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the contemporary music magazine

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Gerry Niewood has won acclaim for his flute and sax work as a member of the Chuck Mangione Quartet. One listen to his debut Horizon album and you'll know why *downbeat* Magazine called him "One of the most underrated musicians on this planet."

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MEL LEWIS "MEL LEWIS AND FRIENDS"

The co-founder of the legendary Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Band leads a small group of his own for the first time in 18 years. Guest musicians include: Hank Jones, Ron Carter, Mike Brecker, Cecil Bridgewater and a blazing Freddie Hubbard. Musical supervision is by — you guessed it — Thad Jones.

Produced by John Snyder

DRUM BEAT!

• **Rim Shots** THE SIXTH INTERNATIONAL PERCUSSION SYMPOSIUM will feature the Blackearth Percussion Ensemble from Northern Illinois University.

The University of Wisconsin, Eau Claire campus will host the symposium scheduled for July 24-30, 1977. For further information and application write to: Percussion Symposium, University of Wisconsin, Room 714, 610 Langdon Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53706.

• **The Spotlight** Marimba Virtuoso Leigh Howard Stevens recently joined the Ludwig Educational Clinic Staff as a clinician in Mallet Technique. Contemporary and traditional styles and the use of marimba as a solo instrument are featured clinic topics. He will be appearing at the forthcoming MENC Convention in Atlanta on April 30.

• **Trappings** Response to reader questions.

The increased interest in conga drums with contemporary music is truly exciting. However, the correct tuning of the conga has been overlooked by many young players. If the head is too loose, the "open" tones will sound dull while the "slap" may not resonate at all. In addition, if the head is tensioned too tight, the head will "choke" and therefore make the open ring sound at a pitch that is too high to resonate. Once a reasonable amount of technique is achieved, I recommend experimentation for a general purpose head tension to achieve the widely used conga effects.

• **Pro's Forum**
Clinician—Jake Jerger.

Q. Can ruffs or drags be used effectively on cymbals or hi-hat? Also, what about rudiments on a double bass drum set?

A. I recommend three or four stroke ruffs for only larger cymbals or for special effects near the bell of the cymbal. Ruffs are also effective on the top hi-hat cymbal just before the two cymbals are closed. Developing technique on double bass drums takes time and practice. However, I have heard flams, ruffs and paradiddles used effectively, especially when the two bass drums are tuned to different pitches.

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

April 21, 1977 **Vol. 44, No. 8**
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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Let's test your knowledge of jazz-related Latin music. The answers to the questions below can be found (upside down) at the bottom of this column or (rightside up) within the contents of this issue. We recommend the latter course for fuller pleasure.

If you are grades-motivated, score yourself as follows: eight or more correct confers upon you the *Order of Muy Simpatico:* four to seven correct makes you an *Aficianado Second Class;* less than four right and you are a *gringo.*

1. Who wrote these Latin-jazz standards? (a) *Cuban Fire;* (b) *Cubana Be/Cubana Bop;* (c) *Afro-Cuban Influence;* (d) *Manteca;* (e) *Perdido.*

2. Which musical instrument does a *bandoneon* most resemble? (a) harmonica; (b) guitar; (c) accordion; (d) autoharp.

3. Which term is not related to the development of "salsa"? (a) guajira; (b) guaguanco; (c) guano; (d) guaracha; (e) mambo.

4. In which Latin countries did these religious chants evolve? (a) macumba; (b) santeria; (c) vodü.

5. Who does Carlos Santana not credit for influencing his guitar style? (a) Laurindo Almeida; (b) Chuck Berry; (c) Mahavishnu; (d) Django Reinhardt.

6. Who, of the following, is not a member of Opa, the new Uruguayan group? (a) Barry Finnerty; (b) Hugo & George Fatturuso; (c) Toots Starr; (d) Reuben Rada; (e) Ringo Thielmann.

7. Which of the following is not considered a "salsa" innovator? (a) Eddie Palmieri; (b) Ray Barretto; (c) Lalo Schifrin; (d) Tito Puente; (e) Frank Grillo.

8. Name the approximate year in which these Latin standards first became popular in the U.S. (a) *The Peanut Vendor (El Manicero);* (b) *Amapola;* (c) *Cherry Pink & Apple Blossom White (Cerazo Rosa);* (d) *Desafinado.*

9. True or false: "The fundamental two-bar bass patterns of soul music are a cross between black gospel rhythms and the two-bar Latin bass tumbao."

10. Which of these instruments is not involved in Latin percussion? (a) repique; (b) pandeiro; (c) surdo; (d) agogo; (e) pandora.

11. With whom do these Brazilian percussionists currently perform? (a) Paulinho da Costa; (b) Guilherme Franco; (c) Pontinho; (d) Airto Moreira.

Answers

1. (a) Johnny Richards (John Cascales); (b) George Russell; (c) Shorty Rogers; (d) Dizzy Gillespie; (e) Juan Tizol.
2. (c) accordion, a box with buttons.
3. (d) guano is bird cacaca.
4. (a) Brazil; (b) Cuba; (c) Haiti.
5. (a) Laurindo Almeida, who, by the way, made his U.S. debut in 1947 with Stan Kenton's band.
6. (c) Toots Starr is a Belgian Beatle.
7. (c) Lalo Schifrin innovated a lot of things but not salsa. "Frank Grillo" is Machito's maiden name which we threw in to ruin your perfect score.
8. (a) 1930, (b) 1941, (c) 1955, (d) 1962.
9. It's the gospel according to Gato Barbieri.
10. (e) Pandora is a bad Greek box.
11. (a) Dizzy Gillespie; (b) Keith Jarrett or McCoy Tyner; (c) Gato Barbieri; (d) his own group, with his wife, Flora Purim.

Next issue: Sarah Vaughan, Ray Charles, Mike Moore, Dave Liebman—and other wonderments. **db**

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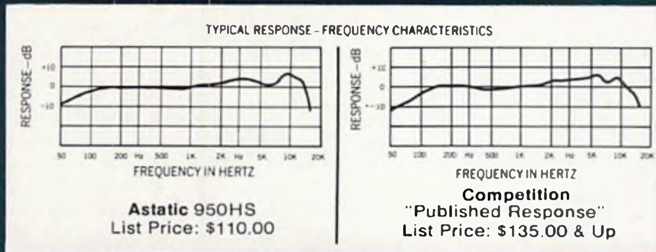

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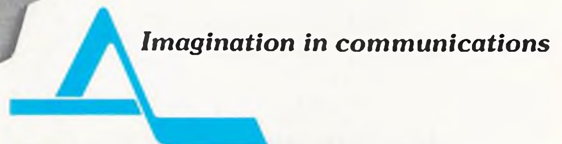

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chords and discords

Dukin' It Out

I'm interested in the artist's views and feelings, not Lee Underwood's, who spent over half his interview (3/10) calling George Duke a whore, while expounding on what he views as the artist's role. It's rather interesting when you take into account that Underwood, as a musician, presumably had to deal with that issue personally and quit. That's a novel approach to say the least, but it does somewhat blow his credibility.

Mr. Duke, to his credit, responded as he does to that inevitable clown in the audience—with style. . . .

Finally, if you have to ask what fundamental purpose humor serves, you ain't ready for the answer.

Ike Rooster — North Miami Beach, Fla.

If Lee Underwood thinks George Duke strives "just for a heated swimming pool and a house in the Hollywood hills," then why did he even bother to interview him and not someone he feels could better deserve the recognition?

Perhaps Lee too enjoys the material world and wishes his work to reach a large audience.

Bob Mathis — Silver City, N.M.

Klugh Oversight

Soly Hartstein, the former owner of Detroit's premier jazz club, Baker's Keyboard Lounge, must have been irritated when he read the Earl Klugh interview (2/24) and saw how he was overlooked on his valuable contributions in starting Earl's career. . . .

Soly not only encouraged but constantly booked Klugh into Baker's so that Earl would receive proper recognition from the media and public. It was through Hartstein's insistence that the likes of Benson, Corea and Shearing met and heard Klugh.

Leo Cheslak — Detroit, Mich.

Trad Discrimination?

The fact that WRVR radio rarely plays Caucasian jazz musicians doesn't upset me. What irritates me is that their format leans toward the commercial soul-disco-jazz of today.

The point is that WRVR has ignored those musicians who have built the foundation of jazz—the men and women of the dixieland, swing, bebop, blues, mainstream, cool and avant garde eras. I'm certainly for the airplay of innovative young musicians, but not for the commercial nonsense which is predominant on WRVR. The question is not one of racial discrimination, but of discrimination against the traditional forces in jazz.

Michael Hajduk — Clark, N.J.

Bone of Contention

In reference to your article on Albert Mangelsdorff (2/10), you state that "he is the only trombone player able to form chords on his instrument without using playback and overdubbing. . . ."

If only Berendt had checked his sources more carefully. In the summer of 1974, I played with composer-arranger-performer Phil Wilson, also a trombone player. Phil Wilson has also mastered the technique described by Mr. Mangelsdorff, as to sing into the horn, play a note and produce chords.

Mr. Mangelsdorff may have been the first to use this new idea, but he is not the only one to use it.

Al Trapani — Storrs, Conn.

Toyota Putdown

Recently, your illustrious writer, Gilmore, opened a review of the *Billy Cobham/George Duke Band—Live* album with the phrase "I give up." Well, Gilmore ought to give up writing permanently, or else have himself tarred and feathered. . . .

I mean, Billy Cobham sounds like an "overheated Toyota?" Really. As far as giving guitarist John Scofield all the credit for holding the album together, being a guitarist myself, I find his licks to be the only "tiresome and regurgitating" part of the disc.

Sandra Menthers — Beverly Hills, Cal.

As a steady reader of your magazine, I feel a terrible injustice has been done. In **db** 1-27, Mikal Gilmore and Russell Shaw both took it into their hands to cut down drummer Billy Cobham. Comments like "aimless vagrant pounding" and "He keeps complexity to a minimum" show me that something is wrong. People today are not yet ready to accept the fact that a drummer can be a soloist, or a featured musician on an album; and therefore say he is covering up the *real* musicians. The day of the drummer just being a beat keeper is over.

When the word complexity is mentioned in regard to a drummer, the name Cobham is always at the top of the list.

Gary Cook — Bloomington, Minn.

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Jarman & Mitchell Cut New Wax

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Joseph Jarman

CHICAGO—The recording is completed for new LPs by multiple-reedmen Joseph Jarman and Roscoe Mitchell, though Mitchell's work is far from completed. Jarman's solo LP, *Sun Bound*, should appear in stores soon. It is taken from a Jarman solo concert in Chicago last December 4 in which he played flute, bass clarinet, alto and sopranino saxophones and percussion. The liner notes are by poet Joffre Stewart, and the surprise is the label *Sun Bound* appears on: Aeco, the Art Ensemble of Chicago's own record company.

Why did the five musicians—Jarman, Mitchell, trumpeter Lester Bowie, bassist Malachi Favors and drummer Don Moye—begin recording themselves? "It's not our being unhappy with any record companies, it's because we want to have control of our own works," Jarman notes. "In a way this *may* keep us from associating with other record companies. But if a company comes to me, and they're fair and honest, in my opinion, we could come to some agreement. For example, I may do a solo LP for someone else for real good options. We'll hopefully have solo records by each member of the ensemble, with some by the group to follow. We might even record somebody who's not in the ensemble."

Meanwhile, Nessa Records, who previously issued two and a half Art Ensemble records (the half-LP is Lester Bowie's *Number 2*, Nessa N-1) proceeds with work on Roscoe Mitchell's *The Alto Saxophone*. The final recording session was on Washington's Birthday at Chicago's Sound Studios. Mitchell's album will include two LPs, one of concert performances and one of tracks taped in the studio. The saxist, who records all of his concerts, must now select the best works for LP preservation.

"The project started last August with my solo concert in Willisau, Switzerland," Mitchell says. "After hearing the tapes I decided I wanted to do it. The idea is to present the alto saxophone in different contexts, to give different examples of how it's played." Throughout January and February the studio dates proceeded with familiar Chicago partners: a duet with Anthony Braxton; a quartet with Henry Threadgill, Wallace McMillan and Jarman; with non-altoists, a duet with bassist Malachi Favors and a trio with George Lewis, trombone, and Muhal Richard Abrams, piano. The final session also added solo works to the material Mitchell must choose from.

Tennessee Springfest

NASHVILLE—The third annual Rites of Spring Jazz Festival recently occurred on the grounds of Vanderbilt University in Nashville. Workshops, clinics and performances culminate a week long festival for the arts which takes place every year at the University.

Co-sponsored by the Tennessee Jazz and Blues Society and Vanderbilt University, the three day affair will showcase some of the best high school and college jazz talent in Tennessee. Thursday and Friday will be reserved for the jazz vocal and instrumental ensembles, with clinics being conducted by John LaPorta of the Berklee College in Boston, Roger Letson of the Hal Leonard Agency, and Roger Pemberton, a freelance studio musician. Then Saturday, an outdoor day-long festival on Neely Lawn, which is free to the public, will feature Stan Kenton and his orchestra, as well as two other as yet unnamed jazz acts.

Marathon Jazzathon

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.—Ron Keezer, percussion instructor at the University of Wisconsin at Eau Claire, recently assembled scores of musicians from the local and regional area for the purpose of establishing what they hope will stand for some time as a jazz marathon record. The mark is also expected to be recognized at the end of this year by the Guinness Book of Records.

The event featured day and night jazz, with no more than 60 seconds of "non-music" allowed at any point. Final tabulation: non-stop jazz for 77 hours, four minutes. Dominic Spera, head of the UW-Eau Claire jazz studies department, said 200 student and professional musicians teamed up in 39 bands and combos to entertain more than 1000 audience members and help to raise about $1300 toward a European tour by the UW-EC Jazz Ensemble.

Boston Activity

BOSTON—This city's longest-running jazz concert series is held Sunday evenings in two Newbury Street churches. Jazz Celebrations, sponsored by the Jazz/Arts Ministry and aided by the Mass. Council on the Arts, has for six years now presented a wide array of the area's best new jazz people, like Gray Sargent, Marty Ehrlich, Fringe, David Amram, Ronnie Gill & Manny Williams and Bill Pierce. They also bring in special guests, this winter having seen Oliver Lake, Ran Blake and Julius Hemphill. Spiritual services sometimes accompany the music, and this Easter a jazz mass is to be given by director Mark Harvey.

There is every evidence that the series is catching fire, as shown by the 1000 people that attended a recent benefit.

potpourri

Vocalist **Esther Phillips** recently did a solo shot at a New York benefit tagged "Salute To Freedom."

•

Motown Records has finally thrown in the towel on its efforts to break into the country & western market.

•

Ella Fitzgerald recently headlined the opening of Tulsa's new Performing Arts Center. The complex includes four separate concert facilities, one of which is a 2400 seat music hall.

•

Pete and **Conte Candoli** recently gigged together in Hollywood, marking the first time the brothers have played together in some time.

•

Xanadu's Don Schlitten recorded several albums in Venice, Cal. last month, featuring **Art Pepper, Leroy Vinnegar, Sam Most** and **Blue Mitchell.**

•

Monk Montgomery and **Elmer Dill** have booked a series of jazz concerts for the scenic Voyager Inn in Banff, Canada, on the weekend of May 6-8. Artists committed to appear include **Laurindo Almeida, Shelly Manne, Ray Brown, Bud Shank, Barney Kessel, Herb Ellis, Plas Johnson, Ernestine Anderson, Anita O'Day, Billy Taylor, Pete Jolly, Vi Redd, Jerome Richardson, Terry Gibbs** and **Jack Sheldon.**

•

The late **Paul Gonsalves** spent a couple of days at writer **Tony Baron's** place in New York about a month before he died in London, tearfully listening to **Coleman Hawkins** and **Dinah Washington** records.

•

People Entertainment Inc. has devised a program which brings a mobile recording studio to high schools and colleges for clinics and seminars. Many major manufacturers of sound equipment will be participating. The program is entitled "To Answer A Need" and will tour schools in the Pacific Northwest beginning in mid-April.

•

Richard Upton, pioneer operations manager for San Diego City College's all-jazz radio station KSDS-FM, died recently from injuries sustained in a fall at his home. Upton led the way on live broadcast recordings of local appearances by such jazz greats as **Weather Report, Chico Hamilton, Joe Henderson, Cal Tjader,** the **Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra** and many others. Just previous to his death, Rich had recorded an album called *Blockbuster* featuring **Buddy Collette, Al McKibbon, John Collins, Al Aarons** and **Earl Palmer.** Upton was 29.

•

Anthony Braxton recently swept England's *Melody Maker* jazz poll. He won top honors for alto saxophone, clarinet, composer and miscellaneous instrument. Braxton was nominated in five other categories as well, including big band, ensemble, arranger soprano sax and flute. db

down beat NEWS

INNER CITY SIGNS ENJA

Irv Kratka of Inner City and Matthias Winckelmann of Enja sign pact

NEW YORK—Inner City Records, a label growing by leaps and bounds of late, has announced the signing of the Enja record line of Germany for exclusive distribution in the Western Hemisphere on the Inner City label.

The Enja catalog includes waxings by Archie Shepp, Cecil Taylor, and Dollar Brand, as well as a host of other major artists.

Enja is now in its fifth year of production in Germany.

MARY LOU EMBRACES CECIL

NEW YORK—Pianists Mary Lou Williams and Cecil Taylor will perform together on one stage. That's not a misprint. Ms. Williams, composer-pianist with Andy Kirk's Clouds Of Joy in the '30s, will play opposite avant gardist Taylor for one night only at Carnegie Hall come April 17.

Ms. Williams' successes have included Mary Lou's *Mass*, which was performed at St. Patrick's Cathedral here and in other houses of worship worldwide. Her writing for big bands spans four decades and includes work for every major swing band. The *Mass* was choreographed by Alvin Ailey this past season.

Taylor's accomplishments are equally as profound, if not as long-lived. Cecil came to prominence in the '50s and has stayed there ever since. He is in the forefront of the avant garde movement and performs both solo and with a trio. He recently wrote the score for Adrienne Kennedys's play *A Rat's Mass*.

The history-making one-time only concert is officially titled "Mary Lou Williams And Cecil Taylor Embrace." They probably will, right before your very eyes.

New Releases

The latest from **Atlantic** includes *Works, Volume I*, a double set from **Emerson, Lake & Palmer**; *Iguacu*, **Klaus Doldinger and Passport**; *In Your Mind*, **Bryan Ferry**; *How Can You Live Like That?*, **Eddie Harris**; the debut disc by a group called **Foreigner**; *Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow*, **the Spinners**; *Swept Away*, **Steve Hunter**; *Burnin' Sky*, **Bad Company**; and *The Piano Music Of Henry Cowell*, **Doris Hays**.

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Hot **Warner** wax includes *Never Say You Can't Survive*, **Curtis Mayfield**; *Sweet Forgiveness*, **Bonnie Raitt**; *Love On The Wing*, **Jesse Colin Young**; *Flip, Flop And Fly*, **Doug Kershaw**; *Dancer With Bruised Knees*, **Kate and Anna McGarrigle**; and *Something Magic*, **Procul Harum**.

•

ABC has issued *The Other Village Vanguard Tapes*, unreleased sessions featuring the **John Coltrane Quartet**; *Carnival*, **John Handy**; *Love Rustler*, **Delbert McClinton**; and *Lots Of People*, **John Mayall**.

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Fresh **Fantasy** waxings are *Feel The Heat*, **Bill Summers**; *Shout It Out*, **Patrice Rushen**; *Solo Two*, **Pete and Sheila Escovedo**; *Safe In Their Homes*, **Hoodoo Rhythm Devils**; and *Joyous*, **Pleasure**.

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The latest from **Island** includes *Guts*, an anthology of **John Cale's** best material; *Warm Heart Cold Steel*, **20th Century Steel Band**; and *New Orleans Jazz Festival*, a live recording of that city's recent fete.

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Capitol goodies are *The Wheel*, **Asleep At The Wheel**; *Trans-Europe Express*, **Kraftwerk**; *The Late Bob Wills' Original Texas Playboys Today*; *Honky Tonk Music*, **the Dusty Chaps**; *Open Up*, **Ethos**; *Home At Last*, **Lonnie Mack**; and the final album from **The Band**, *Islands*. db

FINAL BAR

Booker T. Washington "Bukka" White, one of the last of the great Mississippi country blues singer-guitarists, died Feb. 26, 1977, in Memphis where he had lived for many years. He was 68.

Born Nov. 12, 1909, in Houstin, Miss., on a farm owned and operated by his grandfather, White took up guitar as a youngster of nine years. His father was a semiprofessional musician who played several instruments and while Bukka admired his father's musicianship, he didn't care for the "old fashioned" music he performed, preferring the more modern blues styles and the guitar with which they were associated. He left home before his tenth birthday, traveling to St. Louis where he lived with relatives, continuing his study of guitar and, at age 11, taking up piano as well. His interest in music accelerated during the 1920s and in his frequent travels he met and performed with a number of blues artists, including Charlie Patton, the great Delta singer-guitarist whose music he greatly admired.

White performed throughout the Deep South during the 1920s and in May, 1930, made his first recordings, in Memphis, for Victor Records. He recorded nine selections, of which three were issued, his celebrated cante-fable train song *The Panama Limited*, and two religious pieces *Promise True And Grand* and *I Am In The Heavenly Way*, as well as accompanying singer Napoleon Hairston on the latter's *Frisco Train*, all of which featured his brilliant, rhythmically exciting bottleneck guitar playing.

White's second recording session took place in Chicago in 1937, when he recorded for the American Recording Corp. *Pinebluff, Arkansas* and the deservedly popular *Shake 'Em On Down*, which became something of a blues standard of the period, having been recorded by a number of other blues performers. Following this, he returned to Mississippi where he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment in Parchman Farm, Miss., for reasons he was reluctant to discuss but always claiming, when asked about it, that he had been "railroaded" on spurious charges. He remained in Parchman for two years during which, in May, 1939, he recorded two selections, the traditional *Po' Boy* and an original composition, *Sic 'Em Dogs On*, for a Library of Congress field recording team headed by John A. Lomax which was visiting the prison. Knowing he would not get paid for this, White refused to record further.

Late in this same year, possibly as a result of the intervention of ARC's Lester Melrose, White was released from Parchman and made his way to Chicago, where on March 7 and 8, 1940, with the accompaniment of washboard player Washboard Sam (Robert Brown), he recorded 12 selections, all of which were released on the OKeh label. Among them were several classic performances of the White repertoire, *Parchman Farm Blues, Fixin' To Die Blues, Bukka's Jitterbug Swing, Sleepy Man Blues* and *Aberdeen, Mississippi Blues* among them. They and the two 1937 ARC recordings were issued in the Columbia album *Parchman Farm*.

White remained in Chicago for a while but eventually returned to the South where he continued to perform at weekend houseparties, country dances and the like. During World War II he served in the Navy, traveling as far as Japan where he reportedly entertained American forces stationed in Tokyo. Following his discharge he settled in Memphis where he worked as a laborer and performed only occasionally for neighborhood dances. In 1963 he was rediscovered by blues researchers John Fahey and Ed Denson who, on listening to his Okeh recording of *Aberdeen, Mississippi Blues*, in which he refers to it as his hometown, sent White a letter in care of the Aberdeen postmaster. The letter was forwarded to the singer and he contacted Fahey and Denson who then brought him to the West Coast for an album of new recordings on the Takoma label. Appearances on the major festival, concert and nightclub stages of the folk music revival circuit followed, as did European tours and additional recordings on the Arhoolie (two volumes of *Sky Songs*, so-called because White literally pulled the improvised pieces from the sky), Blue Thumb (*Memphis Swamp Jam*), Blue Horizon, Biograph and Blues Beacon labels.

In recent years White had largely been inactive as a performer, having become disenchanted with his lack of financial success. He earned little from his recordings and, because of this, reportedly declined several offers to record further.

White was one of the most masterful of bottleneck guitarists, playing with great rhythmic force and tonal subtlety, a superlative singer and an original, frequently brilliant folk composer, and he left a legacy of some of the most exciting and vividly personal country blues ever recorded.

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LATIN PERSUASIONS

A Brief Overview Of A Vital Musical Genre

by john storm roberts

U.S. music already had a Latin fringe by the mid-19th century. Mexican music was naturalized when Texas and California joined the Union. The New Orleans composer Louis Moreau Gottschalk was writing Brazilian and Cuban-influenced pieces by the 1840s. And the Cuban habanera showed up in both light classical and drawing room compositions and in ragtime and jazz. (It is said to have provided the bass for Baltimore pianist Jessie Pickett's *The Dream*.)

The habanera rhythm also lay behind the modern Argentine tango, which was to be part of the U.S. popular music scene for a quarter of a century. The tango swept the country in 1914, helped on its way by Rudolph Valentino's 1921 film *Four Horsemen Of The Apocalypse*. It was to remain part of the plush nightclub scene, though fading, through the 1930s.

Though the tango pretty much dominated social dance during the 1920s, Broadway and Tin Pan Alley continued to borrow from Mexican and Cuban music. Most of this was really just Latin-flavored pop, composed by Americans, but by the late 1920s the groundwork was being laid for the establishment of a true Latin New York sound. Around East 116th Street, Puerto Rican immigrants were beginning to create the community that was to be called Spanish Harlem—"El Barrio," the District—and was to help keep U.S. Latin music in touch with its roots.

The "rumbamania" that struck the nation in the 1930s was essentially the result of one tune—*El Manicero (The Peanut Vendor)*, perhaps *the* U.S. Latin classic of all time. It was first played by the resident bandleader of the Havana Casino, Don Azpiazu, at the RKO Palace Theater in April 1930. Azpiazu toured the RKO circuit in 1931. His recording for the Victor label was an extraordinary success, nationwide. It was the first "salsa," in its modern sense of hot, Afro-Cuban dance music, to reach an American public, standing to numbers like Ernesto Lecuona's *Siboney*—a romantic piece by a conservatoire-trained composer—as the Original Dixieland Jass Band stood to Irving Berlin.

For a while, the "rumba"—actually a different, popular rhythm called the *son*—was all over Broadway, as well as the dance halls, and it produced some early Latin-jazz experiments like Cab Calloway's *Doing The Rumba* and Duke Ellington's classic *Caravan*, written by Puerto Rican trombonist Juan Tizol. But it might have remained just a taste in American pop music's omnivorous maw if Spanish Harlem hadn't provided a haven for the Real Thing, and a gateway into the U.S. for innovations from Cuba and the other Latin countries which kept the style fresh.

By the late 1930s, there were two audiences for Latin music: Latin and "American"—and three separate styles were developing. At one extreme was the music played for the Latins of El Barrio; a highly commercial style, hardly more than Latin-flavored, which served the social-dance crowd. Between these were mixes of American and Latin ingredients ranging from cocktail lounge background music to highly creative fusions.

The "society" Latin bands, heavy on the violins, included orchestras headed by Carlos Molina, Enrique Madriguera and, above all, Latin music's answer to Paul Whiteman, Xavier Cugat. Like Whiteman, Cugat hired first-rate players, like lead singers Tito Rodriguez and Miguelito Valdez and pianists Nilo Melendez and Jose Curbelo, to play ingenious dilutions of the real thing. Meanwhile the hipper nightclub circuit was served by musicians like pianist Noro Morales, while Spanish Harlem danced to swing-tinged groups like Los Happy Boys, run by Federico Pagani, who also headed a band with pianist Joe "Loco" Estevez, and violinist Alberto Izanaga's Orquesta Siboney. In 1939, this last group briefly included the man who was to symbolize Latin music for a generation of jazz heads: Frank Grillo, alias Machito.

Machito's Afro-Cubans was undoubtedly the most important single U.S. Latin band ever. The key figure was its musical director, Mario Bauza, who utilized his ten years of experience with Cab Calloway, Noble Sissle and Chick Webb into blending jazz section writing with Cuban rhythms and structures. The swing band front line was given double punch by the power of a full Afro-Cuban rhythm section, and added thrust and flexibility from fiery Cuban solo vocal improvisations, tight two-and-three voice refrains and instrumental solos out of both traditions.

Machito was soon challenged by other big Latin bands. One of the best was led by Cuban pianist Jose Curbelo, a Cugat alumnus who opened opposite Machito at New York's La Conga in 1942. Machito and Curbelo were new arrivals from Cuba and their music kept strong Cuban ingredients, including the basic structure of a "head" (or theme), and a "montuno" section in which the lead vocalist improvised against the two-or-three-voice coro's refrains.

Meanwhile jazz was also creeping into the piano-and-percussion music of men like Noro Morales, as their blend of the Cuban combination of ornate runs and polyrhythmic chord-vamp *guajeos* with American pop piano began to take in the sounds of Art Tatum and later the new bop school.

The impact of Latin music during the 1940s was nationwide. Xavier Cugat's 1941 hit version of *Amapola* was covered by Helen O'Connell (recording with the Jimmy Dorsey band), Deanna Durbin, even Gene Autry! American bandleaders began hiring Latins like Noro Morales as arrangers.

Hollywood was an important factor in the national spread of Latin music. Xavier Cugat and Brazilian singer-dancer Carmen Miranda both appeared in a string of Hollywood musicals during the 1940s. Cugat's first film was the 1941 Fred Astaire/Rita Hayworth vehicle, *You Were Never Lovelier*. Carmen Miranda, a star both in Hollywood and on Broadway, was influential in introducing the samba to the States. The 1940s samba craze was more of a dance than a music phenomenon, but it did provide a base of familiarity for the important Brazilian influence that was to begin in the early 1960s.

By 1946, the New York mambo—by far the more authentic—was being played by big bands like Jose Curbelo's orchestra, which contained both the major East Coast mambo stars of the 1950s—Tito Rodriguez and Tito Puente.

By 1947, both Puente and Rodriguez had formed trumpet conjuntos of their own and were playing the new Latin nights at the Alma Dance Studios on 53rd and Broadway, which was to become Latin New York's answer to the Savoy Ballroom, under the name of the Palladium.

The West Coast mambo style's major figure was Cuban pianist/bandleader Perez Prado, who had moved to Mexico in the mid-1940s and was recording for RCA's Latin division there. After several U.S. groups scored hits with covers of Prado recordings, RCA finally put a number of his numbers on the general listings, where they achieved hit status.

Latin jazz received its imprimatur in winter, 1947, when Dizzy Gillespie's big band played a New York concert featuring Cuban dance composer-conga player, Chano Pozo. From the mid-1940s to the early 1950s, Gillespie produced a series of Latin jazz classics, including George Russell's two-part composition, *Cubana Be* and *Cubana Bop*, and his involvement with Latin jazz—both Cuban and Brazilian derived—has remained constant right up to the present.

The important name on the West Coast was "progressive" jazzman Stan Kenton, who recorded a number called *Ecuador* in 1946, and cut *Machito* and *Peanut Vendor* in late 1947—a few weeks before Gillespie's famous Town Hall concert. Kenton also foreshadowed the jazz samba/bossa nova era of the early 1960s, hiring Brazilian guitarist Laurindo Almeida for a fall 1947 tour.

Like the jazz scene, the New York Latin scene was in flux at the end of the 1940s. The wartime boom was over, and there was far less club work. On the other hand, small Latin record companies were springing up (the most important being Tico Records in 1948), and Latin radio shows were beginning to get regular airplay.

In New York, the early 1950s saw the Golden Age of the mambo and the heyday of the great Tito Puente, Tito Rodriguez and

Machito big bands. Though they used plenty of jazz voicings and solos—often under stabbing brass and rolling sax riffs still known as "mambo" sections—they preserved the full Afro-Cuban percussion, the fine Cuban piano style, and in New York, at least, the Cuban improvising vocal style set against the coro's refrain.

In the hands of pianist-arranger Perez Prado and his imitators, the West Coast mambo style was cruder, but commercial, extroverted and easy to grasp, with its simple, sharply contrasting brass and sax riffs, and Prado's celebrated grunting "unh" in the breaks.

Latin music's national popularity peaked with the chachachá mania of 1954-56. In its original form, as the fiddle-and-flute charangas still play it today, the chachachá had a buoyant and beguiling beat more accessible to Americans than the complex mambos. The extent of the chachachá rage was a temptation to hit-hunting, and the flood of commercial attempts to capitalize on it contributed to the slow abandonment of "straight" Latin forms by non-Latins. The peak of dilution and popularity was Perez Prado's instrumental *Cerezo Rosa (Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White)*, whose greatly simplified rhythm and clever brass contrasts sold more than a million copies.

Jazz-Latin interaction was still strong in New York during the 1950s. As big bands became too costly to maintain, Latin jazz-oriented vocal, piano and rhythm combos, often with a single horn, proliferated. Older musicians like Noro Morales and Jose Curbelo—who hired jazz saxist Al Cohn—and young up-and-comers like pianist Charlie Palmieri and Joe Cuba all ran quintets in the 1950s. Throughout the decade New York Latins moved in and out of Latin jazz as part of a complex crossover scene.

By contrast, the West Coast became almost exclusively a Latin jazz scene. A notable influence was British pianist George Shearing who had had a good pop-bop quintet since 1949. In 1953 he re-formed with a greater emphasis on Latin jazz, using vibraphonist-bongocero Cal Tjader, who was himself to become a major contributor to later West Coast Latin fusions.

Other West Coast contributions included Kenton's recording of Johnny Richards' *Cuban Fire* suite and Shorty Rogers' *Afro-Cuban Influence*.

By the late 1950s, mainstream Latin music was embarked on an important change of course. After 20 years of taking in large American elements, it began incorporating many new Latin ingredients during the late 1950s. This wasn't entirely a "return to the root," which—though many of New York's leading musicians were Puerto Ricans—had been almost entirely Cuban. Now, Puerto Rican and Dominican elements became important.

The first non-Cuban style to make it in New York was the merengue, from the Dominican Republic. Americanized merengues had been played in the 1940s, but the authentic version first hit the Big Apple in the early 1950s, when Angel Viloria organized a group with the typical accordion and sax country merengue sound.

The two major Puerto Rican influences were the plena, a topical song style somewhat like the calypso in nature (though not in sound), and the bomba, originally an Afro-Rican dance form for voices and drums. In 1957, bandleader-percussionist Rafael Cortijo and his vocalist Ismael Rivera made a series of successful recordings featuring the plena and bomba in dance band format.

Nationally, the big news of the 1960s was the return of Brazilian influence through the bossa nova. The man most responsible for its impact on American jazz was Charlie Byrd, who heard it on a tour of South America in 1961 and on his return began playing it around Washington. D.C. Early in 1962, Byrd recruited tenorist Stan Getz for an album called *Jazz Samba*, which became an instant hit. The single taken from it, *Desafinado*, sold half a million within a year—helped by the film *Black Orpheus*, whose theme by Luis Bonfa has also become a standard.

Over the next couple of years, jazz bossa albums proliferated. Getz, Shorty Rogers and Cal Tjader recorded with former Kenton sideman Laurindo Almeida; Herbie Mann made *Do The Bossa Nova With Herbie Mann* in Brazil with guitarist Baden Powell, Antonio Carlos Jobim and a 17-piece percussion group; even Ella Fitzgerald recorded *Desafinado*. Major bossa nova composers Antonio Carlos Jobim and João Gilberto played a Carnegie Hall concert, and Afro-Brazilian guitarist Bola Sete (Djalma de Andrade) played (with Dizzy Gillespie) the Monterey Jazz Festival.

The bossa nova vogue passed, but it was only the beginning of the Brazilian influence in jazz. In 1967, Brazilian percussionist Airto Moreira and his vocalist-wife Flora Purim moved to the States. Purim toured with Stan Getz, and Miles Davis used Airto on parts of his first "electric" recording, the 1968 *Bitches' Brew*. Airto and Purim subsequently worked together with Chick Corea's Return To Forever, and were featured separately and together on a large number of jazz recordings.

By contrast, though the collective impact of Latin sounds on American popular music was mighty, its very strength had helped change Latin music's image from hip to hokey during the 1960s and the pure idiom was again virtually restricted to the Latin barrios of eastern cities. At the same time, its basic Cubanism was also greatly strengthened. The trumpet-led Cuban conjunto wasn't new to the U.S., but the flute-and-fiddle charanga sound remained unknown in the U.S. Then, in late 1959, pianist Charlie Palmieri hired young flutist Johnny Pacheco, added fiddles, and New York's first fully-fledged charanga group was born.

During 1960, Charlie Palmieri's *Charanga Duboney* became the hottest thing in Latin New York. In 1961 Pacheco formed his own group and for a while charangas popped up like mushrooms, formed both by refugee Cuban flutists like Jose Fajardo, Pupi Legarreta and Belisaro Lopez, and New York newcomers like Pacheco and Ray Barretto, whose *El Watusi* was a crossover million selling hit.

By the mid-1960s, the charanga craze was over. Johnny Pacheco disbanded his charanga in 1964 and recorded a series of classic trumpet conjunto albums for the fledgling Fania label. After a little further pop-hit hunting, Ray Barretto switched to a jazz and soul-flavored Cuban sound in 1967 for his brilliant Fania debut album, *Acid*. Eddie Palmieri developed a new conjunto-type sound with two trombones instead of trumpets. Newcomer Larry Harlow expanded the Cuban classic repertoire, with structures and rhythmic patterns featuring new frontline voicings. The basic Cuban style was, in fact, not merely imitated but reworked.

Meanwhile the jazz influence continued with a series of masterly recordings of *descargas*, or Latin jam sessions, which wedded the Cuban head-montuno-mambo structure to instrumental solos and riffs far freer and more fiery than anything that had come before.

The Latin jazz thrust in New York finally faded around 1966. But the same year saw the beginnings of a quite new black Latin fusion. The fruit of an r&b-oriented younger generation, the Latin bugalú was a jaunty, fairly simple, specifically New York Latin rhythm, whose lyrics moved between English and Spanish. Most of the bugulú bands borrowed the brash sounding, two trombone frontline from Eddie Palmieri. The result was a swaggering sound, part Latin, part black, and wholly New York, which produced a new generation of musicians. One of the most popular singers of the era was an Afro-Filipino from East Harlem, Joe Bataan, who came from nowhere to record *three* hit "Latin Soul" albums in 1967-68. Another wildly successful group was led by a 17-year-old trombonist, Willie Colon, the only bugalú musician to remain a major creative force in the 1970s.

Meanwhile the West Coast kept the Latin jazz tradition alive. Cal Tjader worked regularly in California, and conga player Mongo Santamaria and *timbalero* Willie Bobo both led essentially Latin soul-jazz groups.

Santamaria was especially influential outside the traditional East Coast Latin orbit, especially among black and jazz audiences. Besides touring the States and Europe throughout the 1960s, he cut many fine Latin jazz albums, many with strong Afro-Cuban percussive roots, as well as a number of Latin soul recordings which reached a wide black audience and were to be a major influence on 1970s rhythm and blues.

New York's Latin musicians moved into the 1970s feeling creatively limited and locked into a barrio audience. Yet Latin influences have never been so deeply rooted in the American music scene as they are now, and their source—the hot Latin music which was beginning to be known as salsa—was about to gain some long-overdue critical recognition. Moreover, during the 1970s this mainstream style has been broadened by new Latin American influences, as well as by rock ingredients.

These shouldn't be confused with the new fusion music: Latin rock. At first, Latin rock was largely centered on the West Coast, when Los Angeles guitarist Carlos Santana made a series of recordings in a fresh and more or less equal blend of rock and salsa, which were soon picked up by other groups, notably Azteca—led by Jorge Santana—and Malo, both of which had links with the Santana band itself, and by El Malo. In the East, with its large audience for mainstream salsa, Latin rock was slower to surface. But by 1972 a Woodstock-based group, Chango, was playing a blend nearer to rock than salsa, and in the same year a shortlived New York City band, Toro, made a Latin rock album with strong salsa elements. A group with strong rhythm and blues flavor is Seguida, and most recently, Eddie Benitez' Nebula cut a promising first album in the vein. Nor was Latin rock confined to the West and New York. During the 1960s and 1970s, both Puerto Rico and Miami developed small but quite active local recording industries, and in the early 1970s a number of Latin rock groups sprang up in both centers.

A recent development is a kind of Brazilian jazz-rock strongly influenced by percussionist

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GATO BARBIERI

The Argentine Eclectic

by larry birnbaum

J. L. VARTOOGIAN

For those not attuned to jazz, the name of Leandro "Gato" Barbieri seemed to burst upon the scene in late 1972 when his vibrantly emotive tenor resounded from the screen in *Last Tango In Paris*. But as is usually the case, overnight success was long in coming. Born some 40-odd years ago into a musical family in Rosario, Argentina, Gato was raised in Buenos Aires, where he began to study music seriously shortly after hearing a recording of Charlie Parker's *Now's The Time* at the age of 12. Rejecting the native music of his homeland he quickly rose to become Argentina's top jazz-man—after a stint with Lalo Schifrin's orchestra he led several groups of his own, playing record and television dates and performing with visiting American stars.

Frustrated, however, by the limited local horizons, he left Argentina, first for a brief and unavailing stay in Brazil, and then in 1962 for Europe with his Italian-bred wife Michelle. In Rome his reputation grew with club and festival appearances until in 1963 he met Don Cherry, with whom he was to work for the next few years. His recordings with Cherry's band from that period are among the seminal works of the "new music"—heavily influenced by Cherry's mentor Ornette Coleman, Gato's brilliant enigmatic dialogues with the trumpeter partake of the highest tradition of jazz improvisation.

But after a 1967 session on ESP as leader, Gato, inspired by the rising tide of black consciousness, felt a need to explore his own neglected cultural roots. Beginning with *The Third World*, his first LP on Flying Dutchman, he recorded a number of albums incorporating the rhythms and melodies of South America, pausing along the way for dates with the JCOA and Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra.

His tone evolved along with his music—warmer, broader and more resonant, it became a powerful and expressive lyric voice, breaking periodically from the melodic line into piercing screams. Always an ardent film buff, he had done movie soundtracks in Argentina and Europe before his celebrated collaboration with Bernardo Bertolucci, with whom he had become acquainted some years previously. An instant celebrity, he returned to South America in 1973 for the first in a four album series on ABC Impulse, featuring native musicians and instruments recorded in Buenos Aires and Rio de Janiero, and culminating in a live recording on his return to New York. In recent years Gato has mellowed; always a nonpareil technician, he plays in a lush and passionate vein, and his tastes these days run to Santana and Marvin Gaye, whose tunes are featured on his latest release, *Caliente*, produced for A&M by Herb Alpert.

His present road band includes guitarist Joe Caro and drummer Bernard "Pretty" Purdie, an old colleague from Flying Dutchman days, as well as Colombian pianist Eddie Martinez, conguero Angel "Cachete" Maldonado, and bassist Eddie "Gua Gua" Rivera, all of whom are well known to salsa lovers for their work with Eddie Palmieri, Larry Harlow and Ray Barretto, among others.

This interview with Gato and Michelle took place over Campari and sodas in the bar of the new Ritz-Carlton hotel in Chicago.

Birnbaum: Let's start with Herb Alpert—how did that come about?

Barbieri: I guess he liked my music. I was on ABC-Impulse and it was my intention to go to another company. I was considering Arista too, but they put the same pressure on you to record. It's an imposition: I don't like to work like this—I like to work naturally. Clive Davis (of Arista) is good but I need people who understand my personality, because I am very . . . slow. We talked with him one day and asked him for a few things we need, like aupport for the record, because the other company, except for *Last Tango*, didn't push. I think a record is like a child; when you bring a child into the world you have to take care of it, you have to push.

Birnbaum: Your new A&M record is doing very well—No. 99 on Billboard last time I looked.

Barbieri: Yes, they help. Before, the other company didn't support anything. I even heard *Emiliano Zapata* was a hundred and something the first week, but afterward it disappeared.

Michelle: A&M is a good company.

Birnbaum: They've been doing some other nice stuff—have you heard the new Don Cherry? It's different for Cherry, more contemporary—not exactly more commercial but. . . .

Barbieri: I know what you mean—not commercial, because people think when you play rhythm it's commercial. I think rhythm is rhythm and I believe in good music. I don't know what people are playing but I know I like his music because you can say exactly what his feeling is—this is jazz, this is good music—and I enjoy listening.

Birnbaum: They just re-released an old session with you and Don. It's on Inner City—it's just called *Gato Barbieri And Don Cherry*.

Barbieri: Ah yes, in Italy it was called *Togetherness*. It was recorded in France in '65. This album is very good, very exciting—we used one of the same tunes again on *Complete Communion*.

Birnbaum: Have you done any more work for film since *Last Tango?*

Barbieri: Well, like I say all the time, I'd like to—maybe in Europe. Here the producers all want to play it safe.

I think it's easier for me to play and record but I would like very very much to do music for a movie because it's something different, completely different. For this I say Bertolucci is the best because he knows my music. I believe another director would have chosen someone more famous, but. . . .

Birnbaum: Were you striving for a more commercial feeling on *Caliente?* In live performance the band is looser, more improvisational.

Barbieri: Well, the records are always like this, the records are never like a live performance because after you record you go out on the road and the music slowly changes. I think this happens with a lot of musicians. I listened to a Chick Corea album; everything was very clear and I was very moved, but when I went to the concert—it was Stanley, Lenny White, Corea and the guitar player—it was completely different, more motion—very fantastic concert.

Birnbaum: On the promo handout it says you did the album without overdubbing—everything was played over and over until you felt it was right.

Barbieri: I don't know how other people work; for instance, I know a classical piano player and if he doesn't like one part he will start again, so I don't think it's only in jazz. I know I have to play from beginning to end because everything has one time, really. The problem is that sometimes when I play with the rhythm section I get tired but I have to play because like this I give the feeling of how I play. Sometimes I don't like one of the solos, so when everything is finished I play and I play and I play until I really enjoy it. Each tune has a different feeling, so I have to catch the right moment to get the feeling. Sometimes I have to play it once, twice, three or four times until I get it. It's like trying to take off.

I was never satisfied with the mixing before because I always played straight with the band—even on *Emiliano Zapata* I played with

the orchestra and I left the solo like it was.

Sometimes you have to listen and listen to understand what's happening. Sometimes when you play too much and you are tired, you lose something. It's better to listen and listen until you are more familiar with everything. Sometimes I would like to play all the time, but then I need silence. With Michelle we listen to the tapes a lot because we are very concerned with each tune.

Birnbaum: I'm familiar with all the musicians in the band except Joe Caro.

Michelle: He's very young and talented. It's very difficult to put a group together—you can't tour with studio musicians—so after he did the album Gato was rehearsing a group to work with and Dave Spinozza gave us some names. Gato tried out some guitar players and amongst them was Joe Caro—the best I think. Eddie Martinez and Cachete have been with Gato for quite a while.

Sometimes when you hear a record it's one thing—the production you know—and then when you hear the group live you feel there is something missing.

Barbieri: Because a lot of musicians play with an orchestra and I play with a four-piece group.

Michelle: On the record there is so much in the way it's recorded that you can't portray on stage. It was a question mark in Gato's mind when we were recording—he was always thinking, "How am I going to reproduce the sound, not exactly like the record, but to keep the structure. . . ."

Barbieri: . . . the feeling. . . . A lot of musicians play with an orchestra and then something is lost without the orchestra. I try to move the musicians—I'm not going to say I direct them but I try to give them the feeling and I try to get the group to play together, not the same arrangement as on the record but with the same feeling, and this is very important emotionally.

Birnbaum: Yours is one of the only bands that gives salsa musicians a chance to play jazz. Do you listen to much salsa?

Barbieri: I listen to everything. People ask me what I think of salsa—I say it depends on how they interpret it. When I played free jazz there was a lot of mediocre free jazz, and with salsa it's the same. Sometimes you listen to good salsa and sometimes not. I don't like to put labels on things but when something sounds good I say beautiful. So in salsa I know people are good and I like to mix musicians. And why not, because music now is so open for different styles.

Birnbaum: You express admiration for Santana on the liner note of *Caliente* and you do one of his tunes on the album.

Barbieri: Yes, I know Santana. I saw him in New York six months ago—he had some problem with the sound. Sometimes we have the same problem, but for me this is a mystery. Now we have a sound man who sets up everything, but sometimes we don't do a sound check and the sound is fantastic and sometimes we do one and it takes time to get adjusted.

When you do the sound check without the audience it's different. I tell the young musicians—even if they don't listen they have to play. I sometimes don't listen myself and it's horrible because all the sound goes through me and I don't listen to myself and the band doesn't listen to me. I sometimes would like not to listen to myself but they listen to what I do and if I don't listen we don't communicate. . . .

When something is wrong, maybe with just one musician—maybe he's feeling down or he doesn't listen—I know immediately something is off. But this happens sometimes when you play on tour and you play every day. Sometimes when you play just one concert everything seems new, like it wasn't the same tunes. We are human beings and sometimes the concert loses something we try. Sometimes I see a bad concert and it's like . . . without respect for the public. Sometimes the group doesn't play well but we always try.

I tell you, I am a completely different type from the regular jazz musician. I am Latin, but Latin from the south. Many people can enjoy work, but I don't—I want to stay alone and just do whatever I do. I like to know what's happening between me and the saxophone. Sometimes people come in and talk to me and I lose the thread. But it doesn't matter if I'm playing for a few people or many.

One problem is sometimes the stage is too small—I can't move, I don't know where to go. Sometimes I like to go over to the conga or pick up some instrument. You know, when you live in a small house and you stay in one room you get bored after a while and you need to move. When I have to stay in one place I am uncomfortable. I'm very nervous and when I have to play it's like the first concert of my life, so I don't smoke before I play—I might have a couple of drinks.

Birnbaum: I always wondered how people could smoke and play the saxophone.

Barbieri: I'll tell you—people say I have a completely different sound of approach. Most musicians today play with very hard reeds, number four or five—I play one and a half or two and they are very soft. I don't press in the chest but more in the throat, so you blow more naturally and have more power to play. And I don't use a very open mouthpiece—I use a Berg Larson 105. I know some people play 130, for instance Coltrane used an Otto Link and a lot of musicians want to play Otto Link and it has a very big chamber. But with mine you get more air and it's very relaxed. But you have to approach it in a different way.

"There is more music in the U.S. than anywhere. . . . Here . . . you have the opportunity because you have very good musicians and you can do whatever you want."

Birnbaum: How do you feel when people tell you that you sound like Pharoah Sanders?

Barbieri: I could say that Pharoah sounds like John Coltrane—maybe it's because Pharoah plays melody and I play melody too, but I play melody in a different direction.

Birnbaum: Did you ever model yourself after anyone?

Barbieri: Many people are concerned about technique, but I was always concerned about sound. When the sound is bigger and more mellow and more beautiful, then everything is more beautiful. I like Pharoah but I don't try to play like Pharoah. But I play melody so sometimes they say I play like him.

But I'm always thinking in terms of sound, sound, sound—to develop the sound. Sometimes when you play harder the sound starts to break and this is something I still like to work off of.

Birnbaum: You were one of the first free jazz musicians to return to a more melodic style.

Barbieri: I was into free jazz, not because I was born with free jazz—I was born with other kinds of music—but for various reasons I got involved and I played it.

Birnbaum: Were you playing free music before you met Don Cherry?

Barbieri: We tried to play with some people but it was completely different. But after I left Don I did this record on ESP called *In Search Of Mystery*. Some people think it's a great record, but after this record I felt something was wrong and I had to make a choice. I always liked to play melody and improvisation and rhythm—you have to understand that in Argentina I played everything: tango, mambo, Brazilian music, guaracha, etc.—so I realized after this record that something was wrong. So slowly, slowly I changed. But it was gradual, like *The Third World* was melodic and then *El Pampero* was more rhythmic.

Birnbaum: South American music seems to be becoming more popular in the U.S.—I read that an Argentine group called Arcoiris was appearing on the west coast.

Barbieri: Arcoiris, yes. But they try to play like me—even in South America they play like I used to play. The problem in South America is that South America is very poor. . . .

The Latin people here—I say Latin in the sense of Puerto Rican, Cuban—have a very good community in New York; there are a lot of musicians. But it's a different groove, a different rhythm even than the Brazilian.

Birnbaum: Some of the Cuban and Brazilian rhythms have their origins in the same parts of Africa.

Barbieri: All of the rhythms come from Africa, definitely, but the music changes, like in jazz, in the big city. But we would have to talk maybe for hours to put this together. Even in Uruguay, which has few black people, they play a rhythm called quevero. You know, all the east part of South America is black, except Uruguay, which has few black people, and Argentina, which has no black people.

Birnbaum: There aren't many Indians in Ar-

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SELECTED BARBIERI DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

CALIENTE—A&M 4597
CHAPTER ONE: LATIN AMERICA—ABC Impulse 9248
CHAPTER TWO: HASTA SIEMPRE—ABC Impulse 9263
CHAPTER THREE: VIVA EMILIANO ZAPATA—ABC Impulse 9279
CHAPTER FOUR: ALIVE IN NEW YORK—ABC Impulse 9303
LAST TANGO IN PARIS—United Artists UA-LA 045-G
EL PAMPERO—Flying Dutchman FLD 10165
FENIX—Flying Dutchman FLD 10144
THE THIRD WORLD—Flying Dutchman FLD 10117
CONFLUENCE (with Dollar Brand)—Arista/Freedom 1003
IN SEARCH OF MYSTERY—ESP 1049

with Charlie Haden

LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA—ABC Impulse 9183

with Don Cherry

GATO BARBIERI & DON CHERRY—Inner City IC 1009
COMPLETE COMMUNION—Blue Note BLT 4226
SYMPHONY FOR IMPROVISERS—Blue Note BST 84247

DEVADIP CARLOS SANTANA

Ethnic Evolution

by howard mandel

"A lot of Latin people don't consider me a Latino," says Devadip Carlos Santana. "And they're right, in a way.

"They don't consider Gato a Latin, either. To a lot of Latin people, 'Latino' means the modality of Machito, Patato and Arsenio Rodriguez. It used to be I'd go to New York and hear 'You don't know anything about Latin music—you're a Mexican! You're from the West Coast—what can you know? Cubans and Puerto Ricans started it! Now a lot of people are really nice.

"I just like to use some of the sounds of Latin music, not the complete, typical conception. Some of that music is good, and knocks me out—like listening to Muddy Waters, the roots—but some of the stuff bores me to tears. Listening to Miles I got spoiled. Now I have to have a lot of music—I need Stevie Wonder and Marvin Gaye and Weather Report."

So the purists deny Santana his heritage, and the guitarist himself recognizes his ethnicity as only one of many influences and experiences he can draw on in his continuing quest for "sincerity, simplicity and joy." As it happens, his current shift back towards his Latin roots may be part of another quest: the building and maintenance of his band's popularity with a broad audience.

Santana's past includes blues inspiration, hot street rock, artsy jazz ambitions, religious collaborations, and now, a return not to the middle of the road but to the center of the arena, where the most inclusive combination of sounds will appeal directly to the widest possible slice of listenership. In a sense, Santana is not a crossover artist shaping his repertoire to attract specific segments of record buyers, radio programmers and concert-goers. Rather, he's a figure who has absorbed years of listening and now offers up a triumphal synthesis. His story emphasizes a degree of uncertainty about the proportions in his admixture, but reveals the perspective that led to its creation.

Santana was born and raised in Tijuana, Mexico. "When I used to hear my father, a mariachi violinist, play," he recalls, "I was caught. He has that presence . . . something in his voice, something in his violin makes you want to listen. But that's not the kind of music I wanted to play.

"I was about half self-taught. When I was a kid my father taught me to read music but I wasn't really much interested. He meant well, but it got so disappointing because he wouldn't let me stretch out and do what I wanted to do. I developed a mental block, an attitude, saying well, birds don't read, so why the hell should I read?

"Now I just play, but I know you do need to read. If you're living in LA and you depend on those gigs where people call you and you've got to learn something fast, it's a necessity. But there are pros and cons to reading. When you don't read, it gives you a lot of imagination because you don't think in terms of B flat or diminished or augmented. You think in terms of colors, or dynamics, or emotions: laughter, anger, joy, depression. It's good to balance reading with imagination.

"It wasn't until I heard this band called TJ and his Tijuana band that I heard what I liked. This guy was into B.B. King, Bobby Blue Bland, Little Richard, and Ray Charles. I knew nothing about Latin music until 1968, when I started listening to a Latin radio station in San Francisco.

"In junior high I'd try to get bands together and teach them. I'd get angry when they played surfer music or the Beatles. I just really had this thing for black music. I got obsessed with the sound of Otis Rush the first time I heard him, at the old Fillmore West, on a bill with B.B. King and Steve Miller. Rush has this beautiful thing, he whistles when he talks. Maybe it's the way his teeth are. He also cries, he really cries on that guitar. I listened to him and Buddy Guy a lot. I like the minor blues. If I can get away with making a major into a minor, I'll do it. And still, when I get caught up into a big knot from playing too many notes, I go back and play a little blues.

DAVE PATRICK

"It must have been when I started fooling around with drugs that I heard *Revolver*, *Sgt. Pepper*, and the Beatles started to knock me out. But I think it was Gabor Szabo who got me into Beatles' music. He was playing a couple of their tunes, I think *Michelle* and *Yesterday*. A friend of mine turned me on to Gabor Szabo, and that was the first day I put the B.B. King records away. I had been into all the Kings—B.B., Albert and Freddie, but opening the door with Gabor let Miles, Gato and Wes Montgomery in.

"I didn't really become a part of the San Francisco thing. I always tried to avoid it. I didn't want to become part of the Grateful Dead, the Jefferson Airplane and the Quicksilver Messenger Service. Hippieland.

"I grew up with it, but I always felt I was somehow different. It was beautiful, but it didn't sit right with me after a while. If you took the best from Liverpool—the Beatles—then those other people seemed to be going along just for the ride. I wasn't along for a ride, I had my own direction in music. The Butterfield band was getting to me—it had Mike Bloomfield and Elvin Bishop on guitars. Charles Lloyd and John Handy's quintet were my history. Lloyd was playing stuff Miles Davis didn't touch until he picked up Jarrett and DeJohnette for his own band. Lloyd was playing some stuff that was beyond. It was the cream of spontaneous music and the hippies were going crazy about it. And I was, too, just like one of them.

"Clapton was something else. Even in Cream he wasn't relying much on gimmicks. He had a straightahead, forward simplicity and lyricism, very dynamic. . . . He wasn't bending notes an octave higher or anything like that, or smashing the guitar. I used to look forward to seeing Cream, because when they got into their spontaneous stuff, when they started jamming and left the arrangement, stuff happened.

"And then I was into Hendrix for a while. After I saw him live, I developed an attitude that I really liked his group and his performance, but it took me a while to get into his guitar playing. I didn't know what to think of him, he was so foreign. But after a while I started to hear Curtis Mayfield and Buddy Guy in him, and I started to like him."

It was '69 when Santana's first album broke, with its steamy instrumental enthusiasms and Latin flavored percussion (timbales and congas) making it instantly distinct from the field of urban acid rock. Jose Chepito Areas, who is with the current incarnation of the Santana band, contributed the special syncopation.

"Chepito has been in and out of the band," Carlos explains. "He's got tremendous fire. But at times I was going one way musically, and he was going another. I didn't want to play as much Latin music around the time of *Borboletta* and *Welcome*, and that was hard for him because he's very Latin oriented. But when he heard *Amigos* he called and asked if I wanted to play.

"When he wasn't with me he had his own band. In San Francisco there's very little of the typical Latin music sound. But Chepito's band sounded like a typical San Francisco rock, funk, Latin band."

The second Santana album was more ambitious. *Abraxas* included a hit, *Black Magic Woman*, with a laid back setting for the still blistering guitar provided by Gregg Rolie's switch from organ to piano. Furthermore, the band covered Tito Puente's *Oye Como Va* as faithfully as they could given their instrumentation, and Rico Reyes was added to vocalize. Carlos also penned a lengthy samba. Chepito's feature, *El Nicoya*, was a percussion track with chanting in Spanish.

Santana III included Spanish chanting, coro vocal sections, a generic Latin piano solo (by Mario Ochoa, *Guajira*), another Puente number *(Para Los Rumberos)*, and Hispanic ringers Coke Escovedo and trumpeter Luis Gasca. Rico Reyes returned, and the Tower of Power horns were in attendance. This was mu-

"I want progress and this band wants progress. Success is for one cat, but progress you can share with everybody."

sic from the Mission district, a pan-ethnic San Francisco neighborhood that seems like the model for Bump City. The next LP was a million miles away.

"A lot of people told me we jumped too much, that *Caravansarai* was too far. Maybe they are right," Carlos concedes reluctantly, "but that's what I was into and I told CBS, 'This is what I need and must do.'

"At the time I was involved with Mahavishnu John McLaughlin and Sri Chinmoy—as I am still—but I'm not so much involved now with having the George Benson records, the Mahavishnus and the Coltranes next to the stereo. I've got Stevie Wonder and Earth, Wind & Fire next to my stereo now. I don't try to make music for musicians now. From the technical point of view that's what was happening on *Caravansarai.* I was playing for musicians. After I realized that I could achieve that level and hold that standard, that I could go onstage with Chick Corea and other people that I admire, I gained confidence.

"There are a lot of rock and roll bands we play with that are afraid of being onstage with another band that can play more than the three chord blues—you can see it in their faces. I used to be part of that. I made my decision to play with people and try to learn about improvisation. Now I can go onstage and play with anybody; I'm aware of dynamics, and I know what to play and what not to play and when to play."

This era was positively the time of Carlos Santana's greatest growth, and inevitably the period when he stretched farthest from his origins. His band had matured. Drummer Mike Shrieve extended his energies to co-produce the albums. Guitarist Neal Schon and bassman Doug Rauch were everywhere that Carlos wasn't in the mixdown. On *Caravansarai* Hadley Caliman blew a brief tenor solo, Armando Peraza played bongos, Lenny White scored a credit on castanets, and they found they could cover Antonio Carlos Jobim's *Stone Flower.* And a pianist named Tom Coster turned up on one cut. Coster, a fellow Chinmoy disciple, has since become Santana's main man.

"Tom has been with me since the first time he came into the studio. He was playing with Gabor Szabo, and I wanted him on *Caravansarai*—even then I could hear him in the band. *Welcome* was the first record he played a lot on. I'm really happy he's in my band, because he has a lot that I need. We all need him. He does some of the writing, some of it we do together. I'm always looking forward to going into that place where we all contribute; it always seems like that's the strongest music.

"Tom is like a bebopper, and he plays on the bright side what I play on the blue side. It's a nice balance, like female and male. Male is the happy rhythms, female is the melody and the longing. We strive for that balance."

At this time Carlos was also trying to polish his guitar technique, and moving into recording experiments with those players he admired. On sabbatical from his band, he recorded *Love, Devotion, Surrender* with McLaughlin, leading off on Coltrane's *A Love Supreme* and moving into *Naima.* Though this album today hardly seems like a radical departure from Santana's program, his stint with Mahavishnu, Peraza, Billy Cobham, Larry Young (Khalid Yasin), and Jan Hammer may have mystified his fans. Santana's guru appears on the record jacket, and has a full page of liner notes.

The next band record, *Welcome,* was a picture of righteousness, and more members of the group were grasping Chinmoy's teachings. Along the jazz track, Joe Farrell sat in on flute, and vocalist Leon Thomas joined the band. Alice Coltrane, another disciple, did an arrangement. Carlos recorded *Illuminations* with her.

"It was nice playing with Alice because she believed with me more than I did myself at the time. Even Reggie Workman talked to me at the sessions. He said, 'I don't mean to pry into your life but you ought to look at what you're doing; a lot of people look up to you, listen to your music, and it's not so important getting into Coltrane—get into yourself.'"

The personnel on *Borboletta* shows Carlos seeking a route back to himself in the company of new friends. Flora Purim and Airto Moreira open the album with their special effects, and the out sounds continue with Echoplex backing and extended ballad forms. Drummer Ndugu (Leon Chancler) and bassist Stanley Clarke grace several cuts. But unlike his previous five records with the Santana band, *Borboletta* didn't bust the charts.

Amigos and *Festival* shot Santana back to the top. Prior to *Amigos,* Bill Graham took over Santana's management, making suggestions about direction and production. What resulted was a return to "earth music" that gets folks on their feet and dancing.

"Graham is a salsa freak," he confides. "He can't go anywhere without his cassette player with La Lupe and Tito Puente on it. He's been that way since before I knew him. He was a waiter in a Latin club in New York before he became an impresario. Salsa music is to him what blues is to me.

"I'm quite proud of *Caravansarai* and *Borboletta,* which I produced myself, but I think David Rubinson, who produced *Amigos* and *Festival,* was pretty good for those two albums. He has his own thing to say. I've always felt a producer is almost like that guy Dundee is to Muhammad Ali. He's outside the ring. Sometimes you know more than anybody, but sometimes when you get in the ring you need an extra pair of eyes.

"I don't think we're moving towards anything meaningful like *Caravansarai,* which was an extreme of exploration. There used to be a drummer with Joey Dee and the Starliters, who did *The Peppermint Twist,* who used to kill me. He could play incredible shuffles, and I like shuffles—that's why I like *Higher Ground* and Miles' *Jack Johnson.* I listen to a lot of John Lee Hooker, and on the next album I think we'll do something like that because I think I'm pretty good at playing that sort of stuff."

But he's also including more Latin music, specifically from Brazil.

"I've been in Brazil twice, in '71 and '73. I'm looking forward to going there again. The people are incredible although the government stinks, like everywhere else but the U.S. In Latin America the governments are terrible, the worst. So many musicians disappear because they want to tell the brothers and sisters what's happening. They write a beautiful composition and as soon as the government hears it they disappear. At least over here you can jump on a rooftop and tell everybody what you think of the government. People here say, 'Okay, I'm glad you got that out of your system.'

"In '73 we played from Mexico to Brazil, and to me it was a disaster. I mean the band burned—it was the old band, with Leon Thomas and Doug Rauch, but the countries were so underdeveloped, and there was so much violence, it was like seeing Haight-Ashbury at its worst on a bad acid trip. People were taking LSD, drinking tequila, snorting; it was like a bad Fellini movie; it was out . . . it was an inferno.

"As a whole, ignorance claims Latin America, as though the continent is asleep. But they've got incredible bands. In Venezuela they have bands that would burn people in New York, with horn sections and all. There were three or four guys, taxi drivers, who told us 'We play, too' so I said 'Yeah, why don't you bring your instruments around?' They brought these little tambourines, big as a small pancake, and these four cats, they sounded like a whole city. They were burning.

"Brazilian music is very light; the lighter it's played the better it sounds. Music from Cuba you've got to play hard. It has to sound like bashing. It's a different kind of thing.

"The percussion, drums, timbales and congas create a very infectious festival atmosphere, and you feel down unless you participate in it, because you see everybody else having a good time."

The current formula for having a good time, then, is salsa vamps, vocal exchanges in English over Spanish, and the familiar guitar licks, stronger than ever, in harmony with Tom Coster's keyboards. For rhythm, Chepito's timbales on top of Raul Rekow's congas and bongos, and hard rock drummer Gaylord Birch, formerly with Gino Vannelli, thrashing behind it all. Bassist Pablo Tellez ties it together. People dance the '70s stomp as well as the guaguanco. For listeners aware of progressive jazz, they'll toss *Milestones* into the middle of a set.

"Tom played it a long time ago, and I asked him to play it once in a while because it takes pressure away. There's so much fire happening, you have to put that melody in a space, and it creates a nice breeze.

"To me, it's fun slipping a lot of melodies in because I'm more melody inclined than anything else. I don't have tremendous chops like a lot of people do. I can practice for a while, but after a time that takes away from what I really want to say, which is very simple, actually.

"My father plays a little guitar, and he probably knows more chords than I do. I know very little about music but I don't think that stops me from what I really mean to do, because my main goal is not to be a supreme musician. My main goal is to manifest joy, and relate to people. People on the street—very few of them know what's happening with so much musicology. All they relate to is the basic, simple music. So being ignorant gives me an edge. I could always go to Berklee School of Music and learn all about it, but I'm not in a hurry for that. I'm in a hurry to relate to people. And I don't think I'm the only one.

"Look at George Benson and all these people. They're great musicians and have all the knowledge. But I think they're making a beautiful attempt to reach the streets, not just play for musicians, not just play in jazz clubs, but play for everybody, for everybody's heart. That's really an achievement.

"I play the congas during the live sets. You

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Mongo Santamaria

Cuban King Of Congas

by arnold jay smith

Born almost 55 years ago in Havana, Cuba, Mongo Santamaria has never concentrated on his mission, if, indeed, he ever felt he had one to begin with. He has merely played his conga drums.

"In the neighborhood where I came from (Havana's Jesus Maria district) we had all kinds of music, mostly from Africa," Santamaria said. "We did not leave it alone; we changed it our way. The music we made dealt with religion and conversation. The drum was our tool and we used it for everything."

Mongo says that the conga drum did not come into being until much later. "We improvised on other things such as conversions from hollow logs. We beat them with sticks just like we read in our history books and as our older relatives told us. Each tribe had its own drums, its own rhythms, its own messages. It was all based on the religions."

Yes, the religions. As the tribes came from Africa in slave ships, they settled in various areas of the West Indies and the United States. The religious beliefs and the gods that received the chants became known as Macumba in Brazil, Santeria in Cuba and, the most widely-known, Vodù (voodoo) in Haiti.

A fellow Cubano and a friend of Mongo's, Ileana Mesa, aided in the explanations and spellings during the interview, which centered around Cuba, its influences, its people, and most of all, its music and how it got to where we know it today.

Santamaria: I was familiar with Brazilian music for many years. It made a good combination with what I learned in Cuba. In 1958-59 I left Tito Puente to join the Cal Tjader band. Willie Bobo and I were in San Francisco when I began to notice that there was no "real thing" in America. What we were seeing and hearing were commercial people like Carmen Miranda. Then I was introduced to Brazilian music via Angela Maria, a beautiful singer, and Elsa Soires, who made me familiar with "bossa negra," black thing. She was to black music there what Aretha Franklin is here, or Celia Cruz in Cuba. Others were Elis Regina and Jair Rodrigues.

After I left Cal Tjader, my first piano player was from Brazil, Joao Donato. When I was working with Puente in New York, I would record on the side. I didn't have a band; we put together a group in the studio and recorded. I must have made about ten records before I ever had a band. In fact, in 1962, when I was in Brazil, I think Chick Corea was in my band. We recorded an album called *Go Mongo* for Riverside.

We were doing Brazilian music long before Stan Getz, Charlie Byrd and Sergio Mendes. In fact, I was at the session that Sergio did with Cannonball Adderley. I think Hubert Laws was on that record. It seemed everybody was interested in Brazilian music. The music of the people there is the samba. The bossa nova came from that, but it's really diluted.

Smith: You were allowed back into Cuba recently due to your mother's illness and subsequent passing. How did it feel going back?

Santamaria: It was 1976 and very difficult getting there. I had to go through Miriam Makeba who went through the United Nations to get me a visa. I hadn't seen my mother in 16 years and she had broken her hip and had a stroke.

Smith: I understand when you got there the rumors flew. Musicians came just to be nearby.

Santamaria: My records are all there. I didn't play while I was there. I know they play my records because I pick up Radio Havana right here in Manhattan late at night or early in the morning.

Smith: What was it like in Cuba, musicwise?

Santamaria: It's going to be the biggest surprise when Cuba opens up again. They are not playing only Tipica music; they are playing jazz. No conga, nothing. They play electronics, very up to date things. They use primitive drums like the bata with the electric guitar and electric bass. The rhythmic things with the electronics are right there. With someone like Santana you can hear the guitar and the rock on top of the Tipica thing. In order to reach the Latin audiences he had to play more bottom and not overplay the guitar.

Smith: Did you ever play in Havana or were you too young?

Santamaria: Sure I played in Cuba, all my life until I came over here. I played in all those clubs you used to read about, the Tropicana, Sans Souci and Montmartre. Funny, the Sans Souci then was like Texas—discrimination. The band had to go around to the kitchen to get in. We couldn't mix with the paying customers. And you never saw one black face in the audience. Most of the audience every night was American.

JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

When I was young I would never see those things. I would play with the kids and we never cared, light or dark. When I got into the profession, I played with everybody and they had to use me because I was good. When I got to Mexico with Paulito and Lilon it was so different, I felt free. It was "Señor Santamaria." Nobody had ever called me that. I was somebody. I wrote my mother and told her that I wasn't coming back there to live anymore. The money was nothing on the road; but the girls, the attention, the excitement, the freedom made it worth it.

Smith: What did you do when you first left Cuba?

Santamaria: I left in 1948 and came to America for six months with a revue with Armando Peraza. It was headlined by Paulito

and Lilon, a dance team. He was a wonderful dancer and she was very beautiful. (They were later to die from gas asphyxiation in their New York apartment.) After that I went to Mexico where I couldn't work due to visa restrictions so I came back to Cuba. I got my permanent residency for the U.S. in 1950.

The first place I worked was in the Bronx at the Tropicana Club. That was the first charanga band in the U.S. There was no Pacheco or Charlie Palmieri. The leader was a Cuban named Gilberto Valdes. He worked with Katherine Dunham, the black choreography pioneer. They didn't use Tito Puente or any of the other names. Valdes was a master musician. He was a white man who came from a town in Cuba called Bemba where it was 99¾% black.

Valdes wrote *No vengo de Jovellanos, Eco* and *Rumba Abierta*. Nobody could put the drum and the big band together like Gilberto. He went back to Cuba after Castro took over and they gave him a big house. I don't know what happened, but he came back here again and died in Miami.

I worked with Valdes at the Tropicana and later with Jose Luis Monero, a Puerto Rican singer. It was like an uptown Palladium for funky people.

Fate and double fate brought Santamaria's career from its early zenith to a near fatal nadir. In 1950 he decided to leave New York to tour Texas and South America with Perez Prado. While Mongo was on the band bus in Texas, a serious accident occurred. Mongo was taken to a segregated clinic and was being treated when the doctors saw the damage to his legs. The doctor had decided to amputate when Mongo's friend, singer Paquito Sosa, interceded by telling the authorities that Mongo was "not a black American, but a Cuban musician." Santamaria's legs, and possibly his life, were saved.

Mongo remained in the hospital (in the white section) three months before the segregation got to him. He was warned "not to understand anything" in English, but once while in a wheel chair he was accosted by someone and was wheeled to the black area. The combination of the hospital conditions and the pain in his legs led Mongo to heroin addiction. It seemed all he had to do was wince in pain and they'd give him a dose. "A white woman patient talked to me like a mother to a son," Mongo recalls. "She told the authorities that I was not really needing the drugs. That's how I kicked."

• • •

Smith: What finally happened to that South American tour?

Santamaria: I never made it. Prado never sent me the pay either. Before he left, he had his picture taken with me for the papers. The accident was big news then. It looked good for him to be seen with me and my legs in traction. No, I didn't go to South America. I came back to New York and didn't work for awhile until the Tropicana called me. Then I heard that the kid who was working for Tito Puente was called to Korea, so I went with Puente. Tito had heard about me so he came up to the Tropicana to listen. I stayed with the band until 1958 when the Cal Tjader thing happened. Willie and I went with Tjader.

Smith: Let's get back to the music for a bit. What about the African influence in your music?

Santamaria: I've never been there. I have African friends, records; I know all the chants; I even know some words in the Yoruba religion. My family has African tradition, but I have never been there. My grandfather, who was from Africa, came to Cuba as a slave. The music we played in Cuba is African. What they call "salsa" over here was developed from Guajira, son montuno, guaguanco, guaracha and mambo. The drum came from Africa. They took it to Brazil, Haiti, Trinidad. Remember, the slave owners took the drums away from the slaves because they were being used to talk with, spread revolution, or whatever the whites thought.

What is "salsa" here is "musica a tropical" in Mexico. It's just another label for basic Cuban music. It means "saucy" or "tropical," two elements of Cuban life. The musicians emigrated from Cuba. Machito was here 45 years ago when there were no Latin musicians here. When I came here in '48, the only Latin bands I heard were Machito, Marcelino Guerra and Nora Morales, a Puerto Ricano. In the '50s I finally heard Puente and Tito Rodriguez.

Smith: You say Machito physically brought the music here from Cuba along with Guerra? Then where do Dizzy Gillespie and Duke Ellington fit in?

"It's going to be the biggest surprise when Cuba opens up again. They are not playing only Tipica music; they are playing jazz. . . . They play electronics, very up to date things."

Santamaria: Oh, Dizzy Gillespie had a lot to do with the popularity of the conga. He included Chano Pozo in his band and started to develop things like *Manteca, Tin Tin Deo* and the others. You can't say how great the Gillespie/Pozo relationship was. The importance is blurred a little. You accept the conga now, but it was only bongos and timbales at one time. Pozo did it.

Ellington? Well, *Caravan* and *Perdido* were written by Juan Tizol. Ellington didn't have the instruments, but he had the basic rhythms from Africa. He was important in that regard. *Perdido* was my favorite song for years. I remember being with Sarah Vaughan at the Apollo Theatre when she did that tune. But Dizzy went deeper in that he listened to Chano as much as the other way around. Chano gave ideas to Diz—the bottom. *Manteca* was a Chano conga riff. Al McKibbon was the bass player then. He told me that they couldn't get it together at first. It is important that the bass player and the conga player coordinate. Chano couldn't speak English; that made it even harder because McKibbon couldn't speak Spanish. It was a musical thing that brought it off.

Smith: Did you try to do that with Puente when he went jazz?

Santamaria: No. He never allows anyone to stand out in his bands. The tunes are his, the solos are mostly his and when the others' tunes are played, they never get announced. I learned so much more with Cal Tjader than I did with Puente. You were part of a team and you were important.

Smith: You said you left Puente with Willie to go with Tjader.

Santamaria: We were at the Palladium with Puente and Tjader was next door at Birdland. He couldn't believe we wanted to leave Puente's band. He couldn't use us for some months so Willie and I organized Orquestra Manhattan. In the band were Chombo Silva and Ray Cohen; it was a little swinging band. The closer the day came to go to California, the less I wanted to go. I'm glad I went because I learned more from one year with Cal Tjader than I did in seven with Tito Puente. Even the record jackets—the only thing you saw on a Tito Puente album was his picture. Tjader gave credit to everybody.

Another thing was exposure. Puente was based in N.Y. playing the Latin spots to a Latin audience. With Tjader, we were in California playing concerts in colleges, then out to Chicago, etc. The audiences were not all Latin. When Puente came west, he played only the Latin areas there, too. When I left Tjader I had no problem. My name was secure.

Smith: But there are major differences in the music.

Santamaria: There is confusion about that and it goes beyond Tjader. There is one tune I recorded in an early album in 1955 (*Drum And Chants*) that Puente recorded later. It was called *Guaguanco Margarito*. I never heard anybody talk about that Cuban guaguanco rhythm here. It's not the fault of the political situation either. You have Chinese music, Russian ballet. They play jazz all over.

Barretto plays one tune he calls *Guarare*. I got a record from Cuba which is not sold here. On that record is a tune that is *exactly* the same with a Cuban composer.

Smith: Is that what you meant when you said there will be surprises when they open Cuba up?

Santamaria: That's part of it. There's going to be trouble. The people at Fania said they put the money in a draw fund for when the copyright comes around. There are others like that. There's really nothing new, and there are going to be some shaky people when the time comes for Cubans and Americans to exchange again.

Smith: How do the musicians here know about the Cuban songs?

Santamaria: They found out that you can get Cuban records in Martinique. One record store owner told me that there is great demand from America for Cuban records. Barretto, Roberto Roena, Cheo Feliciano all come and buy them.

Smith: Do you think a copyright lawyer should get his files beefed up now in anticipation?

Santamaria: Maybe. Aren't there new "pirate" laws? That should take care of it. It'll take a long time, though.

Hey, there's nothing wrong with what the Masuccis at Fania are doing for salsa. It's great for the musicians. Only it's nothing new.

Smith: Nobody ever said that salsa was new.

Santamaria: But people don't recognize it as a Cuban thing that is very old. It did *not* filter through the Indies, then to Puerto Rico and Cuba, etc. Haven't you ever wondered about the difference between a calypso and a guaguanco? Between samba and guaguanco? It came directly from Africa to these places and stayed there. It did not travel on. There are different areas in Africa. Each area has its own music, religion and language and it's all

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OPA

ALL THE WAY FROM URUGUAY

by len lyons

All good jazz has a touch of Latin in it, claimed Jelly Roll Morton, the arrogant Creole pianist from New Orleans who also claimed that he, himself, had "invented" jazz. Unlike his ridiculous boast, his musicological analysis had some truth to it: There has always been more in the lifeblood of jazz than traces of 19th century Europe and West Africa.

Brazil became one tributary flowing into the jazz mainstream after a new beat (literally, bossa nova) was discovered there in the early '60s. Brazil's influence was spread at first by Gilberto, Jobim, Sergio Mendes and Stan Getz. In the '70s the Brazilian image grew more adventurous with Flora Purim, Airto, Dom Um Romao, Hermeto Pascoal, Guilherme Franco and Milton Nascimento. Now there is a new element in our jazz-oriented music. It's from Uruguay (even further south of the border), and the group calls itself Opa.

Since '65, Hugo and George Fattoruso (brothers) and Ringo Thielmann have worked together all over South America, where they were known as Los Shakers. By the '70s they were trying to make a name for themselves in the States. "After you're number one in South America," George has said, "there's nowhere to go but north." They were in for two not-so-surprising discoveries. First, Americans could not discern the Uruguayan from the Brazilian influence on their music. Second, it was tough getting started.

Appropriately, it was Airto Moreira who discovered them. They were playing some of Airto's music as a piano/bass/drums and vocals trio in a restaurant. The trio, along with David Amaro on guitar, formed Airto's CTI group, Fingers, and also accompanied Flora Purim on tours. After the trio signed with Milestone, Airto produced their first album, *Goldenwings*; and supervised the overdubbing for their second LP, *Magic Time*. (The new album includes Barry Finnerty on guitar and features Reuben Rada, a vocalist from Uruguay who has become a permanent part of the group.) When the trio signed a recording contract of their own, they decided to call themselves Opa.

Don't look for an English equivalent to "opa," because there isn't one. According to George, "hey!" is the word that comes closest. "Opa" is used to say "hello" or "watch out!" or as a cheer. "Everybody's always saying 'opa' in Uruguay," Hugo explained, "especially when something exciting happens."

Whether Opa can generate that excitement here remains to be seen. In this interview, we talked about their musical backgrounds and how they fit into our own music industry. George and Hugo did most of the talking. Ringo Thielmann, who was originally a pianist but learned electric bass so he could work with Opa, was content to let the two brothers express the group's point of view.

*****

Lyons: We have almost no cultural contact with Uruguay except for you. Musically, what's happening there?

Hugo: There are really three kinds of music going on in Uruguay—that are native to us. Tangos, which are played with bandoneons, violins, string bass, piano, a male singer and a female singer. (*The bandoneon is a box-shaped instrument played like an accordion, sounding somewhat like an organ.*) We have tango in our soul, and we still listen to it a lot, because we grew up with it. But it's not what we're involved in as musicians. Then there is the folk music of Uruguay, which is really pretty boring.

George: It would occupy the place that country & western music does here. It fits in that position in importance and popularity.

Hugo: But it's very boring. For a musician, there's nothing to play. Three chords, a turnaround, and always the same kind of lyrics. Finally, there are the big Saturday night dance bands, which play what you would call "Latin" music. Salsa, for example, is like a standard. We're related to our music in rhythm patterns, although many people in the States think we're playing Brazilian style music. They tell us, "Hey, you play like Sergio Mendes." But, no, we don't. What we play is candombe.

Lyons: Is that a fourth type of music from Uruguay?

Hugo: No, not really. Candombe is a traditional rhythm used during the Carnival. It's not really a commercial style, although sometimes an orchestra will play one candombe tune in a set. There are a few candombe albums, too, but it is a very primitive music form for a very specialized audience. Sometimes it's like street music. We sort of play candombe mixed with jazz and other modern things.

George: Candombe is a 2/4 rhythm pattern. It's not samba or bossa nova. The accents are very unique, and they determine the way the melody is different. I can't explain to you on paper how the time is divided, or where the accents come, but it's very different.

"Jazz was so much more interesting than our own folk music. But we don't describe ourselves as jazz players. . . . We leave that to the masters."

Lyons: How was the jazz influence acquired, and what were you playing as Los Shakers in Uruguay?

George: First, we played all over South America, not just Uruguay. Bossa nova and Brazilian music were very popular when we were working there. Jazz was somehow available to us, too, and we worked very hard at it.

Hugo: There was a club in Montevideo called the Hot Club where everybody would go to sit in whenever an American band came to town. Even Nat Cole, Johnnie Ray and Louis Armstrong played there. These people would let us jam with them, so we had some great experiences interplaying. We also played with Curtis Fuller and Kenny Dorham.

George: It didn't matter if they were famous. Anyone who was American and could play the piano, we would kidnap him, take him to a room with a piano, and jam with him to learn whatever we could. If anyone got a new record from the States, we were all knocking on his door. That was how we started. Jazz was so much more interesting than our own folk music. But we don't describe ourselves as jazz players. Maybe we play South American jazz. Being a full jazz player? We leave that to the masters.

Lyons: Who were your musical models on drums, George?

George: Miles Davis' quintet was big when we were playing in Montevideo, so I tried following the ideas of Philly Joe Jones. Then Coltrane became important down there, so I started following Elvin Jones, and I still listen to him. When I got here, I found out about Billy Cobham and Jack DeJohnette, whom I like very much. But Elvin is still my favorite.

Hugo: I listen to everybody on piano. Mc-

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RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:
★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good,
★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor

DEXTER GORDON

HOMECOMING: LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Columbia PG 34657: *Gingerbread Boy; Little Red's Fantasy; Fenja; In Case You Haven't Heard; It's You Or No One; Let's Get Down; Round Midnight; Backstairs.*

Personnel: Gordon, tenor sax; Woody Shaw, trumpet; Ronnie Mathews, acoustic piano; Stafford James, acoustic bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

As I put the first side of Dex's double-disc debut album for Columbia on the turntable, I felt some apprehension. My primary concern was based on the strong desire to see the masterful Dex and his special brand of musical integrity succeed, to be an influential force in the currents of contemporary music. My second concern centered on whether or not the warm memories of Dex's December stand at the Vanguard would survive in the face of the event's vinyl documentation. Several bars from Dex's big booming tenor relieved all anxieties. In fact, after repeated listenings it is clear that *Homecoming* will stand as one of the landmark albums of the '70s.

The music radiates joy, ebullience, love, compassion and commitment. Dexter's opening solo on Jimmy Heath's sinewy blues-based *Gingerbread Boy* is forged from dramatic single-note suspensions, repeated figures, chromatic cascades, permutations of basic bop patterns and liberal sprinklings of quotes from such sources as *Here Comes The Bride.* Building from the bottom to the top of his horn, Dex shrieks with joy before concluding with the playful taunt *I Can Do Anything Better Than You Can.* With that as a keynote, the remainder of the album functions as a good-natured dialogue between Gordon's younger colleagues' "yes I can" assertions and papa Dex's "no you can't" challenges. This ritual testing based on mutual affection, respect and trust serves as a transformer which jolts the proceedings with constantly fresh waves of pulsing energy.

Woody Shaw's *Little Red's Fantasy* offers a challenging harmonic structure in which forces of light and dark swirl in mysteriously clouded configurations. In his solo, Dex proves himself a quick-study by probing the chromatic contours of Woody's chart with the same abandon he applies to such standard material as the blues. Woody's personal essay is intoned with a mellow burnished sound and is followed by searching explorations from Ronnie Mathews and Stafford James.

Dexter's appreciative tribute to *Fenja,* his wife, inspires a thoughtful solo that carefully balances predictable and not so predictable elements. Our participation rests largely on the oscillation between our ability to anticipate and Dex's ability to thwart those expectations with constantly fresh surprises. While a classic strategy, Dex manages the balancing act with an uncommon brilliance. Woody Shaw's *In Case You Haven't Heard* is a straightahead gritty line that evokes the darker tonalities of Dex's tenor. Calling forth long arching figures and multi-note flurries, Dex works the great traditions of the tenor and reminds us of the influence he had on such titans as John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins.

It's You Or No One sets the stage for the classic up-tempo Dex. Romping, stomping, spilling out perfectly etched phrases, Dex's cornucopia is caught at harvest time. Ronnie Mathews' *Let's Get Down* is a jaunty bop-influenced line that places Dex at a leisurely pace. Never content with a mere walk, Dex mixes it up with a variety of skips, strolls and gallops. Monk's *Round Midnight* frames the tenorist's broad-stroke style while Dex's *Backstairs* is a swinging, free-blowing, up-tempo B flat blues.

Aside from the tremendous accomplishments of Dex, a word about the contributions of the Woody Shaw-Louis Hayes band is in order. With saxophonist Rene McLean, the Shaw-Hayes quintet has emerged along with the groups of Ted Curson and Billy Harper as one of the outstanding proponents of the neo-bop approach. Here, they again demonstrate their special kind of intensity and cohesiveness. The rhythm section work of Mathews, James and Hayes is taut, alive and totally plugged into the shifting directions of the soloists. Then, when the spotlight turns their way, they each step forward to display the virtuosic musicality that has made the band one of the hot groups on the contemporary New York scene.

Homecoming is a celebration of the roots of jazz. It stands as a new plateau in Dex's career and, for us, an opportunity to share in the workings of one of the great hearts and minds of improvised music. —*berg*

AIRTO

PROMISES OF THE SUN—Arista 4116: *Batucada; Zuei; Promises Of The Sun; Candango; Circo Maribondo; La De Casa; Ruas Do Recife; Georgiana.*

Personnel: Airto, percussion, vocals, wood flute, drums; Novelli, bass, lead vocals (track 7), acoustic guitar (track 6), electric piano (track 8); Toninho, electric guitar, bass (track 8); Hugo Fattoruso, keyboards; Milton Nascimento, lead vocal (track 3), acoustic guitar; Raul de Souza, trombone; Flora Purim, background vocals (track 8).

★ ★ ★

Despite the impressive array of artifacts that Mr. Moreira so adroitly handles each release, the product is usually far from perfect. In this case, a chronic inconsistency and a lack of focus spoils a technically flawless effort.

Airto Moreira seems to construct most of his thematics around two basic conceptions: an etheral melange of rhythm with otherworldly scat and mystical accompaniment, and, at the other end of the spectrum, pop sounding ditties. Impressively crafted, these nevertheless have a tendency to get bogged down in melodic staleness. More than one time on such tracks do we find an endlessly repeated chant, which despite Airto's playpen, still bore.

The unfortunate result of Moreira's two hats is an often bewildering melange. On this album, segues are regrettable. We are taken from the dreamy, wood flute inflected trance of *Promises Of The Sun* to a totally pointless and unoriginal *Candango.* Not as banal as the Salsoul Orchestra, but treading on some dangerous territory.

Then why a three star rating? For all his rocky peaks and valleys, Airto does manage to include some memorable musical moments. Shining through the clouds of inconsistency shine such gems as Airto's multi-artifact solo gem, *Batucada;* the stunning minor key intro of pianist Hugh Fattoruso on *Zuei;* and the Pollyanish momentary flirt with atonality by brilliant guitarist Toninho during *Ruas Do Recife.*

Flora's only appearance, *Georgiana,* is better for her contribution. As a vocalist, Airto is decidedly unimaginative; he lacks the rapid-fire imagination and whirlwind scatting ability of Flora. His Rio De Janiero supperclub vocalese demystifies much of his work. Yet with Purim's voice as background, Airto's singing parallels the nature of the playing more closely. If a more continuous effort were devoted to exorcise Moreira's music of all these frankly annoying idiosyncrasies, then perfection would be attainable. —*shaw*

DEVADIP CARLOS SANTANA

FESTIVAL—Columbia PC 34423: *Carnaval; Let The Children Play; Jugando; Give Me Love; Verao Vermelho; Let The Music Set You Free; Revelations; Reach Up; The River; Try A Little Harder; Maria Caracoles.*

Personnel: Santana, guitar, bass, percussion, background vocals; Tom Coster, keyboards, synthesizers, percussion, background vocals; Pablo Tellez, lead vocal (track 11), bass, maton, percussion, background vocals; Gaylord Birch, drums, percussion, tympani; Chepito Areas, timbales, congas, percussion; Raul Rekow, congas, percussion, background vocals; Leon Patillo, lead vocal (tracks 4, 9, 10), piano (tracks 6, 9, 10); Paul Jackson, bass (tracks 4, 7); Julia Waters, Orin Waters, Maxine Waters, Francisco Zavala, Joel Badie, background vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

If *Amigos* marked Carlos' descent from the clouds, *Festival* indicates that he means to stay awhile with an earthy, if not altogether earthly approach that combines the mass appeal of his early material with the sophistication and polish of his later work. Never one to rest on his laurels, he has replaced all but Tom Coster from the *Amigos* band (vocalist Greg Walker has since returned) and modified his Latin-funk sound with some Brazilian seasoning. Chepito Areas is back on timbales, joined by gifted young Bay-area newcomer Raul Rekow on congas and trapman Gaylord Birch in as hot a percussion section as the band has carried to date. But as usual it is Santana's searing guitar that steals the show.

The Panglossean legacy of Sri Chinmoy lingers on in rose-colored lyrics and sometimes saccharine melodies, with Carlos repeatedly stepping in to save the day with his own torchy solos. Vocalist Leon Patillo is featured on a few funk-flavored ballads, but save for *The River* these constitute the weakest material from the standpoint of art if not commerce. For Latin doo-wops, I'll take Joe Bataan or Ralfi Pagan anytime. More interesting and more exciting are the samba styled numbers, incorporating in ersatz fashion a rhythm increasingly popular in the U.S., especially on the West Coast, undoubtedly in part because of its compatibility with rock and disco beats. *Maria Caracoles,* sung by Nicaraguan bassist Pablo Tellez, is a mozambique, a dance popularized a few years back by Eddie Palmieri as a variant of the Cuban conga, a line dance rhythm related to the samba. *Verrao Vermelho* is perhaps the most unusual track, featuring flamenco-style acoustic guitar over a rhumba-like beat. But the highpoints of the album are

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to be found on the instrumentals *Jugando* and *Revelations*, in which the self-effacing guitarist steps all the way into the spotlight to take some electrifying licks, not to be out-Santana'd by Coster on synthesizer.

Under the present management of salsa fan Bill Graham (whose penchant for that idiom exceeds that of his blues-oriented client), Santana seems likely to remain in a worldly groove for a while, much to the delight, I'm sure, of his devoted legions. Personally I'm hoping for an American release of his three-record Japanese concert album, *Lotus*; recorded in '73, it contains some of the finest and heaviest playing of his career. —*birnbaum*

LARRY CORYELL

THE LION AND THE RAM—Arista AL 4108: *Larry's Boogie; Stravinsky; Toy Soldiers; Short Time Around; Improvisation On Bach Lute Prelude; Song For My Friend's Children; Bicentennial Head Fest; The Fifties; Domesticity; The Lion And The Ram.*

Personnel: Coryell, guitars; Joe Beck, Rhodes bass, string synthesizer, acoustic guitar (track 10); Mike Mandel, acoustic piano, bass synthesizer; Danny Toan, guitar (track 3); Michal Urbaniak, violin (track 10).

★ ★ ★

Probably the biggest (certainly the quietest) newsbreak in contemporary jazz has been the steady return to acoustic music by the fusion kingpins. McLaughlin led the way, Corea followed suit and, in **db** a year and a half ago, the wild and sometimes wooly guitarist Larry Coryell expressed his growing concern with acoustic music, promising to fulfill that expression on record. The nature and consequences of that decision are found on *The Lion And The Ram* (astrologers, take note).

Although his speedy riffing edges toward the formulaic, Coryell is no slouch, and he's insured himself plenty of room to prove it (the contributions of the other musicians are minimal). But don't expect "solo guitar." Coryell's method includes frequent double-tracking (and even triple-tracking) of his unamplified playing; thus, even when he's the only one playing, he's not alone. On the strongly-flavored up tempo numbers, such as the rousing *Boogie*, he uses the full-bodied sound of 12 string guitar to firmly state the beat, continuing the metronomic chords on the left channel while skimming through an engagingly jazz-based solo on the right. On the slower tunes, *Stravinsky* for instance, he uses the second track to establish arpeggiated acompaniment or to accent the lead lines with colorful chords.

It would seem that *Toy Soldiers* was intended as the album's showpiece, and it does reach an effective if limited dramatic peak by way of Danny Toan's insistent, martial rhythm guitar. But *Soldiers'* small triumph is undercut by its meandersome length—and its dominance of the album is restrained by the freshness of the shorter, more original pieces on side two. The Bach *almost* makes it: a ballsy, valid update that suffers when its three solo lines start bumping into each other. But *Song For My Friend's Children* is a lighthearted, bouncy jam with a valuable bass part; *Head Fest* features a soft-rock rhythmic flow, a super Coryell theme and an uplifting solo; and *The Fifties*, a title that could fittingly reek of raucous rock, is instead a subdued essay that gracefully captures the insouciance of the beat generation with understated pulse.

Unfortunately, the nomadic lack of direction that has plunged Coryell's career has yet to be fully exorcised; it forces several pieces into unfocused forays, and hangs like a pall over the two songs showcasing Julie Coryell's

"Heavy Weather." You can dress for it, but you can't escape it.

WEATHER REPORT.
"HEAVY WEATHER."
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irritating, obscure lyrics. The words are sung by her hubby, emphasizing the point that he's a guitarist first, a vocalist never. Thankfully, they're not too long, and one of them *(Short Time Around)* even sports an electric guitar break with a distinct late-'60s appeal, especially if you missed the Airplane first time around.

Coryell presents an acoustic style refreshingly apart from the idiom's prevalent schools (Towner, Pass, McLaughlin), and that's great. What's missing is an authoritative sense, and an uninterrupted flow of worthy ideas for that style to convey. There's a strange attraction to much of this record. And there's just enough wheat to make you really regret the chaff.

—tesser

VASANT RAI

SPRING FLOWERS—Vanguard VSD 79379: *Smile Of Goddess Sarasvati; Distant Village; Spring Wind; Guitarist From Unjha; Saptak; Leaving Home; Midnight Meditation.*

Personnel: Rai, sarod, acoustic guitar, flute, tambura; Collin Walcott, tabla, congas, percussion, sitar, electric bass; Glen Moore, piano, bass; Paul McCandless, oboe, french horn; Dilip Naik, electric guitar; Jerry Goodman, violin.

* * * * *

Like spring flowers, the music of Vasant Rai evokes new optimism and possibilities. Blending Indian (sitar, sarod and tambura), European (violin, bass and acoustic guitar) and American (electric guitar) instruments, Rai has fused a striking international congress of strings. And like the builders of Gothic cathedrals, Rai and his colleagues have set aside bravado solo performances in favor of communally inspired musical techtonics. This is music with a genuinely spiritual core.

Saptak, like Rai's other compositions, balances formal (written) and informal (improvised) elements and provokes interest at several levels. Its ethereal nature serves as a stimulus to meditation and reflection. Its exotic blend of strings creates an alluring, sensuous surface. Its ability to place the individual player's virtuosity within a collective context reveals a highly developed form of empathic musicianship.

Rai's music also has potent imagistic powers. *Distant Village* conjures a sweeping pastoral landscape colored with deep purples and greens. *Spring Wind* suggests a fecund breeze teeming with the promise of new life. *Leaving Home* evokes the bittersweet melancholy of saying goodbye.

While communal interactions are predominant, some individual efforts deserve mention. Goodman's violin, for example, adds an impassioned voice to *Saptak* which infuses the gently flowing fabric with crackling electricity. Similarly, McCandless's oboe limns *Spring Wind* with subtly erotic overtones. Rai's flute, Walcott's sitar and Moore's well-placed piano accents combine to effectively create a shimmering frame for *Distant Village*.

Spring Flowers presents some of the freshest and most refreshing music that I have heard this year. It is an oasis in the storm of processed mid-'70s jazz-inflected music and stands as a beacon to valid new directions. *—berg*

SEA LEVEL

SEA LEVEL—Capricorn CP 0178: *Rain In Spain; Shake A Leg; Tidal Wave; Country Fool; Nothing Matters But The Fever; Grand Larceny; Scarborough Fair; Just A Good Feeling.*

Personnel: Chuck Leavell, keyboards and lead vocals; Jai Johanny Johanson, drums and percussion; Lamar Williams, bass and background vocals; Jimmy Nalls, guitars and background vocals; Rudolph Carter, Charles Fairley, Earl Ford, Leo LaBranche, and Donald McClure, horns.

* * *

Theoretically, Sea Level is the ideal mid-'70s commercial amalgam, combining the texture of southern rock with the constructions of the fusion movement and the rhythmic principles of contemporary funk. When the hybrid connects, it bodes an august future for these Allman Brothers refugees; when it misses, though, it's a grating embarrassment.

The crisp and rolling instrumental tracks retain all the locomotive of the Allman's extensive jams and expand their harmonic substructures to incorporate the complex structures and polyrhythmic bedlam of Chick Corea and John McLaughlin's electric music. *Rain In Spain* and *Tidal Wave* both sound as though composer-pianist Chuck Leavell resurrected the themes from the Allman's best improvised ideas and spiced them with Corea's ebullient classicism and montuno chord figures. Guitarist Jimmy Nalls' snaking double-line leads are cast unmistakably in the Duane Allman mold, although he lacks that late, lamented guitarist's impeccable sense of direction. He seems more comfortable toying in jazz scales or embellishing Leavell's heavily percussive fills with swing harmonics, as in the last half of *Rain In Spain*.

Everything falls apart, however, when Leavell assumes the role of singer. His overly affected southern vocal mannerisms (contorting a simple word like "leg" into "lie-yeg" in the *Shake A Leg)* are cloying beyond description, and his lyrical concerns are redundant and useless *(Country Fool*, with its get-me-away-

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from-the-evil-city sentiment, is so insipid that it could've gotten the Allman's booed off the stage at Watkins Glen). *Nothing Matters But The Fever*, a minor key blues, is the best song here, wedding the tense musical mood to a consistant metaphor for depression.

At its best, *Sea Level* paves the way for a logical update of the '60s rock-blues school that spawned bands and artists on both sides of the Atlantic, like the Allmans and Jeff Beck. But it's a seriously flawed debut from the remnants of a once proud band who now appear uncertain of what identity to project in their diminished reemergence. Filler material and gargled vocals do not an album make. Sea Level will have to find their tide before rising with it, much less riding any waves. *—gilmore*

LENITA BRUNO

WORK OF LOVE—Nucleus 121: *Sing, Sing More; Dindi; Stay My Love; Someone To Light Up My Life; Baquianas Brasileiras No. 5; Old Guitaron; Wave; Constant Rain; Winter Moon; Dream Of A Carnival.*

Personnel: Bruno, vocals; Bud Shank, flute; Laurindo Almeida, guitar; Clare Fischer, keyboards; Jose Marino, Ray Neapolitan, bass; Paulinho, drums; Allen Harshman, Anatol Kaminsky, Willy Vanderburg, Gerald Vinci, strings.

★ ★

Despite the superior nature of its program of songs and the attractive Clare Fischer arrangements for string quartet, flute, guitar and rhythm section, this set of bossa nova performances by a Brazilian singer fails to develop anything of substantial interest.

The major fault lies in Ms. Bruno's essentially characterless readings of the songs which, coupled with her rhythmic stolidity, makes for very dull listening. Her trained voice is moderately attractive, to be sure, but she fails to sing with any idiomatic conviction in English, though the music does come alive briefly in the several spots where she sings in her native Portuguese (the beginning of *Someone To Light Up My Life* and *Sing, Sing More* in particular). Through most of the program, however, her vocals are pleasantly bloodless —correct enough but performed with absolutely no animation, drama or real understanding of the sense of the words being sung.

These interpretative deficiencies are not offset by any strong instrumental work, either: Shank, Fischer and Almeida perform solely in ensemble and do not solo. Beyond the quality of the material and the professionalism of the players, there is little to recommend this album to anyone with a knowledge of the real strengths of the bossa nova idiom. *—welding*

RAY BARRETTO

TOMORROW: BARRETTO LIVE—Atlantic SD 2-509: *Intro; Vaya; Ahora Si Que Vamo A Gozar; Bun Bun Quere; Guarare; Night Flowers (Flores De Noche); Slo Flo; Cocinando; Que Viva La Musica.*

Personnel: Barretto, congas; Tony Cofresi, trumpet; Ite Erez, fluegelhorn; Wilfredo Vasquez, trombone; Dick Mesa, tenor sax, flute; Wilfredo Velez, baritone sax, soprano sax; Oscar Hernandez, piano; Guillermo Edgehill, bass; Raun Barretto, drums; Jimmy Delgado, timbales; Ray Romero, bata drum; Luis Gonzales, bongos; Raymond Hernandez, guiro; Eddie Temporal, Ray De La Paz, Ada Chabrier, chorus; Barry Finnerty, guitar (tracks 2,6,7); Ruben Blades, vocals (tracks 4,9); Artie Webb, flute (track 4); Tito Gomez, vocals (tracks 5,9); "El Negro" Vivar, trumpet; Orestes Vilato, timbales; Roberto Rodriguez, trumpet; Adalberto Santiago, vocals; Tito Allen, vocals; Tito Puente, timbales.

★ ★ ★ ½

At the end of 1975, Ray Barretto stopped performing, dissolved his band, took leave of Fania Records and quit the Fania All-Stars; citing his frustration with the "chuchifrito circuit" he announced he was negotiating with a major label for another shot at the crossover market. An eminently qualified candidate to adapt salsa to the ears of middle-America, Barretto has recorded with virtually every major jazzman of the bop and post-bop era, as well as such rockers as the Rolling Stones and AWB. This long awaited Atlantic release is of a concert originally taped for Fania; rather than a full-blown transformation, it marks a mid-step in Barretto's ongoing evolution toward his ultimate "east-coast alternative to Santana." Salsa purists will not be disappointed, as luminaries from past Barretto ensembles join the huge one-time-only concert band in a swansong performance.

Of more questionable merit is the new jazz-funk material that augurs Barretto's future direction. Ray has already demonstrated that Latin musicians can play jazz—his *Other Road* LP garnered five stars from **db**—but as the commercial viability of another such foray is dubious at best, it would seem that funk is the road of choice. Thus the rich jazz sonorities of *Night Flowers* are accorded but a brief interlude; as for the funk, the amalgam of r&b, jazz, and African percussion on *Vaya* and *Slo Flo* reminds me of Nigerian star Fela Ransome Kuti's band, jazzier and more sophisticated but a bit ponderous and bottom-heavy.

The bulk of this double album however, is straightahead salsa, and it captures in live performance the kind of powerhouse band that has kept Barretto at the top of the Latin circuit for some years now. The tunes are all from previous recordings, extended in driving style with the help of such ex-sidemen as flautist Artie Webb, vocalists Ruben Blades and Tito Gomez, and trumpeters Roberto Rodriguez and the great "El Negro" Vivar. A host of former colleagues pass in revue on the finale, *Que Viva La Musica*, which features a smokin' duel between timbaleros Orestes Vilato and master Tito Puente, who originally brought Barretto to prominence as a replacement for Mongo Santamaria.

Barretto's future course remains problematical. The second half of this Beacon Theater (NY) concert is still in the can, but Ray has indicated that he will go for a more marketable sound with English lyrics and perhaps a greater rock feel, a taste of which is proffered here by guitarist Barry Finnerty. Whatever the case, his hard-earned reputation for musical integrity and stone-solid percussive genius is plentifully in evidence on this outing. For salas devotees, I think that the last and most successful Fania LP, *Barretto*, will stand as a testament, the two hit tracks from that session, *Guarare* and *Bun Bun Quere*, are my favorites on this album as well, and I'm afraid that all but diehard salseros may find the concert versions overlong. Nonetheless Atlantic must be praised for taking a gamble on salsa—as to the outcome, the jury is still out.

—birnbaum

IOWA EAR MUSIC ENSEMBLE

IOWA EAR MUSIC—Corn Pride 1: Side 1—*Sidechop—Documenting 18 Formerly Secret Performances (Panidiomatic Improvisation);* Side 2—*Sideflow—Mandala Lifesample.*

Personnel: Jon English, trombone; Tom Wilcox, trumpet; Pat Purswell, Grace Bell, Mark Solomon, Linda Dillon, Mikl Brawner, flute; Michael Lytle, Charles West, clarinet; John Monick, Don Edelbrock, Kent Cohea, Larry Easter, Will Parsons, sax; Bruce Irwin, violin; William Hibbard, viola; Carolyn Berdahl, Eric Jensen, cello; Jon English, Paul Berner, John Wilmeth, Dan Roach, bass; Motter Forman, harp; Pat Hazell, harmonica; Michael Lytle, Lyn

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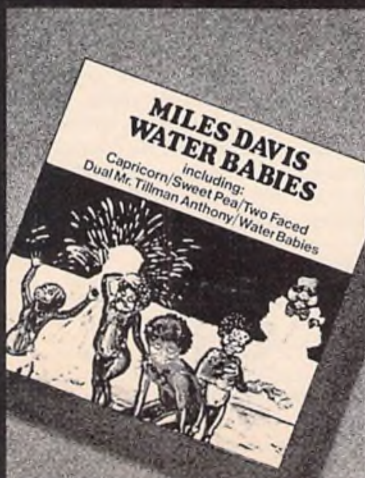

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Willard, Bill Parsons, Eric Roalson, Dan Roach, Peter Lewis, Pat Hazell, keyboards/synthesizers; John Leake, Dan Roach, guitar; Will Parsons, Gary Gray, Michael Meyers, Jon English, Mikl Brawner, Steve Schick, Richard McCandless, Dennis Loftin, Rob Napalitano, John Penny, percussion; Candace Natvig, Bill Parsons, voice.

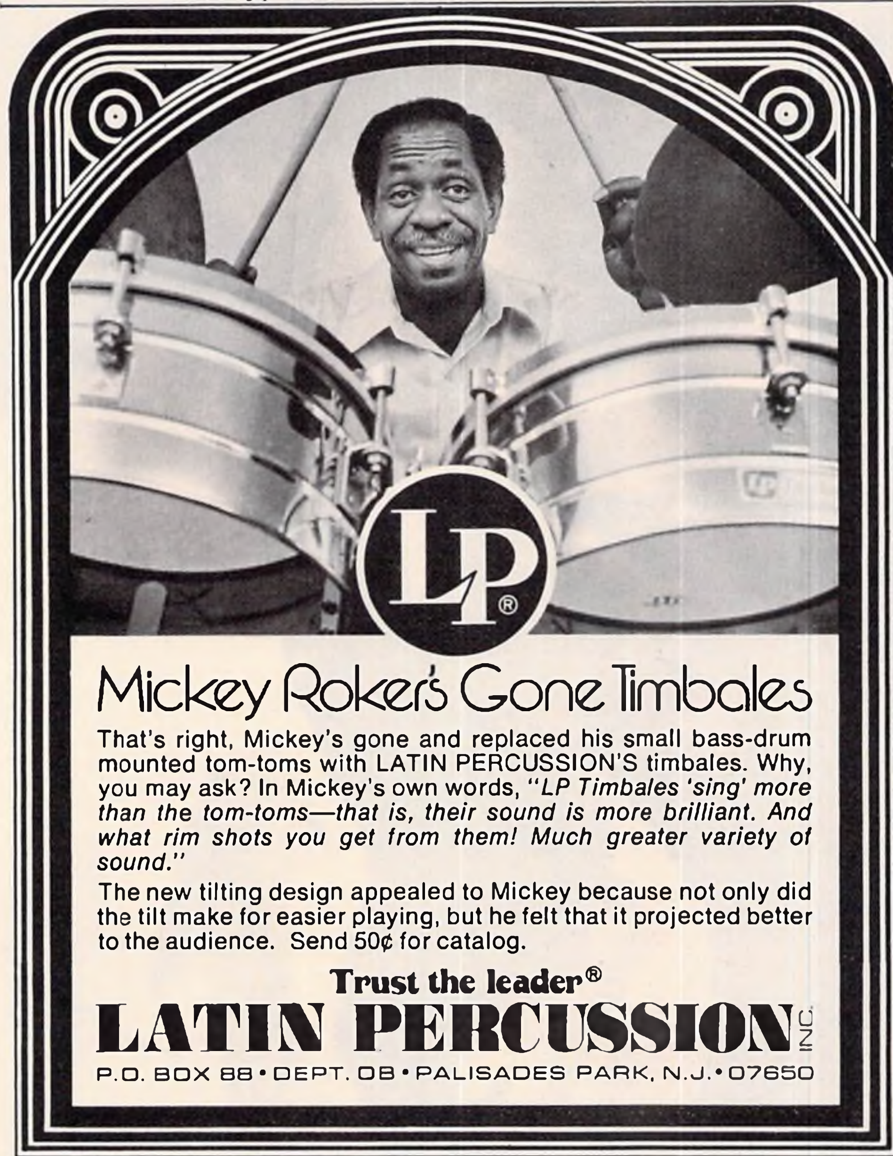
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

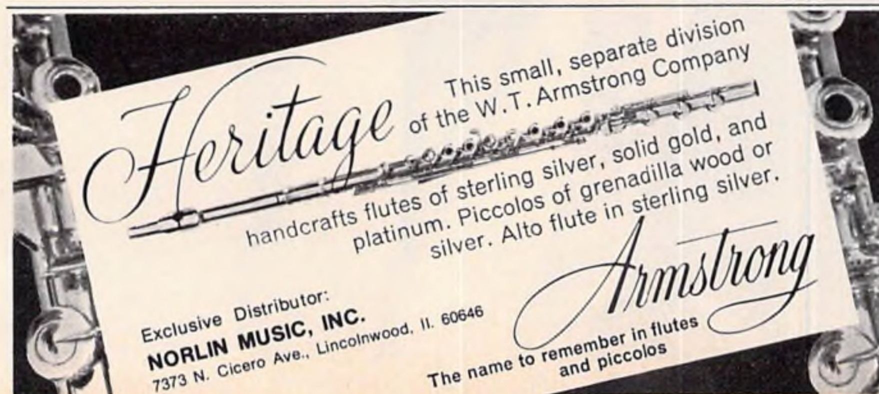
There has always been a tendency to think that the most significant artistic innovations and accomplishments come from urban cauldrons like New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. While the intensity and diversity of these megalopolitan centers cannot be denied, it has become increasingly clear that important enclaves exist elsewhere. Of these, one of the most vital is, yes, Iowa City, Iowa.

The hub in Iowa City around which most experimental music swirls is the adventurous music department of the University of Iowa. A Center for New Music (directed by Bill Hibbard and Richard Hervig), a sophisticated Electronic Music Studio (set up by Peter Lewis), a vigorous jazz program (nurtured by Tom Davis and Jon English) and an impressive new multi-million dollar plant are the outward signs of life. More important, however, is the open searching attitude of both students and faculty. As Corn Pride amateur Will Parsons says, "'Iowa Ear Music' means we heard about some music and thought we should try some." In documenting their efforts, the album reveals the extraordinary range and depth of the Iowans' omni-directional musical quests.

The music itself was recorded in various formal and informal settings between 1967 and 1976. Derived from several procedures (free collective improvisation, synthesizer generation and tape manipulation), each side is a pulsating collage of contrasting and complementary musical events.

The noteworthy aspects are many. There are fine individual efforts, such as those by bassist/trombonist Jon English, percussionist Parsons, violist Bill Hibbard and vocalist Candace Natvig. There is also the fresh synthesizer work of Peter Lewis and Michael Lytle. And, there are the four years of painstaking editing and trial mixes made by Parsons. Most significant, however, is the Iowans' indomitable spirit of exploration and free-flowing imagination. *—berg*





NAT ADDERLEY

HUMMIN'—Little David LD 1012: *Hummin'; Midnight Over Memphis; The Traveler; Theme From M*A*S*H; Listen To The Rain; Amor Soñador; Valerie.*

Personnel: Adderley, cornet; John Stubblefield, reeds; Onaje Allen Gumbs, piano; Ira "Buddy" Williams, drums; Fernando Gumbs, bass; Victor See Yuen, percussion; Nathaniel E. Adderley, Alfa Anderson & Renee Manning, background vocals.

★ ½

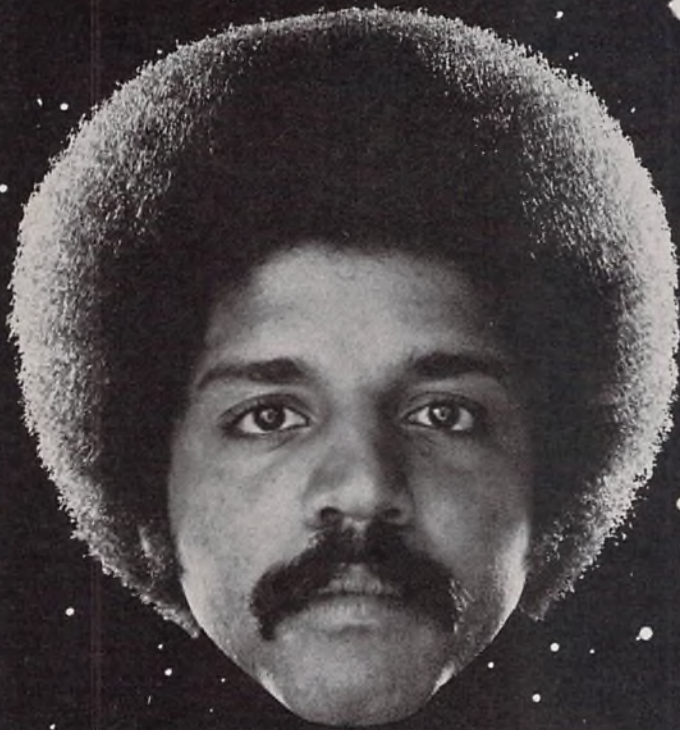
Nat Adderley's resolution not to try to establish a kind of Cannonball Adderley "ghost combo" and to pursue instead his own musical directions certainly underscores his musical integrity.

But it's not at all clear that this rock-Latin flavored release places this cornetist—at heart a '50s styled hard-bopper—into a context even remotely comfortable and stimulating. To be sure, he falls readily enough into the several varieties of chink-chugga grooves present here. Overall, however, his playing lacks conviction. His *Hummin'* solo, for instance, begins effectively with some raw, jabbing phrases, but quickly fizzles out. And on *Traveler* and *Amor Soñador* his inspiration apparently runs far behind his facility, as he dabbles in stock upper-register pyrotechnics. It's only on *Valerie,* this album's "effects" tune, that Adderley's playing is convincing. Over an unlikely background mixed from equal parts of electric piano warbles, a limping, morose bass line and ethereal voices, Adderley gets off an economical poignant solo.

John Stubblefield, Nat's front-line partner in this venture, is a moderately interesting reed player, especially on soprano, from which he elicits a harsh, reedy, yet pleasing tone. The standout sideman, however, is pianist Onaje Allen Gumbs. He contributes fresh, arrestingly intelligent lines and throughout makes the best of the less than perfect musical situations found herein. *—balleras*

WAXING ON . . . .

For some of us, the current jazz reissue explosion provides as much meaty excitement as any of the popular, contemporary streams of jazz. Nothing says more about the present-day confused state of jazz than the truth that music already a generation old is more progressive and



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heavyweight than the *au courant* funk and European "classical" idioms. Whatever became of the sense of swing? Jazz in the '70s hops and sways, crashes and screams—all of which can be compelling and becoming—but it don't mean a thing without the swing.

Every label that's been around long enough to store up a jazz library has boarded the reissue boat. Now Mercury has tested the waters by resurrecting their EmArcy label, a late-'40s to late-'50s subsidiary. While the first seven album release manages to stay afloat respectably, it also raises some serious questions about the objectives of the Mercury program.

After seven lengthy liner notes and 28 sides, one never gets a sense of EmArcy's scope, their position in the jazz field, how long the label was active, who produced the sessions, or whether the artists interacted with the same family zeal as the Fantasy-Prestige-Milestone aggregate. And that's a serious failing. EmArcy was a Chicago-based label that produced better music than one would suspect on the basis of this premier sampling. Some of the sides included here were never even released on EmArcy, but rather other Mercury associates such as Limelight, Philips and World Pacific. Perhaps for that reason, reissue producer Robin McBride has neglected to list the original album titles.

On the positive end, McBride has enlisted the liner note authors—Don DeMichael, Chris Albertson, and Dan Morgenstern—to compile these collections, allowing room for their enthusiasm to determine the content rather than just the opposite. Not surprisingly, Morgenstern's designs fare the best, a vivid fusion of his critical sagacity and his bountiful good taste.

The Clifford Brown collection is the most aesthetically satisfying, and no small wonder—Brown was one of the brightest beacons of the trumpet in jazz history. *The Quintet Vol. 1* undertakes the joyous task of assembling the entire output of the Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quintet, comprised mostly of four consecutive sessions from August of 1954. (Why, one can't help but wonder, wasn't Roach given co-equal billing as an artist? It was Roach, after all, who recruited Brown for the quintet. Is Clifford's name worth more because he's dead?) Brown was a master of melody, constructing solos so sonorously rich and logically continuous that they sounded as though they were written beforehand, right down to the faultless ordering of dynamics. He always thought ahead and plotted his course accordingly, gauging not only what he wanted to say in the next measure, but how he wanted to close his chorus and what necessary steps lay between. His tone was angelic, his subtle wit animating, and his imagination endless.

Roach was a sensitive but walloping partner in these recordings, declaring himself one of the most tuneful drummers around. With the widely pitched tuning of his skins and his deft integration of an overhand attack, he could imply the contour of melodic lines as varied and bright as Clifford's best. Brown and Roach meet to best effect on *I Get A Kick Out Of You*, which opens as a mock waltz, and shifts to a turbulent version of the more familiar 4/4 tempo, punctuated by Roach's explosive style. Brown's signature tunes here include notable performances of *Day Spring* (one of Clifford's best: endearing and enduring), *Daahoud* and *Jordu*, full of odd double times and an intriguing spaciousness. *Ghost Of A Chance*, one of the few ballads from this period, is a natural choice for Brown's lyrical finesse. He prods pianist Richie Powell (Bud's younger brother) to take one of his most eloquent, introspective breaks of the set, rooted in Rach-

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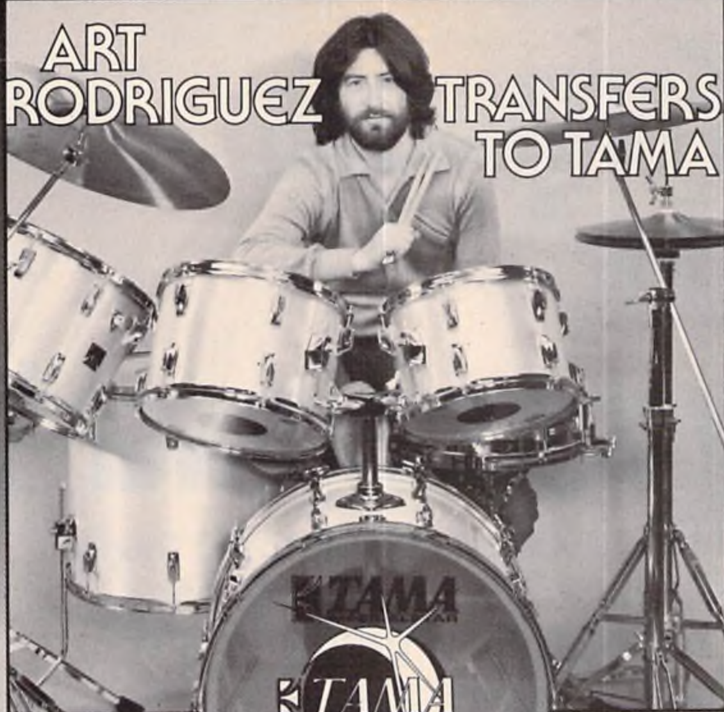

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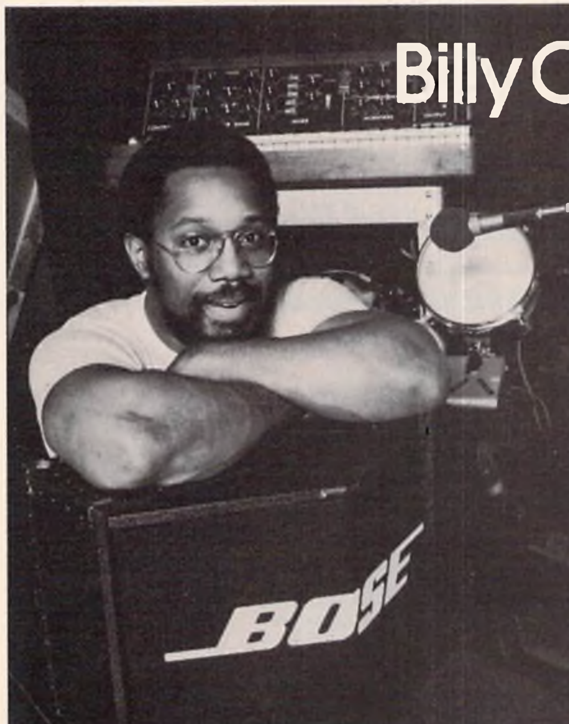

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maninoff with a flavorful quote from *Our Day Will Come*. Tenor saxophonist Harold Land's *Land's End* is a stately minor key blues, featuring Harold's elastic breathiness.

Dinah Washington's *The Jazz Sides* preserves the lady's pre-pop sensitivities and documents two successful approaches to jazz vocalizing. The first features Dinah singing to the arrangements of Quincy Jones and the accompaniment of distinguished big band veterans in a sparse, intimate setting. Dinah opens every song with a chorus or two, steps aside for a series of instrumental breaks, then returns to lead the band to a close, gliding over the horn section with a silken ease. Her reading of Rodgers and Hart's *I Could Write A Book* is classic, a bare, breathy vocal that commands attention before an undulating front line horn section and Barry Galbraith's adept double-line guitar loops. Dinah imbues *Make The Man Love Me* with a plaintive, pleading quality, conveying the diametrics of torment and hope in a single, simple verse. Wynton Kelly plays the role of rock-steady, low-key harmonic anchor with typical grace. *Blue Gardenia* is Dinah at her blue best, its emotional rawness akin to Billie Holiday. On *Easy Livin'*, she keeps a steady nod to her voice, an entrancing weariness verging on vibrato and drawing potency from her raspy, half-spoken demeanor.

The second approach, recorded some ten months earlier, is an informal jam session with lengthy, more impulsive horn interludes. Dinah really doesn't sing any differently in this format than on the Quincy Jones sessions, although her verve and fondness for mouthing a horn's character come more to the fore. *Bye Bye Blues*, with Ed Thigpen on drums and Junior Mance on piano, benefits from an overdrive tempo and is offset by Dinah's warm, full-throated vocal, one of her most literal of the whole set. The album concludes with four songs from the 1958 Newport Festival, including the only blues here, *Backwater Blues*, a cookie cutter for Esther Phillips, Janis Joplin and many more who were to follow.

"Jug" Sessions—Morgenstern's last project in this set—is an accumulation of Gene Ammons' late-'40s recordings (his total output for Mercury). It's a valuable history of early Ammons, before the heroin addiction, the busts and prison terms, and before he carved his niche as a "rhythm and blues" saxophonist, back when the bop shadow was the steepest thing around. The earliest sessions (summer of 1947) are more notable for George Stone's arrangements and Gail Brockman's trumpet than Ammons' tenor. Gene hand't yet developed his continuity as a soloist, although his dexterity and soft-edged bluesiness were plainly evident. Morgenstern selected four tracks from a session that Ammons recorded late that summer with his father, stride and boogie pianist Albert Ammons. Albert relegates the two horns to a back line supportive role, and then proceeds to steal the show with an expansive stream of stride mannerisms. When Gene solos, he hooks on to the bass line and rides its crest as his central wave of melodic suggestion. *SP Blues*, an Otis Spann tune, is done here in a country swing fashion, and Gene seems truly lost in the idiom, connecting illogical melodic phrases with a showy display of force. Ike Perkins, a forerunner of Chuck Berry, is delightfully concise.

By the time of the third Jug sessions, Ammons had formed a band (with Ernest McDonald on alto, Junior Mance on piano and Elis Bartee on drums) and had begun to find his voice. The belting *Shermanski* shows Gene spitting out tight melodic ideas, winding up and spraying bright

Eric Gale has always been a master guitar phenomenon who really burns. Just ask Hubert Laws, Don Sebesky, or Grover Washington Jr., among others with whom he's worked. For years an integral part of the CTI sound, recently a member of the group Stuff, now Eric Gale is fronting his own band with "Ginseng Woman," his first solo effort. Hear for yourself what makes Eric burn. **On Columbia Records and Tapes.**

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tonal colors. It is Mance, though, with his prescient block chord style, who shines on these cuts, evoking comparisons to Bud Powell and Monk. Through two more sessions the band coalesces impressively, the harmonic bases assume a new depth and Gene seems to grow from solo to solo. *Dues In Blues* is an attractive amalgam of mellifluent, Lester Young-style horns, a jerky boogie bass line, and a Latin percussive feel, while *Jay Jay*—J. J. Johnson's variation on *Salt Peanuts*—is comparatively disjunct, inspiring Gene to one of his hottest solos ever. Two years later, Ammons returned to the same Chicago studios with a transformed, ultimately less interesting band, although his own style had matured so strikingly that he counters the bad baggage. By the album's end, Gene has started to formulize the sensual and elegant pop ballad sound that was to be his trademark in the following years.

The only notable deficiency in Chris Albertson's Cannonball Adderley array, *Beginnings*, is Albertson's condescending, misplaced remarks about early rock'n'roll in his otherwise excellent liner notes. The mid to late-'50s recordings assembled here are a welcome reminder of Adderley's too often overlooked effervescent swing and bop apprentices. The emotive *Cannonball* is impeccable, Adderley soloing in a chain of rapid triplets alternated with elongated, low-register lines. *Fallen Feathers*, a melodic blues in memory of Charlie Parker, foreshadows Cannonball's soulful wont. Two tracks from one of brother Nat's early sessions, *Watermelon* and *Fort Lauderdale*, open the second side, with Horace Silver on piano, playing powerful, whimsical bop rounds.

By 1957 the omnipresent Junior Mance was sitting at the piano bench, and between him and the Adderleys, even drummer Jimmy Cobb had trouble keeping pace. The final tracks feature the Miles Davis Sextet of 1959—Adderley, Coltrane, Cobb, Wynton Kelly and Paul Chambers—*sans* Davis. Cannonball's phrasing and timing vary dramatically here; he strains a bit to match the fluid Coltrane, and towards the end of the heated *Limehouse Blues* the two overlap their exchanges, fraternally crowding each other over the edge.

Oscar Peterson's *Trio In Transition*, also compiled and notated by Albertson, is substantive but reeks of a filler ploy in the context of EmArcy's reissue formula: rather than a historical crosssection of an artist's product for the label, it repackages two mid-'60s albums that weren't even released on EmArcy in the first place. The first, a concert recorded at Denmark's Tivoli Gardens, is a fine specimen of Peterson's uncanny, phenomenal triad with Ray Brown (bass) and Ed Thigpen (drums), who were more than a rhythm section. Brown's innate, robust melodicism surfaces whether he's soloing or accompanying, Thigpen practices a near-telepathic restraint in his conception of backbeat, and Oscar's lexicon is staggering, a walking dictionary of jazz. On *Misty*, he opens with a whirl of vibe-like tetrachords and halfway through the tune strikes a liquid solo that runs the gamut of modern jazz piano history, from Art Tatum to Cecil Taylor, before settling into a close-to-the-bone treatment of the melody. The blues, though, permeates this performance, from the schizoid Russian Romantic-late night blues rendition of *Django* to the swinging, urbane blues of *The Smudge* and the gospel blues of *Moanin'*.

The second record documents the brief Ray Brown-Louis Hayes Trio and the origin of the Hayes-Sam Jones one. *L'Impossible*, from the former, commences with Peterson framing a

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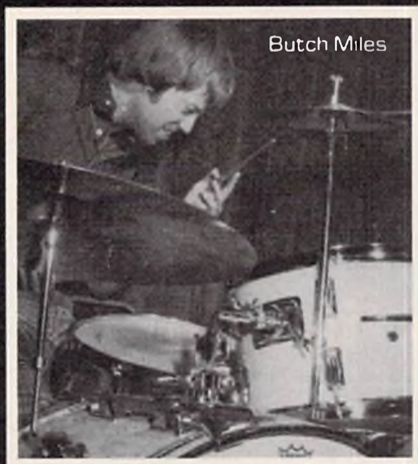

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Mozartian intro, keeping a steady rhythm with a left hand blue chord that implies the swing to come, a beautiful, consummate performance. By the time of the Hayes-Jones Trio, Oscar stood to one side and his rhythm section more conventionally to the other. As good as Jones was, he was foremost a timekeeper, unlike the multifaceted Brown. The driving *Blues Etude* is an appropriate finale for such a blues-dominated set.

Don DeMichael's two compilations, Buddy Rich's *Both Sides* and Maynard Ferguson's *Stratospheric*, are the toughest chapters of this series to fathom. Neither stands on its own as a noteworthy portrayal of the subject's artistry. The Rich album is the more flawed of the two, inexplicably omitting any discussion of the 13 year gap in Buddy's career that obfuscates the order of the first side, and barely making mention of the eight powerful tracks culled from an April 1959 big band session. Buddy plays his strongest in the large ensemble context, audaciously redefining the central rhythmic concept, transmogrifying it from a genteel swing tempo into a cathartic rocking beat. He pounds away like an obliviously crazed child, melding the pulse of his bass drums and toms into a single, forceful cadence. The horn section (with Phil Woods, Al Cohn, Jimmy Cleveland, Harry "Sweets" Edison and Benny Golson) has a cohesive, sly mind of its own, and the interaction with madman Rich is uplifting.

Both Sides (the title suggests a dichotomy never explained or explored) breaks under the strain of the third side, sporting five selections from the 1959 *Rich Vs. Roach* album which pitted the two drummers' quintets against each other. The dialogue too often degenerates into a stagnant typewriter rapport between Buddy and Max, a monotonous fusillade of pyrotechnical rounds. Phil Woods and Stanley Turrentine almost justify the "duel," but after a full side, the approach is simply too watery to justify such a large inclusion.

Where the Rich collection suffers from too much ill-conceived diversity, the Maynard Ferguson package pales from its singleminded consistency, although it would be fatuous to dismiss Maynard's ebullience. *The Way You Look Tonight* and *Over The Rainbow*—both from 1954 sessions with Willie Maiden arranging and Shelly Manne drumming—are graceful and restrained in comparison to the samey penchant for overstatement that characterized so many of the later Bill Holman arrangements. *Stratospheric* is a celebratory statement, more impressive for its technique than its taste, a suit that Ferguson has always worn well, often to the chagrin of some of his more imaginative contemporaries.

Certainly Mercury has the goods to assemble a first rate reissue program, but the EmArcy series—with its bland look-alike covers and spotty material—is only sporadically engaging. We're anticipating a more colorful second round. —*gilmore*

Clifford Brown, *The Quintet Vol. 1* (Mercury EMS-2-403): ★★★★★
Dinah Washington, *The Jazz Sides* (Mercury EMS-2-401): ★★★★
Gene Ammons, *Jug Sessions* (Mercury EMS-2-400): ★★★★
Cannonball Adderley, *Beginnings* (Mercury EMS-2-404): ★★★★
Oscar Peterson, *Trio In Transition* (Mercury EMS-2-405): ★★★ ½
Buddy Rich, *Both Sides* (Mercury EMS-2-402): ★★★
Maynard Ferguson, *Stratospheric* (Mercury EMS-2-406): ★★

BLINDFOLD TEST

PHIL STERN

Paulinho da Costa

by leonard feather

Paulinho da Costa is the latest in a growing number of percussionists from Brazil who have established themselves in the U.S. in recent years. He was 24 years old when he arrived here in 1972 to join the Sergio Mendes group, remaining with Mendes for three and a half years before embarking on his present activities as a freelance musician in Los Angeles.

Born in Rio, Paulinho began playing percussion when he was seven years old, later competing in the "samba schools" where he won awards for both dancing and playing. During the first few years of his career he traveled virtually all over the world—the USSR, Iran, Israel, Japan, China, and all over Latin America, Western and Eastern Europe.

The list of instruments he plays is almost as long as the catalog of countries he has visited: he is an expert on the berimbau, cuica, pandeiro, surdo, tamborim, agogo, reco-reco, congas, repique, bongos, and a score of others.

Since leaving Mendes he has racked up a small but impressive discography. In addition to making two albums with Dizzy Gillespie (*Bahiana* and *Dizzy's Party*), he was heard on Milt Jackson's *Feelings* and most recently made his debut as a leader in *Agora* for the Pablo label.

Before this Blindfold Test he had just completed another Pablo set with Dizzy, featuring an all star cast, produced by Lalo Schifrin.

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

1. ALPHONSE MOUZON. *Without A Reason* (from *The Man Incognito*, Blue Note). Mouzon, drums, Arp synthesizer, percussion, composer.

I liked the album. I really don't know who the leader is for the album, but I liked it and I liked how they put Brazilian instruments . . . and I'm really happy when I listen to records when they use different kinds of instruments from Brazil—the agogo, the cuica. It's big competition for my album too, but I liked it.

The composition I also liked—the melody, the way it's recorded because it has a very nice, a very clean sound. Really clean. The guy who played . . . I don't know who plays the cuica, but for me they could make a little better sound—a little more high notes. It's too low; it's not bright enough. But you never know if the producer wants that kind of sound. Five stars.

2. ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM. *Aguas de Marco* (from *Jobim*, MCA). Jobim, composer, vocal; Claus Ogerman, arranger.

This is nice, huh? You don't have to tell me who it is because I know! Right away, this is Antonio Carlos Jobim, one of the big Brazilian composers.

I know him personally and I used to record with him . . . he's nice people. I know this song because it's really popular in my country—they got a big hit in Brazil with this song. A singer called Ellis Regina—she recorded that song. The words are very true. They're talking about the land and how it is in Brazil.

This Jobim is really a genius with the rhymes; he's one of the great ones. You know him—everybody knows him. Different people don't understand this kind of song now, because it's very deep, and the melody is too beautiful—like Jobim too.

Feather: You mean it's too sophisticated?

da Costa: Yes, but it's a big hit anyway. People usually like simpler songs, but they like this song.

I like the singing. The only thing I don't like is the sound of the album—the sound quality. For me it is a little . . . I prefer albums that have more power. But it's nice—I'm not going to say it's not good. Give five for him. Give four for the other record.

Jobim knows exactly where to put cellos, violas, all this. He knows what to do about that.

3. DONALD BYRD. *Science Funktion* (from *Caricatures*, Blue Note). Byrd, trumpet; Stephanie Spruiell & Mayuto Correa, percussion; Alphonse Mouzon, drums.

Well, I'm thinking, you know . . . it's really creative. I really don't know who it is, or the musicians.

I like some things in the album because I really like creative percussion. I prefer the other records. The tune for me is not special, but the rhythm I like, and the combination of bass and percussion. I give it three.

4. AIRTO. *Zeui* (from *Airto*, Arista). Airto, drums, percussion, lead vocal and composer.

This is Airto—I know the way he plays percussion . . . I play different way, you know, but I respect him. I knew his name, but I never met him in Brazil. Then I came here and met him for the first time in New York. I played in Central Park at a concert and he came, and then I had dinner with him the same night.

I saw him play in New York and saw him play here one time about a year ago.

But I work way different than him. But it is good, the album, and the song is good . . . it's creative, and the vocals . . . I'd give four for him.

5. RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK. *Night In Tunisia* (from *Kirkatron*, Warner Bros.) Kirk, tenor sax; Dizzy Gillespie, composer; Richard Tee, piano; congas, unidentified.

I recognize the song because I have an album that has this song. I don't know if this is his record—the composer. I like the soloist—I thought at first the trombonist was Frank Rosolino, but then I changed because I don't think it's him, but I don't recognize who it is. But I liked the trombone player. The tenor is nice too. . . . The piano is nothing that really got me.

The rhythm section is nice too. The conga player plays nice Cuban style and I like what he did. The best thing for me in the rhythm section is the conga. I give three for him.

Feather: The composer is Dizzy Gillespie. Do you have his record of it?

da Costa: Yes, I have all Dizzy's albums. I'm fond of him, and when he came down to work in Brazil when I was a kid I used to watch him all the time and I bought all his records; then I met him and he is a good friend now.

6. DOM UM ROMAO. *Tumbalele* (from *Hotmosphere*, Pablo). Romao, drums.

Yeah! I recognized this song right away because this is a very popular Brazilian song—*Tumbalele*. The word is really slang—it is very hard to translate for you because. . . .

Feather: Doesn't it have a West Indian feeling?

de Costa: Yeah . . . and it's got a Brazilian spirit too in the rhythm section. I don't know whose album it is, but the vocal seems familiar . . . at first I thought it was one person. Then I decided the singing, and the rhythm and the way it's played—it looks like Dom Um Romao. I like him . . . now he's another competitor! If it's him, we've got the same label—he did an album for Pablo too. But anyway, he did it a different way . . . he's really pure Brazilian, you know, that pure sound—traditional.

I respect him too—I respect the way he plays. I give four for him.

7. GEORGE BENSON. *Billie's Bounce* (from *Blue Benson*, Polydor). Charlie Parker, composer; Benson, guitar; Herbie Hancock, piano; Billy Cobham, drums; Ron Carter, bass; Johnny Pacheco, congas.

The conga is nice and really special—he's a good player. The guitar is the important man for the album and it looks—I don't know if I'm wrong—like George Benson. If it's George Benson, he's the top now. I've got his albums because I like him. Four or five years ago I bought his first album, and then when I came here one year ago, no, two years ago, I bought another album. I like him and I like the way he sings. When I listened to *Masquerade* the first time I thought Stevie Wonder recorded that . . . but it's the way he sings. He reminds me, the way he plays, of Wes Montgomery.

I like the drums too—that type of feeling I like. Four stars.

8. STAN KENTON. *Malaguena* (from *Sketches On Standards*, Creative World). Ernesto Lecuona, composer; Kenton, arranger; Jack Costanzo, Joe Chico Guerrero, Rene Touzet, percussion.

This is a very nice big band sound . . . it could be Perez Prado, but I don't know. I liked the Latin percussion very much. This is like an earlier style of Cuban music—must be old—maybe 20 years ago? Maybe a little bit old fashioned, but I liked it.

Three stars. **db**

Profile

WILL LEE

by michael rozek

Will Lee, at 25, is a top New York studio bass player, a lead and background singer on a host of radio and television commercials, and a member of the Brecker Brothers Band. He also likes to be funny, which is why the above photograph is the way it is.

Born in San Antonio in 1952, Lee grew up in a home where "music was around all the time, because my father was really an excellent bebop piano player. I met Bird when I was two years old. I remember when I was three or four, waking up in the middle of the night, crying 'Mommy!', and going into a smoke-filled room, hearing the sound of Miles with that Harmon mute. Later, my father was chairman of the music department of Sam Houston State Teachers College. Even though both my parents had grown up in Texas, they only had real mild accents, plus they put country music down all the time. They were considered pretty far out, in that part of the country, for liking jazz.

"I started playing piano first, which lasted about five minutes. I hated it. . . . But my father was also a real good trumpet player, and the only thing he ever pushed me and my brother Rob on was trumpet. We were not amused. But I played anyway, all the way from junior high through my last year of high school. And then I switched to french horn in my first year of college, at the University of Miami (Fla.). A year after that I took up the bass . . . well, actually, I'd been playing bass since I was 13 in lounges and night clubs. I think I had a business mind back then. I remember thinking, when the Beatles first started happening, that all the local bands that were forming needed bass players. But I played the drums even before the bass. I remember seeing Ringo play on TV, and wanting to be accepted just like the Beatles were.

"But at Miami, my french horn teacher wanted to change my embouchure . . . and then I wanted to play *everything* on my instrument, and I couldn't do that on a french horn. To solo, you have to be really incredible, like a Julius Watkins. . . . This first year of college, I'd screwed up my grades and my only chance to stay in school was to impress the assistant dean. Luckily he was a very hip cat and I played him some tapes of this group called Goldrush—three horns, three rhythm—I was playing bass in. And he loved the way I sounded so he let me stay around to study electric bass.

"So I was sitting in class every day, playing six sets every night. Goldrush was very much into Dreams and so was everyone else I knew. We never got tired of the first Dreams LP. Miami had a real nice jazz program with people who were pushing for the fusion of jazz and rock. Except no one was satisfied with listening to Chicago. Then Dreams came along with this funky street shit, plus everyone was impressed by Mike and Randy's ballad solos and Billy's work. People'd say, 'Come over to my house, we'll get stoned and listen to Dreams.' It was an excuse for a party.

"Then one day in class, Jerry Coker's wife brought me a note from the office. She got a phone call from Randy Brecker for me to call him. I didn't even recognize the name, much less the New York area code. Then when the guy next to me told me who Randy Brecker was, I thought it was a joke. It turned out Randy had gotten my name from a tenor player named Gary Campbell who'd been at Miami and heard a bunch of the students jamming. Dreams was looking for a funky bass player but they had exhausted the New York supply after Chuck Rainey had quit the band. Gary's taste was pretty different from theirs, but they were so desperate they took a chance."

Lee describes his spring 1971 flight to New York and subsequent audition as something like a dream sequence: "I hadn't been listening to anyone in particular at that point. I just dug grooving with a good drummer. And here I was going up to replace Chuck, who I'd never heard of, lucky for me. Because if I had, I would have said, 'See you later.' I was taken to this place like a warehouse—funkiest place I ever saw, smelled like shit, elevators with a cord. I'd been living in comparative style, so I figured these cats must be really desperate to play. . . . So I walk in and see all these amps in storage that said Johnny Winter, Miles Davis, Santana. Each step I took got heavier and heavier. Billy Cobham was there, Bob Mann, Mike and Randy. I gulped. They were auditioning another bass player who sounded good, so I tried to keep up my hot shit from Miami attitude to stay together. Then Billy started to play and the rest was just so easy. I'd never heard the tunes but his time made me feel like I was floating on my back down a river. He was makin' me play good; I was just *in* there, smilin', goin' nuts, singin' the tunes. So later when they asked me, 'Would you consider moving to New York,' I said, 'Are you shittin' me?' But I said yes in about two seconds even though I'd never thought about it before. But then they almost didn't want me in the band because I didn't like Chinese food."

In 1973, Dreams disbanded. And Lee was ready to go back to Miami; the group had been the only significant playing experience he'd had in New York. "And," Lee adds, "I didn't even dream that I could make a studio kind of scene, 'cause from the outside it looked so tough to get into." But the support of Bob Mann, Don Grolnick and Alan Schwartzburg, studio heavyweights all, kept him in town long enough to break into sessions and roadwork with B. J. Thomas, Horace Silver, Bette Midler and Barry Manilow.

"After I got off the gig with B. J.," he remembers, "Steve Gadd recommended me to play bass on some cold pill commercial. At the date I also did a hard-rock vocal, and that's what got me into singing commercials. Now I do character voices too. Like recently I played a jogger. I jogged around A&R Studios until I got a real nice winded sound on the third take.

"I have a hard time keeping interested in one thing," figures Lee, "that's why the studio suits me fine. Different grooves with different cats all day. With Bette, I learned the value of tastefully playing a certain kind of music that you have to play in the studio all the time. But it involves a lot of experimentation too. Like, when Barry Manilow cut *Mandy*, he wasn't into it at all, he didn't like the idea of an outside tune in his repertoire for his first record. And the first time, we did it with sort of a Philly backbeat . . . no personality, it sounded like a demo.

"At the end of the session, three and one-half hours later, we were packed up and walking out and Clive Davis showed up and asked to hear the track. So after he heard it, he said no, he envisioned it as more of a *Bridge Over Troubled Water*. So Ron Dante, the producer, asked everybody to wait outside for a minute, and an hour later called us to go back in. And the second time there were no parts written out, no advance ideas—we just made up the track as we went along. I did a little bass intro, a commercial sounding thing—and not too long after that, the song was on the radio all the time."

Asked to reflect on his musicianship, Lee admits, "I probably get called for more reading stuff 'cause I'm known as a reader and I've probably happened to bring something original to most of the sessions. You get together with the cats and you all work to make a nice thing. . . . If you're not having fun playing, you shouldn't do it—you won't be able to bring anything to the music. When you go into the studio, it's very rare that you won't be sitting with the best possible players, so there's a real good chance you'll learn a new idea. I get so I can't wait."

As a session man, Lee also works frequently with attachments for his bass. "One is the Funk Machine, which is basically a battery powered envelope generator. It's like a wah wah but it works off the amount of attack you play, off the gain. It's a switch that shapes the note in a percussive and gut-feeling way. You'll see parts to read, and they say 'Funk Machine' on the chart. Then I use a simple version of the flanger, put out by Electro-Harmonics; it gives a moving, phased sound, something like digital delay. But as far as what amps I use, I like plugging into the board best."

Lee has continued recording with the Brecker Brothers through their third album for Arista: "Since I'm crazy on the road after three weeks, and since I can't see the sense of touring anyway when I've tried to build something in the studio scene for myself, it's nice to know that I can still be in a secure group situation. Everyone in the band is an amazingly good player and a friend of mine. And I sure don't want to lead a group right now; that sort of thing usually involves certain attitudes being copped, and I'm not psychologically sure if that's something I want to do.

"It's certainly not boring now. I like being available for a variety of things, and I have no regrets," concluded Lee. And then, echoing Dolphy, he added serenely, "It's all happening."

BOB MILITELLO

by arnold jay smith

Robert Militello, from Buffalo, New York, is a quintuple threat reed man. He was one of the two regular sidemen that Maynard Ferguson chose to take into the studio for his first extra-band session. It was not an arbitrary decision. Militello has acquitted himself in the finest tradition of his instruments. He blows baritone sax and flute with Fergy, but also plays tenor, alto, soprano and, if you twist his arm, clarinet.

Bob's expertise on his axes came from playing. His education was public school-type in Buffalo, but his listening experience came from recordings. Bob has been a life-long Ferguson devotee.

"My first record was *Message From Newport*. I would sit on the floor and scat along with the solos and ensembles. I bought every Maynard Ferguson record available after that. My mother would take me to hear them in clubs. I get my energy from Maynard, but I also listen to melody. When someone like Barbra Streisand comes along, with all that energy as well as pipes, I attach myself. What power she's got.

"In grammar school we rented instruments and we had band class and different kinds of quartets and quintets. My music teacher in high school was Sam Scemacca. He was a guy who loved jazz. He had a gig four nights a week while he was teaching school. He put together a concert band and jazz ensemble for the variety shows. He used to write

GARY ADCOCK

charts for a quintet that backed up the singers in the variety shows. He used us for those groups. Ronnie Foster was one of the kids in the school at the time, so you can see the calibre of the players. He gave us a lot of room and some chances at some creative jazz work. This was high school, mind you. He was very inspiring. He even invited us to play with him.

"One of the people I met through Sam was John Sedola, who taught me, as well as Mike Migliori, Don Menza, and major clarinetists. Sam is probably the major influence on my musical life."

Buffalo was once a stop for all the tours. There were clubs and hotels as well as theatres and concert halls where the bands and groups (vaudeville, swing, troupes, etc.) could park themselves for a week while they awaited word, or while they recharged for the treks north and west.

The city is making something of a comeback. New clubs and refurbished older ones are making their way into the black, mostly with jazz or jazz-like fare. A major influence has been the purchase of the Statler Hilton Hotel by business executive/jazz buff Bill Hassett. Hassett has teamed with Tony Bennett to form Tobill Productions, but more importantly, he has opened two rooms in his hotel for jazz. One, the Downtown Room, has become *the* spot to play.

"Hassett has been good to me and the city. I can remember when Sam Noto, Menza, Joe Romano and some others were all here together. When Maynard would come into town he would hire those guys to play opposite him. Oh man, what bebop! 1965-66 showed a slowing up in town. Hassett is now making sure that the right kind of music is being brought in. My brother has a club there called Mulligan's. He's been trying to bring the same thing into town as Hassett has."

While the interview was progressing, I noticed that Bob constantly had a lighted cigarette in his mouth. I asked if that doesn't affect his wind, as I had been taught in my own pubescence.

"Yes. It's one of the dumbest things I do. You are looking at a one-step-at-a-time filter. So I am working on withdrawal. Being on the road, you get caught up, anxious. With all that time on the bus, you don't even think about it—it's a natural thing. But it *is* detrimental and I don't recommend it to reed players. You need that wind. And it doesn't matter if you play flute or bari. It's not any easier to play flute. Your support is still coming from the diaphragm. You still have to keep a pure, solid airflow all the time. You want to keep the register nice and smooth. The only thing different from sax to flute is that you are changing your lip positions to a very small opening.

"There also is no difference in controlling your air; it's the same for any wind instrument. You hyperventilate because you misuse your air. When you get used to taking in volumes of air naturally, and let it out slowly, as slow as possible, you don't hyperventilate. I don't use circular breathing, but I would imagine that helps to create an effect—the tension it builds, as on Menza's *Channel One Suite*. His solo was long and the circular breathing helped sustain the ideas. Sonny Fortune uses circular breathing for ideas while Bill Watrous uses it for effect. When you are playing a bebop solo, that breath point is as important as notes. For me, I like the feel of breathing. I like to have to put a space there, because a space organizes things. It gives me time to put things into phrases just like you talk. You stop for a second . . . and you say something else. It's not even so much that you need time to think—you just need one idea to end and a new one to start. It's a phrase point to me, and when the circular breathers go on and on, it's just like someone said one long run-on sentence."

While flute and baritone sax are what he majors in with Maynard, Bob has not entirely put aside the other shafts in his quiver.

"The most recent association was a group called The New Wave. It was in Buffalo and, unfortunately, still is. I played alto, soprano and flute with them. Very challenging. I even played clarinet. But I don't play them with Maynard, although I sometimes triple on soprano. I almost bought a curved soprano in LA. Ooh, I wanted that. There is a difference between the two, straight and curved. Straight is in Bb, and the curved in Eb. I never played baritone before Maynard and then I got a call from Mike Migliori and went out and borrowed one for a week until I got the gig and finally bought one from Manny's in New York City.

"I have played bass sax, which is a vibrating thrill. Sometimes it gets so you can't read anymore because your face won't stop vibrating. It's a good feeling, I'll tell ya. You hit the bottom of that chord with the bass player, or whoever. The band kicks, and boy, that's a feeling that you can't compare to anything I can think of. So strong and solid, you feel like you're part of a wall."

Bob chooses his instruments with extreme care ("When you're spending that kind of bread and you don't have it to begin with, you get extra careful.") and is currently showcasing Selmer Mark VIs (tenor, alto, baritone), a Whitehall soprano (by Yamaha) and a Gemeinhardt flute.

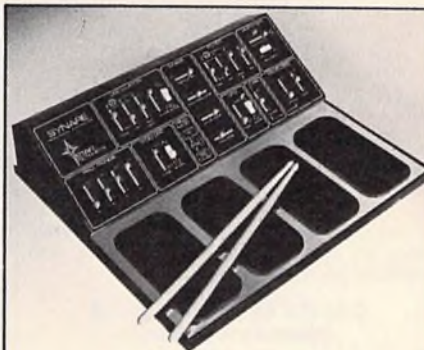
"The Selmer VII is a good horn, but it seems to have a feel to it that is indicative of a 'soul' type thing. It's got a high end to it. It's difficult to verbalize. You have to hear it. Your harmonics do come out quite easy on the horn. I'm not especially fond of that aspect of it so I stick to my VI. All the way down to the bottom you can feel that high end to it. We went to the factory—Mark Colby, Mike Migliori and myself—and we found that by changing necks you can come up with a pretty nice sounding horn.

"I don't use different mouthpieces. If I find one I like I'll take it to whatever brand horn I use."

Currently, Bob uses an Otto Link #7 metal on tenor, a Meyer 6M hard rubber on alto, a Berg Larsen 130/0 hard rubber on baritone, and a Selmer C metal on soprano. "The bari mouthpiece is just about the biggest one made and that's to get the strength and volume I need for the band. There are different kind of baritones, too. That large one that almost looks like a bass sax has a low A foot on it to give you that extra low A on the bottom. I prefer not to play it because almost every horn I have played with an A foot seems out of tune with the rest of the horn. That five inches of horn that they add for the bell just seems to throw the rest of the horn out of tune. You have to start adjusting when you reach into the upper register."

Bruce Johnstone was Militello's immediate predecessor in the band's baritone chair. Bruce left to help form New York Mary, but before he gave his final farewells he helped wean Bob into the spot. It was not, however, Bob's first band chair. He was with the touring companies of Ella Fitzgerald, Tony Bennett and Marvin Gaye.

"I was lucky to have known Bill Hassett then because he got me the spots with Gaye and Bennett. Since I hear a melodic line when I play, working with those people was not really a chore. I used to sing with a group called the Showcasemen, a four-part vocal, Four Freshman bag. That played a part in my melodic conception of things. It opens your



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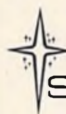

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head up to a whole different way of phrasing. If you don't sing, you seem to get more into a technical approach. You can hear that melodic feeling in your solos, allowing that melody to transcend through the chords. It frees you. When I play a solo I don't think about changes, notes.

"I want to carry that over to writing. I arranged some for a group I had in Buffalo called Moxie. It was a jazz-rock group playing the music of a folk guitar player named Mondo Galla. He couldn't write anything down and he had some hip tunes, so he asked me if I would help. He couldn't read music; he'd play them and I charted them."

With no higher education background, Militello does not look any the worse for wear, which poses the question, "Is that trip really necessary?"

"I know what I lack," Bob says. "Maybe some theory and harmony, but in The New Wave there was a piano player, Tom Sapienza, who still works with me. He's getting me into the Delmont Theory Method, a two-volume concise course. School is one way of learning, but it might be isolated. I'd rather be out playing most of the time. Hey, I'm in school right now. I have to put out to the top every day. We all do on that band. There's great camaraderie, and it shows." **db**

caught...

Betty Carter: Blue Chip Performance . . .

Charles Mingus: Creative Challenges . . .

BETTY CARTER
New Foxhole Cafe
Philadelphia, Pa.

Personnel: Carter, vocals; John Hicks, piano; Clint Houston, bass; Clifford Barbaro, drums.

Betty Carter is a tease, and a good one. A typical set begins with two or three performances by her trio of accompanists who perform quite differently without her—which reveals as much about Ms. Carter as it does about them. Left to themselves, they are sturdy enough, and on this occasion they were at their best in a fleet version of Bronislaw Kaper's *Invitation*. Of the three, Barbaro is the most consistent—he seems best able to adapt his style to the separate demands of trio playing and vocal accompaniment. Hicks, when not faced with the restraint and precision required by Ms. Carter, is a swirling, McCoyish pianist with plenty of drive and little clarity. Houston plays without an amp, which indicates to me that he is interested in producing a natural bass sound. This is a commendable intention, but unfortunately he does not deliver. He likes to solo in an uninterrupted stream of sixteenth notes, an approach that does not lend itself to the expansive warmth of the bass. His torrents of notes end up as a buzz. Someday his playing may become less busy and the wit that laces so many of his solos will shine through.

So the trio by itself is energetic but rather distant. But when Ms. Carter strides up to the microphone, quibbles vanish. She can start a set with one of her smoky ballad performances—this night she chose *I Was Telling Him About You* and *'Round Midnight*—and it's as if a switch has been flipped and the musicians are elevated from a cut above commonplace to a cut below regal.

I think that this is only partly a case of musicians rising to the occasion. I have seen Betty Carter eight or ten times in the past year or so, and that exposure has convinced me that she deserves credit more for her arranging than for her improvising. When an audience packed with rabid Betty Carter fans recognizes from one or two measures of the piano introduction that they are about to hear her speed-of-light performance of *My Favorite Things*, that audience is in the presence of an arrangement and they know it. In this case, it's an astonishing arrangement. She has sung it every time I've heard her, and each performance is so much like the others that the minor differences are circumstantial. Certain opera junkies will cheerfully stand through two performances of the same production in one week for the pleasure of hearing not only the overall work but the inevitable minor changes that occurred on different evenings. Betty Carter fans do the same: we watch her in the act of perfecting an arrangement, almost as if hearing a work in progress.

HERB NOLAN

If she has arrived at a near-perfect arrangement, it must be *Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most*. The recent change in the introductory cadence was apparently the final dab of paint, the final tap of the chisel. *Spring* is now spellbinding and flawless. Reservations about whether or not it is improvised are petty and idiotic.

Her most exciting techniques are those which imply unused power held in reserve. The most immediate hint she gives, especially to a first-time visitor to one of her meetings, is visual. She arranges a song's impact almost as much by idiosyncratic movements as by her more musical devices. An uptempo number—like her own *Tight* or her anthem *I Can't Help It* will typically begin with her back to the au-

dience, elbow rolling, fingers snapping, hips rocking until, somehow instantaneously, she faces us, pushing the beat. How she gets from one studied position to another so effortlessly is as mystifying as the way she leaps through her very wide range. In a ballad, she'll pause, hold herself back (in *But Beautiful* she was often two measures behind her accompaniment), and when she leans forward to wait for the note (with the audience leaning to help) she finds it where we least suspected it would be.

In a way, her sets seem structured for the payoff of the last song, when she stretches out and drops the tight arrangements. She concluded one set with *All Through The Day* and it went nowhere, meandering off into show business intros of her musicians. But *By The Bend In The River*, which concluded the other set, was on an altogether different level. She has set it up so that it is full of breaks that work as opportunities for sudden key changes or abrupt shifts in volume. She will usually wind things up with a duet with each member of the trio, then a couple of twirls, a knee bend, a great profile shot, a broad smile and a standing ovation. I have never been to a Betty Carter concert that did not end in a standing ovation and they are usually deserved.

She is the blue chip stock of jazz: her concerts could come with a written guarantee, and only partially because we know what to expect. She could sing in my ear and I'd follow her anywhere, so if I have any quibbles, they are in self-defense. Between sets, this club played only Billie Holiday records. The inference was clear. —*david hollenberg*

CHARLES MINGUS
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Personnel: Mingus, bass; Ricky Ford, tenor saxophone; Jack Walrath, trumpet; Bob Nelams, piano.

Tragedy deprived Mingus of the services of longtime drummer Dannie Richmond during the group's Ann Arbor appearances—Richmond lost both parents within ten days of the concerts—but Mingus elected to perform with the remaining members of his current quintet. Although the announcer for the sponsoring, student-run Eclipse Jazz organization had apologized for Richmond's absence, Mingus told the audience "I wouldn't be here if we couldn't play without drums," and in fact the solid if too-short concert (the third of four scheduled over the weekend) actually benefitted by the extra demands made by the situation.

Mingus himself looked tired and overweight. The old ballroom wasn't designed for concerts, and performers must cross through the audience to reach the stage. Mingus, his way lit by student-volunteers with flashlights, led his sidemen down the aisles like an aging disillusioned evangelist with three blank-faced acolytes. His remarks were delivered in the familiar fast, slurred style, but the voice has grown breathy and hoarse, like a shadowy echo of the more vibrant past.

However shadowy Mingus himself may seem, his music this evening had considerable substance. The band opened with *For Harry Carney*, a minor blues featuring plaintive, Harmon-muted long tones from Walrath over an ostinato figure from Mingus and Nelams. Ford added an arpeggiated counterpoint the second and third times around, and went on to solo in a late-bop idiom, including three choruses accompanied only by Mingus' conga-rhythm rapping on the body of his bass. Nelams continued the late-bop flavor in his solo, and Walrath created interesting lines marred by a number of fluffs. Mingus followed with some effective slurred double stops in a solo otherwise too brief to show more than a flash of the old master; his return to the ostinato brought the piece to a gradual close.

Mingus next called up the gospel-flavored *Better Get It In Your Soul* and provided the supple pulse needed to make the 6/8 rhythm swing. Walrath fooled a little with the time and rode on the tune's simple riffs to create a nice head of steam, although he still had difficulty in controlling his horn. Nelams maintained the drive with a whole bagful of late-'50s funk, but Ford seemed less sure of himself.

The tune's high spot, however, came at the point where the arrangement called for a drum solo. Mingus provided the solo vocally, scat-singing drum licks while waving his hands and stamping his foot with such ferocity that Nelams slid off the piano bench in mock terror. Mingus could also be heard singing the lyrics as the horns restated the theme. The "amen" ending was more sloppy than soulful, but it still preserved the joyful gospel feeling.

Judging by the group's performance, the Sue of *Sue's Changes* must be a mercurial lady indeed. Mingus closed the concert with an extended version of this piece, which wanders through a number of different tempos, showing the composer in all his intricate Ellingtonian richness. The demands it placed on the soloists (who had to pick their way through the complex chart as well as improvise a cadenza-like open section completely alone) recalled how Mingus at his best has always forced his sidemen to grow.

Walrath soloed first, and his open section turned out to be the most like a cadenza, with a mixture of scalar runs, blues phrases and nearly noteless flurries. He worked his way back into the chart, arriving gradually at a stiff medium strut which grew increasingly chaotic.

A final short wash of free-form noise acted as a bridge to Nelam's solo, which almost approached pastiche in the way it drew on the various jazz traditions. This was especially evident in his open section—huge mock-classical octaves and block chords led into boogie-woogie, toward an impressionist ballad texture suddenly rent by crashing dissonant note clusters. All in all, a wild ride.

Ford's solo was the most satisfying, however; he approached the chart and its harmonies rather traditionally, but in his open section he probed his horn's resources in an excellent display of inventiveness and control. There were scalar runs, blues shouts, exploration of the saxophone's tonal possibilities, and some interesting toying with the speaker system's echoes, all of it developing organically rather than in Nelam's more jumbled fashion.

I would like to have heard Mingus confront *Sue's Changes*, but instead Ford's solo was followed by a long restatement of the theme (or more accurately "themes") and a minute or so of Mingus' *Parkeriana* (a combination of several Parker tunes) and the relatively short concert was over. Mingus the composer is still challenging his musicians, it seems, but judging by this concert, the improvisatory fire now comes more from the sidemen than from the bassist himself. —*david wild*

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BARBIERI continued from page 16

gentina either.

Barbieri: Yes, but the rhythm of the Indians is completely different from the black—in *Chapter One* I used this kind of music. In Chile it's the same—no black people—in Paraguay, Bolivia, it's all Indians and white people.

Birnbaum: It's hard for me to evaluate something like *Chapter One* because we don't get to hear much of that music here.

Barbieri: The Indians have a kind of bombo (drum) and flute, the gauchos play guitar, and when they mixed it became the folkloric music of Argentina. It almost seems that northern Argentina was one of the Inca civilizations—northern Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Peru—all have this influence, but not in Brazil, Colombia or Venezuela.

Birnbaum: They have a mixture of black and Indian music in Colombia and Ecuador—some of it sounds very strange, a little like avant garde jazz.

Barbieri: In Peru they have a very small band, with a very small tuba; they play like a band, but Indian, not like a regular band—very, very strange . . . incredible. We saw it in a Chilean movie.

Birnbaum: Ray Barretto is very big on Astor Piazzola, the Argentinian bandoneon player.

Barbieri: He doesn't play Latin music.

Michelle: He plays tango, modern tango. Tango is a city product.

Barbieri: Born in Buenos Aires.

Michelle: Tango became famous in Europe before it became famous in Argentina. It's very strange, the history of the tango—it was forbidden, you know. Men used to dance with men, because it was very scandalous for a woman to dance tango—the steps were incredible. When it became fashionable in Paris, women started to dance the tango and it became slicker and more sophisticated. But it originated with the lower classes.

Birnbaum: I understand most of the European tango musicians were Spanish.

Michelle: They still have bandoneon players in Europe. When we did *Last Tango* we had four bandoneon players from Paris. They were French and had been playing tango for many years—it was very popular. A friend of ours, one of the editors of *Jazz Magazine,* told us at his house in Cannes that one of the first jazz magazines in France was called *Tango Jazz,* or *Jazz Tango,* in the '20s or '30s. Tango was very important.

Barbieri: I think jazz musicians have become more interested in Latin rhythms—it seems they always use at least some Latin beat. You have this record *Fiesta* with Charlie Parker—fantastic, beautiful, a very happy record. He plays *Tico Tico,* he plays *Mama Inez,* he plays many of tunes from South or Central America.

Birnbaum: There have been several new Brazilian releases in the U.S. lately—Milton Nascimento, Jorge Ben.

Barbieri: Milton is very good.

Michelle: Jorge Ben is fantastic. We just met him in Rio a month ago—he is a true poet. If you relate to the words and the rhythm it's fantastic, incredible, beautiful. I think for that the Brazilians are really exceptional.

Barbieri: Yes, they are the best.

Michelle: It's beautiful music and it doesn't necessarily have to be in English to be understood. People are becoming open to new kinds of music.

Birnbaum: Maybe it's because there haven't been any really new sounds in jazz for a while.

Barbieri: Yes, I think so too, because there are not so many good new soloists.

There are still jazz musicians, only they play something different. Jazz is classic to me, but now many jazz musicians like to play improvisation with congas and bass. I think the music now is in very good shape—I like the music now—because people play whatever they feel. This is very important because the times are changing.

Birnbaum: They're putting a disco beat behind everything now.

Barbieri: Well, this is something for dancing—basically it's okay. I think everything is more open. More groups use singers—I like singers very much, like Jorge Ben, Marvin Gaye, Gladys Knight, because I like to listen to something that makes me feel good and that's it—I don't want to interpret. For instance, Marvin Gaye did the music for this movie which is really good. . . .

Michelle: *Trouble Man.*

Barbieri: There is more music in the U.S. than anywhere. If you go to another country, like Brazil, they want to play pop but they are not very efficient and they make mistakes. But here in the U.S. you have more opportunity because you have very good musicians and you can do whatever you want. There they are very restricted—musicians leave because in Latin countries it's very hard to do something different. The people are more traditional.

Birnbaum: Do you listen to any music from Spain or Mexico? I know that in Mexico they use a push-button accordion like a bandoneon.

Barbieri: Yes, they use accordion. But it's not like bandoneon. I like Spanish music, they have some very great musicians, but I don't know . . . there are a thousand kinds of music. When you listen to something, for instance, from Mexico—before you might have said what is this, but now you understand that they are people and they play. I think all music comes from the people—like the samba, like jazz, like the mambo, or whatever—it comes from the people. This music is something we now discover, slowly, slowly, like a new continent.

Everything is like this—now we send satellites to other planets to discover, and I think we have a lot to discover . . . inside of us, too. Every day I discover, slowly, something in me, how to play a certain thing or . . . something. You learn every day, and I think it's very important not to leave everything like it is, like everything is okay. Lots of people say everything is okay—I don't think everything is okay. I think everything is to learn, to understand, and to be open—the most difficult thing is to know ourselves.

Birnbaum: You used to be more political. So were a lot of people.

Barbieri: Well, I think everybody is involved. But I'll tell you, most of the Latin people took me as a political figure before. But what I tried to do in all the other records was to express different feelings in different tunes—like what's happening emotionally. So when they talked to me everybody wanted to talk in political terms and slowly I became a little tired of it. I would like them to talk to me more in terms of music. That's one reason I play more internationally—I like them to listen to me like a musician.

South America is not everything, but now I don't know—I want to play merengue or Santana or Tchaikovsky, but the basic thing is still there. I play like I played before and I do what I did before and I've come around in a circle. But my music has changed and I want people to see me more as a human musician.

Birnbaum: There are still people around playing free jazz.

Barbieri: That's the way they are. But we are different. It's very natural—people are like they are. The most important thing is to play like you feel. If you try to play like someone else you make a big mistake. Like some people try to make commercial music and it doesn't work.

Birnbaum: Then you don't feel you've made any concessions to commercialism?

Barbieri: No, because I think it's commercial when you sell more than . . . I don't know how many million records.

Michelle: Coltrane sold records—he didn't make concessions. I don't think the fact that you sell records necessarily means that you make concessions. Marvin Gaye sells albums—I don't think he makes any concessions—he plays exactly what he wants to play. He didn't even tour for seven years and he sells millions of albums.

The real tragedy is when you make a concession and it doesn't work and you sell two albums and then you're really ready to cut your wrists. Nobody really knows what ingredients you need to make a hit album. A lot of people ask Gato, "Were you aware that *Last Tango* was going to be a hit?" We were not aware. The public is very mysterious. There is nobody that can tell you, not the best producer, not the best record company, nobody can tell you, "Okay, you put two plus five plus seven together and it becomes a hit." If they knew, everybody would have hits.

Birmbaum: One musician whose success might not have been anticipated is Anthony Braxton.

Michelle: Exactly—that was one example I was going to mention. We had a terrible review once because of Anthony Braxton.

Barbieri: Yes, I'll never forget that.

Michelle: This critic who came to the Bottom Line to hear Gato, his main concern was why does Gato Barbieri have standing room only while Anthony Braxton is starving to death in Japan? And two minutes later Anthony Braxton is signed with Arista and is not starving anymore.

So now the critic's problem is probably somebody else—there is always somebody starving. No one was concerned when Gato was starving. I starved, we ate ice cream for lunch a lot of times. I remember in Italy I discovered that ice cream had much protein, so we had an ice cream cone for lunch and then dinner for 500 lire . . . and nobody wrote that Gato Barbieri was starving.

Sometimes critics take it upon themselves to be like gods—they're not gods. They put this thing on Gato for so long in Europe—Gato Barbieri sounds like Coltrane, Gato Barbieri sounds like so and so. That's easy—why don't they just try to find out what Gato Barbieri is all about. Because really nobody played like Coltrane but Coltrane. Nobody has ever improvised *My Favorite Things* like Coltrane—nobody can, it's impossible. He was unique—he was an influence on everybody. He disrupted some people's lives and others he helped. But it's an easy cop-out to say "he plays like Pharoah Sanders, he plays like so and so."

Barbieri: I've had a lot of aggravation. My name, Barbieri, is Italian, and when I was in

Europe they told me you have to change your name.

Michelle: Because Italians will never make it playing jazz in Europe. I think that Gato had one of the most difficult situations—he didn't speak English and he didn't even try to act like a jazz musician. He never went around saying, "Hey man, how you doing," he didn't smoke dope or do any of those things, and he never asked anybody for anything. And I'll tell you something else—even in the JCOA, when they did the first concert, the only person who didn't play as a soloist was Gato because he was white.

Barbiere: No, Roswell Rudd. . . .

Michelle: One time Gato was rehearsing in a roomful of black musicians and one guy got up and said, "I didn't come here to play with him," and Archie (Shepp) was trying to say he's not really white, he's South American. I don't want to play a sad story but it's difficult —you go through changes—and why do you have to apologize for the fact that . . . why must everybody that wants to be a jazz musician be born a certain color?

Barbieri: And with Don Cherry—I'll tell you something, Don Cherry was fantastic. All the people in the band were European—one was German, one was Italian, the bass player was French, and I was Argentine, and all the European musicians hated the group because they couldn't believe. . . .

Michelle: . . . that some white people from Europe could play with Don Cherry. They hated it, I'll never forget—these French musicians used to come into this club and say the most *awful* things about him. We were put down by everybody, by *everybody*.

But I tell you, musicians—and I live with one—musicians are a different race of people altogether, all of them. I mean, they think about their music and that's it, really, and they step over anyone's body just to play. But we went through this and now it's over.

I remember when Norman Connors didn't say hello to Gato in the Aqua Lounge, never once. We had an SRO crowd and he used to walk in every night—he wasn't doing a thing and he was black and tough—and he never said hello to Gato as leader. Now he says hello to Gato. You know what I say to Norman Connors? Nothing. He can walk by me like a train and I don't even see him. Because I have a memory like an elephant—I don't forgive and I do not forget.

Barbieri: When I had to play some concert opposite one musician—I don't want to say who—he didn't give me room to do a sound check. He did it on purpose. The day afterward, I said to the promoter I need one hour, and that musician stayed until 7 o'clock—the concert was starting at 7:30—and I couldn't make my sound check. Why, why are they so terrible? When I headline I tell the other musicians I have a sound check at 5:30. At 6:15 I leave to give them a chance. Some musicians are very cold.

Michelle: It's a cannibalistic business, music. It's not all so divine as it seems. There's a lot of aggravation behind the scenes. That's why it's better to keep it just musical, because personal experiences are very tragic—we've had some very tragic personal experiences. That's why Gato doesn't read reviews anymore—it's better not to know what people are saying about you. If it's good, it's good; if it's bad, it's bad. If you read everything that everybody says about you, you go crazy. **db**

OPA

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Coy, Oscar Peterson, George Duke, Corea, Hancock, Patrice Rushen and Hermeto Pascoal; really everybody. I've been interested in electronic instruments for the past five years, but I still play the big piano, only not too often. I studied it for ten years, and a few years ago I was in pretty good shape. Now that I've been away from it two years, because of the work we do in Opa, I've lost a lot. I haven't done anything seriously enough on that instrument to record it, and we don't require it in our group right now.

I'd like to tell you about our singer, Reuben Rada, because his English isn't that good yet. He's from Uruguay, and he's been working in Europe lately. Actually, we've been waiting six years for him to get here, and from this album on he's part of Opa, too. He wrote most of the tunes on *Magic Time,* two of the songs on *Goldenwings,* and the song *Fingers* on Airto's album. He plays percussion for the candombe beat especially well.

George: You know, I think with *Magic Time,* Opa is narrowing down its identity. It's Americanized candombe.

Hugo: We're not nationalists, you know. We're not fighting the American influence. We live here; we breathe the same air.

George: I'd describe our music as pretty melodies, pretty harmonies, with heavy rhythm behind it.

Lyons: What's your impression of the music business in this country?

Hugo: It's very tough. The bureaucracy is tiring and time-consuming. Words, words, more words. Lawyers. Telephones. Blah, blah . . . hello, goodbye. It's incredible. It's hard to get anything accomplished for reasons that have nothing to do with music. It's a great weight on any artist's shoulders. I guess it's necessary, but it takes a lot of energy away from the music. There should be a time when a musician can just play and not have to deal with anything else.

George: Well, we're talking about top quality here. If you want to do an album in Uruguay, or France, or Italy, it is easier. But you don't have the exciting, challenging market. I think it's so difficult here because the quality is better.

Hugo: Right, it's like doing a tune-up on a Ferrari instead of a Ford Falcon.

Lyons: Do you think there'd be a way to improve the business systems?

Hugo: If younger people took over it would be speeded up. You find a lot of dated, slow procedures. People have been in the business 25 years and they still proceed in the same way.

Lyons: Aside from high technical quality, is there any other positive aspect of the business in your opinion?

George: Yes, I have to say that the best thing about the bureaucracy here is that you feel protected as a musician. There are organizations to protect the worker and the consumer, which is part of the machinery the U.S. is famous for all over the world. Here, if you get cheated, you can sue a company. In South America, you can make a record which sells millions of copies, and if they want to pay you $200 to buy some Cokes and a sub sandwich, that's what you get. They tell you goodbye and there's nothing you can do. It may sound weird to Americans, but the lawyers and unions are really good. The worker is protected here, and I feel that as a musician. **db**

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tied together, but not on a national scale. It's still segmented according to the districts. Whichever type of slave was brought over, that's the kind of music that developed. In Cuba they came from Yoruba, West Africa, the Congo and Guinea. So the music in Cuba is richer than in the other islands. You find the music in Havana different from the music in Oriente province.

The United States had no connection at all because it was cut off.

Smith: Wait a minute. You mean to tell me that it was a myth that slaves were brought here?

Santamaria: No, but as I said before, the reason slavery lasted so long here was because the slaveowners took away the religion and the drum. That left the slaves without a culture, and when they became free they had to become like their former masters. The music didn't develop along the same lines.

When I came here in the '40s, I used to walk with my drums and they would laugh at me. "Monkey music" they called it. Ironically, the drum was accepted by the white Americans before the blacks.

Smith: Chano's Carnegie Hall debut helped that along.

Santamaria: Also Chano was a composer and a dancer: a complete entertainer. The drum that was brought to Cuba was nothing more than a wooden box. At one time, it was against the law to play the drum in Cuba. So we played on a box. There are over 100 different drums preserved in Cuba. The conga was developed there—it was not brought there. They were very complicated, but all came from the hollow log. But it was still Chano that put it where it is.

Smith: Do you have a certain style of playing?

Santamaria: When I play I don't know how I do it, or what I do. People have asked me how many times I hit with the right, the left. I just play.

Smith: How do you differ from others—like, say, Ray Barretto?

Santamaria: When I was with Puente up at the Savoy Ballroom, Ray was playing with Eddie Bonnemere, a piano player. One night he asked me how much I would charge him to teach him to play the congas. He followed me into Puente's band. Afterwards he came up to me in a club in Oakland, California and told me that Puente wanted him to do what I did and he couldn't do it. Puente told me that he could no longer play half the book since I left.

You can't learn to play things like guaguanco here. You have to have been where it came from to know that you kill or get killed for women . . . and drums. You have to understand nañigo (secret religious society), abakua. Candido, Peraza, Potato, Francisco Aquabella. You can't listen to records and get those feelings.

Smith: Is this the Santamaria version of "only black people can play jazz?"

Santamaria: No, no, no. Not at all. I have a baritone player (Roger Rosenberg) who is white and he plays better than anyone I've ever had. Marty Sheller is the best trumpet player and arranger that my band has had.

Smith: I didn't mean that literally. I meant that you are saying you have to be born with a conga drum in your lap in order to play it. You can't be born in Brooklyn and play the conga. Isn't that what you said?

Santamaria: It's just that I have heard so many people who play the conga and don't really know how. Most people can't do with two hands what Candido does with one. Those that I mentioned are on top; the rest are Johnny-come-latelies. I brought the tuned conga to the U.S in '52 or '53, when they were putting the conga drummer in the back with the rhythm section.

Smith: Sour grapes? Some of the newer guys are out there selling. Do you resent that?

Santamaria: The biggest Latin community in N.Y. is Puerto Rican. The Cubans who came here during the revolution were higher class. They are the professionals and they know less about conga than you do.

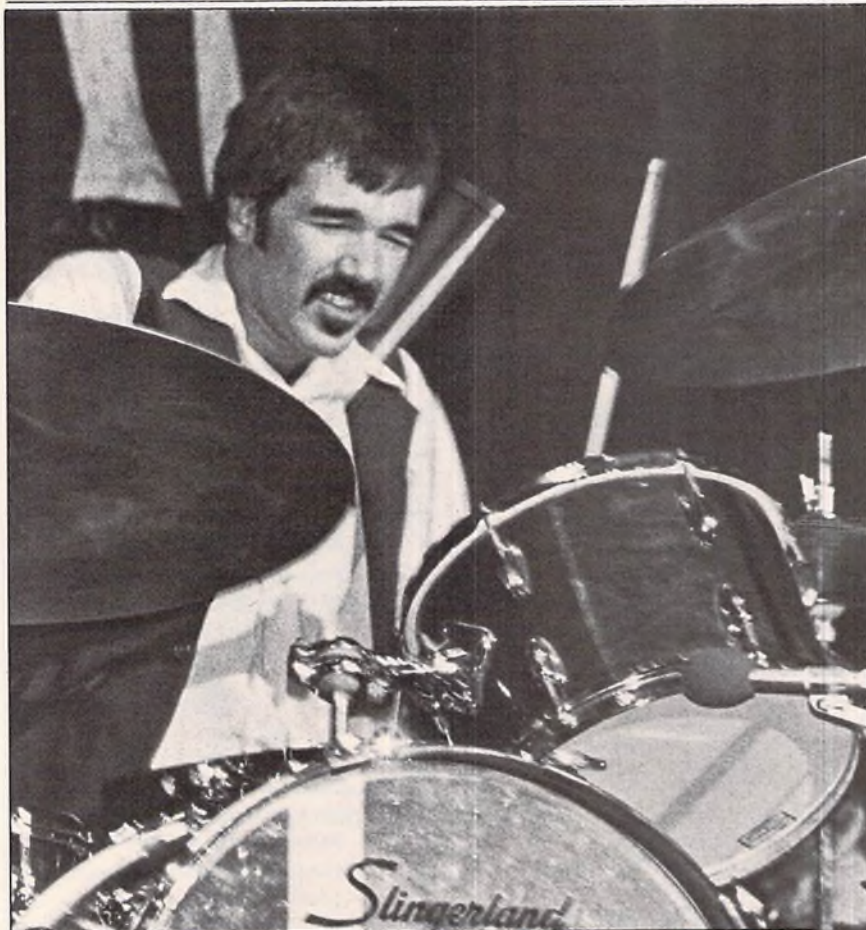
Smith: Bad example.

Santamaria: Or whoever. They don't care. As far as they are concerned it was the "nigger who drinks, chews tobacco and plays." Here there are concerts for the Puerto Rican people and they call it salsa. It's a lie already. They go there to scream. It's their version of a rock concert. They have their own now. But it's plena or bomba, that's all they know.

Smith: I don't know about that, and besides, what's wrong with that if it's creative?

Santamaria: Nothing. Except that when it comes time to rhumba or guaguanco, I know how to play that. Do they? Or are they limited to the folklorica rhythms?

Before the Cuban revolution who went to Puerto Rico? Havana was it. Look who came here from Cuba: Cugat, Migilito Valdez, Prado, and on and on. Watch the late show and you'll hear *El Manisero (Peanut Vendor)* over and over as the typical music of Havana. Prado has sold more records than all of the Latin musicians together. db



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HOW TO sell your song

by Dr. William L. Fowler

Nobody from BMI or UCD expected an SRO crowd, especially in the AM. But a solid line of standees stretched around the walls at the opening session of "Anatomy of a Popular Song," a two-day symposium (Feb. 16-27) sponsored by Broadcast Music, Inc.; hosted by the University of Colorado at Denver; paneled by top writers, composers, producers, publishers, programmers and managers; and attended by hundreds interested in the broad realm of the popular song and its related pursuits.

Recognizing that songwriting, publishing and recording no longer confine themselves to a few established centers, BMI recently made the timely decision to bring the truth and the whole truth to many new areas of music productivity throughout the country—cities whose expanding facilities now offer local writers and producers new opportunities—cities such as Denver, the BMI choice for beginning its new-area educational series.

That choice of locality proved wise: The Denver area furnished an intent audience who not only dug the panel, but whose questions dug down to the roots of every topic.

The BMI choice of panelists proved wise, too. Each member, while chosen for know-how and insight in a particular specialty, could also furnish knowledge in a number of other topic areas. The interaction among those seven individually expert panelists revealed one common trait—uncommon intelligence. And the response to wide-ranging questioning revealed another trait—uncommon candor.

The information brought out in prepared topics from the panelists plus unprepared questions from the audience would benefit anyone engaged in songwriting or the attendant activities it generates.

With thanks to BMI and UCD, therefore, here's a highly condensed report on those twelve hours of intensive communication:

The Panel

Rick Riccobono, Symposium Director and Panel Chairman—Director of Performing Rights, West Coast, BMI.

Ron Anton—Vice President, California, BMI.

Steve Cropper—Producer, writer, musician.

Hal Moore—Managing Director, KHOW, Denver.

Jay Morgenstern—Vice President, ABC/Dunhill Music.

Lorne Saifer—Vice President, Columbia Records and head of a&r for Portrait Records division of CBS.

Patrick Williams—Grammy Award winner, film and television composer/conductor, Composer-in-Residence at UCD.

Roy Pritts, Local Symposium Coordinator—Assistant Dean, College of Music, UCD.

Question: What is most important in songs—the lyrics, the melody, the presentation by the artist?

Panelists: From a publisher's viewpoint, it's the whole. How can anyone divide up what makes a great song! If a great lyric is put to a crummy melody, something is missing. Or vice versa.

To me it's fifty-fifty. Without lyrics, it's an instrumental. Without music, it's a poem. None of us have yet really figured out what makes people buy certain records. We don't know if they buy the lyrics or the beat or the melody or the tempo, or just what. I look at *Billboard* every week and compare the top 20 songs, trying to figure out what those songs have in common. One of the things they usually have in common is that the title is in the lyrics and usually at the place where the melody is important. When people think of certain songs, they immediately think of certain lines. And that's usually where the title is.

Q: When I have a song I think is worth publication, how do I get it known?

P: In submitting a song to anyone, select a way that will show it off best. That doesn't mean it needs a big arrangement or an elaborate background. It can be a tape of voice and piano or voice and guitar. Anyone listening to an audition tape—a publisher, a producer, a recording executive—prefers to have the author sing or play on the tape. That's the best way to tell the true feeling of the song. A lead sheet should accompany the tape, though, with typewritten lyrics.

Major publishers have people looking for material, people who go to a lot of concerts, college concerts, for example. And major artist/writers increasingly are turning to material they themselves didn't write. The normal contract between a recording company and an artist/writer calls for about 20 songs per year, a figure not always attainable by some extremely busy artist/writer, whose agent then becomes approachable.

Most of the publishing business takes place in the major centers—New York, Los Angeles, Nashville—although there is plenty of activity in places like Miami, Memphis, and Chicago.

Any songwriter who can't get to one of these centers can take a look at the trade papers, like *Cash Box*, *Billboard* or *Record World*. When they list top records, they also list who the publishers of the songs are.

Another way to get a song known is through the Songwriters Showcase in Los Angeles. Every Wednesday night at the Improvisation, (8162 Melrose Ave.) several songwriters perform their works for invited producers, managers and publishers. And there's a session just before the performance where songwriters mix informally with name songwriters, managers and attorneys. Len Chandler and John Braheny run this BMI-sponsored show. They can be reached at 943 Palm Ave., West Hollywood, CA 90069. If a song is a good one, it might be played on the Showcase by tape if the author cannot appear in person.

The publisher is a conduit from a writer to the public. In effect, the publisher has a legal monopoly on a song, a condition created by the copyright laws. By virtue of that monopoly, a song is protected in the name of the publisher, who acts as a trustee for the rights. A legitimate publisher makes no profit unless the writer makes a profit. The publisher spends money to get material to the marketplace, and only recovers this money out of the earnings of the music, which he often shares on a fifty-fifty basis with the writer. If the publisher, therefore, expects to earn money, the writer also can expect to earn money.

The publisher and the writer collect money from the mechanical license fees of the recording companies, from performance fees paid by music users through affiliation with BMI and ASCAP. The publisher also licenses songs for use in motion pictures, television and commercials, the fringe areas outside records and public performance.

The publisher puts the songs of the writer into printed form—song books, sheet music, educational material like guitar methods, band arrangements, or choral charts—takes care of paper work for the writer, paperwork such as registering songs with BMI or ASCAP, securing copyrights, or placing songs with foreign sublicensees, and even might, if a song seems to have potential, finance a production master tape to submit to a recording company.

The publisher, the *legitimate* publisher, takes all the financial risks. But songsharks don't take any risks. They take their patrons. The minute a songwriter has to pay a publisher to publish a song, the deal is not legitimate. Songsharks stay within the law. If they say they'll publish a song, they might make three copies. If they say they'll record a song, they might make four disks.

Audience member: I'm here because songsharks make a business of feeding off the ignorance of those of us who don't know what's going on in the publishing world. My husband and I paid $600 for an inferior recording of two Country-Western songs I wrote. I've got the records at home and I'm going to make candy dishes out of them for a Girl Scout project. A bandleader in a Denver nightclub recommended a recording and publishing company here in Denver. I was thrilled to find somebody close who could handle my songs. They did handle them. They recorded them in an old church building through one microphone. The little vocalist and the little band she brought rehearsed once. The lead guitar faked it. It didn't even sound like my song. Two disk jockeys in Denver told me the sound was so poor the record couldn't even be considered for distribution. When I complained to my publisher, she said I had got what I'd paid for, that she'd done what she said she would do, that I had my recording and we were finished. The first thing I'm going to do after this symposium is call that publisher and ask for a release so I can go on to a legitimate publisher.

P: Sometimes these people sneak in as BMI affiliates. But when we find them among us, out they go. We are trying to get the word out on songsharks and hope the message reaches everybody. Songwriters should read the pamphlet on songsharks by Ed Cramer, BMI president. But anyone can make the real test: is the publisher willing to take the risk?

We've said here no one pays a legitimate publisher to publish a song. Let me say also that no one pays a legitimate producer to get discovered, an agent to get booked, a record company to get recorded. I want to be as emphatic as possible. If we accomplish nothing else in this whole seminar, it will be worth it all for this audience to know: *don't pay!*

Q: How do I register a song with the copyright office?

P: For a six dollar fee, the copyright office will register any single musical work and send back notice of registration, which proves not that the work is original, but that it was registered on such a date. In the old days, people used to send themselves a lead sheet by registered mail to prove the date of authorship. Under the new copyright law, though, protection by registering material is mandatory. If an author is also an artist who performs songs before strangers, paying the six dollar fee for each original song seems wise. Once a second person hears an uncopyrighted song, plagiarism is possible. Lyrics alone cannot be registered as a song. They are poems. But a melody can be. And a lead sheet is sufficient for the copyright office.

If a collection of songs is registered as a unit for the single fee, the title of the copyright protection will be something like, "A Compilation of Songs by So-and-So." The material will be protected, but not under the individual titles of the individual songs. That's an inexpensive way, but when an individual song from the collection is going to be promoted, it should be individually registered: Nobody calls children by their last names.

Copyrighting a song before taking it to a legitimate publisher is not necessary. No such publisher has any intention of stealing songs. Instead, provided there is interest in promoting the song, copyright procedures will be taken care of by that publisher. To copyright musical/dramatic works, like stage shows, there's a special form, form D, which registers the whole work as an entity. To promote individual songs from the work, the author then registers each one separately.

Q: If I have a song a publisher likes, what kind of contract should I sign?

P: Contracts can specify any terms the parties agree on. Those terms, though, should be agreeable to both. Here are three samples of publishing contracts:

1. A contract which remains in effect for the life of the copyright on a particular song or any number of particular songs.
2. A contract which specifies that in a certain period of time a song must be recorded or revert back to the writer.
3. A contract which promises the publisher exclusive rights to the output of a writer. Everything written by that writer will be published by the contracting publisher for a period of, say, one, two, or three years. This type of contract is flexible in form and is used when a publisher feels a writer will have a steady output at a high level. It's a case of a publisher subsidizing a writer.

Q: Suppose I want to be an individual artist or I have a band. Where can I get a good manager?

P: A manager has to be someone who believes in the artist or the band just as much as they believe in themselves, someone just as talented in the business as they are in making music, someone who will work 24 hours a day and expects to get paid well. Next door neighbors and old buddies don't always know what it means to play a certain area, do a certain date, be on a certain TV show, hold a certain press interview, or design a song for a certain FM market. They don't always know which agency to go to or how to deal with which publisher.

Managers are like doctors or lawyers—they get paid for their knowledge and how they use it. One of the best ways to find the right manager is to look at the successful ones. If a band is succeeding, their manager is succeeding. A lot of top managers come from nowhere. They fought their way up in a dog-eat-dog business.

Q: As a producer, how many times have you kicked yourself for not signing a dude that the a&r man down the block signed?

P: Truthfully? I have never kicked myself

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for not signing somebody, only for signing somebody and then not doing the job I meant to do for them. I don't worry about anyone somebody else signs, just about the ones I sign. No producer can have everybody.

Same questioner: I'd like to know one more thing. Who made you God?

Same panelist: The same person who can take it away from me, I guess.

S.Q.: No, really, you make or break a dude, man.

S.P.: Now don't say that—you see, you're putting your life in my hands; you're putting the responsibility on me. I don't buy that. I can only help you: that's all I can do. And I mean this for the record business in general. There have been a number of instances where people have failed on one company and again on another, and then it happened on the third. I got my job as it now is by starting as a local musician, going on to be a local promotion man, then a regional promotion man, then an assistant a&r man, then director of a&r, and now vice president of a&r. I worked. . . .

Another panelist: It seems to me that we here in Denver are entirely too passive in pursuing our own interests. You all did a good thing by coming to this symposium, but that's not enough. You can't sit back and expect something to happen. You must generate action. I think of my own career. Just about every important opportunity I had was self-generated. And I'm sure if you go down the line of these panelists you'll hear the same story. There are studios here, so there are opportunities here. Get at it.

Q: How does BMI fit into the songwriting business?

P: We make contracts with the users of music allowing them to schedule any material by BMI-licensed lyricists or composers. We then log performances of that material by a sampling process and pay royalties directly to authors and publishers. We're non-profit, so we take only a percentage of the licensing fees for operational expenses.

We support individual writers and composers as well as the industry in every way we can. For example, we will listen to and evaluate new songs, we sponsor the Songwriters Showcase, and we produced *The Score*, a film about motion picture composition and sound track recording. It's available for selected showings from the BMI offices at 40 W. 57th St. in New York or at 6255 Sunset Blvd. in Hollywood.

Q: Do the film and television industries hire songwriters?

P: They hire both lyricists and composers. But songs here must be written to order to fit a preconceived idea. For example, the title song for a picture has to be suitable for promoting the picture. And a TV series title song must relate to the style of the show.

Q: How do I get my own record on radio?

P: In the good old days of broadcasting, programmers could respond to their own gut feelings about some record. But now they're guided by research into what is currently popular with various age groups. A format of certain selections played in specific order at a certain time of day—the rotation system—is the common method of scheduling music. The program of a typical station is like the yellow pages set to music. But if a local group is extremely popular, it can take its record to the program manager, who might play it at the personnel meeting. And it then might possibly get played.

• • •

The symposium brought together those who know and those who wanted to know. A well-planned format provided plenty of time for frank questions and honest, caring answers. Some quarter million words expanded the original topics into a look at the anatomy of the music business as a whole.

Perhaps Jay Morgenstern's final reflections can best speak for all the panelists:

"I've found this to be an enlightening session—getting the ideas and opinions of fledgling writers and artists from a different part of the country and finding that their problems are no different from problems of people in other areas. I hope that in some way we have made them aware of the pitfalls of songsharks and other charlatans and also aware that the great majority of people in the music and record business are honorable people here only to serve them. We can make successes of our individual businesses only by finding and encouraging talent." **db**

LATIN MUSIC

continued from page 14

Airto and Flora Purim's fusions. The Latin jazz-rock movement centered at the Berkeley-based Fantasy-Milestone-Prestige record group and has a definite Brazilian tinge. Brazilian percussionists have had an increasing impact on jazz, Paulinho da Costa working with Gillespie, Guilherme Franco with Keith Jarrett and McCoy Tyner, and Portinho with Gato Barbieri.

Tenorist Barbieri himself, though too well known for his score to *Last Tango In Paris*, has over the past five years or so fused jazz with a wide range of Latin American styles—among them tangos with Argentinian "tipico" musicians, Andean Indian music, Afro-Brazilian percussion and big band salsa. His individualist experiments remain little understood because of the width of his references.

Latin soul has been given new life in the 1970s, thanks to the disco boom, in which young New York Latins were heavily involved. But the recent influence of salsa on other American styles has gone far beyond a few disco-related crossovers. Largely thanks to Mongo Santamaria's influence, 1970s rhythm and blues have become strongly Latinized. Not only do black groups' routines include Latin percussion—Earth Wind & Fire bases its huge rhythmic firepower largely on congas and timbales—but the fundamental two-bar bass patterns of soul music are a cross between black gospel rhythms and the two-bar Latin bass tumbao.

Events like the recent Atlantic Records deal with Ray Barretto have caused media speculation about whether salsa can cross over into the American market. In reality it has been part of that market for the past 40-some years, and its overall influence is as great—and as unrecognized—now as it ever was. **db**

SANTANA

continued from page 18

don't have to be great to play the congas. You can have a good time, hold the beat and enhance the music. Why not do it? I don't want to be boring, and I don't want to be the best at anything. I'm just trying to be the best within myself.

"Today there's so much glitter, space, flying saucers hanging from ceilings in giant auditoriums, lasers—well, some of that is nice. It's like going to the circus and seeing the costumes on the performers. But if you don't get inspiration from it, it's useless, hopeless. I don't care who's playing. I want to go home and feel they laid something on me, they fed me with inspiration so I can go home and either write a song or a poem or do something with myself. If they just impress me and blow my mind that's not enough. If you can't inspire people you're not doing it completely.

"I'd like to play some acoustic guitar, I'd like to play a couple more ballads onstage. But the typical consciousness of America is like the musicians are gladiators. You've got to have a pedal, and your foot must be on the floor to 60 or 65. In Japan and Europe, they'll let you get really soft, and you can *still* burn. But over here we're geared for that dynamism. You throw the crowd up against the wall and they love it.

"My band is very young, but they're very wise. They don't overpower me. Some people come into the band, and I've seen it in their eyes. Their main thing is wanting name, fame and success. I want progress and this band wants progress. Success is for one cat, but progress you can share with everybody.

"I saw myself on the *Midnight Special*, and I was really proud. I don't feel arrogant or weird about it, but what I saw knocked me out. We were sweating. We didn't look cute. We weren't in satin suits and makeup, playing only one chord on the guitar. We were actually putting out, manifesting something from within ourselves. You know, I never went on Dick Clark's show, I never wanted to be on his show, though it's supposed to be a great honor. I can't do anybody's show when they don't let me play for real, and just want me to lip sync.

"I never listened much to bebop," Carlos admits. "It was a little bit distant to me. I like some of the things, but it doesn't fascinate me. Chuck Berry fascinates me. He may not be as profound as Art Tatum, but he's the one who knocks me out. I listen to Charlie Christian, I listen to a lot of Django Reinhardt.

"I *do* keep going back to Django. He was playing stuff that Jimi Hendrix played, that Wes Montgomery picked up on. If anybody asked me who is the greatest of modern guitar players, as far as I'm concerned, it's between Django and Mahavishnu.

"Then I also keep going back to Miles, because he's always moving on. When I do my own album, as Devadip, I think I can get out and stretch a bit, collaborate, and get away from commercialism and simplicity where simplicity is just for the listener's sake. I can do something like *Love, Devotion, Surrender*, or *Illuminations*, where I touch new ground.

"There are lot of people trying to break down walls, like Ray Barretto and Eddie Palmieri—he's one of the best known in Latin music but I think eventually he'll start using synthesizers and all because he's got the soul and imagination to cope with the possibilities of today. Bringing Spanish to the radio is not an obstacle. The radio played *Volare*, which became a tremendous hit. If the people want to hear something infectious, they don't care if it's in German or Russian. If it has enough sincerity, eventually they'll say, 'I think I'll go to the library and find out what they're talking about.' **db**

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

York River Club: *John Bunch* (Mon., Tues.): *Frank Owens* (Wed., Thurs.); *David Daniels* (Fri., Sat.).

Surf Maid: *JoAnne Brackeen* (Thurs.-Sat.).

Kings Palace (Brooklyn): Bi-weekly tribute by *Harold Ousley* to living musicians.

Arthur's: *Mabel Godwin*, piano.

Folk City: *Albert Dailey* & Friends (Sun. 4-8 PM).

New School: National Jazz Ensemble w/ guest *Mike Brecker* (4/23).

Larson's: *Ellis Larkins* w/ *Bill Popp* (Tues.-Sat.).

Pip's Lounge (Clifton, N.J.): *Matrix* Nonet (Mon.); other groups weekends.

Three Sisters (West Paterson, N.J.): *Vic Cenicola & Teddy Zaremba Quartet* w/ *Renee Craig* (Sun.); *Dave Tesar Quartet* (Mon.); *Wild Fire* (Tues.); *Jazz Conformation* (Wed.); *North Jersey Co.* (Thurs.); big name groups weekends.

Ethical Humanist Society (Garden City, L.I.): International Art of Jazz: *IAJ Ensemble* (4/17).

One Station Plaza (Bayside, Queens): *Brian Torff & Ted Piltzecker* (Tues.).

Studio Wis.: *Warren Smith's Composers Workshop Ensemble* (Mon.).

Creative Music Studio (Woodstock, N.Y.): Spring session thru May.

Mannes School Of Music: *Jack Reilly Trio* improvisation workshop (thru 4/7).

Village Corner: *Jim Roberts Jazz Septet* (Sun. 2-5); *Lance Hayward* or *Jim Roberts* other days.

The Ladies' Fort: Live loft jazz festival: *Sheila Jordan* (4/7); *David Murray* (4/8); *Frank and Jay Clayton* & friends (4/9); *Philadelphia Art Ensemble* (4/10); *Fred Farell w/ Asoka* (4/11); *Tommy Turrentine* (4/12); *Bennie Wallace Quartet* (4/13); *Royal Blue & the C.B. Band* (4/14); *Sonelius Smith & Spaces* (4/15); *Sam Brown & Art Jenkins Big Band Experience* (4/16); *Ndikho Xaba & the Natives* (4/17); *The Palace All Stars:* Poetry & Jazz Ensemble w/ *Richie Cole* (4/18); *Jemeel Moondog Ensemble/Muntu* (4/19); *Clifford Jordan* (4/20); *Billy Lyles* (4/21).

Windows On The World: *John Scully Trio* w/ *Jim Mitchell and Bill Pemberton* (Tues.-Sun. thru 4/10).

Smucker's (Brooklyn): *Earl Klugh* (4/8-9); *Vicki Sue Robinson* (4/10-12); *Sonny Fortune* (4/14-16); *Patti Austin* (4/17-19); *David Sanborn/Ralph MacDonald* (opens 4/21).

New York University (Loeb Student Center): *Philip Glass Ensemble* (4/21).

Storyville: *Illinois Jacquet* (4/12-16); Jazz Interactions Sunday Sessions: *Chuck Green* (dancer) w/ *Tiny Grimes, Matthew Gee, Sonny Payne*, others (4/10); *Jeremy Steig-Eddie Gomez Duo/Brass Proud* (4/17).

Rutgers University (Livingston College, New Brunswick, N.J.): Tribute to Duke Ellington w/ *Sonny Greer, Harold Ashby, Russell Procope* (4/19).

Rutgers University (Paul Robeson Center, Newark, N.J.): *Larry Young* w/ *Freddie Waits* (4/20).

Westbury Music Fair (Westbury, L.I.): *The Spinners* (4/12-17).

Skinflints (Brooklyn): *Mike Mandel* (Thurs.).

Environ: *Don Pullen Trio* (4/15-16).

Barbara's: *Bob January* featuring *Shahida Sands* (Sun. 3-7 PM); jazz all week.

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Carnegie Recital Hall: Rutgers University Composers: *Larry Ridley* & *Noel DaCosta* (4/11).

Hopper's: *Damita Jo* (thru 4/9); *Monty Alexander* (opens 4/11).

Village Vanguard: *Hal Galper Quintet* (thru 4/10); *Betty Carter* (opens 4/15); *Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra* (Mon.).

Gulliver's (West Paterson, N.J.): *Jackie Paris & Anne Marie Moss* (4/8-9); *Herb Ellis Trio* (4/15-16); *Roland Hanna & the N.Y. Jazz Quartet*

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w/ *Frank Wess, George Mraz & Richard Pratt* (4/22-23); *Carl Berry* (4/11); *Herb Ellis* (4/18); *Nina Sheldon* (4/6); *Joe Lee Wilson* (4/13); *Rosemary Conte* (4/20); *Don Coates* (4/7); *Red Richards* (4/12, 14, 17, 19, 21).

All's Alley: *Frank Foster & the Loud Minority* w/ *Charlie Persip & Earl May* (Mon.); other groups (Tues.-Sat.).

Bar None: *Dardanelle* at the piano.

Crawdaddy: *Sammy Price & Friends* (Mon.-Fri.).

Eddie Condon's: *Red Balaban & Cats* (Mon.-Sat.); guest artist (Tues.); guest group (Sun.).

Gaslight Club: *Sam Ulano & the Speakeasy Four.*

Gregory's: *Al Haig Trio* (Mon.-Tues.); *Brooks Kerr w/ Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, Alicia Sherman* (Wed.-Sun.); *Gene Roland* (Mon.-Sat. 4-8 PM); *Warren Chiasson, Earl May, Cedar Walton* (Sun. 5:30-9 PM).

Hotel Carlyle: *George Shearing* (Cafe Carlyle); *Marian McPartland* (Bemelman's Bar).

Jazzmania Society: *Jazzmania All Stars.*

Jimmy Ryan's: *Roy Eldridge* (Tues.-Sat.); *Max Kaminsky* (Sun. & Mon.).

Office Bar: (Nyack, N.Y.): *Danny Stiles Big Band* (Wed.).

St. Peters Church (Central Synagogue): *Jazz Vespers* (Sun. 5 PM).

LOS ANGELES

Concerts By The Sea: *Carmen McRae* (4/5-10); *Mongo Santamaria* (4/12-17); *Freddie Hubbard* (4/19-24); *Earl Klugh* (4/26-5/1); *Bill Evans, Art Farmer/Cedar Walton Trio* (5/3-8); *Rahsaan Roland Kirk* (5/10-15); *Eddie Harris* (5/17-6/5); *Esther Phillips* (6/7-12).

The Lighthouse: *Pharoah Sanders* (4/26-5/1); for further info call 372-6911.

U.C.L.A.: *Tashi* (4/15); *Modern Jazz Quartet* (4/29); *U.C.L.A. Jazz Festival* (5/27, 28, 29) featuring *Herbie Hancock, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Thelonious Monk* (tent.); *Grover Washington, Jr., Dexter Gordon/Woody Shaw, Mel Lewis*, etc.

Santa Monica Civic: *Chick Corea* (4/8); *Jean-Luc Ponty* (4/16); *Gato Barbieri* (5/22);

Hollywood Palladium: *Gino Vannelli* (4/15, tent.); *Billy Preston* (5/24); *Salsa Concert* (5/29) featuring *Ray Barretto & Johnny Pacheco.*

Donte's: Jazz all week; top studio musicians; details 769-1566.

Hop Singh's: (Marina Del Rey): Top name jazz, pop, and blues.

Roxy: Rock, occasional jazz; 878-2222.

Parisian Room: Top name jazz artists all week; details 936-0678.

Sand Dance (Long Beach): Jazz Thurs.-Sat. details 438-2026.

Baked Potato: *Seawind* (Mon.); *Lee Ritenour* (Tues.); *Don Randi* (Wed.-Sat.); *Plas Johnson* (Sun.).

The Cellar: *Les DeMerle and Transfusion* plus guests (Sun. and Mon.); clinics and seminars (Tues.).

The Improvisation: Jazz every Mon.; details 651-2583.

Odyssey Theatre (West L.A.): Jazz every Mon.; for information call 826-1626. *George Cables, Rudolf Johnson, Henry Franklin* often.

Century City Playhouse: New music concerts on Sun. and Tues.; details 474-8685 or 475-8388.

Redondo Lounge: Jazz nightly; *Art Pepper* often; details 372-1420.

Jazz Gallery (Studio City): Jazz Wed.-Sat.; details 761-1101.

Emanuel United Church (85th and Holmes): *Horace Tapscott* and *Pan Afrikan Peoples Arkestra* (last Sun. of every month).

Eagle Rock High School: Jazz concerts (2nd Sun. of month) artists include *Don Ellis, Blue Mitchell, Shelly Manne, Roger Kellaway, Bobby Bryant, Garnett Brown, Earl Palmer, Ray Pizzi, Oscar Brashear, John Rinaldo*, etc.

Hungry Joe's: Various artists (Tues.-Sat.).

Studio Cafe (Balboa): Jazz all week; details 714-675-7760.

Jimmy Smith's Supper Club: *Jimmy Smith* plus special guests (Thurs.-Sat.); jam session (Mon.).

CHICAGO

Jazz Showcase: *Hank Crawford* (3/30-4/3); *Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis* (4/6-9, tent.); *Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra* (4/11-14); *Barney Kessel/Herb Ellis* (4/20-24); *Kenny Burrell* (5/4-8); *Dexter Gordon* (5/18-22); *Yusef Lateef* (5/25-29); call 337-1000 for details.

Ratso's: *Jimmy Smith* (3/30-4/3); *Arthur Prysock* (4/6-10); *Eddie Harris* (4/15-17); *Jean Carn/Dexter Wansel* (4/20-24); call 935-1505 for details.

Ivanhoe Theatre: Name jazz and contemporary music nightly; call 929-1777 for information.

Amazingrace: Name jazz and contemporary music regularly; call 328-2489 for details.

Quiet Knight: *Papa John Creach* (4/8-10); *Ralph McTell* (4/13-14); call 348-7100 for information.

Wise Fools Pub: *Roger Pemberton Big Band* (Mon.); *Memphis Nighthawks* (Sun.); blues acts regularly; call 929-1510 for details.

Uptown Theatre: *Gregg Allman Band* (4/8); *Chick Corea and Return to Forever* (4/23).

Auditorium Theatre: *Rufus/Brothers Johnson* (4/15); *Average White Band/Wild Cherry* (5/11).

Ron's Pub: Jazz regularly with *Tommy Ponce, Yikes, Jeanne Lambert.*

Orphan's: *Ears* (Tues.); *Joe Daley* (Wed.); call 929-2677 for information.

Rick's Cafe Americain: Jazz nightly; call 943-9200 for information.

Enterprise Lounge: *Von Freeman* (Mon.).

Elsewhere: Blues nightly; call 929-8000 for information.

Backroom: Jazz nightly; call 944-2132.

SAN FRANCISCO

Keystone Korner: *Bennett Friedman* (4/4, 4/18); *Ellis-Liebman Band* (4/11); *Earl Klugh* (4/19-24); *Listen* (4/25); *Mary Lou Williams Trio* (4/26-5/8); call 781-0697 for details.

Great American Music Hall: *Ralph Towner and John Abercrombie* (4/5); *Gary Burton* and *Michael Howell* (4/8-9); *Sarah Vaughan* (4/15-16); *Boys of the Lough* (4/22-23); *Stephane Grappelli* (4/27-29); *Woody Herman* (4/30); *Oregon* (5/4-5).

Old Waldorf: Blues and jazz most nights; call 397-3884 for information.

U. C. Berkeley (Bear's Lair): *Art Lande* (4/7); *Joint Effort* (4/14); *Night Flyte* (4/21); *Pyramids* (4/28).

Blue Dolphin: *Water Music w/Robert Haven* (4/7); *Pyramids* (4/8-9, tent.); *Mel Ellison* (4/15-16); *Frank Smith* (4/23); *ESP Ensemble* (4/23); *Continuum* (4/28); *To* (4/29); *Port Costa Players* (4/30); call 824-3822 for details.

Boarding House: *Robert Klein* (4/7-9); call 441-4333 for complete schedule.

Berkeley Square: *Art Lande and Rubisa Patrol* (Mon.); *Brian Cook Trio* (Wed.); *Jon Burr* (Thurs.); *Casa Bonita Garden Orchestra* (Fri.); *Lee Harris* (Sat. and Sun.); call 843-6733 for complete schedule.

The City: *Charles Pierce* (4/5-24); *Liz Torres* (4/26-5/8); call 391-7920 for details.

Gatsby's (Sausalito): Jazz and blues; call 332-4500 for details.

Reunion: Jazz and salsa most nights; call 346-3248 for details.

Green Earth Cafe: Blues, rock, jazz most Mondays; call 861-0060.

Inn of the Beginning (Cotati): Jazz most Mondays; call (707) 795-3481 for details.

Sweetwater (Mill Valley): *Jules Broussard* (Wed.-Sun.).

KJAZ-FM Jazz Hotline: (415) 521-9336.

PHILADELPHIA

Academy of Music: *Grover Washington, Jr.* (4/2-3); *Chuck Mangione* (4/11); *Ella Fitzgerald* (4/17); *Billy Joel* (4/28-29); *Herbie Mann* (5/1).

At Large (Ardmore): Occasional concerts; call for information.

The Big Play (Manayunk): *Richard "Groove" Holmes* (Wed.); jam sessions (Mon.); call 482-2626 for details.

The Bijou Cafe: Occasional concerts; call 735-4444 for information.

The Borgia Tea Room: *Bob Cohen Trio* (Sat.); *Donna Jean Glasgow* (Fri.).

Brando's: Jazz twice a week; call 545-9370 for information.

Cafe Society: *Ted Greike* (weeknights); *Ted Greike Duo* (weekends) call MA7-3230 for information.

Calvary Church: *Jon Minnis and Big Band* (4/3); *Walt Dickerson* (4/10); *Vagabond King Recording Company* (4/17); *Byard Lancaster* (5/1).

Carroll's: *John Bonnie/Ace Tesone Quartet* (Tues. and Wed.); *Lex Humphries/Jimmy Johnson Quartet* (Thurs.-Sat.); call 545-9310 for information.

Dino's Lounge: Big names and local talent; call 382-8363 for details.

Ethical Culture Society: Occasional concerts; call PE5-3456 for information.

Foxhole Cafe: Big names, avant garde; call 222-8556 for info.

Gert's Lounge: *Herb Nix Trio* (Thurs.-Sun.); jam sessions (Mon.).

Grendels's Lair: Jazz Monday nights; call WA3-5559.

Khyber Pass: *Paul Woznicki* (4/1-2); *Heath Allen/Steve Marcucci Duo* (4/8-9; 4/29-30); *Airwaves* (4/22-23); *George Bishop/Rich Iannacone Duo* (Mon.).

Letters: *Oasis* (4/3); jazz Sundays at 9 PM; call 546-5099 for information.

Long March Coffeehouse: *Bill Lewis and Us*, other local jazz; call WA5-1256 for details.

The Painted Bride: *Julius Hemphill/Abdul Wadud Duo* (4/4); *Equinox* featuring *Devon Leonard* and *Thomas Lawton* (4/18); *Middy Middleton Quintet* (4/25); *Byard Lancaster Trio* (5/2).

Royal Cafe: *Hollis Floyd* combo (Thurs. and Fri.).

The Tower Theatre: *Joan Armatrading* (4/1); *Tangerine Dream* (4/13).

University of Pennsylvania: *Paul Winter Consort* (4/16); call 243-5284 for information.

PHOENIX

Dooley's: *Bob Meighan Band* (4/4); *Jean-Luc Ponty* (4/11); *Pure Prairie League* (4/19); *10cc/PFM* (tent., 4/24); *Les McCann* (5/3); *Mel Tillis* (5/23).

Mabel Murphy's: *Charles Lewis Quintet* (Sun.-Wed.).

Varsity Inn: *Grant Wolf's Night Band* (4/18, 5/2, 5/9).

Scottsdale Center: *Bill Evans Trio* (4/30).

Century Sky Room: *Howard Gayle Trio* (Fri.-Sat.).

Marvin Gardens: *Francine Reed/Monopoly* (Thurs.-Sat.); *George Souza/Threshold* (Sun.); *Threshold* (Wed.).

Boojum Tree: *Harvey Truitt Trio* (to 4/23); *Jimmy Witherspoon* (4/24-26); *Joel Robin Trio* (4/27 on); *Eddie Harris* (5/8-10); *Mike Hoffman* (Sun.).

Civic Plaza: *Genesis* (3/29); *Marshall Tucker* (4/14); *Grover Washington Jr.* (4/30).

A.S.U.: Large ensembles (4/5); *Dan Haerle*, solo piano (4/12); Herb Johnson Jazz Scholarship Benefit (4/19); Jazz Arts Quartet (4/26); Jazz Forum (Wed.).

Tucson Doubletree: *Maynard Ferguson* (4/6).

KXTC (92.3 FM): all jazz radio.

Celebrity Theatre: *Dirt Band* (3/26); *Renaissance/Gentle Giant* (4/1); *Harry Chapin* (4/29).

Tempe Stadium: "World of Country" w/ *Asleep at the Wheel, Earl Scruggs, Ronnie Milsap*, others (5/14-15).

Unannounced venue: *Chick Corea/John Lee* (4/6).

NASHVILLE

Exit/In: *Willie Dixon and the Chicago All Stars* (4/4); *Gary Burton Quartet* (4/19-20).

Vanderbilt University: Third Annual Tennessee Jazz Festival featuring *Stan Kenton and his Orchestra* and others (4/7-9).

One Eyed Jack's: *Michael Paris and Paradise* (Wed.-Sat.).

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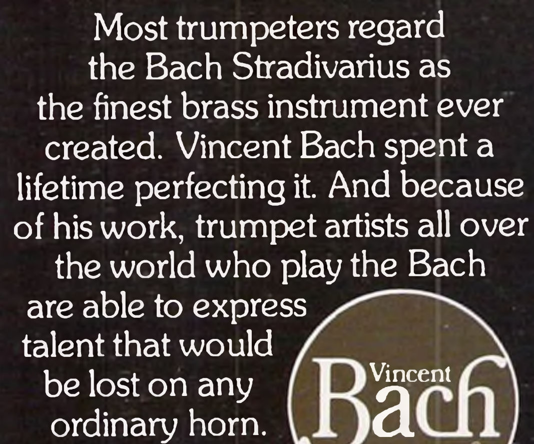

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