

MARCH 11, 1976

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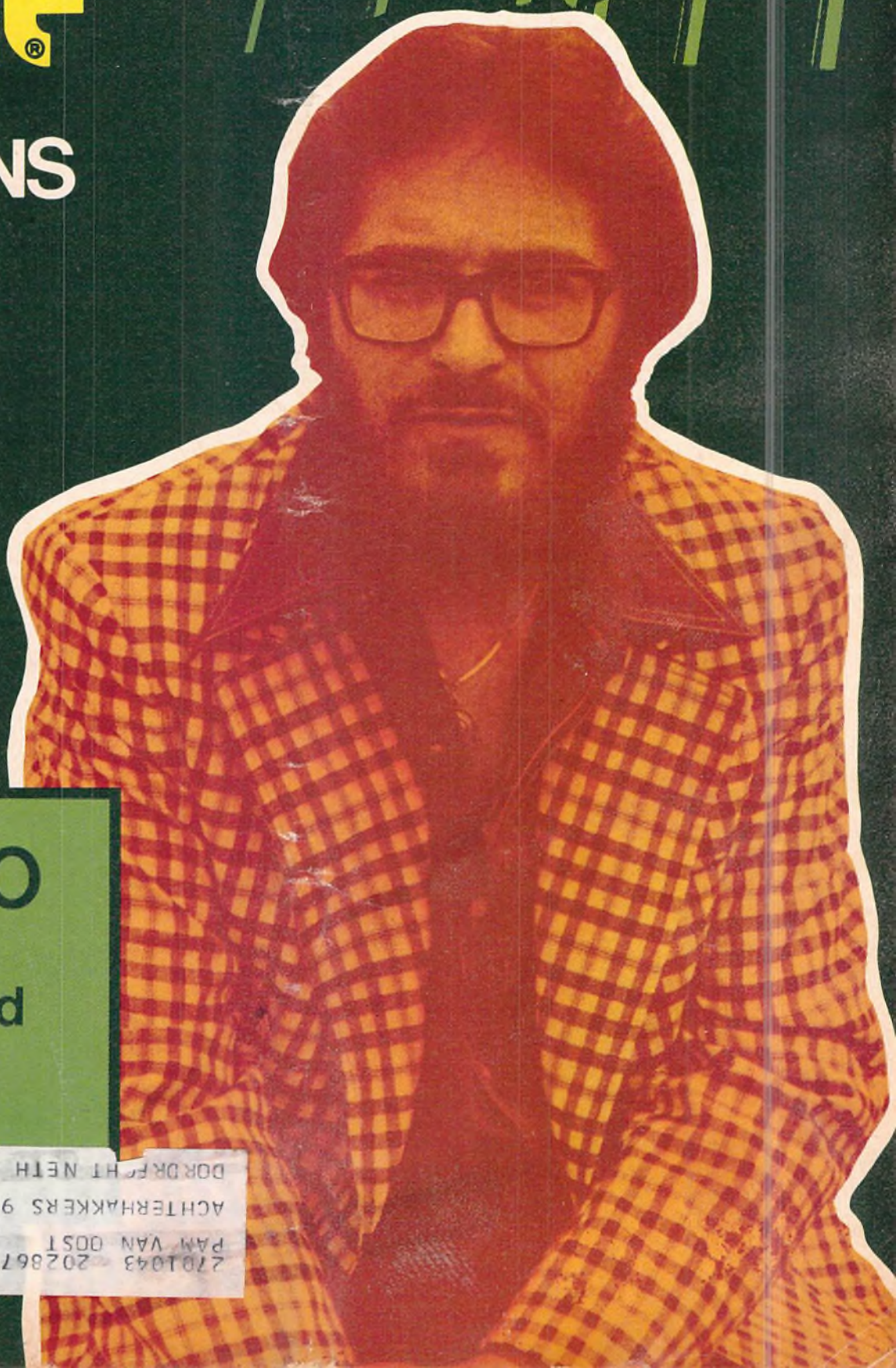
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DRUM BEAT!

down beat

March 11, 1976

Vol. 43, No. 5

(on sale February 26, 1976)

Contents

●**Rim Shots** Chicago percussionist, Michael Green, recently joined the faculty of De Paul University. Green is active in Chicago's Grant Park Orchestra, Chicago Symphony and Lyric Orchestra.

Shelly Elias was the rehearsal drummer for the Frank Sinatra New Year's Eve special concert in Chicago.

●**The Spotlight** Vibist Gary Burton presented a clinic at Northwestern University's Second Annual Percussion Symposium, February 7, on their Evanston, Illinois campus.

Bobby Christian is scheduled for a Total Percussion clinic at the MENC National Convention in Atlantic City this month.

A record crowd gathered for the recent Carmine Appice Clinic at the new Sam Ash store in Paramus, New Jersey. Ludwig endorsee John Bonham (Led Zeppelin) was also in the audience.

Drummer Joe Morello began, last month, a special twenty city concert tour through the U.S. with the original Dave Brubeck Quartet. Eugene Wright and Paul Desmond will also be featured.

●**Trappings** Carmine Appice is due to release through Warner Bros. Publishing, a new book, "Appice's Realistic Hi-Hat." A new drum set solo by Shelly Elias "Siwe's Tweed" deals with variations in the 3/4 jazz waltz theme originated by Harold Jones. Published by Mi Publishers, in Chicago.

●**Pro's Forum** This month by Bob Tilles, De Paul University.

Q. I am a high school senior and am studying marimba. My teacher has me playing many scales. Is it really that important to work on scales, as he feels it is a must?

A. YES! YES! YES! The major and minor scales are used constantly in both classical and jazz music.

The mallet player should practice the scales in 15 keys; ie both C# and Db, F# and Gb, and Cb and B. This gives a working knowledge to play the chords that are derived from these keys.

If a player only used B Major, possibly the chords of Cb would be unknown. A typical progression of II to V in a tune could be Dbm7 to Gb7 and the chords are taken from Cb.

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A black and white photograph of Louie Bellson playing a drum set. He is wearing a dark jacket with light-colored patches on the shoulders and a necklace with a circular pendant. He is smiling and looking down at his drums.

LOUIE BELLSON

A black and white photograph of Ed Shaughnessy playing a drum set. He is wearing glasses, a dark turtleneck sweater, and a necklace with a circular pendant. He has a joyful expression with his mouth open.

ED SHAUGHNESSY


A black and white photograph of Shelly Manne playing a drum set. He is wearing a dark jacket over a patterned scarf and a watch on his left wrist. He is looking intently at his drums.

SHELLY MANNE


A large, stylized logo for Pearl Legends. The word "Pearl" is written in a large, elegant script font, and "LEGENDS" is written in a bold, sans-serif font below it. The logo is set within a dark, oval-shaped background that resembles a Pearl drum head with lugs.

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A black and white photograph of Art Blakey playing a drum set. He is wearing a dark jacket and is smiling broadly, looking towards the camera.

ART BLAKEY

A black and white photograph of Cozy Cole playing a drum set. He is wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie. He is smiling and looking towards the camera.

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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

It's good to hear from a healthy, robust Bill Evans. Not that the old Bill Evans was any less a talent, but his past illnesses and down state of mind—while making for an almost painful sensitivity—didn't allow for bold assertions. Today, Bill Evans sounds like Willie the Lion. . . .

Confidence. "I play almost everything I play with conviction and without much equivocation in my feeling about the music."

Energy crisis. "That big electric sound. It worries me. It seems desperate. The elements are coarse. There's no element of greatness. It makes me worry about the state of the world."

Concept and technique. "Conception can be limited by a technical approach. . . . That's one of the criticisms of pop and rock music. Kids get into being creative before they're experienced enough on their instrument. You need both."

Color. ". . . to say that only black musicians can be innovative is so utterly ridiculous I can hardly consider the question."

Jazz. "I think jazz is the purest tradition this country has had."

Jan Hammer's voice, at 27, is more tentative, less assertive. Hammer is still searching although he wants very much to find a well-blueprinted and structured musical home.

Hammer says he is "tired of jazz." He admits, candidly, that his negative feelings about jazz originated with his desire to leave home, to be free of his parents' household that was "the jazz center of Prague." His head and heart were turned around by the Beatles and their "revolutionary musical statement." He felt further emancipated by the blues statements of Jimi Hendrix and James Brown.

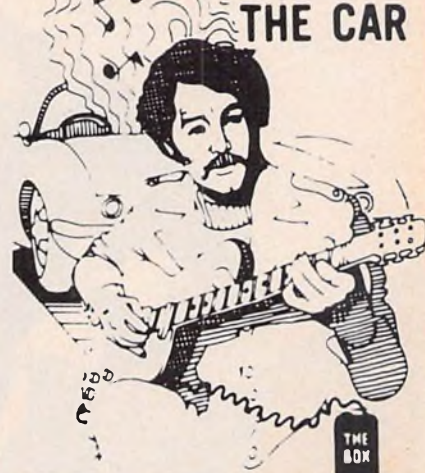
Hammer emigrated to the U.S.A.—via the Berklee port of entry—searching for a place to fit. He discovered that the electric piano and, ultimately, the synthesizer allowed him to "really speak out and say something deep." His first, and to date, his principal home was the original Mahavishnu Orchestra which Hammer believed to be "starting to do away with searching." Almost wistfully, Hammer says that "none of us will ever be the same after that band."

Where is Hammer headed? "It's hard to say . . . it's not going to be formula funk . . . it's not going to be pentatonic . . . it's not going to be blues scales." Whatever it will be, Hammer vows to "catch it all. I'm going to catch all the magic." The eternal, restless search.

Ian Anderson, the voice and being of Jethro Tull, seems to have caught the magic but is not sure he wants it. His increasingly bizarre musical theater continues to attract big crowds but he questions the essence of the success. It is likely that Ian Anderson yearns for a simple life: ". . . to be just a professional musician . . . and to write a 30-second piece that just totally evokes something."

Next issue: searching commentary about some disparate and distinguished ensembles—Art Blakey and friends; Return To Forever; the original, newly-reformed Dave Brubeck Quartet; and the (Stanley) Crouch-(David) Murray trio. **db**

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chords and discords

Headed For Mars

In the Jan. 15 issue, Eddie Harris says: "Today, all these record executives think that all you gotta do to make a hit record is to tack on this funky rhythm track to anything. That's ridiculous."

It may be ridiculous, but it's true. In the past few weeks I have heard disco versions of *The Little Drummer Boy*, the theme from *Star Trek*, and *Baby Face*. The day I hear *The Beer Barrel Hustle* is the day I buy my ticket to Mars.

David M. Coe Black Rock, Conn.

Combo Sensibility

John C. Smith (*Chords*, 1/29) misses the point of Gary Burton's attack on "show-bizzy" big bands. Burton is interested in teaching musical, rather than hype, flash,

look-hot-and-make-a-lot, values.

The purpose of jazz, and of all art forms, is communication. Teaching a non-music major improvisation and combo skills as well as sectional playing gives the student more ways to communicate. Such a student is more likely to continue playing (not as a profession, but as a means of expression) once he leaves school, since combos are much more common than big bands in the non-ivory tower world.

A student with improvisational and combo training is also a well-educated listener—someone who might appreciate Ornette, Trane, Monk, McCoy, and Cecil Taylor as well as less dissonant, more readily accessible, musicians.

Even busy budding scientist/engineer/mathematicians can learn some basic

rudiments.

Gary T. Boyer

W. Lafayette, Ind.

Hurrah For Sun

In the *Chords* column of 1/15, Doug Boggs claims that the review of Sun Ra's *Pathways To Unknown Worlds* was misleading. He also compares the quality of the music to that of a high school band tuning up or to acid rock.

I find these criticisms ridiculous and unfair. Mr. Boggs complains the review implied the album would sound like African or Asian music. Reviewer Steingroot . . . says nothing of the kind. Didn't Steingroot warn that the music on *Pathways* would not be "universally accessible?" The fact that Boggs can't find merit in Sun Ra's music does not mean it is not there. . . . I hope others who have not heard this album will refuse to accept Boggs' condemnation of Sun Ra.

Tony Alexander Hoffman Estates, Ill.

Lee's Legacy

I just saw a news item on the passing of Lee Wiley (*db*, 2/26). . . . *db* introduced me to her singing when as a teenager (not too awfully long ago) I obtained a copy of an album called *A String Of Swingin' Pearls*, containing Lee's wonderful *Paper Moon*, backed by Jess Stacey's big band. Her vocal didn't run me down like a coal truck; rather, it insinuated itself over a period of years into my musical heart of hearts.

Remember all of those unutterably fine records she made with Bunny, with Joe Bushkin, with Bobby Hackett, with Teagarden . . . and recently with that superb little Dick Hyman group. All I can come up with are standard adjectives that don't come close to expressing what treasures she left behind.

Mike Plaskett Pittsburgh, Pa.

LeRoi And Ralph, Cont.

In his otherwise balanced account of the late Ralph Gleason's *Celebrating The Duke* (*db*, 12/18), Charles Mitchell commits one glaring error.

After criticizing Gleason for his Manichaeism he compares the book under discussion unfavorably to LeRoi Jones' *Blues People* and *Black Music*. Then, presumably for the purposes of emphasizing his point, Mitchell states: "It's not necessary to point out who is black and who is white."

This is a reflection of the same "black is good, white is bad" mentality that Mitchell (correctly) takes Gleason to task for.

Mitchell has merely transported this attitude to the realm of jazz criticism—another field in which it has no business spreading its poisonous fumes.

David Rabinovitz Berkeley, Cal.

Charles Mitchell replies: "Mr. Rabinovitz missed my point. I merely wished to say that LeRoi Jones has been vilified in many jazz circles for his alleged racism, while Ralph Gleason won a Deems Taylor Award for making many of the same points in an essay which is generally less convincing. When a black man says these things, he is a racist; when a white man says them, he wins awards for his social consciousness. But that, of course, was not Ralph Gleason's fault. My respect for him—and LeRoi Jones—is explicitly clear in the review."

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MONTREUX TURNS 10

MONTREUX—The 10th Montreux International Festival will be held in this Swiss town from June 25 through July 11. The Festival will be divided into three separate segments: Folk—June 25-27; Soul—July 2-4; and Jazz—July 6-11.

A stellar list of luminaries will be highlighted. As in the past, the entire town will succumb to festival fervor, with events held throughout the local streets and parks. Parades, impromptu jam sessions, open-air concerts and movies will add to the excitement.

A full rundown of performers will appear in an upcoming issue.

WARNER/BEACON FETE



Benson



Coltrane

NEW YORK—Warner Bros. Records has announced that many of its top soul and jazz performers will appear at the Beacon Theatre in a series of four evening concerts from February 26 through 29.

To be tagged "California Soul," the extravaganza will highlight Rahsaan Roland Kirk, David Fathead Newman, George Benson, Miroslav Vitous, David Sanborn, the Staple Singers, Al Jarreau, Graham Central Station, the Impressions, Leroy Hutson and Alice Coltrane.

The first three nights of the Warner fete will feature soul music, with the final eve showcasing a mammoth six-hour presentation of jazz artists recently signed to the label. Individual shows will be produced in coordination with radio stations WBLS, WWRL, WNJR, and WRVR.

SATCH HONORED TWICE

NEW YORK—Louis Armstrong was recently honored twice in four nights. Jack Kleinsinger's "Highlights In Jazz" starred Bobby Hackett, Vic Dickenson, Herb Hall, Marty Napoleon, Arvell Shaw, Oliver Jackson, Doc Cheatham, Mrs. Lucille Armstrong and Willis Conover in a memorable tribute. Brooks Kerr intoned Satchmo's warmth through *Me And Brother Bill*, *Back Of Town Blues* and four other all but forgotten tunes of the '20s and '30s: Mrs. Armstrong and Conover sat for a quarter hour informal on-stage chat about Louis, the man.

Later in the week, Jack Bradley presented "A Tribute to Louis Armstrong" at the fourth annual Brass Conference held at the Roosevelt Hotel. The lineup included Major Holley, Larry Lucie, Pee Wee Erwin, Jimmy Maxwell, Manny Klein, Dick Sudhalter, Eddie Bert, Phil Wilson, Rich Matteson, Frank Ippolito, Moe Wechsler and the Dick Hyman arrangements of Louis' tunes as done for the New York Jazz Repertory Company's programs of 1975.

Elsewhere, the Conference featured exhibits and performances by Don Butterfield, tuba; Sharon Moe and Tony Miranda, French horns; Ensemble de Trombones de Paris; The Salvation Army Band; and Dave Taylor and Charles Small, trombones. There was also a tribute to Bill Chase by Jon Faddis and Lew Soloff, plus other ensembles and soloists.

Closing night was introduced by Reverend John Gensel and included performances by Clem DeRosa's Alumni Jazz Orchestra, Paul Jeffrey's Octet, the Manhattan Wildlife Refuge (directed by Danny Stiles in Bill Watrous' absence) and the Manhattan School of Music's Jazz Band, under the baton of Rusty Dedrick. The latter unit blew the lid off the stalwart few who braved a snow storm to get there.

Pianist Eubie Blake was guest of honor at the brass conference. He also performed at the Kleinsinger concert, receiving the Louis Armstrong Medal from Mrs. Armstrong.

potpourri

Correction time: In the 12/18 **Hino**, Hino has been gigging in Readers Poll, we incorrectly New York with **Jackie McLean** spelled the name of trombonist as of late and has issued albums **Raul de Souza**. Sorry for the in Germany and Japan. confusion that resulted.

New additions to the rapidly re-growing **Horizon** stable are sax- turned to the active scene by ophonist **Ira Sullivan**, who has scoring a new concerto, *Sym- phony Of Life In One Movement*. and Delmark in the past; the The piece is dedicated to the **Revolutionary Ensemble**, fea- late singer **Paul Robeson**. Shir- turing **Leroy Jenkins**, **Sirone**, ley has also completed a *Duke and Jerome Cooper*; and **Jimmy Ellington Suite**, which will be **Owens**. previewed in New York City's Town Hall.

New additions to the **Sian Kenton** organization include **Terry Layne**, reeds; **Dave Kennedy** and **Joe Casano**, trumpets; **Allen Morrissey**, trombone; and **David Holmes**, bass. A new disc, *Kenton '76*, features an eight- minute composition by **Bill Holman** called *Tiburon*.

Muddy Waters has left Chess Records, after recording with the label for some 30 years.

Earth, Wind & Fire has embarked on a proposed nation- wide series of benefit concerts, the idea being to give the pro- ceeds to cities in financial trouble. The "Save The Cities" concerts began in Oakland and will move eastward.

The **Heath Brothers** recently returned from a successful tour of Europe.

Gerry Mulligan's new sextet additions include **Dave Samuels**, vibes; **Tom Fay**, piano; and **Frank Luther**, bass.

Larry Coryell's *Eleventh House* may soon be joined by Japanese trumpeter **Terimasa**

Nick Brignola per- forms a concert at Cohoes Mu- sic Hall, in Cohoes, New York, on March 16, spotlighting a his- tory of jazz from dixieland through the present. Brignola will be joined by **Max Kaminsky**, **Sal Maida**, **Bill Fuller**, and **Tim Coakley** for the dixieland set; **Jack Wilkins**, **Red Rodney**, **Ed- die Gomez**, and **Ted Moore** for a bebop set; and a group called **Petrus** for a jazz/rock segment. **db** New York correspondent **Arnold Jay Smith** will serve as emcee.

Detroit jazz fans have re- ceived a boost via the opening of a new concert hall. The Show- case Theatre, a 2000 seat facili- ty located on the city's east side, has been completely reno- vated, thanks to the efforts of **Probita Productions**. The **Probitans** kicked off their concert series in January with two sets that featured the **Gary Bur- ton Quintet** and **Ralph Towner**, and **Anthony Braxton**, accompa- nied by **Kenny Wheeler**, **Dave Holland**, and **Phil Wilson**.

Clinicians at the upcoming **Mobile Jazz Festival** will include the **Airmen Of Note**, **Joe Wil- liams**, **Patrice Rushen**, **Mundell Lowe**, **Pat Williams**, and **Tom Scott**. **db**

CECIL UNVEILS MASS

NEW YORK—"A play with mu- sic" is what Cecil Taylor calls *A Rat's Mass*. The theatre piece was performed at the La Mama annex, 66 East 4th Street, New York, on February 26. Obie Award winner **Adrienne Kennedy** wrote the play, which will be di- rected by **Audrei Serban**. The orchestra consists of eight musicians including **Jimmy Lyons**, alto saxophone; **David Ware**, tenor; and **Joseph Bowie**, trombone.

New Releases

Fresh vinyl from **Xanadu** in- cludes a new disc by **Charles McPherson**; a **Jimmy Heath** quartet session with **Barry Har- ris**, **Sam Jones**, and **Billy Hig- gins**; and an **Al Cohn** session featuring **Harris**, **Alan Dawson**, and **Larry Ridley**.

ATV's latest are *Too Young To Feel This Old*, **McKendree Spring**; *Live At Queen Elizabeth Hall*, **Stephane Grappelli**; and *Sonny*, **Sonny Criss**; and *I Don't Know How To Love Him*, **Gloria Friel**. **db**

Big Wind At Astrodome

HOUSTON—The show's producers and promoters billed the Jan. 25th event as "Night of the Hurricane II"—a deep-South version of the Madison Square Garden concert that raised over \$100,000 for imprisoned boxer Rubin "Hurricane" Carter.

You needed a scorecard to keep track of the stars wandering on and off the Astrodome stage—Bob Dylan, Stevie Wonder, Dr. John, Ringo Starr, Carlos Santana, Isaac Hayes, Shawn Phillips, Roger McGuinn, Stephen Stills, Kinky Friedman, Doug Sahn and members of Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue.

In the afternoon segment of the six and a half hour show, Stevie Wonder and his orchestra brought the crowd to its feet with brilliant renditions of *Higher Ground*, *Visions*, *Golden Lady*, and *Superstition*.

Moving from electric keyboards to acoustic piano, Wonder performed a lengthy new composition, *Saturn*, then unsuccessfully tried to lead his listeners into a "Free Hurricane" chant.

The energy-level jumped forward at sunset with the emergence of Dylan and his troupe. After a lead-off *When I Paint My Masterpiece*, Dylan launched

into a blues-boogie *Maggie's Farm*, then *One Too Many Mornings* and *I Threw It All Away*.

Between Dylan's sets, members of the Rolling Thunder Revue—Mick Ronson, Bob Newwirth, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Roger McGuinn and guests Richie Havens, Santana, Stills and others—played in various combinations with backup assistance by Ringo, Doug Sahn and Dr. John.

Dylan picked up electric guitar with McGuinn, Stills, Santana and Dr. John for a soaring *Eight Miles High* and *Chestnut Mare*, then switched over to acoustic guitar and harmonica for a solo *It's All Over Now, Baby Blue*.

In a final burst, Dylan, violinist Scarlet Rivera and the rest of the revue moved into *Oh, Sister*, *One More Cup Of Coffee*, *Sara* and other new material, before striking the chords of the song the crowd had been shouting for all night—*Hurricane*.

According to a spokesman for the Freedom For All, Forever Committee, all profits from the show (with an estimated 47,000 attendance) will go toward defraying the cost of Carter's appeal of his 1966 conviction for the murder he claims not to have committed.



Thad Jones & Mel Lewis receive db plaque from wellwisher crew

GRAMMY NOMINATIONS

The 18th Annual Grammy Nominations provided little in the way of surprise. The results will be announced via the annual Grammy Awards show over prime time TV.

The following are an abridgement of the various categories and nominees:

Record Of The Year—*At Seventeen*, Janis Ian; *Love Will Keep Us Together*, Captain and Tennille; *Lyn' Eyes*, The Eagles; *Mandy*, Barry Manilow; *Rhinestone Cowboy*, Glen Campbell.

Album Of The Year—*Between The Lines*, Janis Ian; *Captain Fantastic And The Brown Dirt Cowboy*, Elton John; *Heart Like A Wheel*, Linda Ronstadt; *One Of These Nights*, The Eagles; *Still Crazy After All These Years*, Paul Simon.

Best Jazz Performance By A Soloist—*Concierto*, Jim Hall; *Giant Steps* (from *Alternate Takes*), John Coltrane; *Images*, Phil Woods; *Oscar Peterson and Dizzy Gillespie*; *Solo Piano*, Phineas Newborn, Jr.

Best Jazz Performance By A Group—*Basie Jam*, Count Basie; *Dizzy Gillespie's Big 4*; *Giant Steps* (from *Alternate Takes*), John Coltrane; *No Mystery*, Chick Corea and Return To Forever; *Sax Plays Bird With Strings*.

Best Jazz Performance By A Big Band—*Big B-A-D Band Live At The Wichita Jazz Festival*, Clark Terry; *Images*, Phil Woods/Michel Legrand; *Lab '75*, North Texas State University Band; *Potpourri*, Thad Jones/Mel Lewis; *The Tiger Of San Pedro*, Bill Watrous and Manhattan Wildlife Refuge.

Winners will be listed in an upcoming issue.

Buffalo Bizness

BUFFALO, N.Y.—William D. Hassett is making Buffalo jazzy again. About a year ago Bill brought jazz to his hotel, the Statler Hilton, and it stuck (db, 2/13/75). The room is called "downtown," and it swings with the likes of Count Basie, Jackie and Roy, Milt Jackson and Dorothy Donegan. The new schedule will include Bags, Jonah Jones, Bucky Pizzarelli, Dizzy Gillespie and others not announced at press time.

At a recent appearance, db New York Correspondent Arnold Jay Smith presented Mr. and Mrs. Kral with the plaque representing their victory in the 1975 Critics Poll, a long overdue accomplishment. The occasion was such that the duo (along with Smith), appeared on a local "Drive Time" radio show, and were the subjects of a Hassett-hosted party at the downtown club afterwards.

Bill's activities do not begin and end with Buffalo. He is a frequent commuter between here and the California home of Tony Bennett. The two have fathered a record company, Improv, by name, that has already issued a set under the title of *Tony Bennett Sings Life Is Beautiful*. The charts are by Torrie Zito. The parent company, Tobill Enterprises, is based in Buffalo. A tape of a forthcoming release was played for db, featuring Bennett paired with George Barnes and Ruby Braff. It's a Rodgers and Hart love affair including a painfully down tempo *Lover*, that adds life to a lyric some thought trite and dead after versions by Peggy Lee and Frank Sinatra.

Tobill plans a roster including Bobby Hackett, Woody Herman, Marian McPartland, Jimmy Rowles and Mabel Mercer, "as they become available."

Storyville Rises From Ashes

NEW YORK—Storyville was the name of the red light district in New Orleans where jazz had its fabled beginnings. It was there that the mixture of gin, prostitution and late night jam sessions created the aura that the music has yet to live down. But Storyville also gave us Louis Armstrong, Kid Ory, Joe "King" Oliver, Baby Dodds, the Original Dixieland Jass Band and, after all is said and done, jazz itself.

The name stuck even after the district was shut down by authorities. Storyville became a nightclub in Boston, Mass. some years later. From the club sprung a record company by the same name, and the reputation

of one George Wein. The club was to have three venues in the Boston area, finally coming to its resting place in the old Bradford Hotel. 15 years after the Beantown demise, Storyville has again reappeared, this time in the Apple.

Wein will open his new club on East 58th Street, between Park and Madison Avenues with a no-advance-notice policy. "Just good music," is the way Charles Bourgeois, Wein's good right arm, puts it. The Reese Brothers, owner of a chain of restaurants, will be part of the new venture. Rigmor Newman, wife of trumpeter/Jazz Interactions prez Joe Newman, will be talent procurer.

FINAL BAR

Jan August, renowned pianist and million-selling record artist, died in Flushing, New York, recently. He was 71.

August's playing was more classical than anything else and he was a very successful, danceable tune spinner. His recordings of the popular Latin favorites *Misirlou*, *Malaguena* and *Babalu* sold in the millions. The first two were treatments of popular classical piano pieces that aspiring keyboardists were often required to practice daily. *Babalu* later gained fame as being the theme song of the Desi Arnaz band.

August sometimes improvised with a rhythm section, a format in demand in nightclubs, theatres, and on radio and television.

In 1947, August played *Misirlou* at the Press Photographers' Ball for President Truman, who promptly reciprocated by playing the *Missouri Waltz* for him. It didn't swing, we are told. He played the big theatres such as the old Roxy and Capitol in New York and the Oriental in Chicago. August handled the piano duties with the Paul Specht band, and also played society dates in Greenwich Village. He also played vibes for a period, following an injury to his hand. It was on this instrument that he appeared with Paul Whiteman, Ferde Grofe and Joe Moss on radio programs during the 1930s.

Mr. August was discovered, signed, and later recorded and arranged more than 140 selections at the old New York club, The Embers, on 52nd St. He had been retired since 1967.

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NEW INTUITIONS

Bill Evans

by Len Lyons

A week before playing at the Monterey Jazz Festival this year, Bill Evans became a father for the first time, and the birth of his son (Evan Evans) seems like an apt symbol for the regeneration that has taken place in his music. Of course, the connection is not only symbolic, and Evans readily called attention to the influence of his burgeoning family life on his artistic ability. "I think the most important element is the spiritual content of what you're doing. My personal life

quotes" for the insight into his approach that they provide: "I didn't have the facile talent that a lot of people have, the ability to just listen and transfer something to my instrument. . . . Rather than just accept the nuances or syntax of a style completely, I'll abstract the principles and put it together myself. . . . I had to go through a terribly hard analytical and building process. But in the end I came out ahead, in a sense, because I knew what I was doing in a more thorough way. . . .

opinions on everything from keyboard technique to racism seem to be—like his playing—more expressive and strongly voiced.

Before the first band had taken the stage Sunday evening in Monterey, Evans was already in bed for the night. His hands, which are noticeably swollen at times "due to a liver condition," were aggravated from lack of rest. A pack of cigarettes and two candy bars were stacked up beside him on the night table, and the TV was going—without sound, in deference to my tape recorder. Shortly before, at the Fairgrounds, I had met the new addition to the Bill Evans trio, drummer Eliot Zigmund.

*E*liot was telling me he auditioned for you at the Village Vanguard, but I wanted to find out from you how the switch from Marty Morell came about. Were there any musical problems?

"Not at all. He was doing a great job, but he wanted to stop traveling and settle down for a while. When I was at the Vanguard, I put out word that any drummer who wanted to could come up and play. I felt Eliot had the touch I was looking for."

From hearing you live and listening to your new albums, I get a strong impression that your playing has developed markedly. Do you feel that way about it?

"There has been development, but the development I'm looking for is right through the middle. I don't try to go to the edges of what I'm doing and spread out that way. I try to go through the middle, the essential quality, and extend that. Consequently, a lot of listeners might not hear any development for a long period of time, but there is inner development going on.

"It might have something to do with ideas or the rhythmic displacement of ideas, but that's speaking technically about something I'm not thinking about technically. What I'm trying to do is say something in the context of my music. What I'm learning how to do is say it with listenable, understandable musical language that gets deeper into meaning. The best example I can think of is what Philly Joe (Jones) can do with an eight- or four-measure solo. Using the same rudiments that other drummers use, he can do something that makes you say, 'Wow! Yeah, what a beautiful way to put those things together, so simply and to say so much.'

"I'm trying to say strong things, strong ideas. I'm speaking as if it's a technical consideration, but when I'm playing I'm thinking of being in the flow of the music, allowing it to develop over a period of time."

To be more specific about my own observation, you seem to be digging in harder. I feel that there's more "definiteness."

"Really? I hope that's true. I think it may be true. I play almost everything I play now with conviction and without much equivocation in my feeling about the music. I went through a lot of confidence problems when I was coming up. It seems like you go off in



has become so happy in the last couple of years," he explained. "getting a whole family thing going, buying a home, becoming a father. All of this contributes to my motivation, which is a mysterious element in anybody's life. You can't turn on or off very easily, and I feel like my motivation is returning.

"I'm just feeling more alive now, alive in a broader way than just being a musician or an individual on the music scene. When you have children, it seems you're more tied to the future and to everything that's going on in the world."

Anyone who has followed Evans' playing since he first passed through the limelight with Miles Davis' band of the early '60s can hear the difference in the piano/bass duets (with Eddie Gomez) on his recent album, *Intuition*. The melodic lines are longer, the ideas more definite, the rhythms more forceful. A firmness and musical power has been acquired which gives weight to the always-present, bucolic lyricism. If Evans used pastels before, he works with more primary colors now.

When I first spoke with Bill several years ago, he was far more analytic about his music, alluding to it more as the product of study than an expression of his spirit. It is worth abstracting a few of "yesterday's 12 □ down beat

"If you're a painter, you should be a draftsman, too, and an architect. You have to have a compositional sense and a structural sense. . . . I'm also thinking in terms of the language of music, which is more in the melodic sense. The way one idea follows another. Why does it have meaning? Why does it say something? Because it relates to the idea that precedes it or the one that follows it. It's that kind of thinking that is a way to handle musical tones."

Evans' conversation now adheres to topics of present, if not future, concern, and his

SELECTED EVANS DISCOGRAPHY

- INTUITION—Fantasy 9475
- THE TOKYO CONCERT—Fantasy 9457
- LIVING TIME (with George Russell)—Columbia KC-31490
- THE BILL EVANS ALBUM—Columbia C-30855
- PEACE PIECE AND OTHER PIECES—Milestone 47024
- THE VILLAGE VANGUARD SESSIONS—Milestone 47002
- THE BEST OF BILL EVANS—Verve 68747
- ALONE—Verve 68792
- UNDERCURRENT (with Jim Hall)—Solid State 18018

one direction or another and each time you return to yourself you have a little more confidence. Maybe when you have enough experience and get old enough, you have enough courage to really believe in where you're at and realize that it's the only place for you.

"Things like 'avant garde' or the 'acoustic vs. electric' controversy couldn't interest me less now. And I'm not saying one is better than the other. I'm only interested in making good music within the context of my own experience and abilities and out of the tradition I come from. The best thing I can do is communicate with myself on honest terms. That will make me happy, and I think it'll make some other people happy."

How did the The Tony Bennett/Bill Evans Album come about?

"It was one of those things that was in the air for years. I always figured that if Tony would do any of my tunes I'd be overjoyed. In fact he did record *Waltz For Debby* once. Debby's my niece. I wrote that for her when she was three, and she's getting married this year. Tony and I have always had a mutual respect and a distant acquaintance with each other. It so happens that my manager (Helen Keane) and his (Jack Rollins) are good friends.

"It was my idea that we make it only piano (and voice), though it kind of scared me. It seemed to be the best way to get that intimate communication going. It was pretty much off the top of our heads. We picked the

done much accompanying or solo playing in the last 20 years, so it worried me a bit. But we got a relaxed, pure feeling going. It couldn't have been much better. The piano, itself, is great. (*Last year, Fantasy Records purchased a 13-foot Yamaha—at \$1000 per foot.*) I love Tony's singing."

How did you feel about the lyrics to some of those old songs?

"I never listen to lyrics. I'm seldom conscious of them at all. The vocalist might as well be a horn as far as I'm concerned."

Intuition seems to go in that "personal" direction, too. Without mincing words, I thought it was successful and very accessible. People I know who never listen to jazz seem to love it.

"I'm glad to hear that. I find myself putting it on at home, too, and I don't listen to many of my own records."

How did you get that unusual sound out of the Rhodes? Was it a filter?

"There was something on the piano that Don Cody showed me how to use, but I don't know what it was." (*Cody, a Fantasy Records engineer, later identified the device as a Maestro phaser, which cancels frequencies in a more varied pattern than a normal filter, giving the sound a "swirling effect."*)

Following this move toward a personal and a pure sound to its logical conclusion, wouldn't you be due for a solo piano album—like Alone (on Verve)—one that's not overdubbed like Conversations With Myself?

"I just haven't played enough solo, but I

in terms of your own playing?

"I can tell you that, for me, technique is the ability to translate your ideas into sound through your instrument. Monk does it perfectly, though he is 'limited' in the sense that if you put a Mozart sonata in front of him or asked him to play an Oscar Peterson chorus, he couldn't do it. I'd agree, though, that technique is separable from the context of ideas in this sense. In playing a keyboard instrument you should develop a comprehensive technique. This enables you to go in new directions without worrying about your hands.

"What you have to remember is that your conception can be limited by a technical approach. Someone who approached the piano technically the way Oscar Peterson does could never have the conception that Monk has. If you play evenly, attacking notes in a certain way, you wouldn't conceive of making the sound that Monk would make. If you could develop a technique like Peterson's—which is practically unmatched, I guess—and then forget it! Tell yourself to try anything you can conceive of. . . . I think a great technique would be to develop an entirely new articulation and make it happen on the piano."

Like Cecil Taylor?

"That's an example. Or being able to breathe into the piano, make vocal nuances come through the piano. That's a great technical challenge. The classical tradition never utilized a real vocal utterance. Sometimes

"There's a sense of the hurt child in the people who want to make this only a black music. They haven't had much so they want to make jazz 100% black. Historically, I suppose, the black impetus was primarily responsible for the growth of jazz, but if a white artist comes through, it's just another human being who . . . can contribute to jazz . . . I want more responsibility among black people and black musicians to be accurate and spiritually intelligent about humanity. Let the historians sort out whether it's 67.2% black influenced or 97%."

tunes and then went in to do them."

The voice/piano tradition is very traditional, but, given all the heavily produced vocal albums that are played, it was very fresh and pure.

"That's exactly what I wanted, but it's very chancy, because a lot of the public wants that big sound—the studio orchestra, highly produced, or over-produced. So I thought we'd go all the way in the other direction, and I think it's timely because a lot of young people are looking for that personal quality. It's been lost in much of the rock and pop music. That big electric sound. It worries me. It seems desperate. The elements are coarse. There's no element of greatness. It makes me worry about the state of the world. What qualifies for greatness now is whatever sells the most records."

Do you think this is happening in jazz to any extent? Herbie Hancock, just for an example, has been criticized for what you might call "popping out."

"I don't know that much about what he's doing, though I understand that he's simplified and funkified and sold a lot of albums. But I was thinking more in terms of rock and pop. Actually, I don't feel qualified to make many comments on the current scene because I don't follow it that closely. I may have superficial opinions about a lot of these things."

Well, did you feel the duet album with Bennett succeeded?

"I thought it came off nicely. I haven't

think it's kind of necessary. If I get my studio set up in the new house, I may be able to work on that. I'd have to prepare for a solo album by playing solo at home. I was talking to Marian McPartland about that after she played solo the other night. It sounded marvelous. She's working a solo gig in New York, so I said, 'Now I know why you sound so good solo.' It's the best practice in the world for a pianist. I wish I could play a solo gig for about a year; but I am interested in the trio, and to keep it together I have to keep it working.

"My conception of solo playing is a music that moves—oh, let's say a more rhapsodic conception that has interludes of straight-ahead jazz. It would be a more orchestral conception, moving very freely between keys and moods. In other words, things you can't do with a group. That's the added dimension." (*Evans did record a solo album for Fantasy last December 16-18, but it won't be released until after Since We Met, a live trio date recorded two years ago with Gomez and Morell, hits the stands.*)

I'm wondering if you've lately felt an evolution occur in your technique. I had an interesting conversation about this with Oscar Peterson recently. We were discussing LeRoi Jones' idea that technique is inseparable from content, implying that a player like Monk is not limited technically any more than Oscar is. Peterson insisted that technical dexterity is a purely physical problem. Do you have any ideas about this

there were vocal utterances, but they were translated through a very great architectural tradition in classical music. To really breathe through the piano. . . . Well, Erroll Garner did it some, but in a limited way. I mean to go (*sings a figure*) . . ."

Like on a reed instrument?

"Right. This is a comprehensive technique which goes beyond scales and so on. It's expressive technique."

Would you call it "touch"?

"No, I wouldn't. Touch seems to connote being very sensitive or tender. I don't mean that this has to be tender. What I'm talking about is a feeling for the keyboard that will allow you to transfer any emotional utterance into it. That's really what technique is all about. I think that's what LeRoi Jones was talking about. He was right; but Peterson was right from a different standpoint. What Jones might not realize is that this type of direct technique isn't enough today. A musician has to cover more ground than that. That's one of the criticisms of pop and rock music. Kids get into being creative before they've experienced enough on their instrument. You need both. You need a comprehensive, traditional technique."

Mechanical?

"You could call it that. Whenever I was practicing technique—which wasn't that often—but if I spent a couple of days playing scales and so on, I found that my playing became a shade more mechanical. What has to

Ian Anderson

THE CODPIECE CHRONICLES

by John Alan Simon

Throughout the theatrical proceedings of the Jethro Tull show in New Orleans' cavernous Municipal Auditorium, Ian Anderson frenziedly leaps and hurls himself across the stage as he sings. Dressed in multi-colored tights equipped with codpiece, Anderson's appearance and stage demeanor are something of a cross between a Renaissance jester and a lunatic.

Even for a rock concert it's a bizarre affair. Scantly-clad girls, smiling like TV game show models, trot back and forth across the stage to hand Anderson the flute or guitar required for his performance. During the middle of *My God*, Anderson's musical opus of agnosticism, a janitor sweeps around the feet of lead guitarist Martin Barre. In the opening refrain of another song, a telephone rings.

But despite the barrage of Dada-inspired gimmicks in the show, the audience's attention stays focused on Anderson. For all intents and purposes, Anderson is Jethro Tull—having led the group from the start, he's the only member to have remained in the band from its first recording onward. John Evans on keyboards, Jeffrey Hammond-Hammond on bass guitar and string bass, Barriermore Barlow on drums, and an all-girl chorus of strings round out the current touring ensemble; but there's no doubt about who's the star.

Under Anderson's direction as songwriter, vocalist, and more recently as producer, Jethro Tull's popularity has steadily accelerated since the release of their first album in 1968. The initial *This Was*, with its airy English folk ballads and jazzy flute sound, won the

14 □ down beat



band a cult following that the later *Stand Up* and *Benefit* albums built upon—even as the group edged increasingly closer to the rock mainstream.

Jethro Tull's first concept album, *Aqualung*, was an early entry into the soon-to-be-crowded rock opera race. Anderson's LP side of related songs about the title character—a wheezing down-and-outer in London—catapulted the troupe to superstar status. The release of *Thick As A Brick*, an album-long ballad, solidified the group's reputation and allowed Anderson room to display his lyrical talents by sketching childhood impressions of comic heroes and vaguely ominous father-son confrontations, recounted in mock-epic style. Later the same year, *Living In the Past*, a two record collection of live performances and early songs unreleased in America, brought the group to Top 10 radio status via its title single.

Tull's most ambitious project to date has been *Passion Play*, an extended composition which Ian integrated into live performances with a film that he wrote and directed. But despite healthy sales and sold-out concerts, both the tour and the album were panned by a majority of critics as being contrived and confusing. Rumor spread that the sensitive Anderson was disbanding the group and had cancelled the remainder of their tour.

Two more gold records since that debacle have proven the durability of Jethro Tull's appeal. On *War Child*, Anderson returned to conventional song lengths; another single, the bouncy *Bungle In The Jungle*, soared to the top of the charts last year. *Minstrel In The Gallery* appeared next, seemingly something of a compromise between the commercial and more experimental sides to Anderson's ambitions. Along with shorter, catchy songs like *Cold Winds To Valhalla*, the album includes *Baker Street Muse*, a typically cryptic but somewhat bitter saga of sexual and musical tribulation.

A few hours before discarding black T-shirt and jeans for his more flamboyant stage garb, Anderson discoursed reflectively in his suite at the Fairmont Hotel—where Louisiana's Kingfish, Huey Long, used to hold court during his reign at the top. The interview began with the subject of Jethro Tull's treatment by the press, a topic to which Anderson often returned during the course of the conversation.

Anderson: It took the music press in England some little while to wake up to the fact that we were actually around. We played for six or eight months all over the clubs in England and were one of the major-drawing underground groups of the time—by underground, I mean we received no national or music paper publicity at all.

Then we played at a summer festival in England to about 80,000 people—the Salisbury Jazz Festival in 1968. Having played to lots of little audiences in small clubs, it all anted up at the festival. All those people had seen us play at one time or another, and we were, even if I say it myself, the hit of the festival. The only other act that had a similar reception at the three-day event was a surprise jam by Eric Clapton and Ginger Baker.

But we received absolutely zero press coverage on that occasion for one simple reason: the press were all in the press tent drinking free beer. It's the gospel truth.

I've always been wary of the press. Let's

say that derives from a mutual suspicion, because any member of the press finds my personality and bearing at once at odds with what I appear to be on the stage. But I say that what I appear to be on the stage is me. When I go on tonight, there's no Jekyll-and-Hyde transformation. There's no alteration in my attitude towards people or music—except that another part of my character becomes a little more prevalent than the part you're seeing now.

Simon: What part is that?

Anderson: I become more in evidence physically and emotionally sometimes. But it's the same me. Nevertheless, I'm prepared to believe that it doesn't look like me. So obviously the problem any journalist has is deciding which one of these two Ian Andersons he's seen is an act.

Simon: How would you describe these two Ian Andersons?

Anderson: I wouldn't even attempt to do so. It's not my job. And as soon as I begin to analyze my approach to playing music on stage, it then becomes a very deliberate and conscious dissemination of what I'm doing. And as soon as it becomes that, it immediately goes against the grain of the music I write and play.

I don't sit down and say today I'm going to write a song that's going to be about this or that and then calculate a means of arriving at that end. Whatever I write—a 40 second piece or a 40 minute one—has always begun its life as a pure emotional feeling or observation. The act of building that into a finished recording is, of course, to a large extent, contrived, in as much as it's a conscious effort to derive a relationship between life and music and lyrics and put it into a sort of professionally embodied package and then sell it to the consumer and make money. All of that is a very conscious thing. I'm aware of all that, but I don't want to start getting any of that mixed up with the essence of what music is all about and the essence of what being a performer of music is all about.

Simon: Have you been surprised by the enormous success of Jethro Tull? It seems to me that it would have been impossible to foresee that the kind of music that the group was doing back in the beginning would have ever reached such a wide audience.

Anderson: All I ever wanted to be was just a professional musician. It was never important to be a success, which after all, is a very relative thing. Success is only what you're doing today compared to what you were doing yesterday.

Simon: Do you enjoy it?

Anderson: Yeah, but I also get a lot of tears and personal heartbreak out of it as well. You take a week of seven concerts and three of them are going to be bad, at least in my mind. I'm going to come off the stage near to tears for one reason or another. There's many times I get into the studio and it just doesn't happen. Something I believed would be a good result just fails to materialize. I have to throw away the tape.

Simon: Have you ever wished you'd thrown away *Passion Play*, considering some of the negative response it received?

Anderson: No. Obviously, if it didn't satisfy my musical intent, *Passion Play* would never have been released.

Simon: Were you surprised by the response to *Passion Play*? The word was that you cancelled the second half of the tour because of

the critical reaction.

Anderson: No, that's not true. The gentleman who works for the *New York Times* overheard that in a bar. I don't mean to be facetious. I personally researched the reasons for the appearance of that rumor. He overheard gossip that, due to negative reaction to the stage performance of Jethro Tull's new album, Jethro Tull had broken a tour halfway through and fled back to England—with all the implications of returned tickets and promoters' money out of pocket. I won't say it was a lie, because I'm sure that the gentleman was just unprofessionally incorrect. He made no attempt to check it out with agency management, record company, or anyone else officially representing us.

Jethro Tull has never cancelled out *part* of a tour, let alone *half* a tour. . . . The only dates that have been cancelled have been when I'm ill. If one of the other guys is ill, I think we'd still probably make it on stage one way or another. But if it's me, it's unfair to go out to the audience and play without me. . . .

In fact, the *Passion Play* tour was as good as any other tour and better than the ones before. Seen retrospectively, it was probably more theatrically oriented a performance than what we're doing now, which is trying to get away from any tag.

We're not performers or actors in the sense

“. . . I have to do what I want to do. Otherwise, we have no possible excuse for getting together, me and the audience. We have no reason under the sun to even breathe the same air, unless it's the result of me saying I'm playing what I want to play because I actually have to cope with this and say it for whatever obscure or selfish set of personal reasons.”

that we're "show biz." We're not your David Bowie or Elton John. I'm not into that at all. I'm into being me. If I feel bad, I'm going to tell the audience. If in the last week I've had diarrhea, I'm likely to speak about that.

That's what ideally it should be. Personal truth. It may be entirely irrelevant to the audience, but by dint of personality it becomes not just a personal, exclusive truth, but relatable to other people. It becomes entertainment for other people as a by-product of what we're doing. That's what makes it work for them, and it may be an entirely different level than how it works for me.

Getting back to *Passion Play*, first of all you have to remember that it was only an hour—less than an hour in fact. The rest of the music was what comfortably might be described as "old favorites."

Simon: You used film as part of that performance. Are you still interested in movie-making?

Anderson: We recently did some live filming and recording in Europe with a view to the possibility of the video disc becoming a commercial reality, within, conservatively, the next five years. It's already there and it already works; but I personally worry very much about video being a purchasable commodity, because it doesn't lend itself as readily as the more abstract quality of music.

Music is the prime abstract art. Not my music, I'm not saying that. But music, in its finest form, is the abstract, and literature is

the verbal reality, almost on a conversational level. Film, since the talkies, has been the totally accessible, very immediate, art form. It works immediately. It has to, because conventionally it's employed as a one act experience—you go to the movie, see it, and go home. Whereas with music, one has access to repeated performances, either live or through recordings. Music stands repetition. One gets more into it as a result of repetition if the music is worth anything at all.

Particularly in England now, we've arrived at a media situation where the music is so instant—where it's designed to appeal only once. And I might not like it the first time.

I would hope to be involved with music that will withstand repetition. I'm into repetition, and the musical formats that we deal with employ repetition.

Simon: How would you react to someone who said that Jethro Tull's music is *too* repetitious—that the format hasn't really evolved since the *Benefit* album?

Anderson: I would say where the hell does that leave the Rolling Stones and Elton John? Let's be straight. We all know that they have problems trying to find something that's not new, that's sufficiently close to what they've always done, but a little bit different. I mean, I don't need to talk about that. And anything I say is not meant as a put-down. To me, the

Stones are the ultimate rock 'n' roll group. It's enough for me that they merely survive, because they embody my musical origins. They were the first group I was ever really moved by, because I was never that much into the Beatles.

Simon: You must have been into jazz. It seems to be a strong influence, especially on your first album.

Anderson: Only in as much as it had a sort of passing interest for me in terms of seeing what kind of music was being played. I'm interested in music in general and I've listened to all sorts of music a little bit, but I've never been moved by anything on a continuing basis, other than a very limited selection of some Negro blues, which I find now is still as moving to me as it ever was. And I find that some of the indigenous folk forms of England and Scotland also continue to move me.

Simon: That comes through clearly in your music.

Anderson: But I think perhaps because of the comparisons that have been made between what I write and the folksy, traditional stuff, that I tend not to listen to any of that music at all. I certainly don't want to be a student of that kind of music; so if there's a similarity, it must remain really coincidental. It's something that I have only a passing awareness of. Since I was brought up in Edinburgh, Scotland, and I heard the bagpipes from an early age, it's a sound that rings in my ears. It becomes almost a folk memory of

certain sounds and relationships of notes—a motive stirring of the blood.

Simon: What was your childhood like? In many of your songs there's a very strong attitude of rebellion against various father-figures, such as parents, the church, school.

Anderson: I suppose my childhood was basically very normal—a normalcy which I've occasionally, ineptly, let come across in some of my lyrics. Possibly that's what appeals to other people. It's certainly not an unusual phenomenon to be in one's parents' bad graces during adolescence.

The songs verbalize for people, thoughts that they clearly have difficulty in verbalizing for themselves in the lucid way that the lyricist has, if he's a good one—or a popular one, should I say.

Simon: How did the conception for *Thick As A Brick* start?

Anderson: It wasn't a conception really, just the act of writing a song thinking about what I might have been, what I began life as being, what kind of childhood images moved me—dealt with in a very oblique fashion, because I'm not setting out to create a threadbare tale of emotional woe or to even delineate emotional happenings. I'm just creating a background lyrical summation of a lot of things I feel about being a contemporary child in this age and the problems that one has—the problems of being precocious beyond one's age or having interests beyond one's age, and to some extent being ruled in a kind of heavy-handed, unexplained fashion by the father figures you describe.

Not that I've had many dealings with the Church, but the few I've had, I found totally mysterious.

Simon: By the way, have you ever had any formal musical training?

Anderson: No, no. I obviously know a little bit about it, but not in a formal sense. I don't read music.

Actually, the music that we play before the concert begins is some music that I wrote for orchestra which has never, and will never, be released, because it's an amateurish attempt. It sounds good, but it ain't. I know that it isn't actually good music. But I'm dealing with something that immediately sounds like classical music. Therefore, I'm not about to expose myself to ridicule or—even worse—acclaim for it. It's the first time I sat down to just write some music and see how it turns out and get some other people to play it. I did that really as an experiment in 1974, just because I wanted to see if it was fulfilling. It was actually extraordinarily fulfilling. I collaborated with my good friend David Palmer, who's worked with us over the years on strings or whatever else we have on record that we didn't play ourselves.

Simon: What about ambitions in the way of writing without music? Poetry, fiction?

Anderson: I doubt it would be poetry. I've always had a great suspicion of poetry because the best poetry, I think, falls within a relatively classical style of writing and to work within that area would seem very imitative of style, if not of content. It's rather like saying, "Sit down and write a classical ballet." One could obviously go out and find a Russian folk theme that has not yet been explored in ballet and one could deal with it in musical terms along the lines of Tchaikovsky and deal with it in choreographic terms along the line of one of the Russian dance masters of old. And one could arrive at a classical

ballet which could, with sufficient money, staging, and stars, be enormously successful. But it would be a sham nonetheless, because it no longer has anything to do with the age that spawned it. It's no longer a product of the romantic glorification of the form and spectacle that is ballet. . . .

It's the same with Shakespeare. You have to ham it up—Laurence Olivier it up—in order to be successful. You can't recreate it in a modern style and have it be successful. It merely becomes an amusement, a diversion, an academic exercise, rather than having a real place.

So we must necessarily deal with modern technique and style or else go so far back that no one is forced to make the inevitable comparisons. I find, personally, less enjoyment in the modern styles of poetry or prose or dance or serious 20th century music. I think the visual arts are the only area in which modern technique has really applied itself, if one calls modern art the period from the precursors of the Impressionists on until today. There we obviously already have a tremendously solid and retrospectively valuable collection of art product—a new tradition, if you like, since the 1890s. It may continue to be possible with photography and the visual arts. But that gets us back to the question of repetition. It's something which horrifies me.

JETHRO TULL DISCOGRAPHY

MINSTREL IN THE GALLERY—Chrysalis 1082
WAR CHILD—Chrysalis 1067
LIVING IN THE PAST—Chrysalis 1035
PASSION PLAY—Chrysalis 1040
THICK AS A BRICK—Chrysalis 1003
AQUALUNG—Chrysalis 1044
BENEFIT—Chrysalis 1043
STAND UP—Chrysalis 1042
THIS WAS—Chrysalis 1041

because it's very hard to do.

It would be hard, for instance, if Jethro Tull was to play three times a year at your local, friendly coliseum, to enjoy it the second or third time. It tends to become like ballet, something that you take in occasionally, like watching a Walt Disney film at Christmas. It's something which you look forward to; it satisfies your expectations; and it fulfills a certain function in the yearly cycle. That's what we're doing in public performance.

Simon: Do you feel a danger in Jethro Tull becoming an "event" in that sense?

Anderson: Yeah, but obviously I'm aware of it. I'm not going to let it happen, or happen only to the extent that I'm willing to go along with it some of the way, providing a sort of public utility service. But I'm not going to let that become the sole reason for continuing to do what I do. No way.

I'm not sufficiently professional to be able to do that anyway. I mean, I would get bored and I would let it show, and people would become bored and they wouldn't come back the next year.

Simon: Does it ever get really stale, playing basically the same songs, with the same musicians every night on a tour? Is there room for much improvisation?

Anderson: Everybody has room, every night. Room to move and room to breathe. It's very important that we are regularly changing little things, almost on a day-to-day

level. Someone says, "Can we change those 12 bars there?" or "Let me do this and you do that." It may be a change of one note in a set arrangement or it may be a loose discussion about some improvised piece of music.

It happened last night. There was a change in about 36 bars that we just loosely discussed, and it was an improvised piece. It happened in the encore, towards the end.

Simon: You still feel excited about what you're doing, then.

Anderson: Yes. But could we digress at this point? It may be irrelevant to your needs, but I'm just a bit curious. You must necessarily come with a viewpoint, just as an audience has a viewpoint. I discern fairly strong ideas that you already have about Jethro Tull's function, Jethro Tull's right to its popularity and musical output.

Simon: What do they come across as?

Anderson: I think you possibly feel that the group is stale, that I'm necessarily becoming bored with it and thinking about other possibilities. That *Passion Play* or *Thick As A Brick* has somehow been a blundering attempt to get away from a real creative ability that might have shown in our earlier music.

Simon: No, I'm sorry if that's come across. I think *Thick As A Brick* was a fantastic, really surprising album for the group to do. I'm not that familiar with *Passion Play*. I've heard it once and haven't really formed any strong opinion about it.

Anderson: Well, between those two records there was actually a double album recorded of new material. It wasn't released and the tapes were burned, apart from one which emerged on *War Child* as the sole survivor of a year of trying to do something different than *Thick As A Brick*. That double album consisted of individual songs ranging from a minute and a half long to eight or ten minutes. They were all related, in a sense. We recorded three sides of that double album, and I, rather than the group, felt dissatisfied with what seemed to me to be a conscious attempt to be doing something different than *Thick As A Brick*, without really having any reason for doing so. Because what I really wanted to do was something like *Thick As A Brick*, only better and more intense.

So finally we went back and recorded *Passion Play*, which was written and recorded in a very short space of time, but under great emotional intensity. I can understand that it would be difficult for other people to relate to it, because they would just say, "What's all this going on? I don't need this. Let me get back to my Cream's *Greatest Hits*." One can expect that things like that will happen, but I've got to be prepared to take risks musically to satisfy myself and the other members of the group first, before I start thinking about satisfying an audience.

Simon: I think it's an impossible position for an artist of any kind to feel that he always has to be topping himself. That's got to be the surest way to burn out.

Anderson: Well, you see, *War Child* was done after having taken a long time off the road. For six months, we didn't play concerts and *War Child* was like getting back together with the guys in the group after three months of not even seeing each other very much, then saying, "Right, we have to start rehearsing a new album." It was like entering a new phase of the group's existence. I enjoyed playing fairly simple, shortish pieces of music—a sort of renewing thing, another cycle. It was

JAN HAMMER

Saved By The Synthesizer

by Herb Nolan



HERB NOLAN

"The synthesizer saved me. . . . It's really what I was looking for all along. I feel the synthesizer has become my voice, permitting me to really speak out and say something deep. I can express myself better on it than on any other instrument."

Standing at the bar with a beer in hand, looking a bit like a big cuddly bear, Jan Hammer dominated in the subdued way someone with his creative presence and musical reputation must. The first set had been a good one for an audience seeing Hammer's new band for the first time, but road manager Elliot Sears made it clear the people hadn't heard anything yet; the band wasn't even close to the complex, electric intensity it was capable of driving from the custom engineered sound system stacked at the rear of the small stage.

All afternoon Hammer, Sears, the band, and its resident electrical genius Andy Topeka had worked with the equipment trying to get the sound just right. "It still isn't right," complained Sears before the first performance with the kind of hyperconcern road managers thrive on. "And if we can't get it right, we'll send it back to Topeka and have him rebuild it."

The young band was doing its first gig in Chicago. "It's a good place for Jan to be performing," the Atlantic Records public relations people had said in New York, "he has a lot of fans there, it's where the Mahavishnu Orchestra broke in." It's also where former Mahavishnu Orchestra violinist Jerry Goodman lives, and he would soon be coming around to hang out.

Jan Hammer was on a quickly arranged tour in the wake of the release of his new album for Nemperor, *The First Seven Days*, a

broad thematic work based loosely on the creation of the earth; it's mostly Hammer, alone, sounding like a concert hall full of musicians. It's a technically intricate recording filled with sweeping power and sensitive melodies that could possibly establish Hammer as one of the foremost creators in electronic music. Simultaneously, Atlantic was reshipping *Like Children*, an excellent 1974 release with Jan and Jerry Goodman. It hadn't done well the first time around, and the label hoped that *Seven Days* would renew interest in the older record.

"I play clubs for sentimental reasons," Hammer said to the people around him at the bar, "I really can't open up here." He wanted to emphasize that his music in a club situation wasn't all he wanted it to be, and when he said "open up" he meant power, volume, clarity and density of sound; his equipment, you see, was built to fill Madison Square Garden. No, not just fill it—rattle it.

"It's my toy, I love it," said Hammer the next day, settled on a hotel room couch, talking about the machinery he has assembled to create music. Jan had been out all day doing radio interviews—taking care of business—and he was cooking, warmed to the subject of his music and the changes he and his art have traversed. The rest of the band spent the day bowling with Jerry Goodman.

The "toys" are the Rhodes 88 ("still the king for me") and two MiniMoogs "altered beyond recognition." "They're so cus-

tomized," said Jan, "with so much built in and changed it's almost derogatory to call it a MiniMoog, the whole set up is really like a studio unit."

He continued explaining: "There's one Oberheim digital sequencer and one Oberheim expander. The sequencer is a digital computer memory that can be programmed for up to 72 events—it can remember 72 voltages in relationship to time and then go back and play the synthesizer. The expander is a little synthesizer—three oscillators—without a keyboard; it can be hooked up to the existing setup, played through the keyboard, or played by the sequencer, or a combination of both."

The expander, said Hammer, whose fascination with the electronics of his instruments is without inhibition, does what the name implies, expanding the immediate colors available.

"I have a Freeman String Synthesizer which is also rebuilt. Bob Moog put in a whole new filtering network that produces an incredible wood resonance. The regular Freeman you buy doesn't have it; its sound is a little more like an organ."

Jan is, of course, watched very closely by the people at Moog. "The Oberheim Synthesizer, used in conjunction with the Moog, broadens the sound. I can achieve an incredibly thick sound texture, which is one reason I don't like clubs. You can't even begin to start opening up your sound—I can't even turn it up to level one."

It's sufficient to say that Jan Hammer, the 27-year-old musician who came to the United States from Prague seven years ago to make his mark as a jazz pianist and got his first break when he was hired in 1970 as Sarah Vaughan's accompanist, has drifted a long way from the original plans he'd had for himself. The changes have been gradual, based on the times, the musical upheavals of the '60s and '70s that sent many young musicians fleeing from what they felt was the modal redundancy inherent in jazz.

"... you can go to the Vanguard any night and hear jam, jam, jam," said Hammer at one point, talking about a traditional improvising format based on a series of individual solos. "That's one reason—the main reason—I really got tired of 'jazz.'" Jan is articulate, carefully thoughtful, and honest about his feelings. "I wasn't getting any joy out of it, and I felt I had to find something better. It coincided directly... it's parallel," he paused forming the idea, "to the point when a child gets out from under the influence of his parents. It's a certain condition in life, the way a child grows up and finds out what he really wants to do," continued Hammer. "I was definitely conditioned for jazz by my family. Our house was the jazz center of Prague, every jazz personality passed through, and for a jazz musician it was an ideal place to grow up."

Jan Hammer's mother was a jazz singer and his father a physician who'd worked his way through school playing vibes. Jan had played piano since age four and might have been a doctor, who played piano as a sidelight. But a family friend, a composer, told him early that if he was comfortable with music, then that's where he should stay.

So Jan's house was filled with jazz, the people who played or just listened and loved it. "But I listened to the Beatles," said Jan with resolution. "Even before they were popular

in the United States, they were incredibly big in Europe. When I was in late grammar school and early high school I was totally freaked by the Beatles. But the people I was surrounded by—not just my parents, but the whole background—they didn't want to accept it as valid music; it was just all pop. The more I listened, the more I realized it was a valid and revolutionary musical statement.

"After the Beatles I heard Hendrix—that was around 1966—and I started going crazy; then James Brown turned me around—especially the rhythm. On tunes like *I Can't Stand It*, I heard the fast funk those drummers were doing and I just couldn't believe it. But you see," he added, "it was still the stage where I would not admit my infatuation with that music; I was still under the jazz influence—was conditioned."

If there is a philosophical base to Hammer's music and his ideas about it, it's drums. In Czechoslovakia, when he was supposed to be practicing piano, he'd play traps. He might have been a full time percussionist, but piano was getting him where he wanted to go faster.

"I'm completely torn between keyboards and drums," was one of the first things Hammer said in the stillness of his room. "There are times I definitely have more fun playing drums, simply because I'm closer to the core of music as opposed to the outer layers of harmony and melody that weave around it. But rhythm is the core, you can make more happen instantly by grabbing at that center. Drums. That's why I had a hard time getting off the ground, getting enough energy to put a group together, because there just weren't any drummers that I was really turned on by outside of Elvin, Tony Williams, and Billy Cobham. All those guys have definite ideas about what they want to do, plus Elvin is in his own world—I love him."

Elvin Jones, with whom Hammer has worked and recorded, has had a great effect on the Czech. When he was young, Jan played along with Elvin on Coltrane's records; and when the Mahavishnu Orchestra was first in rehearsals, Jan, tired of being cooped up, went on the road with Elvin.

"I was watching Elvin play at the Vanguard one night and I suddenly picked up something from his flow, from the way he introduces new ideas as he goes, and I flashed—it's crazy—I really flashed on Bach. I don't know how to describe it, but when you play Bach you look at the music and say, 'What is he going to do now?' And, wow, he'd come up with something unexpected—a little twist. Well, I couldn't believe I was thinking it, but that night I saw it as clear as that; the way Elvin introduces rhythms and variations on variations and how it all flows, it was like Elvin was Bach for a moment."

Hammer came to the United States after working in Munich during the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. He was now out on his own and away from the immediate musical influences that had governed him in Prague.

He ended up in Boston, attending Berklee occasionally and working a variety of pickup jobs, from the house group at the Playboy Club to playing a Hammond B-3 at a strip tease club called the Caribe Lounge. In 1970, Gene Perla, the bassist in Sarah Vaughan's trio, asked him to join the group.

"At that point I thought my path was already set for me, and I was destined to play in a club trio—Bill Evans' thing, right—from 18 □ down beat

here to eternity." He hastily added that he and Bill are close friends, that his music has always provided him with beautiful emotional experiences, and that their two bands recently played opposite each other at the Bottom Line in New York. "I thought five years ago I might have a similar approach, but since then I've moved 180 degrees away.

"But getting back to the transition: it didn't really start until I got fed up with jazz clubs and examined my basic purpose for playing. Why do I play? I play because I have fun and the more people I have listening to me and getting off, the more fun I have. I cannot just play for myself."

At the end of the 1960s, the American jazz scene was about as active and current as last week's television listing. The music was at its lowest point economically, the clubs were empty and jazz had been written off by many. Hammer saw what was happening and it had a major effect on him.

"I started to slowly realize what the answer might be," he said. "The music had to change, you couldn't go on just playing the same time feelings—the jazz 4/4.

"Another thing that had an impact on me was the electric piano, and I was one of the diehards, too. I thought acoustic piano was it—it was the purest. Then I went to one gig

SELECTED HAMMER DISCOGRAPHY

Featured

THE FIRST SEVEN DAYS—Nemperor NE-432

LIKE CHILDREN (with Jerry Goodman)—

Nemperor NE-430

with Mahavishnu Orchestra

THE INNER MOUNTING ELAME—Columbia 31067

BIRDS OF FIRE—Columbia 31996

BETWEEN NOTHINGNESS AND ETERNITY—

Columbia 32766

with Steve Grossman

SOME SHAPES TO COME—PM PMR-002

with Elvin Jones

IN THE MOUNTAIN—PM PMR-005

and had to rent an electric piano because the acoustic was out of it. Well, I ended up playing the whole engagement on electric and heard more than I had in years, simply because every note I played meant so much more; it tied in with the drummer, it wasn't lost, and I wasn't playing for myself. I was making a very clear statement that projected—I could project to people. It was a combination of volume and intensity and being able to be as or more expressive than I used to be on acoustic piano.

"The acoustic piano by itself is an extremely expressive instrument," Hammer clarified, "but once you have a drummer going with you—sticks and cymbals—the subtle understatement is very hard to achieve on piano. Electric is very limited in that range, too, as far as touch control and just being expressive," added Jan who confided that he and Andy Topeka are working on changes in the Rhodes electric piano that will permit the bending of notes. (Hammer hasn't abandoned acoustic piano; he plays it on portions of *The First Seven Days* and on two tracks on Elvin Jones' album called *Elvin Jones Is On The Mountain*.)

"The synthesizer saved me," he continued, "it's really what I was looking for all along. I feel the synthesizer has become my voice, permitting me to really speak out and say

something deep. I can express myself better on it than on any other instrument.

"Another thing that took me away from jazz, especially the avant garde, free jazz, was the searching element." Hammer's music these days is thoroughly structured and charted. "I find that sometimes it can be fun to play, but I also find it extremely boring when I put myself in the role of a listener. If I hear a band, I can tell when they're searching. I think you should do your searching at home or in rehearsal, when you get on stage you better know exactly what you are going to do. Now, I'm not talking about writing out solos, but searching as far as a mode of communication. That has to be established beforehand or it's just boring. How can you move an audience if you do like tinkle-tinkle-tinkle and nobody steps out and makes a statement?"

A page in recent musical history was written during Jan's stay with the Mahavishnu Orchestra, a unit that recorded three albums, stayed together a little more than two years, and left a high energy burn on the face of 1970s music.

"With the Mahavishnu Orchestra I felt we were really starting to do away with searching, we were coming in with some definite modes. None of us will ever be the same after that band—and a lot of other musicians won't be either. Wherever I turn, I hear people picking up on that stuff. Europe is full of Mahavishnu Orchestras."

The Orchestra acted as a catalyst for all five musicians, each of whom were heading in the same direction, but from different angles. "We were moving the same way musically, but all of a sudden we made the quantitative leap, and it really started happening. Everybody found they could do whatever they had been doing but they could do it better in the context of the Orchestra. We thought alike melodically, harmonically. . . . John could bring a sketch in and he knew the band would just grab it and make an incredible piece of music out of it—just organically. There was some great collective work.

"But it all happened so fast. We were ill-prepared to deal with the complex personal problems that arose. Oh, it wasn't only the commercial recognition, it was also the quality of the music, the volume, the intensity, everything combined. It changes you. It made it quite intense to deal with each other. Toward the end we used to joke that we were going to have five separate limousines.

"At the finish we were playing what was still the most intense stuff around," said Hammer, who estimated the band probably played about 500 concerts. "But we were totally disinterested, we were just detached from it completely. It was really weird, there was no purpose to it."

As far as recent developments go, with McLaughlin disbanding the Orchestra and forsaking his guru, Hammer said, "The best thing of all is that John is no longer Mahavishnu, there's no such thing as the Mahavishnu Orchestra. We've got John McLaughlin back, it was a long time coming, but it finally happened."

As far as leading his own group, Jan feels the concept of the band is still developing in terms of the music it will ultimately be playing. The unit presently consists of drummer Tony Smith, formerly with Azteca and Malo; bassist Fernando Saunders, who played with a Detroit disco band called Bohannon as well as Larry Young; and a 19-year-old violinist

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RECORD REVIEWS

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***** excellent, **** very good,

*** good, ** fair, * poor

McCOY TYNER

TRIDENT—Milestone M-9063: *Celestial Chant; Once I Loved; Elvin (Sir) Jones; Land Of The Lonely; Impressions; Ruby, My Dear.*

Personnel: Tyner, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Tyner's rolls of exploratory thunder, always virtuosic but occasionally overgymnastic, are controlled here through the presence of some sobering influences. Yet these elements do not restrain creativity. As all constructive input should and does, they enhance, they broaden, they perfect.

The choices and departures, taken at Tyner's volition, impose a kind of savage grace that is the persona of *Trident*. One would not ordinarily associate McCoy, whose heart and art lie in National Geographic African plateaus, to reach out for medieval, courtly European harpsichords and celestes. Yet he does. The result is not some tinkertoy musing by an ivory-jaded experimentalist. Neither is it a castrated restatement of previous themes, its fangs declawed by elegant instruments. Unexpectedly, *Trident* represents the best of both worlds.

The opening rolls of *Celestial Chant* are hammered repetitively, but with a kind of mystique unknown for harpsichord repertoire. The line is endlessly duplicated, but rather than bore, it glues to the brain like an ant sticks to flypaper. The soft, opening thud is a natural hook, and just might strike you deep in the medulla as you shop at the supermarket. This eventually yields to Carter's bass, which plays the identical statement, serving as a propulsive base for McCoy's characteristic ruffles and flourishes.

Ron Carter, of course, is as precise as an atomic clock. Tyner needs this. Not that Joony Booth wasn't getting the job done, but at its best, McCoy's creations are rhythmic as well as exploratory. To live up to his ultimate potential, he needs a disciplinarian, one whose timekeeping directions will provide a toe-tapping point of reference for those normally unable to comprehend Tyner's more adventurous runs. Not that Booth couldn't have done it, but in plain English, he didn't. Guess it is tough to be an apprentice in the master's workshop.

Here, however, Tyner is among his peers. Input and feedback flow freely. Carter's fascination with Latin and Brazilian rhythms is well-known, leading to the supposition that Jobim's *Once I Loved* is included at his suggestion. No matter what the attribution, the inclusion is a right fine idea, since the number bends and stretches fluidly to Tyner's quiet fire. Why doesn't he play sambas more often?

20 □ down beat

Even Elvin has the perfect beat on *Loved*. Yet more welcome is the fact that he actually solos on *Land Of The Lonely*. Jones, the unselfish near-metronome, may mark a frightening direction on his recent dates but, although no show-stopping cadenza, the solitary excursions reveal the undesecrated ability we knew was there all along.

With all these elements combined, *Trident* is a true, connubial synthesis. —shaw

MIKE GIBBS

THE ONLY CHROME-WATERFALL ORCHESTRA—Bronze ILPS 9353: *To Lady Mac; In Retrospect; Nairam; Blackgang; Antique; Undergrowth; Tunnel Of Love; Unfinished Sympathy.*

Personnel: Charlie Mariano, Ray Warleigh, Stan Sulzmann, Alan Skidmore, Tony Coe, Duncan Lamont, Chris Taylor, woodwinds; Derek Watkins, Butch Hudson, John Huckridge, Ian Hawer, Ken Wheeler, Henry Lowther, trumpets and flugel-horns; Chris Pyne, Dave Horler, Bill Geldard, trombones; Philip Catherine, guitars; Steve Swallow, bass guitar and electric piano; Bob Moses, drums; Juma Santos, percussion; Gibbs, keyboards and conductor; unidentified string section led by Pat Halling; Colin Walker, electric cello (track 5).

Mike Gibbs has put together a superb set of sparkling, quicksilver performances which amply justify the metaphor "chrome-waterfall." Bringing together elements from the lexicons of jazz, rock, big band and classical, Gibbs has forged a vibrant, pulsating, individualistic music.

Gibbs is strongly supported by the ebullient rhythmic work of Catherine (guitar), Swallow (bass), Moses (drums), and Santos (percussion); the tasty soloing of Catherine, Mariano and reedman Tony Coe; plus a band and string section that meet the formidable challenge of Gibbs' constantly evolving orchestrations.

To Lady Mac; In Retrospect is an effervescent chart with shifting chordal launching pads for solo essays by Mariano and Catherine. The collaborative effort of Moses, Swallow and Gibbs on *Blackgang* forms a tough, tight canvas for the sinister jabs and slashes of Coe's bass clarinet. *Antique* finds Coe's haunting tenor threading along an ethereal web of slowly unfolding strings. The propulsive rhythms of Moses and Santos along with Mariano's nadhaswaram (an unkeyed reed instrument of India) color the exotic *Undergrowth*. *Tunnel Of Love* features Mariano's exuberant alto while Catherine electrically etches his mark on *Unfinished Sympathy*. Catherine's *Nairam* is a flowing but vitally intense ballad.

One of the remarkable qualities about Gibbs' music is its ability to instantly grab yet challenge the listener. Pulled in by the hard rhythmic core, one soon discovers on the horizon a set of distant and provocative vistas. This is music rich with both sensual and cerebral dimensions. —berg

JOHN LEWIS

P.O.V.—Columbia PC 33534: *Mirjana Of My Heart And Soul; Lyonhead; P.O.V.; Beach-Head; Nina; Games.*

Personnel: Lewis, piano and harpsichord; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums and percussion; Harold Jones, flute; Gerald Tarack, violin; Fortunato Arico, cello.

John Lewis has always epitomized the terms "taste" and "economy," as they are applied to musical expression. In my mind, he possesses the ability, second only to Duke Ellington, to successfully state full melodic

concepts and make allusions to a vast vocabulary of collective Americana-European motifs by simply playing one or two sparse but crucially voiced chords. Lewis never wastes a solo on pyrotechnics, nor does he take an inordinate amount of time to construct aural moods or harmonic motion. In the opening 30 seconds of a piece, he can present his theme, create a central and consistent mood, and sweep his listeners into the emotion and content with uncompromised grace.

On *P.O.V.*, Lewis' first post-M.J.Q. recording, he promotes his familiar vision of a jazz and classical fusion in an intimate chamber context. Although he has written and arranged for orchestras in the past, and hopefully will in the future, Lewis avoids the big sound here, preferring, instead, to work within the confines of a small rhythm section, cello, flute, violin, and his own piano and harpsichord. He draws freely from baroque, blues, swing, cool, and even modified rock elements to paint his vignettes, and while such seemingly disparate components might suggest confused or irresolute purposes, Lewis laces it all together into an appealing and telling pattern. The opening track, *Mirjana Of My Heart*, is the perfect case in point. While the bass and cello underline the motion, the harpsichord and flute state the theme and establish a mournful, descending melodic line that gently, with the prodding of a blue chord or two (on harpsichord!), yields to that smooth, bluesy M.J.Q. sound.

Lewis, of course, always surrounds himself with the most articulate and resourceful musicians he knows, and *P.O.V.* finds him working with an ensemble that plays as though they have been together for a decade. The flute, violin, and cello are generally used in the theme settings and conclusions of a piece, sort of a baroque symmetry. When it comes to the solos and extended dialogue, however, the action unfolds in a trio setting: John Lewis on piano, Mel Lewis on drums, and Richard Davis on bass. Not to be cute, but the very names do bespeak the quality of the interactions; Mel plays with uncommon restraint, John sounds like a confident newwed, and Richard plays with his characteristic fullness and imagination. I don't know what to expect from the remaining M.J.Q. survivors, but John Lewis has never sounded better. —gilmore

GIL SCOTT-HERON AND BRIAN JACKSON

FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO SOUTH CAROLINA—Arista 4034: *Johannesburg; A Toast To The People; The Summer Of '42; Beginnings (First Minute Of A New Day); South Carolina (Barnwell); Essex; Fell Together; A Lovely Day.*

Personnel: Bilal Sunni Ali, flute, tenor sax, harmonica; Brian Jackson, flute (track 4), synthesizer (track 1), keyboards, vocals; Scott-Heron, electric piano (track 4), vocals; Danny Owens, bass guitar; Bob Adams, drums; Barnett Williams, Charlie Saunders, Adenola, percussion; Victor Brown, percussion, vocals.

*/*****

As art, or even as distinctive entertainment, Scott-Heron's work is defective in any number of ways. As propaganda, it is highly effective, and often brilliant. Thus the split rating above.

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THE CATALOG:



The Tony Bennett/
Bill Evans Album
Fantasy F-9489



Intuition
Fantasy F-9475



The Tokyo Concert
Fantasy F-9457



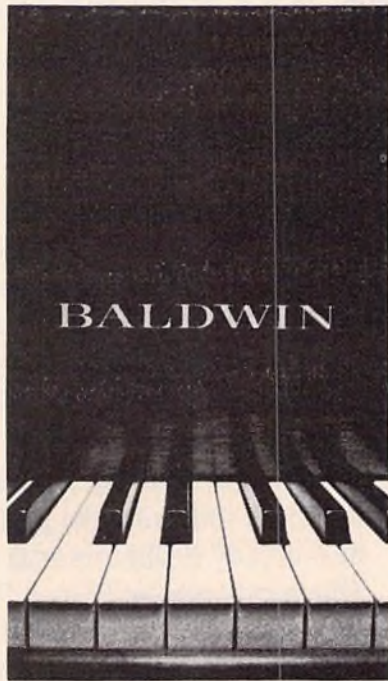
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"Peace Piece" and
Other Pieces
Milestone M-47024
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 George Shearing
 Bobby Short
 Michael Tilson Thomas
 Teddy Wilson

our own positions and beliefs, or to reinforce them in convictions we approve of, rather than listening with openness and in the spirit of true dialogue for the others' points of view. Politics, whether on a small or a large scale, cannot be conducted without propaganda—nor, probably, can most group activities.

But this is not high-level entertainment, simply, because the quality of the music is at best banal, with the lyrics erratic, and the performance unexceptional. There are a few interesting, strictly musical, features: Ali's Sheppish, keening tenor intro to *Essex* stirs the emotions perhaps more than does any other moment on the album; the several repetitions-with-variations of the entire structure of *Fell* provides strong, suggestive tension; and some of the vocal harmonies are also striking. This last case, however, is problematic: is it a sophisticated, neo-African harmonic conception that makes the intonation in the chorus sections of *Beginnings* (and elsewhere) go "flat," or might it be poor execution or some wowing in the recording process? It is not clear that this is an intended effect.

The lyrics. Well . . . those who think Scott-Heron a poet will not, of course, change their minds, but one is hard put to justify the term. From *Toast*: "And ever since we came to this land/this country has rued the day/When we would stand as one. . . ." Probably Scott-Heron meant *dreaded* rather than *rued*, but certainty is impossible. From *Essex*: "Let me see the kings of old recrown themselves/Let me see the lost regain who've found themselves." Regain what? *Regain* is a transitive verb requiring an object, to be pedantic; the point is that in these and several other instances, Scott-Heron uses words so imprecisely that any felicitous or effective diction which is the slightest bit unusual is called into question as, possibly, another gaffe. But considered as propaganda, what difference do these errors make, since the audience already agrees with, or at least is fully prepared to hear, the sentiments behind the lyrics. (Such an audience will also excuse, and perhaps even take pleasure in, the sloppy near-rhymes of *South Carolina*: "Carolina/designers/reminder/behind 'em/remind you.")

As a singer, Scott-Heron does have a great deal to offer. His voice is clear, crisp, sincere, his intonation true, his delivery individualized. Moreover, he really puts himself out there: the backgrounds in most of these tunes are quite spare, so that the vocals must carry a large proportion of the weight. Scott-Heron seldom falters, and often uses the implicit loneliness in the arrangements to heighten the dramatic impact of the songs.

But the whole album consists of preaching to the converted. There isn't a new perception, musical or ideational, on it, and it sure as hell isn't dance music. —*heineman*

TONY BENNETT/ BILL EVANS

THE TONY BENNETT/BILL EVANS ALBUM—Fantasy F.9489: *Young And Foolish*; *The Touch Of Your Lips*; *Some Other Time*; *When In Rome*; *We'll Be Together Again*; *My Foolish Heart*; *Waltz For Debby*; *But Beautiful*; *Days Of Wine And Roses*. Personnel: Bennett, vocals; Evans, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Fade-in on a wide-angle shot of a spacious and sophisticated East Side penthouse. The elegant partygoers have gathered themselves in clusters of two, three, and four. With the twinkling lights of the New York skyline in

the background, the camera dollies in on a distinguished gentleman with beard and glasses approaching a glistening Steinway grand. After several gorgeous chords, the pianist is joined by a man whose physical appearance, voice and delivery project a worldly yet unjaded attitude and experience. After several bars of *Some Other Time*, the conversational clusters fragment and coalesce into an audience drawn together by the spellbinding magic of the two consummate musicians.

This fantasy scene of course features the extraordinary and uncompromising artistry of Tony Bennett and Bill Evans. For me, it now hovers above all those Hollywood films of the '30s, '40s and '50s that attempted to capture that special urbanity and sophistication that up until a few years ago was part of the national mythology of New York.

Myths and fantasies aside, *The Tony Bennett/Bill Evans Album* is a magnificent musical accomplishment. Bennett has never been better and Evans again shows his abilities as a first-class accompanist. The warm, intimate ambiance between these two pros who obviously have such respect for each other's musical personalities provides an unforgettable experience. Bravo! —*berg*

GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.

FEELS SO GOOD—Kudu 24: *The Sea Lion*; *Moonstreams*; *Knucklehead*; *It Feels So Good*; *Hydra*. Personnel: Washington, Jr., tenor and soprano saxes; Bob James, piano, electric piano and synthesizer; Eric Gale, guitar; Louis Johnson, bass (tracks 4 & 5); Gary King, bass (tracks 1, 2, and 3); Steve Gadd, drums (tracks 1 and 2); Jimmy Madison, drums (track 3); Kenneth Rice, drums (tracks 4 & 5); Ralph MacDonald, percussion; Randy Brecker, Jon Faddis, John Frosh, and Bob Millikan, trumpets and flugelhorn; Alan Raph, Barry Rogers, and Dave Taylor, trombones; Sid Weinberg, oboe and English horn.

★ ★ 1/2

Grover looks out from the cover of his new album with a forced hardness underneath that halo, like a bad angel who always knows more than he tells. (Or one whose wings never take him quite as high as he would care to fly.) *Feels So Good*, following close on the heels of the highly successful *Mister Magic*, furnishes us with more of Washington's pleasant rhetoric, but not too much to think about.

The first side neatly bears the weight of substance for this offering. Arranger Bob James quickly weaves an eerily sensual spell in his own opening tune, *The Sea Lion*. Grover's moody soft tenor, as is his wont, rallies around a fixed motif, never varying greatly in register or attack. While Steve Gadd's exceptional drumming renders the piece slightly more complex than dance fare, one can feel the hustle rhythm pulling on the feet. As standard with James' fare, the horns and strings are punctuations of afterthought.

Grover's *Moonstreams* is the most enchanting melody the album affords, a prime vehicle for his soprano sax, which he flutters as a flute player would. The natural strength of the piece's beauty is such that James could have dispensed with the cumbersome string settings. Of special note is Eric Gale's haunting guitar solo, framed by a meticulous touch and tone. Gale also shines in a different vein on *Knucklehead*, a funky exercise akin to Hancock's simple repetitive bass line exercises. James manages to offset the inherent monotony by fusing improvised parts with classical slices, such as Sid Weinberg's stately oboe in the distance.

Any music deserves better than to be adjudged "background music," for such treatments debase the force of the art. Grover's music is pleasant, affable, reaffirming for its listeners, non-assuming, but certainly not challenging for anyone but the most staid. It can fit in the right places or moods of a given day, yet to see its acceptance at the undoubted expense of music with more progressive designs can be understandably disillusioning to some. How many of the buyers who have made Grover Washington, Jr. the commercial success that he is are aware or appreciative of the past or contemporary progenitors of his craft? He is, after all, a fairly one-dimensional sax player, or at least he is recorded that way. Does he ever blow a phrase that makes you sit up, catches you by the throat, or threatens to crush your mentality? *Feels So Good* is faithful to the intent of its title, but sometimes it feels so good to hear a note that can make you cry. —gilmore

LOUIS BELLSON

THE LOUIS BELLSON EXPLOSION—Pablo 2310-755: *Intimacy Of The Blues*; *Quiet Riots*; *Carnaby Street*; *Beyond Category*; *Chameleon*; *Open Your Window*; *Movin' On*; *Groove Blues*; *La Banda Grande*.

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, Snooky Young, Bobby Shew, Dick Mitchell, Dick Cooper, Cat Anderson, trumpets: Nick DiMaio, Gil Falco, Ernie Tack, Mayo Tiana, trombones: Don Menza, Pete Christlieb, Dick Spencer, Larry Covelli, Bill Byrne, reeds: Nat Pierce, Ross Tompkins, keyboards: John Williams, bass: Mitch Holder, guitar: Paulo Magalhaes, Dave Levine, percussion: Bellson, drums.

★ ★ ★

Bellson's is an excellent big band. No mistake about that. It's a worthy crew that can pull the best out of any chart that comes its way. And in Blue Mitchell and Pete Christlieb it has a strong solo nucleus. Yet only three tracks on this LP are really satisfying and swinging big band specimens. *Quiet Riots*, *Groove Blues* and *Intimacy* each have bite, cohesiveness, drive and unparalleled swing. The reed section, particularly on the first two, moves like the wind, and Don Menza solos impressively on *Groove*. Cat Anderson surveys the final bars of *Intimacy* and *Groove* from atop his asteroid and puts a lid on the brass ensembles throughout much of the rest of the album.

Carnaby and a gospel-tinged *Beyond Category* are minor charts designed mainly to give the leader maximum solo leeway—an opportunity Bellson seizes with his customary craftsmanship.

Chameleon and *Movin'* are a couple of pseudo-rock exercises in which volume and power get passed off as substitutes for feeling and swing. The trumpets blare as Bellson plugs every open bar with a needless flourish. More economy of style might give a greater sense of sustained momentum. As it is, such fills serve only to interrupt the already jerky flow of the writing.

Harry Nilsson's *Window* is an attractive change of tempo, cast in soothing voicings with a fine solo by Christlieb. —mcdonough

BRASS FEVER

BRASS FEVER—ABC Impulse ASD-9308: *Lady Marmalade*; *Djungi*; *Sunshine Superman*; *Back At The Chicken Shack*; *Bach Bone*.

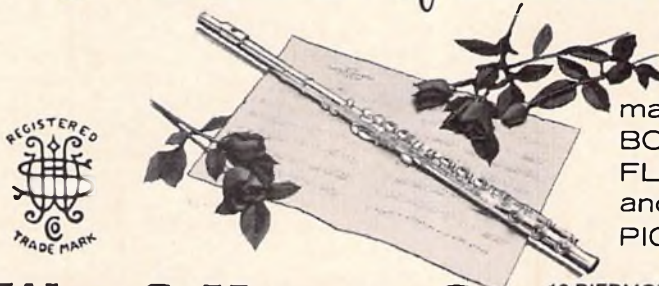
Personnel: George Bohannon, Charlie Loper, Frank Rosolino (tracks 1, 2, 3), Kai Winding (tracks 1, 2, 3), Garnett Brown (tracks 4, 5), trombones: Oscar Brashear, trumpet: Jerome Richardson (tracks 1, 2, 3), John Handy (tracks 4, 5), Buddy Collette (tracks 4, 5), woodwinds: Jerry Peters (tracks 1, 2, 3), Phil Wright (tracks 4, 5), Sonny Burke (tracks 4,



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5), Odell Brown (track 4), keyboards: Melvin "Wah Wah" Ragin (tracks 1, 2, 3), Elliott Randall (tracks 1, 2, 3), Lee Ritenour (tracks 4, 5), guitar: Scott Edwards, James Jamerson (track 1), electric bass: James Gadson (tracks 1, 2, 3), Shelly Manne (tracks 4, 5), drums: Eddie "Bongo" Brown, Emil Richards (tracks 1, 2, 3), percussion: Sonny Carter (track 1), vocal effects: Wade Marcus, arranging and conducting.

* *

Brass Malaise is a more apropos title than *Brass Fever* for this somnolent collection of smoothly-crafted but undistinctive electronically-tinged big band rock. The only "fever" generated is the frustration resulting from the squandering of the considerable talent involved. This is, therefore, a depressing musical disappointment.

There are several large problems. First, is the pedestrian quality of the charts. Sounding more like sketches from a beginners arranging course, the listless ensemble writing is, in addition to being a liability in itself, a heavy weight on the soloists. *Lady Marmalade* is a totally plodding line with an equally plodding rhythmic backdrop that offers the improvisors an E minor chord and little else. To the credit of the professionalism of Frank Rosolino, Oscar Brashear, Elliott Randall and Jerome Richardson, the soloists are able to rise somewhat above their impoverished musical surroundings. But not much.

Another serious problem involves the final mix. This album, like too many others, assumes that the public is primarily interested in the big beat. The result of this shallow assumption is that what should be in the foreground is instead put in the background. I, for one, am tired of hearing the finest efforts of first-class musicians submerged beneath the funk-chunk of routine rock rhythms.

What a waste of talent! But then maybe the whole thing can be recycled and plugged into the "pep-up" slot that precedes coffee breaks in Muzak's human engineering regimen. It might even help get an extra Ford off the assembly line or an additional letter typed. But as music, this is one more album destined for that great cut-rate bin in the meat market.

—berg

CEDAR WALTON

MOBIUS—RCA APL1-1009: *Blue Trane*: *Soho*; *Off Minor*; *The Maestro*; *Road Island Red*.

Personnel: Walton, keyboards; Gordon Edwards, bass; Steve Gadd, drums; Roy Kawasaki, guitar; Ray Mantilla, Omar Clay, percussion; Roy Burrowes, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Wayne Andre, trombone; Charles Davis, alto and baritone sax; Frank Foster, tenor sax (solos); Adrienne Albert, Lani Groves, vocals.

* *

This album is a mild disaster as soon as it hits the turntable, which is a shame. Walton, one of the best-regarded pianists in the modern mainstream, has allowed producer Mike Lipskin to put together a "commercial"-sounding disc, and it's an embarrassment, keying on both artificial rock and Latin rhythmic devices. Worse, Walton plays only electric piano, and with neither the grace nor drive he has always exhibited acoustically. Restricting him to the electric keyboard is like putting Rodin on Play-Dough.

Mobius abounds in misplaced sensibilities. Take *Blue Trane*, for instance, an unfortunate update of the Coltrane riff. It starts with rock four-beat and wailing electric guitar, and then a horn statement of the theme. Back to the guitar, as Kawasaki rolls out not the good times, but a long solo suffering from grating, fuzz-distorted tone. Walton ruffles through a

rutted solo, only the dependable Foster bringing some authority to the proceedings.

Soho is the disc's high point, a good Walton composition whose Latin-funk melody and salsa harmonies fit the insistent beat and pop-pish instrumentation far better than *Blue Trane*. The inventive Steve Gadd brings imagination to his rhythmic chores—here as throughout the record—and Foster again shines with a careening soprano solo. If the other tracks matched material to treatment as well as *Soho*, this would be a better album. Not a lot better, but better.

Side two is truly offensive. Monk's *Off-Minor* is provided with an introduction and arrangement that transform its unique line into just another "tune." Walton's solo simply steals riffs from the previous tracks. *The Maestro* is a pretty bossa piece, until the unreal lyrics (about the late Duke) start up, brimming with insentient sentimentality: *The Maestro went away, but not to stay, he's just in Heaven / Sacred Concert in the sky, rehearsal is at seven*. Walton completes the travesty with a synthesizer break right out of a Bugs Bunny soundtrack.

Despite some good moments, probably the best thing about this set of stale excesses is its clever cover, and that's a ripoff of the Passport album jackets. I'm willing to bet Walton's heart wasn't really in this mess. That makes at least two of us.

—tesser

DON ELLIOTT

REJUVENATION—Columbia 33799: *Rejuvenation*; *Chime*; *Dean's Expression*; *Three*; *Listen*; *Seven Come Eleven*; *Mu Petite Doriane*; *Connecticut The Beautiful*; *Bolyero*; *The Last Time I Walked Away*.

Personnel: Elliott, mellophone, vibraphone, vocal effects; Eugene Moye, cello; Tom Fay, keyboards; Frank Luther, bass; Mike diPasqua, drums; Ralph Williams, Latin, Brazilian percussion.

* * *

With the sole exception of the electronics used here, this set of genteel jazz performances is in character greatly reminiscent of that of the similarly oriented Chico Hamilton Quintet of the middle 1950s. The presence of Moye's flowing, dark-hued cello accounts most immediately for the similarity, of course, as Fred Katz played a similar role in Hamilton's group. Beyond this, however, is the shared conceptual basis of the two groups' music-making: a pleasantly low-keyed quasi-chamber music approach to playing jazz that results, unfortunately here as there, in a sort of pallid, enervated easy-listening music.

Charming, handsomely surfaced, well-planned and deftly played, Elliott's attempt at musical rejuvenation—however personally satisfying or successful in bringing him at least nominally into the 1970s—boils down, if I can use this term in describing music of such low caloric content, to little more than a series of attractive, well-controlled exercises in eclecticism more reminiscent of film or television background music than of anything else. In-one-ear-and-out-the-other kind of music, that is.

The younger players with whom Elliott has surrounded himself acquit themselves well, and in Luther he has unearthed a splendid bassist (the rating is as high as it is primarily as a result of his sensitive, incisive playing). Keyboard player Fay is an agile and responsive instrumentalist and also is responsible for *Chime*, a languid mood piece suggestive of Mercer Ellington's *Blue Serge*, and *The Last Time I Walked Away*, warm, attractive and

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not a little somber, one of the most successful pieces of the set. But on the whole, *Rejuvenation* is pleasantly irrelevant. Too many other things compel attention. —welding

JON HENDRICKS

TELL ME THE TRUTH—Arista AL 4043: *Flat Foot Floogie; Naima; No More; On The Trail; Tell Me The Truth; Old Folks; I'll Bet You Thought I'd Never Find You; Blues For Pablo.*

Personnel: Hendricks, vocals, original and additional lyrics, misc. percussion; Judith Hendricks, vocals (track 1); The Pointer Sisters, vocals (track 1); Larry Vukovich, piano; Ben Sidran, piano (track 6); Hadley Caliman, tenor sax and flute; Boz Scaggs, lead guitar (track 3); Clint Mosely, rhythm guitar (track 5); Eddie Duran, guitar; Melvin Seals, organ; Larry "Tricky" Lofton, trombone; Tom Rutley, bass; Eddie Marshall, drums; Lenny McBrowne, drums (tracks 1 and 8); Benny Vellarde, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a sad comment on a culture's resiliency when a people pretend to outgrow their need for a given singer's voice, and even sadder when they pass his or her legacy into obscurity. Although I wasn't familiar with the output of singers like Billie Holiday and Ella Fitzgerald in my early teens, I at least knew who they were; their names had assumed vocabulary status in American culture. But Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, or King Pleasure? How come nobody told me about them? Eventually, of course, somebody did, and I'm all the better for it. But these people deserve veneration, not classification under the novelty section.

Fortunately, times change. Some ears discover the enchantment of a new sound for the first time, and others remember how nice it sounded to them originally. Aided by a resurgent interest in the scat vocal styles of Lambert, et al, Jon Hendricks has taken the opportunity to record his first album for an American label in years, *Tell Me The Truth*. Rather than invoke the nostalgic ennui of "here we are again" acts such as The Andrews Sisters, Hendricks prefers to work in contemporary styles, while proving, with incomparable mastery, that bob scat makes as much sense now as ever before. Special credit should go to Ben Sidran for sitting back, keeping things clutter-free, and letting Jon work his magic.

Not surprisingly, that magic comes across better on the uptempo and soulful material, particularly Slim Gailard's *Flat Foot Floogie*, and Hubert Laws' *No More*. The selected musicians, particularly Hadley Caliman on sax, perfectly complement Hendricks' pluck and verve. The ballads and experiments, however, do not favor in comparison; *Naima* cries for more pain, and *Blues For Pablo* never gets off the ground. Jon simply has to push too hard in his higher register on the slow stuff. But grant him his errors, because, as he states in his title song, he only wants to hear the truth. I think one phrase of *On The Trail* comes as close to verbal truth as one has any right to expect: "Boo-dadda-looda-we-hop." All right! —gilmore

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL/ CLAUDE BOLLING

SUITE FOR FLUTE AND JAZZ PIANO—Columbia M 33233: *Baroque And Blue; Sentimentale; Javanaise; Fugase; Irlandaise; Versatile (With Bass Flute); Veloce.*

Personnel: Rampal, flutes; Bolling, piano and composer; Marcel Sabiani, drums; Max Hediguer, bass.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

Claude Bolling's *Suite For Flute And Jazz*

Piano is a collection of seven contrasting episodes based on dialectical interactions between European classical and jazz elements. Unlike many similar ventures, this one works quite well.

Bolling, a composer of incidental music for European TV and films, has also collaborated with such diverse jazz instrumentalists as Buck Clayton, Roy Eldridge, Sidney Bechet, Don Byas and Kenny Clarke. Since Rampal does not improvise, Bolling is the dominant jazz voice. His witty and sprightly forays, tastefully backed by bassist Hediguer and drummer Sabiani, therefore provide the album's musical highlights.

Rampal's classical work I greatly admire. In Bolling's *Suite*, however, he seems miscast. Rampal's rather drab and colorless tone quality, his inability to improvise, and a tendency to play slightly flat drain Bolling's lines of their latent energy and edge. This is a work that requires the comprehensive talents of a flutist like Lew Tabackin or Hubert Laws.

Nonetheless, Bolling has made a valuable contribution to the literature for flute. In addition, he has established himself as a fine pianist. —berg

LES OUBLIES DE JAZZ ENSEMBLE FEATURING WILLIAM "SMILEY" WINTERS

"THAT" NIGGER MUSIC!—Touche Records TR.LPS 101: *Introduction; Nigger/UR/AH Musician; Nigger/UR/AH Music; Persona Non Grata; Just For Smiles; Quelle Est Votre Raison D'Etre; "Smiley" Winters Gitting Righteously Down.*

Personnel: Marie Braure (track 1 only), Sugar Ree (track 2 only), vocals; "Smiley" Winters, drums; Sonny Simmons, alto and tenor sax, English horn; Barbara Donald, trumpet; Ed Kelley, keyboards; Ray Drummond, Melvin Simmons, bass; C. L. Jones, tenor sax; Sonny Lewis, tenor sax & flute; Jules Rowell, trombone.

★ ★ ★ ★

The problem: to convince you that an album by unknown musicians on an obscure label is better than most of the music by name artists on major labels. These players are all San Francisco area "locals". That can mean two things: no critic has stepped out on a limb to legitimize them as major jazz musicians and/or they have no popular following. On this powerful and important album, they legitimize themselves.

Barbara, Smiley and Sonny Simmons all recorded for Arhoolie some years back. Smiley was one of Dinah Washington's favorite drummers. Simmons had his most public exposure via Elvin Jones' excellent *Illumination* album. Kelly can be heard on Mike White's albums. Everyone here has paid dues.

The record opens with rhythm while Frenchwoman Braure explains that jazz is Nigger music, whether so-called or not. Black songstress Sugar Ree delivers a strong rap to other Nigger musicians over a solid rhythmic base. Smiley's drumming is underneath everything on the album, supportive, listening, guiding. And Sugar does her own drumming as she repeats her themes, punctuating everything with *that* word.

These people have produced, composed, arranged and performed this music solely for their own enjoyment. In doing so they have created great jazz, filled with the jam session feeling. I don't mean they play like Bird or Ornette, but they play out of the same source as previous Nigger musicians, only for today.

No one sounds like Trane or McCoy, as do so many tedious occupants of the Jazz Hall of Mirrors.

The writing is excellent. Producer Jim Bronson's *Persona* is delightful, though essentially a riff. There's a Latin feeling to his *Quelle* which is pursued in a lyrical way by Rowell and the other soloists. The theme to Smiley's *Nigger/UR/AH Music* is based on the words: "Nigger music, Nigger music, dig it, dig it, dig it!" And the soloists play with this phrase in such a way that we cannot forget it. The playing throughout is free yet mellow, non-competitive and still personal. The solos make sense. Barbara Donald's trumpet solos are free melodic structures overflowing with emotion. It's worth noticing the integral role of women on this album.

Smiley certainly deserves some attention as the leader and rhythmic source of these sounds. He gets the most solo space, but, unlike most drum-dominated albums, it doesn't get boring. His playing has great textural variety, especially fine use of cymbals and an overlapping field approach to rhythm. Instead of constructing simple linear melodies on the drums, he sets up contrasting rhythm patterns that shift and dissolve fluidly. His final spoken statement reveals both the deep source of this music and the underlying humor and good feelings of the players.

Incidentally, some of the musicians on this record are white, but they're all Niggers.

—steingroot

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

BILL EVANS

PEACE PIECE AND OTHER PIECES—Milestone M-47024: *Minority; Young And Foolish; Lucky To Be Me; Night And Day; Epilogue; Tenderly; Peace Piece; What Is There To Say?; Oleo; You And The Night And The Music; My Heart Stood Still; Green Dolphin Street; How Am I To Know?; Woody 'N' You* (Take 1 and 2); *Loose Bloose*.

Personnel: Evans, piano; Philly Joe Jones, drums (tracks 1-15); Sam Jones, bass, (tracks 1-9); Paul Chambers, bass, (tracks 10-15); Zoot Sims, alto sax; Jim Hall, guitar; Ron Carter, bass (track 16).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Bill Evans has rightly been called one of the finest lyrical jazz pianists of our time. Few artists have been able to duplicate his poetic beauty, his tonal clarity and resonance. Evans' influence on the development of post-bop piano playing has been telling; in many ways, he broke the ground which Jarrett, Corea and others have so fruitfully cultivated. *Peace Piece* is, thus, a welcome delight, a rediscovery of the early formative period of the virtuoso's career.

Half of *Peace Piece* is a reissue of Evans' second Riverside album, *Everyone Digs Bill Evans*. Recorded in 1958 after Evans left the Miles Davis Sextet, it contains some of the most memorable ballads on record. The remainder of the twofer was cut in 1959, save for one track recorded in 1962. Evans' doubts about aesthetic quality have kept these tapes in the vaults till now.

It appears these doubts were unfounded. Six of the previously unissued tracks were recorded with two members of that auspicious Davis sextet, Philly Joe Jones and the late Paul Chambers. *Woodie 'N' You* is typical. The music is straightahead jazz, precise and

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austere yet also spirited and brimming with lyric warmth. The two takes included here differ primarily in Evans' solo. The second is a bit brighter and phrased in longer lines, creating a richer rhythmic and harmonic fabric. Though the trio performed *Woodie* many times with Miles, it retains its spontaneity and vitality in this rendition.

Loose Blossie is one of the few recorded tunes in which Evans' leads a quintet. It is the only surviving track from a 1962 session with Zoot Sims, Ron Carter, and Philly Joe Jones. *Blossie* is, as expected, cool, slow and bluesy. The clipped notes of the theme and the short-lined paraphrases give the tune an air of detached introspection. Carter's solo, with its deft shifts in rhythm and accent, is the high point.

The reissued sides are cut from the same cloth. An irrepressible dynamism and bounce characterizes *Minority*, *Night And Day*, *Oleo* (compare this with Miles' JATP version), and *Tenderly*. As good as these are, and *Oleo* is outstanding, they cannot match the exquisite sparkle of the ballads. The most celebrated tune is the solo *Peace Piece*. Unified by an entrancing four-note group, the haunting composition achieves its poignancy through Evans' mixture of delicate chords and lush, chromatic arpeggios. The piece is liberated from traditional notions of time and harmony. Rather, it moves from one affective moment to another, motivated only by Evans' uncanny feel for the creation of musical space. This brief description cannot do the piece justice; it must be heard and felt.

Piece Peace remains a fountainhead of contemporary jazz. —marks

WILLIE BRYANT / JIMMIE LUNCEFORD

AND THEIR ORCHESTRAS—Bluebird 5502: *Throwin' Stones At The Sun; It's Over Because We're Through; A Viper's Moan; Chimes At The Meeting; Rigamarole; Long About Midnight; The Sheik; Jerry The Junker; The Voice Of Old Man River; Steak And Potatoes; Long Gone; Liza; Is It True What They Say About Dixie?; All My Life; The Right Somebody To Love; The Glory Of Love; Ride, Red, Ride; Moonrise On The Lowlands; Mary Had A Little Lamb; I Like Bananas; Cross Patch; I'm Grateful To You; In Dat Mornin'; Sweet Rhythm; White Heat; Jazzocracy; Chillun Get Up; Leavin' Me; Swingin' Uptown; Break-Just Bull; Here Goes (A Fool); Remember When.*

Collective Personnel: Bryant Orchestra (Tracks 1-22)—Robert Check, Richard Clark, Edgar Battle, Benny Carter, Otis Johnson, Taft Jordan, Lincoln Mills, Jack Butler, trumpets; R. H. Horton, Johnny Haughton, George Matthews, trombones; Stanley Payne, Glyn Paque, Johnny Russell, Ben Webster, Charlie Frazier, saxes; Teddy Wilson or Ram Ramirez, piano; Arnold Adams, guitar; Louis Thompson or Bass Hill, bass; Cozy Cole, drums; Bryant, vocals. Lunceford Orchestra (Tracks 23-32)—Henry Clay, Charlie Douglas, Eddie Tompkins, Tommy Stevenson, Sy Oliver, trumpets; Henry Wells, Russell Bowles, trombones; Willie Smith, Christopher Johnson, George Clark, Earl Caruthers, Joe Thomas, saxes; Eddie Wilcox, piano; Alfred Cahn, banjo; Al Norris, guitar; Moses Allen, tuba, bass; Jimmy Crawford, drums; Lunceford, director.

To the student of swing and orchestral jazz this album is of the greatest importance, since it fills in two large gaps—the Lunceford Orchestra's recordings just prior to its 1935 affiliation with Decca Records, and the material by the Bryant band, which until now has been very poorly represented on LP. With the exceptions of the first two Lunceford tracks—*In Dat Mornin'* and *Sweet Rhythm*, recorded in June, 1930—all the performances in this double album date from the mid-1930s, the remaining eight Lunceford

sides from two early 1934 recording sessions, and the Bryant performances from the beginning of the following year on through mid-1936.

The ardent jazz fan will find the Lunceford performances of somewhat lesser interest than the Bryants for the simple reason that their jazz content is considerably lesser. The eight 1934 recordings catch Lunceford in the last stages of perfecting his orchestra into the smooth, versatile showband he had aspired to from 1925 on. They present the band in its fully realized form, its style set, its repertoire neatly balanced between suave instrumentals and sweet vocals, all lightweight popular song fare of the day.

The 1934 recordings are vastly different in temper, tempo and virtually every important respect from the band's two 1930 efforts, *In Dat Mornin'* (a sardonic burlesque of the recordings by black preachers so popular at the time) and *Sweet Rhythm*. The use of banjo and tuba in the rhythm section of the earlier band, as contrasted with the later guitar-bass combination, epitomizes the difference between the two orientations. The shift is from the relative naivete of a New Orleans-based orchestral approach to the relative sophistication of swing's more fluid handling of rhythm, section voicing, greater orchestral coloration, etc.—from back o' town to uptown, as it were.

On balance, the shift in emphasis was not completely satisfying, from a jazz point of view, that is. The band's use of tightly written arrangements (often of trivial pop material); its musically but bland vocal efforts (*Chillun Get Up, Leavin' Me, There Goes, Remember When*); its emphasis on great precision of execution; its undeniable sheen and polish—these and like considerations, while having the desired result of leading to dance and show-band success, conspired to lower the band's jazz content, primarily by reducing the amounts of solo time allotted its members, many of whom were fine jazz improvisers. The solos rarely exceeded one chorus in length, and in most cases were confined to verse-length or less, often being but four-bar cadenzas. For that matter, the "solos" occurring in many of the ballad performances frequently amount to little more than statements of the melody, as is the case with trumpeter Eddie Tompkins' two eight-bar solos on *Leaving Me*.

The Bryant band was, on the other hand, loose and spontaneous almost to a fault. A dancer turned singer, Bryant had been an entertainer quite popular with black vaudeville, cabaret and theater audiences during the 1920s and '30s before forming and leading, during the middle of the latter decade, a marvelous, underappreciated orchestra through which a number of the finest jazz instrumentalists of the period passed. Chief among them were trumpeters Edgar Sampson (the band's leading arranger as well) and Taft Jordan, pianists Teddy Wilson and Ram Ramirez, and saxophonists Ben Webster, Benny Carter (who also doubled on trumpet), Johnny Russell, Glyn Paque and Charlie Frazier, one of the earliest jazz flutists (check out his two brief spots on the April, 1936 *The Right Somebody To Love*, predating by a year or so Wayman Carver's flute work with Chick Webb).

Propelled by the brisk, resolute drumming of Cozy Cole, this musicians' band was a favorite of discerning black audiences for the

quality and quantity of its members' solo work, its compelling rhythmic ease and its ability to animate even the tritest novelty, torch and maudlin pop songs of the day. Bryant was a lithe, resilient singer who phrased with unerring swing and frequently brought a wry, tongue-in-cheek quality to his delivery that gave life to even the dullest, most contrived songs.

The preponderance of the band's efforts feature vocals by Bryant, Jack Butler, or Taft Jordan, but they are so engagingly set within the context of a deftly swinging jazz orientation that the whole proves to be immensely enjoyable. Like Earl Hines' and several other bands of the period, the Bryant orchestra never really enjoyed the wide popular success of others like Lunceford's that pursued a more broadly entertaining musical base and concentrated on developing a "signature sound." Bryant, like Hines, was never too concerned with those things: he merely wanted a swinging big band to frame his ingratiating, unpretentious vocals, a band that could act as safe, if somewhat temporary, harbor for a number of the jazz instrumentalists he admired. If Bryant never achieved much in the way of commercial acceptance, he certainly succeeded in the attainment of his personal goals, enjoyed the admiration of his peers, and in his recordings left a richly durable legacy to the future. A goodly portion of that legacy is displayed in this valuable set, with most of its value stemming from his contributions.

—welding

ALBERT AYLER

WITCHES AND DEVILS—Arista 1018: *Witches And Devils; Spirits; Holy Holy; Saints.*

Personnel: Ayler, tenor sax; Henry Grimes, bass (tracks 1, 2, and 4); Earle Henderson, bass (tracks 1 and 3); Norman Howard, trumpet; Sonny Murray, drums.

This 1964 date represents Ayler's first effort with an ensemble that was actually able to match his improvisational nuances. His post-Coleman sense of free form-frenzied melancholia, had, but for a few chance gigs with Cecil Taylor, been hampered by several dates with pedestrian musicians. The landmark ESP days lay ahead of him, but on *Witches And Devils* the roots of Ayler's most evocative phase were firmly planted.

Spurred on by the deft rhythmic sense of his sidemen, Ayler sparkles. The title cut, a delicious duet between Grimes and Henderson, finds a talkative bow conversing with a chattering plucked bass, spurred on by Murray's alternate drum rolls. Yet the speaker of the house is Ayler, suffixing trumpeter Howard's blues dirge bleats with a mournful statement of his own.

At first listen, Ayler's tuneful aspects are most often dressed in the dynamics of contrapuntal interchange between himself and Howard. True, snippets at the preface and coda of *Spirits* provide our only viable exposure to standardized melody, yet descending clusters of bartered notes between trumpet and sax on *Saints* show Albert at his best.

In addition to the scalar subtleties, a shadowy sense of Ayler's highly personal mystique occasionally surfaces, especially on *Holy, Holy*, with a haunting graveyard moan meshing with Sonny Murray's splashes to create a danse macabre.

A vinyl landmark, *Witches And Devils* is a definitive slice of Ayler in the springtime of his turbulent and short career.

—shaw

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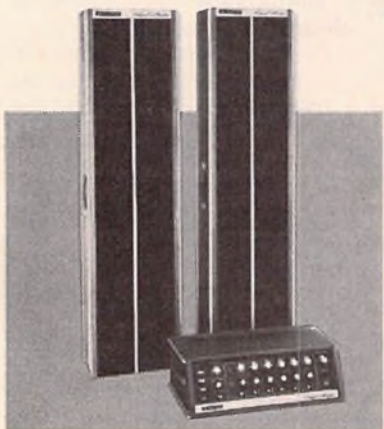
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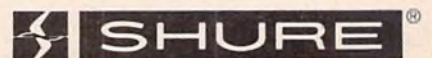


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Flora Purim-Airto



by leonard feather

Flora Purim and Airto are the first married couple to emerge as winners, in separate categories, in the 40-year history of the **db** Readers Poll.

Airto Guimorva Moreira, born in Itaipolis, South Brazil in 1941, came to music via the acoustic guitar, studied piano between the ages of seven and nine, and was an experienced percussionist with conjunto (combo) work and radio shows to his credit before hitting his teens.

After leading a couple of groups in collaboration with Hermeto Pascoal, whom he names as a major influence, Airto moved to Los Angeles, where he studied for a year (1968-9) with Moacir Santos. Next came New York, a waiting period, and, in Feb. 1971, his first major jazz gig, with Lee Morgan in Brooklyn. The rest—thanks to Miles Davis, Chick Corea, Stan Getz, Cannonball, et al—is history.

Flora, born in Rio in 1942, studied with several private teachers: piano with her mother, guitar with Oscar Castro Neves, and theory with Moacir Santos. She and Airto worked together in Brazil for several years before they were married. They have a daughter, Diana, three, born in New York. A brilliant lyricist, she is best known for *Light As A Feather*, with Stanley Clarke.

This was the Moreiras' first blindfold test.

blindfold

test

1. URSZULA DUDZIAK. *Mosquito* (from *Urszula*, Arista). Urszula Dudziak, vocalist, composer, Michal Urbaniak, arranger.

Flora: I heard the singer singing through the Echoplex. Now, that I know of, there's only one singer that uses a lot of electronics, and she's a fantastic singer and she's from Poland. Her name is Urszula Dudziak. But I never heard this record before, though I think she's the only one it could be. I don't like particularly the way the song was structured. It's too much repeats and not much harmony happening.

If this is Urszula, I heard her on a better record, *Newborn Light*. I love that album. I didn't particularly like this cut, but there's some work here and she uses a lot of technique. It's hard to use the Echoplex if you don't know it, and she does know the Echoplex. I would rate four stars because I think everybody deserves acknowledgement in any effort in music, and I think, from what she's doing, it was all right. I just don't like the music and the structure of it.

Airto: Well, I also think it was Urszula Dudziak singing, and the only comment that I have is that I couldn't hear her voice that much. I heard a lot of synthesizers and I could hear a little bit that it was somebody singing through a synthesizer, but I think was not enough of her voice, so I'll give four stars to her and one star to the producer.

2. CLEO LAINE. *Birdsong* (Sambalaya) (from *Born On A Friday*, RCA). Cleo Laine, vocalist; John Dankworth, composer, alto sax.

Flora: Well, I think this one was Cleo Laine. I really like the way she sings. I don't particularly do this type of music, but I have to acknowledge she's got a great technique, and I would always love people that do good music, no matter what they're doing at the present time. If it's not exactly what I am into, I respect them and regard them very much. I give her five stars because she's an excellent singer.

Airto: I agree with Flora that it's Cleo Laine. Maybe not, because I am not sure. I don't listen to a lot of records, so I don't really know; but I didn't like very much the song. It sounded pretty much like a Walt Disney song, you know, so I'll give it two stars.

Flora: What's wrong with Walt Disney songs?

Airto: It's too mellow.

Flora: Well, so what! Some people like mellow music.

Airto: Unless is Bill Evans, you know . . .

3. TOM SCOTT. *Uptown & Country* (from *New York Connection*, Ode). Tom Scott, composer, saxes, Lyricon.

Airto: I don't know who it could be. It could be Harvey Mason, but with that organ at the beginning I don't think that it was. I couldn't hear any singing, so is really hard to know. It was a very good group and the saxophone could be Grover Washington, but I really couldn't recognize.

Flora: The saxophone player I didn't think was Grover. I didn't like the cut anyway, and I was getting into it, but I don't think it sounds like Grover. I didn't like it.

Airto: It sounds like a lot of things being done today.

Flora: It sounds like Tom Scott a little bit.

Airto: Could be. Oh, yeah, right!

Flora: I don't think he would do a song like this. He is very talented and I don't think he would choose a thing like this.

Airto: You know, I think it was him, you know? I'll rate it two.

Flora: I'll rate it zero.

Airto: I'm sorry, Tom Scott!

4. ESTHER SATTERFIELD. *The Summer Knows* (from *Once I Loved*, Sagoma). Chuck Mangione, arranger; Don Potter, guitar.

Airto: We were talking, me and Flora . . . I couldn't guess who was singing but Flora gave me a clue—it was Esther Satterfield. And I like

the way she sings, though I think she exaggerates a little bit in her vibrato; but the rest of the music, like the acoustic guitar—they are all in tune, and that's very important. She really sings in tune and I would give five stars.

Flora: I agree with Airto. I acknowledge she sings in tune, which not many people are doing today. And I myself, I don't care. I can sing in tune but I don't worry about it. I think she's a good singer and I really agree with Airto.

5. FREDDIE HUBBARD. *Put It In The Pocket* (from *Liquid Love*, Columbia). Hubbard, composer, fluegelhorn; Carl Randall, co-composer, tenor sax.

Airto: I said Freddie Hubbard after the third note he played on the improvisation, because he played one of his phrases (*sings*). I liked the cut, though I think he's trying to reach more people so he's playing much more commercial, but I don't think is anything wrong with that. This particular cut was good, and the drummer was really strong and had a good sound, as Flora said. Five stars.

Flora: Well, I'll rate five too, not because I particularly enjoyed this music, but as I told you, I think that musical efforts should be acknowledged. I would only rate low if I don't think there's any emotion there. In this case, personally, I wish I could hear him play a ballad, or some other type of thing that he does very well. I would give two stars for my personal taste, and for commercial achievement I would give five.

Airto: I would give it five stars, because I know the kind of music Freddie is playing now is commercial, but in his live performances he plays all kinds of music and you can hear him really playing.

6. SONNY & LINDA SHARROCK. *Peaceful* (from *Paradise*, Atlantic). Linda Sharrock, vocalist, composer; Sonny Sharrock, guitar, co-composer.

Airto: It sounds like a spiritual.

Flora: I like the concept of the singer, trying to match sounds with instruments. But I didn't particularly like the music and I cannot identify who it is. I would give four stars for the concept and two stars overall, for the arrangement and music.

Airto: I couldn't recognize either. It sounds like a black singer, but today you don't know, because there are a lot of white people singing and playing like they were black people and vice versa. But I would give three stars, because there is a lack of rhythm.

Flora: Very loose, without a form.

7. STANLEY CLARKE. *Silly Putty* (from *Journey To Love*, Nemperor). Clarke, composer, electric bass; George Duke, keyboards.

Airto: I think that is Stanley Clarke from his new album. I didn't like so much this particular cut, though Stanley Clarke is still one of my favorite bass players, and George Duke, who I think was playing the keyboards, is one of my favorite keyboard players. But I think they did a lot of interplay between themselves and I wish Stanley had written a melody for this song, and I wish somebody had taken a solo, because I couldn't hear any music.

For this type of thing I like what Herbie Hancock is doing much better. So I'll give it . . . damn, I'm sorry, Stanley, but I'll give it two stars.

Flora: Well, I don't agree. I agree with Airto on the lack of the melody, but I also look at it as a bass player's album. There are a lot of sounds on the Fender that Stanley has developed and nobody else is doing it. That's why I also recognize the percussive sounds along with the notes . . . and I think the main thing is the bassist's work, along with the interplay. I'll give it five, because Stanley has opened a lot of doors for new, young bass players. He is young himself, and I know the extent of his work is not just that; he has done all kinds of things and I acknowledge it. I think it is a good cut.

db

Profile

KENNY WHEELER by mark miller

"I'd like to think of myself as being a jazz musician. Or trying to be . . ."

Modest words from a most reticent man. At 46, a trumpeter, a composer, arranger, big band leader, sideman with almost every influential English musician in the past ten years, and now with Anthony Braxton's quartet, Kenny Wheeler is just "trying to be" a jazz musician. He seems sincerely unaware of his stature, unconvinced of his talent, and quite perplexed that anyone should wish to know about him.

A Canadian by birth but an Englishman by both nature and residence (since 1952), Wheeler first began playing in his hometown of St. Catherines, midway between Toronto and Buffalo. "My father has always been a musician, a trombonist. There wasn't much jazz around the house; it was more of a dance band atmosphere, but through that I got to hear other people . . . on the radio . . . maybe by accident. And my interest was awakened. I think the first trumpet player was probably Buck Clayton, whose sound I liked very much. And Roy Eldridge, that period.

"Jazz is probably a little more socially accepted now than it was then. So there was pressure to find something more stable. And of course, I realized just how hard the jazz world is. I was going to go to Montreal University and study to become a high school teacher. I knew I didn't really want to do that and I happened to meet Gene Lees, who I knew in school. He was working on a Montreal newspaper. He had an idea to go to England. I went over first, he never arrived."

Initially, London offered only the same dance band work and occasional opportunities to sit-in that he had left behind in Canada. And although British tastes in jazz were leaning more and more to the trad bands, Wheeler was looking to bebop. "Even then, I was listening to Fats Navarro and Miles and trying to play with people like (altoist) Joe Harriott and (tenorist) Ronnie Scott." A gig with John Dankworth began just before the saxophonist's prestigious appearance at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1959 and culminated some years later in *Windmill Tiller*, an album of Wheeler compositions for big band based on Cervantes' *Don Quixote*.

"About the time I finished my association with Dankworth, I met a lot of the younger musicians, people like (drummer) John Stevens. I went along to his club because I was really quite frustrated. I wasn't getting any jazz playing in the then current jazz world. I went to hear the music he was playing and I really disliked it at first. But he welcomed me and invited me to sit in. And that was it. That opened up a whole new area.

"I didn't work too much with the older musicians. I suppose the people of my era were Ronnie Scott, Tubby Hayes, Ronnie Ross . . . I did work with Ronnie Scott for a while. He had a very good band but it was, except for him and me, mostly younger players, (pianist) Gordon Beck, (bassist) Ron Mathewson, and (drummer) Tony Oxley. Tony formed a sextet for a while with (saxophonist) Evan Parker, (guitarist) Derek Bailey, myself, and a trombone player, Paul Rutherford. That lasted for a couple of years."

Wheeler recorded frequently until 1971 with Oxley and John Stevens, two of free-music's most unique and adventurous percussionists (*Baptized Traveller, Four Compositions . . .* and *Ichnos* with Oxley and *Oliv, Karyobin, The Source and So What Do You Think?* with Stevens' Spontaneous Music Ensemble). He mentions both "situations," along with pianist Alex Schlippenbach's Globe Unity Orchestra and Anthony Braxton's quartet, as the kinds of improvisatory challenges he has particularly enjoyed.

32 □ down beat



BERNIE SEJENSKY

"There are certain situations where I sometimes feel quite comfortable and happy because they mean I can indulge myself—do my little tricks. But when I analyze that, I'm really resting on my laurels. So I prefer to be in a more uncomfortable situation which may make me think a bit more, and try to pull something different out of it. Naturally Anthony's music is like that, probably most of all. And Globe Unity—the free situation.

"Of course, writing for my own big band is very challenging. I like to get people from different areas of music and try to write for them. And it does work. With the big band, I don't think I could find many different players to make the music sound the same." Now three years old and rather rare, Wheeler's first album, *Song For Someone* (Incus 10), features such individualistic soloists as Evan Parker, Derek Bailey, alto saxophonist Mike Osborne, and vocalist Norma Winstone.

"I'm often pleased with the things I write, but never with anything I play. I don't know what's behind all that. I enjoy writing the music and having it played well and having it come off. I don't enjoy the spotlight bit, or the business you have to do. But I like writing for the group and I'd love to do more. It has to be pretty sparse for economic reasons. It pays so poorly in England that you can never prepare anything. I've been spoiled by working with people like Anthony, where you get together and work for days on the music. In England, everything is a rushed affair, where you write a few quick arrangements and rehearse them half an hour before the gig. I find I'm losing interest in that kind of situation now.

"But I've been lucky. For the last five or six years, I've been able to work abroad, which has, in a way, satisfied my appetite—at least some of it. I guess I got involved with Globe Unity through Evan Parker, Derek Bailey, and Paul Rutherford. They'd been playing in Germany quite a bit longer than I and probably suggested my name to the German musicians." Wheeler has often performed at workshops on the Continent, as he did with the free blowing and darkly humorous Globe Unity to produce *Live at Wuppertal*, and previously with the Baden-Baden Free Jazz Meeting for Lester Bowie's *Gittin' To Know Y'All*. Yet another workshop in Germany, November 1970, brought him in contact with Anthony Braxton. "I went over from England to the Jazz Workshop at Hamburg with

people like John Surman, Evan, Alan Skidmore. Anthony was there with Circle, with Chick Corea, Dave (Holland) and Barry (Altschul). That's where I first met him." A recording session for *The Complete Braxton* followed early the next year. "It was never a constant thing, I went over to France a couple of times and worked with him. . . ."

Now a regular member of the quartet for the last two American tours and the two Braxton Arista albums, Wheeler acknowledges Braxton's influence. "I don't consciously try to measure these things, I just feel that he has, as a writer and an improviser." And, at the saxophonist's request, he has picked up another horn, the mellophone. "I've had it for years and I keep meaning to get rid of it because I never feel comfortable on it. But I happened to mention to Anthony that I had it. He likes as many tone colors as we can get, so I just blow it now and then for that.

"If I were just playing standard tunes with a quartet or quintet, I'd probably prefer a flugelhorn. You play in so many halls with lousy sound, that a flugelhorn at least gives you an instant, decent, likeable sound to your own ear. But that's probably a kind of crutch, the easy way out; if you're playing a dry hall with poor sound, it's very hard work to get a good sound on a trumpet."

That's Kenny Wheeler, always self-critical. "I suppose if I ever got to like my own playing, then I'd give up." He may be serious. He speaks warmly of other trumpeters though, admitting to a fondness in particular for Booker Little, Art Farmer, early Miles, Benny Bailey, and in general for the younger players. Not a kind word for himself.

And yet, just as this year finds him working with Braxton and awaiting the release of his *Gnu High*—an ECM album with Keith Jarrett, Dave Holland, and Jack De Johnette—other years have seen him composing and arranging for Maynard Ferguson, playing with Barry Guy's London Jazz Composer's Orchestra, the John Stevens-Phil Seaman group, Splinters, and Stan Tracey's band, and recording with Ian Carr (*Solar Plexus, Labyrinth*), Mike Gibbs (*Mike Gibbs, Tanglewood '63, Just Ahead*), Philly Joe Jones (*Trailways Express*), John Surman (*Conflagration*), John Taylor (*Pause, and Think Again*) and John Warren (*Tales of the Algonquin*). It should be enough to do a jazz musician proud.

HARVIE SWARTZ

by arnold jay smith

New York City is alive with "intimate jazz clubs." In essence, they're restaurants that aid digestion by the addition of duos—mostly pianos or guitars with basses. Some of the names are as colorful as the music and the food they serve: Sweet Basil, The Surf Maid, The Village Corner, Bar None, Tangerine, The West Boondock. Then there are the ones named for their proprietors: Bradley's, Barbara's, Churchill's and Willy's.

What is important about these jazz and blue plate specials is the fact that more artists are being given a place to state their positions and display their wares. Harvie Swartz is among them.

"I came upon the New York duo scene because it allowed me more room to stretch out. I had the opportunities to work with the biggest names in big bands and touring groups, but felt that I wouldn't be given the chance to work as hard at what I wanted to do. I want to write as well as play; I want to be able to play both basses, my electric work having suffered the most due to underexposure."

He has worked with some fine pianists, Jim Roberts and Nina Sheldon among them. His work with the singing groups of Jackie and Roy and Jackie Paris and Ann Marie Moss have been preserved on records (*A Wilder Alias* for the former and *Live At The Maisonette* for the latter.)

Originally a piano player, Harvie was reluctant to practice. "I never took it seriously. I never took lessons at first; I would sit down and play the tunes I heard on the radio. I refused to read music and practiced only what I wanted to. A friend of mine, also a pianist, suggested I play bass. I went to the high school and took one out. It was a bad instrument, with the strings off the board. So one day, when I was 18, I simply said 'No more piano,' and I played bass ever since. I never regret having played piano. I use it now in my writing and it allows me to play better with piano players.

It has only been recently that Swartz has played electric bass "I didn't take it seriously at first; my gigs were mainly acoustic. Now I divide my practice time equally between the two. I still prefer acoustic because it feels so right when I hold it. I also like being able to control the intonation. I can get a full range of sounds and can use a bow. I can also practice all day long and not get bothered by neighbors. Electric has its assets. I enjoy funk and like the feeling I can get with that.

"Barry Miles got me interested in it. He writes for the instrument and makes me really practice his stuff, it's that complex."

Barry Miles' Silverlight, the full name of the group, is only one ensemble that this versatile musician's talents grace.

"I feel like I have three lovers, three bands that cover my musical fields. Not in any order, let's start with Barry. I used to play at Richard's Lounge, in Lakewood, N.J., with an assortment of people: Lee Konitz, Bruce Ditmas, Jan Hammer, John Abercrombie. They would call me for a gig and I would just go and play with them. When Gene Perla left Silverlight, Barry asked me to come with him. We definitely have an affinity for each other, not only in the playing, but in the writing. We think alike.

"Another group is a three-part cooperative called Inner Space, consisting of Eddie Daniels and Dave Friedman. Dave and I recently did an album that included three of my songs. We did a duo gig in Albany and something clicked, so we worked around a bit. Then I met Eddie and we decided to try a trio. He's using clarinet and flute



JOHN BRIGGS

and the colors are gorgeous. It's a challenge and I'm getting a chance to do all kinds of writing. The best part is the thrill I get from having it played so incredibly. Those two are the greatest. Dave is the best vibist in the world; the trouble is that he lays back and doesn't push himself. In fact, none of us do; but we will now.

"My third love is Dave Matthews big band. He just wanted to start a rehearsal band and he called me. Dave's a fantastic writer and he writes for me; I actually feel he's writing for me.

"My opinion of big bands used to be that they were the lowest form of music. I played with Thad and Mel and while I liked it, I play my own way and I'm not interested in publicity. I'm interested in developing what I do. I played with Gil Evans for awhile and I loved that, too, except that it was too electric all the time. Matthews' writing allows me to play the way I want to play. In and out, a samba on one tune, a spaced out free thing the next. I play acoustic all night (at the Five Spot), but on the next album I will play electric bass also. I enjoy the funkiness.

"Again, I turned down some people who could have made my name more popular than it is, but these three bands, these people that I've started with, are going to be the new people, there's no doubt about that. Dave Matthews' band is going to

get the recognition especially after we do one more record. (Their first was a live date on Muse, from the Five Spot, in New York.) I feel like I was a part of these groups from the beginning. I play bass the way I want to. And I can write, as well."

Harvie came to the Apple in 1972 at the behest of pianist Mike Abene, who heard him and asked him to accompany Chris Connor and later Jackie and Roy and Jackie Paris and Ann Marie Moss.

"Coming to New York was a dream. I was mired around Boston, not being hired by the jazz people because I wasn't experienced enough, and not being hired by the classical people because my hair was too long. Suddenly, I was asked to gig with Mose Allison, Chris Connor, and Al Cohn & Zoot Sims. Great! Except that I had burned two fingers on my left hand, so during the tunes Mike would hear me scream in pain. I had to make up fingering as I went along. But there was no way that I was not going to do these first gigs.

"Mike called me in about six months, but I was in the hospital this time. Finally, we made it to Maryland with Chris and then Jackie Paris needed a rhythm section the following week. I was to replace Dave Holland, and let me tell you, I was scared to death. Still, no New York. Then we stayed with Jackie Paris and came here."

The Maisonette performances were supposed to be a pilot for a television series. No one was aware that it was being recorded for LP release. Harvie tells it:

"We played as though it was not going to be a record. We were all so relaxed. Ann Marie makes me cry; she does such a great job. You learn a lot playing behind a singer. It's an art. I'm thankful I played with the best."

26 years ago, Harvie Swartz made it into the world. He feels he has accomplished all he has set out to. He gets his musical rocks off in each of three groupings: Silverlight for funky electricity; Matthews for his writing freedom; and Inner Space for the personal qualities. And he's most proud of his composing, which he continues to do for each of the three.

"Yeah, emphasize the writing. There will be other bass players." db

caught... Necessity Mothers a Big Band... Kamuca and Lowe and the West Coast... David Murray's Intimations of the Next Stage...

MOTHER NECESSITY BIG BAND

Mother Necessity Jazz Workshop, Toronto

Personnel: Ted Moses, piano, soprano sax, conductor; Arnie Chycoski, Mike Malone, Sam Noto, trumpets; John Capon, Terry Lukowski, Dave McMurdo, Rick Stepton, trombones; Dick Berg, George Stimson, French horns; Harvey Kogen, Gary Morgan, Kathryn Moses, Alvin Pall, Michael Stuart, reeds; Rick Homme, bass; Terry Clarke, drums; Howie Silverman, guest conductor.

As they say, if you want something done right, you've got to do it yourself. Ask Ted Moses.

Toronto bands needed a place to play. So Moses, a pianist and saxophonist by profession and now a carpenter by experience, simply built himself a club with the help of fellow musicians, converting a second floor pool hall into a comfortable, large, and hospitable room. And he has done it right. Opening night, the first of a regular Sunday big band presentation, made it clear that Mother Necessity (both the club and the band) needs only the finishing touches—a few more

chairs and a few more charts...

The evening began with a "suite" of Mike Malone's close and moody *Stargaze* and Moses' exuberant *Eclipse*, establishing Mother Necessity as an exciting rather than excited band, and Moses as a musician interested as much in textures and sonorities as in power and precision. His *Fate Train* followed, with a yet unwritten middle section providing an excuse for good solos by Alvin Pall (alto), Sam Noto, Moses himself, Michael Stuart (tenor) and particularly Rick Stepton, each man in turn supported by vintage riffs "re-called" spontaneously by the rest of the band. *When We Come Out of Hiding* (could be the theme song for Toronto jazz musicians), a gentle bossa nova well-suited to trombonist Dave McMurdo's serene ballad style, closed the first set.

The second opened with George McFetridge's lush *In My Life*, following an impromptu presentation to Moses from Gary Morgan on behalf of the band, and continued with Noto blowing impressively on Moses' *Buzzard* and Howie Silverman guest-conducting his own sombre ballad, *Morning Glory*.

Curiously, as the evening progressed through a rousing *To Feel Is To Be* (perhaps the finest of Moses' current charts), a relaxed

and funky *Fantasmagoria*, a challenging *Mount Everest* to a final reprise of *Stargaze/Eclipse*, the charts seemed to grow more distinctive and the soloists more anonymous. An illusion perhaps, but with the exception of Noto, who simply powered his way along, and the more original Malone, who *knows* the music, the players have generally not found their own places in Moses' music. It's a particular problem with Toronto big bands, although in this case, the issue is one of familiarity, and certainly not talent.

Patience then. Moses has waited some six years to see Mother Necessity become a continuing reality. We can wait a few more weeks to hear his music at its very best.

—mark miller

RICHIE KAMUCA MUNDELL LOWE Donte's, Los Angeles

Personnel: Kamuca, saxophones; Lowe, guitar; Fred Atwood, bass; Frankie Capp, drums.

"East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." This well-known line from Kipling's "The Ballad of East and

CHARLES SULLIVAN

GENESIS—Strata-East SES-7413: *Evening Song: Good-bye Sweet John; Field Holler; Now I'll Sleep; Genesis.*

Personnel: Sullivan, trumpet and flugelhorn; Alex Blake, bass; Dee Dee Bridgewater, vocal; Stanley Cowell, piano; Sonny Fortune, alto sax; Billy Hart, drums; Lawrence Killian, congas and percussion; Alphonse Mouzon, drums (track 3); Anthony Jackson, bass guitar (track 3); L. Sharon Freeman, Fender piano (track 3); Onaje Allen Gumbs, piano (track 2) * * * * *

Charles Sullivan deserves full honors for this lyrical debut album. Though his liner notes refer to a Scorpio's need to be reborn phoenix-like from the ashes of his own existence, the trumpeter's style is so warm and creative it's difficult to believe he has had to negate himself to arrive at such celebratory and stimulating music.

Each of the compositions is Sullivan's own, as are the simple but effective arrangements which forge a collection of talented sidemen into an inspired ensemble. Most of the blowing is also Sullivan's; not a showboater, his presence seems nonetheless to command the focus of each selection. Uniquely aware of dynamics, he builds to bittersweet crescendos and drops to soft murmuring recollections; his smears, his high note punctuations, his lengthy phrases all sound spontaneous, deceptively easy, and perfectly applied to his rich melodies.

And each track is a standout. *Evening* becomes an enthusiastic evocation of nightlife's dawn; *Goodbye* is a lovely dedication, a duet between the hornman and Gumbs' dramatic touch. *Holler* snaps along with sweaty intensity over a rockish funk bass and Mouzon's punch-and-roll soul drumming. Ms. Bridgewater gives a convincing interpretation to *Now I'll Sleep*, the most haunting suicide song since *Gloomy Monday*; she reveals in her voice an actress' intensity, as well as purity of tone and flexibility of intonation. Cowell accompanies her expertly (he performs admirably everywhere on the LP) and Sullivan enters after the lyrics to twine in aching improvisation with the singer.

Sullivan has created a satisfying aural experience, an acoustic set electrified with feeling, alternating blue and brightly burning.

Dear Reader:

About one year ago I produced an album of my music entitled *Genesis*. I am thrilled and honored by the very favorable response to the album from both critics and listeners alike.

Unfortunately, problems have arisen between myself and the company with which my album was originally released and I have been forced to remove my album from their catalogue. Henceforth, my album will be available through mail order. (see coupon below). To those of you who have tried to find my album and couldn't I extend my sincerest apologies and I hope to hear from you soon.

Charles Sullivan

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34 down beat

West" played in my easterner's head in contrapuntal response to the lithe, liquid intertwining of Richie Kamuca, Mundell Lowe, Fred Atwood, and Frankie Capp. Specifically, I wondered about the validity of partitioning the jazz world into two geographic/stylistic hemispheres centered in New York and Los Angeles. First, some notes on the music.

Opening the set was Richie's tenor plaintively exclaiming *Say It Isn't So*. His beautifully controlled vibrato and lush, warm sound mark him a romanticist of the highest caliber. His improvisations nicely captured the half-questioning/half-acceptance of rejected love implied by the title and lyrics. Mundell Lowe followed with a set of incisive choruses shaped from full, rich chords and single note runs. Bassist Frank Atwood demonstrated his own fiery brand of lyricism, a big, beautiful, woody sound and faultless intonation.

Bill Holman's *Howdy Partner* was next. An up-tempo romper, the quartet approached the head and choruses in an energetic yet loosely relaxed manner. Accepting the challenge of Holman's harmonic road markers, Kamuca, Lowe, and Atwood each generated inventive musical sojourns. Pushing things along was the propulsive rhythmic support of percussionist Frankie Capp.

Hand Full Of Stars shifted the tempo downward. A luxuriant ballad, it was the perfect vehicle for Kamuca's gentle, romantic disposition. With a slight vibrato and an apropos subtone breathiness, Richie traced a series of perfectly phrased, pastel sketches. The tune also showcased the reflective side of Mundell Lowe. A superb musician who is equally at home in the studios or at his desk penning scores for TV and film, Lowe's complete command of his instrument makes him one of the finest guitarists playing anywhere. Grounded on a mature architectonic and emotional grid, Lowe's constantly fluctuating solo episodes feature shifts between chordal passages and single note runs; technically complex rapid note lines and meditative long note figures; diatonic lines and wide intervallic leaps; sharp and soft attacks; and variations in tone quality from hard and steely to mild and mellow.

Other tunes in the set included Lester Young's ebullient *Tickle Toe*, Al Cohn's *P Town*, and Bronislaw Kaper's *Invitation*. With each line, regardless of the tempo or style, the quartet functioned as a totally integrated unit. Aware of their changing roles as soloists and accompanists, their involvement in each others' efforts was exemplary. For example, Frankie Capp is, in addition to being a perfect time-keeper, a player of great musical sensitivity who instinctively knows what combination of rhythms, accents, and colors are required. Fred Atwood, in a like manner, calls on a wide palette of harmonics, contrapuntal threadings, and bowing and plucking techniques to support both individual and group statements. And Mundell Lowe? His contributions are perfection itself. A player who knows the values of space and economy, Lowe always inflects the right emphasis.

As a coda, a final note on the west coast/east coast question. Is this musical/geographic demarcation valid? My response is equivocal, but leans mostly toward the "no." As for the "yes," it is useful to cite geographer Ellsworth Huntington's term, "climatic determinism," which helps explain the impact of climate on the pattern of man's political, eco-

nomie, social, psychological and cultural activities. To the extent that southern California's warm temperatures have led to easygoing, relaxed outdoor lifestyles, it seems valid to suggest a similar influence on southern Californian art and music. So, the reflective, cool dimensions of the so-called "west coast" jazz style are perhaps attributable to climate. This line of argument proves difficult, however, when other factors are considered.

We live in the midst of a national/international culture that, while broad, has become greatly homogenized due to electronic communications technology, jet travel, and mass production and distribution. The latest LP from Miles and the newest electronic distortion devices are equally accessible to New Yorkers, Kansans, and Californians. Another factor is California's melting pot dimension (e.g., Kamuca is from Philadelphia; Lowe from Mississippi; Atwood from Illinois; and Capp from Massachusetts). A further aspect relates to a musician's age and emotional experience—in general, most musicians, after a period of youthful technical/emotional athleticism, seem to acquire more mature musical values which focus on wider dramatic/emotional and expositional/structural ranges (e.g., the seasoned maturity of Kamuca, Lowe, and Capp seems comparable to the ripened offerings of such easterners as Thad Jones, Zoot Sims, and Mel Lewis). Such factors make the categories of east and west coast extremely problematic. Nonetheless, the question is worth asking and exploring further.

—chuck berg

DAVID MURRAY TRIO

Studio Infinity, New York City

Personnel: Murray, tenor saxophone; Stanley Crouch, drums; Mark Dresser, bass violin.

On a recent Monday night, a 20-year-old tenorist by the name of David Murray showed that certain disciplines are mandatory if one has any inclination to be an important voice in improvisational music at this stage. Murray hails from Berkeley, California, but maintains a polish and clarity of ideas generally peculiar to certain important instrumentalists and composers who have spent much time in New York City. On this night, he literally smoked the roof off with his highly energized, systematic declarations of what the avant garde in a "working man's" music is all about.

Murray was sympathetically accompanied by drummer Stanley Crouch and bassist Mark Dresser. Crouch (whom I had designated a percussionist, only to have Crouch object to the term and say, "... people like Don Moye—now that's a percussionist!") generated an intense, shadowy swing with blazing accents on his snare and bass drums that had more to do with building layers of sound than merely keeping time. Crouch possesses a firm understanding of the percussive innovations initiated by men like Sunny Murray and Edward Blackwell—perhaps the two most strongly felt influences in his playing.

Bassist Dresser has played with a lot of important people from the West Coast area, including Arthur Blythe and Bobby Bradford, and seems to be concerned with really integrating the bass within a comprehensive group sound. Dresser chooses his notes well and favors the counter-melodic approach to his instrument (recalling the mid-'60s work of Gary Peacock, among others) which



"What I need is a clear, clean sound."

A conversation about music, electronics and the future with one of America's foremost keyboard artists—Chick Corea.

Return to Forever seems to be able to work as a team while each individual still does his own thing—such as solo albums—without hurting the group. What's different about your group that allows you to maintain your cohesiveness?

"I guess what's different is that we really confront one another with our basic problems and always make an effort to communicate any kind of difficulties that occur. An artist who creates his own music would naturally have a problem working in a team with others, 'cause there's the creative viewpoint of others to deal with, too. We all have the recognition of what it takes to work as a team. It's being able to understand and work with each other's creation. One thing that relieves the stress of that is solo projects, which allow us to originate our own product and then come back and work for the group product. The main solvent there is communication."



*Chick's regular set-up uses a Kustom SRM VIII 8-channel mixer with an SRS XII bi-amp slave which powers his MF-1212, MF-1012 horn and MT-15 horn/tweeter. His monitor system includes the III monitor power unit and III monitor cabinets.

As a group, how do you determine the direction your sound takes?

"It's a planning of our direction in terms of how we want to communicate to people, and how we want it to feel. After that is decided, the way we put the music together comes from that."

How do you compose your music?

"The way I usually compose is to conceive of a feeling, and then the kind of sound I want. Like on the solo record I've just done—there were parts where I wanted to use a string quartet or a brass quintet, so I found the musicians I wanted to work with and wrote music I knew would be suited to their abilities. I kind of like to write more toward the abilities of people I'm working with, rather than writing a piece of music and then finding people with the abilities."

When you're on stage, what kind of amplification equipment do you use to produce the sound you want?

"I've used so many different kinds of amplification. I've been using Kustom equipment, and I really like it.* What I need as far as amplification goes is a clear, clean sound—which is what I've been getting with Kustom."

Do you use any special equalization or any special setting on it?

"No, there's a graphic equalizer on the mix board I use, but there's no radical curve on it. I run it almost flat. I roll off a little bit of bass, and I even roll off a little bit of the highs sometimes—because I play in the high registers on the synthesizers. But other than that, nothing special in the way of EQ."

What instruments do you use currently?

"I have a stack of them: Fender Rhodes, Hohner Clavinet, a Mini-Moog, the new Micro-Mini-Moog, and a larger Moog Fifteen. I use a little ARP Odyssey and a Yamaha organ. And soon to be delivered is a new polyphonic synthesizer called a PolyMoog."

Do you see your sound being much different in the future than the present sound of Return to Forever? And if so, how?

"I'm always one for expanding and evolving what I do. Musically, I see a lot of things I'd like to do, which I feel will begin to happen slowly. *Return to Forever* is not into radical change. We like to evolve things step-by-step. So our sound will be an evolving sound. We're looking for new ways to use electric and acoustic instruments in performance—we devote half our concert now to acoustic instruments. Individually, I'd really like to do more composing. I haven't done too much orchestral composing and arranging, which is something that I'd like to do. There's a bit of that on my new solo album."

What's the next project for Chick Corea and Return to Forever?

"A new solo album of mine, called 'The Leprechaun', to be released in February. Right now, I'm rehearsing with *Return to Forever*, and our new recording ("*The Romantic Warrior*") will be released sometime in March."

Chick, what do you see in the future for electronic music?

"Electronic instruments are very young. As they're used by people who write for them and create with them, the way they're used and the way they're built will be refined. Then you'll have something which I think you'll be able to call a fine art."



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EVANS

continued from page 13

happen is that you develop a comprehensive technique and then say 'Forget that. I'm just going to be expressive through the piano.'

In terms of "touch," I was thinking of it in a broader sense, the sense in which the piano is a percussion instrument. Does it only mean being tender? I think of McCoy Tyner as having a distinctive touch, though he's certainly not a soft player. Or is this what you'd call his "expressive technique?"

"Absolutely, although touch probably does have this other connotation, too. The more you express yourself through your instrument, the more identifiable your touch becomes, because you're able to put more of yourself, your personal quality, into the instrument. The piano is very mechanical and you're separated from it physically. You can only control it by touching it, striking it, and pushing a key down. Playing a wind or a stringed instrument is so much more expressive and so much more vocal because of its contact with the player.

"So pianists go through long periods where they're putting themselves into their instrument only to a limited degree. There comes a time after pushing very hard against the problem when they suddenly break through. Oscar is right. That's a very physical problem. You have to spend a lot of years at the keyboard before what's inside can get through your hands and into the piano. For years and years that was a constant frustration for me. I wanted to get that expressive thing in, but somehow it didn't happen. I had to spend a lot of years playing, especially Bach, which seemed to help. It gave me control and more contact with tone and things.

"When I was about 26—about a year before I went with Miles—that was the first time I had attained a certain degree of expressiveness in my playing. Believe me, I had played a lot of jazz before then. I started when I was 13. I was putting some of the feelings I had into the piano. Of course, having the feelings is another thing, another matter."

When I last spoke with you, you had just signed with Fantasy via your relationship with Orrin Keepnews, who had produced your first Riverside recordings. But between the Riverside and Fantasy affiliations there seemed to be a lot of label-hopping. What happened? Did you feel you were getting some bad deals?

"Yeah, kind of. I was talking to Chuck Mangione about that today. We agreed that it was disappointing to be with record companies as jazz artists. You tour, but you don't get backing. They won't help out. There are no displays, no co-ordinated advertising.

"The stint I had with Columbia: I thought I'd finally arrived at a company that had the money and the interest. Clive Davis and I just didn't hit it off. I never even talked to the man, and he was already directing my career, changing me, making me 'creative,' 'communicative,' whatever."

And before that was Verve.

"Verve: I was with them for quite a while. Creed (Taylor) was very shrewd and did a lot of good things. He got some commercial success out of jazz artists, which no one else had been able to do: Stan Getz, Wes Montgomery, Jimmy Smith."

He's still doing it, it seems.

"He's still doing it, and it's to his credit. I was with him for seven years. Then came Columbia and Fantasy."

I was under the impression you felt Fantasy was being cooperative and supportive.

"They are, but it's the old story. If you have a record that makes it by itself, they'll be overjoyed and interested. I feel good about the *Intuition* album; but I think more could have been done with it. I don't know what's been spent, but I don't think very much has been spent on advertising. Aside from that, distribution is always a big problem. You can go to big cities and people say they can't find your records. Well, that's an old, old story in jazz. Record companies are a business. I can't fight that."

"I've spoken to a lot of musicians who believe jazz is quite identifiably black-American music in the sense that the innovators and creative forces in the music have been black people. Interestingly, you're often cited as an exception to the rule. How do you feel about this issue, and do you feel you're an innovative force just as Teddy Wilson was in the swing era or Bud Powell in the bop era?"

"I think whether I've been innovative is for somebody else to judge, not me. But I think it's sad that these questions come up. There's a sense of the hurt child in the people who want to make this only a black music. They haven't had much so they want to make jazz 100% black. Historically, I suppose, the black impetus was primarily responsible for the growth of jazz, but if a white jazz artist who has grown up loving jazz and playing jazz and can contribute to jazz, it's sad because all that attitude does is to turn that prejudicial thing right around. It makes me a bit angry. I want more responsibility among black people and black musicians to be accurate and to be spiritually intelligent about humanity. Let the historians sort out whether it's 67.2% black influenced or 97%. To say only black people can play jazz is just as dangerous as saying only white people are intelligent or anything else like that."

"I hope I didn't present this sentiment in an oversimplified way. The usual point of view is that—in fact—all, or almost all, the innovators have been black."

"An innovator. That's even more ridiculous. Now there could be an argument in the case of soul music, because the black culture has been separated from the white culture to such an extent that there could be a spiritual content in the black culture lending itself to 'soulfulness,' which the white culture may have less of. But to say only black musicians can be innovative is so utterly ridiculous I can hardly consider the question."

"To be a human being is to have creative potential, and where this is realized is a matter of what a person commits himself to and is dedicated to. White, yellow, black, green, or whatever, a person who loves and dedicates himself to jazz music can be creative, depending on his talent and commitment. I'm just sorry that this is an issue because at bottom you're going to find a racial attitude involved, and a racial attitude is a prejudice, pure and simple, as bad as the plantation owners. I don't care whether you're black, green, or red—man, if you're prejudiced, you're wrong."


"Do you have any aversion—as many musicians do now—to having your music classified as jazz?"

"Hell, no. I think jazz is the purest tradition in music this country has had. It has never bent to strictly commercial considerations and so it has made music for its own sake. That's why I'm proud to be part of it."

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TULL

continued from page 16

an enjoyable album to make, a very easy album to make. It had a good vibe to it.

Then we had a single from it (*Bungle In The Jungle*) which was a very catchy, sort of commercial sound as far as all the disc jockeys were concerned. So everyone sort of thought, well Jethro Tull is back playing it safe, doing something nice and inoffensive. For us, it was absolutely the right thing to do at the time, because that was the mood.

Since then, there have been lots of personal, emotional, and domestic problems with members of the group. It's a different mood now. *Minstrel In The Gallery* is much more intense, much more introverted, much more a solitude. It may again be seen as a totally sort of uncommercial thing. People may really not like it. And I shall be somewhat despondent and disappointed if people don't enjoy it.

But finally, I have to do what I want to do. Otherwise, we have no possible excuse for getting together, me and the audience. We have no reason under the sun to even breathe the same air, unless it's the result of me saying I'm playing what I want to play because I actually have to cope with this and say it for whatever obscure or selfish set of personal reasons. So there exists a coincidence where other people derive some enjoyment or some emotional sort of reward from that. That's all it amounts to really, a coincidence, because I'm not terribly responsible when it comes to catering to what people want.

Simon: I think what you may have detected in some of my questions was a feeling that much of what you do has the danger of becoming stale easily. You're dealing with a fairly simple musical form, and you're not at all a simple man.

Anderson: My big private goal, my actual composing ideal, is to write a 30-second piece that just totally evokes something. Everyone will say, "I know just what he means." That's my sort of private thing. I don't get caught up in that too often, just once in awhile. There's a song on *Minstrel In The Gallery* called *Grace*. It's just a 40-second piece. I literally woke up one morning and looked out the window and just sang words that perfectly evoked for me a feeling, and put it to a sort of quartet arrangement for strings. For me it evoked something that I think countless people will sort of share in and understand. The only twist is in the words:

"Hello sun,
"Hello bird,
"Hello my lady,
"Hello breakfast,"

and the next line: "May I buy you again tomorrow?"

And "May I buy you" is so ambiguous, whether it applies merely to the \$2.50 breakfast at the airport or the whole thing. I mean, we pay for all this in one way or another. That ambiguity is a consciously put-in thing, but it's not something that anybody will really pick up on, though some people obviously will. The last line doesn't even need to be there for most people. It's there as an extra twist, an amusement. It's there if you happen to feel, like I do, a certain cynicism about all your pleasures in life. Because I wake up some mornings and the sun is shining and the birds are twittering and I feel like going out and strangling the little bastards. **db**

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named Steve Kindler, whom Jan borrowed "permanently" from a later edition of the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

"This band has been in the making for a long time," Hammer explained. "Originally it was going to be Tony Williams, some bass player—possibly Jack Bruce—Jerry Goodman, and myself. That was about a year and a half ago; we were doing some talking, but everybody had a different idea about how the group should be and it just never got anywhere. I remember Tony and I were quite ready to do it.

"Next, Jerry Goodman and I were going to form a band; we gave it a good few months, but that wasn't working either. The depth of my involvement in music and Jerry's turned out to be far more different than we thought; we had believed our appetites for music were the same. I wanted more, however—like I'm a full time addict; music is my life. Jerry has his life and sometimes he plays music, so we really couldn't see any future in going on. Anyway, that attempt fell apart."

Then Hammer discovered Tony Smith: "I finally found a drummer. If I hadn't, I would not have put a group together, because for me that's the starting point. You have to build on the rhythm, and I have to relate well to the drummer. I knew we were going to make it once I found Tony."

For four or five months Tony Smith and Jan Hammer worked on rhythms, playing together on two sets of drums at Jan's house in upstate New York, a place with a recording studio on the first floor which they share with Gene Perla. Specifically, they worked, and continue to work, on time signatures. Smith, who'd played primarily in Latin-rock bands, hadn't ventured into time signatures, but he grasped it with remarkable speed, according to Hammer.

"There's no drummer I know right now who plays time signatures the way he does," Jan made no attempt to hide his enthusiasm. "It's a whole different angle on time—of pulse—the point is that the final result people hear will be a pulse that's *fluid*. In other words, you end up in almost the same spot as if playing straight 4/4, except you're going to come together with some unbelievably unexpected patterns. It's similar to a thing in Latin music called *clave*, which is a few accents within two 4/4 bars and there's four or five accents within those bars that are like four kinds of off-beats. They constitute a full circle as they go around those two bars."

Describing it another way: "Say you have 15 beats to one bar, you just feel your way around trying to locate different accents which will make the flow smoother. When you find the smoothest one, you use it. Then the bass and piano works off those accents, and it all works as a circular flowing thing. I feel that what we're doing now is somewhere between a combination of Indian, Latin, and African rhythms; all these approaches to rhythm put together can make any time signature flow with incredible swing. That's why I want to play time signatures, because you end up playing a *pulse*. I've seen people start to move to some of the most incredible time signatures, just like a disco beat."

But what will Hammer eventually be playing? "It's hard to say," Jan said. "Unorthodox rock-funk. Whatever it's going to be, it's not going to be formula funk; that's one thing I really don't want to play, everybody's doing

it. There are millions of albums coming out with the same sound. In New York on WRVR, it's either some old jazz or some new formula funk."

"Jan," I said at that point, "there is a very funky quality in your playing."

"I'm talking about the tonality," his voice rising, "the melodic material. It's not going to be pentatonic, it's not going to be any blues scales. Now funk, that's a state of mind. It may sound strange, but I think somewhere in my past," Jan tried to describe the abstract. "I feel a certain element that's black. It's not as simple as that, but there is a. . . I don't know what it is. . . Eastern Europe? . . . I like to have music make an impact on me, a physical impact.

"There are a lot of European musicians who don't feel this way. European music is

mostly harmonics and melodies with rhythm a limping third on the list, it isn't emphasized that much. I don't know why, but I've always been fascinated by rhythm."

Jan Hammer's next record is going to be made in his home studio because he feels the normal studio situation has a tendency to interfere with the natural flow of ideas. He recalled the *Stanley Clarke* sessions with Tony Williams and Bill Connors: "That was a classic case of coming to the studio and losing it all. The rehearsals were ten times better, the energy was there and the sparks were flying, but I wasn't all that thrilled with the album . . . it didn't come off as well as it could have." Hammer suddenly looked pleased. "That's why I have a studio in my house, I'm going to catch it all, I'm going to catch all the magic." db

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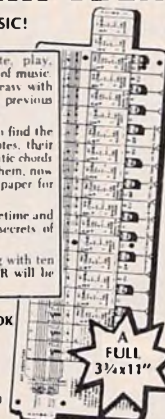
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HOW TO make turn-around changes—Part I

by Dr. William L. Fowler

As long as something within it keeps moving—a chord change, a chunk-chunk-chunk, even a trill—a piece of music will stay alive. But when all motion has stopped—harmony sitting on the tonic chord, rhythm striking only a down beat, melody holding an inactive note—that piece will appear to have reached its final resting place.

No need for that, of course, before the final bar. Melody alone, for example, can guarantee its inner life through constant motion, as happens in one of those perpetual-motion hoedown tunes. Or if melody pauses, rhythm or harmony can take over the stay-alive role, as they do in most songs, whose phrases more often than not end in some sustained melody note (vocalists welcome chances to exhibit their vibratos or simply to stop singing for a measure or two).

These are the places, the phrase endings, where harmonic motion becomes the most effective way to lead back into a phrase repetition (1st ending), to lead forward into a different phrase (2nd ending), to lead a bridge back into the original phrase, or to lead a final phrase into repetition of the whole song. These are the places, the cadence points, where a chord progression can promise melody yet to come. And when a chord progression accomplishes that, it's called a turn-around.

Since a moving melody tends to imply its own accompaniment, harmony gains its greatest flexibility at points of melodic rest, a condition which in a turn-around might lead to confusion instead of leading to the next phrase. But observing one *no-no* plus a few *yes-yes's* will guard against such clumsiness as acrid accompaniment, awkward arrival, or perplexing progression. Such care will facilitate originality, too. . . .

1. Avoid clash between the sustained melody note and any turn-around chord components:

Clash between E⁷ and E^b

2. End the turn-around on a chord which can by itself indicate the first chord of the next phrase:

3. Move the chord-roots to fresh-sounding notes via a mixture, when possible, of the more interesting root-progression intervals—up a perfect or augmented 4th, down a 3rd, up or down a half-step, or to some chromatically-altered scale tone:

4. Alter some of the chord fifths and thirds which occur on natural scale tones:

5. Sprinkle the chords with some upper partials, both altered and unaltered:

So far, this article has dealt with methods of furnishing clarity, grace, and zest to the turn-around progression. Part II, scheduled for the next issue, will apply those methods to particular musical styles.

Here's a Do-It-Ourselves project for turn-around practice. I'll show sustained melody notes with root progressions written under them, followed by a chord which could begin the next melodic phrase. Then those interested in discovering their own turn-arounds can try some different chord-types on each root and can further experiment through added upper partials.

The image displays ten lines of musical notation. The first line is labeled '(Melody)' and '(Chord)'. Below the melody notes, the corresponding chord roots are listed: A, F, Ab, Db, C, F, Ab, D, Db, Ab, F, Db, A, Db, G, C, F. The subsequent lines show various chord progressions and voicings, including triads and dyads, such as F, Ab, D, G, C; E, Eb, D, G; E, Eb, D, G; Eb, D, Bb, G; E, A, D, B; B, E, A, D; Bb, E, A, D; Bb, Eb, A, D; E, A, D, G; E, F, F#, G; E, A, Ab, G; F, E, A, D; A, D, G, C; F, D, G; F, Db, G; F, D, Db; F, D, Bb, G; F, Db, D, G; E, A, D, G; Eb, A, D, G; Eb, Ab, D, G; Eb, Ab, Db, G; E, A, D, Db; Eb, A, D, Db; Eb, Ab, D, Db; E, A, Ab, G; Eb, A, Ab, G; E, Eb, D, G; E, Eb, D, Db; Eb, Ab, Db, C; Eb, D, Db, C; A, F, D, B; A, F, F#, B; A, F, F#, G; E, A, D, G; E, A, Ab, G; E, A, D, G; Eb, Ab, Db, G; Cmi.

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42 down beat

CAUGHT

continued from page 35

echoes and refines the statements made by the soloist.

Murray's music is thematic and folkish. He appears to have absorbed most of the important ideas passed on by the major saxophonists. Albert Ayler being the most strongly felt influence. His terse phrases are relaxed, flowing easily and carrying a strongly felt romanticism. While Murray plays comfortably in all registers, he has a special talent for his horn's upper falsetto register making for a gentle, almost surreal tone.

The trio—especially drummer Crouch—were heard in strikingly original interplay on Murray's three-part *Suite for Yellowman Warrior*. On the first section of the suite, entitled *Roscoe* (for instrumentalist-composer Roscoe Mitchell), The trio created shifting rhythmic patterns and accents that recalled the marching bands of New Orleans as well as the heart and sound that is Roscoe Mitchell. Murray's solo excursion here wasn't as consciously lyrical as he often can be, yet his jagged lines and intervallic leaps revealed an independent logic that actually began to redefine the structure of the piece. The utilization of upper register runs, shrieks, lush passages, and refrains from an older school of saxophone playing were evenly interspersed throughout, creating a variety of attractive textures.

The second part of the suite, entitled *Shout Song*, showed David's firm grasp of harmonic theory and textural techniques, a control that usually comes to players far past the 20-year-old bracket. On the concluding, title section, Murray concerned himself with breaking down areas of sound and isolating thematic structure into highly complex improvisational sections that at some point relate back to the general *feeling* of the piece. Long, evenly placed notes were interspersed with short, stop-time inflections giving the music a motionless, static appearance.

Crouch's *Duke Ellington Suite* began with an unaccompanied drum solo on Duke's *It Don't Mean A Thing*. A pleasant surprise. Crouch's performance in this context best exemplified the vast resources inherent in his percussive set: timbre modulation, shading, and an inventive, unorthodox approach to striking his set for special effects that remind one of Monk's or Cecil Taylor's approach to the keyboard. On the Ellington piece, the drummer alternated between his snare and bass drum to state the theme. Then, slowly incorporating his high hat and cymbal sound as the theme developed, he gave the tune tone properties of weight and balance that actually began to dictate harmonic possibilities in the drum kit.

Murray's composing and conceptual ideas pay undeniable respect to the Albert Ayler Trio of the mid-'60s. Yet he is able to shape and re-interpret the advances made in that era, developing them to a logical point of contemporary impact. If the '60s saw a significant contribution through a widening of the sonic range and dynamic capabilities of the music, then Murray and his trio appear to be structuring these major advances into highly precise, ordered offerings, predicting the elements that the next stage might deem mandatory.

—roger riggins

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BACKER UP FRONT by Charles Mitchell

Almost a year ago, I began this irregular series of *Perspective* columns on observations and opinions by record company executives about the influx of jazz and other contemporary improvised music into their talent rosters. My first subject was Clive Davis, who had just launched his Arista label with an ambitious, multi-pronged attack of styles from the slickest of pop to the avant-gardest of jazz. At that time (April 24, '75) I expressed hope that Arista's commitment to the more non-commercial music in its young catalog would not be directly proportionate to its selling potential, as has often been the case.

One year later, it seemed like a good time to get a progress report on just how well Arista is succeeding in marketing its wide range of music. The substantial commercial growth of the label's pop artists—Melissa Manchester, Barry Manilow, Gil Scott-Heron, etc.—need only, however, be noted in passing, having been duly reported in the trade papers. To get a picture of how the progressive musical roster at Arista is progressing, so to speak, I went this time to Steve Backer, a sensitive, articulate professional who was general manager of the now flagging Impulse label before arriving at his present affiliation with Arista. The nature of this relationship was explained to me to open our conversation.

Backer: It's very complicated to get straight on paper, though I know what it is, of course. Basically, my title is still "exclusive independent producer." I head up my own production company, Backer Productions, which is exclusively with Arista. But it has gone well beyond that into a quasi-employee relationship, whereby I've had pretty much to do with structuring the label's progressive roster.

Mitchell: I'm a little bit baffled by the "exclusive independent" tag. How do you differ from someone who's an in-house V.P. in charge of a&r?

Backer: It's a very different situation, in that I have my own business which is independent of Arista. The artists I deal with, for the most part, are signed directly to me and then are assigned to Arista. Now, my relationship to Arista is exclusive to them: the a&r man works for the company on a salary, but I work basically for myself.

Mitchell: In effect, they're recording for you, and Arista's releasing the product.

Backer: Exactly—except there are certain situations where I've been involved beyond that into a kind of grey matter area, when I've signed artists directly to them.

Mitchell: Can you give us a bottom line report on the first year of Freedom releases? (Freedom is the European based jazz label, released here by Arista, that houses most of the latter label's avant garde music.)

Backer: I'd prefer to give you an overview on the whole thing, if possible—kind of a retrospective analysis that will include everything we've been doing. A lot of ideas we had a year ago at this time have become very tangible realities in 12 very productive months.

In that time, I feel we've become a very significant force in jazz in our industry. The important guidelines to me a year ago in our overall approach are still the same: a multi-faceted, multi-dimensional wide spectrum attitude. This enabled us in 1975 to treat jazz as a commercial entity and as art form as well. As we move into '76, the music in our catalogue ranges from bop and mainstream—even some Dixieland with the acquisition of Savoy's catalogue—to the cutting edge of the avant garde. That includes all the hybrids in between: jazz-rock, classical-jazz, Latin-jazz-rock, *ad infinitum*.

Mitchell: This broad an approach presents problems of the commercial and marketing kind. I'm interested in some of those. The only way we're going to continue to get this wide a range of music is if all of it or at least most of it sells fairly well. Some of the product that you're dealing with is not at what we would say the highest level of commercial potential. I want to get into the bulk release philosophy of the Freedom recording, and I know you have eight Savoy double sets on the way. How does that approach suit you better?

Backer: Well, there's more to the recording industry than records. One of the things that it has to do with is music, of course; and diversity and balance are still what we're seeking in our overall marketing concepts. The music of Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp, Andrew Hill, Anthony Braxton is not immediately commercial because it doesn't fall into the crossover situation. Artistically, however, these artists are major contributors on the cutting edge of the music and innovators without whose contributions this art form would undoubtedly stagnate. Everything pos-

sible is being done to see that their music is being handled properly, from packaging to advertising and marketing promotion.

Mitchell: OK, but how's it doing in the marketplace—without getting into a figure



CLIVE DAVIS

discussion, of course.

Backer: What you must realize is that there is still a huge gap between the acceptance of electronic jazz and acoustic jazz. It's narrowing—but very slowly. If, after you've covered all the bases, people still aren't going into the stores and buying the records, then there's not much more you can do. I'm not saying

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I would have hoped that by now, the gap between acoustic and electric jazz would have been bridged to a greater extent.

Mitchell: Why don't you think that it has?

Backer: We'd have to get into a whole bunch of sociological and—I don't know—philosophical issues. . . .

Mitchell: Well, can you generalize a little bit? You're a person that's on the inside and who's very much involved with both types of music. I'm interested in your opinion.

Backer: Yes, but it's an outside situation, really. The industry's presenting it. Why people don't buy it is a philosophical and sociological question that I really don't have a concise answer for. . . . One pet peeve that I have, since you asked me, however, is that there's so much factionalism in the press and in the jazz community itself. Maybe this isn't the root of the overall problem of why certain types of music get ignored, but it's a factor. The mainstreamers hate the avant gardists, and vice versa; they both dislike the jazz rockers, the r&b jazz artists, and vice versa. There are exceptions, but generally I find this to be the case. There's very little overview, people talking about whether something is good or bad music in general. I think that this attitude has been very inhibiting to the development of jazz as an art form in America—so inhibiting, as a matter of fact, that I think it drove a lot of musicians to Europe in the '60s—creative, significant artists. We'd probably be further along if the jazz community itself weren't so factionalized. But there are many other considerations.

Mitchell: Now what about this bulk-releasing philosophy? A lot of people complain that there's no keeping up when Freedom releases eight discs at a shot, Pablo comes up with 23 records a month, Fantasy-Prestige-Milestone has 92 new twofers in three weeks, and so on. Why does Arista-Freedom release eight LPs every four months, or whatever, instead of just one or two a month?

Backer: The immediate answer to that is that the record company wants to take advantage of the multiple-album advertising possibilities when it's coming out with music of limited sales potential. If they release six, seven, eight albums at the same time, they can apply realistic advertising and merchandising figures towards several albums instead of just one or two. In other words, a full page in down beat is rather expensive for just one or two albums—but when we take the same full page and advertise eight, especially when we know what our sales parameters are, then more artists and their albums will benefit from that approach.

It's problematic not so much in the case of the collector who wants to have all the records, but really in the area of radio promotion: program and music directors are overwhelmed by large releases. The press has been very good about reviewing whole releases, and what I've done to try and abet the radio problem is to put together samplers, taking the most playable material and putting it on a single disc, rather than require them to go through eight albums at a time, which they are very reluctant to do.

Mitchell: As an aside to that, how goes the

battle on radio airplay for this kind of music?

Backer: There's still a major breakdown when it comes to significant radio exposure for most of this music. It's difficult to rectify, and I don't see that things are very much better than they were two or three years ago. It's the major problem that we're encountering between the creating of the music and the music's reaching the consumer. The press, for the most part, is in our corner; but they are nowhere near as effective as radio is (or would be) in exposing this music.

Mitchell: Do you realistically think that the situation could improve if certain suggestions were implemented? What I mean is, do you have any ideas on how station programmers could loosen up? Or do you think that the music is just blatantly anathema to the majority of the listeners of so-called "progressive" FM these days?

Backer: I just feel that the "progressive" FM audiences are a lot more flexible than the programmers give them credit for.

Mitchell: After a year of serious-minded attempts to broaden this label's outlook, are there any areas in which you feel a change of approach is necessary in the year ahead?

Backer: One of the things we've done is to acquire Savoy Records, after a long and hard-fought battle for the catalogue with a couple of other labels. It's adding another significant direction. The marketing and merchandising of Savoy will definitely benefit from some of the things we've learned in running the Freedom releases this year—about marketing acoustic jazz in general.

Mitchell: Such as?

Backer: One thing that comes to mind is that there are certain markets in the country that are a great deal more sophisticated in their listening habits than others. Instead of spreading our energy too wide across a great many areas across country, we'll put the larger part of our emphasis into those few markets that cover the 80-85% of jazz business. We might also start experimenting with a smaller amount of albums per release, which relates to our earlier discussion.

Another significant step we're making with Savoy is in hiring people to work with the music who are sensitive to it, who have had a significant involvement with it. I think that this will pay off for both Savoy and Freedom. People like Bob Porter, Mary Lou Webb, Irv Bagley have very long track records.

We also intend, to avoid that shotgun effect we have been talking about, to key into significant albums within a release that may have wider potential in terms of our advertising. We could focus on an individual artist or maybe a conceptual approach—solo piano albums, for instance.

Mitchell: Let's talk a little bit more about your specific business. Do you do more scouting or do people have a tendency to come to you?

Backer: If I know of an artist that I'm interested in, then I'll go out and deal with him, initiate the contact. But I also listen to literally hundreds of tapes over the course of a year. I try to take the same approach in my situation that we have with Arista—diversity and balance, the wide spectrum approach. So far, I've signed Anthony Braxton, the Brecker Brothers, Jon Hendricks, and Ursula Dudziak. It has to be a selective approach, and the artist has to strike me in some way as unique. The artist has to be the best at what

he does. I think that Braxton is a phenomenon: the Breckers are great at what they do—first-rate musicians in their genre; the same holds true for Urszula and Jon, of course.

Mitchell: Once artists are signed, it becomes a matter presenting them on LP. Do you also handle management, booking, etc.?

Backer: It's just record production, although you find yourself acting at the managerial level sometimes a great deal more than you have the time for. I don't have the time because of these things that I've been doing on Arista's behalf. What I'm doing now is much more appealing to me, anyway.

Mitchell: Once you sign the artist, it's a matter of getting their music into the proper format for recording. . . .

Backer: But I'm not really a producer in the studio sense of the word. I supply occasional input and overview on certain situations, but basically I more or less act as a generator of the deal and as a middleman between the artist and the company. I try to employ my background—as an executive at Impulse Records for three and a half years—to aid the artist on that level, so that once the album is delivered to the company, my role continues in an advisory capacity in all facets of the company operation in the release of the product.

In the studio, I bring in different producers where it's necessary. Where the Breckers are concerned, there's nobody who could do the job better than themselves. Michael Cuscuna does Anthony's LPs, Ben Sidran did Jon Hendricks'; here, it's a matter of thinking about who would be the most sensitive person to do the job, and who has the best ability to bring the music into today's marketplace.

Mitchell: Are you planning, in the future, to move into any other areas of music?

Backer: I think that everything I'm likely to do will be jazz textured. We're still building and still growing—myself and Arista—and there's a lot of hope and activity for the music in all its forms. **db**

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Gerald's (Cambria Heights, Queens): Jazz weekends.

Gregory's: Hal Galper & Lynn Crane (Mon. thru Sat., 6-9 pm); Galper & Victor Gaskin (Mon. & Tues. 9:30 pm); Brooks Kerr w/Sonny Greer & Russell Procope (Wed. thru Sun., 9:30 pm); Warren Chaisson & Chuck Wayne (Sun., 4:30 pm).

Gulliver's (West Paterson, N.J.): Joe Newman Quartet (2/27-28); Mike Jordan & Tony Lombardozzi (3/1).

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1776-1976

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1902—According to his own later statement in *down beat* (August, 1938), Jelly Roll invents jazz.

1917—In New York, Henry Ragas plays piano for the first jazz band recording.

1920—Teenager Lillian Hardin joins the heretofore all-male King Oliver band.

1921—In Harlem, Fats Waller, age 15, introduces jazz to the pipe organ, a Wurlitzer \$10,000 theater grand.

1932—In New York, Art Tatum begins his redefinition of jazz piano playing.

1935—First appearance of the Hammond organ. (Rotating magnetic generators.)

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Concerts At The Grove: Stan Kenton & Anita O'Day (2/28).
U.C.L.A. (Royce Hall): Gary Burton (2/27).
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