APRIL 8, 1976 60c

the contemporary music magazine

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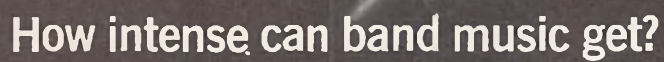

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DRUM BEAT!

•Rim Shots Jazz drummer-clinician Joe Morello was featured with the University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh jazz ensemble last month while doing a clinic on campus.

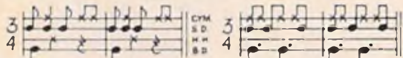
The Friedman/Samuels Mallet Duo is scheduled for a clinic and concert this month at the University of Wisconsin, Green Bay. An evening concert will conclude the day's percussion events.

•The Spotlight The recent tour of the original Dave Brubeck Quartet, featuring Joe Morello, was hailed a huge success during its recent twenty city tour through major U. S. cities.

•Trappings – Bobby Christian

One of the most commonly "over-played" rhythms by drummers today is the jazz waltz. Just because a jazz feel is adapted to a 3/4 time signature, does not mean that the drummer's backup rhythm has to become more complex.

I try to keep the jazz waltz rhythm simple and to the point. Two rhythms I commonly use are below.



Alternating between two or more rhythms every sixteen measures will add color to your playing.

•Pro's Forum This month by clinician Al Ipri, Haddonfield Conservatory, Haddonfield, New Jersey.

Q. I have been studying beginning drums for one year. Is it too early to start playing along with records?

A. No! Keep in mind the correct technique you have been taught so far. This is an excellent method to improve your sense of rhythm, providing you do not attempt speeds and difficult patterns that are beyond your current capabilities. Be aware that you are keeping in time with a band, and not controlling the tempo of the entire band.

Q. Whenever I take a 4 bar solo with the stage band, I pick up the tempo. How can I overcome my tendency to speed up during solos?

A. After you are able to "feel" the length of a phrase without having to count measures, you should concentrate on following the preceding soloist's rhythmical pattern at the same speed. Keep beginning solos simple with a steady bass drum or high-hat rhythm underneath the entire solo.

Drum Beat is brought to you by Ludwig to keep you up-to-date on the world of percussion. Comments, articles, questions, anything? Write to Drum Beat:

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down beat

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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

"There are so many brilliant [jazz] musicians in the States it's just mind boggling." So says the Average White Band, a jazz and blues influenced group of Britons and Scots interviewed in this issue. Their awed appreciation of what happens here is typical of contemporary musicians in Europe, Africa, and Asia, whether they be average white, black, or brown.

Less typical, but just as real, is the amazement of American musicians at the throng of good jazz musicians running loose both here and abroad. But regardless of place of origin—or expressions of jazz territoriality—a common factor among today's musicians is the awareness and cultivation of their own roots.

The AWB grew up musically on a diet of Motown, **down beat**, and the recordings of Adderley, Coltrane and Basie. Today, they've turned their back on British-bred rock and can say that "this is where all the music we like comes from." Their musical maturity seems to echo the words of Bill Hardman, a co-arranger of the Brass Company: ". . . we get a lot of kids who grew up on rock in the '60s, and now they're not 13 any more. You know, you don't watch cartoons all your life, and it's the same with music."

David Liebman, a brilliant young saxophonist/flutist, has given a lot of thought to his roots and the maturing process. "I'm from Brooklyn and I'm Jewish and I'm white. I'm not black and I wasn't born in Harlem. And I'm not Indian or South American. If anything, my roots are coming from my parents and their ancestors, from the Middle East and Israel, and from chanting and clarinet, which is why soprano appeals to me so much." He can identify with a foreign-born jazz musician. "I look at a guy like [Czech] Jan Hammer or [Argentinian] Gato Barbieri and I say,'There's a man who's finding himself.'"

Liebman speaks for many above-average white jazz musicians: ". . . for a long time as a young musician . . . you're going through a heavy, heavy trip learning some other music that really isn't necessarily natural to you. Jazz is a black music . . . there's no way you're going to be playing the way you would if you had started at three years old in the ghetto. . . . It's a touchy thing. It's a psychological, moral, and ethical question about your own thing, your own personality, admitting to yourself and realizing it."

Ronnie Laws has to deal with a different perspective, stemming from his roots in a brilliant, black musical family from Houston. Laws has to deal with the never ending pressures of living up to one's own standards. "I'm never satisfied with any performance, and I'm never satisfied with my playing." No need to worry about him.

Next issue: a guided tour through salsa land with arranger-composer Eddie Palmieri, percussionist Ray Barretto and salsa masters Tito Puente and Machito; an interview with trumpeter Marv Stamm; profiles of studio reed player Ray Pizzi and Tom Harrell, trumpet player with Horace Silver; and Sweets Edison takes the Blindfold Test. **db**

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Ostrich Ears And Moldy Figs

I almost passed out with disbelief after reading the Joe Pass Blindfold Test (**db**, 2/26). To think that this supposed master musician has never even listened to a single recording by Jimi Hendrix once again demonstrates the woeful ignorance and illiberality of the covered wagon jazz set.

I voted for Pass in last year's Readers Poll. I will *not* vote for him this year, or any year following. May he get his ostrich head out of the sands of time. As for Feather, he rates as King of Moldy Figs.

Ronald Calder — Miami, Fla.

I think Leonard Feather took a very cheap shot at Jimi Hendrix in the Pass Blindfold Test. The cut Feather chose to play was wholly unrepresentative of Hendrix's musical efforts. It was recorded posthumously (except for several bars of Jimi's guitar somewhere in the mush), by musicians Hendrix did not ever know, much less play with.

I have the greatest respect for Pass' artistry and am gratified to see he was open-minded enough not to be totally swayed by Feather's propaganda. . . . God knows Leonard did his best to smear Jimi's music.

Roger Rosenbaum — Shorewood, Wis.

Beauty Now Beastly?

I'm tired of your critics roasting beautiful music like Carmen McRae's *I Am Music* (**db**, 2/12). Two stars, pitiful! That album's got to be one of the most beautiful she has put out. . . . What did Leonard Maltin have in his ears when he listened to it?

While I'm bitching, same thing goes for whoever reviewed that Sarah Vaughan-Michel Legrand album. Three stars! I don't understand it and won't even try. Are sentimental ballads with plush backgrounds passe?

Roy E. Lott — San Francisco, Cal.

Blisters On His Fingers

Thank you for printing Pat Martino's *Impressions* solo in your 2/26 issue. As a guitarist, I can attest to the fact that my fingers are sore after playing it.

Gregg Harrellson — Philadelphia, Pa.

Guns On Gunther

Gunther Schuller . . . has presented a grim and misleading picture of jazz education in America (**db**, 2/12). Within the past year, **db** has interviewed several musicians whose ignorance, arrogance and generally contemptuous attitude towards jazz education has made a mockery of their own flippant remarks. Schuller cannot be included in the above category, ergo this response.

Why must jazz become an "endangered species" once it is put into a curriculum, and on what grounds does Schuller base his opinion that . . . jazz has become extinct in academia?

I contend that . . . the reverse is true. I also do not agree that most teachers are trying to turn out Kenton-style big band players (the new chic criticism). In fact, I know of no institute or diligent educator who is at all concerned with "stamping out thousands of little Coltranes and McCoy Tyners." This diatribe is as false as it is banal.

Does Schuller live in such isolation (an ivory tower) that he thinks he alone (or a few cohorts in a few key schools) holds the key to institutionalized jazz education?

Henry Wolking — University of Utah
Chairman Of Jazz Studies — Salt Lake City, Utah

Distasteful Smith

"*If Dreams Come True* is older than *Stardust* and was one of the most played tunes of the '30s, by all age groups from dixie to cool," writes Arnold Jay Smith (**db**, 2/26).

Rarely has more nonsense been packed into one sentence. *If Dreams* stems from 1934, while *Star Dust* (correct spelling) first appeared in 1927. Nor was the Edgar Sampson tune by any stretch of the imagination one of the most played '30s tunes, though it was in Benny Goodman's, Chick Webb's, and Billie Holiday's repertoires.

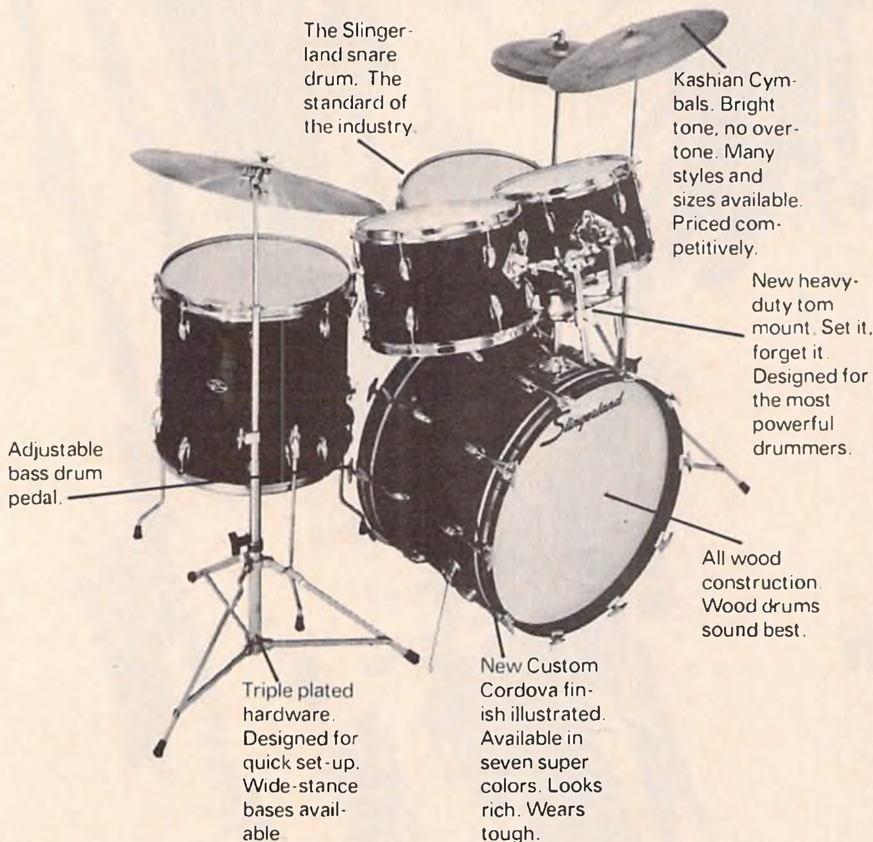
Harmonically and melodically, the tune is particularly ill-suited for dixieland interpretation, and I have never heard . . . it played by a traditional band. As for cool jazz, if that was around in the '30s, I'll eat Arnold Smith's hat.

I found singularly distasteful Smith's raising of the Uncle Tom issue in his obituary of Noble Sissle (**db**, 2/12). . . . It was Tommy, not Tony, Ladnier who played trumpet with Sissle's band, and the band did not break up in the '30s. In fact, Sissle began a 12 year stay as resident bandleader at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York in 1938, but during the war years took time out to tour with his band, which in '42-43 included a saxophonist named Charlie Parker.

And who the hell is Elsa Lancaster?

Dan Morgenstern — New York, N.Y.

Details, Details, Details



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Herbie Splits Headhunters

BOSTON MOODY

SAN FRANCISCO—Herbie Hancock has terminated his association with Headhunters, the group he helped form some three years ago. Having worked with the same instrumentation for that period of time, Hancock feels that "he needs time to consider his music and nothing but himself," according to a spokesman for his manager, David Rubinson.

Herbie is currently trying out some new instruments, including the Oberheim polyphonic synthesizer (used sparingly on his last album, *Man Child*), and the new Yamaha electric piano, which supposedly has the touch of an acoustic keyboard.

Although chances are strong that some members of Headhunters will appear with him on upcoming sessions, future recording plans are indefinite.

Goodrick Exits Gary

CHICAGO—Mick Goodrick has resigned from Gary Burton's group and, evidently, from performing altogether. Yielding up his six string electric guitar and amp to sidekick Pat Metheny, Goodrick returned to Boston to study acoustic classical guitar and continue teaching. Gary's band, meanwhile, remains as a quartet and has been augmented on several recent dates by Eberhard Weber. The Burton ensemble's new recording is exclusively comprised of Carla Bley tunes and will be released by ECM in the spring, with a Metheny album featuring Burton drummer Bob Moses and bass guitarist Jaco Pastorious due from the same label some time before.

LOUIS CAN DIG IT

NASHVILLE—Drummer Louis Bellson recently stopped over in the country music capitol to do a free concert for members of the local musicians' union. Always an ambassador of good will, Louis mildly rebuked recent comments made by Buddy Rich and Stan Kenton, who have both been extremely vocal in their dislike of country western music.

Bellson proclaimed, "I can sit down and enjoy a country band . . . if they are doing it right and playing the instruments well. . . ." Needless to say, Nashville inhabitants warmed to Bellson's words.

Even Cecil Gasped

NEW YORK—"The last of the best," is how Barney Josephson describes stride pianist Joe Turner, who played the Cookery restaurant for eight weeks in January and February. Turner has been an expatriate for the past 28 years, living in France most of the time. His appearance at the Cookery has created something of a stir in New York. Earl "Fatha" Hines walked in on opening night and, with Turner's back toward him heard *Rosetta*. Neither of them spied each other prior to that moment and it wasn't until the song was concluded that Fatha made his presence known to him.

The remainder of Turner's program intermingled pop stuff such as *I Left My Heart In San Francisco*, and *Hello, Dolly!*, with standards like *Star Dust* and *Body And Soul*, plus the jazz items of Fats Waller, Erroll Garner, dixieland, Duke Ellington and Art Tatum. His forte hit its stride with *Carolina Shout*, *Ja-Da*, *Muskrat Ramble*, *Harlem Strut*, and the boogie woogie stylings he throws away as asides.

Turner is off the top as far as speed is concerned, but you know where he's been. As he stated at the outset of *Harlem Strut*, "It ain't easy. The new boys don't do it; it's out of their club."

To merely explain what kind of facility a stride pianist must possess would be superfluous. Your reporter sat next to Cecil Taylor, who was heard to gasp at varying intervals throughout the performance.

Latin Steam At Beacon

NEW YORK—The Beacon Theatre has been having its own renaissance, due to the current surge in jazz and Latin music. A recent outing featured the new, very jazz-oriented band of Bobby Rodriguez, Mongo Santamaria's band, and a reunion of three giants in their field: Santamaria, Willie Bobo and Cal Tjader.

JOSE HERNANDEZ

Hot Peppered Soul On Parade

The Rodriguez band captivated the audience with extended versions of Latin tunes and fine solo work by the leader on clarinet and flute, Al Dorsey on an acoustic-sounding electric piano, and the consistent underpinning of Felix Navarro on timbales and bongo.

Mongo's group did a short set, but stayed behind to back Tjader, Bobo and Santamaria as they romped through a quartet of tunes. Bobo made everything previous seem like child's play with his straightahead attack. No missed beats and no stick clicks here. Always busy, but never instrusive, he played the timbales as though it was second nature, which, at this point it probably is.

The opening number had Bobo doing flim-flams, paradiddles, off-the-cymbal snycopations and even some melodic timbale work.

The excitement generated by the musicians was picked up and tossed back by the overflow crowd. Mongo took an extended introductory solo on *Afro Blue* and launched another attack by Bobo on timbales, which had the audience threatening to riot.

Santamaria's group were on stage all this time merely to riff a bit here and there, but tenorman Roger Rosenberg took an extended solo on *Manteca*.

For old times' sake, one of the emcees was Symphony Sid Turin, who was formerly a jazz and Latin platter jock.

potpourri

John Klemmer recently performed with the **Milwaukee Symphony Student Association,** playing the third in a series of "Vibrations Unlimited Free Series." The session was conducted by **Edward Munn.**

●

Herbie Mann's recent twonighter with the **Tucson Symphony Youth Orchestra** included renditions of *Concerto Grosso In D Blues* and the Chopin-penned theme from *Cries And Whispers*. Mann and Family friend **Pat Rebillot** dedicated the number to "Liv Ullman's cheek bones." To appease funk fans who were less than pleased by the funkless repertoire, Mann and Company staged a free third concert for all dissatisfied ticket stub holders.

●

The World Of Jazz, with writings by **Leonard Feather, Nat Hentoff, Dan Morgenstern, Leonard Bernstein,** and others, has been updated in a new hardcover edition.

●

LaMont Johnson's *Symphony Number 2* was recently debuted at Whidney High School in Los Angeles during National Negro History Week. The pianist-composer's work, with multi-keyboard techniques on Moog and Arp synthesizers, can be heard on Masterscores Productions.

●

Michael Mantler is busy at work on a new album with **Carla Bley, Robert Wyatt,** and others.

●

Saxophonist **Tomas Ramirez,** formerly a member of **Jerry Jeff Walker** and the **Lost Gonzo Band,** has left the group to form a jazz unit called **Jazzmanian Devil.**

●

A new record label called **Jazzz Records** has been formed in Hollywood by former **db** editor **Jack Tracy** and record merchandiser/promotional consultant **Ray Lawrence.**

●

Charles Hansen Music has published the first in a projected series of jazz primers for children. The book is titled *Dr. Kazoo's First Book Of Jazz* and it offers a program that integrates technique and attitude for the young jazz neophyte. db

New Releases

New wax from Danish **SteepleChase** highlights **Mary Lou Williams** on *Free Spirits* and **Andrew Hill**, *Divine Revelation*.

•

Atlantic latecomers are *Aurora*, **Jean-Luc Ponty**; *Life And Times*, yet another from **Billy Cobham**; *That Is Why You're Overweight*, **Eddie Harris**; *Stone Alone*, **Bill Wyman**; *Locked In*, **Wishbone Ash**; *Trick Of The Tail*, **Genesis**; *Columbia Princeton Electronic Music Center*, six electronic compositions stressing the classical side; and the debut disc by Muscle Shoals wailer **Lenny LeBlanc.**

•

The latest from **Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone** include *King Cobra*, **Woody Herman**; *Since We Met*, **Bill Evans**; *The Afro-Eurasian Eclipse*, **Duke Ellington Orchestra**; *Amazonas*, **Cal Tjader**; *You Can Leave Your Hat On*, **Merl Saunders**; and *Chronicle*, **Creedence Clearwater.** db

Chi Folk Fest 16

CHICAGO—A warm, extracurricular celebration—that was the tone of the 16th Annual University of Chicago Folk Festival, held during Chicago's coldest winter weekend, January 30 through February 1.

Musicians from down-home spots all across the country were showcased in three evening concerts, a matinee, and informal morning workshops. Most of the performers put on credible shows, even those yanked from their familiar contexts to play in front of larger crowds than they'd seen before.

The diversity of offerings demonstrated how folk roots, both lyric and musical, that originated with one nationality or in one region have tangled to create a many-branched tree of American music. The Swedish Johnson Family fiddlers bowed like music box figurines, but played melodies akin to those songs resurrected from the old time string band repertoire by the Red Clay Ramblers. Bob Paisley, Ted Lundy, and their sons, the Southern Mountain Boys, picked on the same changes with bluegrass precision. The French Cajun Sundown Playboys did versions of harmonically related material with pedal steel guitar, fiddle, accordion and electric bass blending over simple two-step and waltz rhythms.

Blues guitarist Robert Lowrey linked the classic rural blues of Robert Johnson to Professor Longhair's gumbo rock in a concert set that featured one of the Professor's guitarists and his drummer. When the Bayou Boogieman himself took the stage, the largely student audience learned how little rock and roll has been doctored since Fess' early days.

At the morning sessions held all over Ida Noyes hall, Reverend Jim Howie sang pre-Civil War songs, Jay Round hammered a dulcimer, and Longhair played a solo set of boogie piano, followed by Chicago's own Sunnyland Slim and local favorite Erwin Helfer.

HAVEN IN THE STORM

NEW YORK—Quietly, and with little fanfare, an unusual series of concerts recently passed into its fourth year. The Town Hall Interludes provides an hour's worth of entertainment beginning at 5:45 nightly.

Funded originally by the New York State Council on the Arts and most recently by The American Savings Bank, these unique performances by masters of jazz, Broadway, television, cabaret, drama, dance, poetry, and just about every muse known to man or the gods, has cheered those work-weary homegoers that have cared to linger awhile.

Musically, the offerings have been culled from the likes of the Jazzmobile All Stars: Blossom Dearie, Marian McPartland, Jimmy Guiffre, Eubie Blake, Leon Bibb, Teddy Wilson, Billy Taylor, Bucky Pizzarelli, Jackie and Roy, Ellis Larkins, George Barnes, Dick Hyman, Bobby Hackett, Earl Hines, Odetta, Teresa Brewer, Sylvia Syms, Barbara Carroll, Dick Sudhalter, Theodore Bikel, Don Shirley, Teddi King, Larry Adler, Chris Connor, Chico Hamilton, and on and on. Songwriters Johnny Mercer, Irving Caesar, dancers Merce Cunningham, Twyla Tharp, and poetess Nikki Giovanni have also displayed their talents.

The series was produced by Candace Leeds in its initial years and is now under the guidance of Harriet Slaughter. Stop in on your way home . . . for a taste.

FINAL BAR

V. G. In Prime

Vince Guaraldi, San Francisco pianist/composer/arranger, died of a heart attack while resting between shows at Butterfield's Bar, where his band played frequently. He was 47.

Guaraldi entered the West Coast music scene as a student at San Francisco State College, later serving his apprenticeship with Cal Tjader and Woody Herman's band. He worked frequently with Bola Sete, and their *Samba De Orpheus* helped to usher the sound of Brazilian rhythms into Bay Area jazz. In the early '60s, the Vince Guaraldi Trio (Monte Budwig, bass; Colin Bailey, drums) recorded *Jazz Impressions Of Black Orpheus* for the then struggling Fantasy label. His composition *Cast Your Fate To The Wind* was sprung from that album as a single and won a Grammy. Over the years, he recorded ten albums for Fantasy.

In 1965 Guaraldi wrote a 68-voice choral mass which was performed and recorded at Grace Cathedral and which won praise from such diverse sources as *Time* magazine and Bishop James Pike. With Ralph J. Gleason, Guaraldi produced the film *Anatomy Of A Hit* for National Educational Television (station KQED). Most recently, Guaraldi, a long-time *Peanuts* fan, composed all the music for Schulz's *Charlie Brown* television shows.

Musicians, colleagues, and his sizable San Francisco following expressed shock at the news of his death. His reputation for "clean living" and little traveling seemed to make him an unlikely candidate for a heart attack. *—len lyons*

•

Mance Lipscomb, Texas songster who was one of the major and best loved figures of the blues revival of the last two decades, died Jan. 30, 1976, in Grimes Memorial Hospital, Navasota, Texas. He was 78 and had been ill for some time prior to his death.

Son of a fiddle-player who had been born a slave, Lipscomb was born April 9, 1895 and spent the greater part of his life in the Navasota area, where from age 11 he farmed the Brazos River bottomlands as a sharecropper. For a brief period in the mid-1950s he was employed by a Houston lumber firm but after a truck accident injured his spine and eyes, he returned to Navasota, where he bought land, built a home and worked as a tractor driver for a local contractor.

As a youngster of 14 Lipscomb took up guitar and within a few years was performing at country suppers, dances, frolics and other simple entertainments in the Brazos Valley region, a practice he was to follow for most of his life. He was discovered and first recorded in 1960 by Houston folksong scholar Mack McCormick and Arhoolie Records owner Chris Strachwitz, on whose label most of the performer's recordings have been issued. Over the following decade and a half Lipscomb became one of the most familiar and beloved performers on the national folksong performance circuit, appearing on numerous festival, concert and club stages, as well as being subject of a 44-minute film, *A Well Spent Life*, made by ethnographic filmmaker Les Blank.

Lipscomb was not just a blues singer but a representative of an older tradition of black folksong predating blues which embraced a broad variety of musical forms—narrative ballads, reels, breakdowns, drags and other country dance pieces, shouts, jubilees and blues, among others. Lipscomb chose to describe himself as a "songster," a term that aptly indicated the deep rich wellspring of black song and dance musics on which his appealing art drew so inexhaustively.

"Music runs in families," Lipscomb once said of his abilities. "Every one of my 10 brothers and sisters could play some kind of music, a portion of it, and according to what they liked about it they would hang onto it longer than the others. Some of them played it a little while and put it down, do other things. But I lived with the guitar all my life. That's my life, you see; I likes it."

Lipscomb is survived by his wife, Elnora, two sons, two daughters, a sister and a brother. *—pete welding*

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AVERAGE WHITE BAND:

Vanilla Soul

by Howard Mandel

Out of the mists of Dundee, Scotland, through fusion rock and British blues to discos and radio stations all over the United States, comes the Average White Band. On stage the band is led by charismatic singers/guitarists/bass players Hamish Stuart and Alan Gorrie. Onnie McIntyre is the steadying influence, unobtrusive as most rhythm guitarists, but essential to the full band sound. Stephen Ferrone, a black Britisher, has replaced the late Robbie McIntosh on drums.

AWB is completed by its own distinctive reed section, soloist Malcolm (Molly) Duncan on tenor, and Roger Ball, who got first composer's credit on their breakaway hit *Pick Up The Pieces*, playing keyboards as well as alto and baritone saxes. Roger and Molly seemed delighted to sit down with Herb Nolan (wearing his photographer hat) and me in a well-appointed suite before their Sunday night performance at Chicago's Auditorium Theater. Once they started talking there was little need to interrupt with questions; like most teams, they played best off each other, turning the interview into a conversation. The first thing Roger said was that he'd like to do a blindfold test.

Duncan: You'd get them all wrong.

Ball: Yes, of course I would. I'd get fooled by anything. But they're fun.

Mandel: Do you come mainly out of a jazz bag?

Duncan: We do, the two of us. But with the rest it varies. We're all heavily into r&b and the Motown hits of the '60s, because that's what was popular in Scotland.

Ball: Well, the Motown stuff was a big hit all over Britain, but the jazz. . . .

Duncan: We used to send down to London for records, or we'd swap with friends. There was a very crude selection in the shops, and we depended a lot on looking at the covers, since many of the shops didn't know anything about the music. Reading **down beat** helped.

AVERAGE WHITE BAND DISCOGRAPHY	
	CUT THE CAKE—Atlantic 18140
	AWB ("The White Album")—Atlantic 7308
	PUT IT WHERE YOU WANT IT—MCA 475

Ball: Jazz was not particularly popular, but it had an enthusiastic, small following. Like somebody would get the new album by Wayne Shorter and we'd all get together and hear it. . . .

Duncan: Both of us were clarinet players when we started, with school bands. Sometimes we'd try some jazz things. We didn't know each other until art college. Roger had just switched to alto and I'd just switched to tenor. We were the only two people who liked John Coltrane.

Ball: I was in a Johnny Hodges phase at that time.

Duncan: I went straight off the deep end; this guy was playing me *Straight No Chaser* off the Milestone album with Cannonball and Coltrane and I just said, "That's *it*. Saxophone, please."

Ball: We used to see Basie's band, Ellington's band, Woody Herman's band. The big bands came through on tour. If there was really someone special playing, we'd try to make the effort to go down to London to see them.

Duncan: Scotland doesn't really compare to the U.S. or to London because there aren't any "clubs" . . . we'd play pubs. Sunday night was jazz night, and sometimes Saturday lunch, and the rest of it you'd just play whatever gigs you could do. Cocktail music, dance bands, anything. In London we ended up for a short spell on the session scene, just playing horns for other people. Now Roger does all our horn arrangements himself.

Ball: Last album we just had the two horns together; we wanted to keep that album *(Cut The Cake)* restricted basically to the six in the band. But on the white album we used Michael and Randy Brecker, Marvin Stamm and Mel Davis on trumpets, and Glenn Ferris on trombone. Great section. Good fun. Unfortunately, the brass was overdubbed so it's not quite as big a fun . . . it could have been incredible live. It was curious writing parts for these guys who I've heard for ages, who I really respect as musicians, and here I was in the studio trying to tell these guys what to do. We'd just signed with Atlantic and we were in their studios in New York, and Arif Mardin was producing—we were doing a whole number! A good experience, of course.

Mandel: And the MCA album?

Ball: It's similar in several ways to the white album. It's more basic.

It's when the band was just starting. The recording isn't as sophisticated.

Duncan: We recorded it ourselves in a little studio in London, on an 8 track machine.

Ball: We had difficulty finding a producer in those days. Rather than have someone we didn't like, we decided to just do it ourselves. I can listen to it now; it still sounds a little crude but it's got a good, healthy sound to it. It's always difficult to put on your last albums and be able to live with them, you know?

Duncan: Both Allan and Hamish were into singing the Motown hits, and we had played a few of them, and some James Brown stuff. He was a big idol. And that was really the common ground for the band. We used to jam places together, various combinations of people, and when we were all in London we decided to give it a try. It felt good.

Ball: This is when we went into the studio, everybody with different influences, no preconceived idea of what the band should sound like. Now, musically speaking, we can do anything we like. Our musical guide, so to speak, is Arif Mardin. He is really enthusiastic about developing the music all the time. They are obviously a company, and Atlantic wants to sell records, but I think the next album that we record will be a bit different. We have some new ideas happening that are a lot more adventurous harmonically—not in terms of adding instruments or electronics or anything—just in terms of the basic music.

Duncan: There are different things we've never developed with the band, different combinations of instruments. Hamish and Alan both play guitar *and* bass, Roger does keyboards *and* saxophones, and some synthesizer. . . .

Ball: On the records. I've often wondered about it live. It's a hell of an instrument to get together, to use effectively in our format; it's very difficult. I'm going to buy one at the end of our next tour, and spend some time working on it. What I fancy is an Arp Axxe. On the album, it's used basically to fill out a bass line, or where strings might be used. It's hardly noticeable at all, but there are a lot of things that you barely notice on the albums. See, a lot of our songs come from jams we have during rehearsals. We just sort of get grooves going, and put them down. Everybody then goes off and plays around with that, getting ing just two notes. Subtle, so individual. And I used to like Wayne Shorter a lot in the Art Blakey bands, with Lee Morgan, Freddie Hubbard. I really like that period of music.

Duncan: Yeah, that's what we would attempt to play in Scotland in the early days. Steaming quintets and sextets.

Nolan: The Blue Note era.

Duncan: I think the only band of that lot I ever *saw* was Horace Silver's, with Junior Cook. The Crusaders are another band that we like. I think the whole band likes the Crusaders a lot. Everybody in the band, everybody in the Crusaders. Marvin Gaye has made a big impression on what we do, too.

Ball: The jazz field is really opening out. Recently, I think it's been great. It seems to be ever since the electric piano became popular. The whole thing has changed around a little bit. Now it's good to see these guys making a good living. And then, like Marvin Gaye: his last two albums have been fantastic. Just so immaculately done. Beautiful songs, the singing is immaculate, the playing is fantastic; the whole album from beginning to end is like a real nice, professional job. It gets me off.

Duncan: I don't know about here, but in Britain it used to be, "Well, he's a soul singer, and *he's* a jazz player, and *he's* a rock player." It was all cut off, really horrible. That doesn't seem to be, or ever have been, so bad over here.

Nolan: Here it gets into all sorts of cultural things. . . .

Ball: Yes, I saw Les McCann on the television and he was saying what a shame it is that jazz is America's only real basic culture, and people are really unaware of it, in fact they are more aware of it in England or our countries than they are here. It seems to be neglected to a great extent. And there are so many brilliant musicians in the States it's just mindboggling.

Nolan: In the last few years, things have begun to open up. Some people who've been around a long time are beginning to receive some attention. Turrentine, for instance. People like Creed Taylor have something to do with that; sharp production, advertising, having good musicians in the studio.

Ball: It wouldn't be enough for me to just play with different musi-

"There's nothing that we play that's so complicated. It's just played in time and played in tune; but the simplest thing is the most difficult thing to do. . . . It's more complicated, the chords and all, than most rock material; but for a jazz musician it's a piece of cake."

their idea to develop along with the song. We really don't work fast. In the studio we're pretty strict with ourselves and we don't spend a lot of time, but before we get into the studio we spend a lot of time on rehearsing, changing the structure of the songs.

Duncan: Some of the songs we play have plenty of room for stretching out, but most of them are very solid.

Ball: Yet the numbers change all the time; they develop.

Duncan: Sure. We're still doing one number off the MCA album, but it has changed. Dramatically.

Ball: Just over the course of time. You keep hearing new stuff, you want to incorporate new stuff. . . .

Duncan: You have to keep trying to improve as individuals, as well. . . .

Ball: Molly's been practicing a bit lately. . . .

Duncan: It comes from being in America, seeing that people really *are* that good. We toured with the Breckers when they played with Cobham, and that guy Dave Sanborn they've got as an alto player, as far as I'm concerned he just came out of the blue. I got the shock of my life. Made me want to go home and give up.

Duncan: We were fortunate enough to see Cannonball in 1974, which was great because we'd been listening to him for so many years on record. As far as my personal favorites go, I've seen nearly every one of them. The Breckers and Sanborn, that team from New York . . . just gigging around you'll see George Coleman, Sonny Fortune. . . . We saw McCoy Tyner recently, with a cat that plays some Coltrane. . . .

Nolan: Azar Lawrence. He's a young cat, too, 24. . . .

Duncan: What? What did you say?

Ball: He's fantastic. He's got Coltrane down, and he's got his own thing, too. He seems to be at a point where he can really develop.

Duncan: We saw Turrentine, and he sounds like what we'd call "pea soup."

Ball: Turrentine—for the kind of music we play, he's like the governor. I know he's not a "soul" player—if one has to categorize people—but he's got that way of playing that is so natural and so powerful, and he just sounds so much like himself . . . you can tell that guy after hearcians in the studio or even onstage; I really think you have to be a band. I think that is the best way of developing the music to the peak of your abilities. The sum total of a band is more powerful than each individual.

Duncan: When you're working with people—when I do at least—I can develop just automatically.

Mandel: How long have you been together?

Duncan: We've been together 11 or 12 years.

Ball: From dinner-dance type setups, to playing bars, to this completely insane band.

Duncan: I remember playing with one leader, he played a 12-bar theme, then proceeded to play a 16-bar sequence during the song when we were soloing. The first couple of nights we didn't know what was going on—we were going bananas. And then we realized he thought that was right and so did the rest of the band.

Mandel: So you're committed to the band idea for a while?

Duncan: I don't see any reason why we shouldn't be. When you're lucky enough to be in a position to work for a long time, there's no reason to get into your head thoughts of retiring. That's the great advantage of any kind of commercial success.

Ball: It's good because now we get to record in the best conditions, and we're working with the best engineers in the world, the best producers in the world, the best equipment. There are no excuses, mind you.

Duncan: It takes a hell of a worry off you. There's money available, there's some time, too.

Ball: I'd hate to get sloppy. I'd hate to go into the studio and not work. Arif is very demanding as well. One of the numbers on the record we do on stage, but we do it in a different key. He just said, 'It's not right for the singers, try it down a tone, okay? Alright . . . one, two, one two three . . .' And you're off in a different key . . . he's not aware of any limitations. In a musical sense he's very demanding.

Duncan: Alan and Hamish both play bass; of course, they got a lot from those Motown hits. And then Robbie (McIntosh) of course, he was the first drummer, he was absolutely dedicated to making it funky,

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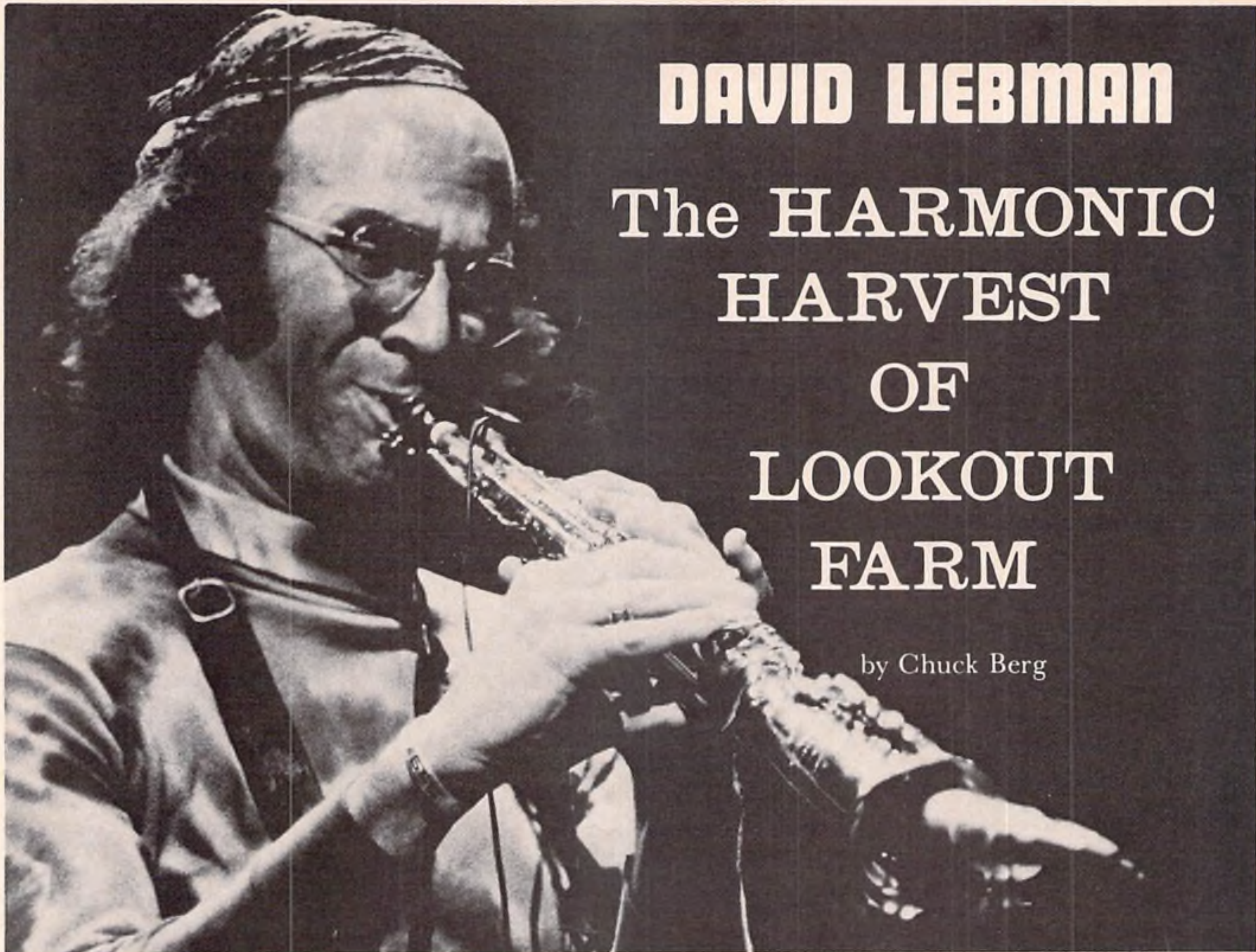


DAVID LIEBMAN

The HARMONIC HARVEST OF LOOKOUT FARM

by Chuck Berg

David Liebman is emerging as one of the important saxophonists/flutists in the pantheon of contemporary music. After an apprenticeship, including gigs with Ten Wheel Drive, Pete LaRoca, John McLaughlin, Elvin Jones, and Miles Davis, Liebman has embarked on his career's second phase as a leader and artist of integrity and independent direction.

As for his music with Lookout Farm (which includes pianist Richie Beirach, bassist Frank Tusa, drummer Jeff Williams, and percussionist Badal Roy), Liebman's liner notes for *Sweet Hands* state: "The music I've been involved with since forming Lookout Farm attempts to create a space in time that represents a balance between contrasting elements: light and dark textures, miniature 'cameo' statements and longer-evolved compositions, acoustic and electric sounds, jazz, rock, Latin, Indian, and free accents and idioms. Each tune, each album, each period of development is striving for a total expression—to create a complete experience for the listener."

Liebman personally projects an intensity and depth that matches his music. Dave alternately reflects quick spontaneity and analytic introspection by ranging from sharp monosyllabic responses to protracted Joycean disquisitions. Simultaneously restless and serene, Liebman is a complex mosaic of contrasting dimensions.

We met at Dave's Lexington Avenue studio, which reveals his almost total absorption in music. A baby grand, a set of traps, flutes, assorted recording equipment, and shelves of records and tapes are the more obvious signs. My first question for the articulate, 29-year-old, Brooklyn-born woodwind specialist concerned his development as a musician.

Liebman: My mother has some musical background and insisted that I take piano lessons. So I took piano before I had an instrument of my own choice. Later, I started listening to rock and roll—I was a very avid AM radio fan—and I really liked the saxophone players. That's what I wanted to do. So I got into saxophones.

There was a music school in Brooklyn where I went on Saturday mornings for saxophone lessons, piano, and a dance band workshop. There was a young guy teaching who was going to Juilliard and in between classes he would play jazz and I'd think, "Oh, far out." But the first real gigs happened when I was 14 and started working hotels in the Catskills. After the gigs, the guys would really play. I heard a lot of music up there which made me realize there was something more to be done on the instrument.

In high school I started rehearsing with a lot of very musical people, and we played dances and club dates and slowly started getting into jazz. A good friend from that period was a piano player named Mike Garson who now plays with David Bowie. But the first heavy influence was Bob Moses. He was already playing and knew a lot of musicians. So I started hanging out with him. At Moses' loft I met a lot of musicians and started getting down to business. I also started listening to Coltrane. That's when I was about 16 or 17.

Berg: What happened after high school?

Liebman: I went to New York University and majored in American history. I graduated with a teaching license, a substitute license, which meant that I went into the schools each day to teach whatever they needed. That's the way I was earning a living before getting the steady gig with Ten Wheel Drive. Before that I was just playing club dates and dances.

Berg: Why did you major in American history and not music?

Liebman: I started out in music, but I decided that the academic training and regimen, though it was very good, was not really what I wanted. It was taking away a great amount of time from learning to play my axe, time which I felt I couldn't afford. It would've meant hours and hours of listening, especially since they gave me a required listening list on the first day for all four years. To me it was awesome. I got discouraged. So I went into a field that I had always liked—history—with the thought that I could get something where I could make some money while I was getting my music together.

Berg: Apparently Coltrane was a major influence. What dimensions of his playing were pivotal for you?

Liebman: Really, his whole approach—the lines, the use of harmonics, the sound he got from the bottom of the horn to the top. There

was a quality in his music, a melancholy quality, that attracted me very much. The other big influence was Sonny Rollins, so it was like two opposite things attracting me. But hearing Coltrane live, especially with Elvin and the things they'd get into, just made me feel like I wanted to play that kind of music. That was the inspiration. Eventually I studied all of Coltrane's different periods—when he was with Miles, the quartet with Elvin and McCoy, and the late '60s—and each period influenced me a great deal.

Berg: What was Ten Wheel Drive like?

Liebman: It was a kind of Blood, Sweat and Tears/Chicago offshoot. We played a lot in the New York area and had five horns, rhythm, and a singer. For a rock band it was pretty loose, but there really wasn't that much room. I read the parts and soloed a bit and when they needed a jazz solo, I was the jazz soloist. But I enjoyed the band from a lot of other standpoints. It was the first time I'd traveled as a musician and was part of a group experience. I really felt I was part of the music scene. It was paying off, it was worthwhile, there was something in it. We were performing for people who really wanted to hear what we did. And it got me into rock and roll a great deal because I was surrounded by rock and roll musicians. So, by putting jazz down for a minute, I learned.

My apprenticeship has followed a certain course, in that I next went with Elvin and got grounded in the bebop tradition. Then with Miles it was funk music, which is like another version, another dimension of rock. And now Lookout Farm is, in a way, an offshoot of all of them. It's been an interesting process. But that job with Ten Wheel Drive was my first period of being on my own and being a musician and playing and getting deeply involved with music. It was a really good thing.

Berg: There's something about getting hooked up with your first solid group experience that changes your head, that causes you to really think of yourself as a musician, as an artist.

Liebman: Yeah. You change your whole opinion of yourself. It was also important because it afforded me the freedom to start playing more sessions and gigs. That's when I started playing with Pete LaRoca, which was really the first major jazz experience I had. Playing with Pete and people like Chick Corea, Steve Swallow, and Dave Holland was fantastic.

Berg: A group that you were instrumental in forming is Open Sky. What is its background?

Liebman: Open Sky has to do with my association with Bob Moses, which as I mentioned, goes back a long way. We formed the group around '68 or '69 and the body of the music is partially his and partially mine. As with Pete's band, the bass player was switched up quite a bit. Swallow played with us for awhile. And then Frank Tusa. Now, we're doing it again with Swallow.

For me and Moses, Open Sky is where we get together when we play, the level where we communicate. We've played in other bands together, but this is music that's really between us. It's totally different from anything either of us plays with anyone else and it's something I want to keep going because I like playing with Moses. Also, the music is quite different from Lookout Farm. Someday I hope we can get a tour for Open Sky.

Berg: A review of an Open Sky album mentions your clarinet playing. But I've never heard you play any clarinet.

Liebman: Clarinet was my first instrument along with piano. You know, teachers always advise you to start on clarinet because it's harder and you have to double on it. It might be one of the most unique instruments I play, in the sense that I don't have an approach that's as identifiable as the others, but I certainly don't play clarinet too well. It's quite a hard instrument and I've never found it conducive to my approach to jazz.

Berg: Let me ask you about Lookout Farm. Where does the name come from?

Liebman: From a place in upstate New York in the Catskills where there's an actual place called Lookout Farm. It belongs to an artist, Eugene Gregan, who painted the cover for *Drum Ode* and Richie's album, *Eon*. He's also doing the cover for our duet album coming out on Horizon (Liebman's and Beirach's *Forgotten Fantasies*). He's a very good friend, very inspirational, and an important person in my life and Richie's. We had spent some very good times there, around the period of the formation of the band. I wrote this particular tune for the band up there and called it *Lookout Farm*. At that point it was most representative of our style. So, we decided to call the band Lookout Farm.

Berg: One of the titles on *Sweet Hands* is *Napanoch*.

Liebman: That's the town where Lookout Farm is.

Berg: When did Lookout Farm actually come together?

Liebman: Well, in the formal sense, the first time we played was after I had left Miles in April '74. But it really formed quite a few years before that because we knew each other, rehearsed, and really played together. I knew Richie and Frank for a long, long time. And then when Jeff came to New York, we got in with him. We met Badal from a recording we did with John McLaughlin, and from the gig with Miles. So, the music is built up on long associations. We've played together in different groups and have jammed at many, many loft sessions, playing everything from free music and bebop to rock and roll. That's why our music has such variety. It's all out of different styles because we really play in these different styles with each other and in different contexts. For example, Richie and Frank have worked with Lee Konitz and Jeff and Richie with Stan Getz. So it's all mixed together in a very long association.

Berg: What about Miles? You were with him for a year and a half. What went on? What did you get from that association?

Liebman: Well, I learned how to lead a band. I mean, I'd never been with a horn player of that stature, or even a horn player who was a leader. It was a physical kind of thing that I could see and feel much more easily than playing with people like Pete LaRoca, Elvin, or Chick, or anybody who has strong energy on their instrument and in the band. It's like a physical kind of presence that has to do with the way you bring the energy of the rhythm section into you. You're the center and you bring it that way with musical devices as well as with very physical things like waving your arm.

Berg: What musical devices?

Liebman: Rhythm. Plain rhythm. You can play lines, linear types of lines and melodic lines, that flow over the time and rhythm. But if you point off your lines by stopping and going with a particular kind of rhythmic idea, maybe a staccato figure, you tie in the rhythm section in a very quick way. You make them come to you very quickly.

Miles is a master at this. He plays one note and everybody gathers to that note, or he plays something and lets the band take it from there. He said, "Don't finish your idea; let *them* finish it," and "End your solo before you're done." In other words, leave it at the top. Before, I would always take it through a cycle, up and down, like Coltrane. But Miles creates an overall mood where each solo is just a little part of a larger picture.

That's how we play in Lookout Farm. For the most part, there's nothing between tunes, you know. It goes from one tune into another because it gives the feeling of a whole general mood. The set becomes a little trip that you're going through, a voyage that will never be repeated again. And I really go for that. Of course, you have to know what you want a piano player, a drummer, a bass player to do that will support what you're playing. You have to be pretty precise with your instructions. Miles was precise, but in a very abstract way. He didn't say play D7 and four beats here and that's it. He would leave it to you to fill in the gaps, but give you enough of a suggestion so that you had a place to start.

Berg: How do *you* do it?

Liebman: I might play something for them. Like when we compose, we don't really write much of it out with specific parts. I just give them the feeling of the tune; a bass line, chords, or a rhythm if I want a certain kind of mood. After that, everyone is free to do what they want over it. In other words, the only thing that makes one song different from another is the center or structure of the improvisation: that is, the chord changes, or a mode, or a melody, or a rhythm. You know there's a harmonic way of thinking about it, a melodic way, and a rhythmic way, and each song has its specific center, which is really its essence. This is especially true if it's an original song, because you wrote it with that in mind. So the thing is to give that essence to the musicians without creating their parts for them. There are very few places where there's a certain thing that has to happen. Most of it happens as I signal it and call it in, which is the thing that I saw with Miles.

When I finish playing, I am as much in-

continued on page 40

SELECTED LIEBMAN DISCOGRAPHY

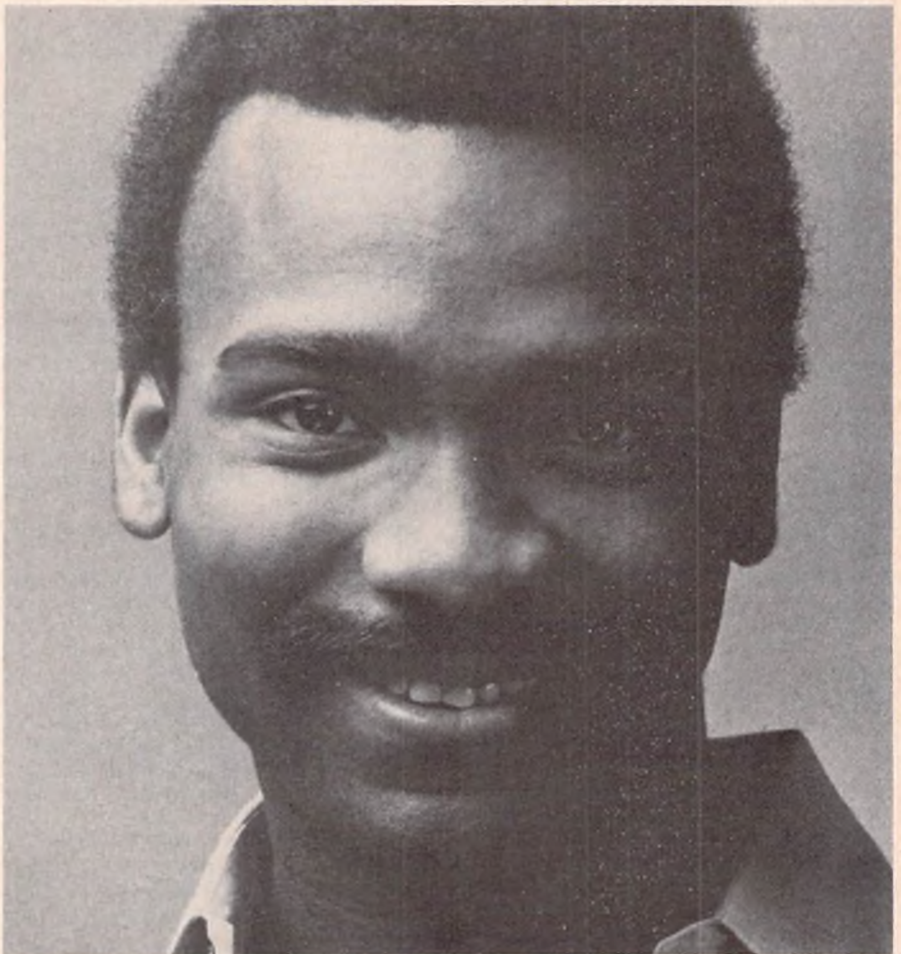
OPEN SKY—PMR-001
LOOKOUT FARM—ECM 1039
DRUM ODE—ECM 1046
SWEET HANDS—Horizon SP-702
FORGOTTEN FANTASIES—Horizon (to be released)

"The model for me was Coltrane's group. It was strong musically, of course, but besides music, it had a style . . . They didn't talk to each other. After all, what was there for them to say to each other after they had played together night after night?"

Pressurized Funk On The Prowl

RONNIE LAWS

by Lee Underwood



The meager opening night student crowd at San Diego State University's Back Door club patiently waited for Ronnie Laws to appear for his first set. Already, Laws was almost an hour late. Comic Franklin Ajaye had just finished his act, and now Eugene Mingus, Laws' road manager, hurriedly arranged the drums, amps and mikes on stage.

The gum-chewing collegiates lay back on the floor and listened to piped-in rock Muzak. A few rested their heads on pillows they had brought themselves. Some drifted back to the health food bar at the far end of the long, high-ceilinged room and drank carrot juice, while others chatted together on the wooden folding chairs propped against the wall drapes.

Backstage, in a high-ceilinged converted conference room, Ronnie Laws quietly but quickly unpacked his alto, tenor and soprano saxophones. Worn, preoccupied, and distinctly nervous, he merely nodded hello to his cheerful guitarist, Roland Bautista, who earlier in the day had arrived (on time) at the Howard Johnson Motel.

Ignoring the musicians and the other people in the room, Ronnie adjusted his neck strap, faced the wall, closed his eyes, and attempted to immerse himself in a series of warm-up scales. He obviously did not want to talk.

Pianist Bobby Lyle, however, smiled broadly. Formerly with Sly Stone, he was no stranger to interviewers, and he definitely looked ready for tonight's gig.

"Back home in Minneapolis," he said, sitting in a chair and stretching his fingers by pressing them against a table's edge, "I did everything there was to do. I played with the symphony, I worked with the Young-Holt trio from 1972-1974, I played on radio, and I did concerts with my own group. The summer of '74, I decided I had to go either East or West. I decided West, because out here they got the movies and television. I hope to get into film scoring."

Tony Ben, the bearded conga player, whose musical life conflicts with his narcotics parole officer job, wrapped tape around his fingers. "I remember when I was a little kid, my father gave me my first set of bongos for a present. Yeah, they cost $22.50, and he had them all wrapped up nice. When I opened them, however, I opened them upside down. I thought they were a pair of wooden flower pots. Yeah!" he laughed. "But I was grateful, man. I was grateful."

"'Bout ready?" barked road manager Mingus.

Ronnie nodded, the horn still in his mouth.

"Three minutes!" And Mingus, son of Charles, vanished again.

Ronnie and Pressure mounted the stage. With his eyes closed and his horn held straight out in front of him, Laws stood woodenly still while he played. He wore a commonplace green shirt and slightly rumpled beige pants.

The sound swirled, obliterating Roland's guitar licks, Bobby Lyle's keyboard extravaganzas, Kent Brinkley's bass lines, Tony Ben's congas and Ronnie's own strained horn lines. Even Steve Gutierrez's usually crisp drumming sounded mushy and muddled. The mix was terrible.

Laws opened the set with *Nothing To Lose* and closed with the hit single, *Always There*, both from his new album, *Pressure Sensitive*, the largest selling debut record in Blue Note's history (approaching 300,000 copies to date).

Pouring energy through his horn, Ronnie tried hard, but ultimately failed to sail. The funk was there, but the spirit limped, wheezed, and all but faded completely away.

"We were late for the gig. We didn't have a sound check, and we were tired," he said. "I was extremely tired last night, extremely. We drove the whole trip from L.A. on the narrow, no-shoulder back roads of California. Somebody said they knew a short cut. But I'd never heard of it. I hate driving to an engagement. Driving is so outdated.

"We play with a lot of energy, but to try to exert that much energy on stage after a trip like that is ridiculous. They used to do that in the old days, but I'm spoiled. We didn't have time to come in and rest for an hour."

Guitarist Roland Bautista tried, too, firing out his highly electronic psychedelic funk licks, dancing his James Brown steps across the stage, at one point briefly picking his guitar with his teeth, the way he used to do with the Checkmates and Earth, Wind and Fire.

"A lot of people get spaced out when they see me dance like that or play the guitar with my teeth or behind my head," said Roland. "They usually eat it up, and that's partly why I do it, but the real reason is because it's a feeling. I don't do it when I don't feel like doing it. But when I *do* feel like doing it, I do it.

"Nobody has been critical of me because of my stage presence. Let's face it, man, in any band I've ever been in, I just stick out. The way I play is independent. I want to be a

voice, so I attack the instrument that way.

"With age and maturity—I'm 24—I have learned to relate that stage energy to the other musicians and use it as communication, but the initial thing is that it's a voice by itself, and I want it to be heard."

The second set drew a few moro people, but neither Ronnie, nor Roland, nor Bobby Lyle, a showman in his own right, could break the barrier of listlessness. The sparse, nearly all-white crowd moderately enjoyed themselves, but nothing truly ignited. Basic bust. Bummer.

It was not only because they were tired, however, or because the sound wasn't balanced properly. Just the week before, Laws and the group had played the big, posh room at Concerts At The Grove in L.A.'s Ambassador Hotel. Fame had already begun to lick her lips, pout, and make demands. Today the Grove, tomorrow the Back Door, next week maybe Carnegie Hall, or Europe, or oblivion. Pressure.

P*ressure Sensitive* is the name of the album. Pressure is the name of the group. "It relates in part to the obstacles I had to overcome in getting enough support to get a record date. Money. That's what all the hassles with the managers and lawyers and the record companies came down to. Money," Ronnie said, shifting uncomfortably in his motel room chair the next afternoon.

"I used to practice at least four or five hours a day, and I could stand six feet away from the microphone and still sound big and fat on my horn. All those business hassles took away from the music for awhile and diminished my artistry. But I'm back at it now, I feel better.

"We just finished the second record. It has much more music on it, and it's also much more musical. I think a lot of people are going to say, 'Wow, I didn't know he could play like that!' They're going to be surprised.

"I was very, very nervous for the first record, and there was a lot of excitement. We didn't know whether it was going to happen or not. I was playing with knots in my stomach.

"I'm a very, very emotional person, very sensitive—*very* sensitive. Sometimes I've been accused of being an extremist, I'm so sensitive to other people's attitudes and to bad vibes. I don't get crazy around bad vibes, but I'm not as outgoing as I perhaps should be. I don't project as much as I can. If I feel bad about things around me, it's very hard for me to function, but if I feel good, I can really play." Ronnie smiled again.

"People are definitely going to be surprised with the new album. However, Pressure and *Pressure Sensitive* mean more than that. It includes everybody. From the smallest person to the greatest, we're all under pressure. Even though Howard Hughes is a billionaire, he still has to get up in the morning and look in the mirror and see himself getting old. The whole world is more or less in that state—pressure sensitive."

"One of the hardest things to do in the act of creation is to subject yourself to criticism," I said. "One writer talked about your lack of innovation, and another spoke of your 'aw-gosh personality.'"

"Criticism doesn't bother me if it's constructive," he replied. "If the critic is accurate in his facts and opinions, then I'm in favor of criticism. But no critic needs to tell me if I need to improve, or if the group needs to improve, because I'm never satisfied with any performance, and I'm never satisfied with my playing. We're all on a level where we know where we need improvement.

"As for being innovative, that takes awhile. We're just getting recognized in this business. We're still young, and we're still developing and maturing. That's what I mean when I say I know within myself the growth that's needed."

Is innovation all that important?

"I think innovation is very important. Any field is more exciting when there is a new voice present. I can't stand to see people imitating other groups or artists. It's like everybody wearing the same colors or the same shirt or the same suit of clothes. There is much more beauty when there are different colors. Being an innovator adds to the color."

At the same time, you're working within a funk syndrome that is pretty common right now.

"That's true, but you still don't have that many jazz-oriented musicians who can do that and do it well. They play at it, but they can't really play it."

I've never seen you take even one step to either side of the microphone. Do you feel that physical movement of any kind smacks of rock and roll theater, or are you perhaps just a bit shy?

"It could be a touch of shyness. This is the first time I've ever fronted my own group for major audiences. And being somewhat shy may be part of my nature, not to the point of being sickly about it. I've just never been a flashy person—diamond rings on my fingers, the type of entertainer that some people put up as gods. You know—'If he breathes twice my way, I'm blessed!' Maybe I'm afraid of even thinking about projecting that kind of image. Maybe that's what holds me back."

When Freddie Hubbard wasn't soloing, he would stand back, or scowl, as if he were going to snarl at people. He didn't feel free to be himself. He thought he might appear to be a phoney.

"I would feel free to be myself if I could maintain the same relaxed state of mind on stage as I have in this room. Still, you're not going to find any great entertainers who are totally relaxed on stage, because once you get relaxed, it's all over."

That's apathy. I mean relaxed in such a way that if you want to give that horn a twist, or if you want to dance, you feel free to do so, without being wracked by self-consciousness.

"There's a lot of things involved. You wonder if you're looking right, or sometimes you just may feel awkward. You suddenly realize that a lot of people are looking at you, a *lot* of people. They're looking at everything on you, the way you blink your eyes, the way you speak, everything. It takes awhile to get over that shyness, and that comes with maturity."

You're involved with the Jehovah's Witnesses, aren't you?

"Yes. Originally, I was a Baptist, but I've been studying the Bible seriously since I was 18. Being a Jehovah's Witness basically means getting involved with an accurate, systematic study of the Bible. That's all they do. They study the Bible—if you want to, you can use the term 'religiously.' Religion simply means a way of life.

"I recognize the Source of Life. If I want to live life in a satisfying way, then I have to keep my life in harmony with that Source, the Creator. If a person disconnects himself from that Source, then he'll suffer the consequences for following that course. But if he knows where he can get energy, then he connects himself with that and keeps himsef in harmony with it.

"Being a Jehovah's Witness has helped me put music in its proper perspective, namely, that music is a talent, a gift that I've been given, but it is not my God.

"Some people worship music. I love music, but it doesn't rule and govern my household. I use it, I love it, and I make a living with it, but that's where it ends. It doesn't determine the way I treat my wife, Karmen, or handle my three kids, or how I get along with people."

In all of the reviews that I've read, the writers say 'Ronnie Laws,' immediately following with, 'Hubert's brother.' How have you dealt with this?

"In my earlier stages, that bothered me. But as I mature more, the resentment is gradually disappearing. I mean, when you're out there by yourself, you have to stand on your own ground. I may have to play with him sometime on the same billing. I can't afford to have any sort of inferiority complex. I can't have that.

"By the same token, such comparisons are good. They keep me on my toes. Hubert is like a goal for me as far as progressing as a musician. He is one of those people I look toward as being an ideal musician. I think he's an exceptional, phenomenal musician, not just because he's my brother, either. I think anybody in this business would recognize that without any question. What he has done on flute puts him in a class all by himself."

One of eight children, Ronnie Laws, 25, was born in Houston, Texas, October 3, 1950. "At home, the atmosphere was music," he recalled, leaning his athletic frame back in his chair. "Records were playing; my sister Eloise was practicing her singing—she's now a professional; and my brother Hubert was always practicing his flute. It was like walking into the practice studios at music school."

He attended Robert E. Lee High School, where he was "the first black to get into the music department." He was an outstanding baseball batter and outfielder, "and I was also very athletic playing alto sax in the marching band," he chuckled. "I loved sports, and I still love them. Sometimes, I look at football games and say, 'Wow, I wish I was out there with them.'"

Ronnie's father, Hubert Sr., "worked at a very early age. He wasn't afforded the opportunity to go to school and get a good education. He also got married at an early age, so he had to keep working—two jobs. He was a porter at one time, and he's always been an excellent mechanic.

"Things were never rough at home, however. He made it easy for us. I never felt any pressures at all, even though I knew they were there. Neither my mother nor my father demanded that we play music or sports. We were always free to choose whatever we wanted to pursue. My mother was a little stronger on encouraging us to go into music."

After learning *Misty* on the alto saxophone from his brother-in-law, Ronnie joined the junior high school band, where he began to study in earnest. He was greatly influenced by David "Fathead" Newman's renditions of *Willow Weep For Me* and *Hard Times*.

Turning down $18,000 worth of scholarships, including offers from the Berklee School of Music in Boston and North Texas State, Ronnie left high school and attended Stephen F. Austin State University in Nacogdoches, Texas, where he got "more personal care and attention, instead of being just one of a number of many, many talented people."

After two years in college, he married Kar-

men and moved to Los Angeles, initially gigging with a Top 40 rock group called Von Ryan's Express. He played three concerts with Quincy Jones, recorded with ex-Charlie Parker pianist Walter Bishop, and then joined Earth, Wind and Fire. Along with Roland Bautista, he toured with EW&F and recorded their first Columbia LP with them, *Last Days In Time*. "That was a good experience," Ronnie said, "one that had a lot to do with my concept now."

And what is that concept?

"I really don't know what my concept is now. It's just playing music that is appealing to me and the guys in the group, projecting it to the people we play for. Some people label it jazz or rock or whatever. Why don't they just accept the man and his music?

"People would be a lot better off if they stopped labeling things. The art form of jazz is suffering because of that label. When younger people hear the term jazz, they immediately turn off. But if they just listened to the music itself, they would say, 'Wow! That's heavy!' The *word* gets between the audience and the music."

Your funky rhythm spoon-feeds physical feeling to people. The moment you and the others begin improvising, however, the music becomes fairly sophisticated. By starting from a premise the audience can relate to, and moving into more complicated areas, are you using jazz to educate people?

"Sure. Jazz is a form of education. So is classical. It just depends on where you're coming from. In some rock groups today, for example, you hear the flavor of country-western music, but if you say, 'This is country-western music,' you may turn some people off. Young people don't even care what it is. Feeling good just freaks them out. As far as music is concerned, that should be the primary goal—to reach people. That's why music is called the universal language."

What is to prevent you from reducing your music to the lowest possible common denominator and reaching as many people as Alice Cooper?

"You have to be able to draw the line of demarcation for yourself and say, 'This is where I stand.' What a person will or won't do has to be in accord with his own tastes. There are some foods I may never develop a taste for. It's the same way with music. There are some things I'll never be interested in.

"It's important for me to play music that appeals to people, but it must also be music that I like myself. You can't give of yourself if you don't care what you're doing, or if you have no respect at all for the music or the people you're playing for.

"That's bad to do that. That's one of the reasons the world is in such turmoil. Everybody clings to fads. They go for what's hip today, instead of being true and honest with themselves."

When you draw a line of demarcation, that implies certain standards of "good" and "bad" music.

"When the musician becomes more involved in the theatrics of music than in the music itself, that degrades the music. If it's 70% theatrics and 30% just halfway playing the music, you're cheating the people.

"If they want to go see a show, then they'll go see somebody like Alice Cooper. But if they want to listen to music, then they'll go hear Miles Davis or someone else like that who they enjoy.

"Jazz is like any other form of music. Unless a person is educated or has some roots in it, then it's like Greek to you. It's foreign."

I was talking with somebody the other day who maintained that if you had to be educated in order to enjoy any particular work of art, then that work of art basically wasn't worthwhile. Either it has universality, or it doesn't. It either reaches you, or it doesn't. If somebody has to be educated to appreciate it, then that work is of secondary value.

"I don't know about that. Maybe education becomes confused with just being exposed. Many times when a person is simply exposed to something, that exposure sheds a new light on what he has previously been missing. Whether he likes it or not is up to him, but at least he has been exposed to it. Maybe that's the word we're looking for. Maybe jazz is not getting the *exposure* it should be getting."

Record companies say jazz doesn't sell. Why should they put money behind something that doesn't sell?

"Jazz can sell if there is enough support behind it, but there never is. The majority rules, and music companies put out what is immediately appealing to the broad mass of people. It's what the mass likes. I mean, you can't force people to like something.

"Jazz in the late '50s became so intellectual. You had to be so *hip* to understand it, to sit down and listen to Sonny Rollins, or Miles, or Dizzy Gillespie. You had to be so *in tune*. The average person could not sit down and listen to them and understand what they were doing.

"It's important for me to play music that appeals to people, but it must also be music that I like myself. You can't give of yourself if you don't care what you're doing, or if you have no respect at all for the music or the people you're playing for."

"But today, those barriers are being broken. Jazz is no longer so intellectual that the average person can't hear it and like it and understand it. It's being integrated with rock and classical, and now people say, 'Wow! I really like that!'"

It's one thing to put a restrictive label on music, but it's another to describe the music with a word that is a valid extension of the music itself. In search of a description, do you feel that you are in the forefront of a new kind of music?

"I think so. Each generation has something to say in its own way. The opportunity is happening now. We have the opportunity to express ourselves, and we're doing it. We're integrating different sytles of music and attempting to unite them into one thing. We're jazz-oriented, with a little r&b and blues, and a little flavor of pop. It's whatever's in our heads, because we're open. That's basically it."

The Howard Johnson's coffee shop bustled with chattering middle American families dressed in white T shirts and Bermuda shorts. They trundled in, perspiring from the blazing, white, freeway sun, gobbled their hamburgers, and noisily left.

Bobby Lyle, Stevie Gutierrez, Tony Ben and I sat together at one corner table drinking tea, eating salads, and talking about health foods, bowling, and chess.

When the subject turned to music, Lyle said, "That's where Ronnie has the jump over somebody like Freddie Hubbard, who maybe sounds contrived. Ronnie's a young cat, and he's got the new funky energies happening, and he's playing off the funk that's going on around him, but it's a natural way of playing for him. It's not acquired or contrived—it's *him*. With Hubbard, you get that feeling that he has jumped from one pool—bebop—into another—funk—but he doesn't swim very well in the funk pool. In this group, everyone is blowing their true selves.

"That first rehearsal, for example, was an eye-opener," Lyle recalled. "I mean, it was rough and raw, but you could hear the chemistry working in there. Yeah, it was from a spirit standpoint. Sparks were jumpin' out there, man."

"I went away talkin' to myself after that one," Stevie said.

"And that concert at the Grove was a real mixture of diverse people," said Ben. "People who like *Soul Train* were there, and people who were stone jazzers, plus all the blues people, everybody thrown together, all fittin' shoulder to shoulder. That was different, man."

"Do you guys work out a lot?" I asked. "Except for me, everybody here seems to be in fantastic physical condition."

"Yeah, I work out," said Lyle. "So does Stevie. Calesthenics, running. We all work out one way or another. We're going bowling today.

"You find that if you're a physical player, which everyone in this group is, your playing is in direct proportion to the shape your body is in. When we're working from a tuned body, our mind is in tune. A lot of times things will happen on stage where you gotta react instantly to avert disaster and not let the audience know that there's a mistake going on up there. If our mind is quick, we tune in together. We've done that a lot, especially on opening nights where we have adjustments to make."

"Like last night," said Stevie, looking out the window at the white peach blossoms fluttering on a tree in the parking lot. "We had those big ol' monitors behind us, but they weren't even working. I couldn't hear anything. The sound just whirled around. Couldn't hear Kent's bass or Bobby's piano, nothing."

Stevie Gutierrez—28 years old, a drummer, arms and legs shaped like small baseball bats, a huge Afro hairdo, physically strong from two years of health foods and daily exercise, but only five feet, one inch tall.

"How have you dealt with the unjustified prejudices of a society in which big and tall are 'good,' but short is comical, Stevie?"

"There's really no hassle," he said, "except when I go look for clothes. That's a drag, because most of the specialist stores cater only to the big guys."

"How about short-jokes from people who are not your friends?"

"Most of the time that doesn't hang me up. I just try to ignore them. I cracked up when I saw Willie Shoemaker on television the other day. Ain't he a *wealthy* cat?"

Tony Ben has played congas for 20 years and holds a B.A. in English from Central State

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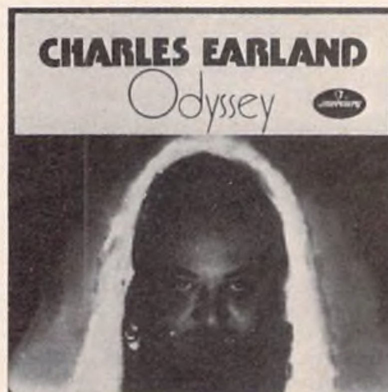

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RECORD REVIEWS

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

THAD JONES AND MEL LEWIS

SUITE FOR POPS—Horizon SP 701: *Meetin' Place; The Summary; The Farewell; Toledo By Candlelight; The Great One; Only For Now; A Good Time Was Had By All.*

Personnel: Jones, fluegelhorn, cornet; Lewis, drums and percussion; Jon Faddis, trumpet, percussion; Stephen Furtado, Jim Bossy, Lew Soloff, Snooky Young, Marvin Stamm, Virgil Jones, Cecil Bridgewater, trumpets; Jimmy Knepper, Quentin "Butter" Jackson, Billy Campbell, Eddie Bert, Janice Robinson (track 3), Earl McCintyre (track 3), trombones; Cliff Heather, Jack Jeffers, Dave Taylor (track 3), bass trombones; George Mraz (tracks 6,7), Steve Gilmore (track 3), acoustic bass; Richard Davis, acoustic and electric bass; Jeffers, tuba; Jim Buffington, Ray Alonge, French horns; Peter Gordon, Earl Chapin, Julius Watkins, French horns (track 3); Jerry Dodgion, alto and soprano sax, flute; Eddie Xiques, alto sax, flute, bass clarinet; Billy Harper, tenor sax, flute; Eddie Daniels, tenor sax, flute, clarinet; Ron Bridgewater, tenor sax, flute; Frank Foster, tenor sax, flute, clarinet; Greg Herbert, Lou Marini, tenor sax (track 3); Pepper Adams, baritone sax, clarinet; Roland Hanna, electric piano; Leonard Gibbs, congas (track 3); Dee Dee Bridgewater, vocal (track 5).

* * * * ½

What a joyous, triumphant rave-up of a record!

This could be considered a "concept" album, in which the various moods, textures and auras of Satchmo's musical personality are combined with tonal character sketches to give and pay tribute to Armstrong. Most of these pieces were recorded early in 1972, only a few months after Louis' death; accordingly it is imperative to remember that the pall of loss was still manifested in acute pain, one which moved co-leader and trumpeter Thad Jones to set his personal and professional recollections to staff and chart.

Anatomically, the playing has never been better. Jon Faddis was barely out of high school on these takes, and the comparisons to Dizzy were first being made, initially by the Monday night pilgrims at the Village Vanguard, where Thad and Mel have had a running weekly gig for over a decade. Here Faddis combines the soul, pacing, and joie de vivre of Louis with his admittedly Gillespian flights. When he gets going, as on *A Good Time Was Had By All*, the bugle is in barely restrained frenzy, squealing for joy, a woman drawn to climax by the high-octane rumblings of a feverishly-paced rhythm section.

Co-dominating the abundant, yet never indulgent soli is the criminally underrated Jerry Dodgion, fluent on soprano sax and flute. The tiny horn is especially big in tone on *Meetin' Place*, a Latinized concept, harkening to Bechet rather than Armstrong. Its blues overtones are a thing of beauty.

Now for a prediction: someday Dodgion will have his own band, emerging from the crowd a la Bill Watrous. Why? As accomplished as his lead ideas are, his main strength is often overlooked. Consider this: a good sax or flute player will be plugged into the beat, have a timely anticipation for changes, fluctuations, pulse, etc. Yet for all his abilities, he's feeding off his cohorts. Yet Dodgion goes one step further: he's a leader, not a follower. Mimicking the funerals of Louis' New Orleans youth, a joyous *Farewell* finds the reeds, directed by Dodgion, setting the pace with some thunderous and well-timed blasts.

Through the firmament, other stars shine. Dee Dee Bridgewater, who in the light of Ella's substandard Montreux product must be considered the finest wordless scatter working today, bubbles on *The Great One*, a lengthy track where nearly everyone gets a chance to solo. Her Morse code wails, on top of Butter Jackson's muted bone, are designed to create the effect of a eulogy for Satch. Like a bereaved mourner, Jackson loses all composure on the next cut, *Only For Now*, his trombone weeping unconsolably. Unfortunately the two-minute staid, Kentonish intro is not quite potent enough for the message; half a star is docked, precluding an otherwise mandatory perfection.

Let's not nit pick, however, for the great band, armed with a commemorative cause célèbre, has never been better. Sit back and enjoy. —*shaw*

SONNY ROLLINS

NUCLEUS—Milestone 9064: *Lucille; Gwaligo; Are You Ready?; Azalea; Newkleus; Cosmet; My Reverie.*

Personnel: Rollins, tenor sax; Bennie Maupin, tenor sax, saxello, Lyricon, bass clarinet; Raul de Souza, trombone; George Duke, piano, electric piano, synthesizer; David Amaro, Blackbird McKnight, guitars; Bob Cranshaw, Chuck Rainey, electric bass; Roy McCurdy, Eddie Moore, drums; Mtume, conga, percussion.

* * * ½

Consider *Cosmet*. Rollins' tone is almost constantly changing to make weight of his main melodic line and its (very) momentary excursions. There's so much event in his playing, as he creates hither and yon, the tone maintaining a basic depth of strength in all ranges, most evident in the lower, while keeping a grainy or gritty edge. It's the edge of his tone that he alternates for effect, though sometimes he'll negate that strong inner sound, mainly when he plays staccato lines. His *Cosmet* solo is lovely, and it's typical that he mocks Maupin's closing saxello notes to open a three-way chase sequence. De Souza has a lovely solo on this track.

Consider *Azalea*. The theme is just fine, and Rollins follows with a thematic improvisation—with, however, amazing twists and turns. There are moments of eccentric harmonic phrasing, out-of-Mars rhythmic interjections, and utter sonoric surprises to go with it all. Yet there's no break in the solo's basic movement. It's interesting that when Maupin, on tenor, creates a Rollinsish sound and even a couple Rollins phrases, Rollins follows with a completely altered tone and an unexpected phrase to contrast. Sonny's first solo here is the record's best.

These two pieces are by far the highlights of Rollins' Milestones to date, but consider also *Reverie*. His solos frame those by the others, and particularly note de Souza's melodic ingenuity, rhythmic facility, and warmth of tone. The typical Rollins Milestone ballad is bland, distinguished only by his tone, but this brief third solo suddenly shows the master tenor saxophonist of our time. The Milestone engineers deserve special credit: an artist capable of such subtle nuances must be difficult to capture fully and accurately, yet Rollins' presence is excellently perceived.

Nobody can dispute that, despite his unfortunate Milestone LPs, Rollins is today's tenor boss. The brilliant essentials were evident in his period with Roach: the great vigor, the perfect sense of time/timing, the genius of rhythmic contrast, while maintaining a flow of line and feeling. The startling period with Don Cherry honed his legato-staccato contrasts, and especially his sense of just how much he could do with harmony, both in terms of freedom and of subtlety within given outlines. The ensuing years have refined his art, and we could justifiably say that today's Rollins is capable of almost anything he chooses to do.

Almost. The rest of the LP is trivial. *Newkleus* is Rollins noodling over a Hancock rock routine. *Lucille* is a '60s rock routine over, believe me, the chords of Pachelbel's too-familiar *Canon In D*. The 8th-16th note basis of Sonny's solo and the rock pattern of *Gwaligo* would drive any normal person to crawling, except the trombone solo breaks it up a bit. Theoretically the rock shuffle rhythm of *Are You Ready?* might loosen everyone, but Sonny just noodles again. In conception this is a Rollins rock LP, and no other jazzman is so well-equipped to create a synthesis. But Rollins is tied to patterns, and most of the LP fails on that point.

A genius such as Sonny is entitled to failings and times of disinterest. Consider the dozen or so valuable minutes of these 45, then replay your old Rollins Prestiges and Blue Notes. You might also play de Souza's pleasant, and unfortunately neglected, *Colors* (Milestone 9061), for he is a genuine talent. Among other sidemen, Maupin is reasonable, Duke invariably begins promisingly and quickly deteriorates, Cranshaw's lagging the beat is irritating, and the others are uninteresting. *The* modern-style Rollins LP will surely come. —*litweiler*

AIRTO

IDENTITY—Arista 4068: *The Magicians; Tales From Home (Lendas); Identity; Encounter (Encontro No Bar); Wake Up Song (Baião Do Acordar) Café; Mãe Cambina; Flora On My Mind.*

Personnel: Wayne Shorter, soprano sax (track 5); Raul de Souza, trombone; Egberto Gismonti, wooden flute, acoustic and electric piano, synthesizers, acoustic guitar; David Amaro, guitar, 12-string guitar; Ted Lo, organ; Herbie Hancock, synthesizer (track 5); John Heard, John Williams, Louis Johnson, bass; Airto, drums, percussion, vocals; Roberto, drums, percussion; Flora Purim, vocals.

* * * ½

Historically, few percussionists have fronted bands that gave sufficient prominence to harmonic depth and variety. Max Roach comes to mind as a striking exception; Art Blakey and Buddy Rich might also be cited, and yet even the fine bands of these two master musicians have been considered rhythm-heavy. (All other exceptions duly noted; please hold the angry letters.)

Airto is only a partial exception. His music is always pleasant to hear, and much of it is rhythmically breathtaking, but sometimes, as on this session, the overall musicality is thin. Herbie Hancock, who produced the session, might have intervened to raise the level of the music, but apparently he chose to give Airto room.

The lyrics don't help much. Surely something must have been lost in translation; what else could cause Airto to sing repeatedly, "Let me give you all my love/Then we will fly away in the sky," as he does on *Magicians*? In general, his vocals are sincere and emotionally pure, but the lyrics interfere; moreover, when he needs a special effect, as on the quasi-operatic vocal on *Cambina*, his awkwardness is painful. (Flora, of course, is something else again. There isn't enough of her here, but her performance on *Lendas* genuinely whets one's appetite.)

Rhythmically, however, Airto's own synthesis of Brasiliana, jazz, and rock shines through as always. *Magicians* is a kicky samba; *Lendas*, in a slow-rocking four, is a sterling percussion feature set off by Flora; *Identity*, with a reiterated one note tonal center on acoustic guitar set off by a street chant that rises around it, eventually generates a herky-jerky triplet rhythm that carries the listener along willy-nilly; and *Encounter* is another percussion showcase, though perhaps it follows too closely upon *Lendas'* heels.

The music contains less to point to. The tunes aren't compositions so much as simple lines with various sorts of embellishment—authentic street music with all its attendant virtues and limitations. Gismonti's guitar solo on *Magicians* and Souza's crisp trombone outing on *Flora* are noteworthy. But the only track that sustains musical interest above and beyond the rhythmic is *Wake Up/Café*, on which Shorter and Mwandishi make guest appearances. There's a slow, quiet beginning which develops into a street samba, then a solo, presumably Hancock's, on synthesizer, a ritard, and Shorter's clear, singing entry on soprano. His playing is gorgeous, and it's further set off by some fine slurred bass (Williams?) before Airto's vocal takes the intensity down a peg or two. Individually and collectively, a fine performance, but it also serves as a contrast to the thinness of much of the rest of the music. Still, for devotees of contemporary Latin rhythmic idioms, this might prove a most rewarding album. *—heineman*

RALPH TOWNER

SOLSTICE—ECM 1060: *Oceanus; Visitation; Drifting Petals; Nimbus; Winter Solstice; Piscean Dance; Red And Black; Sand.*

Personnel: Towner, 12 string and classical guitars, piano; Jan Garbarek, tenor and soprano saxes, flute; Eberhard Weber, bass, cello; Jon Christensen, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mysticism and musical alchemy were clearly present in Oslo on this occasion. Rarely have I heard this high a degree of ensemble intimacy projected so openly onto cold vinyl; the transmission of personal and profound feelings is not encoded in the usual manners one generally has to decipher before reaching a work's core. The listener arrives at the *Solstice* point feeling almost like an eavesdropper, emerging as co-celebrant in a wintry, druidic conclave.

Those who have waited to hear Towner in a rhythmic environment more highly charged than that provided by the gossamer wings giving flight to Oregon will no doubt be pleased with polyrhythmist Jon Christensen. His restless, clean attack underscores Ralph's tendency to peculiar turns of rhythm, fleshing out in bold relief a cragginess often smoothed by the rolling tablas of Oregon's Collin Walcott. Weber, a skilled, mournful countermelodist, gets the action and some of the tone of an electric bass on his peculiarly rebuilt acoustic instrument, which seems to be neither yin nor yang in the bass department, but obviously is ideal for his conception. His sound is a vital, ghostly element in the ambience—a fluid phantom, if you will.

Jan Garbarek has developed from a talented post-Traner, retaining some of the master's tonal qualities but now constructing leaner solos, fervently blown, possessed of a lyricism dripping with hoarfrost. If one thinks of Christensen as the subtle orchestrator of movement in this litany, and Weber as the doleful chorus, an elegaic counter-commentator, then Garbarek assumes the role of cantor, announcing the themes and working them over into his own interpretations.

Towner, as generator of the music on the page and in the ensemble, puts each element into play, contextualizing. He has created some beautiful melodies (*Oceanus, Drifting Petals, Nimbus, Winter Solstice*), and his guitar playing exhibits a wider range of techniques and approaches to melodic definition, accompaniment, and solo rhythmic content than we have yet heard from him. A very *complete* Ralph Towner is in evidence here: we sample his classical guitar skills (*Winter Solstice*), and several sides of his 12 string playing. Among these are a rockish, rippling duet with Christensen (*Piscean Dance*) that's almost Kottkesque; a brief, dissonant *Red And Black* on which abstracted single voicings stand out as severely as a stone circle on the Cornish moors—with, I might add, similar enigmatic presence; and more characteristically rich and flowing instances, such as *Oceanus*, where the pianistic conceptions of his solo and accompanying guitar techniques are most apparent.

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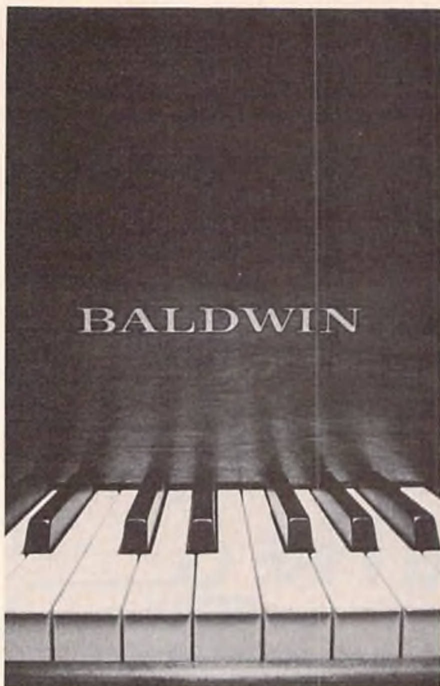

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The ambiguity between the mystical quality of this music and the personal directness with which it is expressed must stand. Like the most inspired of rituals, *Solstice* inspires through its expressive openness, yet remains to intrigue with constantly revealing depths of texture, nuance, and meaning. I can think of few others—Don Cherry is one—capable of creating this double musical image without seeming downright slippery, more evidence that Towner and his associates here will inevitably have to be reckoned with by anyone who professes to have a serious, open-minded love for today's music. *—mitchell*

GATO BARBIERI

EL GATO—Flying Dutchman BDL1-1147: *El Gato; El Parana; Merceditas; Vidala Triste; Niños.*

Personnel: Barbieri, tenor sax, flute, and vocals; Oliver Nelson, alto sax (track 1); Hank Jones, piano (track 1); Ron Carter, bass (track 1); David Spinozza, guitar (track 1); Romeo Penque, alto flute and English horn (track 1); Phil Bodner, flute and alto flute (track 1); Danny Bank, bass clarinet (track 1); Airto, percussion and drums; Pretty Purdie, drums (tracks 1 and 3); Mtume, congas; Roy Haynes, drums (track 2); Lonnie Liston Smith, piano; Stanley Clarke, bass; John Abercrombie, electric guitar; J. F. Jenny Clark, bass (track 3); Moulay Ali Hafid, dumbeg (track 5).

★ ★ ★ ★

Gato Barbieri is so heavily identified with Central American and avant garde jazz idioms that one can easily overlook the ultimately melodic nature of the man's playing. For me, the joy of hearing Gato's tenor has always been remarkably similar to the experience of hearing Hodges, Webster, Coltrane or Mulligan: the humane cry of the city, the voice of life in the most incoherent of jungles, tinged with the sadness that creates a great bend in tone and the edge of madness that provides the spark.

The Gato represented in *El Gato* is actually a few years older—and possibly more impulsive—than the author of the *Chapters* series on Impulse. A majority of the material issued here appeared originally on *Bolivia,* with only the title cut, a suite written and arranged by Oliver Nelson for Barbieri, making its debut. Given such unavoidable focus, *El Gato* must bear the weight of scrutiny in order to justify this album's release. Unfortunately, the listener is not provided with any liner notes to fill in the background for the Nelson-Barbieri meeting, so we can only draw our impressions from the music. Nelson set his "suite" in a Stravinsky cum Latin mood, a tense, carefully-etched framework that promises a little more than it delivers. Oliver states the theme via his own graceful alto, then allows Gato to cut underneath the orchestration with his tenor, finally surfacing like some angry punk with a vision. Gato utilizes the seemingly incompatible differences in his and Nelson's styles to the piece's advantage, playing in a confined, gutsy register, gradually climbing to a rage of furious proportions, while masterfully surrounded by the orchestra, particularly the pairing of Carter and Purdie. Although *El Gato* is attractive, even stirring, it never resolves a direction and it is unlikely the ambition could have supported an entire album of material.

The remainder of the sampler is Gato in his own world, a cosmos that owes much to Coltrane's quartet format in the '60s. The similarity in the rapport between Gato and Lonnie Liston Smith and the pair of Coltrane and Tyner is salient. Smith, like Tyner, is the hidden, humble shaper of nuance and character, while Barbieri, like Coltrane, acts as the giver of direction and dimension. Any of Gato's music is too recent to have its historical continuity misrepresented in samplers. The rating reflects the quality of this album's music, not the purpose behind its issue. *—gilmore*

PABLO AT MONTREUX '75

THE OSCAR PETERSON BIG SIX—Pablo 2310-747: *Au Privave; Here's That Rainy Day; Poor Butterfly; Reunion Blues.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Milt Jackson, vibes; Toots Thielemans, harmonica; Niels Pedersen, bass; Louis Bellson, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC—Pablo 2310-748: *For You; Autumn Leaves; If I Had You; I Never Knew.*

Personnel: Roy Eldridge, Clark Terry, trumpets; Benny Carter, alto sax; Zoot Sims, tenor sax; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Keter Betts, bass; Bobby Durham, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE DIZZY GILLESPIE BIG SEVEN—Pablo 2310-749: *Lover, Come Back To Me; What's New; Cherokee.*

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Johnny Griffin, tenor saxes; Milt Jackson, vibes; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Niels Pedersen, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

COUNT BASIE JAM SESSION—Pablo 2310-750: *Billie's Bounce; Festival Blues; Lester Leaps In.*

Personnel: Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Johnny Griffin, tenor sax; Milt Jackson, vibes; Basie, piano; Niels Pedersen, bass; Louis Bellson, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

ELLA FITZGERALD—Pablo 2310-751: *Caravan; Satin Doll; Teach Me Tonight; Wave; It's All Right With Me; Let's Do It; How High The Moon; Girl From Ipanema; T'aint Nobody's Bizness.*

Personnel: Fitzgerald, vocals; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Keter Betts, bass; Bobby Durham, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

JOE PASS—Pablo 2310-752: *You Are The Sunshine Of My Life; The Very Thought Of You; Nobs; Li'l Darlin'; Blues For Nina; How Long Has This Been Going On; More Than You Know; Grete; Nuages; I'm Glad There's You; Willow Weep For Me.*

Personnel: Pass, guitar.

★ ★ ★ ★

THE MILT JACKSON BIG FOUR—Pablo 2310-753: *Funji Mama; Everything Must Change; Speed Ball; Nature Boy; Stella By Starlight; Like Someone In Love; Night Mist Blues; Mack The Knife.*

Personnel: Jackson, vibes; Oscar Peterson, piano; Niels Pedersen, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

THE TRUMPET KINGS—Pablo 2310-754: *Montreux Blues; There Is No Greater Love; On The Alamo; Blues For Norman; Indiana.*

Personnel: Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, trumpets; Oscar Peterson, piano; Niels Pedersen, bass; Louis Bellson, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE MONTREUX COLLECTION—Pablo 2625-707: *Collection Blues* (Basie Jam); *Sunday* (JATP); *Alison* (Pass); *Slow Death* (Jackson Big Four); *The Man I Love* (Fitzgerald); *Woody'n You* (Peterson Big Six); *Lullabye Of The Leaves* (Trumpet Kings); *Cubano Chant* (Peterson, solo piano); *I'll Remember April* (Gillespie Big Seven).

Personnels as above.

★ ★ ★ ★

Norman Granz took over three nights of the Montreux Festival last year, and preserved the results for posterity in typically lavish fashion—eight single LPs and a double album.

There's a lot of music here, most of it very good, some of it superb, none of it without merit. Granz likes his jazz straight from the shoulder (and the heart), without frills, and he expects a high energy output from the musicians. A loose jam-session format predominates, as do fast tempos, and there's a lot of blues.

This approach can have its pitfalls, but when the level of solo talent is as high as here, the danger of sterility is slight. Furthermore,

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straightahead swinging and blowing, even in large doses, is such a relief from the contemporary diet of adulterated music that one can embrace it wholeheartedly, blemishes and all.

The musical personalities that emerge as dominant figures in this company of giants are Eldridge, Jackson, Peterson and the intrepid Pedersen, whose bass helps power no less than five of the jams.

In his 65th year, and after nearly 50 years of making music, Eldridge has lost none of his fire, his competitiveness, and his love for playing, and there isn't an instance here where he doesn't give the music all he's got.

Jackson, heard in four different settings, is so consistently imaginative and such a master of his craft that his every note is a joy to the ear.

I sometimes wish that Peterson wouldn't try to prove in each and every solo that he is the world's champion, but there's no gainsaying his prowess, energy and drive.

Other less ubiquitous participants also stand out. Dizzy is wonderful; he just keeps getting better as the years go by, and he was merely awesome when he started. Terry, too, is in great form; it would have been interesting to see what he could have done with a set as leader. Tommy Flanagan, when he gets his innings, proves that he is a grand master. Joe Pass has become just about the complete guitarist. And then, of course, there's Count Basie.

There are no slackers in the rhythm department. Bellson's crisp perfection comes as no surprise, but Durham rises to the JATP occasion, and Roker is splendid, not only behind his boss, Mr. Gillespie, but also on the Jackson set—he is an inspiring drummer. Pedersen, as we've already indicated, turns in an incredible job, and Betts is excellent on his own stint away from Ella's trio.

Things get under way with characteristic speed on *Au Privave*, Thielemans' harmonica coming on with the power of a "legitimate" horn. Jackson and Peterson go well together; *Reunion* stems from a date for MPS that proved it, and this new version further underscores the point. But while I admire Toots' facility, a little harmonica goes a long way with me and I missed a horn voice on the 50-minute long set. Bags' *Rainy Day* solo is a gem.

The JATP set is a classic instance of organized spontaneity. The choice of material is interesting (*For You*, taken at a good clip, has never been treated this way before) and everybody felt like playing. Benny Carter's cool elegance and Zoot Sims' happy drive go well together, and Roy and Clark also complement each other effectively. There's no letdown during the 42 minutes of this one, and Flanagan's *Autumn Leaves* spot is an unexpected bonus.

Dizzy's set opens with some brilliant out-of-tempo trumpet inventions before kicking into up tempo on the 16 minute *Lover, Come Back*. The tempo's even faster for *Cherokee*, Dizzy confining himself to two choruses while Lockjaw and Griffin stretch out—but what two choruses! The old tenor partners turn each other on, and Griffin's work on this set is more involved than on the Basie jam. Jackson is brilliant, and Flanagan scores on *Lover*.

The Basie jam—two blues and a romp on *I Got Rhythm* changes—is sparked by Roy, whose *Lester Leaps* solo is perhaps the most caloric effort of the festival. Basie plays some lovely stuff with that absolute assurance and perfect time that are his, and Jackson again is

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brilliant.

Ella's voice was not in top condition for this outing, but she makes up for it in spirit. It's a typical live performance by Ella, but the closing *Nobody's Bizness* is something special, and so is Flanagan's work as an accompanist.

Few players can bring off a whole set of solo guitar. Joe Pass does it here, almost an hour of it, with lots of variety in material. Outstanding are the lovely ballad playing on *Glad There Is You*, the fine interpretation of Django Reinhardt's *Nuages*, and a couple of original blues. (All the applause is left in on this disc; I could have done with a bit of editing out.)

Superb ballad playing by Jackson is the highlight of his album, notably on *Everything Must Change*. Peterson does some of his best work of the festival in this intimate setting, and there's room for eight tunes in the 50 minute set. Roker the stroker is splendid.

Take three of the greatest trumpet players in jazz history, add a brilliant rhythm section, and turn them loose, and you have some magnificent music. All three protagonists were in good form, and intramural rivalry sparks each to greater heights (literally, since the high notes fly). So much happens here that there's no need to single out specific moments, but there's a totally unexpected and joyous instance on *Blues For Norman* when first Dizzy, then Clark, then Roy burst into song, the latter confessing he had no idea this was going to happen. It is an indication of the spirit that prevailed—a true jazz spirit.

The two record collection contains some marvels. The *Lullabye Of The Leaves* from the Trumpet Kings set is in an entirely different mood than the extroverted rest, with a haunting plunger solo by Terry. Clark also shines on the JATP *Sunday*, on par with the balance of that set, and Dizzy's *April* flies, with another Flanagan jewel among the sparkling work by all. The Peterson solo is staggering.

Norman Granz's return to the recording scene is one of the best things to happen to jazz in years. He is that rarity among producers, a man guided by his own taste and predilections rather than fads, greed and delusions. It's great to have him back, and good that RCA is with him. If you don't pick up these records now, you'll be hunting for them later. I promise you. —*morgenstern*

JIMMY WITHERSPOON

SPOONFUL—Blue Note BN-LA 534-G: *Big Boss Man; Nothing's Changed; Sign On The Building; Reds And Whiskey; The Moon Is Rising; Inflation Blues; Take Out Some Insurance; Pearly Whites; Spoonful; Gloomy Sunday*.

Personnel: Witherspoon, vocals; Richard Tee, organ; Horace Ott, Rhodes piano; Joe Sample, Clavinet; Robben Ford, Cornell Dupree, Freddie Robinson, guitar; Chuck Rainey, Fender bass; Gene Estes, King Errisson, Omar Clay, percussion; Bernard Purdie, drums; Blue Mitchell, Thad Jones, Ernie Royal, Melvin Moore, trumpets; Garnett Brown and Benny Powell, trombone; Selden Powell, Delbert Hill, Don Menza, tenor sax; Arthur Clark, baritone sax; Buddy Lucas, harmonica; Hilda Harris, Ella Winston, Barbara Massey, background vocals.

★ ★ ★

With the field of authentic urban bluesmen growing ever smaller due to death, trend-copping, label manipulation, and other sadnesses, the need for viable music in this vein assumes more and more urgency. 'Spoon, long a mainstay, even if somewhat sporadic, can still righteously fill the bill. True to form, he occasionally proves it here.

The worst problem here is the rhythm section's agonizing inability to come up with *any* sort of a groove. For some reason (boredom?) this is particularly true on the familiar numbers, *Big Boss Man, Spoonful*, and to an unforgivable degree on *The Moon Is Rising*, where Purdie and Rainey seem thoroughly uninspired.

In stark contrast, and predictably so, the brasses are always right on the button, with sharp incisive colorations and textural acumen, in many places overpowering the plodding bass/drums to a noteworthy realm of achievement. *Inflation Blues* is a prime example, with Mitchell, Jones, Brown, Powell and company even compensating for Ford's sloppy, self-indulgent guitar solo.

When the good moments come, they are sublime, as on *Reds And Whiskey*, where Jimmy convincingly belts and then turns over the reins to Buddy Lucas for a chilling harmonica ride. It is an awfully pleasant peak in the environs of too many disappointing valleys.

Cornell Dupree, as usual, shines like a beacon on his rare appearances; his stunning bridge inside *Pearly Whites* is a somewhat frustrating inkling of what heights many of the other tracks could have attained.

Witherspoon's vocals are valiant, the exception being *Take Out Some Insurance*, which in spite of laudatory hornwork, comes off as a self-parody. Jimmy's emotion-filled strength as a singer who can deal in every blues theme, from drunken anger and jealousy to the depths of self-pity and the pinnacles of delight, is most in evidence on *Spoonful*. He even forces the ill-arranged and mistake-ridden *Gloomy Sunday* (itself a possible peak) into a semblance of plausibility.

With a little more care in the selection of material and a vitalized rhythm section, this album could have commanded a five star rating. The thought of 'Spoon with a truly hot, swinging band is a mind-boggling one.

—*pettigrew*

SONNY FORTUNE

AWAKENING—Horizon SP-704: *Triple Threat; Nommo; Sunshower; For Duke And Cannon; Awakening*.

Personnel: Fortune, alto sax, flute, percussion; Charles Sullivan, trumpet (tracks 1, 2 and 5); Kenny Barron (tracks 1, 2, 3, and 5), John Hicks (track 4), piano; Wayne Dockery (tracks 1, 3, 4, 5), Reggie Workman (track 4), bass; Billy Hart (tracks 1, 2, 3, 5), Chip Lyles (track 4), drums; Angel Allende (tracks 2 and 5), congas, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

After productive gigs with Mongo Santamaria, McCoy Tyner, Buddy Rich and Miles Davis, the emergence of Sonny Fortune should be no great surprise. For his Horizon debut, Fortune has combined top players and solid material into a set of fine diversified performances. The music's overall character oscillates between various overlappings of mellowness and agitation.

Triple Threat is a buoyant, mid-tempo line by Rogers Grant, who worked with Sonny on the Santamaria gig. The unison statement by alto and trumpet along with the loose, swinging rhythmic backdrop recalls the essence of the great Blakey and Silver organizations. Solid soloing by Fortune, Sullivan and Barron, with tasty support from Dockery and Hart, make this an irrepressible toe-tapper with grit. Jymie Merritt's *Nommo* is set in a crazy, off-centered 6/8 which gives the tune an out-of-kilter quality reminiscent of the temporally distorted chase scene from Rene Clair's surrealist film, *Entr'acte* (1924). Here, Fortune's alto burns.

The next three tunes are Fortune originals. *Sunshower* shimmers with Fortune's overdubbed flute and alto. His alto then sings a moving musical eulogy, *For Duke And Cannon*, which ends with a series of florid cadenzas. *Awakening*, a lilting up-tempo frame for Sonny's searing electric flute, concludes the album with a refined heat that warms without scorching.

Throughout, Fortune's playing is outstanding. With his hard but poignant sound and lyrical sensibility, his melodic interpretations are warm and full-bodied. And when the tempo accelerates, Sonny is firmly on top. Along with his obvious compositional talent and leadership ability, the forecast for Fortune has to be "fair skies, warmer and *Sonny*." —*berg*

LEON REDBONE

ON THE TRACK—Warner Bros. BS 2888: *Sweet Mama Hurry Home Or I'll Be Gone; Ain't Misbehavin' (I'm Savin' My Love For You); My Walking Stick; Lazybones; Marie; Desert Blues (Big Chief Buffalo Nickel); Lulu's Back In Town; Some Of These Days; Big Time Woman; Haunted House; Polly Wolly Doodle*.

Personnel: Redbone, vocals, guitar, harmonica, and throat trommet; Joe Venuti, violin; Charles Macey, Hawaiian guitar; Ralph MacDonald, castanets; Billy Slapin, clarinet; Garnett Brown, trombone; Joe Wilder, trumpet and cornet; Seldon Powell, Philip Bodner, saxes; Jonathan Dorn, tuba; Patty Bown, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Don McLean, banjo; Gene Orloff, Leo Kahn, and Emanuel Green, violins (track 5).

★ ★ ★ ★

For all the misuse of promotional terms such as "legendary" and "mysterious" describing a commercial pop entity, Leon Redbone is one artist who earns his adjectives. He *is* a legendary performer—acclaimed by such notables as Dylan—and, so far, a mysterious one. No one claims to know how old he may be or even if the name Redbone is his own or a *nom de plume*. It's almost as if he were a wandering spirit, a holdover from the innocent part of the early 20th century, a voice clinging to musical truths the atomic age could never fathom. Publicity blurbs are ripe with accounts that place him in '30s jazz bands, and those who have seen him face to face say they cannot tell his age. Hype? Yes, but of a refreshingly different slant. By refusing to dwell on his own personality and background, Leon forces the curious to focus on his music for their divinations.

Redbone's music springs from a wide spectrum of sources: rural blues, urban jazz (ragtime New Orleans and torchy St. Louis), and country blues. His first album, *On The Track*, is a journey through pre-1940s song forms, drawing unabashedly from the writings of Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller and Jimmie Rodgers. Joel Dorn has produced the album with a rare sense of intimacy, a near monophonic narrowness that concentrates on Leon's acoustic guitar and vocals. String, horn, and rhythm arrangements linger in the background like peripheral reveries. And for his chief accompanist, Redbone has chosen the redoubtable violinist, Joe Venuti.

Every track is a delight, but, even more than the material, it is the delivery—deep, velvety, black-throated vocals—that best characterizes Redbone's spirit of unity with his sources. He simply never belittles a song with a clobbery, nostalgic reading; his sensitivity and accuracy are clearly the signs of a modernist. Leon's effectiveness derives from his vocal mannerism, a conscious blending of nasal resonance and heavy-tongued, thick-

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BCP 6006 Bad, Bad Frances Faye: Of a recent NYC club date, Rex Reed reported, "Frances Faye Lights a Bonfire. She is pure, dazzling show business—part jazz, part comedy, all energy and heart...Frances Faye is something of a national monument; you pay her a visit with the reverence one reserves for a trip to the Louvre." Suggested price $6.98.

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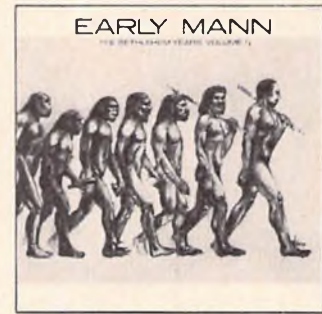

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lipped phrasing. He can ford the stream of distinct cultural tributaries in one phrase, swimming from black to white. For instance, in *Desert Blues* he shifts between Jimmy Rodgers' yodeling style and Louis Armstrong's trumpet sound, the latter accomplished via Leon's "throat tromnet." Venuti is well-suited for Redbone's vision, lending an uncanny atmosphere to some songs, particularly via his ghostly playing on *Haunted House*. Do you recognize any of those pool-hall voices in the background of *Lulu's Back In Town?* That's another of Redbone's mysteries, an answer I hope he never surrenders.
—*gilmore*

FRANK LOWE

FRESH—Arista-Freedom AL 1015: *Epistrophy; Play Some Blues; Fresh; Mysterioso; Chu's Blues.*
Personnel: Lowe, tenor sax; Lester Bowie, trumpet; Joseph Bowie, trombone; Abdul Wadud, cello; Steve Reid (track 1), Charles Bobo Shaw (tracks 2, 3, 4), drums; Selene Fung (track 3), cheng; on *Chu's Blues*, Low is accompanied by the Memphis Four.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

"In the beginning, I wanted to be a 'hip jazz musician.' But Coltrane changed all that. Of course, the musicians have always been a part of the community, from Buddy Bolden on down. But Coltrane reemphasized this. He took it out of being a 'hip' musician and into being a musician of value or worth. A musician to inform, a musician to relate to, a musician to raise kids by." Lowe's music, by avoiding the hip and slick, is a direct expression from the heart and gut informed by the heritage of the black American musical experience. And thanks to recording technology, his music is a force which extends past his own community into the society at large.

The album's title, *Fresh*, aptly describes the music. Instead of focusing on improvisations based on the traditions of Western harmonic practice, Lowe's group centers on the emotive ramifications of color and texture. Regarding color, the substitution of Abdul Wadud's cello for bass is brilliant. The crystal warmth of his cleanly articulated, plucked, strummed and bowed figures is awesome. Lowe and both Bowies produce an incredible array of sounds which, in the manner of John Cage's prepared piano, have extended the boundaries of their respective instruments past the canons of conventional technique and taste. An additional accent is Selene Fung's cheng, a Chinese string instrument. With its broad polychromatic palette and fluid approach to meter and tempo, the ensemble freely oscillates from one textural web to the next.

The voyages of the Lowe ensemble's collective improvisations variously suggest the hellish terrains of Hieronymus Bosch, the intersecting corridors of rationality and irrationality, and the fine line between love and hate. Regardless of the image or emotion evoked, this is dynamic music which communicates a powerfully intense and honest involvement.
—*berg*

JADE WARRIOR

WAVES—Island ILPS 9318: *Waves Part I (The Whale; The Sea; Section See; Caves); Waves Part II (Wave Birth; River To The Sea; Groover; Breeze; Sea Part Two; Song Of The Last Whale).*
Personnel: Jon Field and Tony Duhig, all instruments except: Moog and piano solos (Steve Winwood); electric guitar solo (Dave Duhig); and drums (Graham Morgan).

★ ★ ★ ★

The music Jade Warrior is currently making bears a resemblance to the spirit, if not pur-

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pose, of other candidates for the grand school of soporifics, such as Pink Floyd, the Environments recordings, Mike Oldfield, and Terje Rypdal. While the Warriors (Jon Field and Tony Duhig) wisely eschew the simplistic impersonal anonymity of Pink Floyd and rarely indulge in the soundtrack histrionics of Oldfield, they similarly do not aspire to the splendidly intricate designs of Rypdal. Their new album, *Waves*, is likely their finest effort to date, an amalgam of beguiling, tame jazz and classical images which successfully avoids the confused attempts at grim posturing that spoiled their previous work.

Duhig and Field take simple melodic phrases, or even thinly disguised variations on a single motif, and repeat them in overlapping rounds, embellishing the process with a multitude of overdubbed concert flutes, Spanish guitars, tape loops and modest electronics. The melodies all sound familiar, a trait that lends to the album's amiable accessibility. Although phrases are repeated for healthy periods, nothing becomes overstated or dull.

Neither does it become more than slightly animated. This is calculated and meticulous work, not given to chance, caprice, or improvisation. Mood and motion are keywords in describing *Waves'* underlying principals as artistry. It is a soothing, almost hypnotic, braiding of textures and voicings that rely on the most reassuring tonal constructions imaginable, occasionally dabbling in some lightweight counterpoint. In fact, why not call it a modern tone poem, dedicated to that mysterious burden of the sea, the whale (everybody's new favorite as endangered species, and not half as vile as a shark. Roll over, Ahab). Quite frankly, I grow increasingly fond of this album. Obviously you should not approach *Waves* with the attitude that it must challenge or enthrall you, but rather let the music work its low-key charm in a leisurely manner. Mornings can be a little easier to meet with sounds like this. *—gilmore*

LARRY YOUNG

LARRY YOUNG'S FUEL— Arista AL 4051: *Fuel For The Fire; I Ching (Book Of Changes); Turn Off The Lights; Floating; H + J = B (Hustle + Jam = Bread); People Do Be Funny; New York Electric Street Music.*

Personnel: Young, keyboards; Santiago (Sandy) Torano, guitar; Fernando Saunders, bass guitar; Rob Gottfried, drums and percussion; Laura "Tequila" Logan, vocals.

★ ★

The energy conservation folks could just as well have reviewed this album with their punning catch-phrase: Don't Be Fuelish. Young gives us glimpses of his novel approach to the synthesizer, as well as the rarely heard Moog Organ, and his electric piano work is hardly negligible. Yet with this band, called Fuel, and this album, his first in years, there's not enough energy to toast a bagel.

To be fair, much of the blame must rest with the leader, who has restricted the format and played things a bit too safe for Fuel's recorded debut. Torano, Gottfried and Saunders contribute little, largely because they've been given so little room, and we end up with a fairly talented keyboardist and his back-up band. Torano, for instance, plays mostly rhythm guitar, when another solo voice is what's needed. Gottfried plays with spirit, though nothing spectacular, and poor Saunders is stuck with the unimaginative repeated bass foundation so prevalent in today's electric music.

At least these guys don't *detract* from the music. Would that this could be said of vocalist "Tequila" Logan. Her hoarse and squealing pseudo-sensualism is amusing at best, primitivo pretense at worst, and in either case, she always sings too long. She comes across like fusion music's answer to Charo, and the three tunes that serve as her vehicles consume more fuel than they're worth.

The group's material is yet another drawback. There's plenty of chunk-a-funk, and a few quirky and original lines, but only Young's *I Ching* and Torano's excellent composition *Floating* are worth noting. On the former, Young's solo is riff city, but at least they're *fun* riffs (if harmless), and he strings them into a unified statement; the latter is the album's best writing, and a tune that deserves further exploration. But *H + J = B* is useless background, and the outrageous finale is a failed put-on as Young e-nun-ci-ates the silly lyrics.

With Tony Williams' Lifetime, Young was a pioneering fusion keyboardist, but his current project is strictly Johnny-come-lately and onto the slowing bandwagon. As music, it's rarely successful; as fuel, it's the wrong shape for your gas tank. *—tesser*

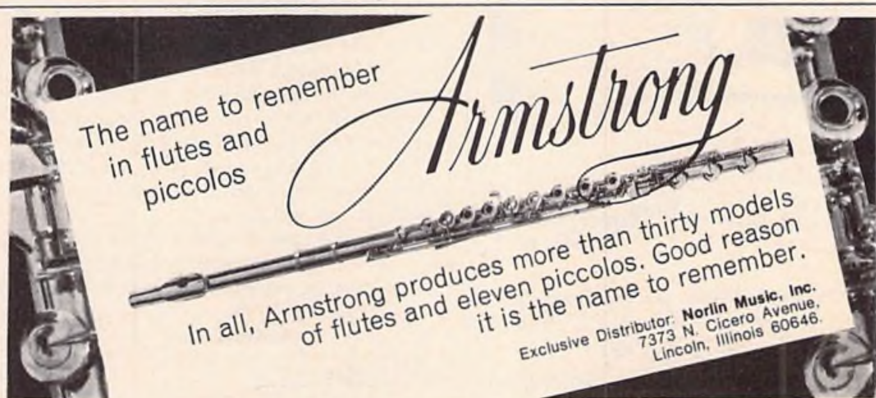
DEXTER GORDON

TANGERINE—Prestige P-10091: *Tangerine; August Blues; What It Was; Days Of Wine And Roses.*

Personnel: Gordon, tenor sax; Thad Jones, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Hank Jones, piano; Stanley Clarke, bass; Louis Hayes, drums. On *Days Of Wine And Roses*, Gordon is heard with Cedar Walton, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the course of rereading LeRoi Jones' *Black Music*, I recently came upon a revealing statement that helps place Dexter Gordon in the evolution of post-Bird saxophone stylistics. Jones says: "Coltrane's biggest influence for quite a while was Dexter Gordon, who



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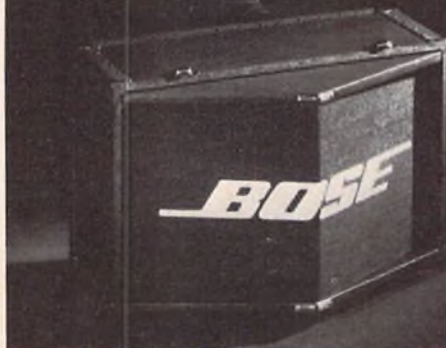

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also influenced Rollins and was one of the earliest people to transfer Parker's approach to the tenor saxophone." Jones' insight is useful because it helps focus attention on a major artist who has not really received the credit he deserves. Hopefully, *Tangerine* (recorded in 1972) will help stimulate reassessments of Dex's contributions.

Working out of the mainstream tradition of bop and blues, Gordon spins a set of strong virile performances which are cushioned by two fine rhythm sections. On the title track, *Tangerine*, Dex deftly mixes cascading sheets of 16th notes; notes of longer duration that reveal his potent sound which blends both metallic and woody resonances; and his penchant for dipping back into a tune's melodic contours for slightly-shaded variations. As with Gordon's two blues renderings, *(August Blues* and *What It Was)*, there are tasty, low-key solos by both Thad and Hank Jones and the superb Stanley Clarke.

My favorite track, however, is *Days Of Wine And Roses*. Dex beautifully captures the tune's poignant bitter-sweet qualities, responding to the challenge of Mancini's harmonic framework with a set of especially inventive choruses. The rhythm section provides a supple, supportive substructure throughout, with tart, pungent solos from Walton and Williams.

There is a special wisdom in the artistry of Dexter Gordon that reflects a mature masculinity—strong yet gentle, assertive yet open. And *Tangerine* is the manifestation of that special dexterous Gordonian wisdom. —*berg*

PEGGY LEE

MIRRORS—A&M SP-4547: *Ready To Begin Again (Manya's Song); Some Cats Know; I've Got Them Feelin' Too Good Today Blues; A Little White Ship; Tango; Professor Hauptmann's Performing Dogs; The Case of M.J.; I Remember; Say It; Longings For A Simpler Time.*

Personnel: Too lengthy to mention, also rendered too anonymous to bother.

★ ½

What a combination—Peggy Lee, Johnny Mandel, and Leiber and Stoller—and what an album this could have been. But either no one gives Peggy much of a chance anymore, or else she simply doesn't give herself one. Whatever the case, *Mirrors*, a "cabaret" album without any noticeable urgency, provides Peggy with about as much support as clouds would a faltering airplane.

The failure, by virtue of the preponderence of heavy-handed material and production, owes chiefly to the Leiber-Stoller team, which comes as a bit of a surprise on the heels of their fine work for Stealers Wheel and Procol Harum. Here they attempt to surround Peggy with silky aural moods and chic innuendo, and the result is a bit like a joke that everyone laughs and titters at, but where nobody really catches the punchline. *Mirrors'* most cloying track, *Professor Hauptmann's Performing Dogs*, captures the album's enigmatic thrust with its protrudingly redundant line about how "cute" the whole affair is. Cute might be just the right word, for all of its empty impact. In other places, the arrangements strive for a nice, strainy texture, but without resolve. Even *Longings For A Simpler Time*, a song with possibilities, is dulled by the production excesses and over-worked melody lines. And the one bona-fide cabaret number, *Ready To Begin Again*, surrenders its wonderful strangeness to rambling platitudes. Manya sounded better without her teeth.

Perhaps Leiber and Stoller are hopelessly out of water in this elegant ballad style. The songs are little more than signatures. And Peggy and Johnny Mandel have been around long enough to know how weak rigidly plotted performances can be. I don't know whose mirrors these are supposed to be, but I'm willing to bet a better face lies on the other side. —*gilmore*

ROBIN KENYATTA

NOMUSA—Muse 5062: *Nomusa; Warm Valley; Slow Boat To China; Afternoon Outing; Prettyside Avenue.*

Personnel: Kenyatta, alto and soprano sax; Dom Salvador, piano and organ; Stafford James, bass; Joe Chambers, drums; Xaba Ndikho, piano (on *Nomusa*).

★ ★ ★ ★

Nomusa is an unpretentious collection of performances that nicely showcase the considerable talents of Robin Kenyatta. A lyrical melodist imbued with an engaging playfulness, Kenyatta has distilled influences as diverse as Bird, Hodges, Trane and John Handy into a distinctive musical approach.

The title track is from the pen of Kenyatta's friend, Xaba Ndikho, a South African composer. Underenath, a propulsive, rhythmic bed is set up by Stafford James on bass (a veteran of gigs with Cecil Taylor, Pharoah Sanders and Gary Bartz) and Joe Chambers on drums (who has recorded with Archie Shepp, Eric Dolphy and Charles Mingus). At midground is a heavy, dense, oscillating texture created by Ndikho at piano and Salvador on organ. On top, Kenyatta darts and dances with a Trane-like intensity on soprano.

Duke's *Warm Valley* gets an up-tempo samba treatment that shows off Kenyatta's vibrant Hodges-inflected tone and his unique brand of fiery lyricism. Also stepping to the front is Salvador on piano. A solid accompanist, Salvador generates clearly developed and logical solos much in the manner of Bill Evans. His style is also infused with the musical heritage of his native Brazil.

Slow Boat To China is an overdubbed duet from Kenyatta and Salvador. Robin melds lovely arabesques with a warmly articulated melody as Salvador comps. Then Salvador solos on acoustic to his accompaniment on Rhodes piano, a slow, lush treatment that is a perfect marriage of the romantic sensibility and electronic technology. Concluding are two impressive John Handy compositions, *Afternoon Outing* (a jaunty waltz) and *Prettyside Avenue* (a plaintive ballad).

In spite of some engineering problems (especially with bass and drums), *Nomusa* is a solid musical effort from Kenyatta and Company. —*berg*

FREDDIE KING

LARGER THAN LIFE—RSO SO 4811: *It's Better To Have (And Don't Need); You Can Run But You Can't Hide; Woke Up This Morning; It's Your Move; Boogie Bump; Meet Me In The Morning; The Things I Used To Do; Ain't That I Don't Love You; Have You Ever Loved A Woman.*

Personnel: King, guitar, vocals. Tracks 1 and 5: Sonny Burke, electric piano, Clavinet; Pete Wingfield, acoustic piano; Melvin Ragin, guitar; Henry Davis, bass; James Gadson, drums; Mike Vernon, percussion; First Priority, background vocals. Track 4: King; Wingfield; Ron Carthy, trumpet; Chris Mercer, Mick Eves, Steve Gregory, tenor saxes; Bud Beadle, baritone sax; Roy Davies, Clavinet; Bobby Tench, guitar, DeLisle Harper, bass; Steve Ferrone, drums. All other tracks: King; Robert Wilson, bass; Mike O'Neill, guitar; Big John E. Thomassie, drums; K. O. Thomas, piano; Jim Gordon, organ, sax; Sam Clayton, congas; John Thomas, Darrell Leonard,

trumpets; Jerry Jumonville, alto and tenor sax; David "Fathead" Newman, tenor sax; Joe Davis, baritone sax.

★ ★ ★ ★

The last time I saw Freddie live, he was glistening in a coat of many colors. His adornments, a regiment of slinky, dancing chanteuses, and his stock supply of two minute guitar solos gave the impression of a workmanlike road show, long on spiffy threatrics but short on balls. King's latest records have seconded the notion; they've been programmed, cautious forays into a kind of processed blues hybrid marked by empty, choreographed growls, lead lines that are aborted by the clock before bearing fruit, and in general, a pervading feeling of listlessness.

Yet, praise the Lord, for King's been exorcised of all devils recently occupying his suffering soul. He roars with a grudge here, playing with a passion that totally redeems him.

Maybe the stigma of a live setting lit the fire under Freddie's tail. For although the studio tracks (*Better To Have, It's Your Move, Boogie Bump*) move along quite adroitly, the other songs, recorded at a concert in Austin, Texas, provide most of the impetus.

The tunes, of course, are not his own; Freddie King is not your blues bard. Yet they are all done justice. "Oh, Fathead, let me have it," he cries enthusiastically to an eager Newman, who obliges on Dylan's *Meet Me In The Morning*, with a lyrical, yet nasty foray. He's a good deal slower, yet just as righteous on *The Things I Used To Do*, where tenor yields to frantic guitar, played by the Texan as though inspired by an S-M fantasy.

Yet that's not all there is. That 20 second sustained blue note on *Ain't That I Don't Love You* is pulled from a man possessed, King squeezing the string to the fretboard with all his might and holding on for dear life. Freddie reaches frontiers of throatiness too; the hollow wail of recent recordings is transmuted into throaty, lion-like elocution on the finale, the classic *Have You Ever Loved A Woman*.

The live cuts are so power-packed that the studio slices pale in comparison, thus serving as the only obstacle to perfection. —*shaw*

GEORGE DUKE

THE AURA WILL PREVAIL—MPS-BASF MC25613: *Dawn; For Love (I Come Your Friend); Foosh; Floop De Loop; Malibu; Fools; Echidna's Arf; Uncle Remus; The Aura.*

Personnel: Duke, keyboards, synthesizers, phasers, vocals; Leon "Ndugu" Chancler, drums, congas, and vocal (track 5); Alphonse "Slim" Johnson, electric bass; Airto Moreira, percussion (tracks 1 and 5); Sylvia St. James, Kathy Woehrle, and Gee Janzen, vocals (track 5).

★ ★ ★ ½

I LOVE THE BLUES, SHE HEARD MY CRY —MPS-BASF MC25671: *Chariot; Look Into Her Eyes; Sister Serene; That's What She Said; Mashavu; Rokkinrowl; Prepare Yourself; Giantchild Within Us-Ego; Someday; I Love The Blues, She Heard My Cry.*

Personnel: Duke, keyboards, synthesizers, and vocals; Ndugu, drums and congas; Tom Fowler, bass (tracks 1 and 6); Lee Ritenour, guitar (tracks 1, 6 and 8); Flora Purim, vocal (track 2); Byron Miller, bass (tracks 2, 3, and 7), guitar (track 4); George Johnson, guitar (tracks 2 and 7); Airto, percussion (tracks 2 and 4); Daryl Stuermer, guitar (track 4); Emil Richards, marimba (track 4), percussion (track 5); John Wittenberg, violin (tracks 4 and 8); Ruth Underwood, marimba, gongs, and percussion (track 8); Johnny "Guitar" Watson, vocals and guitar (track 10).

★ ★ ★

George Duke certainly kept his name and

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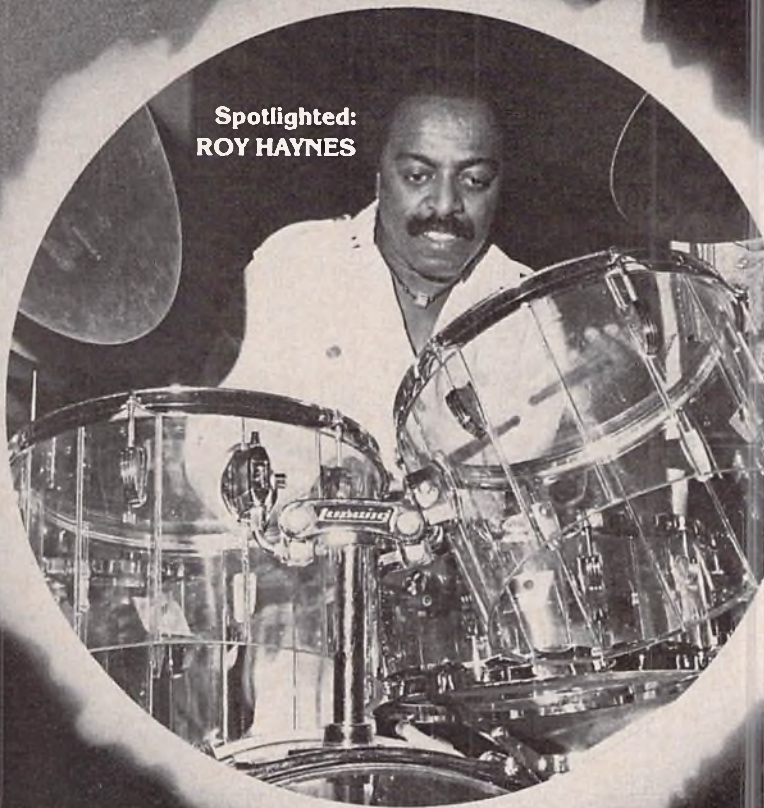

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work before the public this last year, as if he were wary to nap for fear of losing his stride. To cite his more obvious conscriptions, Duke not only served a rigorous tenure with Zappa's Mothers, he also realigned his creativity with the late Cannonball Adderley for *Phenix*, handled a multiplicity of keyboards for Stanley Clarke's *Journey To Love*, recorded and issued two of his own albums, and ended the year by forming a group with Billy Cobham. I would suspect that last venture might suffer from the same infirmity that besets George's solo work: a lack of focus or personalized direction. Duke's talent is unquestionable, and, for the better part, so is his taste. But could he be confusing proficiency with prolificacy?

Duke's album from last spring, *The Aura Will Prevail*, was largely an excursion in Weather Report's world, given the stamp of authenticity by Alphonso Johnson's prodigious bass playing. The use of synthesizers welding harmony lines in close parallel to melodic arcs, plus the spacing and voicing of interdependent, compound rhythms, are highly typical of Weather Report's latest work. Yet where Zawinul, Shorter and Company's recordings are exciting, even risky, Duke's emulation fares slightly worse. The problem resides chiefly with a tendency on George's part to render the synthesizer's relationship to the rhythm section as a homogenous one; the textures are too similar, even the breathy vocals. The synthesizer lacks a foil or contrast.

George Duke's latest album, *I Love The Blues, She Heard My Cry*, effectively solves any such problems of instrumental voicing (except for his own vocals), while displaying some new drawbacks. The synthesizers take on more imagination and fullness, filling the void where horns are needed, and the addition of several guitarists with distinctive styles provides greater emotional impetus. Duke takes the backseat now and then, which isn't such a bad place. He possesses a marvelous sense of appropriateness for embellishing other instrumental or vocal statements, as evidenced during Flora Purim's vocal on *Look Into Her Eyes*. By far, the most adventurous moment on this album comes on *Giantchild Within Us-Ego*, a stately fusion of acoustic premise with electric dynamics, calling to mind similar work of the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

But *I Love The Blues* misses the mark simply because it never makes any mark clear. Like a box of Christmas candy, it's too eclectic for the tastebuds. The album cries out, yes, and with worthy sensibilities, but Duke never clearly defines his intentions. Perhaps, like Zappa, he has grown a bit too precocious. After all, does jazz need a Billy Preston? *—gilmore*

WAXING ON . . . .

The initial release in Folkways Records projected *New American Music* four volume series is called *The New York Section* and centers on the avant garde element of the Big Apple. Six pieces are included: one each by Gil Evans, Milford Graves, Sam Rivers, and Sunny Murray, with a pair of contributions by Mary Lou Williams.

Although each composition is more than able to stand on its own, Evans' 11 minute *Bluefish* is a standout. Working with an ensemble that includes guitarist Joe Beck, Billy Harper on flute, and the dynamic rhythmic triad of Herb Bushler, David McDonald, and Warren Smith, Evans steals the show with his dazzling keyboard work. Gil is rapidly proving himself to be one of the most adept synthesizer arrangers, and this unusual yet delicately etched piece underscores the fact that Evans remains one of the most vital and adaptable musical creators of our era.

Rivers' *Shadows* showcases the multi-instrumentalist on tenor and soprano saxes, synthesizer, and flute. The lengthy segment that appears here is only the opening quarter of an extended piece for woodwinds that Sam hopes to wax in the near future. Both Murray's *Encounter* and Graves' *Transmutations* are percussive extravaganzas, with the latter featuring the saxophone of Hugh Glover and additional vocal chantings from both participants.

Zoning Fungus II and *Gloria* are two pieces by pianist Williams. The wild, freewheeling *Fungus* finds Mary Lou joined by a second pianist, Zita Carno, bassist Bob Cranshaw and drummer Mickey Roker, while *Gloria* is another of her contemporary sacred pieces, with accompaniment from Milton Suggs on bass and Tony Waters on conga.

Although the exploratory nature of this material will anathematize it to some, this anthology represents an impressive canvas of some of the more seminal New York artists. Let's hope the remaining three volumes of this Folkways series maintain such lofty standards.

Antilles is the new budget record label recently introduced by Island Records. With a list price of $4.98 and laminated record jackets that sport a touch of class, Antilles offers something long needed, a budget line stressing intelligent production and highlighted by a genuinely adventurous eclecticism.

The most substantial of the eight releases are a pair of jazz/rock fusion discs, *Morning Glory*, a group fronting the services of saxman John Surman, guitarist Terje Rypdal, and Soft Machine drummer John Marshall, and *Mainstream*, featuring a group known as Quiet Sun.

Recorded over two years ago in England, the assembled-for-this-session Morning Glory unit revolves around the twin dynamos of Surman and Rypdal. John is heard to best advantage on *Cloudless Sky* and *Hinc Illae Lacrimae—For Us All*, where he engages in a call/response duel with Rypdal. All four compositions are lengthy with the pervasive high spirits atoning for occasional cohesive lapses.

Quiet Sun is another pickup recording unit, comprised of Roxy Music guitarist Phil Manzanera, keyboardist Dave Jarrett, bassist Bill MacCormick, and drummer Charles Hayward. Synthesizer/tape wizard Brian Eno lends his inimitable hand to the proceedings, the feverish results at times sounding like a cross between Baxter's-period Jefferson Airplane and the Art Ensemble of Chicago. Top dogs are the eight minute *Sol Caliente*, imbued with Manzaneran freneticisms, and *Bargain Classics*, a calculated dose of electronic mayhem. A vocal attempt on *Rongwrong* is indecisive in a Kevin Ayersish way, the multitracked keyboards sinking into a soporofic state. But on the whole, an album of interest that may just hold up remarkably well.

Satanic majesty Eno also appears on *No*

Pussyfooting, this time in collaboration with longtime King Crimson ringleader Robert Fripp. Strung together during fragments of '72 and '73, the disc contains two side long electronic wailings, *The Heavenly Music Corporation* and *Swastika Girls*. Fripp administers guitar and diabolic special effects pedalboard while Eno fiddles with a tape recorder and souped-up VCS 3 synthesizer, the result being a dehumanized crunch of teutonic dementia, perfect for Sunday afternoon listening in your favorite air raid bunker. Indeed, no pussyfooting, what we have here is more like a post-atomic stomp of the Valkyries.

Yet even Fripp and Eno are infinitely preferable to the agonizing non-jest known as the Portsmouth Sinfonia. Concocted as a Britannic revenge against concertophiles everywhere, the Sinfonia was perpetrated a couple years back following a dissonant nightmare shared by "conductor" John Farley and that old musical philanthropist, Brian Eno. A premier assault appeared on Columbia, achieving largely non-comical critical response and overall commercial invisibility.

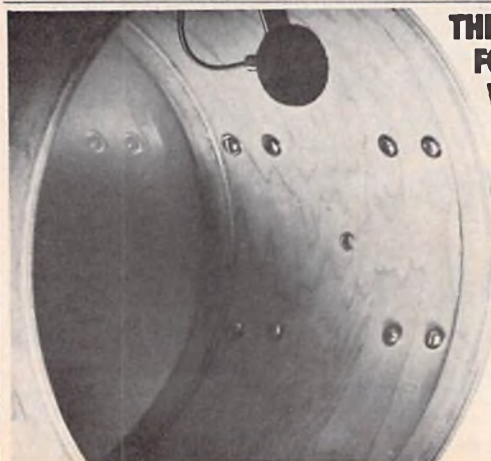
Hallelujah reveals the majestic marauders tackling/rending more abominable interpretations, including a grandiose Tchaikovsky piano concerto, the *William Tell Overture*, and Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus*. Maestro Farley and his henchmen pratfall to the occasion, staying out of key, time, and it throughout. This vinyl ecological felony was recorded live at the Royal Albert Hall, and from the riotous response shown by the adoring audience, they must have a lot more holes than ever in that grand auditorium.

Since it features Trafficman Steve Winwood, plus African multi-instrumentalists Remi Kabaka and Abdul Lasisi Amao, *Aiye-Keta* definitely possessed the makings of a standout session. But somehow things never got going and the five extended pieces rapidly degenerate into aimlessly doodling jams. Winwood manages to slip in some nice guitar and keyboards but the overall effect is one of disjointedness.

Jimmy Reed fanatics will be the most pleased by the reissue of *Cold Chills*. Recorded well after the legendary bluesman had waxed his peak VeeJay product, Reed's laid-back vocals and harmonica whinings fare best on an adequate redo of *Bright Lights Big City* and on the title cut. But really, who conned Reed into recording something called *Jimmy's Hotpants?*

Henry Wolff and Nancy Hennings are a pair of Eastern musicologists who painstakingly sought out and assembled the authentic instrumentation heard on *Tibetan Bells*. Ms. Hennings is featured on side one, rendering six original compositions, while Wolff tinkles away on the side-long suite, *A Choir Of Bells*. Recorded with extreme precision, the acoustic bells often sound eerily electronic. Yet this remains chiefly an esoteric delight, a must for all devotees of Harry Partch, Linda Blair, and the Dalai Lama.

John Kirkpatrick and Ashley Hutchings have collaborated on yet another delightful weirdie tagged *The Compleat Dancing Master*. Spiced with narrations from works by Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Dickens, among others, the album presents a cavalcade of British folk-dance styles, ranging from the medieval up through the 19th century. At times evocative of Steeleye Span, the days of Sherwood Forest, and the *Barry Lyndon* soundtrack, the album includes some incredible electric guitar cour-



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tesy of Simon Nicol, as well as adept work on violin, dulcimer, and oboe. Although it takes more than a cup of tea to get used to, *Dancing Master* could well become a captivating and habit-forming experience.

In all then, the Antilles budgets defy categorization and demand individual attention. Though it is doubtful that any one listener will readily embrace the lot, the overall image is a strong one. With another massive budgetary batch set for late spring release, Island and Antilles deserve all the support they can get.

While on the subject of English trad styles, Pye has gathered together a series of early '60s goodies on *Trad Jazz*. Featuring the bands of Kenny Ball, Acker Bilk, and Chris Barber, the disc recaptures a slice of anglophilic popdom that threatened to become pandemic in those long gone pre-Beatle/*Clockwork Orange* days. Ball's *Midnight In Moscow* reached No. 1 in both England and the States and is the best known selection on the disc. The three other Ball waxings have worn surprisingly well, especially the kinky Spike Jones-like *Your Feet's Too Big*. Bilk's *Burgundy Street* struts the melancholy reed of the *Stranger On The Shore* man, with a rendition of *Gloomy Sunday* also deserving mention. Barber's work has suffered most, his 1959 Top Tenner *Petite Fleur* emerging as the sole item of interest. In all, a moderately pleasing pastiche.

And what's a *Waxing On* without a Waxout: that record which, by transgressing far and beyond the normal boundaries of bad taste, has earned for itself the distinction of being the most despicable spin of the current time span? This issue's winner, thumbs down, flaunts these humble liner notes: "There are many who'll agree that he's the most exciting saxophonist to come on the scene since John Coltrane," and "he's ... locked horns with virtually every major jazz artist of the last two decades ... and blown more than his share of them right into the parking lot."

There must be a lot happening in that parking lot, because *Vince Wallace Plays Vince Wallace* is only honking his own horn, and in sour fashion at that. Although Vince is certainly not aided by his accompanying quartet, the "baddest horn-player East Oakland has ever produced" makes up in boredom what he lacks in humility. *Satanic Corridors* and *The Devil's Workshop* should clue you into the general tenor of things, but if you need more convincing, the 12 minute *Bombay Calling* is sure to stifle, with its earthy atmosphere of Saturday night in Daly City, replete with bleeding madras and smoking hibachi. Play wispy for he. —*hohman*

Evans/Graves/Williams/Rivers/Murray, *New American Music, Vol. 1* (Folkways FTS 33901): ★★★★★

Surman/Marshall/Rypdal, *Morning Glory* (Antilles AN 7004): ★★★★

Quiet Sun, *Mainstream* (Antilles AN 7008): ★★★½

Fripp & Eno, *No Pussyfooting* (Antilles AN 7001): ★★

Portsmouth Sinfonia, *Hallelujah* (Antilles AN 7002): ★

Kabaka/Amao/Winwood, *Aiye-Keta* (Antilles AN 7005): ★★½

Wolff/Hennings, *Tibetan Bells*, (Antilles AN 7006): ★★½

Kirkpatrick/Hutchings, *The Compleat Dancing Master* (Antilles AN 7003): ★★★½

Ball/Bilk/Barber, *Trad Jazz* (Pye 503): ★★★

Vince Wallace, *Vince Wallace Plays* (Amp 001): ★

Earl Palmer

blindfold test

by leonard feather

New Orleans born, the son of vaudevillians, Earl Palmer crashed into show business as a dancer, working with his mother and aunt in variety theatres. He studied piano and percussion from 1948-52, and moved to Los Angeles five years later, working first as a producer for Aladdin Records.

Throughout the 1960s, Earl established some kind of record in terms of activity and versatility. Aside from his jazz work with Benny Carter, Buddy Collette, Gil Fuller, Pete Jolly and Howard Roberts, he gained an unprecedented reputation as a rock drummer.

"My all-time record," he says, "was six record sessions in one day. I started at 11:00 a.m. and ran until about five the next morning. The sessions included one for Jan and Dean in which they had two drummers, Hal Blaine and myself. Another was a date with Lawrence Welk, and later I recorded Neal Hefti's *Batman Theme*.

"I had five sets of drums at the time. The cartage company would set up the instruments and I would go in and play, grab my cymbals and run to the next date, where they would be all set up for me by the time I arrived. I had a very nice month that night."

Shortly after returning from a tour of seven Middle Eastern countries with a quintet led by Benny Carter, Palmer was interviewed for his first Blindfold Test.

1. ELVIN JONES. *5/4 Thing* (from *Coalition*, Blue Note). Elvin Jones, drums; George Coleman, tenor sax, composer.

Well, I'll have to take somewhat of a stab in the dark . . . I think that's Elvin Jones. Now the tenor player, I'm not sure of, and the other players either. It sounds somewhat like Sonny Rollins, or it could also be Wayne Shorter. First I thought it was Coltrane, but it wasn't quite as melodic as Coltrane.

I think it was a very good record. The theme got a little monotonous—it didn't vary too much. I don't think Elvin had much chance to play. I think it was probably the tenor's album.

Elvin is phenomenal in the respect that you never know what he's going to do next. *He* never knows what he's going to do next! But he does it so well.

I think one of the roughest jobs that I ever had to do was to overdub one of Elvin's solos. It got fouled up on the music track in New York for a movie, and the only way it could be dubbed was in pieces, because when he hit the tom-tom you had to make it sound like a tom-tom, and I had to watch the picture and do that, and it took five hours to break it down—do so much and then look at the film three or four times again to get it right. That was the roughest job I ever had to do in my life. I hope I never have to do it again!

How would I rate this? I'd give this two stars.

2. BILLY COBHAM. *Lunarputians* (from *Total Eclipse*, Atlantic). Cobham, drums, composer/arranger.

That I think . . . boy, that's going to be rough, because all during this record I had three drummers in mind, but I think I've narrowed it down to two. That's either Billy Cobham or Harvey Mason. That may be out of Harvey's new album. I'm not sure what the name of it is. But I'm pretty sure that's Harvey Mason. A fine new drummer on the scene . . . when I say new I mean new to Los Angeles. He's really come into prominence in the last year. Very fine young drummer. Also fine percussionist. A good writer and all around fine musician.

The trombone on there I think was maybe George Bohannon. The rest of the personnel I would venture to guess, and I would base that on who I think Harvey would use on a date. Probably Chuck Rainey; Bill Dickinson perhaps.

I think it was a fine example of the rock/jazz idiom. I would have liked to have heard more of Harvey on there, providing it *was* Harvey. But over all, I'd say that was a fine record. I'd give that four stars. The other soloists could have been better, not to take anything away from George, if that was him. A fine player, but I think he could have played better. Perhaps on some of the other tracks he did. *If* he was there!

3. THE MILT JACKSON BIG FOUR. *Like Someone In Love* (from *Montreux, 1975*, Pablo). Jackson, vibes; Oscar Peterson, piano; Niels Pederson, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Well, it's so obvious it's Oscar Peterson. Nobody sounds like Oscar. Sounds to me like it's at a concert—an indoor concert—it's not Monterey. You don't hear the planes going over, and it didn't have that outdoor sound. At Monterey you can hear them screaming in the background. But I think that's Oscar, and Bags, Milt Jackson, and possibly Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen, which is the only thing I feel uncertain about, because neither one of them asserted themselves like they usually do and, as we know, can do.

I don't think that's any of that group's best performance; but based on who they are and their consistency, I'd have to give that four stars.

Feather: That was Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, those four great Danish bass players.

Palmer: He feels a lot like Ray, but you can really tell the difference on up tempo tunes. Nobody can play up tempo like Ray—the tempos that Oscar plays.

4. THE CHICO HAMILTON QUINTET. *Trinkets* (from *The Three Faces Of Chico*, Warner Bros.). Hamilton, drums, composer.

Palmer: I'm almost certain that's the old Jo Jones, and I think that's from a new album that he just did. I think it's called *The Drums*. I think I heard this album the other night at Herb Ellis' house but I didn't hear this track. I hope I'm right, because I'm really going out on a limb.

I think it's a very informative album. He does some talks on this album that I think are very informative to young drummers. Also very humorous. What can I say about that other than that's Jo Jones. If it's him. I'm almost certain that it is. I liked the brush work very much. As we know, he was one of the best exponents of brushes, from that era particularly, and still is. He and Denzil Best, I might add.

It's just Jo Jones. What can you add to that?

Feather: Well, I can add something to that. It was Chico Hamilton. I think Chico Hamilton would be very flattered that you thought it was Jo Jones.

Palmer: Well, I hope he will be, because I was way off on that one. But he *sounded* like Jo Jones. Another thing, the balance on that album—the sound on the drums—sounded exactly like the album of Jo Jones I heard the other night. And it was only drums on the album.

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

I have no idea who that is. I could venture to guess. I would say on the drums it sounds like Johnny Guerin, but that doesn't sound like any of the groups he's been recording with lately. That could be Paul Humphrey. I don't think it's Billy Cobham or Harvey Mason. I heard something by the Average White Band that sounds like it. I'm not sure. But just on a pure guess I'd say, let's say Freddie Hubbard, based on the trumpet. Of course, he plays a lot more than that. But if I had to pick any trumpet player I'd say it was Freddie Hubbard, based on the warm quality he gets on that fluegelhorn. I don't remember his drummer's name. It's a very good drummer. I rate that four stars. I like it very much. Good rock tune, good arrangement.

6. LOUIS BELLSON. *Groove Blues* (from *The Louis Bellson Explosion*, Pablo). Bellson, drums; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Don Menza, tenor sax, composer; Cat Anderson, second trumpet solo.

I can venture a broad guess on this one. It sounds like one of the local bands that's playing around Los Angeles, they just made an album recently. I'd venture to guess that's Bill Berry's band. Either that or . . . no, I don't think that's the new Frank Capp band. I don't think they've recorded yet. Let's go with Bill Berry.

I think that first trumpet solo sounded a little bit like Blue Mitchell; then it sounded like Bill Berry sometimes too. What's puzzling about that is that last trumpet—that high note trumpet. For a moment it sounded like Bud Brisbois, and then again it sounded like somebody I haven't heard for quite a while, Billy Brooks, who plays the high notes. But if it's Berry I'd have to go along with Bud Brisbois. And I think the drummer on there was probably Frank Capp or Jake Hanna. The tenor was definitely Don Menza, "The Old Red Baron," as I call him. He's a fantastic player.

I'd have to rate that three stars. If that is Bill Berry I've heard the band . . . maybe we picked the wrong track, but I've heard the band a lot better. But let's make that four stars for the overall performance. The rhythm felt good and clean, tight throughout, and had a good shuffle feel to it. For the feel it was aiming at, it got close enough for me. I'd say it was damn close. db

Profile

BILL HARDMAN by john b. litweiler

HERB NOLAN

One of 1975's happiest record events was the Brass Company's debut album *Colors* (Strata-East 19752), co-led by trumpeter Bill Hardman, arranger-bassist Bill Lee, and drummer Billy Higgins A large brass ensemble (including four or five trumpets and two fluegelhorns) creates pretty harmonic textures and nicely balanced inner moving parts: a flow of brass against and with other brass. The success of the project is testimony to the instruments' versatility, of course, and Lee's skill as orchestrator—and to Hardman's religious devotion to the trumpet as medium of expression.

"The Brass Company was more or less my idea, in a manner of speaking," says Hardman, *Colors'* major soloist and a gentle, modest man. "I listened to the records Miles made with Gil Evans, and Dizzy Gillespie's *Gillespiana*—all brass—and although nobody did it after those few Miles records, I thought it was a hell of an idea.

"About three years ago, it was just a rehearsal band. We had two arrangements at first, but then we decided we'd just go. We've only played three concerts in New York; we usually go on college tours—we've been throughout the South. We're limited to colleges and concerts because we're a large group, and it's hard to support even four or five pieces with a decent salary. And we're all running around like crazy, so the Brass Company is on vacation until we can all get back to New York and start rehearsing again. But while I'm with Art Blakey, I can still advertise for the Brass Company."

The current Jazz Messengers are at least the seventh or eighth edition that Bill has joined: "I've been on standby for almost 20 years. Art's not only a friend, he's a teacher—I've learned so much from him. Like building on a solo: starting at the bottom, building to a climax, and stop. If you go past the climax, you're going to go downhill; the best thing is to leave the people hanging. Sometimes I'll play longer if the feeling is there or if it's building slowly. But as a rule, after four chouruses—especially playing with Art—you're on top of it. He's a master. A good example is some of the old Charlie Parker records: you got the message in one chorus."

Bill grew up in Cleveland, Ohio, where he began as a young bugler, heard his uncle's Louis Armstrong and Roy Eldridge records, borrowed them, and for some reason kept forgetting to return them. In 1949, his father took the 16-year-old Bill to hear Charlie Parker; the youth followed the local jazz concerts, heard Benny Bailey (then still Cleveland-located), even gigged with Tadd Dameron during the great arranger's brief return home. A long period with singer Tiny Bradshaw followed Bill's high school graduation: "It was a chance to make some money."

Cincinnati-based Bradshaw toured constantly—"50 or 60 one-nighters in a row, all through the South."—with only four days' respite between tours. Tenorist Red Prysock and bassist Sam Jones were also with Bradshaw, and Bill survived the cut from a big band down to seven pieces. "I think I made four records with him, 78s. I only played one solo, eight bars on *Stack of Dollars*.

When Charles Mingus passed through Cleveland just after tenorist J. R. Monterose quit, Bill joined. The four months with Mingus led to a firm friendship with Jackie McLean and to Bill's first LP, the long-since deleted *Jackie's Pal* Prestige date. "Mingus was doing some of the things he's doing now. The band was way ahead of its time. We'd have chord patterns, but there were always eight- or 16-bar openings of only single-chord playing. Like the avant garde things where they make different sounds; he'd tell us, 'Make like wild elephants.'" This was Mingus' *Love Chant/Pithecanthropus Erectus* period; and excepting the rare Ellington or Parker song, the music was all original. In 1956, Bill and Jackie both left Mingus to join Blakey. Bill rejoined Mingus in a 1969 quintet and a 1971 big band.

Bill's first influence was Benny Bailey, and he acknowledges the impact of Joe Gordon and Kenny Dorham in his music. "I listened to Fats Navarro quite a bit. I *had* to listen to him, because he was the first I heard that I could put my finger on what was going on. Fats had the warm sound and the works; like, Clifford Brown is an extension of Fats, and when I got to know Clifford I said, 'Yeah, this is the cat.'" I noted the similarities between Bill's and Lee Morgan's early records. "We came up together listening to Clifford," Bill pointed out. "Clifford and Fats went about structure the same way."

"See, I like a warm, beautiful sound to come out of the trumpet. It took me awhile before I could get the sound that I wanted. The mouthpiece I use now I've been playing on for 15 years. It's not only technique—you get guys who can play really good but their sound puts you off, a thin sound or a blaring sound. Different mouthpieeces can change the quality of my sound in terms of tone and projection, endurance and range."

Bill joined Horace Silver briefly in 1958, after leaving Blakey, and spent four years with Lou Donaldson beginning in 1961. He rejoined Blakey for three years in 1966 (one remarkable Messengers group included Bill, Billy Harper, and McCoy Tyner just after leaving Coltrane). Intervening periods found Bill free-lancing: with Lloyd Price's big band, with Hank Mobley-Cedar Walton, leading his own groups, and—in recent years—commuting between Blakey, Mingus, the Brass Company, the Collective Black Artists' Ensemble, and teaching private students.

"I don't think my style has changed over the years—maybe a few improvements. Young people come by who have the wrong impression of jazz, they figure it's going to have a rock beat. That's what surprises me: we get a lot of kids who grew up on rock in the '60s, and now they're not 13 any more. You know, you don't watch cartoons all your life, and it's the same thing with music. If you listen to nothing but rock, you're stagnated. The younger people are discovering melodic music. They hear an old Clifford Brown-Max Roach or a Charlie Parker record and say, 'What? This was made before I was born?' Then they hear us and say, 'Oh, they're playing like that,' which is really a great thing. It's good for me, because I know I'll never change."

DANNY STILES by michael rozek

Trumpeter Danny Stiles says he is "approaching 40 real fast." Yet many jazz listeners have only recently discovered his talents, now featured with Bill Watrous and the Manhattan Wildlife Refuge. Stiles feels his ten years (1960-70) as contractor, sometime conductor and first brass chair in Merv Griffin's TV band kept him under wraps. "They were so careful not to let any of the music get out on the air, and we had a hell of a lineup—Jim Hall, Bob Brookmeyer . . ."

He also notes that, "In New York, you're pigeonholed as a 'jazz' or 'lead' player. I was with Thad and Mel for a year, playing lead trumpet, and didn't take a solo once."

Watrous' band, which the trombonist and Stiles formed together, is a result of the pair's lust for a forum. "It's almost like therapy for the two of us," says Stiles. "For years, we were always going out to play with somebody's rehearsal band, just to keep our chops up. But though our chops felt good, there was something missing, musically."

A native of Evansville, Indiana, Stiles 'first started to play cornet at age ten; it was strictly by ear for the first couple of years. Then, all of a sudden, somebody decided to give me trumpet lessons. He was a guy named Justus Sawyer, an amazing man, God bless him, he's gone now. He'd played with the Boston Symphony, and during his prime years he had an auto accident that forced him into plastic surgery on his upper and lower lips. Yet he could still play . . . I guess I must have learned a little bit about embouchure in those days, watching him play without any feeling in his chops at all."

At 15, Stiles held the third trumpet chair in the Evansville Symphony, sitting next to his second professional teacher, Everett Northcutt. Finally, in college, he heard Chet Baker. "I never forgot that. He really turned my head around, because I was heading into the legit approach. So then I heard Red Rodney, Maynard Ferguson, all on records. There wasn't much live jazz in Evansville. When I heard Clifford Brown up in Detroit a couple of years later, my head went another notch around. I was just a country boy."

"I was with Woody Herman from 1958-60. I always wanted to learn to play lead and jazz trumpet; it's traditional not to be able to do both. After

three years with Woody, I wound up with half the lead book and half the solo book, and I figured I'd learned what I could. I desperately wanted to get to New York and just stay there. I had an opportunity to work weekends near New York with another band, and I took it. On my last night with Woody, he invited me for a drink and asked me what I was going to be doing in New York. I told him I was going to be playing weekends with Fred Waring. Woody said to the bartender, 'Make him a double.'

"Anyway, it was amazing, because I rehearsed all week long with Gerry Mulligan's concert jazz band, and played weekends with Waring to pay my rent. But I was taught, right from the beginning, the value of versatility. I'm still sort of sticking to that."

In 1965, Stiles met Bill Watrous, hiring him for Merv Griffin's show. "Bill and I literally sat elbow to elbow for years, and we learned to really enjoy playing with each other. I'd steal slide stuff from him and he'd steal valve stuff from me. And I think we both learned a few things from Ten Wheel Drive. The experience kind of got us thinking about our own band. I had left the Griffin show in 1970, and started cold over in New York when the call came from Ten Wheel Drive. I had been wondering what was going on in rock for a few years, because I hadn't been around it.

"The trombone player quit right after I joined the band, so I ran and called Watrous, because I knew he would enjoy it. We had a real good horn section, but could never get the sound system straight. So when other work started picking up, I left and Watrous stayed on.

"With the Refuge, we wanted to have a big jazz band with rock overtones. We'd been pretty much living that kind of fusion; in fact, we even started a similar band in the late 1960's with a guy named Alan Faust, who is an excellent writer. We played similar arrangements to the type of thing you hear now, but all brass, save for one sax, Joe Farrell. It sounded beautiful, but we didn't have any sponsors, and it just disintegrated. A few months later, somebody came out with a comparable band on a smaller scale—I forget who—and they were recording all over the place.

LES LINE

"Jazz is picking up for small groups, but for a big band, it's the moving and the money that get in your way. Our size varies from about 17-21. Hiring a bus, a plane, even to go just upstate, gets very expensive. The band is full of young guys who just got to New York, who scuffle around for a chance to play. There's a lot of rehearsal involved. You gotta really love it, or there's no point in doin' it."

In a recent db interview, Bill Watrous commented on Danny's personal struggle for notoriety. "Danny has fought all his life to get the recognition he deserves. Something always stops him from achieving the greatness he wants. He could be one of the world's finest trumpet players."

Stiles replies, "I don't know what he had in mind there. Possibly it's that my timing has been off all the way through. When I left Woody, the guy who took my place was Bill Chase. A guy was going to interview me once, and he kept trying to find me in some band somewhere. He said that everytime he showed up to interview me, I had already left. When you think about it, I'm at a strange age to be at in the business—too old to be with rock guys, too young to be an established jazz player."

But such notoriety may be close at hand. For one thing, you can always recognize Danny's style, as it were. He stamps his trademark—a particular run—on almost every solo. "It's just a chromatic run with a lot of false fingering, and I learned to do it in the extreme upper register. One thing I learned about playing in rock bands: you have to figure out what to play when the chords aren't changing. I've been playin' the run for a long time, more than I've realized, I guess . . . whenever it fits. I talked to a guy at a clinic the other day and he told me a lot of kids in high schools and colleges are practicing that run. A couple of kids even decided to write it out."

Stiles himself teaches privately in Manhattan when time permits, does clinics regularly ("I always try to impress on the kids that a legit background is really very important if they want to play anything else"), and hopes his two trumpet-playing sons, aged 14 and 11, will be "a doctor and a lawyer instead."

caught... Warne Off The Beaten Track . . .

Laying Down the Laws in L.A. . . . Music to Survive By in Philly . . .

WARNE MARSH QUARTET

Warren Bulkeley Hotel, Stockport, England

Personnel: Marsh, tenor saxophone; Dave Cliff, guitar; Peter Ind, bass; Al Levitt, drums.

Stockport is a small satellite town, joined umbillically to Manchester in the North of England by a labyrinth of industrial byways, rather like Duquesne to Pittsburgh. And it's no prettier. Somewhere off the beaten track, at the bottom of a steeply-leaning cobbled street, deep in the inky shadow of a now-lifeless power station stands the Warren Bulkeley Hotel. In daytime, it is an ordinary public house, a favorite haunt for local newsmen. But at night, it shelters an intriguing jazz policy behind its beer-and-meat pies image. Recent visitors have included Stephane Grappelli and Bud Freeman.

Nevertheless, encountering the extraordinary talents of Warne Marsh in such a place is like finding Sinatra working in your neighborhood bar. It was also redolent of hearing Charlie Parker in the flesh, as one still slightly incredulous witness remarked. This love, tinged with an awe which Marsh engenders in too small a slice of the jazz audience, is not out of place, however. Only three other living tenor saxophonists are capable of making music at the inspired level consistently inhabited by Marsh.

And his talents remained undimmed this night, despite a nearly 200-mile dash by car through English fog during a whistlestop tour that zig-zagged the country in a manner that would daunt even the most energetic White House incumbent in election year. As a founder-member of jazz's longest-running underground movement, Marsh cannot have been too surprised at the actual venue—a cellar room cut into a subterranean tunnel whose history no doubt stretches back to the early days of Europe's industrial revolution.

Despite the rigors of a long journey, Marsh arrived fresh and dressed smartly, looking as though he had just stepped from a California golf course.

Warne has always been a subtly complex musician, but his style has developed continually throughout his career. It is now more emphatic and exultant than it was; and his tone, which always had more bite than bark, is now more umbrous, even gritty. He also deploys greater tonal flexibility, moving between the familiar, luminous sonority and an almost Rollinsian irascibility. And his sense of swing now floats less than it swaggers.

This latter quality was amply demonstrated on medium bounce tunes like *It's Only A Paper Moon* and *You Stepped Out Of A Dream*—the latter one of his favorite challenges, treated here to a tidal flow of successively tauter climaxes.

Much of the program comprised standards—a throwback to Tristano's dictum that musicians should play things the public can recognize and hang on to, however well disguised. And each one was given a thorough examination that often plumbed the farthest reaches of orthodox rhythm and harmony. *The Way You Look Tonight* was taken for a thrilling scamper, Warne's solo brimming with bold splashes of color. *I Want To Be Happy* boasted a torrential statement at the tempo level where bassists can scarcely breathe. Nonetheless, Ind was not only up to the task—he gave himself time enough to execute some fancy steps behind Marsh's improvisation.

Such racing tempos were also used to shake out a few bop standards. There was a barnstorming *Dizzy Atmosphere* and a sharply contoured *Moose The Mooche*. Even better was *Little Willie Leaps*, Miles Davis's transmutation of *All God's Chillun Got Rhythm*, a tune whose artful bridge has oft been a trap for the unwary, even at staider tempos than this. Not for Marsh, however, who used its wiles to fashion contrasting melodic structures.

The two most memorable spots were reserved for slow ballads. *Crazy He Calls Me* was a breathy, lush performance, exhibiting a rich, brown tone at the bottom and a lambent, bell-like sonority at the top. It was an exquisite creation. So, too, was *God Bless The Child*—coincidentally another Billie Holiday song.

There was also a brace of sinewy blues—*Now's The Time*, which harks back rhythmically to the late Billie Pierce's *Bull Frog Blues* of 1928, and a spontaneous Gb blues, later titled *Motorway Blues* in recognition of the drive north from London.

Fortunately, the entire session was taped by bassist Ind. It is to be hoped that the fruits will one day be issued on record, for this was certainly the way to display the talents of a major jazz soloist—undiluted by the efforts of an alternative billing. This group has also been recorded twice in Denmark—once with the addition of Warne's longtime collabora-

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tor, Lee Konitz. He and Marsh have also been recorded with a Danish rhythm trio (including the phenomenal bassist Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen) during a gig at Copenhagen's Cafe Montmartre. So the Jazz Underground has hit the surface with a splash; and although you Americans are getting Marsh back for Bicentennial Year, we may be keeping Konitz, who, at time of writing, was rumored to be planning to settle in London. *—chris sheridan*

HUBERT LAWS

Concerts At The Grove (Ambassador Hotel), Los Angeles

RONNIE LAWS AND PRESSURE

The Lighthouse, Hermosa Beach, Ca.

Personnel: *Hubert Laws Septet:* Laws, flute; Jerome Richardson, reeds; John Morell, electric and acoustic guitar; Patrice Rushen, acoustic and Fender Rhodes pianos; Tony Dumas, acoustic bass; Harvey Mason, drums; Woody Murray, vibes.

Ronnie Laws and Pressure: Laws, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute; Bobby Lyle, acoustic and Fender Rhodes pianos, clavinet; Roland Bautista, Kennard Ramsey, electric guitars; Kent Brinkley, electric bass; Steve Guttierrez, drums; Max Caduno, congas.

Having been stood up by the opening act, a full house was becoming a bit restless at the Grove, a beautiful, spacious, acoustically fine setting for the display of America's indigenous artform. From the moment Hubert Laws uttered his first note, however, he commanded and held the full attention of the diverse group of people that had gathered to witness the creator in his workshop.

Opening up with *Mean Lean*, a combination of Latin rhythms and melodic phrasing, the master flautist and his group explored a full spectrum of creative sound. Patrice's intense solo on acoustic piano built to an almost orgiastic crescendo, eliciting approval from her admirers as well as her colleagues. She demonstrated that, even within the last 12 months, she has matured as a performer, developing a style that is distinctly and recognizably her own. Richardson, who had some uncertain moments on tenor, followed Rushen. He seemed to be struggling at this point—never quite on top of things—though he became a bit more fluent as the evening progressed. Mason, by way of contrast, immediately made evident his ability to play with virtually anyone, solidly backing both Jerome and Patrice.

On the following two compositions, *Vera Cruz* (penned by Brazilian Milton Nascimento and *The Overseer*, three players laid out, leaving Hubert and his superb rhythm section to explore multi-ethnic music. Laws' solos were, quite frankly, masterful displays of first-rate musicianship and clarity in execution. He is an emotional player, yet structurally sound. Both Hubert (using echoplex) and Patrice (now on electric piano), wisely and sparingly employed electricity to evoke rich, relaxing, tranquil feelings.

Bach's *Passacaglia* was then rendered, with Mason infusing rich African rhythms and Murray displaying his vibes dexterity. Dumas, who supported well throughout the evening, was allowed a penetrating pizzicato solo on bass, and Morell became involved with some intricate alternate picking. A collection of commercial tunes, though well received, proved to be an anti-climax after this fine fusion of classical idioms and African roots.

Ronnie Laws' music, by comparison, was a bit more limited in scope. His group was basically showcasing tunes from their commercially successful debut album. It should be noted that the cramped, antiquated Lighthouse was not the proper setting for music of such aural intensity. Many advocates of electronic music argue that, to fully appreciate this art, one should listen to it at high volume. If indeed this is valid, as the group on stage seemed to think, I'm sure they would have had a better chance of proving their point in a larger club, which could adequately accommodate the din. I kept wanting to move further away, but there was no place to go; much of the music was projected past the audience.

Nothing To Lose featured Ronnie's authoritative soprano, apparently molding the direction of his musical comrades. The electrical empathy of Bautista's guitar with Laws' soaring soprano was quite satisfying, but unfortunately, the music was just too loud.

Bobby Lyle, moving to acoustic piano, established an immediate rapport with the audience, soloing on the standard *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*. A well arranged, updated version of the vintage tune served as a brisk, abstract introduction to an alluring *Never Be The Same*. This pleasant offering, in turn, proved to be the lull before a storm of funk, brought forth on Stevie Wonder's *Tell Me Something Good*. If the Lighthouse had a dance floor, I'm sure some heavy bumpin' would have transpired at this point. Bautista, now louder than ever, was at one with his instrument; he appeared to have several volts of electricity passing through his whole body, as well as through his guitar.

Why Do You Laugh At Me proved to be the evening's high point, with the soulful, romantic qualities of Laws' tenor bringing to mind his fellow Texan, David Newman. This was the basic Ronnie Laws that I had come to enjoy; the same subtle, relaxed musician I had witnessed on this very bandstand two years ago, as a burgeoning member of Walter Bishop Jr.'s youthful aggregation. Although times have changed since then, I wished Ronnie would have made the non-commercial side of his musical personality a bit more evident to the crowd, that had come to see him "play the hits."

The band concluded with *Always There*: a provocatively simple tune. Laws' ability to go outside was hampered by the strict soul arrangement, obviously aimed at a pop-oriented audience. Although an expansion of compositional scope and repertoire is needed, Ronnie's band could well become a leading exponent of commercially successful, yet meaningful, new music. Hopefully, as the band matures, more significant horizons will be explored. It's clearly just a matter of Ronnie taking the aesthetic laws into his own hands.

It's unfortunate that both brothers couldn't have been booked opposite each other under the same roof, at the Grove. I'm certain the music of Pressure would have sounded a good deal better at this establishment.

—gary g. vercelli

CHANGE OF THE CENTURY ORCHESTRA

Mitten Hall, Temple University, Philadelphia

Personnel: Philly Joe Jones, David Murray, Sunny Murray, Grachan Moncur, Khan Jamal, Rashid Salim, Byard Lancaster, Gerald Benson, Keno Speller, Charles Bowen, Robin Eubanks, Odean Pope, Warren Carter, Vernon James, Middy Middleton, James Dixon, Monnette Sudler, Bernard Samuels, Buddy Enlon, Connie Turner, Bill Lewis, Archie Shepp (guest soloist).

Anyone who attended this ensemble's debut concert last November wouldn't have believed the music could be any better the second time around; but, in comparison, the latter appearance was musically more cohesive. While there weren't as many solos played (the debut offered each musician some blowing room), those that were featured were more exciting, particularly Odean Pope, Charles Bowen, and

SANDY DAVIS

the incomparable Archie Shepp.

The concert opened with a three-part suite written by Sunny Murray. The last tune, *Karisma*, was exceptionally beautiful, beginning with very melodic and lyrical flute echoed by muted trumpet. A free, more frenzied chorus played by the entire Orchestra followed before a re-statement of the flute-trumpet motif: peaceful, haunting notes.

It was a simple, beautiful example of free music, "inside" and "out." Afterward, I asked Sunny about this composition and learned why it was so moving. He wrote it upon the death of his young son. Not having the finances with which to bury him, he sat down at his kitchen table and composed this tune as part of the music to be played at a benefit concert to raise the money needed for the burial.

Murray, often dubbed "the father of avant garde drumming," returned to Philadelphia recently after several years in New York, laced with extensive European travel. Presently, he co-leads a group called the Untouchable Factor. As Assistant Director of the Philadelphia Jazz Foundation, he also spends endless hours trying to accomplish the lofty goals of educating the public about jazz as a native American art form through lectures, symposiums, and workshops, as well as assisting in the growth and development of young jazz musicians.

The second composition of the encore concert was played in memory of the late Calvin Massey. *Things Have Got To Change* was written by Massey, arranged by Romulus Franceschini, and recorded on Impulse Records by Archie Shepp. Franceschini conducted this suite, quite fitting given the extensive association he has had with both Massey and Shepp. Co-leader of the RoMass Orchestra, a 17-piece jazz ensemble that has performed in New York, Franceschini is known for his many compositions recorded by John Coltrane and for his arrangements for the Philadelphia Composers Forum.

During intermission, poets Stanley Crouch, Gene Stephenson, Askia Muhammed Toure, Ted Jones and Robert Brooks read from their works.

The concert continued with *Gone, Gone, Gone*, from Gershwin's *Porgy And Bess*, arranged by Philly Joe Jones. Philly Joe emerged as the swinging, driving force behind the Orchestra at its debut and easily followed suit this time. A master among master musicians, he is ever progressing, always fresh. Archie Shepp and Odean Pope absolutely blazed here, also.

Monnette Sudler's *Easy Walker* followed. Ms. Sudler is a guitarist, vocalist and composer who has performed up and down the East Coast and in Germany. She was the musical director for the Miss Black America Show in 1974 and has appeared on numerous television shows. She also performed with the Orchestra at the November debut and plays with Sunny Murray's Untouchable Factor. The theme for the concert was *Black Awareness*, written by vibist Khan Jamal, co-leader of Untouchable Factor and Director of the Philadelphia Jazz Foundation.

The program handed out at the door stated, "The Change of the Century Orchestra presents, as an added musical experience, Archie Shepp—at home!"

Shepp was the icing on the cake throughout; the only complaint was that there wasn't enough of him. But, of course, that's the limitation imposed by an orchestra; there's not much room to stretch out. This in no way implies that the encore concert was, like the first performance by the Orchestra, anything less than an inspiring experience. Like the first concert, it is destined to become a memorable event in Philadelphia jazz history.

Later, sitting in the cluttered office-dining room of his small, modest house in the Germantown section of Philadelphia, Sunny Murray talked about the Philadelphia Jazz Foundation, the economics of music, politics, and love of the art of music.

Davis: How did the idea of the Change of the Century Orchestra originate?

Murray: The first collective movement of the Orchestra was started by Byard Lancaster, Khan Jamal, and myself. The idea of the Orchestra was conceived by the Foxhole Cafe collective and Byard; but it couldn't be put into effect until we were involved, because we had a much wider communication level with the musicians.

Davis: Wasn't it actually conceived as an alternative to the Quaker City Jazz Festival? (The QCJF is considered to be the largest jazz festival in Philadelphia area and has run for seven years.)

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Murray: It was conceived as an alternative, that's true. But that didn't stand out very much because, speaking for myself, I didn't want to get into any kind of political expression. I thought that was really petty politics because they (Quaker City) really don't carry that much impact for or against the music, anyway.

Davis: It's been said, though, that the Festival organizers have ignored Philadelphia musicians for a number of years by repeatedly bringing in out-of-town musicians to play the Festival.

Murray: But here's what I'm saying: who are they? They have never figured in anything I've been trying to do music-wise or gig-wise.

Davis: So you were not particularly interested in the political aspect of the concert, then, as had been stated earlier by representatives of the Foxhole?

Murray: Not at all. You see, I'm a Mao Tse-Tung man and a Black Power man and that seemed to me to be a paper tiger, you know, just petty politics. In terms of revolution, that kind of pettiness doesn't even exist. Quaker City Jazz? I don't even know them.

Davis: How do you feel about the Orchestra in terms of its musical accomplishments through the two concerts that have been presented so far?

Murray: Wow! How do I feel about the performances? Well, they were, like, not even here. They were just beautiful; we were in our own little wonderland, like what Sun Ra talks about. And it leaves you very wanting and very empty because it's such a really beautiful thing. And we just intend to go on, you know? After the first real smelting of the ideas in our heads, we felt we had something good: a strong, workhorse type of band. It was needed in Philly because we had not really experienced the live orchestra sensation and watching the talents working together, getting at a centralized sound, getting at what the purpose of the orchestra really is, and getting the sounds down.

And then, the orchestra presented us with some other outlets from a musical standpoint, like writing and composing for 16 pieces. And you can get into another groove and this can bring about changes in the music . . . it brought out that quality that it takes to grow with. It was like a workshop, really, because we had all ages and there was no feeling of superiority among the older musicians or no discontent. It was a very relaxed situation. And there was a freshness, like I said before, of finding that centralized sound and, above all, *action* in the music.

Davis: Many musicians today would rather refer to the music as "black classical music" rather than jazz. Considering this, do you feel that the concerts presented by the Century Orchestra offered a different kind of forum from, say, a quartet performing in the usual nightclub setting?

Murray: Certainly. The Orchestra presented a good example of black classical music. But amongst your good quartets and quintets you can see the same thing. Sometimes you need something like the Orchestra to generate the interest that it takes to bring about the confrontation with your art. A good idea would be to have the orchestra perform, then on the next set have a quartet out of that orchestra, then the orchestra again, next set the quartet, and so on. But that's a good question, because you could see the classic conception more when you saw some of the masters in the orchestra. You get that feeling when you see that, I guess.

* * *

"Back when I was a kid," Murray relates, "I used to see a picture of Stan Kenton's band playing and I couldn't relate to it at all and I used to think, 'Where the hell do these guys play? I've been trying to catch them for 99 years.' And you'd see in **down beat** or somewhere where they were playing in Massachusetts and then in California; but you'd never be able to catch them around the corner at, say, the Blue Note."

Well, you couldn't catch Stan Kenton at the Blue Note, but don't expect so see the Change of the Century Orchestra at some of the more traditional spots, either. According to Sunny Murray, "What we want is to get a nicer group of people listening to the band, more people, *all* people, the band will keep putting new material in, keep coming up with innovative ideas, getting pleasure from that, and having a basic employment which will be consistent. I mean, we don't expect to have people saying, 'Now they're at Palumbo's or something.' That's not where it's at—that's not what we're oriented for. We'd rather end up on a campus —or camp-out in the summer, if all the funds have been secured, with people diggin' it. The Orchestra is made up of five or six groups and many of us are leaders in our own right. Some of the young people will be propelled into other things. Philadelphia had that original workshop experience, you know.

"Of course, I'm going to stay with my own group, the Untouchable Factor, till the dying end, 'cause that's our mobile. The Orchestra is a cooperative mobile on a wider kind of expression. But the Untouchable Factor is the nitty-gritty of the music for me: it's the swing of it, it's the funk of it, it's the handclap of it. There, you're caught in that beautiful spirit of just a burning quartet, you know, like with John (Coltrane), Elvin, and those cats, which is the way we're really most familiar with.

"But the Orchestra is a wider expansion of our hearts. It was hard coming up with all the bread to pay everyone when we came out a little short at the door, but we did it. We got it together and we were all so happy to see each other and play with each other. You see each other face to face and you say, 'Well, we're going through with this, man,' and you can't beat that feeling when you meet them at the station. This means it's alive—somewhere—here in Philly; it don't have to always be New York, you know." *—sandy davis*

LAWS

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College in Wilberforce, Ohio, which he attended on a football scholarship. As a narcotics parole officer, he carries a gun and a badge. As a conga player, he carries drums in his hands and music in his heart.

"My officer job pays $1200 a month, but at the same time I love music, and I've always been looking for this kind of successful situation. Now, here it is, and what am I going to do?"

"I don't want my family to suffer, but I don't think my talent was given to me for nothing, you know? I can't do right by my family and my parolees and do right by music too."

"Would your wife back you if you go into music?"

"Sure, she would. She says if it makes me happy, it will make her happy. But everybody's scared to let go of that security blanket. I mean, I love music. I could play it all day, and Ronnie's music is so unique that I think it has some longevity. There's a cohesiveness in the group, too, a spirit of brotherhood, and I *like* that. I've got to make a decision."

Roland Bautista arrived while Kent Brinkley, who met Ronnie at Wayne Henderson's rehearsal studio in 1971 and soon thereafter switched from acoustic upright bass to Fender electric, was saying, "And there's not even one crazy person in this group running around killing himself with dope or booze."

"That's true," said Roland. "Everybody's on basically the same positive, healthy, constructive wave length.

"I keep coming back to the fact that there's something new happening today, man. There are many musicians out there with us, and we're all on the same vibration. It's all dope-free, more into the body, into the mind.

"All these cats are into TM or Scientology, or one thing or another, and all that means is getting to know yourself a little bit better. Before, cats would say, 'I can't face reality. Give me joints, pills, snorts.' Now, everybody is saying, 'I can't face reality, so I'm going to get into myself and learn *how*.'

"When we play the bars," he continued, "we maybe have a drink after the shows. During the shows, however, we keep the wave lengths open, and really hear each other.

"That's what we're working on now—communicating on stage with each other. We all know what we are doing, what each of us is going to play, the songs, the arrangements. There's still that improvisation thing going down, however. We want to learn to communicate with each other, because if someone in the group takes off, we want to all be able to get together and take off with him. That's all musicianship is—complementing the soloist, or the soloist complementing the back-up."

The Back Door was packed for the first set of the second and final night, and the line outside wound around the corner of the building.

"Looks like word spread through the campus about us," said bassist Kent Brinkley. "The brothers and sisters are here tonight, aren't they? Every vibe I get is good. I'm glad they're here."

The almost 100% black audience lined the walls and jammed the floor space from the front of the stage to the health food bar in the back.

Opening with *Always There*, Ronnie immediately took control of the people. He clapped his hands, and the crowd joined him. He generated energy, enthusiasm and charm. From the opening note of the first set to the crashing, fiery finale of the second, that dirty ghetto funk groove relentlessly pumped excitement into the very bloodstream of every person present.

Ronnie's solos sparkled with imagination, daring, freedom and conviction. When he turned the stage over to guitarist Bautista's hipshot, machinegun pyrotechnics and Bobby Lyle's answering volleys of supercharged piano virtuosity, the house rocked. The magic was there. Ronnie Laws was *on*.

He talked with the crowd between songs, urging them to clap their hands and participate. And they did, smiling, laughing, and shaking to the infectious funk rhythms.

When Bautista, Lyle, Gutierrez, Ben and Brinkley soared away on their own, Ronnie

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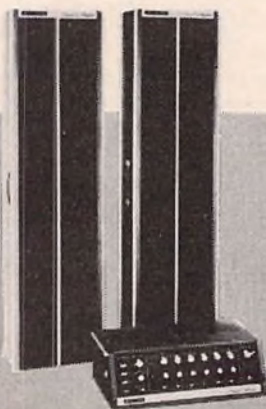
Warehouse rock.



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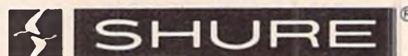

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LAWS

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thwanged a tambourine, dancing with genuine enthusiasm, locking eyes with Bautista and the others, greeting them (and us) with a bright, new, bold hello. He beamed with sheer free-flying delight.

Packing their equipment after the final set, the musicians all but danced in high spirits. Just before they departed at 3:00 a.m. for their next gig, the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco, Kent Brinkley shook my hand and said, "Now, *that's* what this music is supposed to be all about!"

Ronnie smiled warmly when he said goodbye, obviously more relaxed than the night before. He knows his goal lies beyond his present attainment, yet he also feels certain he will achieve it. An emerging creator in his own right, Ronnie Laws is on his way. **db**

LIEBMAN

continued from page 15

volved, if not more involved, in what's going on. The spontaneity of leading the set and conducting the band has to do with what's going to happen next, who's soloing, and so on. If Frank is playing something that I like, I signal him to keep it up. One of the advantages of being a horn player is being bodily mobile and free to look around and react. This enables me to really pick out things that they might overlook because they're playing and keeping it going. I am looking at them and listening for the next thing. I might, for instance, hear something and remember that for the end of the solo and bring it in. So a lot of what you hear in this band happens on stage.

When we have a concert that's all ours, with our audience, where we all feel good and relaxed, the group is amazingly spontaneous within the context of the songs that we do. We have the heads that we know we're going to do, but things take off and go in other directions when there's room. Those are the main things that I learned from Miles.

Then, of course, there are the musical things, the way Miles actually plays. The lyricism, the use and choice of notes, the use of space and rhythm are very important. And the texture, the use of color and tone. Even with the electric instruments, Miles still used color to differentiate one note from another. Even playing E-flat for four hours, which is what we did most of the time, even within the context of that very limited area and beat, and four guitars, and an amazing amount of sound—even within that I was able to discern the subtleties of Miles' playing. It was the perfect place for me to be at that time. Miles made me see the melody and it really made me feel very covered and ready to do this band.

As for being a leader, it's not necessarily a matter of being the best musician in the group. But you have to be the best rounded musician in the group; you have to be able to play everybody else's instruments, at least in your mind, and somehow verbalize that to them, or play it for them. Since I can play drums, piano and bass, it's easier to get it across. The psychological part is important too, which helps to explain why Miles is such a great leader. He's very sensitive to people's vibrations. He really knows how to use each musician's abilities. His relationship with each musician is different. And with each one he gets the most by kind of playing up to their part or by giving them what they do best.

Berg: Harmonizing the different egos is undoubtedly one of the most complex challenges for a leader.

Liebman: Definitely. In a group like Miles', where he always has the best cats, everybody has a massive ego. But Miles is able to use these egos by putting them against each other, and with each other. It changes all the time, but when he gets on the bandstand, there's always something happening. If a band is very cool, that's not necessarily the best atmosphere for this kind of music. There has to be something, some tension. It's not negative because the disturbance will definitely be reflected in the energy level of the music. Whereas if there's a very stable attitude and atmosphere, sometimes the music can reflect that, and it might be very nice, but it may not be the most moving music.

Berg: What about the interpersonal interactions among members of Lookout Farm? Richie's new album with Frank and Jeff, your involvement with Open Sky and your duo LP with Richie suggest that each of you has a need to balance the group venture with individual projects.

Liebman: Yeah. It's a very important thing that's part of having a good band. I remember wanting to do that as a sideman. So now that I'm in the position where I have a band, I know these are guys who are looking to express themselves. So you have to give them the room in order to keep the vibrations cool, and to keep the creativity and the spontaneity flowing. The other way is to pay a guy a lot of money. Then everybody shuts up, right? Like Miles pays you a lot of money, so you go along with him, for a long time. But if the money is minimal, which is the case with this band, it's only going to go as far as the group wants it to go. You can see all this equipment. Well, we lift it all and set it up. So the group goes only because everybody's enthusiastic about the music. And one of the ways to keep the enthusiasm up is to keep everybody separate for awhile, and do other things.

Berg: Each time I've heard the band, I have been impressed with the vibrations of mutual respect. There's a beautiful interaction going on up there, and it comes across.

Liebman: Yeah, the model for me was Coltrane's group. It was strong musically, of course, but besides music, it had a style. I mean the way they just got up there. They didn't talk to each other. After all, what was there for them to say to each other after they had played like that together night after night? It's like this is what they did and they just got up there and they did it. And they did it unbelievably. It was intense. That's the kind of attitude I always wanted to have in a group. And I feel very fortunate to have gotten it to such a degree with my first group. But that's largely because we have known each other for such a long time. It's something I really wouldn't trade.

Berg: On the liner notes for *Sweet Hands* you mention the importance of an eclectic approach. Would you expand on that?

Liebman: There're two ways to go, being eclectic or playing one style only. Trane's group played one way and I think that's cool if you have something that can take that. At this point, to me playing eclectically offers the same kind of unity, because the common element is the people playing it. It doesn't matter if I approach a ballad or a rock tune, because it's going to be approached with my kind of conception until or unless I come up with a whole other conception. That's a stage of innovation which is something that you can't predict. If it happens, it usually doesn't come to a musician until he's in his 30s, when he's

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HOW TO get the most from a clinic

by Dr. William L. Fowler

"He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches."

—George Bernard Shaw (1903)

Many educators would agree that Shaw's witticism even today remains at least partially true in strict schooling establishments. But the same educators could truthfully point out that in today's less formal jazz clinic, he who teaches invariably is a doer. Perhaps if G. B. S. could have lived after 1950, to witness pros providing the practicals of jazz playing to their clinic students, he'd have revamped his famous barb to something like, "He who can do and teach, too, ought to." Then he'd be agreeing with the thousands of young jazzers who flock to hundreds of annual clinics—everything from a one-shot session during a local stage band festival, to the multi-curriculum of a week-long jazz camp. And he'd also be agreeing with those public school music teachers who, though not themselves active professional players, actively extend jazz education by setting up clinics at their own schools.

Then, if Shaw had lived into the 1960's, he could have watched the jazz clinic movement spread throughout the entire country, thereby providing informal, face-to-face, how-to-do-it learning just about everywhere for just about anyone interested.

Interest alone, of course, can't guarantee any student's getting a full return on time, effort, and money invested in clinic participation. But some objective observations from a sometime professional clinician—me—might help increase the yield:

About Questions: *"What's your opinion of So-and-So's playing?"*
(Long silence while the clinician tries to figure a way out of that trap. A negative answer could be taken as a show of jealousy or could offend some of Mr. So-and-So's admirers.)

Likely answer: *"Fine player."*

Educational result of question: *Zero info!*

"Whose recordings can help me develop my ideas in modern chord progressions?"
(Short silence while the clinician lines up the pianists, guitarists, arrangers, and composers he admires.)

Likely answer: *"Here are some of the recordings which helped me. . . ."* And then the clinician might go on to give a mini-course in chord substitution, extended harmony, and the like.

Educational result of such a positive-toned question: *Plenty of authentic info.*

The question/answer route is the most direct—and sometimes the only—way a clinician can know what individual students want to learn. And any question which deals with subject matter rather than with personal opinion is apt to be of value to most or all of the students. So questions—however basic they might be—on instrumental or vocal techniques, sight-reading, chord symbol meanings, instructional materials, warmup exercises, practice habits, etc., generally help everybody, including the clinician.

Asking a clinician to explain and demonstrate exactly how some particular skill can be developed might cut weeks or months from a student's accomplishment calendar. Ask a Johnny Smith how to tune a guitar; ask a Clark Terry or a Marv Stamm how to adjust the tuning slides of a flugelhorn; ask a Shelly Manne or a Roy Burns or a Jim Coffin or a Harvey Mason how to tune a tom-tom. Pre-identify the problems. Then, in public or in private, ask the pros. Chances are they themselves did just that while they were learning.

About Other Students: Enrolled in almost every clinic are some super-talents who can already play or write very well, and sometimes both. Such people make informative discussion partners—unless they're on an ego trip.

Tips On Ego Trips: While modesty tends to invite interest, nobody wants to hang around a bragger. So the Self-Hero-Worshipper might get quite lonely after a few ego displays. But observance of a couple of maxims ought to solve any egotist's problem: "Big ears are more useful than big mouths," and "Talent speaks best through performance."

About Post-Clinic Activity: Much of the information from a clinician deserves long-range study. Those passout sheets plus a notebook filled with the verbal information furnished at the clinic can keep any student gainfully occupied until time for the next one.

LADY AND HER MAN

transcribed by John Cole

This transcription is taken from *Lady Day* (Columbia CL-637). It is not a solo as such, but rather an obbligato, a jazz counterpoint, played by Lester Young as an accompaniment to the voice of Billie Holiday on the last chorus of the song. This performance is generally considered to be among the highlights of both artists' careers.

The transcription is in the Tenor saxophone key.

ME, MYSELF, AND I — LESTER YOUNG'S CHORUS

EMAJ.7 G#-7

F#-7 B7 Emaj.7 F#-7 B7

Emaj.7 G#-7

F#-7 B7 Emaj.7

G# maj.7 C# maj.7

F# maj.7 Bmaj.7 F#-7 B7

Emaj.7 G#-7

F#-7 B7 Emaj.7

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reached a high level of proficiency and experience.

Berg: In regard to styles, moods and textures, the eclectic approach also works well with your audiences. It's almost the same kind of variety that you would program into a traditional dance gig—a bossa nova, a cha cha, a fox trot, some rock, etc.

Liebman: Yes. As for myself, I usually enjoy listening to a set that takes me through a variety of moods. If you want to hear only one thing, blues or slow romantic music, I understand that. But usually I like to go through something that takes me in different directions and makes my imagination work. I want to come out and say "Far out, look where we've been!" Sometimes I look at our music geographically. I hear New York and I hear the Caribbean. Then, of course, I hear some Middle East stuff. That's my influence. And the East Indian with Badal. Then there's the African influence, the drum thing, especially with Jumma Santos when he was with us at the Bottom Line. There's the European thing with the acoustic piano, the chords and the way we associate with each other harmonically. In a way, it's a world music with all the elements that we have. It's really beautiful.

You know that a man is a true musician when his real roots start coming out. I look at a guy like Jan Hammer or Gato Barbieri and I say, "There's a man who's finding himself. Far out!" I can feel it coming in myself. It's a maturing thing that happens as you develop. And I'm coming closer to what my roots are. I'm from Brooklyn and I'm Jewish and I'm white. I'm not black and I wasn't born in Harlem. And I'm not Indian or South American. If anything, my roots are coming from my parents and their ancestors, from the Middle East and Israel, and from chanting and clarinet, which is why soprano appeals to me so much. You know, there's that kind of wailing thing. And that's why Indian music has appealed to me so much, because I felt closer to that than say Brazilian or African. I felt more at home, more right exploring what I feel are roots closer to my own.

This whole issue is rather complex because for a long time as a young musician, in jazz especially, you're going through a heavy, heavy trip learning some other music that really isn't necessarily natural to you. Jazz is a black music. I mean the swing and the feel of the music, the essential parts of it, come from black people. You can live in a black area of a black city and be involved in this culture and absorb a certain amount of it, but there's no way you're going to be playing the way you would if you had started at three years old in the ghetto. So, it's a very heavy trip for a musician who is in the kind of musical category I and all my contemporaries are in, especially the white musicians. It's a touchy thing. It's a psychological, moral, and ethical question about your own thing, your own personality, admitting something to yourself and realizing it. At least that's how it's come out to me.

Berg: I agree with you up to a point. But, on the other hand, it seems to me that there are many universal dimensions that to a large extent transcend national and ethnic considerations.

Liebman: Right. What I'm saying is that from the standpoint of the artist as a man expressing his innermost being, there is only one essence. While your essence is made up of a lot of universals, you do have something that is uniquely yours because nobody else comes from your time and place. If you are successful, you will get nearer and nearer to expressing that essence of yourself. It's not that someone can't respond to other music, or that you can't even play somebody else's music, or replicate it, or even be creative and make a contribution to it; but you will probably find that the deeper you go into yourself, the deeper you get into your own roots, the more successful you'll be in interpreting those kinds of feelings you were wanting to interpret. **db**

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to having a good feel, and he just lashed us into shape as far as that was concerned. Onnie does most of the rhythm guitar playing, and he's been devoted to that style of playing all his life. We were actually lucky enough to see them recording Aretha.

Ball: This was our introduction! We'd just joined Atlantic, and we were in the studio putting down the white album, and Aretha was in the studio putting down a live track, with a band. Arif said to come down before our session and we'd see these guys winding up. So we came into the studio, and they were flying. Aretha singing live at the piano! And then they all packed up and we were waiting and they said "Next please," and we were up.

Duncan: Aretha's rhythm section, the Atlantic rhythm section, had a big influence on our rhythm section, there's no doubt about that. *Rock Steady* and all that.

Mandel: Do you have a black audience?

Duncan: Yeah, very big. It varies, but it's normally at least half, and that can be exciting. Because once you get a black audience going, it takes off. It's an atmosphere.

Ball: I don't think you can sell an imitation to a black audience. Soul music is really involved with a feeling for the music and I don't think there's any way you can get that across unless you *are* really into it. You could never fool a black audience. It's so basic. There's nothing we play that's so complicated. It's just played in time and played in tune; but the simplest thing is the most difficult thing to do. It's more complicated, the chords and all, than most rock material; but for a jazz musician it's a piece of cake.

Duncan: Technically it's not a problem. It's very important that the rhythm section is on. Steve, the new drummer, who is English from Dryden, really fits in well. It took us a while to adjust, for him and for us, but he's got great chops. He's already contributing to the development. On *Cut The Cake* we got into some grooves while blowing, or rehearsing, sound checks.

Ball: For most of our really funky material, the basic starting point is a groove, a bass line and a drum part and a guitar lick, which comes out of a jam. And then either myself or Hamish or Alan will come up with a basic idea for a song and we'll work on it together.

Duncan: Leon Ware, the songwriter, has come to our attention quite a lot. We did a song of his on our MCA album and *If I Ever Lose This Heaven* on *Cut The Cake*.

Ball: And then there's the Isley Brothers' song, *Work To Do*, off their album called *Brother Brother Brother*. That's a fantastic album that never really got off. I think it was in their interim period; lately they've had some hot singles, and their albums have been breaking. But that album—and that track—the way they do it is incredible.

Duncan: That album was one we all got off on, just about when the band was starting.

Mandel: Do you have any plans to go home soon?

Ball: We're in the States most of the time now. We plan to be in Europe next year, along about April. We're also going to Australia. And Japan.

Duncan: We concentrate on the States because it's our major market, and we enjoy playing here very much.

Ball: This is where all the music we like comes from. There's hardly any British music that appeals to me. I hardly ever listen to any rock, any heavy bands. When we travel, as soon as we get into a hotel we turn on the radio and get the soul station or the jazz station.

Duncan: We were working hard in Britain. We had a following, a good following . . . we were always a hip band. . . .

Ball: A small, enthusiastic, really dedicated following. . . .

Duncan: In those days we were all doing clubs, bopping, as they say.

Ball: I think it became clear to us that our music was going to sell in the States, and we got so much energy coming over here, in a musical sense. Because you're writing and you've been in Scotland and Britain all your lives, always remote from all this music, and then you come across to New York and you're faced with all these people that you've never seen and you just go: "Hoho, this is it, this is for me, I'm staying."

After a nearly sold out concert in the acoustically satisfying Auditorium, the Average Whites retired to their dressing area for a little comedown party. They'd driven their audience—of which much less than half was black—to singing along on an encore *I Heard It Through The Grapevine*, and had received a standing ovation.

"Most nights it's been a little better than that," commented rhythm player McIntyre. "But I think that's because the audience was further from the band. Recently our ovations have been better; it took them a bit to get to their feet tonight, didn't it? But recently we've been on a stage where they're right down in front of us." He sat stroking his beard, leaning against the counter before the makeup mirrors.

Hamish Stuart stepped up to shake hands, smile uncertainly and shrug off any interest in talking to interviewers. But Alan Gorrie broke away from a suede-dressed woman, who'd asked if his bottle of Johnny Walker Black was a good American whiskey, to talk briefly about crossover music and how everybody's doing it.

"It always used to be like two cliques," he explained, passing the bottle. "There was the music group, that was us . . . and the others were the Bob Dylanites who kind of moped about, hunched over with their record albums under their elbows; you know, we didn't talk to them and they didn't talk to us.

"But now, we've been listening to jazz forever, since the early '60s. We know all the Miles, all the Trane, all the Cannonball. Cannonball, he was the greatest; we saw him last year, you know. Let's hoist one to Cannonball—may his music live on forever!"

Drummer Steve Ferrone was slapping the back of one open hand against the palm of the other, standing in the center of the room that was filling with concert guests, hangers-on, and Auditorium security.

"You know what the ideal combination would be?" he asked at large. "Who I'd like to hear most? Herbie Hancock, Jack DeJohnette, Ron Carter, George Benson, Joe Henderson . . . oh, Freddie Hubbard on trumpet—you know, like *Straight Life*. What an album, man! I love DeJohnette, 'cause I don't know if he knows it or not, but those rhythms sound Latin. He sounds like he gets into a samba thing. . . ."

"Where besides Detroit records did you learn those rhythms?"

"They're natural, man," Ferrone offered.

I laughed and shook my head. "In this country we don't believe it, that's off. I've got the same color blood coursing through me, and the heart in here pumps at the same pulse as yours," I said, pointing to my chest with my pen hand.

"Well, I had a lot of studio gigs; I worked with Brian Auger a bit, and did Freddie King's last album, *Burglar*. (English blues pianist) Pete Wingfield got me a lot of work, and put me wise to when I wasn't getting enough dollars. And my father was African. I like the reggae, too. But the Latin thing—that's the best.

"Mongo is good, but he's animal. Barretto—you know Ray Barretto, man? He's refined. Like, he's *it*. Mongo is great, he did a lot for Bernard Purdie in the rhythm department. But Barretto, he did some recording with me on the last album, you know? I spent the time learning some licks. He taught me some things . . . he's fantastic." Then Ferrone (and the rest of the Average White Band) was lost to the party. **db**

1776-1976—
IT HAPPENED

1776—In Petersburg, Virginia, establishment of the first black Baptist Church points toward development of black choral singing.
1791—In Newport, Rhode Island, Newport Gardner opens his singing school to become the first independent black vocal teacher.
1801—In Philadelphia, Richard Allen publishes the first black hymnal.
1853—Alexander Luca, a Connecticut singer, debuts himself, his wife, and their three children as the first successful black family vocal group.
1865—George Hicks organizes the first all-black minstrel show, the *Georgia Minstrels*.
1867—In New York, William Allen, Charles Ware, and Lucy Garrison publish the first collection of Spirituals.
1871—The Fisk Jubilee Singers take their first tour.
1911—In New York, Scott Joplin's black opera, *Treemonisha*, gets its first performance. It's not a hit.
1920—Mamie Smith cuts the first vocal blues recording by a black singer, *Crazy Blues*, Okeh Records.
1940—The State of Virginia adopts as its official song, *Carry Me Back To Old Virginny*, one of some seven hundred songs written by James Bland, the American singing/banjo-playing black minstrel who had been the most popular music hall idol of Europe during the 1890s.
1955—In New York, Marian Anderson appears in the Metropolitan Opera Company (Verdi's *The Masked Ball*).
1964—Release of a smash-hit vocal disk by the Supremes indicates that Berry Gordy's Motown will become the first successful black-owned recording company.
1976—In New York, Scott Joplin's black opera, *Treemonisha*, becomes a hit in its revival.

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

Angry Squire: Jazz Thursday thru Sunday.
Barbara's: Jazz Monday thru Saturday.
Boomer's: Jazz Monday thru Saturday.
Bradley's: *Jimmy Rowles* (Mon.-Sat.); *Barry Harris Duo* (Sun.).
Broady's: Jazz Showcase (Tues); others weekends.
Charlie K's Nite Scene (Seaford, L.I.): *Dom Minasi, Harry Shepherd, Arvell Shaw, Joe Coleman* (every Mon.); guest *Zoot Sims* (3/29).
Churchill's: *Duke Jordan* (Mon.-Wed., Sun.); *Al Haig Duo* (Thurs.-Sat.).
Eddie Condon's: *Red Balaban & Cats* (Mon.-Sat.); guest sitter-in (Tues.); guest group (Sun.); jazz luncheon (Fri.).
Cookery: *Joe Turner* (thru 3/2); *Dolly Dawn* (opens 3/3); *Dick Hyman* (Sun.); *Chuck Folds* (Sat. aft.).
Gaslight Club: *San Ulano Quartet.*
Gerald's (Cambria Heights, Queens): Jam session (Tues); stars weekends.
Gregory's: *Hal Galper & Lynn Crane*, vocals (Mon.-Sat. 6-9pm); *Galper & Victor Gaskin* (Mon. & Tues., 9:30pm); *Brooks Kerr w/ Sonny Greer & Russell Procope* (Wed.-Sun. 9:30pm); *Warren Chiasson* (Sun., 5-9pm).
Gulliver's (West Paterson, N.J.): *Cedar Walton & George Coleman* (3/26-27); *Ron Carter* (4/2-3).
Hopper's: *Billy Taylor Trio* (thur 3/27); *Joe Pass* (3/29-4/3).
Hotel Carlyle (Bemelman's Bar): *Barbara Carroll.*
Jazzmania Society: Concerts weekend afternoons 3pm.
Jim Smith's Village Corner: *Lance Hayward; Jim Roberts* (Wed.).
Jimmy Ryan's: *Roy Eldridge Group* (Tues.-Sat.); *Max Kaminsky* (Sun.).
Ladies Fort: *Jimmy Vass* and *Ella Bocher* (3/28).
Sherry Netherland Hotel (Le Petit Cafe): *Hank Jones* from 7:30 nightly.
Michael's Pub: *Jay McShann.*
Mikell's: *Gordon Edwards Quintet* (Mon.-Thurs.); stars weekends.
The Penthouse (Massapeque, L.I.): Jazz weekends.
Reno Sweeney: Showcase night (Mon.); other music (Tues.-Sun.); *Blossom Dearie* (Wed.-Sat. for cocktails).
Richard's Lounge (Lakewood, N.J.): Music weekends.
Drake Hotel (Shepherd's): *Jazz at Noon* (Fri.).
Sonny's Place (Seaford, L.I.): *Steve Grossman* (3/26-7); *The Great South Dixieland Jazz Band* (3/28, 6:30-10pm); *Frank O'Brien Duo* (3/28, 10pm); *Frank O'Brien w/ Ernie Byrd*, vocals (3/29); *Harry Shield's Trombone Workshop* (3/30); *Ray Alexander Trio* (3/31); *Ken McIntrye Quartet* (4/1); *Roland Prince Quartet* (4/2-3); *Billy Mitchell Quartet* (4/6); *Gloria Coleman Trio* (4/7).
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Sweet Basil: *Gotham Guitar Festival w/ Attila Zoller/Ted Dunbar* (3/24); *Bucky Pizzarelli* (3/25-28); *John Tropea* (3/30-4/4); *Barney Kessel/Herb Ellis* (4/5-9).
Three Sisters (West Paterson, N.J.): *Jazz Conspiracy* (Sun.); *Bill Pesar Trio w/ Andrea Boufill* (Mon.); *Aliens* (Tues.); *Segue Five* (Wed.); *No. Jersey Jazz Quartet* (Thurs.) stars weekends.
Tin Palace: *Richie Cole's Alto Madness* w/ *Eddie Jefferson* (3/26-7); *Paul Jeffrey Octet* (3/28); *Sheila Jordan* (3/30-31); *John Tank Quartet* (4/1); *Ted Curson Septet* (4/2-4); *Sheila Jordan* (4/6-7); *Tank* (4/8).
Top Of The Gate: Jazz weekends.
Village Gate: Live remotes on alternate Mondays over WRVR-FM with Les Davis.
Village Vanguard: *McCoy Tyner* (3/23-28, tent.); *Barry Miles Silverlight* (4/6-11).
West End Cafe: *Franc Williams Swing Four* (Mon. & Tues.); *The Earle Warren Court* (Wed.); *Swing to Bop Quntet* (Thurs. & Fri.); *Paul Quinichette, Sammy Price, Buddy Tate* (Sat. & Sun.).

CHICAGO

Ratso's: *Cold Blood* (3/22-23); *Stephane Grappelli, Charlie Ventura* (3/24-28); *Anthony Braxton* (3/29-31); *Miroslav Vitous* (4/7-11).
Aragon Ballroom: *Joe Cocker* (4/9).
International Amphitheatre: *Lynyrd Skynyrd* (4/2).
Amazingrace: *Sonny Rollins* (4/2-4); *Dave Remington Big Band* (tent. Wednesdays); other jazz, folk to be announced.
Biddy Mulligan's: *Bob Reidy* (3/31-4/3); *Mighty Joe Young* (3/7-10); *Farmingdale* (Sun.); *Special Consensus Bluegrass Band* (Mon.-Tues.).

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Barn Dinner Theater: *Tommy Dorsey Orchestra* (3/23); *Stan Kenton* (4/12); *Maynard Ferguson* (5/9).
Kiel Auditorium: *Lynyrd Synyrd, Montrose, Outlaws* (4/3); *Electric Light Orchestra* (4/10).
Ambassador: *Jess Colin Young, Leo Kottke* (4/1); *Joe Cocker* (4/17).
Kiel Opera House: *Return To Forever* (4/4).
Fontbonne College: *The Music Of Richard Rodney Bennett* (4/6).
Powell Symphony Hall: *Cleo Laine & John Dankworth* (3/24).
Orphanage: Jazz weekends.

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NEW SOUNDS IN MODERN MUSIC
315 W. 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10019

Rockhead's Paradise: *Ivor Symonds* (Tues. thru Sun.).
Café Prague: *Jazz Knights* (every Thurs.).
Mojo: *Al-Hajj Sayyd Abdul Al-Khabyr* (Thurs. thru Sun.).
The Rising Sun: Various groups (Thurs. thru Sun.).
Le Mixeur: Various jazz groups (every Fri., Sat.).
Cock & Bull: Al Peters (every Sun.).
University of Ottawa: Lunch-time sessions (every Mon.).
La Paloma (Ottawa): Vernon Isaac (every Mon.).
The Butler (Ottawa): Various jazz groups (every Mon.).
Black Bottom (Ottawa): Apex Jazz Band (every Fri.).
Chez Lucien (Ottawa): Capital City Jazz Band (every Fri.).

TWIN CITIES

Orchestra Hall (Minneapolis): *Great Guitars w/ Charlie Byrd, Barney Kessel, Herb Ellis* (3/27); *Roger Wagner Chorale* (3/28); *Rod McKuen* (4/1); *Victor Borge* (4/3); *Return to Forever* (4/11).
Prom Center (St. Paul): *Buddy Rich* (4/8).
The Hippogriff (Minneapolis): *Stan Kenton* (4/4).
Longhorn Eating Emporium and Saloon (Minneapolis): *Gene Bertoncini* (4/18-19); *Natural Life* (every Thurs., Fri., Sat.); *Tommy O'Donnell Trio* (every Wed.); *Mike Elliott Trio* and *Bobby Peterson Trio* (alternate Mon.); *the Wolverines* (every Sun.).

NEW ORLEANS

Jazz and Heritage Festival: *Fats Domino, Big Joe Turner & Professor Longhair* on board S. S. *President* (4/9); *Albert King, Muddy Waters & Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown* at The Warehouse (4/10); *Danny & Blue Lu Baker, Sweet Emma & Her Preservation Hall Jazz Band, The New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra* at the Royal Sonesta (4/14); *Kid Thomas & His Preservation Hall Jazz Band, Don Albert All Star Jazz Band, Raymond Burke Jazz Band, The Young Tuxedo Brass Band* on board *S.S. President* (4/15); *McCoy Tyner and Keith Jarrett* at the Auditorium (4/15); *Staple Singers, B.B. King, Art Blakey & The Jazz Messengers, The Wild Magnolias* at the Auditorium (4/16); *Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes, Bobby "Blue" Bland, Max Roach Quintet, Charlie Mingus Quintet* at the Auditorium (4/17).
Jed's: *Doug Sahm* (3/21); *David Allen Coe and the Tennessee Hat Band* (3/28).
Lu & Charlie's: *Laverne Baker and Willie Metcalf* (Mon.); *Lon Price and Julius Farmer* (Wed.); *James Booker* (Thur.); *Ellis Marsalis Quintet* (Fri. & Sat.); *James Booker Trio* (Sun.).
The Warehouse: *Crack The Sky, Electric Light Orchestra and Little Feat* (3/30).

PHOENIX

Phoenix College: *Jazz Lab Band* Concert (3/25).
El Bandido: *Pete Magadini Quartet* (Thurs.-Sat.); *Jerry Byrd Trio* (Sun.); big band night (Mon.).
Saddleback: *New Horizon w/ Francine Reed.*
Final Score: jazz jam (Sun. 3pm).
Jed Nolan's: *Hot Jazz Society* (Sun. 6pm).
Century Sky Room: jazz jam (Sun 7pm).
Hatch Cover: *Charles Lewis Quintet* (Sun.-Mon.).
Boojum Tree: *Joel Robins Trio* (to 3/27); *Armand Boatman Trio* (starts 3/29); *Lou Garno's Latin Jazz Quintet* (4/4); *Freddie Hubbard* (tent., 4/11-13).
Eastern Arizona Junior College: *Maynard Ferguson* (3/26).
Westwood High School: *Maynard Ferguson* (3/27).
Varsity Inn: *Grant Wolf's Big Night Band* (3/29).
Arizona State: *Jazz Forum* (3/24, Gammage 301); *Jazz Ensemble* (3/26); *Olivia Newton-John and Paul Williams* (3/26); *Neil Diamond* (4/3); *Jazz Forum* (3/31).
Page Four: *Buddy Weed Trio.*
Mesa C.C.: at La Jolla Jazz Fest (3/26-27); *Clare Fischer* clinic (tent., early April).
Cork Tree: *Freeway* (thru March); *New Horizon* (4/4). **U. of Arizona** (Tucson): NAJE Band Directors Meeting (4/9-10).
Tucson Community Center: *Olivia Newton-John and Paul Williams* (3/27).
French Quarter: *C.C. Jones* (to 4/17).
KDKB-FM (93.3): *Jerry's Album Hour* (Tues., 9PM); *Progressive English* (Sun. afternoon).
Scottsdale Center: *Nitty Gritty Dirt Band* (4/7-8).

LOS ANGELES

Concerts At The Sea: *Anthony Braxton* (3/23-28); *Maynard Ferguson* (3/29); *Irene Kral & Bob Dorough* (3/30-4/4); *Carmen McRae* (4/6-11).
Concerts At The Grove: *Weather Report* (3/25-27, tentative).
U.C.L.A. (Royce Hall): *Cecil Taylor Quartet* (3/30).
Lighthouse: Top name jazz; details 372-6911.
Donte's: Jazz all week; Sun. is sax night; Mon. is guitar night.
Studio Cafe: *Vince Wallace* (Tues.-Sat.); Sunday Jams (12-5pm)
Parisian Room: Jazz all week; details 936-8704.
Baked Potato: *Lee Ritenour* (Tues.); *Don Randi* (Wed.-Sat.); *"Sweets" Edison* (Sun.).
Hungry Joe's: *Dave Pike* (Tues.-Sat.); various artists (Sun. 5-9pm).
Come Back Inn (Venice): *Charisma* (Fri. & Sat.).
Jimmy Smith's Supper Club (N. Hollywood): *Jimmy Smith Trio* (Wed.-Sun.).
Music Bar (Redondo Beach): Wally Withem Trio (Thurs.-Sun.); open jams (Sun. 2-9:30pm).
King Arthur's Restaurant: big bands (Fri. & Sat.); details 347-3338.
The Timbers (Glendale): Big Swing Era Band (Fri.).
Irish Knight (Toluca Lake): *Middle of Jazz* (nightly).
Memory Lane: *O.C. Smith & Jack Wilson Trio.*
The Cellar: *Les DeMerle & Transfusion* (3/22).
Whisky: *Let My People Come.*
Troubadour: occasional jazz; details 276-6168.
Rudolph's Fine Arts Center: *John Carter Ensemble* (Sun. 3-5p.m.).
Eagle Rock High School: concerts (2nd Sun. of the month).
Roxy: occasional jazz; details 878-2222.

SAN DIEGO

Catamaran: *Les McCann* (to 3/28); *Grover Washington Jr.* (3/30-4/4); *Joe Williams* (4/6-11).
Bacchanal: jazz night (Sundays); *Joe Marillo Sextet* (3/28, 4/4).
Sports Arena: *Paul Williams and Olivia Newton-John* (tent., 3/24).
La Jolla High School: Jazz Festival (3/26-27).
Mississippi Room: *Jim Boucher Swing Quartet* (nightly).
Albatross: *Nova* (nightly).
Safety: Jazz jam (Sundays).
Fat Fingers: *Kirk Bates and the Fat Fingers House Band.*
Cote D'Azur: *Cottonmouth D'Arcy's Jazz Vipers* (Tues.).
Mandolin Wind: *Bob & Kip* (Fri-Sat.).
Folk Pub: *Alkebulon Jazz Theatre* (3/26, 4/2, 4/9).
Le Chalet: *J.J. and Preston* (Saturday).
Chuck's Steak House (La Jolla): *Accapricio* (Wed.-Sat.).
Sumatra: *Aero.*
Crossroads: *Bruce Cameron and the Equinox* (Fri.-Sat.).
Orange Coast Jazz Festival: Misc. bands (4/1); *Count Basie* (4/2); *Thad Jones/Mel Lewis* (4/3).
KSDS-FM (88.3): *Jazz Live* (Thurs., 7pm); all-jazz weekdays.
Back Door: *Pharoah Sanders* (3/15); *Anthony Braxton* (3/22); *Charles Mingus* (4/1); *Terry Garthwaite* (3/26).

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Avedis Zildjian

(CYMBALSMITH)

Into the romance of cymbals is inextricably woven the colorful story of the Zildjian family and the secrets of cymbal craftsmanship it has held for more than three and one half centuries.

True, before the Zildjian destiny had been written, cymbals had been used in the highly rhythmic music of Byzantine civilization and down through the Middle Ages to the era when Turkish armies marched to the beat of drums and the crash of cymbals. But the modern history of cymbals did not begin until 1623, when an alchemist of Constantinople, named Avedis, discovered a still secret process for treating alloys and applied his knowledge to the manufacture of cymbals. As his fame spread, patrons and guildsmen gave Avedis the name "Zildjian," which meant "cymbalsmith."

Beyond the borders of Turkey, cymbals were hardly exploited for other than their exotic effect until 1680, when the German composer Strungk introduced the instruments into opera. By 1779, when Glück wrote a cymbal part into one of his scores, the instruments of the Turks were gaining great popularity, especially with the Prussian military bands. The latter began to import their cymbals from the Zildjians of Constantinople because of the brilliant crash that only a Zildjian cymbal could produce. Soon the Zildjians were shipping their product to every part of the globe.

It was the custom of the Zildjian family for hundreds of years to pass along the family secrets to the senior male member next in line. Under a continuation of this system, the Zildjian family has kept its secret of cymbal making since the alchemist's discovery of 1623.

In 1851, the second Avedis Zildjian built a 25-foot schooner and sailed it from Constantinople to Marseilles, thence to London, where he displayed his cymbals at the world trade fair. At the fairs of London and Paris in 1851, and again in London in 1862, cymbals bearing the name Avedis Zildjian won all prizes and awards for excellence.

In 1865, K. Zildjian succeeded Avedis, placed his name on the product and maintained the family's fine tradition of cymbal craftsmanship. In his advanced years, K. Zildjian conveyed the family secrets to Aram Zildjian, but because of chaotic political conditions in Europe, Aram was able to produce only a small number of cymbals before 1926. Failing in health, in 1929, Aram Zildjian came to the United States expressly to reveal the secrets of the Zildjian process to his nephew, the third Avedis Zildjian and present head of the family, who was senior male member next in line.

Today, assisted by sons Armand and Robert, Avedis is crafting cymbals in Norwell, Massachusetts. Their factory is considered to be one of the most modern in New England.

Just as the Zildjians have carefully guarded the secret of their own process through the ages they have unceasingly studied and evaluated technical advancements in the formulation, processing and fabrication of metals as applied to all branches of industry. In the process they have quietly, but thoroughly, researched the metals, methods and finished products of countless competitors who have, for centuries, sought the answer to the Zildjian secret in vain.

Certain phases of making Avedis Zildjian cymbals employ use of the most advanced techniques and equipment in the world. The Zildjian family is convinced however, that a large degree of hand artisanship and conscientious personal inspection is absolutely essential in creating cymbals of Avedis Zildjian quality. It is impossible to produce cymbals with completely individual voices by precision machinery and mass production alone.

For a fascinating free booklet on drummers, drums and cymbals from the swinging 30's and 40's through the Be-Bop and Progressive Jazz years to Rock Music of the 70's write for a copy of "The Avedis Zildjian Story." The Avedis Zildjian Company, Box 198, Accord, Massachusetts 02018.