly, and the band clearly was having a ball. I mean, how long had it been since a solo by Sweets or Snooky or Rosolino had been aimed at, and enthusiastically received by, an audience whose average age appeared to be under 21?

Ms. Muldaur took great care to call out all the names, to declare that Carter had been a hero of hers for a long time, and to indicate

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that she was honored to be in the company of these distinguished musicians. She even stepped aside and remained onstage, grooving to the music, while the band played a long up-tempo instrumental blues, Carter's *Doozy*, in which everyone had two or three choruses to stretch out. We were even treated to a rare example of Carter's own immaculate alto, which escapes all too rarely from its ease nowadays. Benny is the Frank Lloyd Wright of the solo architects. The use of Tony Ortega, whose funkier alto style contrasted well with Carter's urbanity, was a thoughtful concept.

Except for a few changes necessitated by logistics, this was essentially the orchestra that played on the three Carter-led tracks on the *Doughnut* album. Later in the week, similar concerts were played, with similarly warm receptions, in other cities.

No review of Ms. Muldaur would be complete without mention of the fact that jazz is just one of her many bags. She was raised in an atmosphere that took in blues, folk, country, rock; she put in several years with Jim Kweskin's Jug Band. What is important about her involvement with jazz, aside from the fact that she is the owner of a singularly charming voice, is the fact that she respects the validity of this material instead of condescending to its antiquity, as a couple of other young singers have done in dealing with certain standard songs.

Despite her non-rendition of *Midnight At The Oasis*, the crowd left Avery Fisher Hall obviously pleased with what it had heard. If other singers can be found who are capable of dealing with material and charts of this caliber, Ms. Muldaur will be able to take the credit for having started what may be a turnaround, a significant trend that could augur well for the future of pop-chart music.

—Leonard Feather

WOOD

continued from page 13

at the Academy, but I had this strong feeling that painting wasn't the right kind of communication for the materials and things that were going on around me. I had this idea about painting musically.

So I left the Academy and went back to Birmingham and joined a group called Locomotive. All this time Steve and I had this dream of Traffic and after another three to six months, it happened.

Townley: There was a progressive scene in London in the early '60s with guys like John McLaughlin, Jack Bruce, and Graham Bond. Did you jam with these people?

Wood: No, but I used to hitch down to London before I went to the Academy during what they called the beatnik days and listen to Graham, Zoot Money, and Georgie Fame. Bond was a bit beyond me, I mean, having known him, God rest his soul, he was a little beyond. He was what I'd call truly creative, he wasn't just copying.

You know, you go through this weird thing. You know you're not American, but you have all this American influence; at the same time, you're aware you're very heavily into European composers, especially Beethoven and Bach. Beethoven must have been the funkier kind of composer for his time, if you can imagine what it must have been like to see the guy and his orchestra. Then there's the funk music as well, which is where a lot of American music comes from: colored stuff, black, Creole.

Townley: London has its own distinctive syn-

thesis of African-Jamaican-English sounds, bands like Osibisa, Cymande, Mongezi Feza. **Wood:** Yeah, it's different, but underneath, the rhythms are the same, although the city and the environment has changed it. Over there the nature of the country, the extremes at which they're at, make the thing a little more important to get out.

Townley: How important is the dream of coming to America and being a success?

Wood: I think it was pretty essential. I remember driving by the airport and saying, "We'll be flying out somewhere, one day."

Townley: So it's an integral part of the rock dream?

Wood: It wasn't so much a rock dream then. The Beatles were happening and they had a tremendous influence on everybody. I think the Stones may have become a bit more English than they were originally. Everybody starts out with some idol, like Dylan with Woody Guthrie. But you see, there's a point at which you realize you can either do a perfect imitation deliberately, like the Isley Brothers album on which they do a Ray Charles thing, or you can take somebody's song, forget how it was done, and play it your own way.

Townley: How about your own musical influences and development?

Wood: Well, first of all, we started out very much influenced by the Beatles and the Birmingham discotheques which would pump out all this Motown stuff. Then there was the impact of the Blind Faith thing.

I met my wife, Jeanette Jacobs, on the first Traffic tour. She sang backup vocals for Dr. John. I wanted to come back to America and get her so I went on the road with Dr. John for six weeks. When the band made it to Los Angeles, I just stuck around for a few weeks,

laid back and getting rather panicky.

Townley: What were your early impressions of the scene in America?

Wood: Three of the most important things that stuck in my mind the first time over here were the West Coast groups like the Byrds, Love, and all that; Buddy Guy, who was playing in this New York club called The Scene; and the experience of New York City itself. New York has a feeling that's closer to London. It's a very heavy extended kind of folk/blues thing. I feel it's decaying, but then everywhere is decaying.

Townley: Concerning the musical progression of Traffic, it would seem you were making a conscious attempt to achieve a more funky black sound when you added the Muscle Shoals people.

Wood: What happened was we were in a bind for a bass player and Jim had done an album out there, so our manager suggested we go there and try a session. I totally objected to it in the beginning. Then too, we'd written all the tunes at home in England. Anyway, we went there and it was recorded and mixed in ten days, which for us is a little fast.

On the road, the show was heavy, but you would be on the stage and lay out for 604 bars. I mean, you knew (*pounds the bed*) was there, but they still needed somebody to give them direction. They're weird. There's no equivalent to Muscle Shoals in England. They're incredible people because they have their own thing and they can even copy without completely imitating. The guy I got closest to was David Hood, the bassist. I really dig him.

Townley: What was the reason for adding the extra rhythm?

Wood: Jim was getting into writing his songs. We didn't have a bass player that worked out.

Jim did an album there that sounded not black, but funky. After we went there and did ours, a tour followed and we all agreed to it at the time. As far as combining elements in a kind of collage way, to me the only guy who could do that without losing himself was Hendrix. Working with him on the few things that we did was probably the most eye-opening thing for me because he was so uncompromising in one way and yet so compromising in another. Like he'd be listening to you and you could still play your own licks, it was strange. There are a few people I'd like to try and work with over here, like Joe Zawinul.

Townley: Are you into Miles Davis as much as Stevie is?

Wood: Yeah. Miles stays so young because he collects such young people around him. I don't know what he does, but a lot of people seem to put him down. Do they?

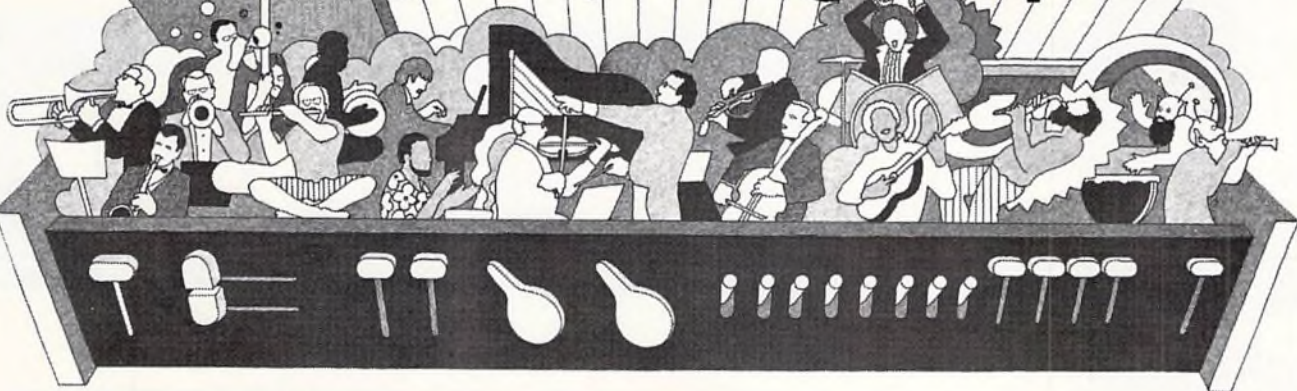
Townley: Yeah.

Wood: I can't see how they can. He can play two or three notes and come in with that thing. He writes for everybody that's with him, he brings the whole thing out in everybody.

Townley: What about *When The Eagle Flies*? It seems to be a departure from your last few albums.

Wood: Well, to me, it's more of a return to how we were originally. But that's not saying that we're retrogressing or anything. It's saying that hopefully we're retaining what we've seen and heard over the years. Originally, the album was done in Steve's studio. Fortunately, we didn't want it released before we went on a tour of Europe. You know things change on the stage, so obviously we re-recorded some things. We took three live tracks—like *Dream Gerrard* was not the original track, it

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was taken from a live show. It was used purely as a backing track rather than a live thing. Then we overdubbed on it. It changed quite a bit.

Townley: How is it decided what instrument you will use in a tune, whether it'll be flute, tenor, organ, acoustic piano, or soprano?

Wood: Okay, take *Dream Gerrard*. The riff was written by Steve. We'd gone over it again and again but, in the end, he just left it up to me to add the little phrases on my own.

Townley: How about when you're rehearsing for a tour?

Wood: I believe a good song can be sung by three people in a room with a couple of acoustic guitars and still get the atmosphere across. We do aim to get close to the record but we never, ever stick exactly to the recorded arrangement. We stick to what the song is about, if we can. Out of necessity, I'll play organ on *Empty Pages* and things like that because it sounds better that way. I'm really a rhythm organist, a one-handed one (laughter). It's like on this one piece, *Walking In The Wind*. We can't do it exactly as it should be done. I'm playing organ on it but it has a section in it for sax. It took me about two weeks to figure out what to do. Now I may pick up the sax halfway through the number. I guess it's pretty much decided among ourselves in rehearsal. You know, I'm not really a keyboard man, my next instrument after tenor and flute is the bass.

Townley: But you don't play any bass.

Wood: No, but I have an octave divider on the sax, the Gibson Maestro, which brings it down into the bass register. I'm not playing any bass right now because I don't consider myself a virtuoso on any instrument. If I'm in a room with a bunch of instruments, I'll pick up anything but flute or sax and try to play it.

Townley: Do you ever listen to Wayne Shorter?

Wood: He's a mother. I mean, he's like Miles—when they play a note that note means there is no waste of breath or extra notes.

Townley: That's the feeling I got last night listening to you on stage. You weren't playing lines so much as notes. It's like in *Weather Report* where Shorter's main function is one of tone color.

Wood: That's what I dig about him. I don't believe in the kind of solo that reaches a climax and then drops off. I think the concept of soloing is different now. It's an expression: you paint a mood, you drop out, you paint another mood. To me, the solo is no longer the climactic, orgasmic traditional trip, which isn't life, anyway. The traditional solo is still there for some people, obviously, and I admire them for it. But I think it's changing. Why shouldn't you suddenly stop and change your mood halfway through your thing? There's been too much soloing going on! That's what's exciting to me about our smaller group, but you have to have sympathetic people. If Steve decided to stop at one point, I may not know why he stopped there, but because we've been playing together so long, I'll stop right after that and things will come out. db

is to change anything.

Hohman: Do you agree with David Bowie's statement that the West is in actuality awaiting the arrival of a Hitler? I don't get that feeling at a Traffic concert, but at a Grand Funk or Cooper thing, it almost seems that the crowd is lusting for someone to blindly and fanatically follow. In that sense, music in the future could be an awesome propagandistic tool.

Winwood: Well, music is a tremendously powerful medium. The artist feels a sense of duty to use some of that power for good, or bad, as the case may be. You might say that some things are *probably*, and please underline that, brainwashing in that a lot of people think of Hitler as a negative thing. I mean, I'm not saying anything either way. It's not just now that people are looking for that leader. I think that ever since civilization began, people have been searching for someone to blindly follow. In most periods they have had someone like that. Nowadays there's really no one to admire. Is that good or bad? I don't think it's particularly good, but then I'm not setting myself up to be followed. I'm probably looking for someone to follow myself, it's just sort of a natural instinct. All of our most recent songs deal with things as they should happen. We feel compelled to say or talk about certain things around us, you know, like to draw people's attention to the state of affairs. It is bleak, isn't it? There seems to be such a complacency about things. It's a bit frustrating to see things the way they are today. db

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HOW TO hone your home recording skills

by Dr. William L. Fowler with Bob Burnham and Thomas D. Likes

There are quite a few around, those acoustically-designed studios with their up to 24-channel recorders, their reverb plates, digital delays, compressors, parametric equalizers, special microphones, and the other sophisticated sound-processing equipment where first class engineers can work their tonal magic. And there are also around some umpteen thousand eager-to-record musical groups, far too many for the professional studios to accommodate, even if those groups could supply the heavy bread required for studio-renting and engineer-hiring. So the groups record themselves, their members often acting as both audio and electronic engineers, but usually fail to achieve the balance, presence, and clarity their musicianship deserves.

To help self-recording groups avoid bumper tapes, **down beat** is supplying information on low budget recording procedures from two successful young musician-engineers, Tom Likes and Bob Burnham, each experienced in everything from mono to 24-track equipment, from commercials to film sound tracks, from small combo demo tapes to large choir platters, and each first formally trained at a university, then self-enrolled in the Graduate School of Hard Knocks.

TAPE MACHINES

"It's possible to record a whole group on a monaural machine with only one mike. But then achieving balance and presence would be about impossible. And feeding two mikes into the two channels of a stereo machine, the setup most groups would use, also results in balance and presence inequities: piano, bass, guitar, and drums can't very well huddle close around one of the mikes, even if a small group of singers or horns can. And even four mikes into the four channels of a quadraphonic recorder won't be quite enough, unless the group being recorded is not over four pieces, including a singer.

"The best way to get presence for all instruments and singers and to properly balance them all is to use a separate mike for each horn, each solo singer, the guitar, the bass, the piano, and two for a Leslie speaker. Two or three singers can use one mike, but four or more need two mikes. For properly recording a standard horn/rhythm section band, with or without singers, then, a mixer becomes essential. A six-input, stereo output mixer costs from \$100-\$200, depending on the input controls, but six is about the smallest number of inputs that will work for balanced sound—ten inputs are better.

"With the two mixer outputs feeding into the two inputs of a stereo recorder, balance can be achieved by individually adjusting the input control for each mike feeding the mixer. Most stereo recorders have an earphone monitoring plug-in through which all the sound being recorded can be heard.

MICROPHONES

"While most mikes are single impedance, either high (20 to 50,000 ohms) or low (250 ohms or less), some switch to both impedances. High impedance mikes can pick up static from such external sources as radio waves or fluorescent lights. They therefore need shielded cables. But if those cables are longer than 20 or 25 feet, the cable capacitance shorts out high frequencies from the signal. Low impedance mikes don't present such disadvantages. The cable can be much longer, and outside interference is limited to induced hum from power lines, which is usually negated by using twisted-line cable. But whichever impedance the mikes are, they should be used with a matching-impedance mixer. A high impedance mike into a low impedance mixer creates distortion. And a low impedance mike into a high impedance mixer, because of power loss, will increase electrical background noise in relation to musical signal.

"The three general microphone types are *dynamic*, a moving coil in a magnetic field, like a miniature speaker in reverse: *velocity*, a ribbon of thin metal which moves back and forth in a magnetic flux; and *condenser*, a pressure-sensitive plate which changes capacitance against a rigid plate. Carbon mikes, used in telephones, and crystal mikes, supplied with inexpensive tape machines, are too noisy and have too narrow a frequency response to be usable for quality recording.

"Chances are that the mikes supplied with PA systems are dynamic: they're less expensive and more rugged than velocity or condenser mikes. But some good tape recorders come supplied with *electret* mikes, a new type of condenser microphone, with superior transient wave and high frequency response. Dynamic mikes in general pick up sounds only from the direction they point towards—the cardioid pattern; velocity mikes pick up from front or rear—the figure 8 pattern; and condenser mikes pick up from all directions—the omnidirectional pattern."

MICROPHONE PLACEMENTS

Flute and piccolo—mike about one foot over the center of the tube. But for breathy sound almost touch the mouthpiece.

Woodwinds—mike about six inches above the center of the tube (the sound comes from the drilled holes, not the bell).

Brass—mike three to six inches in front of the bell. If the sound is too breathy, move the mike back.

French horn—mike the bell side of the player, but turn the mike slightly off axis of the bell.

Viols and violas—mike a foot or two over head.

Cellos and upright basses—mike one sound hole and/or the bridge.

Acoustic guitar—mike sound hole and/or the bridge.

Acoustic piano—experiment, starting a few inches above the strings in the center of the soundboard.

Drums—experiment with two or more mikes. Take the front head off the bass drum and put a mike, off center, inside on a pillow. Suspend a mike high enough over the snare drum to also pick up the cymbals. Suspend two mikes overhead of each side of the complete drum set.

continued on page 34

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Instruments with pickups can be plugged directly into the mixer, eliminating the need for a microphone. The recorded sound will be clean and without leakage from other instruments, but it won't quite sound like an amplified instrument—for that sound the instrument amp itself must be miked. Instrument pickups are generally high impedance, though, and when feeding into a low impedance input they will require a matching transformer between themselves and the mixer. The person monitoring the recording sound should try electric bass, electric guitar, electric piano, and/or synthesizer both through their own miked amps and directly into the mixer.

TAPE

"Acetate tape has a plastic base, gets brittle with age, and breaks easily. Mylar tape has a polyester base, does not get brittle, stretches instead of breaking, and therefore is preferable. When chromium dioxide is the recording agent and polyester is the base, the most useful tape results: best signal to noise ratio; best high frequency response; best storage life.

"But all tapes can be overloaded, no matter what they are made of. The VU meters on the recorder indicate the danger of overload when the needles are consistently above '0.' Only very loud passages should put the needle past '0' into the red 'plus' section on a VU meter."

RECORDING ROOM ACOUSTICS

"Drapes, carpeting, acoustical ceiling tile, upholstered furniture and blankets absorb sound, thus making a room acoustically dead. Bare walls, painted ceilings, tile or concrete floors, and glass surfaces reflect sound, thus making a room acoustically live.

"For recording purposes a room should be arranged to provide a live area for horns and singers and to provide a dead area for drums and amplifiers. To prevent leakage of their sound into other mikes, drums and amplifiers should be isolated by hanging blankets behind and over them, putting rugs under them, and arranging sofas, overstuffed chairs or just blankets on boxes alongside them.

"Drums need this baffling more than any instrument. The bass drum, for example, will permeate all the mikes unless sufficiently isolated. Preparation of the recording room to liven the light sound and deaden the heavy sounds may well be the most important factor in successful home recording.

SOME INFORMATIVE BOOKS

Dr. Howard Tremaine: *The Audio Cyclopedia* (2nd Edition); **Alec Nisbett:** *The Technique of the Sound Studio*; **Lou Burroughs:** *Microphones: Design and Application*; all published by Sagamore Publishing Company.

Robert E. Runstein: *Modern Recording Techniques*; Howard W. Sams & Co.

Bob Burnham, 27-year-old chief engineer for the group "Gerard," has had five years of formal music training and nine years engineering experience, including three years as chief engineer for Western Cine, with hundreds of radio, television and film credits, and three years as chief engineer for Family Circle of Music, accounting for 50% of all radio-TV-film music production in the Denver area.

Thomas D. Likes, age 26, audio engineer for "Gerard," received his Engineers Physics degree from Colorado School of Mines, has recorded numerous music tracks for broadcast commercials (Frontier Airlines, G.W. Sugar, Rexall, etc.), and many rock demos, too.

FAN

continued from page 10

to hoist a few drinks with his long-time idol, Jimmy Smith, and collected 70 to 80 out-of-print jazz recordings from used record stores. Since he is an aspiring guitarist, Chris plans to study his instrument for several years before applying to the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

Mike and Pat admit that Chris turned them onto jazz. This, however, may be just the tip of the iceberg. They come from a family of 11, nine brothers and two sisters. If Chris succeeds in converting all of the Spiel-denners into jazz listeners, he is going to make several record companies very happy.

—len Lyons

POT

continued from page 9

the **Chicago Chapter Of NARAS** (National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences) gave an all-Chicago Jazz Party at the **Quiet Knight**. Performers included **Phil Upchurch, Kenny Soderblom, Helen Merrill, and Muhal Richard Abrams**. Proceeds went to the NARAS ed program.

Macmillan Publishing Company has announced the paperback publication of two essential jazz books, **Jazz Masters Of The Twenties** by **Richard Hadlock** and **Jazz Masters Of The Forties** by **Ira Gitler**. Originally published in hardcover as part of the six-volume **Macmillan Jazz Masters Series**, the new paperback editions will list for \$2.95.

db

NEW RELEASES

continued from page 9

ning, Les McCann; The Magic Of The Blue, Blue Magic; (From Warner) **Where We All Belong, the Marshall-Tucker Band; Stormbringer, Deep Purple; Frank Sinatra's live shot at Madison Square Garden;** (From Elektra/Asylum) **Miles Of Aisles, a double in-concert set from Joni Mitchell;** and **Sheer Heart Attack, Queen.**

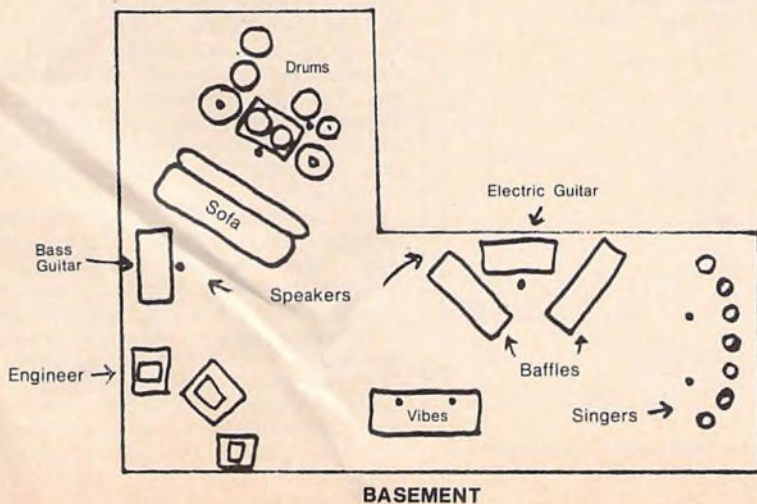
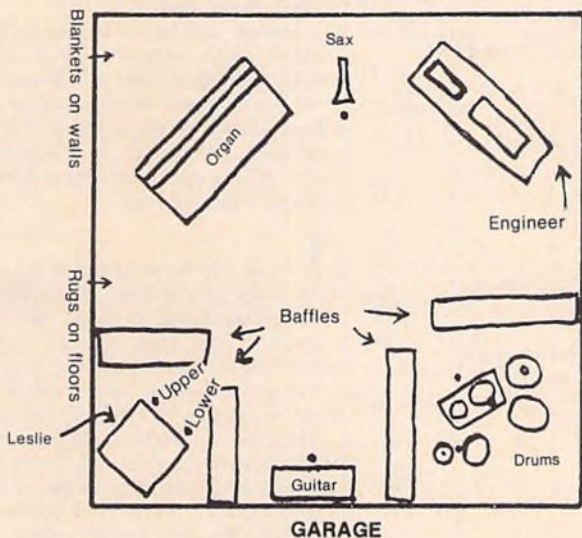
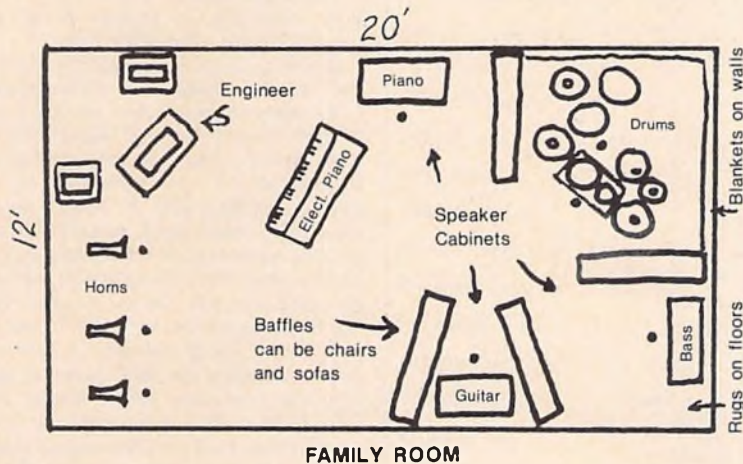
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Here are three sample recording room set-ups for three different kinds of groups. The baffles can be sofas, panels, wood crates with blankets over them, or anything to absorb and break up sound.

Approximate microphone placement is indicated by the black dots. But the mikes should be moved closer to or farther away from their instruments, amps or singers to get more presence (close position) or more fullness (distant position).



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"Sure, that's been three years, man."

Like Alphonso Johnson is a very different bass player from Miroslav. How do you see the difference in bass players?

"Well (*long pause*), there was something that Miroslav couldn't provide us with. The warmer, earthier feeling has a lot to do with the bass. That is something we tried to have pretty much from the beginning, and not to have it was alright, too, because it added something else at the time.

"Miroslav is a fantastic bass player, too, but there's a certain cultural experience that if you don't get it early in your life you have to get it later, but you cannot do without. And that is something that is here in this country only. You cannot learn it in Prague or in Vienna or in Tokyo, nowhere. You see what I'm saying? Miroslav does not have a bass player's mind. He no longer plays bass because of that. He's gonna do some other kind of things. He's writing a lot. And he had an instrument built with guitar and bass on two necks. I'm convinced he's gonna come up with some very valuable stuff, but as far as working with this band and growing with this band, he couldn't provide us with that, unfortunately.

"There was something he had that Al doesn't have, but there's a lot that Al has for this band which is very, very important: a *base*. Everything has to have a base, a root, a bottom; you cannot play, man, without a bottom. And Miroslav was travelling in high speed, with great dexterity and all that, but his mind was changing that quickly and that doesn't set things up right. This is just a concept, it has nothing to do with someone being any better than anyone else. But I think the band has been much more successful... I don't even care that much about all the success, but just from the standpoint of getting the music across, there's a certain discipline required. Like the Catalonian painter,

Miro says, 'If you want to make a big jump, you have to have your feet firmly on the ground.'

"We are actually freer now, because we have a certain... we don't fly away, we don't take off. So we can allow ourselves to move around a little more."

What about Weather Report's interest in vocals? Even on the jacket of your first album, you say you're looking for a singer.

"We're still looking. I hope we will never be satisfied, but I would like to be happy a little bit. I like voices very much. I'll tell you something about what we're going to do next. As soon as possible, this band is going to perform by itself, like 'An Evening With Weather Report.' It will be contemporary entertainment with dancers, singers, and maybe even a magician, but good music. Have maybe a video show, interesting stuff. Then it will be much easier for the band to communicate with the audience because the main problem right now is that if three bands are on the bill and we are headlining, then by the time we go on the audience is tired and the stage crew has to change the bandstand around and all that. So this is all going to be eliminated. We will go through a soundcheck in the afternoon and nothing will be changed. We will be able to go there and perform with confidence from the first note. Not have to go out there and tune up, and go through three numbers before we get the sound together. That's not what's happening. It hurts the whole flow to the people."

How about solo album projects for yourself?

"Wayne is coming out with one that is tremendous. It'll be on Blue Note with Milton Nascimento. It's a great album. If I have time, I would do one. It takes a lot of time to go with the band on the road, while having a family and spending a lot of time with the family, and continually thinking of new concepts. I mean, life is just not music alone." **db**

CITY SCENE

New York

There's always something fresh about a new jazz club. Hope, I guess, springs eternal. At Sweet Basil, weekends will show light jazz duos with the likes of **Chuck Wayne, Joe Puma, Bob Cranshaw, Mike Abene, Bob Dorough, Jimmy Mitchell, Mike Moore, Benny Aranov, Chuck Israels, etc.**... Michael's Pub opened a new room in addition to the large dining area, called the Bird Cage... St. James Infirmary is **Roswell Rudd's** and he will be featured along with **Hod O'Brien**, piano, **Beaver Harris**, drums and **Sheila Jordan**, vocals... Trombonist **Eddie Bert** graces the pit band in the Broadway hit *Pippin*... **Mary Lou Williams** continues at the Cookery with bassist **Milton Suggs** thru January 23. **Ellis Larkins** and **Helen Humes** open January 24... The Jazz Museum's Friday afternoon jam sessions have a "guests invited" policy. They run from 12:30 'til 2 PM. No amateurs please. The Calvert Extra free concerts on Sunday's at 3 PM will have **Clark Terry** on January 19... The Half Note will begin a rock policy, or "something that makes money," shortly... **Joe Venuti** has Michael's Pub for January... The New York Jazz Repertory Company will present the second part of a two-part Count Basie tribute on January 26... At the Academy of Music Theatre, **Alvin Lee & Co.** will be in January 18... Jazz Vespers East at St. Peter's, 54th and Park, has the **Vera Auer Quartet** January 19 and the **Bill Poye Quintet** January 26... The Brooklyn Acad-

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emy of Music's Blues/Jazz has **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee** January 26 . . . Sam's brings in music in the downstairs room . . . Creative Music Studio continues a series of concerts at the Washington Square Church on the first Friday and Saturday of each month, featuring a workshop program consisting of **Karl Berger**, **Dave Holland**, **Ing Rid**, **Sam Rivers**, **Garrett List**, **Frederic Rzewski**, and **Lee Konitz**, among others . . . Jazz Adventures now has Sunday Showcases at the Energy Center. International entertainment is the fare . . . WRVR broadcasts live from the Village Gate on alternate Monday nights. **Les Davis** hosts the shows . . . Town Hall Interludes has **Max Morath** January 16 and **Sylvia Sims** January 22. They hit at 5:45 PM . . . Jazz Vespers West at Memorial West United Presbyterian in Newark, N.J. features **Lenny Martinez/Art Blakey, Jr. Trio** January 19 and **Bob Ackerman** January 26 . . . **Lee Shaw**, dynamic pianistlady, will be in ski country, at the Sugarbush Inn for the month of January. **Sonny Stitt** will be the featured soloist . . . Sonny's Place, Seaford, L.I., has **Turk Mauro** January 17-19 and **Pete Yellin** January 24-26 . . . **Al Porcino**, former trumpet star with Basie and others, has formed a new band called The Endangered Species. They are expected to continue at My Father's Place in Roslyn, L.I.

With bogged-down Christmas mail and the uncertainty of club bookings going into the new year, City Scene is skimpy. Hope it will return to normal in the 2/13 issue.

on the road

GARY BURTON

- Jan. 25, Rochester Institute of Technology, Rochester, N.Y.
- 26, Eastem Michigan U., Ypsilanti, Mich.
- 29, U. of Maine, Orono, Me.

CHARLIE BYRD

- Jan. 17, Carnegie Mellon U., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- 18, U. of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- 20-26, Blues Alley, Washington, D.C.
- 30, Georgia College, Milledgeville, Ga.

BILLY COBHAM

- Jan. 21, Bachelor's Three, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

RY COODER

- Jan. 24, Auburn U., Auburn, Ala.
- 26, The Pier, Raleigh, N.C.

JACK DEJOHNETTE

- Jan. 23, Lethbridge, Alberta, Can.
- 24-25, Calgary, Alberta, Can.
- 26, Edmonton, Alberta, Can.

WILLIE DIXON

- Jan. 16-
- 20, Cabooze, Minneapolis, Minn.
- 23-25, Howard's, Bowling Green, Oh.

DON ELLIS

- Jan. 30, Sunnyside High School, Tucson, Ar.
- Feb. 6, Fremont, Neb.

ERROLL GARNER

- Jan. 17-
- 18, Great American Music Hall, San Francisco, Ca.

JOE HENDERSON

- Jan. 28, Keystone Komer, San Francisco, Ca.

BOBBY HERRIOT

- Jan. 25, Loras College, Dubuque, Ia.

BOBBI HUMPHREY

- Jan. 26, Cincinnati, Oh.

ELVIN JONES

- Jan. 28-
- Feb. 22, Concerts By The Sea, Los Angeles, Ca.

STAN KENTON

- Jan. 17, Northeast High School, St. Petersburg, Fla.
- 18, Gusman Hall, Miami, Fla.
- 20, The Other Place, Jacksonville, Fla.
- 23-24, Morehead State U., Morehead, Ky.
- 25, U. of Akron, Akron, Oh.
- 29-
- Feb. 20, English Tour

B. B. KING

- Jan. 16-
- Feb. 12, Hilton Lounge, Las Vegas, Nev.

LED ZEPPELIN

- Jan. 18, Mets Sports Center, Minneapolis, Minn.
- 20-22, Stadium, Chicago, Ill.
- 24, Coliseum, Cleveland, Oh.
- 25, Arena, Indianapolis, Ind.
- 27, Arena, St. Louis, Mo.

HERBIE MANN

- Jan. 17, Civic Plaza Symphony Hall, Phoenix, Ar.

TRACY NELSON

- Jan. 27-
- 28, Bluebird, Bloomington, Ind.

PETER NERO

- Jan. 24, Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C.
- 26, Danville, Ill.

SONNY ROLLINS

- Jan. 28-
- 29, Howard U., Washington, D.C.

PETER SCHICKELE

- Jan. 23-
- 24, U. of California, Berkeley, Cal.
- 25, Stanford U., Palo Alto, Ca.

DOC SEVERINSEN

- Jan. 30, Seattle, Wash.

CAL TJADER

- Jan. 17-
- 18, Beaverton Inn, Olympia, Wash.

STANLEY TURRENTINE

- Jan. 27-
- Feb. 8, Pioneer Banque Restaurant, Seattle, Wash.

SARAH VAUGHAN

- Jan. 20-
- Feb. 8, St. Regis Hotel, New York, N.Y.

MUDDY WATERS

- Jan. 21-
- 25, Stable's, East Lansing, Mich.
- 28-
- Feb. 2, Montreal, Can.

JOE WILLIAMS

- Jan. 24-
- Feb. 1, Playboy Club, Boston, Mass.

PHIL WILSON

- Jan. 17-21, Dallas, Tex.
- 23-25, U. of Northern Iowa, Cedar Falls, Ia.
- 26, Mountain View College, Dallas, Tex.

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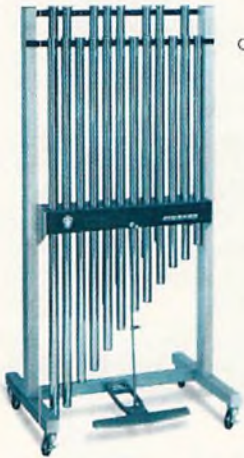
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There were turtles in the forest, too. But they were not like the rabbits. They were slow of claw. And they tended to pull into their shells a lot. But they built things, too. Like spring-loaded shell flippers for when they fell on their backs. And snorkels made from reeds so they could stay underwater when they felt hassled. And P.A. systems.

Now when the rabbits built their P.A. systems, naturally they had a race to see which of them could build one first. And it didn't take long before there were all kinds of P.A.s in the forest. And all the animals tried them out. The acid rock fox band. The mole jazz group. And the All Animals Band. And they all liked the P.A.s. Even the squirrels went nuts over them. Of course, there was nothing to compare the P.A.s. to.

The turtles hadn't finished their's yet. Because they were incredibly fussy. And sometimes it would take a whole day to decide where they were going to put a single wire. But it was a well-known fact in the forest that the turtles, who had invented the first amplifier, eventually got things done. Including the P.A.

Now while the turtles were taking ever so long to build their P.A., all the other animals started to notice little things about the rabbits' P.A.s. Little flaws that they hadn't noticed at first. Of course, you could hardly blame the rabbits. After all, they had built the first P.A.s ever and had nothing to work from.

Unlike the turtles who had had something to work from. The rabbits' P.A.s. That's how they learned to build their's. And just as importantly, how not to. So when they were finished, they had a P.A. that was worth all the time they had spent. It sounded natural. Clean. Free of distortion. It was studio quality, yet it was portable. And everyone in the forest was excited. Except the rabbits. They were off building something called a slizzit.

And the turtles? Well, they weren't as slow as everyone thought. In the end, it was just like it had always been. They knew how to run a race.

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