

FEBRUARY 23, 1978

60c

the contemporary
music magazine

down beat

Part II
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Produce a Radio
Commercial

AL DiMEOLA

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KHAN**

**BUDDY
RICH**


talks with

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DRUM BEAT!

■ Spot Light on Max Roach

The many talents of Max Roach encompass the artistry of his many years as a performer, instructor, recording artist, and leader of his own quartet and percussion ensemble, M'Boom, re; Percussion. In addition to being an outstanding drummer, his formal percussion background was as a Timpanist, studying at the Manhattan School of Music.



Max continues his teaching at the University of Massachusetts as an artist in residence. He is also scheduled to appear at the Seventh International Percussion Symposium, June 25 - July 1, 1978 on the campus of East Carolina University in Greenville, North Carolina. The direction of his symposium clinics will be the development of the drum set as a solo instrument.

■ **Roach "On The Road"** An extensive touring schedule for the percussion ensemble is planned, beginning with a six week European tour slated for this summer. The Max Roach Quartet will perform at the 1978 Newport Jazz Festival and tour Europe and Japan in late Spring of this year.

■ **"On The Record" with Roach** The Roach discography continues to grow with the release of a live performance of the ensemble recorded at Loodstreet Festival Hall on the Japan RVC label, produced by Max Roach. Yet to be released is Max's outfit solo recording "Dedication" on the same label. A series of duets with Archie Shepp and Dollar Brand will be available later this year.

■ **Percussion Workshop No. 2** Much of the Max Roach influence in today's music and modern drumming, stems from his philosophy on being a "complete musician" and his own background. A percussionist must be totally involved with theory, harmony and composition. With a working knowledge of these basics, the drum set can be explored as a solo voice, using the players developed technique and facility to adapt to any playing situation. As much time as possible should be spent practicing and performing under variable conditions. A performance should be considered a learning experience, whether it be a marching band, rock concert or wedding. Experimenting with the total sound possibilities of your instrument will make your ultimate sound more creative and interesting to the other musicians and audience. Never consider any playing obstacle too large to interfere with the quality of your performance. Keeping the "Accent on Percussion" will make the drummer perform beyond being a time keeper. The artist will then develop his solo as an equal voice in any ensemble.

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education in jazz

by Al DiMeola

I went to Berklee when I was 17 (in 1973) and fresh out of high school.

Berklee was my first choice for a number of reasons: it had, and, I guess, still has, the biggest and best guitar program in the country; it was supposed to be a great place to learn arranging and composition; there were teachers like Gary Burton; and alumni like Keith Jarrett, Alan Broadbent, the La-Barbera brothers, Gabor Szabo, Mike Gibbs, and others.

I wasn't disappointed. Berklee was everything I had expected. I still remember how exciting it was to be in a school (and city) where so much was happening.

Every class was exciting. Everything I learned in each class applied to my instrument. It was all related. I found the harmony and theory classes very helpful; the arranging classes were phenomenal—anything you wanted to know was open to you.

I soon found that I was developing my own technique and what I hoped to be my own style in the midst of a very active, busy school.

I left Berklee after my first year to join Barry Miles for about six months. Then after I had returned to Berklee, Chick Corea called me for Return to Forever. (He had heard me with Barry.) Things have been very busy since.

I strongly recommend Berklee to student musicians who are serious about their music. I would caution them, however, that it's not a place for hobbyists or casual players. The pace is fast and the work demanding, but I know of no other learning experience that is more valuable.



(Al DiMeola is currently recording his second album for Columbia.)

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the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

This issue features two guitar players, Al DiMeola and Steve Khan, who both began their playing on some other instrument. And while their playing career now centers on picking and plucking, their interest in other instruments remains active. Their arranging and composing and recording work requires a constant involvement with other instruments.

A particular kind of crossover—from one family of instruments to another—is characteristic of most down beat readers. Of the more than 100,000 persons who will buy this issue via subscription, newsstand or music store, about 96 per cent own and play an average of 4.1 instruments each. As recently as 1975, the average was 3.3 instruments each. The sharp increase comes from instrumental crossovers accelerated by the multi-instrumental requirements of contemporary music, particularly the hard-to-label music played by DiMeola and Kahn.

About 52 per cent of all db reader-musicians own or play one or more guitar-type instruments as either principal or doubling instruments, in this order: acoustics, electrics, electric basses, banjos, mandolins, other. (More than 97,000 guitar-type instruments are owned by db musicians. An additional 300,000 guitar-like instruments are owned by db readers who share a copy bought by someone else.)

Each db guitar specialist owns an average of 4.2 guitars. (The serious amateurs and semipro must do as the big leaguers do.) These guitarists are most likely to also own and play: (1) keyboards, acoustic and/or electric; (2) wind or percussion instruments, because they probably played these instruments in the school band.

A survey of our guitar readers and what we glean from interviewing the pros reveal several interesting trends. During this year, there will be: strong demand for guitar synthesizers and sophisticated "controllable" sound modification devices, continued use of different guitars and different strings for different music styles, more guitar ensembles, increase in the number of school jazz combos and the employment of two or more guitar-family instruments in school jazz bands; and continued emphasis on a guitar-centered sound in virtually all contemporary music styles.

The "deebee" Student Recording Awards competition is rolling right along. Several hundred requests for Official Applications have been received. With their tapes and discs beginning to come in. Be aware that the final deadline for your recording, in any of nine categories, to be in our Chicago office is Friday, March 3. So, without further delay, use the coupon on page 42 to send today for the "deebee" Official Application. In the next issue, we'll have news of additional prizes for the winners whose names will be announced in the May 18 issue, out May 4.

Next issue keys on keyboard players, namely Armando Anthony Corea, Patrice Louise Rushen, Jack Wilson, Jr., and George Andrew Cables. There will also be a Profile of alto player Rene McLean. A horn player, Maynard Ferguson, undergoes the Blindfold Test.

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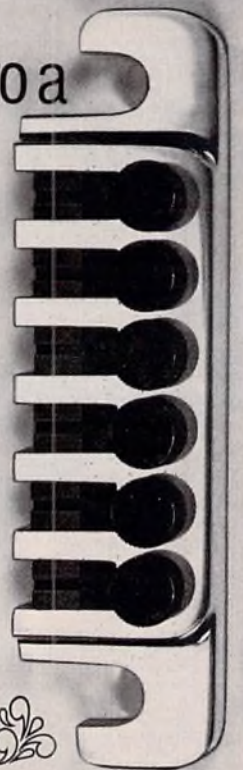
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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Thanks To All

I have been a loyal reader for years and I would like to thank you, and obviously the readers, for recognizing the superb talents of drummer Steve Gadd, bassist Jack Pastorius, reedman Jan Garbarek and rock/blues group Little Feat, as shown by the results of the 1977 Readers Poll.

For years I thought my cries (and votes) went unheeded; it's great to see that readers are finally cutting through the slick commercialism pervading so much of today's music to pick some artists so deserving of recognition.

Thanks to the readers—but moreso to **db** for keeping us aware of the new and upcoming!!

Ed Ross, Jr.

Carlisle, Pa.

Discography Feedback

Although I'm not connected with **db**, I would like to respond to Mr. Tucker's letter in (12/15/77).

It would be wonderful if any magazine article could provide a comprehensive discography of an artist featured in its pages. But it's obvious you don't realize the scope of such an ongoing project. In the case of veteran jazz artists, the problems provided are worthy of an article in itself. Take Dizzy Gillespie, for example. His career extends over 30 years of recording under his own name. There is a 27-page booklet available in Europe covering his various record dates (and of course, it's out of date now).

Or let's choose someone like George Coleman. Do you realize that George has hardly any albums under his own name, but has appeared (with lots of solo space) on over 30 albums—I'm still trying to find out what they are and I've been working on it for three months!

There's also the problems of European and Japanese imports and dozens and dozens of reissues (and what about the previously unreleased tracks they include in some reissues?).

In simpler terms—it's easier said than done. What we need is an institutional program of some sort for the jazz record collector. Not just a few universities, but something or some place accessible to everyone who likes jazz music. As long as jazz is tied to the dollar, or even the free enterprise system, this probably won't happen. In the meantime, if you're into it, most of the information is available. All it takes is time—lots more time than it takes to write a "simple" article on a musician.

Berigan Taylor

Berkeley, Cal.

Open Letter To Ron

Dear Ron Carter,

I feel an obligation to say something in response to the tepid review of *Piccolo* which included references like "country-western twang," "directionless," "limited," etc., truly remarks more applicable to the review itself.

Nothing was said about *Sunshower*, Kenny Barron's composition, which is the major statement on the album (perhaps the reviewer didn't bother to listen to it).

Nothing was said about the beautiful double-stops you executed.

Nothing was said about the magnificent development of your solo.

Many thanks from myself and other veteran musicians who play here in the Philly area for a truly unique and beautiful LP on a unique and beautiful instrument; many thanks for the joy and excitement.

Cullen Offer

Magnolia, N.J.

Clarinet Crusader

I greatly enjoyed your recent article on Benny Goodman (11/17). A recording of Benny's Carnegie Hall performance of *I've Got Rhythm* was what first really turned me on to jazz. I have had the pleasure of hearing one of his rare live performances here recently. I'm presently a senior in high school and am

thinking seriously of pursuing a career in music. Not unlike Benny, my own musical training began in classical music, and I steadfastly believe that all jazz performers should have a solid classical background (and vice versa).

The decline in the use of the clarinet as a jazz instrument has worried me. It is due in part to the overamplification of modern music and the highly technical aspects introduced in bebop. It is easier to express oneself (and be heard) on a saxophone than on a clarinet. The clarinet is, however, a unique form of expression, unequalled in tone or range, and can fit nicely into much of the new music played today. I believe that, like the soprano sax, the clarinet will make its reemergence into the mainstream of jazz soon.

Laird Halling

Portland, Ore.

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NEWS

CLARINETS ON PARADE

ARNOLD JAY SMITH



Clarinet Go Wild at Broomusic.

NEW YORK—Yet another loft has opened for music. It's called Broomusic, simply because it is located on Broome Street, or rather above it.

Offering the unusual in the form of loft jazz, Broomusic has been showcasing new talent while presenting some established names as well. One such performance was recently given. Entitled "Homage To The Clarinet," it presented an octet of clarinets and bass clarinets. The group included Michael Moss, Perry Robinson, Ken Simon, Michael Lyttle, Suzanne Marcus, John Zorn, Roseann Whitecage and Peter Kuhn.

You couldn't tell the players without having known them before, nor could you tell the source of the sounds due to the similarity of the instruments. The music was somewhat cacophonous and was totally improvisational. It became almost painful at times. At one point in *Please Open Please*, some players took mouthpieces from off the barrels and played furiously.

It was an unusual gathering of musicians in that it is rare to see clarinets, let alone in such profusion. With Robinson in charge, the choir could get some ensemble works written for it and begin performing as a regular unit.

BUFFALO THUNDER

BUFFALO—Looking back on 1977, it was a good year for jazz in Buffalo. From January to December there has been a steady growth of live jazz, so that now there are about a dozen clubs offering live jazz on a regular basis. In addition, the first annual Art Park Jazz Festival provided Buffalo with its first major jazz festival since the 1950s. Plans for the 1978 Art Park Jazz Festival are already in the works.

To salute the end of another year of abundant jazz activity in Buffalo, the Tralfamadore Cafe put on a rousing jazz festival of its own for the entire month of December. There was a corresponding jazz radio marathon as each group was broadcast live (in stereo) by WBFO-FM (88.7).

It began December 2, 3 and 4 with a trio led by violinist Leroy Jenkins, with Muhal Richard Abrams on piano and Andrew Cyrille on percussion. Their performance was well-received. Also in town that weekend was the Sonny Fortune Quintet (with longtime Fortune associates bassist Wayne Dockery and drummer Chip Lyle) at the Katharine Cornell Theatre and Stanley Turrentine at the Downtown room of the Statler Hilton.

Mose Allison, whose last Buffalo appearance was as an opening act for Bonnie Raitt, came to the Tralfamadore for two nights. He was followed by the Eddie Henderson Sextet with Dave Liebman and Julian Priester.

There was more cause for celebration for jazz fans in Buffalo. WBFO, a station that programs over 72 hours of jazz per week, announced a power increase (21,400 watts) that will more than double its potential audience. The work is scheduled to begin March 6 and should be completed by the end of the summer.

POTPOURRI

Thad Jones' brief span as guest conductor for the **Danish Radio Big Band** ends in March. The **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** outfit, which has been continuing strong under the leadership of Mel, will start a big spring tour on March 30.

Fun and Games Dept.: CTI bossman **Creed Taylor** has filed a \$10 million lawsuit against **Warner Brothers** and **George Benson**, charging the duo with breach of contract.

If you've heard a rather unique commercial on television for **Steely Dan's** smash *Aja* album, the voiceover was done by none other than songstress **Eartha Kitt**. Could it be that she will join **Fagen/Becker** on future recordings?

The latest infection in the punk rock craze is a New York group tagged the **Bags**. Possibly inspired by the smash success of *The Gong Show's* paper hero, **The Bag Man**, the band members prowling the streets of the Apple outfitted with various bags on their noggins. **Kiss** fans are said to be outraged.

Carla Bley has assembled a new group that should produce some unusual sounds. The lineup consists of Bley, conductor, assorted instruments; **Michael Mantler**, trumpet; **Gary Windo**, tenor sax; **Alan Braufman**, alto sax; **John Clark**, french horn and guitar; **Roswell Rudd**, trombone; **Bob Stewart**, tuba; **Terry Adams**, piano; **Don Preston**, synthesizer; **Patti Preiss**, bass guitar; and **Andrew Cyrille**, drums.

A new Canadian TV program

called *Peter Appleyard Presents* is being distributed throughout North America. The series, which concentrates on dixieland jazz, is hosted by vibraphonist **Peter Appleyard**.

The **Percussive Arts Society** has just released a newly revised edition of *Solo And Ensemble Literature For Percussion*. The listing totals some 90 pages and is divided into categories such as snare drum solos, percussion ensembles, etc. Composers, number of players and publishers are included and, in most cases, level of difficulty. The compilation is the result of a P. A. S. committee project headed by **F. Michael Combs**. Copies may be obtained from the Percussive Arts Society, 130 Carol Drive, Terre Haute, Indiana 47805.

Janus Records has entered the jazz reissue craze by picking up the rights to the old **Candid Jazz** catalog. Established in 1960 by **Archie Bleyer**, the catalog features vintage items by such artists as **Charles Mingus**, **Richard Williams**, **Phil Woods**, the **Toshiko-Mariano Quartet** and **Steve Lacy**.

The annual **New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival** will be held from April 6-13. Those already booked for the week-long fest include **Count Basie**, **Muddy Waters**, **Herbie Hancock** and **Dave Brubeck**.

George Shearing recently led a group of British musicians in a TV special. The blind pianist recently disbanded his U. S. quintet.

REWARD FOR RAHSAAN MEMENTO

NEW YORK—The memorial book that was signed by visitors at the funeral services for the late **Rahsaan Roland Kirk** is missing.

Mrs. **Dorothann Kirk**, **Rahsaan's** widow, called **db** to ask for assistance.

"It means more to me than it could possibly mean to some autograph hunter," Mrs. Kirk tearfully said. "Why would anyone want to deprive **Rahsaan's** loved ones from having this one memento?"

An immediate plea went out to the holder of the book via radio station **WRVR-FM** in NYC with a special "thank you" non-editorial by station manager **Robert Orenbach**. In addition, the **Louis Braille Foundation For Blind Musicians** has offered a \$100 re-

ward for the safe return of the book. All names will be kept confidential and anyone involved will be absolved of all repercussions once it is returned.

Mrs. Kirk has also gone on television with morning man **Stanley Siegel** to request the person or persons to send the book back.

Anyone with information regarding the book's whereabouts is asked to contact **WRVR, db** East Coast Editor **A. J. Smith**, or the **Louis Braille Foundation** at 215 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003, 212-982-7290.

"Everyone has been so nice about **Rahsaan's** passing; I can't believe something like this has happened," Mrs. Kirk stated. "I want to thank everybody who sent messages of sympathy."

NEWS

ST. PETER'S REOPENS

NEW YORK—A brand spanking new St. Peter's Church recently officially reopened for parishioners and the general public. Tucked in a prominent corner of this city's new Citicorp Center on Lexington Avenue between East 53rd and 54th Streets, the new church features a chapel, a "living room" antechamber and the Duke Ellington rehearsal facility.

The chapel can be viewed from the street by wide windows that look down upon the below street-level church. The organ, an intricate pipe affair, also can be seen from the street because the design is such that the pipes rise to the street level.

After opening ceremonies and a vespers service hosted by the Reverend Doctor Ralph Edward Peterson, senior pastor, and Reverend John Garcia Gensel, associate pastor, the traditional jazz vespers annual All-Nite Soul began. None of the notable speakers (such as Mayor Edward Koch) hung around to enjoy

the sounds, but enough of the invited guests did, so that the lines for the general public ran around the block in the sub-freezing degrees most of the night and into the morning.

Participants during the All-Nite Soul program included Billy Taylor, Bobby Short, the Dave Chesky Band, Kenny Burrell, Arnie Lawrence, Tom Harrell, Paul Knopf and numerous other jazz folk. One of the highlights of this, the 12th anniversary of Jazz Vespers, was a group led by drummer Jo Jones, Jr. which featured Harrell, on trumpet, Bob Berg, tenor sax, and Masuo on guitar. Lawrence did his own set and sat in with the Chesky band, whose big sound is thin on the rhythmic side.

The church itself is a splendor, highlighted by a strikingly airy design. With skylights for sunlight, the sanctuary holds out the invitation "Welcome To Saint Peter's." This is sincerely echoed by the minister to the jazz flock, Reverend Gensel.

SOUTH AFRICAN FEST

LAS VEGAS—Monk Montgomery recently returned from a journey to South Africa. The U.S. State Department and the South African government co-endorsed a mid-December concert in Maseru by Dizzy Gillespie and company. On the same bill were many U.S. jazz professor/musicians, among them saxophonist

Frank Foster, keyboardist Kenny Barron, drummer Freddie Waits, bassist Larry Ridley and guitarist Ted Dunbar.

Monk and his entourage stayed an extra seven days following the concert, for the purpose of conducting clinics. The on-going program also features exchange scholarships.

CELEBRATING YEAR ONE

NEW YORK—The Universal Jazz Coalition, an organization formed by Cobi Narita to promote and promulgate jazz in New York and environs, recently celebrated its first year of existence with a nine-hour bash at the Village Gate.

Co-chairmen for the gala event were Bob James and Dizzy Gillespie, neither of whom were among the 50-odd musicians who took part in the festivities. Gillespie, however, made a speech praising Narita's contributions and devotion to the arts.

It was a jam session affair led by such artists as David Amram, Hank Jones and Barry Harris, and including Percy Heath, Clifford Jordan, Ray Mantilla, Cecil

Payne and Larry Ridley. The bands of Frank Foster (The Loud Minority) and Hilton Ruiz (Salsa Space) played, as did Don Cherry on the douzon-n-gouni, a hunter's guitar from Mali.

In other moments, Dewey Redman was accompanied by Bob Cunningham, Eddie Moore and Mantilla. Byard Lancaster, Tom Pierson, Kirk Nurock and Andy Bey did solo spots. Others at the all-night session included the late Rahsaan Roland Kirk (his last appearance in New York), Ray Barretto, Jr. Mance, Major Holley, Woody Shaw, Bobby Hutcherson, Ruth Brisbane and Arnie Lawrence.

The UJC has been the sponsor of a series of Monday nights at the Gate.

NEW RELEASES

ECM has issued a quartet of new vinyl that includes *Hubris*, *Richard Beirach*; *Dance*, the *Paul Motian Trio*; *Deer Wan*, *Kenny Wheeler*; and *Waves*, *Terje Rypdal*.

Latecomers from Capitol include *Live And Kickin'*, the *Original Texas Playboys*; *Golden Time Of Day*, *Frankie Beverly and Maze*; and the debut album from soulster *Foster Sylvers*.

Atlantic adds are *Warmer Communications*, the *Average White Band*; *Make It Good*, *Prince Phillip Mitchell*; *The Last Of The Blue Devils*, *Jay McShann*, an album that begins the first in a new Atlantic jazz series; *Message From The Magic*, *Blue Magic*; *Pastiche*, *Manhattan Transfer*; *The Album*, *Abba*; *Jan Akkerman*, by the guitarist of the same name; and *The Piano Music Of Bix Beiderbecke*, *Duke Ellington*, *George Gershwin*, *James P. Johnson*, as rendered as by 26-year-old New Yorker *Ken*

Werner.
RCA's latest include *Kosmos*, *Isao Tomita*; *Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band Meets King Penett*, *Dr. Buzzard's O. S. B.*; *Half & Half*, *Vicki Sue Robinson*; *Waylon & Willie*, *Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson*; and *Adjoining Suites*, *Aztec Two-Step*. The label's *Bluebird* reissue series has been increased by the addition of *The Complete Benny Goodman—Vol. 5* and *The Complete Artie Shaw—Vol. 3*.

The Smithsonian Institution has released *Duke Ellington—1939*, the second disc in a series devoted to the late bandleader/composer's career.

United Artists has some new wax in the form of *Hold On*, *Noel Pointer*; *Puttin' On The Style*, *Lonnie Donegan*; *Love And Conversation*, *J. R. Bailey*; *Man From Wareika*, *Rico*; and *Once Upon A Dream*, *Enchantment*. db

Arizona Awards

TEMPE, AZ—Scholarships of \$600 each have been awarded two Arizona State University students by a local jazz organization founded last February.

Jazz in AZ (incorporated as Jazz in Arizona) gave its initial scholarships to Michael Jacobson and Tim Walters of Tempe.

Jacobson was in the fifth grade when he received his first saxophone and he continued playing it in junior and senior high school bands in Chandler.

He enjoys listening to Miles Davis, Cannonball Adderly, McCoy Tyner and symphonies.

Walters is from Miles City, Montana and heard jazz for the first time while at Montana State University—while watching the *Tonight* show. A trumpet player, he also wants to teach and play professionally. His wife is a vocal major at ASU. He also likes Miles Davis, along with Freddie Hubbard and Jack Sheldon.

Don Miller, Jazz in AZ president, says the organization has attracted close to 300 memberships statewide. It has sponsored three concerts and plans to sponsor a new series.

Wilder Scores Encore

NEW YORK—On the heels of their first successful season on Public Radio, *American Popular Song With Alec Wilder* has returned for a second season.

It began at the turn of the New Year with Mack Murphy singing Cy Coleman, followed a week later by Anita Ellis doing Burke and Van Heusen. January 15 saw Irene Kral singing *Swinging Songs Of The '70s*. Woody Herman (yes, the Woody Herman) sang *Mostly Blues* the week of January 22, while Bernie Knee sang *Vintage Bop Songs* the following week.

Wilder, who hosted the first series, is back at the helm with co-host Loonis McGlohon, a pianist and songwriter in his own right. "When the first series was concluded it was apparent that there were still great singers who had not been represented," Wilder said.

Wilder and the producers of the series, the South Carolina Educational Radio Network, have installed such "non-singers" as Herman and George Shearing, who has been known to sing a few bars now and again. Shearing will be heard on two successive weeks, March 12 and 19. Others in the series will be Portia Nelson and Hugh Shannon.

In New York, *American Popular Song* can be heard on WNYC-FM Thursdays at 10 p.m. Consult City Scene for complete details, or check local listings in your area.

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NEWS

PLEA FOR HELP

The following plea for assistance comes from Donn Bogert, Professor of Church Music at Toccoa Falls College in Toccoa Falls, Ga.:

You have probably already heard of the tragedy that struck our campus early Sunday morning, November 6th. Many of our students and several of our colleagues lost their lives when a wall of water burst from an earthen dam high up on campus and crashed through their homes while they slept. They will be sorely missed.

This same 30 foot wall of water also destroyed our music building. We lost 13 pianos, a pipe organ and an electric organ, plus assorted rhythm instruments. Approximately twenty thousand volumes of choral anthems were destroyed and four music professors lost their personal libraries. Our recording studio was also destroyed.

Please contact us if there is anything you would like to do to help. There are 50 voices in our college choir. We have been greatly encouraged by all who have helped so far, especially in assisting the survivors who have lost loved ones. Thank you.

Fund Drive Success

NEW YORK—WNET, the local PBS-TV outlet, held another fund drive recently and jazz played a major role.

One of the nights was wholly given over to jazz, both live and on tape. The taped segments included a not-critically-well-received performance of Benny Goodman with band, orchestra and small groups at the Wolf Trap Farm. That was followed by a repeated run of an old Timex jazz show starring Goodman, Duke Ellington, Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson, Tyree Glenn, Bobby Hackett, Doc Severinsen, Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie, Joe Williams, Dave Brubeck, Paul Desmond, Joe Morello, Eugene Wright, Dizzy Gillespie, Jimmy McPartland,

Max Kaminsky, Earl 'Fatha' Hines and Arvell Shaw. It was originally run in 1972 and has been shown four other times since.

The live portion was handled by Brooks Kerr, the pianist whose encyclopedic knowledge of Ellington and others is legendary in these parts. He is currently ensconced at Larson's, a restaurant on the east side of Manhattan.

A spokesperson for NET stated that it was the most successful of the 10-day drive for funds to continue programming. The Kerr segment drew phone calls that overloaded the switchboard with shrieks for more and kudos for programming live jazz on TV. The group included Russell Procope and Aaron Bell.

King Cohn Crowned

NEW YORK—In an affair that brought out fans and musicians alike, tenor saxist/composer/arranger Al Cohn was recently saluted here.

It was at the series "Highlights in Jazz" (which has presented three previous such salutes to Lionel Hampton, Zoot Sims and Milt Hinton) that Mr. Cohn's fellow Woody Herman bandmates, among others, turned out to pay tribute to their friend. Among the musicians who played were Sims, Marky Markowitz, Barry Harris, Mousey Alexander, Jimmy Raney, Joe Wilder, Pepper Adams and Hinton.

As usual, host Jack Kleinsinger presented all of the musicians in unique surroundings, with the highlight being a duet by

Cohn and Sims on *Zootcase* (a tune based on *Exactly Like You* "except for one note," Cohn added, thus avoiding any eavesdropping by ASCAP people).

Raney was his relaxed self, playing with rhythm only on two ballads. Harris's tasteful pianistics were evident on solo passages. He comped on *Body And Soul*, which was contained in a ballad medley that Joe Wilder later turned into a tour de force for his trumpet. His *That's All* literally stopped the show, so much that a scheduled bass solo by Hinton was hastily cancelled.

A plaque commemorating the occasion was presented by Elliott Lawrence, for whose band Cohn arranged. Even Al's wife, Flo, contributed a vocal.

Baker/Starker Premier

NEW YORK—Janos Starker, the famed cellist, recently premiered a piece written by David Baker for percussion and cello. Entitled *Singers Of Songs, Weavers Of Dreams* and subtitled *Homage To My Friends*, the seven movement composition was played by Starker and percussionist George Gabre at Carnegie Hall.

Baker and Starker met at the University of Indiana, where both teach. Starker liked what Baker had to say musically and they soon got the idea of doing something together. This was the result.

Each segment was dedicated to some personage in music and

titled simply by that person's familiar name. They are as follows: *Miles, Rollins, Yancey, Robeson, Trane, Duke and Dizzy*.

Sandwiched between two unaccompanied cello pieces by a pair of Starker's favorites, Bach and Kodaly, the *Homage* lent a different color to the concert. Perhaps it was a bit too much for the audience, as many squirmed uncomfortably during the less exciting moments.

One musician at the performance noted that Baker might have done well to add some other instruments (such as a string section) to support the two principals. This might also have allowed for more contrast.

FINAL BAR

Sam Brown, guitarist, whose playing technique took him from Bach to boogie, died here recently by his own hand. He was 38.

Brown had classical training under the tutelage of his father who was an operatic tenor in their native Baltimore. The elder Brown played violin, piano, flute and cornet. Sam began by studying piano at four and mandolin at six. Professionally, he played for a weekly TV show at 12 and also played guitar in his high school dance band.

While in the paratroopers, he learned to read music, later studying classical guitar with Joe Fava in Detroit. His other studies included the Mannes School of Music, Leonid Bolotine, Fred Wurle, and master classes with Julian Bream and Gustavo Lopez. His gigs included extended periods with Miriam Makeba, Astrud Gilberto, Ars Nova, Gary Burton, Keith Jarrett, Ron Carter, Herbie Mann and, most recently and steadily, with the Dave Matthews band at Stryker's in New York City.

"He was one of the best guitar players I ever heard," Matthews said. "We worked trio dates at places like Bradley's and Boomer's in N.Y. He had fast chops, but decided one day that he wanted to get into the music rather than continue studying technique. He would listen to Miles, Trane and Bill Evans to get into their heads." Brown was also strongly into Brazilian music. Matthews remembers: "He had records (from Brazil) by people most of us never heard of."

Sam had a penchant for the little known. "When we were on gigs, he would pull out tunes that his father used to sing for him," Matthews went on. "We never heard of them, but he would play them as if he had been doing it all his life, and we knew they might just have popped into his head. He had an uncanny instinct for the simplest voicing of chords in the most guitaristic fashion. It was like he was married to the instrument."

Local musicians were shocked at the news of Sam Brown's passing. Alto saxophonist Bob Mover paled when he was told. "We could have helped him, man. We knew it would come to this."

Many knew that Sam was ailing. He had undergone personality changes as a result of drugs and turned to alcohol. At one session, fellow band members remember his unending playing. "He wouldn't even stop between tunes; he just kept right on playing," one recalled. "He would walk out in the middle of a set. He looked weak and frail lately," another remarked.

Brown was in and out of hospitals, mostly voluntarily, sometimes after attempts at his own life. "No treatment helped him. He needed therapy that was not forthcoming," a close friend said.

Friend, student and fellow guitarist Jim Silberstein summed up Sam Brown. "He was a giving, warm human being. A nice ol' soul. He spent more time with me and other guitarists than he did with himself. His music speaks best; lyrical, like Bach might have wanted to hear guitar playing."

A service was held at St. Peter's Church, at which classical guitarist Louis Massana played, along with Wayne Wright on acoustic guitar and Midge Pike, bass. George Young played alto at the service as well.

Brown is survived by his daughter from a former marriage.

Score One For Elegance

AL DiMEOLA

BY HERB NOLAN



"How much of his music have you heard?" the Columbia Records lady in New York City had asked over the phone. "He won't exactly give you a quiz on it, but Al wants people to know his music when he talks to them. He wants people to like what he's doing—he'll try to convert you."

Winter was closing in on the Apple with grey, flu-bearing premeditation. Outside Bandana, just off Broadway, the weather didn't know whether it wanted to snow or rain, so it was doing both with bleak deliberation. Inside, guitarist Al DiMeola settled into a couch in Dee Anthony's office. Anthony is DiMeola's manager and he runs Bandana. He also manages Peter Frampton and Joe Cocker among others, and his office is lined with gold and platinum records. Dee Anthony is an undisputed heavyweight in the music business.

Al DiMeola, at 23 years old, is hurtling at mind-bending speed toward heavyweight status himself—if he hasn't already arrived. He placed third in the 1977 *down beat* Readers Poll behind Joe Pass and George Benson. *Record World* named him the best new artist of the year, and *Guitar Player* named him the best guitarist and voted his second album for Columbia, *Elegant Gypsy*, the best album of the year.

"If I ever win that," he said about the *db* poll, "boy, are you going to get Discord letters—'He's no jazz guitarist'—stuff like that."

DiMeola likes the polls and the awards—he likes them a lot. "To me winning an award is such a great thing, because it means that what you did got across. I don't care how much money I make; I don't care if I make any money as long as I get that award. Well, of course I want the money," he corrected, "but the award means so much. I didn't win it in *down beat*, but that's okay." He laughed self-consciously.

"Joe Pass is a great guitar player, he looks just like father. I swear to God."

DiMeola had been in Electric Lady studios until five a.m. that morning working on his third album for Columbia along with drummer Steve Gadd, Barry Miles on keyboards, bassist Anthony Jackson and percussionist Mingo Lewis. He is going back a little more than 12 hours later.

Since DiMeola has toured very little with his own band, it's safe to say that his evolving musical identity is contained for the most part in his first two solo recordings, *Land Of The Midnight Sun* and *Gypsy*. They represent his personal musical vision, one might say, based on inputs unique to his generation—electricity, strong polyrhythms, Latin and Eastern influences, the Beatles, James Brown, Chick Corea, Jimi Hendrix, Weather Report. Al DiMeola at the edge of stardom knows exactly what he's doing and where he wants to go.

"What I want to do on these first few albums is to establish myself solidly so whatever I do after that—whether it's an acoustic concerto or a symphony, which I'd like to do—will be accepted. Right now I feel good because I am establishing my sound, I'm not do-

The guitarist is intrigued by the music of the Mediterranean as well as Brazilian music. He is also intrigued with the relationship and similarity of Italian, Turkish, Spanish and Egyptian music.

"Any kind of music from the southern Mediterranean, wherever I've heard it—like Chick Corea playing Spanish music—I get pictures of the place, I really do—and that's the kind of concept I want from my music. In other words, if I write a piece of music, whenever it's played I want people to get that kind of picture. For example, with the Middle Eastern kind of scale you picture belly dancers. I mean, you don't get a picture of New York—it's fantastic. Basically, what I am doing is an extension of folk music, using the power of rock and the complexities of jazz scales with Latin rhythms.

"When I produce my records I like to approach it ... ah ... very mathematically," said DiMeola who controls almost every aspect of his album production. "I like to make certain that there's no rhythmic clash," he continued, focusing on a specific detail. "I'll have the drummer play a certain rhythm and I'll have the timbales play a certain rhythm that fits with the first rhythm. I'll never say just play what you feel," said DiMeola, who confided that drums are his first love. "I'll always say do it this way but don't improvise—you know what I mean? When it comes to a solo, that's when I like to hear improvisation. I usually don't like to hear free form playing at the head of a piece because it doesn't work. If you have a conga player getting a little loose, it doesn't excite me that much because I want to hear a strong rhythm section, and to me a strong rhythm section is one playing together in unity, not one going every which way. You hear so much of that on records, like the conga player bashing away during the melody section, and that makes it difficult to get into the rhythm. But when you have a rhythm section fitting closely, that's very exciting. I'm not talking in terms of the jazz context but more about the way Latins approach rhythm sections."

When DiMeola talks about his music he talks about direction—this direction, that direction. "See, it's hard for me when I say that direction because I can't give it a label. You have people calling it jazz and others calling it rock. Basically what's happened is that I've found my direction more. I knew what I wanted after the first album. Now there is a stronger direction in *Elegant Gypsy* and even a stronger direction on this new recording.

"On this new album," he continued, "I'm writing five of the seven tunes. One of the others is Chick's old tune, *Senor Mouse*. I happen to really love the tune, and I've always wanted to do it with Latin percussion. Then I do one of Mingo Lewis' tunes, which I do on every album, because I really dig the guy, and as far as traditional Latin percussion players go I think he's the most progressive—very solid, very strong and very energetic. It helps the music move and it helps the record a lot.

ing a jazz record over here or a standard rock album the next time. I've got one thing—this is my sound, this is my music. I don't want to confuse people. When you listen to me you know you are going to hear, some energetic, rhythmic music that's very melodic.

"I would call this new album," he said about the project that at the moment was consuming all his time and energy, "an extension of *Elegant Gypsy* with more Latin music. I also have a tune based on a Middle-Eastern type melody, but the rhythms are still Latin. My next album will probably use even more of the Middle Eastern type scale."

"There are no horns in my music so the guitar plays a major role. I really wanted to make use of the instrument. When you do a solo album I want to hear the guy playing; if I buy a Jan Hammer record, I want to hear Jan Hammer; if I buy a Jeff Beck record I want to hear Jeff play—I mean that's what I bought the record for.

"I'm not into gadgets like phasers and wah wah pedals too much," DiMeola continued. "I like them but I also like the natural sound of the instrument. Les Pauls do sustain, it's their natural sound, I like that sound. Then I like to put my personal sound into it, which is the staccato sound that I use a lot. Now if I were to use, say, a synthesizer like John McLaughlin used, well that confused me when I saw it and heard it. I didn't know who was who on stage; I didn't know if it was the keyboard player I was hearing or John. It sounded like a mini-Moog to me. It didn't do anything for me and that's a shame. But if they put a spotlight on John and the rest of the band took a break for a couple of seconds and he did it by himself, then it makes a lot more sense and it could be exciting.

"I just tried one of these Oberheim guitar synthesizers. It would work for me, but only in that way, because if you do it within the music it just sounds like you've overdubbed another synthesizer. But solo it could be beautiful, like Stanley Clarke playing the upright bass by himself. I'm not saying someone should use an electronic effect for a long extended solo, but use it before a piece starts, or in the middle,

strings are heavier. In addition, the instruments feel differently and, of course, you are limited as to what you can play on acoustic guitar in terms of range. Basically it all comes down to string size and pressure. Consequently, as I said, your ideas flow differently—how differently is debatable. Another thing—you can sustain a note, you just can't play a passage and hold a note for three measures on an acoustic guitar. But what I would do if I wanted to hold that note for three measures is to double pick it like a mandolin, which is a very nice effect."

As far as kinds of music are concerned, DiMeola says he's into jazz, rock, Latin, Spanish and classical. "I'm not into blues too much, there's some that'll put you to sleep. . . .

"I listen to a great deal of classical music and usually what I listen to comes out somehow in my playing—it just does—it's my own interpretation of what I heard. I can go see Julian Bream, one of my favorite guitar players, and be inspired enough to go home and do my own interpretation of what I've heard. It broadens your awareness of the instrument a great deal. What you have to do is sustain it. What I find is that after an inspiring and exciting show, no matter what it is, it could be McCoy Tyner or Earth, Wind & Fire, I have a lot of energy. I just got treated to an energetic experience and I feel it inside, so if I get hold of an instrument watch out! I mean something new is going to come out of it, it always happens.

"I remember seeing Chick years ago first

it seems like 20 years. I remember what he said to me, and I remember how it felt. He really helped me. That was good, period. You know it could have been the end right there. He could have said forget the guitar and play drums and it would have been drums."

Al DiMeola was at the Berklee College of Music and playing with Barry Miles when a close friend brought a tape of the guitarist to Corea. At the time Corea was DiMeola's favorite musician. And when Chick began the Return To Forever era, Al DiMeola used to picture himself with that band no matter what form it took. Well, Chick called DiMeola and wanted him in New York—fast.

"It blew my mind—it was like a dream come true. There couldn't have been anything better happening in my life. Meeting Chick was great. He gave me a lot of confidence that I didn't have—at the time I didn't think I was good enough. He kept saying you are doing exactly what I want to hear—playing with Chick you get a lot better quickly. I credit it mostly to Chick. He was a major, major influence on my writing and playing. I feel very confident now about what I'm doing because what I did in the past paved the way for this very nicely. . . . It was a fantastic experience. It just feels good to say I played with Chick Corea when I was 19 years old."

With success, a certain amount of self-confidence and security, comes freedom—the freedom to float randomly around checking out different kinds of ethnic music. "There's music in every corner of the world," he says.

"Once you've made your statement that should be enough. There will be other tunes and other chances to do different things. On my records, if there is a solo it stands out, but it's not so long that people listening get bored."

wherever you want to put it. . . .

"I like dynamics in music. I'm very aware of spacing—distance between one section and the next and between the beginning and the end of a solo. It's very important for this kind of music—for what I do—because you can lose an audience when you become too isolated, you know what I mean? You can get lost in a solo and peak too many times and that's bad. Once you've made your statement that should be enough. There will be other tunes and other chances to do different things. On my records, if there is a solo it stands out, but it's not so long that people listening get bored."

On each of DiMeola's albums he has included an acoustic guitar piece. On the new one it's a four part suite, while on *Elegant Gypsy* it was a flamenco duet with his close friend and musical alter-ego Paco, a musician DiMeola describes as the progressive flamenco guitarist in the world and the most well-known and respected in Spain. The switch from electric to acoustic requires a different flow of ideas, says the guitarist.

"You play differently," said DiMeola, "because there are certain things you can do on electric guitar you can't do on acoustic. You can bend strings differently on electric than on acoustic so your ideas will flow differently because of the limitations. There are certain things I can do on acoustic but can't on electric. I can hit the strings harder on the acoustic guitar if I want to play an explosive chord. I can't do that the same way on electric guitar—it's very subtle. I use a heavy pick on the acoustic instrument and I use a medium pick on the electric because the acoustic's

with the avant garde band and then I saw him again with the *Light As A Feather* band; holy God, I mean it was amazing. I was propelled into another world and I went back home and it was like I was playing a brand new instrument just because of that one experience.

"90% of what I learn is from watching and hearing," DiMeola continued. "Sure, I had formal training from the start, but that comes and goes." His voice drifted off. "You learn it and you forget it. Oh, certain things you retain, but seeing, getting feedback . . . Whew . . . it's incredible—it just sticks with you."

There are two associations—a pair of meetings—that are as important as anything Al DiMeola has experienced in his brief yet high-speed professional career. The first was Larry Coryell and the second Chick Corea.

"I met Larry Coryell one summer, before I began playing with Barry Miles; we sat down and jammed a little. He was like a god in my eyes, and at the time I was very shy. I didn't feel that good about my playing and what I was doing. But he kept saying to me something like, 'Man, what you're doing is really great.' He said that to me and I kept thinking this guy has got to be crazy, either that or he's just trying to build my confidence because he doesn't really mean it. I don't know whether he meant it or not at the time, but my feeling then was that I was going to go back and learn my instrument so well that the next time he sees me play he's going to mean it—I'll know he means it.

"So that happened. The next time he saw me play I was with Chick—it freaked him out." Reflecting DiMeola said: "He might have been sincere. That was a long time ago for me,

During the past summer Al went to Brazil to check out the bossa nova and the samba on their own turf. Then he headed for Spain to visit and record with Paco. Eventually he hopes to record with him in the United States. Their rousing duet, *Mediterranean Sundance*, contributed significantly to the overall success and the musical balance of *Elegant Gypsy* and showed DiMeola's considerable technical skill on acoustic guitar.

"I am always conscious of what people say and 99% of what I heard was a positive reaction. People loved that piece of music."

Something occurred to the guitarist at that point, something lurking just below the surface—the thought of criticism. "I am always concerned about critics who say something like 'he's just showing off speed,'" he said, referring to the flamenco piece on his second album. "No, I didn't see anything like that, but if I had I would have questioned the guy's knowledge of the music, because if you are going to criticize that, then you're going to have to criticize all of flamenco music—the whole style of music. It's all built around motion and speed and technique. In Spain people don't even think something like 'he's just trying to show off.' That's the style and you can't criticize it. It's what propels the feeling and makes it happen.

"Normally I couldn't do *Mediterranean Sundance* exactly the same way because I have to get that feeling. It's like a football player getting psyched before a game; I get psyched too. We'll start playing and then I'll get inspired and that feeling will happen." DiMeola snapped his fingers as if to emphasize the suddenness of the change. "My playing will sud-

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STEVE KHAN

ADAPTABLE TIGHTROPE WALKER

by arnold jay smith

While Steve Khan's light hasn't exactly been under a bushel, neither has his star risen. His resume reads like a catalog of every type of music: he has played with rock, pop, jazz and folk artists, and even a country and western group. Recently, this 30 year old guitarist has made his own album as a leader (*Tightrope*, on Tappan Zee) and Arista is releasing an acoustic duet album with Larry Coryell.

Steve Khan was born in Los Angeles in the spring of 1947. He grew up in and around music, and his father, Sammy Cahn, wrote for Frank Sinatra, Tin Pan Alley and the movies. Westwood was where Steve started to listen to music live. He was a drummer with a surfing group in the early '60s, and switched from a psychology major to a music major at UCLA, finally graduating in '69. His move to New York City was prompted by the prospect of joining a fusion group with David Friedman on vibes and John Miller on bass. He has transcribed a collection of Wes Montgomery solos called *Wes Montgomery Guitar Folio*, which has recently been made available.

I found Steve to be among the most cooperative subjects I have encountered. His playing adaptability shows it as well. His attack can be as energy-laden as fingers and amplifiers will allow, or he can be subtle and laid-back in extended acoustic performances. The topics under discussion ran similar gamuts. To begin the interview, I asked Steve about his relationship with Bob James, the producer of *Tightrope*.

Khan: It's been real good, although we sometimes have divergent tastes. He tends to make safe, easy listening jazz records, or whatever you call that kind of music any of us are making. However, Freddie Hubbard or Hubert Laws, who may have been selling 20 or 30,000 records before, now sell over 100,000 records and are reaching a lot more people. You can say the same thing about any of the artists Bob has produced—Maynard Ferguson, Eric Gale, Grover Washington, Jr. But the records are not real intense. They're an attempt to reach that happy medium between mass appeal, and making records that are so creative that only 87 musicians across the country hear. I didn't want that to happen on my record.

I use everything at my command. I used harmonizer on one track along with Mike Brecker, and acoustic guitar on another track.



ARNOLD JAY SMITH

We had several meetings about all of this, and sat at a piano and discussed it. But it's difficult when you are making a record and you don't have a group. You don't get to hear the music live until you are making the record. You wonder, "Is eight bars okay? Is sixteen bars boring?" You haven't been able to measure it with an audience. You need a perceptive person to completely remove you from the picture. I find it hard being that person, because I'm too involved with the music. I wanted Bob's input. I wanted him to cut and add where it was needed. I didn't have to hear it live because Bob had heard it all already.

Bob told me he didn't want this album to be like his others, with strings, ladies singing and so forth. It was great to look at the track sheets and see open tracks. Very little overdubbing.

Smith: What about the tunes that aren't yours? Who chose them?

Khan: Writing is very important to me. Unless you are a great interpreter of other people's tunes you've got to write to grow as a musician. Stan Getz had made his whole career out of interpreting other people's music. Freddie Hubbard writes and is an interpreter also. My question was: "Will Bob bring in tunes that I hate, that I don't want to do? Something from the top ten by Fleetwood Mac?"

Smith: He wouldn't! . . . would he?

Khan: I didn't know that. We eventually recorded five of mine and one of Randy Brecker's. Bob suggested one more date with a tune called *Soft Summer Breeze* (a '50s hit by pianist Eddie Heywood). It made a nice contrast with the originals. The other non-original, *Darling, Darling, Baby*, came from a juke box, no less. I was having a drink some place with a top 40 blasting away right in my ear when this tune came on. It must have been somebody's favorite because it was hit over and over. Finally, I got up to see who was singing, who wrote it, etc., and saw it was the O'Jays. Now it is midnight on the Wednesday night before a 10 AM recording session

Thursday. I had the album at home and went to Bob with some ideas for the song early the next day. He listened to his copy, wrote the arrangement at home and we did it. He's that cooperative a man.

Smith: What do you get from playing with other musicians rather than your own group?

Khan: I was with the Brecker Brothers band, and listening to those two guys play everything from rock to outside gave me respect for them. I wanted to have something of Randy's in my album for continuity purposes. You know, carrying over from one period of my life to another. I think it's a shame that Mike, Randy and David (Sanborn) don't play together as a section more often. The tune (Randy's *The Big Ones*) was originally written for the Brecker Brother band with Sanborn. David always reaches something emotional in me. Mike is such a well-rounded player. He plays incredible rock and roll, r&b, bebop, everything. I think David is among the best r&b/funk saxophonists around.

Smith: There are those who can't do that kind of thing and there are those who can, but won't. I'm thinking of Phil Woods in the former category and Sonny Fortune in the latter. Both superior alto players.

Khan: For David it's natural. He can do more with one note that it takes others ten to do.

Smith: What was it like having all that music in your home?

Khan: He (Sammy Cahn) is a typical rags-to-riches type of father. Lower Eastsider—the old joke, if he took one step backward he'd have been in the East River. Dad wanted me to be the musician he couldn't be. He can play all his songs . . . as long as it's in the key of F! He's got great ears. He started me at the piano at five and I really hated it. I did that about seven years, and I relied on my ears, never learning how to read. I became an excellent mimic. At 12 I quit. It hurt him, but I wasn't getting anything from it. I wasn't becoming a musician. I have no memories as to my facility

at the piano. Dad thinks I was a great piano player. I don't remember. I conked my teacher into thinking I could handle it. I'd say, "How did that passage go?" He'd play it, and I'd copy it exactly, faking looking at the music.

I quit and devoted my time to athletics, physical things. In high school I wanted to be a part of all those new groups that were forming and I figured the drums were the easiest. I got some drums and joined a group called Chantays. This was '62-63 and they were doing something a bit different. They were playing blues material, not like Paul Butterfield, but instrumental things like Freddie King and B.B. King. Then their guitar player pulled out a Wes Montgomery record. I listened and wasn't particularly knocked out by it. I was more into what the Kings were doing. I noticed that B.B. was playing a Gibson, ES 175. Jim Hall, Joe Pass, etc., play it. I noticed on a Verve record called *Movin' Wes* that he was playing an L5, which looked like B.B. King's. So I figured he must play like B.B. King. I bought the album and *Caravan* came on. Wow! Then I heard Grady Tate, who was on that album also, popping the snare. I was still playing drums at the time and I went out and bought every Grady Tate album. I discovered Jimmy Smith, Kenny Burrell, Grant Green, and a whole chain reaction began. I became fascinated with the guitar and jazz: a whole new world of music and high aesthetic goals.

The Chantays were breaking up and I started UCLA, sitting home with two sticks in my hands realizing I could not play. There

isn't Elvin Jones' group. The John Q. Average who Bob James reaches doesn't think jazz is the same thing I think it is. Who knows what would have happened if there was a *Rolling Stone* with a full back page ad for *Live At The Village Vanguard*? It might have sold what Hubert Laws, or whoever, sells today.

Smith: What in jazz fascinates you? Improvisation?

Khan: Being up there and, once the melody of the tune has gone, you're on your own. You've got to invent new melodies and rhythmic intensity. I did see it as a stream of never-ending new ideas. I thought that jazz was where nobody ever played a lick the same. Everything was completely on-the-spot invention. I've since learned much differently about that and even about some of my idols. Every player, no matter who it is, has key phrases that he relies on. Every once in a while there's something completely new. There's always certain groupings of notes in a phrase, be it bebop or funk; they are all part of the idiom. But you can't be thinking of new ideas all the time. That's why it's important to take a breath every once in a while. Even for a guitar player. You can be playing eighth notes and sixteenth notes for days, but it's important to stop playing for a second.

All of this fascinated me as I went through college and learned more about the guitar. I started to devise my own method of making sense out of the whole thing, and it became the method I used to teach my own private students here in New York. Where George Russell has his Lydian concept, I tended to inter-

cred similarities. "Hey, here's the same damn thing, here and here and here. Wes has things that lay under his fingers and they come out repeatedly." And "Here's something that's not in any of his solos." He was always swinging, though, and had a great sound, too.

Smith: What's that "swing" thing to you? Is it difficult to find?

Khan: It's that "X" factor. You can learn how to play the notes. Now with *down beat* and *Guitar Player* magazines offering transcribed solos that are very accurate, it's easy to learn the notes. When I played with the Breckers, kids would come up to us with solos from our last album.

Smith: Frightening, isn't it?

Khan: When I came to New York, I thought that on every street corner there would be a bar featuring a Jimmy Smith trio and I would get a gig in one of them and I would learn that much more about being a jazz musician. That was 1970! John Abercrombie and I were lucky enough to do some organ trio stuff. I played with Johnny Hammond Smith—standards, minor blues things.

What was frightening about those transcriptions, getting back to your earlier question, was how Don Grolnick put it. He said that when we came up our idols were Herbie, McCoy, Chick, Trane, Rollins, Joe Henderson, Miles, Woody Shaw. Now, we don't see ourselves that way, but those kids are coming to see us and to them we are those guys. That scared me. It's a heavy responsibility. Who knows what anyone will think of this 20 years from now. I believe we don't get as much

"The problem with the young players is that, if they are going to judge themselves by the standards of those who inspired them to play, they need to put it into proper perspective. If I compared myself to Wes Montgomery, my God, I might have jumped out a window."

were Montgomery, Tate, Burrell, Smith, Trane blasting away and I didn't have the facility, didn't even know what a quarter note was. I was embarrassed when someone asked me what I was and I answered "a musician." Compared to those guys, I was not very good. It was a crisis moment in my life. I owned a guitar and wanted to feel more like a musician, you know, play chords and all. Somewhere in there I decided that I wanted to be as great a guitar player as I possibly could. I was 18 or 19 at the time. I listened and I was excited about the guitar's range of possibilities, and set out not to make the same mistakes I made on the drums. I knew there wasn't a mystery to it; I could hear what the improvising guys were doing. I could understand the movement of the chords. It made sense. Here I was in music school, analyzing Bach, sight singing, but it wasn't helping me understand what Wes was doing in *Caravan* or *Satin Doll*. I never did find a teacher to help me in those areas.

Now, with all the method books available, it's become more accessible. The hardest thing now is to find a drummer and bass player who play like Grady Tate and Ron Carter, or Elvin and Jimmy Garrison. Everyone wants to play like Billy Cobham or Stanley Clarke. There's nothing wrong with that either. In your article on Steve Gadd he says that jazz to him was a Miles Davis Quintet. I'm sure it's a lot of other things to him, too. That's a great example. Jazz also is the Trane Quartet, the bebop of Charlie Parker, all the Blue Note albums of that period with all the same guys taking turns as leaders. The groove of the '70s

pret everything in terms of the Dorian concept. It made more sense to me. Lydian was a little farther removed from the roots of the jazz chords that were happening in every tune. I had to figure all this out myself because there was nobody out there to tell me. There was this big secret among guitar players about what such-and-such a thing was. There is a jazz vocabulary. If you are listening to somebody and you don't hear certain turns of phrases you are likely to think, "Hey, that's not very jazzy." It's like playing the blues, and if you don't do certain things in a part of it, you think that it's not real blues.

I copied records, wrote them down, analyzed them. Once I began writing down Wes' solos I asked, "What is this man doing?" With 20 or 30 solos sitting in front of me I discov-

THE KHAN EQUIPMENT

Guitars: Fender Telecaster Custom with modified electronics by Charles Lobue. Gibson ES-335 Electric 12-string.

Acoustic six- and 12-string, both custom made by David Russell Young.

Gibson Super 400 and Gibson Birdland for straight jazz playing.

Amps: Studio: Fender Super Reverb for rhythm; Fender Deluxe or Super Reverb for solos.

Live: Fender Super Reverb for rhythm; Fender Dual Showman Reverb for solos.

Strings: Electric: Ernie Ball .009 set with .0015 B-string.

Acoustic: DARCO light gauge.

Pedals: Custom pedal board built by John Thrope and John Rewind of Marin Recorders, using Mu-Tron, MXR, Vox and Ernie Ball accessories.

chance to play as [the older stars] did. There are no more of the Blue Note dates that got the five stars as opposed to the Creed Taylor-Verve dates that got two and three. Someone comes into the studio with a little 16 bar tune and says, "Here, you play, then I'll play and we'll take it out." There's not too much stretching out now. Everyone's watching the clock, not so much for the studio time, but for the number of tunes they want to get on the record. I don't think that whoever produced those Blue Note albums, or Creed Taylor, or Bob Thiele with Trane, sat there with a stopwatch telling those giants when to stop and start.

The problem with the young players is that, if they are going to judge themselves by the standards of those who inspired them to play, they need to put it into proper perspective. If I compared myself to Wes Montgomery, my God, I might have jumped out a window!

Smith: You play standards and you enjoy older items. What do you think of the discarding of tunes like *That Old Black Magic*, or *Autumn Leaves*? Is it drawing younger musicians and listeners into the appreciation of them?

Khan: We all tend to put ourselves down for doing a disco *Autumn Leaves*, or whatever. There is something ludicrous about a lot of that stuff. But for us to take a tune and make a nice feeling piece of music out of it is no joking matter. That's the attitude that we should go into the studio with. Take a lovely tune like *Invitation*, Maynard's version of it, which has a great melody. If we approach it because it has changes that we like and choose to put a

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Rich+Tormé=Wild Repartee, Part II



Tormé and Rich leave the grueling interview, still the best of friends.

IRVING KAUFMAN

The first part of this interview of Buddy Rich by Mel Tormé appeared in the February 9 issue. Topics ranged from Rich's drumming techniques to his experiences in the "Big Band Era." At the conclusion of that part, Rich was stressing the importance, for all serious drummers, of intense listening to those drummers who played important roles in the development of their art.

Tormé: That's a very big problem, because in the days of the swing bands, kids were being exposed to juke boxes, radio and remote band broadcasts, to that specific music.

Rich: Hold it a second. Those same kids were exposed to Lombardo, Frankie Masters and Ted FioRito. So you can't say that any particular style was always on. If you listened to the all night show—going back several years—you know the *Milk Man Matinee*, you heard Kenton, Lombardo, Patti Page and Ella Fitzgerald, you got a total sweep of all forms of music, and if you were interested in it you would be able to say I don't like this, I like this, this is pretty good, this is pretty bad. Today you got to like the Top 40, and if you don't like it then you're out of luck.

Tormé: Today they listen to the rock stuff, and they identify because people who play the rock stuff are of their own age. It's a whole peer group.

Rich: Listen, my man, if you were listening

to 20 hours of Top 40, that would be all there is to music, right? You must get rid of disc jockeys who insist on playing Top 40 when there are hundreds of albums being released every week that the people are not allowed to hear, because the station manager says "No, we have to play 16 minutes of Elton John, and 14 minutes of Olivia, his mother. So what can a kid learn?"

Tormé: Okay, that's a reason. What's the remedy? How do you do it?

Rich: You have to make it understood to the radio people that if you must do Top 40, then how about on Saturday doing the bottom 80. Let's hear the other things that are being played. Let the public make a judgment. I'm tired of disc jockeys who have no knowledge of music, or a minimal knowledge, who say "Yes, this is it, Jack, this is going to be a hit." Or "Hey, how about this, man, listen to what they did," or "Listen to the electronics." Let them be quiet and let the audience judge.

I mean if you're told constantly that something is good, it becomes good, whether you know it or not. It's a subliminal thing. People keep telling you one thing, and you go for it. When I read a critique of a movie, good or bad, it never keeps me from going to the movie. I don't have to read a critic's thoughts about what is good or bad.

Tormé: You're very individualistic. Most people follow the trend, read *Time* and *Newsweek*, and if the review is bad it's going to keep people away.

Rich: Don't you think that people are tired of being part of a group? Don't you think the people should start being individuals again?

Tormé: But do you think that they're aware of their groupishness, if that's a word? Do you think they really realize that they are part of a group? Or are they sold by Madison Avenue and the DJ's on "Yes, this should be a hit." In the days of the hit records of the Dorseys and the Shaws, do you think people had a free choice? There were DJ's in those days like Martin Block and Maybly Borum, who pressed and said "Hey, here's the new Glenn Miller record, and boy, this is going to be an instant hit." Didn't they do it then as well?

Rich: Yeah, but when they were doing it, they were also playing ten other things. You could say, "Well, he may like that, but I dig this." He may say "Here's the new Glenn Miller record and it's a smash," and ten minutes later say "Here's the new Benny Goodman album." He may not say it's a smash, but you listen and say "Well, before I go and buy that smash, I'm going to buy this one." You had that choice. If he played some lame singer, then he would play a healthy one. And so

you had that choice. You had the option of buying dumbness or smartness, depending on your individual tastes. That's what it was all about. Today the only individual taste is the station manager and the jock.

There was a group I read about last year that unfortunately had an accident recently.

Tormé: Oh yeah, Lynyrd Skynyrd.

Rich: Their new album had just been completed, and already it had an advance sale of a half a million. Now, I never heard of Skynyrd, or whatever their name, but wouldn't it be nice if you knew you had half a million in the can without having to worry about it?

Tormé: Sure.

Rich: I never heard of them. There are a lot of groups that I never heard of that sell millions of albums before they're even pressed. Why don't you get the same exposure and benefits from your record company, and get the same shot?

Tormé: You're talking about me?

Rich: Anybody. Give the talented guy the same shot at success that you give the no talent. That's all I want.

Tormé: I don't know if there is an answer to that.

Rich: There is no answer, and that's why I'm going to kill myself. Pow!

Tormé: What about people who intellectualize the art of drumming and equipment. For instance, recently in *down beat* there was a whole thing by Billy Cobham and Louie Bellson, on cymbals. Did you read it?

Rich: Ah yes, I always read the comics on weekends.

Tormé: Tell me about it.

Rich: I think that to use different type cymbals for recording, for a theater, and for a club is ludicrous. I mean if you can't control the sound of your cymbals wherever you play. . . .

Tormé: The same set of cymbals?

Rich: Shit, yeah. If you buy some cymbals, you buy them because they sound good to you. When you play them, if they feel good, that's it. You go into a studio and they're live; that's why you buy cymbals—they're live and have some sound. You don't deaden cymbals. You don't get bigger cymbals because you're playing a bigger hall, you don't get smaller cymbals because . . . what they do is entirely up to them. And, hey Louie, I use a 20 inch rod, not an 18 inch.

Tormé: Did you ever use an 18'?

Rich: No.

Tormé: Not even with the Shaw band?

Rich: No, because a 20 has the sound that I want.

Tormé: You used to say that all drums were alike, exactly.

Rich: There's no difference.

Tormé: You're an endorser of Slingerland Drums.

Rich: I like 'em because I play 'em. And they feel good. But if I were to use Vingerland tomorrow, or fried boots, I would take the heads and I would put heads on. I use a Diplomat head. And so I would take whatever drum I'm using and put that head on, and I would tension the drum to where I feel comfortable, and that would be my sound. I mean, it's no big deal, you know.

Tormé: You mean to say there's no difference in construction?

Rich: I suppose all construction is different. Some is good, some is bad, but unless a drum is totally unplayable, it can be playable.

Tormé: What about this quest that is rivaling the search for the Holy Grail, the search for the perfect snare drum? I have never known you yet to like a snare drum.

Rich: I only played on one snare drum in my whole career that I really loved and that was an old Slingerland Rail King. And I'm not saying that because of the Slingerland title. Whether it was the aging of the wood, or the processing, or the shellacking, or the density of the wood or whatever, it was the finest drum I have ever played. Why I don't have it today is something I'll never understand. It's gone down the deep with several hundred sets of drums that I've had.

Tormé: Are you saying that specific snare drum, or that model, the old Buddy Rich rail model? Maybe it was an old Gene Krupa.

Rich: Listen, it could have been a Gene Tierney, for all I know. The construction of that drum was perfect for the kind of drum sound that I'm looking for.

Tormé: Have you ever asked Slingerland if they've got any of the old Slingerland snare drums?

Rich: The die was thrown away or it was destroyed or whatever. And they come up with some cockamamie excuses that are unreal to me. They simply . . .

Tormé: You may have been right about the fact that the age of the wood in those days. . . .

Rich: For ten grand you can recapture all that. You can make the die again, get some engineers, spend a little more bread for some aged wood, and you make a more expensive drum—but you make the best drum. It's just that simple. If you want to make the best in anything, you've got to spend some bread. If you don't, it's going to be good for six months, and the lugs will drop off, or be good for a year and you'll find out that it's warped. I just don't think there's good workmanship today.

Tormé: You know the snares used to constantly fall off, and you had to continually re-tighten the snare control.

Rich: Yeah, but you do the same with a S400 drum today. When you play the drums as hard as I play them, it's bound to loosen up. So I'm constantly turning the wheel to pull the snares up. I don't like loose snares. But the perfect snare drum means more involvement in the making of it: a little more money, a little more aging of the wood, the correct density—so the drum just sings. You don't have to play hard on a good drum because it will project itself. And this is what's lacking today. Most guys today take the heads off bass drums themselves.

Tormé: Why?

Rich: How the hell do I know? What is the point of taking the head off? You can put a microphone inside the drum and still have two heads on it, you know.

Tormé: You can cut a hole in the shell and put in a microphone.

Rich: No, you don't have to do that at all; you simply take the front head off, set the microphone in, and put the head back on. All drummers muffle heads, and you have to; otherwise you get such a boom that the drum is unplayable. I use two inch strips of felt, one on each side of the head, and it takes the overtone away. But you still get the volume, and you still get the bass sound.

Tormé: The definition, but you still. . . .

Rich: You get definition, but definition again is how you apply it. Let me go back for a second. I meant to mention this before, about incorporating the bass drum into things. When I joined Artie's band it used to drive me crazy, because instead of accenting things with the brass on the snare drum, I would accent on the bass drum, simply keeping the time on the cymbal and using the bass drum to accent. It would drive him crazy, because he

was used to hearing four and not having the drummer make the accents with the brass. Drummers were time keepers, unqualified to play fourth or fifth trumpet, or whatever. So I used to augment my sound with my left hand by using the bass drum to accent things. It used to drive him crazy, but then when I didn't do it he missed it, because the bottom wasn't there, and it was all highs. I started to develop the foot by playing not only the accents, but then I started to incorporate it into solos, by simply leaving two or three beats out with either hand, and using my foot.

Tormé: When we did the Paramount theater together in 1949, what prompted you to do the two bass drum solo?

Rich: The secret of my life. I got tired of hearing about Louie Bellson and his two bass drums. Let me preface this by saying Louie and I are very good friends. Great friends. But I got tired of hearing about how difficult and expert it was to play two bass drums. I decided that if you're going to play two bass drums, you should play two bass drums. And not just use it as an accent, or as a triple or something at the end of a solo. So I had Slingerland send me two bass drums, and two pedals, and had them put it on a platform. I had an arrangement that was given to me by Basie in 1949, of *Old Man River*, and after the first section of the arrangement, there was a drum solo and then an interlude of band. I decided to take that interlude and come down from the big set, and sit down behind two bass drums, and for the second solo, which was also written in, I would come down and play the whole solo on two bass drums without a snare drum, just sitting and playing two bass drums. That was an experiment I decided to do at the Paramount because there were 3000 people in the audience, and if it meant anything. . . .

Tormé: Because you wanted to show the rest of the world that nobody could do that.

Rich: No, you're wrong. I wanted to show myself; and I wanted to do it first.

Tormé: Did you ever do it again.

Rich: No, there was no reason to do it.

Tormé: I remember it well, because it took me about 12 minutes to get the audience back after that drum solo. That was the end of the set, before I came on stage. You made it pretty tough. Pretty tough.

Rich: I did it for my own ego. I had to know that if you're going to play two bass drums, this is the way you're going to play two bass drums. It takes nothing. It wasn't in any way to put down Louie. It had only to do with my own feeling about how to play two bass drums. So I played it. I accomplished what I intended to do, and that was that. There was no other reason to play them.

Tormé: Okay, you've had a variegated career and incredible longevity. You have had a lot of bands, great bands.

Rich: Bad bands.

Tormé: I never remember you having any bad bands.

Rich: Oh well, believe me.

Tormé: As well as Tommy and Artie, you worked with Shaw, Les Brown and Basie, and you had your own tremendous bands. You've survived and proliferated and you're bigger now than you've ever been in your life.

Rich: I beg your pardon.

Tormé: You were a star before, and you are a bigger star now. What about guys that still have the talent, but have retired? Guys like Artie, and to a great degree, because he's not that active, Benny Goodman. How do you feel about guys whose talents are being denied us, by their own decision to quit at what seems to

be a rather early time in life? Did you get that question?

Rich: That's not a question man, that's several questions.

Tormé: I asked you about survival first. You've been a straight singer without playing drums. You were the musical conductor for Josephine Baker. You've really varied your career.

Rich: Well, that's one aspect of it.

Tormé: And of course your longevity had nothing to do with talent, because the talent was always there.

Rich: I'm talking about the ability to stay alive in a business that kills you off at a very early age. First of all, I owe all of that to Johnny Carson.

Tormé: All of that? Really?

Rich: All of the new audiences. He has given me the opportunity to be—not just a drummer or band leader—but a personality. He's given me the opportunity to have my band on and play whatever I want to on the show. He's given me another audience.

I've also been able to put together a good band. And I can relate musically and personally to a very youthful audience. My career for the past six or seven years has been totally involved in high schools and colleges. Very few theaters, very few night clubs. Mostly European tours and Asian tours. Because of the youth within the band and the fact that my band will have nothing to do with nostalgia, my band plays nothing of the past. We have no relationship with the past. Therefore, we have played many places in schools, and parents have come and been disappointed because the band does not play *Song Of India* and bring back the good old days of the war. The good old days—there's no such thing. . . . These are the good days, not then. I have no room in my life for nostalgia. I don't think that way. That's a very important part of the success of the band.

Tormé: There are some constants in the band like Steve Marcus. But I also see that you change personnel occasionally as well. Where do you find these young guys that play?

Rich: First let me explain about the changes. I don't make changes because of an early morning whim like "I think I'll fire four guys today." When there is a change made, it's usually that guys are tired of being on the road. Or they may just be tired of playing in the band. And that's perfectly legitimate, you know, 'cause I've done that innumerable times. So I understand it. Those are the only reasons for changes, unless I hire a guy who's totally bad, or his personality conflicts with mine or the band, and I have to fire him. I don't really like to fire people. I think you know that. In spite of the Buddy Rich syndrome, I don't like to fire people. They have to get pretty rank before I really get down on them.

On the other side of the scale, I am a very tough disciplinarian. I insist on a certain attitude, and on perfection—or as close to perfection as I can get—from the band. I could be lenient to a point, but if I feel that I'm being taken advantage of by laziness or sloppiness, then it becomes the Buddy Rich of old. So the changes are made through individual choice, not my choice. But I'm fortunate enough that when someone leaves they recommend someone that's equal to their talents, or perhaps better. And so when a new man comes in the band, it isn't like having to break in a guy who can't play or can't read or can't fit. The person that is suggested is usually the same personal-

ity as the guy who's leaving.

Tormé: You said that sometime guys leave the band because they are just tired of being on the road. You've been on the road all your life. You get up, you're playing a week-long engagement somewhere, like we're doing here at the Palace. The first two days of a six or seven day engagement, you've done your interviews, the noon news, and some guy has come up to do a feature story on you. Okay, now you're into the third day. What do you do to keep interested, from the time you get up in the morning until you go to work at night?

Rich: That's the interest right there. I'll look forward to going to work at night.

Tormé: But there are a lot of hours in between. You don't just sit staring at the wall. What do you do?

Rich: Sometimes I watch television. If there's an interesting movie, I'll go to the movies. If I feel terribly athletic, I'll get up and play some golf. In California recently I started to play some tennis. I don't like it; I'm not really into tennis. And up until two years ago, I was very heavily into karate. I used to work out almost every day. And then I started getting some back pains again, and that kind of curtailed my activities there. But for about 13 years, my days were taken up completely with karate. I used to go to the Dojo every day. I used to spend two or three hours working out with the sensei, and I would go home and work out two hours at home, so that my days were always filled. Of course there is that excitement that there's a new place to play tonight: there's a new audience that deserves my band.

Tormé: Why aren't you jaded after all these years?

Rich: Because it's new all the time. I don't think every audience is the same; I don't think every joint that we play is the same. Some places are such a pain in the ass that you can't wait until you get out. At some places you hate to see the job end. It's that apprehension about "How are we going to do tonight, how's the band going to sound tonight, who's going to blow tonight, who's not going to play tonight. What's the reaction going to be?" All those things go through your mind. You don't really sit and think about how your band's going to do. It's the time to think about audience reaction.

Those things are always popping in. They go in and out. You know—in a little while it'll be time to dress, time to shower, what'll I wear tonight and how do I want the band to look—all the things that people don't think goes through your mind. Well, you get up and go play your set, and you're through. All of these things are going on constantly—what should the band wear tonight: it's too hot, it's too cold, a sloppy look, a neat look. What'll we play, what kind of set should I figure out? Do I want to figure it out in front? Do I want to figure out when I get there? Do I want to not think about it at all and call tunes as I see the audience react? All those things. And the day is over.

Tormé: People have a tendency these days, when they talk about Buddy Rich, to use a very corny cliché: "Oh, he's mellowed."

Rich: I'm a mellow fellow.

Tormé: Mellow fellow. I have seen you at your club on 62nd Street and Second Avenue, which is not a big place. I've seen you be pretty abrasive toward the audience for making noise.

Rich: You're damn right. An audience deserves the best you can give them. Maybe you

have a full house and out of that full house ten people are not musically oriented. They've seen Buddy Rich someplace; they've seen him on television or heard about him or they may have never seen Buddy Rich. And they start to juice, and instead of everybody enjoying it, only a few are enjoying it, while these maniacs are carrying on, making noise, disturbing the creativity of my players. When you're the owner of a night club, you have the options of allowing people to insult you or asking them nicely to get out or throwing them out. All you owe to an audience is your very best. You don't owe it to charm them off the bandstand; you don't owe them the sitting down for the obvious drink. You know, "Come on over and have a drink, Rich." You don't owe the audience that. You owe them what they came to see, what they came to hear. The best band playing the best music. And as long as you give them that, nobody has the right to beef. You've done the very best, you've sweated your ass off, your players have played for you, they've played for the audience, they've given you blood. As long as the audience gets that, that's all you owe them.

I love to be congratulated—I'm not jaded to that point—and I always give autographs when they're asked for. Unless things are pressing and you're leaving, or it's raining or whatever. That's part of your job, the same as playing. People come backstage and they want your autograph, fine. But sitting down drinking, rapping, small talk, for what? It doesn't make you a nicer guy. And it doesn't make you a bad guy to say "No, thank you." And that's the way I handle it.

Tormé: Benny and Artie retired at what would seem to be a rather early age for them.

Rich: People like Artie and Benny, particularly Artie since he is completely out of the business—a genius like Benny Goodman should be playing at least eight months out of the year, and giving the young people a chance to hear Benny Goodman. And when you deny that to the people, you deny yourself another expression, whether it would be love, or whatever you would feel to play that good. I know I sadly miss them. I wish I could hear Benny Goodman every day, even if it was just one chart a day. I would love to hear him. I would love to be able to hear Diz more than I hear him. I would like to see Miles come out of retirement and play again. There's so much goodness in these great players and you're not getting the opportunity to hear it.

Tormé: Do you think some of it has to do with a kind of throwing up of the hands of those guys in the air, and saying what's the point of it, we're not getting high exposure? In the case of Benny particularly, I liken him to Arthur Rubinstein, in fact Mr. Rubinstein is a very old man now, and is still actively playing concerts. You can go down a list, a point being that they are not as solvent as Benny Goodman. Benny Goodman, from the sale of old records, is obviously a millionaire. Do you think his financial status has anything to do with his retiring?

Rich: I would hate to think that. I hate to think that money became so important that the very thing that gave you that money becomes the thing and you neglect it and reject it. I would hate to think that's the case. I also hate to think that money is the art and jazz is the baby. I'd like to think that jazz is the art, and money is the secondary thing. I'd like to see this form, this art form you know, I don't want to be, I'm not giving pro-American jazz now, but it's the only true American art form.

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GATO BARBIERI

RUBY, RUBY—A&M SP 4655: *Ruby; Nostalgia; Latin Reaction; Ngiculela-Es Una Historia-I Am Singing; Sunrise; Adios; Blue Angel; Midnight Tango.*

Personnel: Barbieri, tenor sax; Lenny White, Bernard Purdie (track 1), Steve Gadd (track 5), Steve Jordan (track 6), drums; Gary King, Eddie Guagua (track 6), Chuck Domanico (track 7), bass; Joe Caro, Lee Ritenour (tracks 1, 2, 5), David Spinozza, guitar; Eddy Martinez, keyboards; Cachete Maldonado, Paulinho da Costa (tracks 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7), Portinho (track 6), percussion; Herb Alpert (track 2), trumpet; Joe Clayton (track 3), conga; Don Grolnick (tracks 1, 3), piano and organ; Ian Underwood (tracks 2, 3, 4), synthesizer; Alan Rubin, Jon Faddis, Lou Soloff, Marvin Stamm, trumpet and flugelhorn; Wayne Andre, David Taylor, Paul Faulise, trombone; Peter Gordon, Tom Malone, John Gale, french horn; David Nadien, string contractor.

* * * * *

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of Gato Barbieri's influence on the contemporary music scene over the last seven or eight years. Uniting the illuminations of the avant garde with an instinctual feel for his own Latin American musical heritage, Barbieri has been in the process of creating a new musical idiom altogether, opening up jazz to the fresh and vital force of the Third World he so eloquently seemed to speak for.

That role of spokesman is one that Gato has overtly rejected for the last year or so, and, as if to emphasize the point, his latest album, *Ruby, Ruby*, and the previous *Caliente!* seem deliberately muted in both intensity and ambition. There's no denying Barbieri's prowess, but the energy and drive that propelled his four chapter set of Latin American albums, most notably *Viva Emiliano Zapata*, has been replaced by a more conscious manipulation of the musical forms he's employing.

Like Coltrane and other innovators, Gato's musical genius lies not only in the invention of new techniques but the discovery of new feelings as well. Though his playing was faulted by some critics as chaotic and anarchic, Gato's earlier albums opened up new vistas of imagination and wonder for many, leading the way through a dense jungle-like brush with alternating human cries of celebration and pain.

But the thicket of *Ruby, Ruby* proves impenetrable even to Gato's powers. Producer Herb Alpert places him in the center of a slick, studio-processed context and the results are reassuringly warm and mellow Latin mood music punctuated with all too few moments of Gato's characteristic fire. If *Caliente!* was a stopping point in Gato's odyssey, *Ruby, Ruby* could be interpreted as stagnation. Against flaccid string arrangements, lush horns and rippling synthesizers, Gato's playing sounds more laid-back than visionary. Also, his four original compositions here are tepid, except for the erotically graceful *Blue Angel*.

The title track is the most successful, a rich and romantic ballad along the same lines as

the *Caliente!* sessions. And to give Alpert due credit, his *Midnight Tango* is equally lush and beautiful, a kind of reprise of themes from Gato's soundtrack to Bertolucci's film.

Gato is no longer surrounding himself with challenging musicians of the caliber of Ron Carter, John Abercrombie, Airtio or Lonnie Liston Smith. In current live performances, only guitarist Joe Caro provides anything approaching a roughly equal interplay, and on this record, the dialogue among players is subdued to the point of being non-existent. Stevie Wonder's pleasantly soaring *Ngiculela-Es Una Historia-I Am Singing* sounds like space-filler and doesn't begin to compare with Gato's transformation of Santana's *Europa on Caliente!* And while Marvin Gaye's *I Want You* is now something of a trademark piece for Gato with his new audience, the Gaye contribution of *Latin Reaction* on this album is a disco-rhythm compendium of south-of-the-border clichés.

In all fairness, with Alpert's guidance, *Ruby, Ruby* and *Caliente!* have probably sold as many copies as all of Barbieri's previous albums totaled together. He's obviously found the secret of appealing to a wider audience—one that's more turned on by easily digestible funk-inspired rhythms than the more free-sounding spirit of the *El Pampero* or *Under Fire* days. Barbieri's kinetic, passionate playing isn't in question—only the company he's keeping.

Great artists occasionally digress and wait for the mainstream audience to catch on to what they're doing. And if Barbieri sounds like he's settled into an all-too-comfortable groove, it's not unreasonable to assume that an explorer who has led us into so many unexpected and persuasive directions, over such a short period of time, may simply be in the mood to relax for awhile. —simon

RALPH TOWNER & SOLSTICE

SOUND & SHADOWS—ECM 1-1095: *Distant Hills; Balance Beam; Along The Way; Arion; Song Of The Shadows.*

Personnel: Towner, guitars, piano, french horn; Jan Garbarek, saxes, flute; Eberhard Weber, bass, cello; Jon Christensen, drums.

* * * * *

Ralph Towner's efforts for the ECM label, with the exception of *Diary* (an amiably melodic solo affair), have been languid, flawed affairs. In part, that's been due to the transient nature of the ensembles and pairings he's favored, although of late he seems to have adopted a second, European-based band, Solstice. But Solstice—consisting of Jan Garbarek, Jon Christensen and Eberhard Weber—is an altogether too cerebral and cautious aggregation, a case where the whole is mysteriously less than the sum of its parts. It

never evinces the protean bents or warm, good-humored rapport that is so characteristic of Oregon. Towner's senior grouping. Whole tracks can pass by, fostering only an ambience, a mood devoid of a single memorable phrase or aural evidence of a provoked interaction.

In a larger sense, though, producer Manfred Eicher is the shaper and spoiler of this affair, since the same criticism could be fairly leveled at most of his ECM fare. He is the *auteur* of his stable (only Jarrett and Burton transcend his vision), and his predilection for airy and arid productions results too often in an intellectual music lacking in dynamism, personal sonority and rhythmic flow. In other words, it doesn't swing. Now that's not necessarily bad—in fact it's sort of conceptually challenging—but unfortunately it makes for pretty bland and uninvolved records.

Sounds & Shadows is very much the latter. Where a track like *Distant Hills* became a rolling, revelatory experience in the hands of Oregon, here it is merely a study of stately stillness, a nicely variegated but ultimately lachrymose reading. (Which may be the point, given that it's dedicated in memory of Charles Weidman.) At its best moments, however, Solstice strains for an impulsive, mutable performance, akin to an acoustic recreation of Miles Davis' spacial mutations of a decade ago. *Balance Beam*, particularly, celebrates that quality of surprise, while *Arion* and *Song Of The Shadows* cloak it in introspective temperaments and classical phrasings.

Separately, Solstice members are some of the best friends contemporary jazz has. But collectively it is too much merely a meeting of minds, hardly the community of heart we have grown to love in Oregon. —gilmore

TOM WAITS

FOREIGN AFFAIRS—Asylum 7E 1117: *Cinny's Waltz; Muriel; I Never Talk To Strangers; Jack And Neal/California Here I Come; A Sight For Sore Eyes; Potter's Field; Burma Shave; Barber Shop; Foreign Affair.*

Personnel: Waits, piano, vocals; Jim Hughart, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; Frank Vicari, tenor sax; Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Gene Cipriano, clarinet; Bette Midler, vocals (track 3).

* * * * *

Most everyone who has a fondness for the rogue and heat authors and poets—Kerouac, Corso, Bukowski—is a Tom Waits fanatic. The caricatures and situations he injects are so poignantly real, they literally leap off the vinyl and into the mind's eye. As a point of illustration, how many times have you taken part in, or been witness to, a barroom pickup (*I Never Talk To Strangers*) in which the female's initial defense mechanisms were overcome by some powerful jive rap? Or have you ever strolled by or through a pauper's cemetery (*Potter's Field*) and conjectured on the lives of those under the ground, and what unconquered precipice of circumstance led to this final decree of perpetual anonymity? Or how many have heard a series of superficial conversations in a barber shop?

Waits is gruesomely observant, but he isn't only the gravelly bard of the greasy spoon and life's armpit. The man can play a piano with an attack that accentuates his purposely shaggy elegance. *Cinny's Waltz* is a meticulously crafted tapestry of tinkling cocktail blue notes; the repetitive somnambulistic choruses of *Burma Shave* are, considering the dirge-like nature of the subject, appropriately grim.

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lowlife plunk of Jim Hughart on the bass-directed *Barber Shop* and the lone man-on-a-rooftop weepings of saxist Frank Vicari (when overlaid by some Waits scattling), make *A Sight For Sore Eyes* a graphic description of the bleak chance encounter it purports to be.

How rare it is to have such a perfect marriage of lyrics and arrangements. Waits' creations are comforts in these days of cynical isolation. He should be listened to and savored in solitude. —shaw

DAVID FRIEDMAN

FUTURES PASSED—Inner City IC 3004: *Rachel's Samba*; *Rodney's Dream Of Fantasy And Self-Fulfillment*; *Three Pieces*; *A Smile On The Face Of Mourning*; *Trinkle-Tinkle*.

Personnel: Friedman, vibes, marimba; Harvie Swartz, bass; Pat Rebillot, piano; Bruce Dittmas, drums; Rimona Francis, vocal.

This music is chamber jazz, ECM style. On the whole, however, *Futures Passed* does not hold the high musical level so often commanded by ECM. There are too many bland moments, and most of the exciting ones come from Friedman or Swartz rather than from the group as a whole.

Rachel's Samba contains an interlude of solo piano that is so dull you almost forget about the buoyant melody. *Rodney's Dream Of Fantasy And Self-Fulfillment* is a 12-minute opus by Friedman which doesn't really get off the ground until the marimba solo near the end. *Three Pieces* is just that: three separate pieces with no apparent connection. Only the last of the three is developed at all.

A Smile On The Face Of Mourning begins with Rimona Francis doing an imitation of Cathy Berberian. Francis sings on two other cuts. She is used primarily as a special effect to strengthen the melody and color it. She does this, like Flora Purim, by singing the melody as a wordless vocal in a clear, somewhat thin voice. She does not solo. When the head is over, she simply disappears, which is a shame because she is good enough to make one want to hear more.

A parallel between Friedman/Swartz and Burton/Swallow is unavoidable. In both cases, the duo is the core of the group. Moreover, there is an obvious similarity of style, material and sensibility. But Friedman and Swartz write most of their own material, and on the whole it is not as strong as Burton's repertoire of Carla Bley, Eberhard Weber, Swallow, Corea and so on. In fact, weak material is largely responsible for the blandness of this recording. When Friedman or Swartz shine, it is usually in spite of the material rather than with the help of it. —clark

CHARLIE PARKER

ONE NIGHT AT BIRDLAND—Columbia JG 34808: *Wahoo*; *Round Midnight*; *This Time The Dream's On Me*; *Night In Tunisia*; *Dizzy Atmosphere*; *Move*; *The Street Beat*; *Out Of Nowhere*; *Little Willie Weaps/52nd Street Theme*; *Ornithology*; *I'll Remember April/52nd Street Theme*; *Embraceable You*; *Cool Blues/52nd Street Theme*.

Personnel: Parker, alto sax; Fats Navarro, trumpet; Bud Powell, Walter Bishop (side 4, tracks 2, 3), piano; Curley Russell, unknown (side 4, tracks 2, 3), bass; Art Blakey, unknown (side 4, tracks 2, 3), drums.

SUMMIT MEETING AT BIRDLAND—Columbia JC 34831: *Blue 'n Boogie*; *Anthropology*; *Round Midnight*; *Night In Tunisia*; *Groovin High*; *Cool Blues*; *Star Eyes*; *Moose The Mooche*; *Lullaby Of Birdland*; *Broadway*; *Lullaby Of Birdland*.

Personnel: Parker, alto sax. Side one: Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Bud Powell, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Roy Haynes, drums. Side two: Milt Buckner (track 1), organ; Bernie McKay (track 1), guitar; John Lewis (tracks 2-5), piano; Russell (tracks 2-5), bass; Cornelius Thomas (track 1), Kenny Clarke (tracks 2-5), drums; Candido, conga (track 5).

BIRD WITH STRINGS—Columbia JC 34832: *Easy To Love*; *Jumping With Symphony Sid*; *Just Friends*; *Everything Happens To Me*; *East Of The Sun*; *Laura*; *Dancing In The Dark*; *Symphony Sid*; *East To Love*; *Repetition*; *What Is This Thing Called Love*; *Laura*; *Repetition*; *They Can't Take That Away From Me*; *Easy To Love*.

Personnel: Parker, alto sax; Al Haig, Walter Bishop, piano; Tommy Potter, Teddy Kotick, bass; Roy Haynes, drums; Candido, conga (side 2, track 2). Plus strings and woodwinds.

In the late 1940s Columbia Records was almost totally occupied with the task of establishing the modern long playing record, (which it had developed under the leadership of Ted Wallerstein) as the standard of the industry. Consequently, much of the company's energies went into creating a library of classical LPs and converting old 78 albums into the LP format. Little attention was given to developing new talent, particularly in jazz. Now 30 years later, the world's leading record company finds itself left at the gate as smaller, once independent labels and private reissue labels corner the market on post-swing, pre-avant garde jazz, better known as bop.

In a bold move to correct this gaping hole in the Columbia catalog, jazz enthusiast and chief executive Bruce Lundvall has retroactively made Charlie Parker Columbia's newest jazz star. 22 years after his death, the great alto player begins his first association with a major record company.

Back in 1952 Columbia made itself the definitive Benny Goodman label, even though it hadn't recorded Goodman in his early prime years, by buying recording rights to old live broadcasts. In precisely that same way, the company now becomes an important (no, not definitive) source of Parker. And having acquired the material, Columbia has presented it with uncompromising quality, resisting even the temptation to rechannel in stereo.

Most of the music contained in these three albums falls heavily in that period of Bird's career when his maturity of concept was complete. By 1950 and '51 all the basic discoveries had been made, all the problems solved. Parker was the establishment of modern jazz. The excellence and consistency of his work throughout these records is strong evidence of his musical discipline and dedication.

The double album *One Night At Birdland* set was evidently recorded on the premises and features Fats Navarro, who was substituting for Parker's regular co-horn, Red Rodney, and who, if the date is to be believed, was only days short of his death. Navarro's lines are characteristically light and graceful; he was not given to explosive blasting. If he is not at his most fiery on such pieces as *Tunisia*, he is at least fully fluent. In the chase chorus on *Street Beat*, Navarro and Parker are not merely throwing lines back and forth. They are finishing each other's ideas.

Aside from Parker himself, the most impressive aspect of the music is Bud Powell. He was bop's most complete pianist, and here he is at the top of his form.

All the selections were previously issued on Le Jazz Cool and other assorted private labels. But they are all still new to me, an avid seeker of the offbeat disc. Sound is clear although there is no bass. This is momentarily

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corrected on *Little Willie*, revealing Art Blakey's strong, slightly fleet four/four pulse on the bass drum. Dan Morgenstern's annotations are typically superb, although a production bugaboo produces a bit of pied type (put the last line of column three in the fold of column four). More annoying is the monstrous self-indulgence of designer John Berg, who along with other art directors, prefers to ignore all the dictates of logic and good sense by laying out cover art and liner notes vertically along an unfolded double sleeve. The effect is meaningless as long as the records remain sealed. And when you break the wrap and try to read the notes, one of the records invariably slides out.

The most satisfying straight bebop interlude of the entire series is found on *Summit Meeting*. Here Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and Powell are heard in their only recorded meeting aside from the Massey Hall concert. The time is 1951. The place, Birdland. The sound quality, sparkling. Everything falls into place flawlessly. The music rolls with a smooth, well-oiled sense of control. Even at such triphammer tempos as *Anthropology*, no detail or nuance is lost. Bird's third chorus is a marvel as he whirls about weaving familiar quotations from *Tenderly* and *Temptation* into his fabric. In many ways bop is most fascinating at such tempos. The challenge to mind and body would seem greatest, although to function at such levels the music surely must be almost second nature to its players. Drummer Roy Haynes' ability to accent precisely the right notes as they fly by is dazzling. It's little wonder that young serious musicians looking for more challenging forms today are looking to vintage Parker and Gillespie. This is a classic meeting and should not be missed.

Side two moves ahead two years to 1953. Parker is still the complete genius and musician. Although Bird's constitution and nervous system had their ups and downs through the years, only on rare occasions (such as the famous *Lover Man* for Dial in 1946) was it apparent in his music. There are those who claim to hear a sharp decline about this time. If there was, it's not perceivable here. The great years of innovation were of course past. But Parker was still the greatest champion of his own invention.

Fine as the 1953 broadcasts are, however, they lack the urgency of the Gillespie-Powell set. Parker's is the only horn. Kenny Clarke and John Lewis make a fine rhythm team, although Don Young's engineering allows Russell's bass to swamp them out a bit. *Broadway* is hardly more than a showcase for Candido.

Recordings such as *Embraceable You* from the Dial period had established Parker as the supreme melodist and balladeer. Yet many threw up their hands in distress when he committed a series of ballad performances to record in 1949 and 1950 with a string ensemble, an obvious symbol of commercialism. For years they were among the most controversial of Parker's sides. Only lately have they gained the acceptance they deserve. That makes the *Bird With Strings* set especially welcome.

Bebop was always a soloist's art, never an ensemble form. Whatever was going on in the rhythm section or the keyboard, attention was always centered on the soloist. Even in such pseudo-Latin recordings as the Charlie Parker *Fiesta* album on Verve, Bird simply ignored the percussion and played four/four. Similarly, the pretense of strings hardly seems to compromise Parker's approach. In fact, the

"legitimacy" of their character rather flattered Bird, who in turn put forth his best efforts.

The only special question raised by the orchestral approach is a thoroughly routine one, namely the quality of the arrangements, which were generally routine. Aside from that, they stand or fall on the strength of Parker's playing, which on this record is consistently superb and probing.

The selections heard here come from two Birdland broadcasts and concerts at the Apollo and Carnegie Hall. The repertoire of charts was small, thus three versions of *Easy To Love*, two *Laura's* and a pair of *Repetition's*. If fast tempos have their fascination, so do moderate to slow ballad improvisations. They allow Parker to twist his fat tone around long, sensuous notes or build rich, chordal flurries around them in double or triple time. The possibilities are limitless. By comparison to conventional bop performance, they are more tightly structured within the arrangement. *Easy To Love*, for example, gets only two choruses. But Parker came up through the big bands in the era of the 78. He and his contemporaries learned to speak their piece compactly and concisely. Today it seems a lost art. For those well familiar with the original Verve performances of these pieces, these marvelous variations are like a visit to the land of Oz.

—mcdonough

DOLO COKER

DOLO!—Xanadu 139: *Dolo: Affair In Havana; Lady Hawthorne, Please; Field Day; Never Let Me Go; Smack Up.*

Personnel: Coker, acoustic piano; Blue Mitchell, trumpet, flugelhorn; Harold Land, tenor sax; Leroy Vinnegar, acoustic bass; Frank Butler, drums.

Amazingly, this is Coker's debut album as a leader. Amazing, because the 50-year-old pianist has been one of improvised music's most consistently positive forces since 1946 when he underscored the big tone tenoring of Ben Webster. Since that auspicious introduction to the world of big-time professional music, Dolo has played and recorded with a roster of distinguished talent that reads like a *Who's Who In Jazz*—Sonny Stitt, Dexter Gordon, Teddy Edwards, Art Pepper, Red Rodney, Junior Cook, Blue Mitchell, Sonny Criss, Harry Edison, Clifford Brown, Gene Ammons. . .

Like most Schlitten/Xanadu projects, the session features straightahead blowing by compatible pros who obviously respect and enjoy each others' musical company. To trace the five musicians' previous associations would be like ferreting out the convoluted involvements of Joseph K. in Kafka's *The Trial*. Suffice it to say there is a rich history of shared experiences.

Stylistically, Coker is a product of the bop era. Within that grid, his zesty improvisations spin out of a fluent technique and an inventive approach to melody, harmony and rhythm. So, too, do his compositions. Three of his lines included here, originally from the 1959 L.A. production of Jack Gelber's play *The Connection* (*Dolo, Affair In Havana* and *Field Day*), are puckish bop-based tunes that neatly set the course for the soloists. Especially attractive is the exotic *Affair In Havana* with its smoky, mysterious south-of-the-border atmosphere.

Coker's real showcase is the one trio track, *Never Let Me Go*. Opening with shimmering free-time arabesques, Coker displays unusual

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emotional and intellectual maturity in a series of dramatically interconnected episodes which conclude with a stormy coda of crashing cascades.

Hopefully, *Dolo!* will bring new attention to a considerable musician who is definitely a talent deserving wider recognition. —berg

ANGELLE

ANGELLE—Epic PE-34836: *Waking Up From Love; What Is That Look In Your Eyes; Too Many Irons On The Fire; Love Of My Life; Better Than Good; Let Me In Your Heart; Can I Touch You; Music Is Forever The Language Of Love; Shooting Stars.*

Personnel: Angelle, vocals and synthesizer (tracks 5, 9); Don Felder, guitar (track 1); Ben Benay, guitar (tracks 2, 4, 6); Lee Ritenour, guitar (track 3); Larry Coryell, guitar (track 7); Charlie Brent, guitar (tracks 1, 5, 9); Joe Sample, electric piano (track 1); Jai Winding, Clavinet, and piano (tracks 1, 3, 6, 7); Victor Feldman, piano (tracks 2, 8, 9); William "Smitty" Smith, piano (track 4); Alphonso Johnson, acoustic and electric bass; John Vidacovich, drums (except track 4); Russ Kunkel, drums (track 4); Lon Price, soprano and tenor sax; Bobbye Hall, percussion (tracks 2, 6); Dave Grusin, synthesizer (tracks 2, 3, 8); Ian Underwood, synthesizer (tracks 5, 9). Horn section: William Perkins (tracks 3, 4, 5); Eugene "Snooky" Young (tracks 3, 4, 5); Albert Wing, (tracks 3, 4); Bruce Fowler (tracks 3, 5); Terry Woodson, (tracks 3, 5); Walter Fowler, (tracks 3, 4, 5). Background vocals: Venetta Fields, Maxayn Lewis and Brenda Bryant.

* * 1/2

A mainstay of the New Orleans music scene for the past several years, Angelle Trosclair deserves a far better debut than this antiseptically programmed treatment of her considerable talents.

This outing turns out to be a highly contrived gathering of pop-disco-jazz formula love songs—not without a certain appeal—but providing absolutely no indication of Angelle's range and depth as a wildly inventive jazz vocalist whose celebratory use of the human voice encompasses a scat-range from soft growl to intense wail.

The jazz content of this album is absolutely minimal. Instead, the emphasis is on the pseudo-amorous, slickly arranged ballads which qualify more as background music for nocturnal seduction than concentrated listening. *Waking Up From Love* and *Better Than Good* are catchy, pulsating disco-love songs but blend in far too easily with the album's similar and nondescript offerings. Only *Can I Touch You* provides some indication of the kind of sensuous, joyous music this young woman is capable of creating.

In addition to her astounding ability to create a vocal style and language in the rich and melodic vein of a Flora Purim or Ursula Dudziak, Angelle has also functioned from time to time as a more conventional chanteuse at various New Orleans hotel lounges. That's the kind of compromises that lack of opportunity forces jazz musicians to make, and sadly enough, this album reflects only that most superficial side of her abilities.

Considering the high caliber of guest sidemen here, including Larry Coryell and Lee Ritenour, the waste of craft on these highly insipid songs is all the more appalling. The album also features two other young and promising New Orleans players—drummer John Vidacovich and saxophonist Lon Price—both of whom have played with Angelle for years and undoubtedly know as well as she does that this highly compromised venture into the valley of funk falls far short of the mark. To put it simply, she deserves another chance.

Under the circumstances, the cover portrait of the lovely blonde Angelle holding a baby alligator against a background of Spanish moss-draped trees only adds local insult to injury. —simon

WAXING ON . . .

The modern electric blues has been with us for three decades now. The first crude examples of the emerging style found their way onto record in 1947 and '48, following which the music rapidly took shape in Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, Detroit and elsewhere throughout the early and middle 1950s. Reissues of music from this exciting period continue to pour forth, reminding us anew of the incredible vitality and creative ferment that characterized the music's shaping, refinement, dissemination and eventual triumph. It also points up the fact that, with all too few exceptions, blues performers since those turbulent days largely have been content to rehash the past, to reshuffle elements from the work of some of the important early shapers of modern blues into variously successful syntheses that can be called "personal styles" only in the loosest application of the term.

It is sobering to contemplate the fact that the last significant musical advance to have been made in modern blues was B. B. King's popular, widely influential extension of T-Bone Walker's approach to the music, and this development, it should be recalled, was fully formed by the middle 1950s. Virtually every younger performer has in one way or another exploited King's vocal and instrumental techniques, yet few have evolved tellingly individualistic approaches of their own, and none has risen to challenge or extend, let alone match, King's pre-eminent position as the foremost modern blues performer. Moreover, with each passing year there have been fewer and fewer blues composers (or composer-performers) on a footing with earlier writers, many of whom—such as Tampa Red, John Lee Williamson, Arthur Crudup, Muddy Waters, Rice Miller, Little Walter, Eddie Boyd, Willie Dixon and a handful of others—were both talented and prolific, enriching the blues with a steady stream of appealing, popular and deservedly much-recorded songs. And it is these rather than any great number of new original compositions that form the nucleus of current blues repertoire. To test the validity of this observation, all one has to do is to check the composer credits, where given, on current blues albums.

While recent years have witnessed no lack of album releases by younger blues performers (many of whom, on the basis of their modest abilities, simply have been over-recorded), it is fair to say that among knowledgeable fans much greater interest is elicited by reissue sets of music from the modern blues' early and middle years. The regularity with which such albums continue to appear is due primarily to the greater vitality, richness and freshness of expression, and genuine creativity carried by the music no less than its undeniable musical-historical importance. For all of these reasons

several recent reissues of music from this period are worthwhile, wholly enjoyable additions to blues LP discography. Then too, they serve to remind us how much great, enduringly valuable music was produced in the music's so-called (and rightly, too) golden age.

Chief among these is Delmark's *Blues Hit Big Town* compilation of singer-harmonica player Junior Wells' first solo recordings, seven issued and five unissued or alternate selections made in 1953 and '54 for the States label operated in Chicago by Leonard Allen. Wells was only 19 when the first of these were recorded, and his accompanists comprised a veritable who's who of the early '50s Chicago blues scene: on the first date, which produced the six titles on the album's first side, guitarist Elmore James and pianist Johnny Jones were added to the Aces—guitarists Louis and Dave Myers and drummers Fred Below (replaced on three cuts by Odie Payne)—the group with which Wells had performed for several years before replacing Little Walter in the Muddy Waters band, while the second session had guitarist Waters, pianist Otis Spann and bassist Willie Dixon featured with the Aces. Both combinations resulted in exceptionally powerful, deeply satisfying musical performances, that with James and Jones perhaps a bit more incisive than the Waters-Spann-Dixon-Aces collaboration which, not surprisingly, sounds much like the Waters band of the time—smooth, well-oiled and just a bit predictable.

The recordings reveal an exceptionally talented and assured performer well on the way to the perfection of a strong, identifiable style the major elements of which are deep emotional conviction and easy rhythmic force. As indicated by several of the performances (*Hoodoo Man* most notably) Wells was influenced somewhat by John Lee Williamson, the foremost harmonica stylist of the pre- and wartime blues, who, as a singer and player, was a source for most early postwar singer-harmonica players. At this stage of his development, however, Wells had already moved well beyond this early influence, though it was not wholly absent in his work. Onto this core had been grafted some of the instrumental virtuosity of Little Walter, who was then busily refining the fleet, inventive approach to harmonica which has characterized much of its use in modern blues since his time.

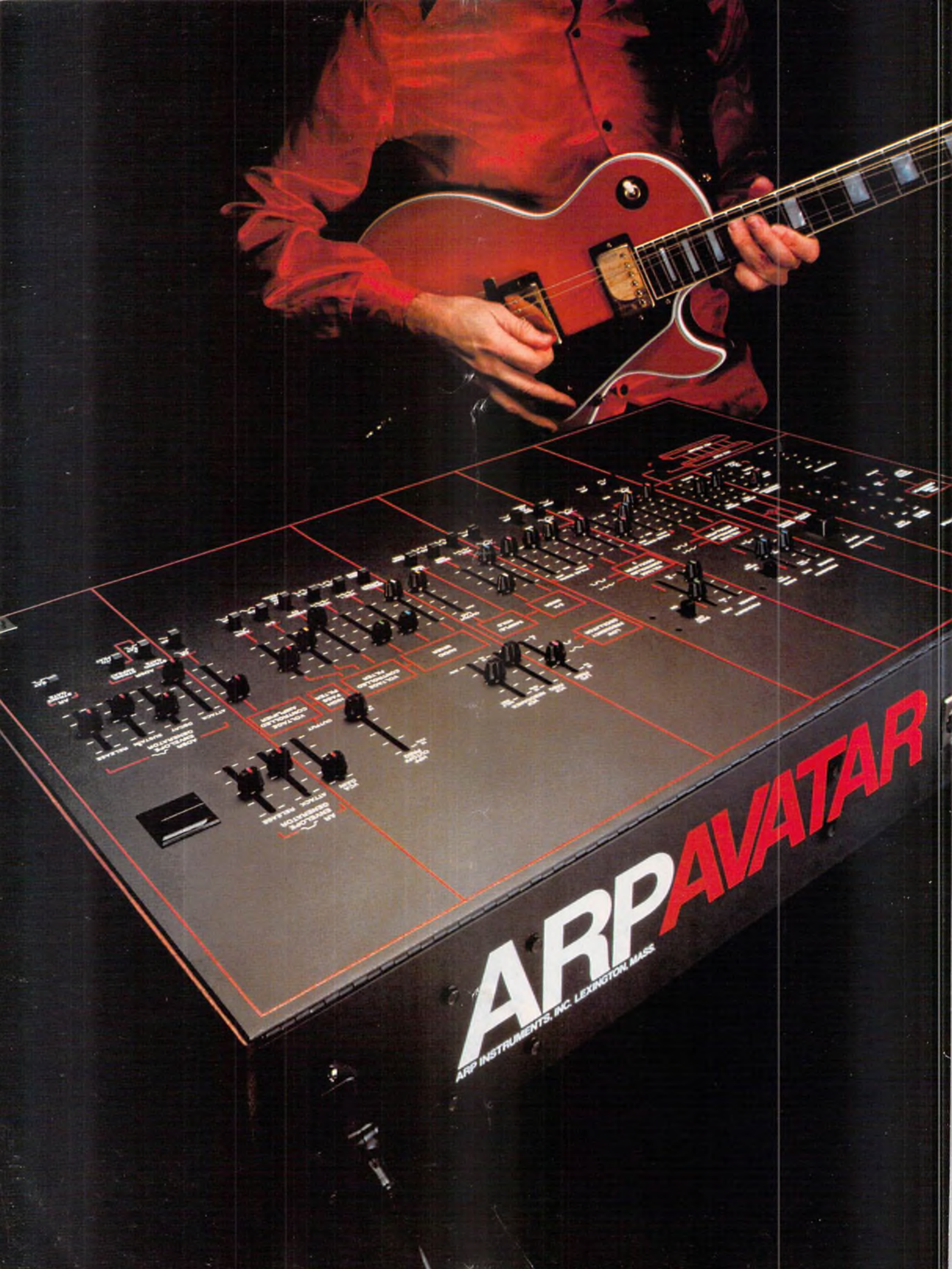
Wells' approach neatly bridged the two, balancing the fluency of Walter (*Junior's Wail, Ways Like An Angel, Eagle Rock and Blues Hit Big Town*, for examples) with the deep earthiness of Williamson (most of the vocals) in a warm, ebullient style that was lean, economical and, above all, very bluesy. It's rarely been showcased more tellingly than on these early, immensely exciting and all but flawless recordings wherein Wells' youthful enthusiasm and vitality were perfectly tempered by his commendably mature mastery and control, and these buttressed stunningly by the marvelous, sensitive accompaniments he was provided. In their power, directness, unerring taste and utter consistency of mood, these may well be the most perfectly distilled examples of Wells' music ever recorded, taking their place alongside those of Waters, Walter, James, Wolf and other masters of the period. If I were limited to having only one Wells album in my collection, this would be it. A gem, and beautifully recorded to boot. Kudos to Delmark for this exceptionally valuable and handsomely produced set.



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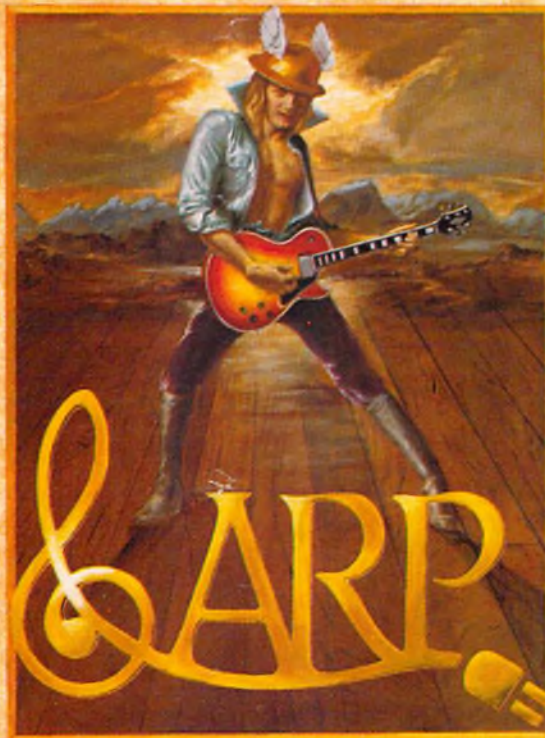
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PLAY LIKE A GOD

Of comparable quality and historical significance are the 14 selections offered in Juke Joint's *Blues Is Killing Me*, which contains nine previously unreleased early 1950s recordings by a number of important contributors to the early postwar blues. Among them are singer-guitarists Robert Lockwood (a stirring, effective *Dust My Broom* from 1952), Moody Jones (*Please Somebody*, 1952), Baby Face Leroy Foster (a feelingful *Blues Is Killing Me*, 1952) and John Brim (an attractive remake of Son Bond's *Hard Pill To Swallow*, 1952), drummer Elgin Evans (*Ethel Bea*, 1952) and singer-pianist Eddie Boyd (*Hard Head Woman*, 1952), as well as two unknown

singers, Harry Brooks (the widely circulated traditional piece *Black Mare*) and Percy Parham (a soul music-influenced *Man Or Mouse*). There is, in addition, a previously unreleased B. B. King performance, the fine, humorous topical song *Recession Blues*, recorded in Chicago in 1958 with full-band accompaniment. The album's remaining five selections reissue singles originally released at the time of their recording: Floyd Jones' 1952 *Big World*; Sunnyland Slim's 1954 version of *The Devil Is A Busy Man*, a piece he has recorded a number of times, this one graced with a fine Snooky Pryor harmonica accompaniment; J. B. Lenoir's engaging *How Much More*, from

1952; Memphis Minnie's *World Of Trouble*, recorded at her final recording session in 1954, and drummer-harmonica player Grace Brim's *Man Around My Door*, a 1952 remake of a piece she had recorded, less successfully, two years earlier.

The focus of the collection is on sturdy, strongly traditional blues in the mainstream of the electrically amplified, small-band idiom associated with Chicago and, with the exception of King, all the performers were involved in one way or another with the postwar blues' development there: Sunnyland Slim and Eddie Boyd had participated in the later stages of the city's prewar blues activity but achieved their most notable success with the modern idiom. There are no real standout performances; the album's great virtue is the solid consistency of mood and performance it offers rather than any great individual performances. In this connection, pianist Sunnyland Slim, guitarist Lockwood and drummer Evans contribute significantly to the success of the collection, being present as accompanists on many of the recordings included. As a representative compilation of performances flushed with the strength of familiar expression and the vitality of newly-minted techniques, *Blues Is Killing Me* is an archetypal collection of the early postwar Chicago blues, additional incentive for purchase being provided by the large number of previously unreleased performances. Highly recommended.

Another admirable set of vintage Chicago blues is provided in Festival's *America's Musical Roots* (the latter word strongly emphasized on the cover), a sampler of 18 performances drawn from the catalogs of Chess-Checker Records, for many years the city's foremost blues label. The performers whose music has been included in the set are among the best known and most successful of all those associated with the modern blues—Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Little Walter, Elmore James, Sonny Boy Williamson II (Rice Miller), John Lee Hooker, Lowell Fulson, Memphis Slim and even Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley, both represented by bluesier efforts than their more rockish fare.

With the exception of Hooker's 1966 *In the Mood*, the recordings span the 10-year period 1950-60 when the postwar blues was being shaped, refined and consolidated—by many of the performers represented here—as a distinct genre hugely popular with black record audiences. The music's roots in the blues of the Deep South are suggested in the performances of Waters (the marvelous *Louisiana Blues* of 1950 and the entertaining *Hoochie Coochie Man* of three years later), Howlin' Wolf (*Smokestack Lightnin'*, from 1956, and *Spoonful*, 1960, both stunning and powerful recordings), Hooker (a 1952 *Walking The Boogie* and *In The Mood*) and James (*She Just Won't Do Right*, from 1953, though here wrongly titled *Dust My Broom*).

It should be noted that by the time every one of these selections had been recorded, the country origins of the music had already been blurred quite a bit, subsumed into an increasingly regularized ensemble approach most fully typified by the two Little Walter performances (the 1954 anthem *Blues With A Feeling* and the following year's hit *My Babe*, the latter a secularized version of the earlier gospel song *This Train*). Similarly urban in character, though with strong country overtones, are Williamson's wry 1955 *Don't Start Me To Talking* and *The Key* of a year later,

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while the B. B. King-inflected *Rollin' Blues* and *Lonely Hours*, both recorded in 1955 by guitarist Fulson, signal the most completely urbanized of modern blues approaches. The several selections by Berry—1955's *Wee Wee Hours* and 1957's *Blue Feeling*—and Diddley—the 1955 song-boast *I'm A Man* and the straightforward *Before You Accuse Me*—are more than mere curiosities, being strong and deeply felt blues performances of considerable value. In this collection, the solitary performance by pianist-singer Memphis Slim, *Having Fun*, seems almost a reversion to the popular prewar styles.

Still, the music is utterly spellbinding and the album, containing as it does a great number of classics of the modern blues, would make a fine introduction to the subject for the uninitiated listener who might wish to investigate it. For the knowledgeable collector, however, it's of much lesser value, since all the selections have appeared on previous reissue albums, many of them numerous times in fact. A further debit is the absence of any sort of supporting documentation, including personnel and recording data, or liner annotations, such as those accompanying the Wells and *Blues Is Killing Me* sets, which put the music into some sort of historical-musical framework. An album purporting to contain America's musical roots should, it seems, have had a paragraph or two explaining just what those roots are and how the performances included in the album exemplify them. The five-star rating, then, is solely for the music.

A generous helping of 29 selections, including nine previously unissued and two alternate recordings, by Chicago singer-guitarist-composer J. B. Lenoir is offered in the double album Chess compilation bearing his name, which may well be the final offering in the label's intermittently valuable reissue series. Two others announced at the same time, by Sugar Boy Crawford and Jimmy Rogers, apparently have been scrapped by All-Platinum, current owners of the Chess-Checker catalogs.

The first of the two discs in the set, containing 14 selections, earlier was released as *Natural Man* (Chess 410); the second offers the unreleased and alternate material along with several singles previously unavailable on LP. The resulting set is a fine representation of the performer's modest yet attractive music making. His high-pitched voice notwithstanding, Lenoir reminds one greatly of Big Boy Crudup both in vocal phrasing and in the melodic-rhythmic character of many of his compositions. The latter are largely traditional in nature, as benefits one of his Southern rural background (he was born in 1929 in Monticello, in central Mississippi, moved in the late 1940s to Chicago where he became a fixture of the local blues scene, then at its height, although never achieving much in the way of commercial success, and in 1967 died of injuries sustained in an automobile accident), while many of his lyrics deal with various aspects of the urban ghetto experience, including themes of generalized social protest—for examples, *Eisenhower Blues*, *Korea Blues*, *Everybody Wants To Know, I'm In Korea* and several others not included in this set.

This extended sampling of his music contains much of pleasure, to be sure, but at the same time indicates quite clearly why Lenoir was unable to gain recording success: his songs were much too diffuse in character, too rawly unfocused in their lyric thrust, and frequently too much amateurish-sounding to

compete at all successfully with the stronger, tighter, more concise and artistic efforts of other contemporary bluesmen.

In his use of simple rock-and-roll effects—repeated rhythmic motifs, saxophone riffs and the like—Lenoir was onto a good thing but, in fairness, it must be observed that he and his producers never really managed to find the telling, sharply focused combination of elements necessary to lift his work from the shapeless and mundane in which too much of it was mired. Not that Lenoir's music was without its merits; at its best, and there's much of that here, it had a prickly vitality and sly, witty originality, as well as a consistent, personal point of view that placed it somewhat apart from the more usual lyric preoccupations of Chicago blues. But, for whatever reasons, it rarely was realized on record in the same way as Rice Miller's much more perfectly distilled, beautifully focused handling of many of the same lyric themes. With Lenoir, however, it largely was a case of more modest abilities and, sadly, unfulfilled potential. Still, he remains a fascinating figure in the modern Chicago blues whose memory is well served in this interesting but somewhat frustrating collection.

No such difficulties beset King Records' *17 Hits* collection of the strong, deeply felt singing and playing of the late Freddie King, the Texas-born singer-guitarist who along with Magic Sam and Otis Rush was one of the major architects of the later, second generation, wave of modern blues in Chicago in the late 1950s and early '60s. King was rightly considered one of the most masterful of blues guitarists, and there's plenty of his instrumental prowess on display in this extended sampling of his large number of Federal recordings made through the 1960s. The instrumental performances—*Hide Away* (his major record success and one of the instrumental staples of the modern blues), *San-Ho-Zay*, *Heads Up*, *Side Tracked* (stunning), *Onion Rings* and *Hi Rise*—are obvious illustrations of this, of course, but all the performances have a goodly share of his darting, hard-edged, inventive guitar work as well. Deriving from the influential guitar style of B.B. King, Freddie King's approach to the instrument was much more staccato and aggressive in its rhythmic attack, a bit more disjunct of line and, in the main, more strident in character, but it was instantly recognizable as his, and this can be said of all too few blues guitarists since B.B.'s emergence.

Vocally, too, Freddie took his lead from B.B.—at least at the beginning of his career—although here too he developed a personal, recognizable approach of great expressiveness. His high, arching vocals were full of an emotional power given even greater intensity through his tense, clenched-throat delivery and effective use of falsetto. There was a strong traditional base to many of his song materials, of which *You've Got To Love Her With A Feeling*, *Have You Ever Loved A Woman* (both dating from 1960 and indicating most clearly the B.B. King influence), *Lonesome Whistle Blues*, *See See Baby* (basically an updated version of *Meet Me In The Bottom*), *I'm Tore Down* and *The Welfare Turns Its Back On You* are fine examples of his way with mainstream themes and forms. Others of his songs were a bit more modern in character—the Ray Charles-inflected *Christmas Tears*, and the blues-ballads *What About Love*, *Look Ma, I'm Crying*, *Some Other Day*, *Some Other Time* and

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Full Time Love—and drew on such popular sources as soul music and rock and roll, but all were grist to his strong, personal interpretive mill, and each is stamped with the full force of his commanding personality. Then, too, his recordings had the benefit of Sonny Thompson's knowingly economical production which put Freddie, properly, very much to the fore. It was Thompson who most often collaborated with King in his songwriting efforts, instrumentals no less than vocals. Much credit for the success of these recordings is due the underappreciated Thompson.

If you've none of his earlier King albums, all culled from this same source, this is an excellent introduction to Freddie King's music, offering as it does some of his best work for Federal, the label with which he established and consolidated his reputation. While only six of the 17 selections are true "hit" recordings, album title to the contrary, all are exemplary modern blues performed with great feeling and creativity by one of the idiom's foremost figures.

Developing at much the same time as the

Chicago blues, the postwar blues of the West Coast took a slightly different line. Unlike their counterparts in Chicago and other Northern cities, many of the singers and players associated with this development had moved to the coast from Texas and Oklahoma where a slightly different set of emphases and conventions regarding blues performance prevailed. Among these were various influences from jazz and popular orchestral music, including the hybrid Western Swing form long associated with the region, as well as such other sources as country and even Mexican music. Accordingly, when musicians from this area turned their attention to fashioning a modern form of electrically amplified blues in the postwar period many of the characteristics of the jazz-influenced jump blues of the Texas-Oklahoma region were carried over into the West Coast blues—a more supple handling of rhythm, greater harmonic sophistication and a much richer melodism. The resultant synthesis was much sweeter-sounding than the more abrasive lowdown blues of Chicago, the music considerably

more melodic in character, the vocal and instrumental approaches much more fluid and legato, the whole style one of greater sophistication and subtlety than the down-home blues of the urban North. Which is not to say that the West Coast blues was "better" than Chicago blues—just different, as befits the different set of emphases that operated on it.

The recently issued *Central Avenue Blues* set offers a good cross-section of the work of a number of important artists associated with the postwar West Coast Blues, primarily in Los Angeles. With the exception of a few sports, the Muddy Waters-influenced *Bad Luck* by singer Stormy Herman and the enthusiastic but largely undistinguished *Love's Limit* by singer-pianist J. D. Nicholson and a mercifully unidentified female singer, the performances lie squarely in the Southwestern-derived West Coast blues mainstream. Virtually all the selections offer smooth vocals and instrumental solos against the cushion of supple accompaniments, most of which feature horns in obbligato and/or section, another heritage of the music's jump-blues background. The album's contents are about equally balanced between those featuring singer-guitarists and singer-pianists.

Among the former are T-Bone Walker, one of the major sources of B.B. King's music, in a nicely subdued *Description Blues* notable for some of the guitarist's most fluently inventive playing and attractive lyrics, as well as fine work by trumpeter George Orendorff, tenor saxophonist Bumps Myers and pianist Willard McDaniel; Roy Hawkins, whose strong, lithe guitar and virile singing are well showcased on the exuberant *Highway 59*; San Francisco bluesman Saunders King with a bouncy *Little Girl* boasting his fine jazz-inflected guitar work and solid ensemble playing; and Pee Wee Crayton, represented by three early '50s efforts, the very tasty *Central Avenue Blues*, an appropriately moody *When It Rains It Pours* and the more frantic guitar-saxophone (probably Maxwell Davis) instrumental duel *Poppa Stoppa*. There's also some powerful, very interesting guitar to be heard on Johnny Wright's *The World Is Yours*, possibly by Ike Turner whose band is heard in support of the singer. Likewise, fine guitar playing, probably by Johnny Brown, enlivens the two selections by Amos Milburn, *Walkin' Blues* and the wry *Put Something in My Hand*, both with small band accompaniment, while the singer's solid, rock-ribbed boogie piano is one of the several delights of Little Willie Littlefield's smoothly sung *Mean Mean Woman*. A more modern jazz direction colors the piano work, by Camille Howard, on Roy Milton's suave *Blues In My Heart*, and a boppish approach to swing is one of the attractive features of the Blenders' *Big Fine Baby*. Popular singer-pianist Charles Brown, with his associates in Johnny Moore's Three Blazers, guitarist Moore and drummer Eddie Williams, is represented by a typical performance, *Seven Long Days*. In all, a well chosen set of performances that offers the listener a good slice of the work of several of the major stylists of the postwar West Coast blues, as well as several unusual and rare items. No notes or supporting documentation, however.

King's recent compilation of 14 of Ray Charles' 1949-51 Swingtime recordings memorialize the singer-pianist's mastery of the prevalent West Coast blues style. (The album title *14 Hits* is a misnomer; none of the recordings included was such, and the two actual hit recordings he had with Swingtime—

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1951's *Baby Let Me Hold Your Hand* and the following year's *Kiss Me Baby*—have not been included.) About half of the album is given over to performances in this style, recalling the work of Charles Brown and others, of which the performances of the traditional *Sitting On Top Of The World* (slow and very tasty), the semi-autobiographical *St. Pete Florida Blues*, a zesty remake of St. Louis Jimmy's *Going Down Slow* (here called *I've Had My Fun*) and *Rockin' Chair Blues* are particularly noteworthy efforts. The remainder of the album's contents reveals a pronounced Nat "King" Cole influence, the singer even taking on Cole's characteristic timbre and phrasing style on such pieces as *Ain't That Fine*, *Don't Put All Your Dreams In One Basket*, *Sentimental Blues*, *Jack She's On The Ball*, *Can Anyone Ask For More* and *If I Give You My Love*, many containing piano solos in Cole's style as well. A trio format—Charles, vocal and piano; G. D. McKee, guitar; Milton Garred or Ralph Hamilton, drums—is used on all the performances. More than just an interesting footnote to Charles' subsequent career and accomplishments, the performances hold up as first-rate examples of West Coast blues of the early postwar period.

For those interested in exploring a bit further this important area of black popular music, which only now is beginning to receive the attention of researchers, a number of excellent albums of West Coast postwar blues issued on various European labels are very much worth obtaining through import shops. Of these, I would strongly recommend the following: *Opportunity Blues*, Floyd Dixon (KIX-1); *Laughing But Crying*, Roy Brown (KIX-2) and *7th Street Boogie*, Ivory Joe Hunter (KIX-4), all three on the Swedish reissue label Route 66; and *Roy Milton And His Solid Senders* (SNTF 5019) and *Joe & Jimmy Liggins* (SNTF 5020), both on the Specialty (British) label. The sets offer generous amounts of playing time (the Route 66s have 16 tracks apiece, the Specialties 14) and have been intelligently compiled with a view to providing comprehensive, or at least representative overviews of the work of the respective artists. The Swedish sets also offer complete discographical information in addition to authoritative liner annotations, while the Specialties include no supporting data beyond John Broven's thoughtful, informative liner notes. Each is a five-star album. —welding

Junior Wells, *Blues Hit Big Town* (Delmark 640): *****

Various Artists, *Blues Is Killing Me* (Juke Joint 1501): *****

Various Artists, *America's Musical Roots* (Festival 1008): *****

J. B. Lenoir (Chess 2ACMB-208): *****^{1/2}

Freddie King, *17 Hits* (King 5012X): *****

Various Artists, *Central Avenue Blues* (Ace of Spades 1001): *****^{1/2}

Ray Charles, *14 Hits* (King 5011X): *****

Floyd Dixon, *Opportunity Blues* (Route 66 KIX-1): *****

Roy Brown, *Laughing But Crying* (Route 66 KIX-2): *****



Ivory Joe Hunter, *7th Avenue Boogie* (Route 66 KIX-4): *****

Roy Milton & His Solid Senders (Specialty SNTF 5019): *****

Joe & Jimmy Liggins (Specialty SNTF 5020): *****



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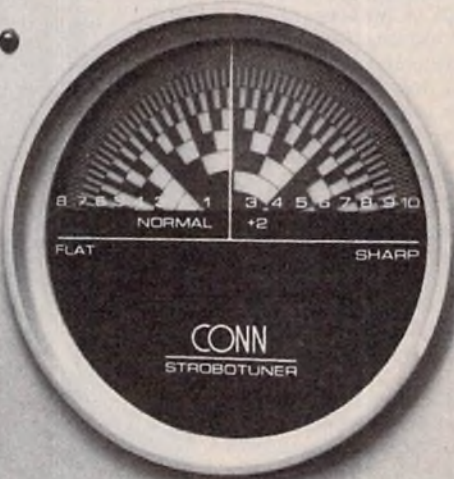
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BLINDFOLD TEST



JOEL BRODSKY

Larry Coryell & Alphonse Mouzon

BY LEONARD FEATHER

One of the more notable events of 1977 was the reunion, for a full concert tour, of Larry Coryell and Alphonse Mouzon. The two highly compatible musicians had worked together productively for a year and a half (1973-5) with the Eleventh House.

Born in Galveston, Texas in 1943, Coryell came to prominence with the Chico Hamilton combo in 1965, worked with an early jazz/rock fusion group called Free Spirits, and toured with Gary Burton from 1967-8. In recent years he has been working extensively in recording and concert projects under his own name, revealing amazing technical and creative powers on both acoustic and electric guitars.

Mouzon, born in 1948 in Charleston, South Carolina, is a former medical student (he once worked in a New York City Hospital) who began to gain a measure of recognition in the late 1960s. After freelancing with Gene McDaniels, Roberta Flack and others, he went on the road for a year with Roy Ayers, then became a founding member of Weather Report in 1971. That gig and his stint with the Eleventh House were separated by one year with McCoy Tyner. Since moving to California a couple of years ago, Mouzon has been intensely active in a variety of contexts.

This was Coryell's second blindfold test (the first was in *db* 7/18/74); it was the second also for Mouzon (8/15/74). They were given no information about the records played.

1. JACK WILKINS QUARTET. *500 Miles High* (from *The Jack Wilkins Quartet*, Chiaroscuro). Wilkins, guitar; Randy Brecker, flugelhorn; Eddie Gomez, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums; Chick Corea, composer.

Coryell: That was *500 Miles High* by Chick Corea and I first thought it might be Stanley Clarke and John McLaughlin on the introduction, but the players quickly distinguished themselves not to be those two. I really didn't care for the arrangement—the only thing that I really enjoyed that I thought was at a level of excellence was the guitar solo, and I thought it was Jack Wilkins—I don't know why. I heard him when he played opposite us one time and I remember he did some amazing things.

During the course of this guy's solo, on three occasions he did what I call the old George Benson descending chromatic thing where you take a flurry of notes and as the phrase gets longer you go ba-ba-ba-ba-ba... like that. But it could have been anybody. Whoever it was, may he live forever and continue to grow—especially the sound that he has.

The bass player was out of tune. He had the tremendously difficult responsibility of arcing the melody on a couple of choruses, which is very difficult I think. Of all the bass players I worked with in bowling, I think Miroslav is the best, and even he has problems staying in tune, so... My sympathy goes more to the bass player than any criticism, because I think had they been a bit more inventive in the arrangement they would have brought something better than the rating I'm giving it, which is three stars.

Mouzon: Yeah, I thought the arrangement was very loose and could have been structured better. I have no idea who it was, but I like the guitarist. I would give it three and a half, just for the guitar player.

2. AIRTO. *Zuei* (from *Promises Of The Sun*, Arista). Airto, drums, percussion, lead vocal, composer; Toninho, electric guitar.

Mouzon: Once again I have no idea who the guitarist is, but the artist himself is the one and only Airto—a very distinctive person; unmistakable. Airto Moreira. That composition, I'd give it four stars. I liked it. I like the way it flowed between seven and eight; the rhythm structure was kind of nice. I liked how he blended his voice with the melody and used it as an instrument.

Coryell: Well, I liked the beginning. I liked the in-chorus and the out-chorus, but the rest of it I didn't care for. Once again, this is not a criticism, but just an interpretation based on the experience that I just had. I felt for the guitarist. I felt they were maybe running short of time and didn't have a chance to give him another crack at the solo, and I felt that the alternating rhythm thing in the middle really made it hard to play.

I heard the guy trying to get into something, and because he was trying to be so faithful to the alternating key signatures, it lost its ability to swing. First he worked with some triplets and then some octaves, but it's kind of like a boxer in the first round... I felt sorry for the cat and would have given him another crack at it, because I don't think he was very happy with it.

In all honesty, not that I didn't like it, but it just didn't move me. I'll just give it two stars, because it was very beautifully done. But I thought the improvisation could have been improved upon.

3. EARL KLUGH. *Captain Caribè* (from *Living Inside Your Love*, Blue Note). Klugh, acoustic, 12-string guitars; Dave Grusin, composer, arranger, producer, keyboards; Will Lee, bass; Steve Gadd, drums.

Mouzon: It was Earl Klugh, Dave Grusin produc-

ing and arranging it, and Will Lee and Steve Gadd. I'd give it four stars for the arrangement. I thought there were some good moments, but then there were some moments where I felt it was rushing a little and got too busy. Sometimes it was just too arranged. I didn't think the guitarist took enough authority as the leader. He just plays real nice, you know, without taking any chances. Just moderate... nice tone, but not exploring any other avenues. He didn't get outside the nucleus. But overall, I'd give it four.

Coryell: Well, it was a pleasant piece. It was very well played and very well arranged. The rhythm section sounded like another group and the soloists sounded like another group. I agree with Alphonse about the clutteriness—it got so cluttered; and Earl never really came above the rhythm section or the arrangement at any time, nor was he given in the arrangement any space or any harmonic challenge. It was all very elementary. "You play funk on this chord and on that chord."

I was really most impressed by a couple of very subtle and quickly played rasqueados that Earl did in the beginning of the piece while the arrangement was being stated that showed me what brilliant classical technique he has. Rasqueados are very hard to do—they're from the bottom up—a reverse finger roll, and I immediately perked up when I heard him do it, but I kept waiting for him to rise above the arrangement. But given that arrangement, I don't think it was possible for anybody to rise above it.

But it was very well played, very pleasant, and a nice kind of thing you'd like to hear on an airplane halfway between Amsterdam and L.A. But I would never buy a record like that, nor play it in my house, nor allow my children to hear it.

Feather: You said during the record "that's real L.A. music." What did you mean by that?

Coryell: It just had that laid-back, mellow with a little bit of movie sound track type of flair. But I admire that. I admire the ability to evoke the mood of a region in an arrangement.

Mouzon: It was sweet.

Coryell: Yeah, it had a soft, sweet feel to it rather than the harder edge...

When I saw Earl playing with George Benson he was playing East Coast music, bereft of arrangements.

4. WEATHER REPORT. *Harlequin* (from *Heavy Weather*, Columbia). Wayne Shorter, soprano sax, composer.

Mouzon: Weather Report, a Wayne Shorter composition, and I'd give it five stars. There's nothing I can say about that group—it's a great group, one of my favorite bands.

Feather: How has it changed since you were with it?

Mouzon: Well, the music has changed a little—the compositions. When I was with the band Joe wasn't playing that much on synthesizers—now he has an Oberheim and an Arp 2600 that he plays together—sequenced together, that makes it a lot different than when I was with the band. And our structure back then, with Miroslav, was freer. We were just creating—we'd have a couple of themes and state them, and there were melodies that were cues that would go into another section. Like Miroslav—if we were in A, he might hit a D and we'd immediately go there with him. More spontaneity. Everyone was just listening more to each other then. It would always be performed differently.

Feather: So in other words, it's still a great group, but in a different way?

Mouzon: Yeah. The compositions—you've got great composers, all three of those guys. I love Jaco. We did a record last year together, at the Berlin Jazz Festival, live with Albert Mangelsdorff on MPS. And I did one with MPS—I don't know when it will ever come out in the States. But Jaco is one of the greatest bass players around. On the records he makes a fretless sound like an acoustic. Very talented.

Coryell: Well, it's hard to be objective about musicians that you love so much, and this is the best thing you've played all afternoon. Wayne Shorter's tunes are worth the price of the record alone. I

PROFILE

MICHAEL STUART

BY MARK MILLER

"There are a lot of horn players who listen to Coltrane. My approach is not to copy verbatim what he played, but to try to find out what motivated him—I think that's what makes his music unique. The music tells you about the man who's playing, where his heart is and where his spirit is."

In any conversation with Toronto reedman Michael Stuart the name of John Coltrane comes up frequently. Indeed, Trane would seem to be Stuart's model, in life and in music, as he has been for so many young players.

Not surprisingly then, Stuart has had a strong interest in working with Elvin Jones or McCoy Tyner, whose bands are in effect the "finishing schools" for saxophonists who have followed in Coltrane's giant steps. And so it was in mid-September 1977 that Stuart travelled first to Montreal where he sat in with Tyner at The Rising Sun, and then to New York for a week-long audition with Jones at Storyville. After his first night with the drummer, he was hired, joining another Toronto-based saxophonist, Pat La Barbera in the front line.

listened to Getz a lot, and I listened to Zoot Sims.

"What actually got me interested in Coltrane was the fact that he won the 1964 **down beat** polls. I'd never heard of him, and he beat Stan Getz! So out of curiosity I bought *Crescent* to check out this man who beat Stan Getz. It just took me away, the music was so beautiful, so strong."

Perhaps as a portent of the future, Stuart's first horn, the tenor, came from Toronto, sent to Kingston by his elder half brother, trombonist Russ Little (once a member of Woody Herman's band and now a popular performer in Toronto clubs). Stuart played reggae and rock 'n roll at first and worked with the Sonny Bradshaw Seven which toured in Canada in 1968. "There were solos involved, which I guess was a part of the tradition of *ska*, the music which came before reggae—it's a drag that it didn't carry over. One of the biggest *ska* bands in Jamaica involved most of the good jazz players, hornmen, who influenced the whole thing because of their bebop upbringing."

After his early training at the Jamaica School of



Though Stuart is obviously determined, he's also rather philosophical about the course his career has taken. "It's just a matter of working diligently and being prepared to do your best all the time. The rest will take care of itself. If you develop to a certain level, then things just happen."

Born at Annotto Bay, Jamaica, in 1948, Stuart was raised in Kingston, where "the jazz scene was a handful of guys into bebop." A late starter at 18, he was listening for some time before he began playing. "My first influence was Paul Desmond—he made me feel that I wanted to play saxophone. Then I heard Stan Getz and I felt that the tenor, because of the rich lower register, was a nicer horn. I

Music was directed in turn by a bassoonist and a clarinetist, Stuart sought out a more appropriate teacher after he moved to Toronto in 1969 and eventually studied with the classical saxophonist Paul Brodie and with fellow jazzman Alvin Pall, each for about a year and a half. He also studied theory with composer-pianist-saxophonist Ted Moses. "Brodie showed me a lot of the technical things I was doing wrong. He also exposed me to classical saxophone. He played me some Marcel Mule records which were just beautiful—I could see the relationship between Mule and Coltrane. I could see where one could use conservatory study to play jazz."

From an article in a newsletter published by Brodie's World Saxophone Congress, Stuart later taught himself circular breathing, a technique which has become an increasingly-important and well-integrated aspect of his playing. "I'd been thinking about it ever since I discovered that Roland Kirk did it. I tried it out. It's a very simple principle, really, and the possibilities it opens up! It's like having the same potential as a keyboard player, like having a sustain pedal which you can use to build tension."

The name Michael Stuart, or just as often but incorrectly, Mike Stewart, began to appear on Toronto jazz bills around 1973. Summersong, Sadik Hakim, Michael Stuart/Keith Blackley (see *Caught, db*, August 12, 1976), Sonny Greenwich, Doug Riley, Ted Moses' Mother Necessity Big Band are all associations (except that with drummer Blackley) which have come to one end or another. Summersong is no longer. Hakim, the legendary bebop pianist, returned in 1976 to live in New York. Greenwich, the equally legendary guitarist, has been troubled by poor health and hasn't performed since December 1975. Riley has been traveling the rockier paths through jazz. And the Mother Necessity Big Band, in which Stuart was a featured soloist on tenor and soprano sax, all but disappeared when Moses' jazz workshop (see *Caught, db*, March 11, 1976) closed early in 1977.

As Stuart is inclined to emphasize above all else the learning aspects of his associations with other musicians, it came as something of a bonus that he recorded as a sideman on two LPs during this period: one with Hakim (*Sadik Hakim Plays Duke Ellington*) in 1974 for Radio Canada International (RCI 379) and the other with Riley (*Dreams*) in 1975 for PM Records (PMR-007).

Over the summer of 1977, prior to joining Elvin Jones, Stuart began playing with Don Thompson's piano-led quartet, at first in place of Sonny Greenwich at the Larens International Jazz Festival in Holland, and later at a concert in Hamilton (west of Toronto) which was broadcast live across Canada by the CBC. He has also been a featured soloist with the 22-piece Horns of Toronto, led by a recent arrival to the city, flugelhornist Dan Terry.

Constant throughout most of Stuart's career has been the Stuart/Blackley duo and their more recent quartet with pianist Frank Falco and bassist Bob Boucher or Steve Wallace. "Keith and I have played together for years and we're very close, personally and musically. As a result it's very easy to play together, even if we haven't played together for a while." Unfortunately neither Stuart/Blackley permutation (the duo is the more "permanent" of the two) has met with very much acceptance outside of a small circle of admirers.

Laboring in the obscurity that only Toronto can offer its most promising musicians, Stuart has been forced to work outside of music from time to time to help support his family. For nine months last winter he was a bank courier.

This winter should be a little different. He was unable to join Elvin Jones immediately for gigs in Chicago and Minneapolis, due to delays in obtaining a work permit. But Stuart did make the band's October/November tour of Europe. No doubt the association with the drummer will have other benefits—Stuart's career seems always to have served the direction of his own musical development.

"I'm preparing myself to play free. I always wanted to play in a free style, so to speak, when I first got my horn. I discovered that I needed knowledge in order to play that way. I think it's important to research the traditions that have gone before us—that's just going to strengthen me when I play.

"I am where I am because I feel in order to move beyond what Coltrane has done I have to absorb as much as possible, learn his whole way of playing and use it to build something.

"I want to play strong. If you've really the desire to do it, there's a source, the same source that Coltrane used to draw from. And that's what I'm looking for—that's the key to life and to music."

db

EUGENE CHADBOURNE

BY LEE UNDERWOOD

Avant garde musicians struggle mightily to reach the predominately industry-oriented populace of Los Angeles. Bobby Bradford manages The Little Big Horn in Pasadena and performs there, while a few other free musicians play at Studio Z. To a great extent, however, new music in L.A. relies heavily for its outlets on the Century City Playhouse, managed by Lee Kaplan, a synthesizer player in his own right, who is also the Music Coordinator for the Century City Educational Arts Project.

Kaplan has heartily supported new music in L.A. by booking Glenn Ferris, Oliver Lake, John Carter, Julius Hemphill, Frank Lowe, Leo Smith and numerous others. Sometimes he's even filled the 100-seat house. When Kaplan recently booked guitarist Eugene Chadbourne and saxophonist John Zorn, however, only 10 people showed up, a shame, because Chadbourne is breaking into some exciting new territory.

While the guitar has long been a major instrument in rock and straight jazz circles, it has remained conspicuously absent from the avant garde. The alto and tenor saxes and the piano were liberated from the shackles of tradition by such innovators as Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Thelonius Monk and Cecil Taylor. But with the exception of Derek Bailey, few if any radical new guitarists of substantial vision have boldly stepped forth and broken all the rules, explored new rhythms, harmonies and textures, devised new techniques, and evolved a style and conception on a par with respected avant garde pianists and reed players.

Eugene Chadbourne, 24, and now a resident of New York City, just might be one to fill the gap. He was born in Mt. Vernon, New York, January 4, 1954. When he was three his family moved to Boulder, Colorado. When he was 17, he moved to Calgary, Canada, lived there for five years, developed his music, and wrote entertainment articles for the *Calgary Herald*. In mid-1976 he moved to New York as a full-time musician.

Eugene is concerned less with conventional harmonies, melodies and rhythms than he is with unusual textures, space, dynamics and timbres. "To me," he said, "the acoustic guitar is not simply a single-line or chording instrument. It is a wooden resonator. The strings are one part that resonate, but if you think about what you can use as resonators other than strings, it opens the instrument up to many, many other possibilities.

"For example, aside from using my fingers and a metal slide, I also use balloons. There are right-hand and left-hand balloon techniques. You can take the balloon and place it over the strings. It mutes the strings, increases the volume, and yields a electronic-type sound.

"A wet balloon rubbed against the strings creates squeaks and harmonics that sound like a bass clarinet, and can be controlled. A balloon placed over the strings in combination with a slide and flat picking can create a lot of changing textures. One note will be done with a slide, the next with a balloon, the next just regular, changing all the time—a big cloud of sound happening.

"I've been working a lot now with very small balloons. I'll put only a little bit of air in one so it's about the size of a nickel. I wet it and then rub it against the string. It makes a sound similar to that of a person talking.

"As another technique, I use a miniature bow employed in the Suzuki method of teaching little children the violin. I like to play, say, one or two notes with the bow, one or two with the slide, and then a couple with the balloon. I like a lot of changes, mixed attacks.

"Besides the slide, the balloons and the bow, I use a couple of small metal springs. I rub them against the side of the guitar along the ridge. They make percussive sounds. One spring is out of a bicycle seat; John Zorn found the other one in the street in New York.

"For several different things, I use a metal fingernail file. I hold it right up against the wood and pluck it, moving it back and forth, like holding a butter knife against the table and thumping it while holding one end down, sliding it back and forth to change pitches. I sometimes insert the file in between the strings and flip it for three or four notes. Then you can take a balloon and put it on top of the strings and change the sound still more. You can keep compounding these different things.

"Another technique I use is wetting my index finger and rubbing it against the surface of the guitar. You can get all kinds of different pitches and sounds that way. Also, I taped a little voice-box from a doll inside the sound hole. By controlling a string, I get little bits of words. I used to travel with a fishing tackle box full of bits of glass, screws, odd pieces of metal, plastic, paper clips, etc. Then the music changed, and those sounds didn't apply any more."

Two of Chadbourne's four guitars are conventional, one a six-string, the other a 12-string. The other two are modified.

"On my old Harmony 12-string, I have cello, banjo and guitar strings, some tuned tightly, some loosely. I've taped some pencils over the sound hole which act as extra frets going way up high. Two thumb pianos, one low, one high, are built right on the face of the guitar. There are some moveable pegs that act like tremelo bars. I fill the inside with sea shells for certain percussive effects. And I've attached some 700 loose old guitar strings to the front of the body. They look like a horse's mane, and they rattle like a hail storm.



"Henry Kaiser, a San Francisco guitarist, gave me my electric Epiphone 12-string, which also has a contact mike that picks up the hitting or rubbing sounds from the body. I'm using only eight strings on it right now, two of which are wrapped around each other so they buzz. Sometimes I'll set up two strings in unison, one super slinky, the other very heavy. They give contrasting textures."

The response to Chadbourne's free-flowing composed and improvised whirlings of sound has been mixed. "Sometimes people stamp their feet and scream and yell as if they were at a country/western concert. Other times they sit there and stare at me as if I'm crazy. Usually it's somewhere in between. However, the attitude of other musicians has changed for the better. Four years ago, most musicians thought I couldn't play. Now, even if they don't like the music, they know I'm working hard, and they recognize that I know what I'm doing.

"The variety of sounds is just one aspect of what I do. I also read classical music every day; I play old blues; I work all the time on tunes by Charlie Parker, Thelonius Monk, Ornette Coleman and Lennie Tristano. I even play Irish fiddle pieces, not because I'll do one in concert, but because they help my fingers move.

"But whether I'm playing a straight tune or one of my own compositions or improvisations, I inject continuity into it, a linear sense, controlled and di-

rected by the emotion underlying it. What counts is not the sound, but how much care and emotion is in it.

"In terms of guitar players, Jimi Hendrix was important to me because of his still unsurpassed work in electronics. Derek Bailey was very influential, because at one point in my life I clearly heard what he was doing, which gave me the confidence to continue what I myself was working on.

"And when I heard you yourself playing guitar with (the late) Tim Buckley at the University of Colorado in the very early 70s, I was tremendously stimulated by the way you played outside the chords. Your runs were not limited to this or that chord. You floated out and over and around them. There was a freedom there that really appealed to me. I didn't hear anybody else doing that in rock at all. So you steered me toward jazz, and when I discovered Coleman, Dolphy and Coltrane, things started getting really magical. Also, Monk has been a great influence, as have Leo Smith, Roscoe Mitchell, Anthony Braxton, and now my friend and co-performer, John Zorn.

"Sure, in one sense I'm just playing a bunch of effects. It's also a bunch of melodies, a bunch of rhythms, a bunch of everything, depending on whatever is appropriate. Some people like the music, not because they connect with any of the emotion that's in it, but because of the techniques involved. They say they like the 'special effects.'

"I thank them, but to me a 'special effect' is something like in *Star Wars*, where it looks like a rocket ship is landing, but it's really just a bunch of people manipulating machines in Hollywood backlots. The stuff I'm doing is not 'special effects.' It's truly happening, it's real. Nothing I do is superfluous. I concentrate until it hurts. Each sound is as precise, as controlled, as conscious, and as emotional as I can make it.

"My guitar doesn't 'sound like a guitar,' nor does

John Zorn's saxophone 'sound like a saxophone.' John will insert a softball into the bell of his soprano and change the sound. Or he'll stand on his right foot, brace his left leg (pants rolled up) against his right knee, and mute or muffle his clarinet against the skin of his left calf. That makes the clarinet drop down to lower notes and yields many different sounds.

"Well, John has an original style, that's all, and I like to think that I do, too. Modifying the guitar and playing it the way I do is just a way of getting out what I hear inside. The real deep part of the music is the emotional thing, not whether the sound is made with a balloon, a fingernail file, or the spring from a bicycle seat.

"In fact, I would love it if there were 50,000 other guitar players out there utilizing balloons, because then when people came to see me, they wouldn't think it was abnormal. They would listen to the music I was playing, the substance of it all. That's where the importance really is."

Chadbourne has three records out on his own label: *Eugene Chadbourne Solo Acoustic Guitar, Vol. I*; *Eugene Chadbourne Solo Acoustic Guitar, Vol. II*; and *Eugene Chadbourne, Vol. III Guitar Trios* (featuring Duck Baker, Randy Hutton, Henry Kaiser, and Owen Maercks). All are available at record stores or can be acquired by writing Parachute Records, Apt. 8C, 17 West 71 St., New York, New York, 10023.

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CAUGHT!

RED GARLAND

KEYSTONE KORNER
SAN FRANCISCO

Personnel: Garland, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

When Red Garland went into the Keystone Korner for a week in December, there should have been a coming-out party. But that would have made Red nervous. After "hiding out in my shell" in Texas for over fifteen years, he made no secret of lacking confidence about his abilities or the reception he'd get.

He couldn't have asked for a more responsive club. Keystone Korner has made a habit of bringing players out of retirement or simply trying to put them back into circulation. Some recent examples are Phineas Newborne, Jr., Toots Thielmans, Betty Carter, and Mary Lou Williams. All of them drew supportive, if not adoring, crowds, and Red Garland's audience was no exception.

Backstage, before the opening set, Red described how he had been lured back into business. It was actually Orrin Keepnews, a&r director at Fantasy Records, who tracked him down first in an attempt to record him for the company's new mainstream Galaxy label. "Orrin traced me to the Recovery Room, a small club I was playing in near Houston," Red explained. "And he was persistent. Since I had already recorded for him on Riverside, I gave it some thought, although I had never gone looking for a contract in fifteen years. Orrin sent me some contracts which stayed up in my bedroom for six weeks. Then Dave Baker from East Wind came to Texas with another set of contracts, and I didn't know what to do. My aunt told me, 'Look Red, Mr. Keepnews had his contracts here first, so that's what you ought to do.'" So I sent them off and told myself, it's all over. Here I am again!"

Exactly why Garland went into hiding is unclear. It seems to have been a combination of his mother's illness, insecurity about his playing, and "personal problems."

The trio's first tune was *On A Clear Day*, preceded by a somewhat free-form introduction before Garland kicked into the swinging tempo for which he has always been praised. There was much trading fours and eights with Philly Joe and Leroy Vinnegar. Garland said later that this was partially to give him a rest and also to "keep an interesting dialogue going up there."

The tune's finger-snapping tempo was reminiscent of the Miles Davis Quintet (including Coltrane, Chambers, and Jones) which was Garland's last musical home. The improvising was tentative in places, but secure in other spots.

The next tune, *Bags' Groove*, seemed a much more comfortable format for Garland. He explained later, "Blues can be kind of a crutch. People are more receptive to the blues. There are cliches that get the people going and get a good response. When the house is getting cold, play some blues to bring it back to life."

Autumn Leaves was the next tune, and surprisingly it was played at the same tempo as the preceding tunes, which showed Garland

relying a bit too heavily on his affinity for a swinging beat—a set requires some variety of mood and tempo. *Dahoud*, by Clifford Brown, was next. It had some Latin feel to it, providing a fresh sound. Here, Garland's improvising was a little less sure. Later, he admitted, "The ideas are there, but technically I'm not making them. I'm not thinking with my hands." He predicted that a few more jobs would get the feel back into his hands.

Red relied increasingly on "show" tunes in successive nights, and in fact this is the music he likes best. "I'm afraid if we played a lot of those jazz tunes, people won't dig it, but maybe I'm wrong. . . . I used to listen to the radio all day long to get to know the show tunes. I can express myself best if I'm playing something I like."

Philly Joe's playing came in for special praise from Red. "He hasn't changed since the days we were with Miles," Garland said. "He's just improved, that's all. He told me he had some new stuff for me, and he did. Rolls in a backwards direction. Can you believe that?"

By the week's end, Garland was obviously glad he'd returned to the scene. "It put some sense into me," he said. "I thought jazz was all finished, but now I see there are still people who love jazz. . . . I'll stay out here as long as the reception stays as beautiful as it's been at the Keystone." —len Lyons

DIZZY GILLESPIE/ SARAH VAUGHAN

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Personnel: Vaughan, vocals; Gillespie, trumpet; Carl Schroeder, piano; Rodney Jones, guitar; Benjamin Brown, Walter Booker, basses; Jimmy Cobb, Mickey Roker, drums; Willis Conover, narrator.

It would seem that the Shah of Iran can be counted a jazz fan. His visit to Washington during the Nixon administration was marked by an East Room performance by the Modern Jazz Quartet. This time demonstrations, both pro and con, surrounded the White House during the Shah's November sally for arms. President Carter's musical advisors, lost outside of the southern boogie idiom, had called on Martin Williams, Director of Jazz Programs for the Smithsonian Institution's Division of Performing Arts, and Williams' advice led to a presentation of truly classic dimensions, courtesy of Birks & Sassy, Ltd.

Narrator Conover, whose *Music USA* broadcasts over the Voice of America have introduced many a foreign ear to jazz, took a decidedly elementary approach to his swinging subject. Though this may have contributed to the atmosphere of rather formal stiffness, his collaborators fleshed out his words with appropriate sophistication. Conover first cued a blues dedicated to Charlie Parker, with scatting Sarah and eloquent Diz trading phrases as their rhythm sections took patient turns through the changes. At Conover's behest, the principals next demonstrated another aspect of the bebopper's art by superimposing *How High The Moon* and Benny Harris' *Ornithology*.

Following a reading of *'Round Midnight* that left the distinguished audience in an appreciative mood, Sarah stepped to the fore, bringing her ever-fresh talents to bear on *Misty*, singing it as if for the first time. Her response to the audience's applause was a breath-taking *Lover Man*, with Dizzy's choice punctuation adding a thread of high drama to the soulful textures of Sarah's voice.

Conover tendered a word on Gillespie's prescience as preface to—what else?—*Salt Peanuts*, which brought out Dizzy's best effort of the evening. Sarah concluded the scheduled program with an a capella rendition of *Summertime*, bringing the listeners to their feet with her powerful tenderness. Superlatives fail to describe this performance by Ms. Vaughan.

President Carter cut short his appreciation with a smiling summons to one of his dinner guests, Earl "Fatha" Hines, who obliged the Chief Executive with a tasty keyboard rampage. Sarah and Diz answered their former leader with *I Got It Bad*, trumping the Earl with the Duke to the satisfaction of everyone within earshot.

This hour of royal entertainment was not, by any means, a relaxed performance, though it did lend musical authenticity to this state occasion. It is always reassuring to see some of America's truly innovative artists honored in such a fashion. And, just for the record, Their Imperial Majesties, The Shahanshah and The Shahbanou of Iran, seemed to enjoy themselves.

—bill bennett

Are, showed he is definitely not afraid to swing hard and have some fun—he continues to be one of the most consistently imaginative players around.

Konitz shined particularly on the set's ballad, *What's New*. Like on the other standards, he utilized the chord changes as a vehicle for piercing streams of eighth and sixteenth notes, each outburst being a new harmonic idea within itself. With the short, unexpected silences, a crystal clear improvisational statement was created.

Totah, who served a tenure with Woody Herman and Gene Krupa's last recording band, along with many, many others, performed his difficult role magnificently, realizing that without a piano, simplicity is essential and that bass lines and solos cannot venture too far away from the tunes' focal points. The only minor disappointment was drummer Kenny Washington, according to Konitz, a relative newcomer to the band. His over-busy independence sometimes impeded the flow of the group's dry, crisp drive, and he seemed to be just slightly ahead of the beat (especially on the closing, very "up" *Cherokee*).

Nevertheless, the gig represented one of most totally enjoyable musical events of any kind in the area to date. The leader, surprisingly more relaxed, genial and verbal than ever, was clearly moved and spurred-on by the audience's large numbers, their appreciation and enthusiasm.

—bruce h. klauber

LEE KONITZ QUARTET

GRENDL'S LAIR
PHILADELPHIA

Personnel: Konitz, alto sax; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Nabil "Knobby" Totah, bass; Kenny Washington, drums.

Alto saxophone master Lee Konitz, a rather infrequent visitor to these parts in recent years, remains one of the few true innovators extant, and proved that pure jazz improvisation knows not the bounds of time, age or style. Accompanied by trombonist Jimmy Knepper, bassist Nabil "Knobby" Totah and drummer Kenny Washington, three of the eight men who usually appear with him at his steady Apple Stryker's gig, Konitz presented a familiar program, totally in keeping with the rhythmic and harmonic influence of Lennie Tristano that has been a part of him for almost three decades, but one that only a small number of instrumentalists still active could equal in terms of jazz's essence—spontaneous, original composition.

The tunes themselves represented well-trodden ground, to be sure, but the core of Konitz's artistry allows for little that's harmonically or melodically clichéd. *Yesterdays*, which started off the evening, set the basic format and structure for the compositions to come. Knepper and Konitz began alone, in tempo, weaving textured, contrapuntal, Tristano-like lines for two choruses. Rhythm entered behind Knepper alone, then Konitz, Totah, restatement of theme and out.

Knepper, especially in the bebop classic *Hot House* (based on the chords of *What is this Thing Called Love?*) and *All the Things You*

CBS ALL STARS

AUDITORIUM THEATER
CHICAGO

Personnel: Billy Cobham, drums; Steve Khan, guitar; Alphonso Johnson, bass; Tom Scott, reeds, Lyricon; Mark Soskin, keyboards.

Everyone involved with this touring package should be embarrassed about its misnomer. Cobham alone of the five musicians represents a mature, distinctive style. While Scott, Johnson, and most recently Khan have albums under their own names, none of the three stands as a giant either among instrumentalists or in the eyes of the record-buying public. Soskin, billed as being "with" the All Stars, not of them, was competent and modest, despite the overall immodest concept.

Jazz? Well, the band offered up few vocals (only Johnson thinks he can sing) and perhaps each member did improvise during his solo. Rock? The sound was entirely electric, louder than necessary, and anchored by Cobham's big beat. Funk? Alphonso plunged into a superlow bass register with the aid of a footswitch, and played dirty choruses on a fretless bass. Khan grimaced and poured out lots of fast, high notes, lifting his leg every so often, either indicating a climax or responding to nature's call. Cobham perspired profusely. Scott, who can't dance, just kept running the scales up and down, with nary a melodic idea or a notion of when to pause or stop.

Fusion? Least likely of all. This band has no collective identity. Together, they perform the greatest hits off their respective solo albums: Cobham's *Antares* and *Magic Carpet Ride*, Johnson's *Bahama Mama*, Scott's *Spindrift* from the first LA Express record, and Khan's *Punk Funk*. The only fusion in evidence was the running of each tune unidentifiably into the next. As my companion noted, the band wasn't tight, but their mix was close.

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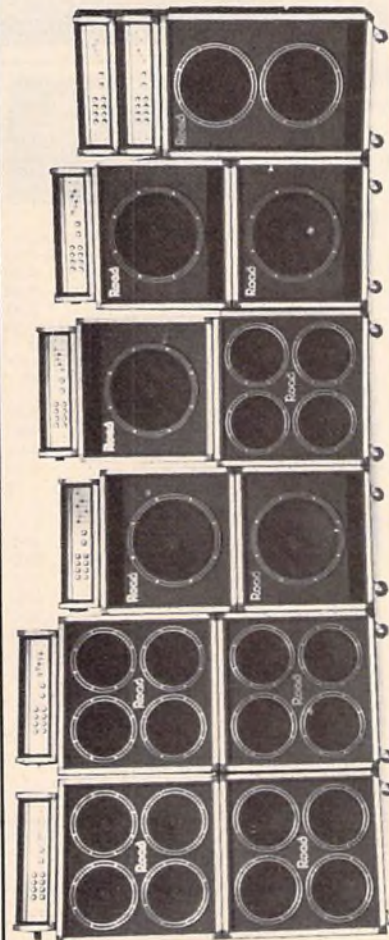
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The college-age crowd which filled the plush concert hall to less than three-fourths of its capacity seemed enthusiastic, but like a football mob rather than music lovers, the audience cheered the noise and the bombast, not the creativity or the interplay of the All Stars. Did anyone notice that Alphonso's gimmicky electric stick couldn't be heard? Did anyone care that Scott's Lyricon had all the guts of a plugged-in pencil? The reedman's approach did not vary from tenor sax to manzello (?) to Lyricon. Surely Khan could not excite the sensible with his repetitious solos: the strength of his much-hyped studio session jazz-rock is his rhythm chording.

While the frontmen blasted away, Cobham dropped bombs and smashed his cymbals to match their uproar. When he had the spotlight to himself, he tried to quiet things down a bit. Billy is not a player who has to be prodded into bashing, but when he attempted some softer strokes, the deafened ticket holders urged him to let loose, and, shrugging, he complied. I hope they heard him. I was counting the measures until I could escape the din. Leaving the theater, I was handed several fliers describing the All Stars individually and advertising their latest albums. Could a live on tour album result from all this? Wait for the two-star review to appear in these pages. —howard mandel

MIKE MAINIERI

BIJOU CAFE
PHILADELPHIA

Personnel: Mainieri, vibes; David Spinozza, guitar; Tony Levin, bass; Warren Bernhart, keyboards; Steve Gadd, drums.

Despite the myriad of wires, amplifiers and electronics on stage, vibist Mike Mainieri's inherent style of playing has not changed that drastically over the years: only the outward trappings have been altered. Certainly, this is a contemporary, high-powered aggregation not without the influence of Chick Corea's spiralling arrangements and melodies, but the actual mallet work of the leader is simply a natural extension of his work with the Buddy Rich flute/vibes small groups of the mid-'50s and early '60s.

Mainieri, "boy wonder" of the jazz world when he joined Rich at age 17 in 1955 (and went on to win down beat's "New Star" award in 1961), still has one of the best and quickest mallet techniques in the business. Grounded in some of the concepts of yesteryear, his technique has evolved both harmonically and rhythmically from the early days. It is this stylistic evolution of the artist, not content with standing still but nonetheless grounded in his own jazz tradition, that makes a Mainieri performance so special.

Appearing with him on this Philadelphia date were the forceful musicians from the Arista stable who were featured on *Love Play*, the leader's first album for that label. The only drawback of the program, which featured only material from the new recording, was a slight sameness of sound. The various musicians are entirely capable of producing a vast array of tonal colors, helped by the various keyboards and Mainieri's own doubling on a giant-sized, wall-mounted Moog-like keyboard, but the set could have contained more variety of volume and material.

The tunes, largely unannounced, ranged from tight arrangements leaving little room

for improvisation, to Latin-flavored compositions giving the whole band a chance to display their percussion expertise, to folk-rock oriented tunes which shifted in meter from seven to four.

The most outstanding moments came on Mainieri's patented slow, out-of-tempo cadenzas, which in one case served to introduce a lengthy drum display by Gadd, and on the final minor-sounding composition, highlighted Bernhart on Fender Rhodes and the leader again on four mallets.

The sidemen are totally sympathetic with Mainieri's contemporary concept, especially a tired-looking Gadd, who in spite of his fatigue, displayed the unbelievable power and facility which makes him one of the finest drummers working today.

Mainieri is a serious and forward-looking gent musically, but he refuses to entirely disown his past. When asked if he ever had the desire, in the midst of his high-powered program, to stop and play a *Misty*, *That's All* or *The Man I Love* solo like he did so beautifully with the Rich bands of years ago, he said "I normally do, but they just didn't give us enough time tonight." —bruce h. klauber

RAY BARRETTO

BOTTOM LINE
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Barretto, leader and congas; Ray Maldonado, trumpet; Reinaldo Jorge, trombone; Todd Anderson, saxophones; Carlos Cordova, timbales, small percussion; Richie Morales, drums; Jeff Richman, guitar; Frank Garvis, electric bass; Clifford Carter, electric keyboards.

While the CBS studios near the Hudson River preparing to tape a show for the public affairs division of the local affiliate. The half-hour slot, called *Channel 2: The People*, included music by Ray Barretto. Although a brief discussion by a group of jazz commentators veered decidedly toward pats-on-the-back, Barretto's music stayed on track, particularly on *Salsa Con Fusion*, a tune from his new Atlantic album, which moved the small studio audience to cheers.

The tune, by guitarist Barry Finnerty, was included in Ray's set at the Bottom Line when he brought his new band out for an airing. Barretto is searching for a viable medium on which to hang his new congas. He had succeeded in Latin music years before it was called "salsa" (a term which is finding its way into ill-repute among concerned Latinos). Barretto's jazz work is almost as legendary as Candido's, having appeared as added percussion on numerous LPs. Now Ray has gone to rock, but not to seed. "I want to imitate what is going on out there," he had told the TV audience. "All those Latin instruments in the groups nowadays. It's time the real thing started to happen."

"The real thing" may have begun happening with this new band. It is tight and wailing, if perhaps unnecessarily loud in spots. The addition of congas up front makes the inferred Latin tempo of rock more overt. *Castinet* is a fine example of that. The tune has Latin overtones: when Barretto entered, his congas exploded with emphatic syncopated figures. With Latin harmonies on top played in fourths by the trio of horns, *Castinet's* samba tempo seemed to quicken.

The title tells the story on *Señor Funk*, a

work with heavy rock accentuation, featuring harmonies in octaves played by the horns a la the Brecker Brothers with a hint of Spanish tastes. If it weren't for Barretto, however, *Señor* would have been an ordinary excursion. In fact, when he and Cordova laid out, it became tedious. Cordova's comping is excellent and his complementing of his leader during the riff moments was a delight to watch. *Señor* proved one thing to me: here was a band with obvious rehearsal time spent assiduously working out details, at the same time allowing room for freedom. The horn riffing behind Richman's almost too-funky solo sounded like a studio section; it was that perfect.

Joe Sample, one of the producers of the new album, wrote *Here We Go Again*, and it has a Crusaders stamp on it all the way. Its pleasant melody gave room for Anderson's medium tempo ballad work. Anderson was at work again on *Expresso*, which had a thematic line reminiscent of the standard *Cheek To Cheek*. Its basic theme-solos routine also featured Carter on electric piano. The tune seemed to lend itself better to acoustic. The electric added nothing but another guitar-like line to the tune where acoustic might have deepened the hues and given a different feeling to the piece.

Expresso segued into *Eye Of The Beholder*, a heavy funk-blues with Gravis carrying the opening thematic statement. But it was Anderson the rest of the way, rolling phrases off his metal mouthpiece until brass stabs signaled Gravis' return. During Anderson's solo Barretto was deftly hammering away in double-time, making the whole thing appear to be churning from underneath.

A very *Guarare*-like Latin melody opened *Salsa Con Fusion*. The triple-entendre title did not give away the meat of the tune for after the brief Latin opening the band moved into a clave-beat rock that had contrasts such as Maldonado's trumpet, steeped as it is in Cuban tradition, sailing over the rhythm. Barretto and Cordova exchanged, with Cordova utilizing mallets as well as timbale sticks. A percussive quote of *Salt Peanuts* brought back the Latin theme, and the crowd rose to its feet.

Wilton Felder, another producer of the new Barretto collection, penned *Numero Uno*, the encore number. Here we had some melodic funk intimately intertwined with some Latin fun. The expected tight horn writing was evident with a hint of calypso in the background. There were some examples of fine trap work by Morales and a gutbucket solo by Jorge, who would not tell me where he picked it up. He obviously listened to the old Latin bands and the guest soloists with Machito, "and like that," he said.

Barretto's nine-pieces sounded like more when they get it on, and that is the direction that Ray is seeking. He may be imitating what's out there, but he's taking the initiative in getting to it.

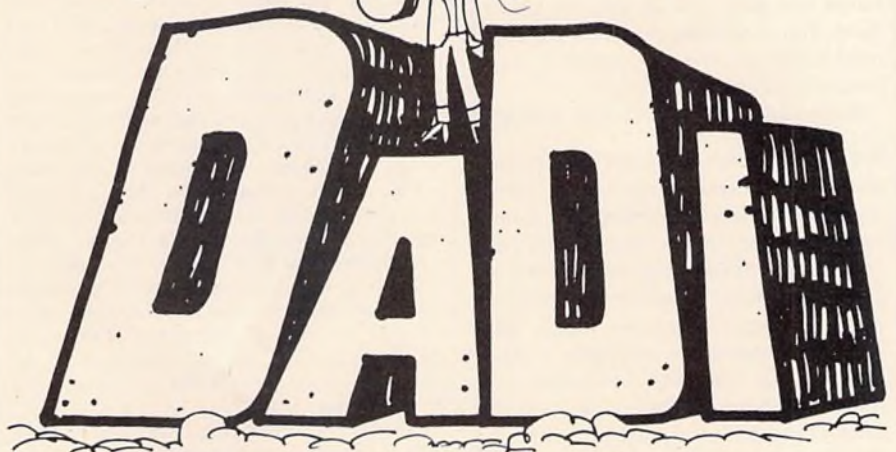
—arnold jay smith

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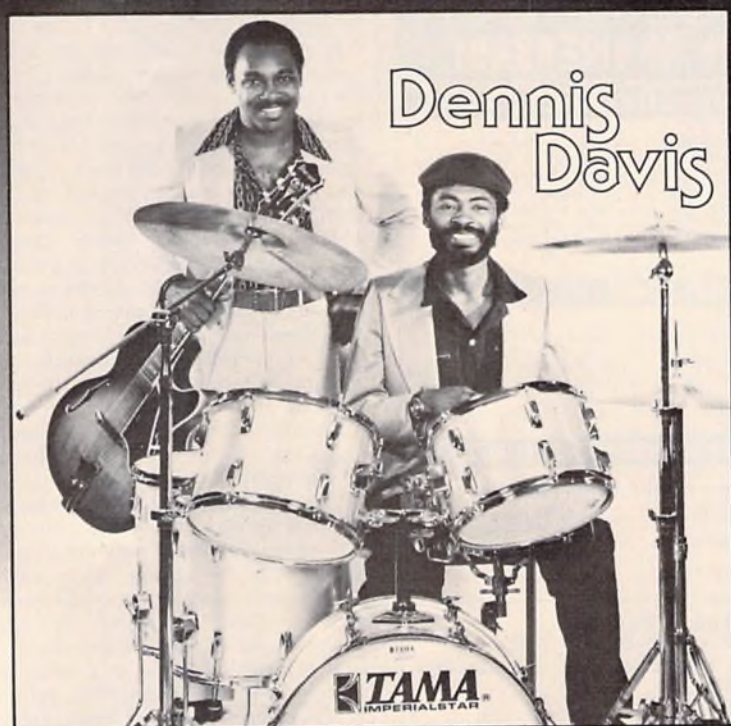


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George Duke opened Friday night with his contagious good humor and Hollywood-funky fusion music. The jazz-rock septet played vigorously and loudly, but said little. The band didn't really "rock," or "swing," or "get down"; it hammered away at the music, confusing power with persuasiveness. Duke's creativity was left somewhere offstage and was replaced by endless comping, banal r&b solos and some very undistinguished vocalizing. Guitar player Charles Johnson assaulted us with endless strings of shotgun riffs and hard-rock grimaces void of any musically redeeming interest. The influence of Duke's years with Zappa was evident in the manic riffing and the abrupt tempo changes as well as a good reading of a tune from the Mothers' repertoire, *Uncle Remus*. But Zappa's ironic intelligence and tilted humor were missing. The two female vocalists—three if you count the conga drummer who was doubling—were ill-used in a manner reminiscent of the worst of Sergio Mendes' studio bossa nova of the 60's. The crowd loved it, but they were a very loving crowd.

The art of jazz benefitted from Johnny Griffin's compelling dominance of the next set, the high point of the evening. Like Dexter Gordon, he has made his home in northern Europe for the past few years and, like Dexter, continues to grow and improve with age on his adopted continent. After loosening up on a fast blues tune, he waxed lyrical on a ballad from his own pen dedicated to Thelonious, *A Monk's Dream*, a tune full of thoughtful bridge-work and harmonic development. On *The J.A.F.s Are Coming*, also a Griffin original, he dug deep into his blues roots and came up with a forceful and inventive solo during which he cut the band and chorused on his own with great success, a crowd pleasing tactic he would employ again in his hard-bopping encore of *All The Things You Are*. His set was a monument to his mastery of the horn, his continuing vitality and growth as an improviser, and his musical tastefulness—the "Little Giant" has outgrown his moniker.

Sal Nistico and Dusko Goykovich took the last set of the evening backed by the same rhythm section Griffin had employed. Two well-known European sidemen, Cees Slinger on piano and Eric Peters on bass and a young American Billy Brooks on drums, acquitted themselves solidly throughout the long night. The same could be said about Nistico and Goykovich, who exhibited much technique and craftsmanship, but little in the way of inspiration or emotion.

Saturday evening began with saxophonist Rao Kyao and his trio. Kyao is the leading (and virtually the only) professional jazz musician in Portugal today. The young player confined his big and powerful sound to vertical, repetitious and overly long solos garnished with r&b cliches, never leaving the limited harmonic structure of the band's simple head charts. His bamboo flute interludes suffered from the same flaws, abetted by a lack of technique and a severely limited range on the instrument. One performance does not a career make or break, but it seems obvious that the lack of a jazz ambience in Lisbon compounds the problems of the individual player.

The pinnacle of the festival was reached in the first two numbers played by Shelly Manne on drums, Chuck Domanico on bass and Mike Wofford on piano. Opening with *You, The Night And The Music* and then taking up *Body*

And Soul, the trio's restrained eloquence was capped by Wofford's exquisite pianistics. Faultless technique, impeccable taste and an artful inventiveness might begin to describe the three, with an added appreciation of Wofford's chromatic lyricism which flowed throughout. Lee Konitz then came on with *Invitation*, and after some initial difficulties with the reed, warmed up to take the fore. Konitz is often faulted for being cold and calculating in his soloing, but here his harmonic choosiness and thematic development were far from frigid. This was the continuing growth of the cool, whose birth Konitz was involved with more than a quarter century ago.

The last set took the audience by storm. Art Blakey and his young Messengers brought to the scene an ensemble sound and straight-ahead forcefulness that had been lacking. Blakey, riding hard and fast as ever, was ably supported by his longtime collaborator Walter Davis, Jr. on the piano and Dennis Irwin on the acoustic bass. The standout of the new crew was the boyish tenor player David Schnitter, who delivered several exciting solos in a beautiful dark tone, including a wild *Georgia On My Mind* complete with scat singing and yodels. After 40 years on the road Blakey still knocks out young audiences regularly with his undiminished powers, as he did this night with his famous *Blues March*.

Sunday afternoon was bright and sunny when Clifford Thornton and his quartet took the stage. But the atmosphere was dark and subdued when he finally left after nearly two hours of trying to "take it out" but never quite arriving. The solos were indulgent and overly long and the charts were unraveled. The best work came in the more structured pieces and in the alto and cornet dialogues, but Thornton's playing, especially on the valve trombone, was generally unconvincing and ineffective. Those who had hoped to hear the so-called avant garde well represented were left unchampioned after this casually mediocre and slightly pretentious set.

Odetta was brought out next and her talents were largely wasted on the very young, restless and noisy crowd, who covered much of her singing with their din. She seemed somewhat out of place as the only non-jazz performer on the bill, and the programming after Thornton was unfortunate. After a very short set she left with her guitar, but did return later and carve out her place in the evening.

Tradition took over with the "King of Boogie Woogie" Sammy Price and his band. Without attempting pure re-creation, the band artfully brought to life a string of early jazz classics beginning with *Sweet Georgia Brown* and *Basin Street Blues* and finishing with *Sleepytime Down South* and *When the Saints* ... featuring trumpeter Johnny Letman, who played most sweetly and sang most forgettably. Odetta came on with the band for the encore and burned her way through *St. Louis Blues*, which suited her idiosyncratic vocal style perfectly. Then in a change-about they closed the long set with a pure and moving swing version of *Just A Closer Walk With Thee*. If Price isn't the "King of Boogie Woogie" then he must be high in the line of succession.

The final act was to be Freddie Hubbard, who was ill and hospitalized in Amsterdam. He was represented by his band which was fronted by Lee Konitz in an impromptu set of standards. The band handled this change from their usual jazz-rock-Latin-funk bag quite well, and Konitz played like the master craftsman he is.

—a. thomas anthony

light hustle beat over it, I don't think there's anything wrong with that aesthetically. It's no different for this generation, at this time, to do something like that than Sonny Rollins doing *I'm An Old Cowhand*. I'm not saying that we should do *Invitation* with a hustle beat because we want to make \$8 billion. I'm saying let's do it with a hustle beat because it's a beautiful melody. I've always wanted to play on the tune, but I feel funny now playing it as a ballad. Is it so ludicrous for Trane doing *It's You Or No One* with a swing feel? I'm sure they sat at the piano and decided they would swing the bridge rather than the whole tune. Is swinging the bridge any different? It was the groove of the time. It's no different today where you utilize the grooves of the times. It gets out there quicker. I look at it as a vehicle for improvisation, not necessarily as a dance record. Jazz, or jazz-rock took a different turn after *Bitches Brew*. Take three groups, Mahavishnu, Weather Report and Return To Forever. To Weather Report, composition was the primary thing—the written note as opposed to the Blue Note tradition where the improvisation was more important than the head of the tune. Mahavishnu had a little better balance. The solo was the most important thing, yes. But after a solo, instead of taking another solo, they would allude to either some kind of melodic unit that came earlier in the tune, the basic melody, or a new little tune, an interlude piece, and then another solo. Then you had Chick, the Return to Forever with Joe Farrell, Airto and Flora, and even the Billy Connors period. Here, not only the solo was important. The written music, which was several pages long, became equally important. Yet, it's only because of the Mahavishnu Orchestra that we are all able to do what we do.

Smith: What about Miles?

Khan: It was Miles who gave it all the impetus, but he didn't headline in front of 20,000 people as McLaughlin did. I don't think Miles could have played the kind of audiences Mahavishnu did, *Bitches Brew* or not.

Smith: But if it wasn't for Miles there wouldn't have been a McLaughlin, a Corea, a Lonnie Liston Smith, or a Cobham.

Khan: Yes, of course. But the Mahavishnu Orchestra reached the kind of popularity that opened the doors for other groups to play larger concerts—out of the recital halls and into the arenas.

Those three groups influenced me a lot. The music on the (Steve) Marcus Album *Count's Rock Band* goes as far back as a graduation piece I did for college. The point is that watching those groups grow and change made me understand that I had to change too. You can't get up there, play the head, and then solo, solo, solo. There's got to be more writing involved. The written notes are just as important as the solo.

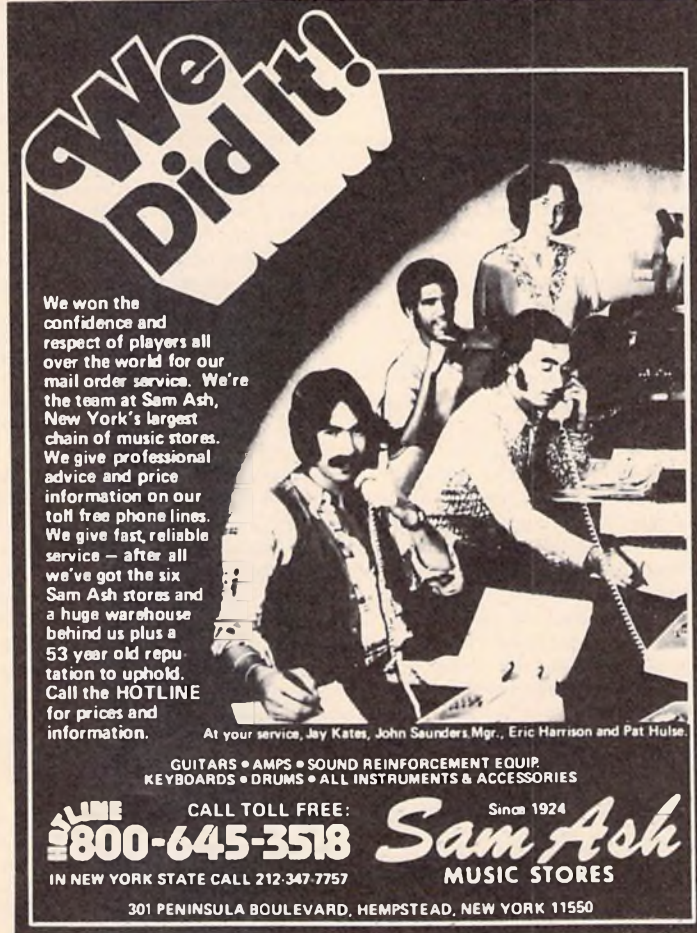
Smith: You mentioned that you do "live" recordings. Explain please.

Khan: There are some overdubs, but unlike most records today, we are all there in the studio at the same time. No rhythm section first, no solos, then brass, reeds, strings separately. The Marcus record was done live. I'm proud of that. Most of what I do is that way. You have to take more care with the writing doing it that way. There's more chance of in-correctible errors.

Smith: Do you like session work?

Khan: Very much. It keeps you fresh,

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keeps your reading up, and forces you to listen to other points of view and be aware of what's going on.

There are amazing pop things happening. I can't believe how many people think Louis Johnson invented the stamping, popping bass sound. They forget about all those early Sly records when Larry Graham was doing it. I was exposed to that a while ago through Will Lee, who told me I had to hear Graham.

I like the pressure of doing jingles for television. You have an hour and somebody's in there watching their clock and their budget. You're handed the piece of music and within a take or two it's gotta be perfect. It's also like the social part of high school; I enjoy running into Steve Gadd, and Will and Grolnick and Pat Rebbilot, and all the others, having a cup of coffee afterwards and talking about it. How you hated the jingle, how's your record going? I'll never forget the first time I was in New York and a friend of my father's took me into a studio where they were doing a commercial. There were Mel Lewis, Richard Davis, Mike Mainieri, Jimmy Raney and Roland Hanna. I didn't realize it then, but I do now: unless you are very lucky, you can't make a living as the evolved jazz musician.

Smith: Are those sessions practice for you or do you practice outside of that?

Khan: I practice completely outside of them. The only practice those sessions afford me is possibly reading practice. I practice scales and arpeggios. If I didn't already know what I sounded like, I would even plug it in. But as it is, I just finger.

Smith: Do you prefer a pick or fingers?

Khan: I do things with my fingers but I am primarily a plectrum player. I can't do what Wes does. George (Benson) plays well with his fingers.

Smith: And the guitarist with Dizzy Gillespie, Rodney Jones.

Khan: Yeah, I heard him. You know how few people know that George is the guitarist on his own records? They listen, and like the vocals, and ask who the guitar player is. It's so wonderful to see it happen to him because he's such an amazing guitar player. He wrote one of the forewords of my book. [Ed.: As did Larry Coryell, Pat Martino, and Jim Hall.]

Smith: What about the *Folio*?

Khan: It was a warm experience talking to so many guitarists who loved Wes. All of the guys who did the forewords loved his playing. I remember reading once that Jim Hall spent a whole day in San Francisco trying to catch Wes' thumb in a car door. Things like that made working on the book fun. You could see from Wes' smile the joy he radiated with his playing. I don't know too many guys with that kind of smile these days. And it was rough on him. He wouldn't fly; he would drive to gigs. I sometimes wish that I knew then what I know now about playing and could have spent more time doing it ten years ago.

Smith: When did you begin playing acoustic guitar?

Khan: When I came to New York in '70 I had my Gibson Super 400 fat jazz guitar and my David Russell Young acoustic and that's it. I didn't own a solid body then. You always use an acoustic guitar when you do session work. But it was when I started doing the duets with Larry that I was forced to use it due to the nature of the whole thing. That was '75-76. I think the album was called *Two For*

The Road, even though there's a Herb Ellis/Joe Pass album by the same title.

Smith: Is there a difference between acoustic and electric?

Khan: You develop little characteristics because the instrument feels differently, and the sound is different. I don't think McLaughlin, Coryell, DiMeola and I approach the instrument in a completely different way. John has had the instrument bevelled like an Indian instrument for bending notes. Perhaps that's changed his approach, but I don't think it's all that different.

Smith: Talk about the electrification of acoustic instruments such as is done by Earl Klugh and Charlie Byrd.

Khan: You almost have to electrify to play in front of a set of drums—it's very hard to hear a nylon string guitar otherwise. You can put a Barcus-Berry on so you can hear yourself. Now some of us play steel strings. Essentially, they are folk guitars used with steel. Earl's forte is on nylon strings, more of a classical or Brazilian approach, like Byrd. It's totally finger style playing, not plectrum. When you play with all your fingers you control the notes within the chord a little better. With a pick you're going to cross all the strings, so if you want to bring out one note more than another it can be a little more difficult.

Smith: There are a number of different styles of acoustic guitar playing. Care to run them down for us?

Khan: There's a variety of styles in c&w and bluegrass. I'm no expert on any of those things. There's Doc Watson who plays with a pick, and Chet Atkins who will put on finger picks sometimes, like the dobro players. Classical and Brazilian styles are without a pick and use a multi-finger approach with both hands. What you do with either hand largely depends on the piece. The right hand is playing the single notes, or it's arpeggiating a chordal passage. Brazilian is usually accompanying yourself while you sing, or playing the melody in chords.

Folk guitar playing, like Fred Hellerman, Pete Seeger, Theodore Bikel, is passed down orally. Tradition. Sitting in a living room with a friend and watching or asking how something is done. There's a lot more tablature of that because of magazines like *Guitar Player*. It's got its own language: you don't have to write everything out.

While I listen to all those guys, they are not what I'm into now. Acoustically, the steel string six-string as I played on Maynard Ferguson's *New Vintage* album is what I prefer. On that album on the tune *El Vuelo* I even used an electric 12-string in one channel and overdubbed an acoustic six-string in the other. On *Oasis* I used my acoustic and electric, tuning the low E string down to D to effect more bottom.

Smith: What does Bucky Pizzarelli do with his seventh string?

Khan: I think he tunes it down to C. That's another thing. Bucky's amazing. I think he has the rest of the guitar tuned normally and just uses the additional string as a bass. There's a man by the name of Ralph Patt who completely retuned the whole instrument and relearned it. Once you change the tuning of the instrument you might just as well have never played the guitar. He tuned the whole instrument in fourths. Eventually, he drove himself crazy [joking].

Smith: What did Lobue do to your instrument pickup-wise?

Khan: Charles helped me get my sound straightened away. I knew what I wanted to sound like; I just wasn't getting it. This was before the DiMarzio craze, the hot pickups. Before that old was best: "Gibson pickups from the '50s were better than Gibson pickups now." A lot of guys started taking apart pickups, rewinding them, and making them louder by the number of wrappings of coil around the magnet. Lobue, who owned a repair shop in Greenwich Village, had three workers in the shop who were instrumentalists. All types got their axes fixed there, rock and jazz alike. I won't name any because I'll leave out too many. Charles and Richard Fleigler made the pickup that's in the guitar I use all the time. I just had an electronic copy of the guitar made by Steve Bleucher at DiMarzio. Woody Phifer is the master of frets, and he worked on my instruments as well. The new pickup is like a Gibson Humbucker. It gives the instrument a sustained kind of sound. For me, I get the best qualities of a Gibson and the best of Fender. Fender-wise, I get a very crisp rhythm sound, sometimes a very biting solo sound, and from the Gibson side I get a sustained, rich, fatter tone. People who play straight Gibson end up suffering rhythm-wise.

Smith: The first time I saw Klugh I believe I saw something stuck on his guitar.

Khan: That was either a Barcus-Berry or a DiArmand. To get that just right night after night means a lot of work with a sound man. With the CBS Jazz All Stars we had our own Sound crew so that problem was alleviated. I have an Ovation on my acoustic guitar . . .

Smith: Wait, wait. How can you call it acoustic if you electrify it?

Khan: Because of the body. The solid body guitars are electric, while the big hollow jobs are acoustic. In the studio you record it with a mike. It's very hard to get studio quality sound when you're playing live.

Smith: What about the CBS Jazz All Stars. How did that happen?

Khan: Each of us had a new album out as solo players and we and Columbia thought that it would be more efficient if we went out together to publicize the albums rather than each of us taking a group out individually. Expenses were shared and we all benefitted tremendously from the exposure. Audience response was good everywhere. At the end of the tour there was a "band" feeling which we did not start out with. All four of us are versatile players; we played different kinds of music. Any one of us can play each other's stuff. Alphonso Johnson is going in a more vocal direction than the rest of us. There were times when some of his vocals were the high point of the show. Who would have dreamed that anyone in any audience came to hear any one of us sing! We all learned one valuable lesson: how to be sidemen again.

Smith: What was the interplay like between you and Tom Scott, studio musicians, and Cobham and Johnson, freer types?

Khan: I played it less safe. It was a great opportunity for me to stretch out some and play more of what I feel rather than what I must play.

Even when I was with Coryell and the Breckers the format, for my own personal expression, had its limitations. With the Marcus band I had a lot of chances to stretch out.

In general, my whole approach to music is that every time I get up to play I think it might be the last time I'll ever play. It's that intense.



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- **HORACE SILVER**: 53 transcribed songs exactly as recorded by Horace—Sister Sadie, Nica's Dream, Nutville, Silver's Serenade, Strollin', Tokyo Blues, etc. **\$6.95**
- **THE ERROLL GARNER SONGBOOK** 21 songs based on recorded versions. Just like Erroll plays—two hands **\$6.95**
- **JAZZ/ROCK VOICINGS for the CONTEMPORARY KEYBOARD PLAYER** by Dan Haerle. A must for any keyboard player who needs new voicings! An important, intermediate method includes voicings, principles of chord function, substitutions, melody harmonization by one of our leading jazz educators **\$4.95**
- **A STUDY in FOURTHS** by Walter Bishop, Jr. New book dealing with the interval of the perfect fourth in jazz. Includes 5 originals for two hands. Taken off record **\$4.50**

A NEW APPROACH to JAZZ IMPROVISATION

by Jamey Abersold

\$8.95 per volume (includes LP & Booklet)

A series of books & LP stereo records which allow you to learn to improvise at your own pace. Can also be used for classroom teaching. Each volume contains a stereo record and accompanying booklet. Booklet includes parts FOR ALL INSTRUMENTS: treble & bass clef, Bb & Eb parts in each book. Special stereo separation for rhythm section players. Left channel has Bass & Drums, right channel has Piano & Drums. The back-up rhythm section on records is outstanding! Makes you want to play. **The most widely used improvisation method on the market.**

□ **VOLUME 1 "A NEW APPROACH"**—Beg./Int. level. Contains Dorian minor tracks, Blues in F & Bb, 24 measure song, Cadences, Cycle of Dom. 7th's & one II/V7 track. Scales are written in measures and chord tones are notated. Chapters on Melody, Blues scale, Time, Modes, Exercises, Chords.

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□ **VOLUME 3 "THE II/V7/I PROGRESSION"**—Int. level. Probably the most important musical sequence in modern jazz. A must for all jazz players! Supplement includes 11 pages of II/V7/I exercises to be applied with LP. 8 tracks to improvise with and practice in all keys.

□ **VOLUME 4 "MOVIN' ON"**—Int./Adv. level. A Challenging collection of Abersold & Dan Haerle tunes. Book contains melodies and needed scales/rhythms for all instruments. Only for the brave!

□ **VOLUME 5 "TIME TO PLAY MUSIC"**—Int. level. Similar to Vol 4 except the songs are much easier. *Modal Voyage, Killer Pele, Groovitis*, etc. Next logical Vol after Vol. 1 or 3. Lots of variety.

□ **VOLUME 6 "ALL BIRD"**—Adv. level. 10 songs written by Charlie Parker. Ron Carter, bass; Kenny Barron, piano; Ben Riley on drums. Record has excellent Bebop feel! Best way to learn these famous tunes: *Now's the Time, Yardbird Suite, Donna Lee, Confirmation, Billie's Bounce, Dewey Square, My Little Suede Shoes, Thriving from a Rift, Ornithology & Scapple from the Apple.*

FOUR EXCITING ADDITIONS . . .

Rhythm section on records is outstanding.

- **VOLUME 7—"MILES DAVIS"** Eight classics written by Miles Davis. Int./Adv. level. Unique way to learn 8 of the most popular songs of the Fifties . . . *Four, Tune Up, Verd Blues, The Theme, Solar, Dig, Milestones (old Milestones), Serpent's Tooth.*



- **VOLUME 8—"SONNY ROLLINS"** Nine classic jazz originals written by Sonny Rollins. Int./Adv. level. Contains 8 of Rollins' most famous tunes, in their original keys . . . *Doxy, St Thomas (latin, then swing), Blue Seven, Valse Hot* (one of the first 1/2 jazz tunes), *Tenor Madness, Solid, Pent Up House, Airegin, Oleo.*



- **VOLUME 9—"WOODY SHAW"** Eight jazz originals written by Woody Shaw. Int./Adv. level. Rhythm section is currently with Woody Shaw and their familiarity with the songs makes it easier for you to play. Includes *Little Red's Fantasy, Katrina Ballerina, Blues for Wood, Moontrane, In Case You Haven't Heard, Tomorrow's Destiny, Beyond All Limits (Bossa Nova, slow), Beyond All Limits (Swing, up tempo).*



- **VOLUME 10—"DAVID BAKER"** Eight beautiful originals by David Baker. Int./Adv. level. One of the most prolific composers in jazz today. Tunes offer a wide variety of styles and tempos. Includes *Auli, Le Roi, Kentucky Oysters, Passion, Black Thursday, Bossa Belle, Soleil d'Alamira, Le Miroir Noir.*



TO ORDER

Send check or M.O. Free postage in the USA for 3 or more items; add 50¢ postage for 1 or 2 items. Canada add \$1.75 per record; 50¢ for books. Foreign add \$2.00 for one book & LP set; 60¢ each additional set. No C.O.D. USA funds only.

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ON SALE NOW...

AT LEADING MUSIC STORES...THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



INSTANT SWITCHING BETWEEN ACCESSORIES

The SWITCH BLADE is a simple switching device that enables a musician to get a tremendous amount of flexibility from his set-up. You can now get full use from your existing two-channel amp, switching between channels instantly. You can preset volume and tone (rhythm and lead) settings and switch them instantly. You can combine two channels with the flick of your foot. The switch can be used for switching instruments to two different stage amps in any combination. If you're using multiple electronic devices in combination settings, you probably have to tromp down on all of them to get the sound you want... Well, save the rubber on your sole. The SWITCH BLADE enables you to pre-activate all your effects and switch your guitar or other instrument to either the interfaced effects or back to amp directly—instantly! using just one switch. The SWITCH BLADE never needs batteries—now, that's a switch!

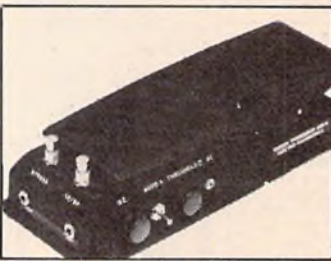
5 1/4" x 3 3/8" x 2 1/4" x 1 1/2"



GET RID OF UNWANTED NOISE

The SILENCER, a line noise eliminator or "noise gate," cuts out the hisses, hums, and other unwanted background noises produced by electric instruments and sound effects that can ruin a combo's stage presence. It operates on the principle that while most instruments and effects produce hisses and hums, this noise is at a much lower volume level than the music that is being played and therefore not audible. However, when an instrument idles, the extraneous noise is no longer masked by the music, and it becomes an up front sound. The SILENCER works like an extra hand on a master volume control. When the music starts, it instantly turns up the volume; when the music stops, it instantly cuts the volume down to zero. The noise disappears.

5 1/4" x 3 3/8" x 2 1/4" x 1 1/2"



THE QUEEN TRIGGERED WAH IS THE SUPREME ALL-FUNCTION WAH

Resonance control adjusts the wah from razor sharp to ultra-mellow. Low Pass or Band Pass outputs give a choice of the standard wah or a fuller tone sweep with trailing low frequency responses. Built-in Envelope Follower triggers automatic filter sweeps for today's popular synthesizer effects, which can be overrid at the same time on a range of wah effects with complete versatility. Bass and Treble Boost controls provide for pumping lows

and/or fine-pointed highs. Adjustable Q Range and Filters, as well as Trigger, give sounds from Tape Reverse Simulation to Hendrix to Shaft and beyond. Because of its unconventional voltage controlled filter design, the QUEEN has the low noise and smoothness of a light-operated pedal without its fragility or heavy power consumption. The QUEEN TRIGGERED WAH is fantastic with bass and keyboard as well as guitar.

13" x 6" x 3 3/4"



A FUZZ WAH VOLUME PEDAL

The MUFF FUZZ CRYING TONE WAH Pedal combines two of the most useful and popular guitar effects, fuzz and wah, with one of the most useful control functions, the volume pedal. This highly efficient unit is the offspring of the Big Daddy of fuzz tones, the BIG MUFF PI, and the durable dual function wah, the CRYING TONE pedal. Its capabilities include fuzz tone alone, wah alone, fuzz and wah combined, and any of these combined with volume control.

13" x 6" x 3 3/4"



THE STURDIEST WAH IN THE BUSINESS

The CRYING TONE WAH WAH Pedal has many of the features players have been looking for: a 4-position Tone Bank that gives the player four ranges of the tone spectrum to sweep through as well as four different attacks; a Reverse switch so the player can sweep the frequencies in either direction giving that "kawaii" as well as a "wahwah" effect; a Mode switch which deactivates the wah wah effect and converts it into a volume control pedal; and a greater sweep in the foot pedal itself, so the player really can get that "crying" tone or make his axe talk the way Jimi Hendrix did. As a caper, this pedal with its sealed pots and metal bridges over pot shafts is the most ruggedly-built pedal of its kind—bar none!

13" x 6" x 3 3/4"



SMALL STONE THE STATE OF THE ART PHASE SHIFTER

The most advanced Mini-Phaser available anywhere! Exclusive Color switch transforms the mellow, rolling, full-bodied milky phasing to the sweeping, swooshy phasing made famous on early Jimi Hendrix recordings, and previously only available on special studio equipment. Rate dial sets the speed of the shift, from a slow swelling to vibrant warble. The SMALL STONE is highly efficient, having the lowest battery power drain of any popular phaser. Also it's AC/DC Plug a 9V battery eliminator into the back and you run on AC only. Low noise, high quality, and fantastic effects make this a necessary addition to any guitar or keyboard.

5 1/4" x 3 3/8" x 2 1/4" x 1 1/2"



FOR UNEQUALLED PHASER VERSATILITY

The BAD STONE Phase Shifter provides the professional musician with unequalled phaser versatility. Extra stages of phase shift plus a continuously variable Feedback control give your axe of voice a light touch of color, a pounding smosh, or any sound in between. The Rate control will take you all the way from slow chorus rotation through vibrato into spacey ring modulation. The BAD STONE S exclusive Manual Shift allows you to stop the sweep at any point for a whole range of new tone colors. You can sweep the phase shift in rhythm with your playing or for special accents or by foot with the HOT FOOT Universal Pedal. OR Get the BAD STONE Phase Shifter Pedal model—all the features of the BAD STONE floor unit plus built-in foot-controlled phasing. Our heavy-duty pedal design places the Bypass and Auto-Manual footswitches forward of the pedal so as to avoid accidental switching during a hot solo. As an extra feature, the BAD STONE Pedal incorporates a Color switch for a choice of standard phasing or pitch-modulated vibrato. BAD STONE Box and Pedal both AC/DC.

BAD STONE Box 6 1/4" x 5 1/2" x 2 1/4" x 1 1/2"

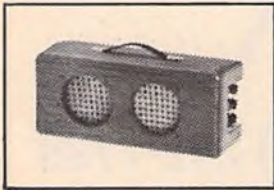
BAD STONE Pedal 13" x 6" x 3 3/4"



ZIPPER: THE ULTIMATE ENVELOPE FOLLOWER

When it comes to synthesizer effects for guitar, the ZIPPER has it all: easily adjustable harmonic range and intensity—an LP-BP control switch to provide equalization—PLUS our unique Filter Form! Attack control with two fantastic and different contours—a sweep from low to high with a moderately fast return or for a real whipping synthesizer effect—a sweep from low to high, but snapping

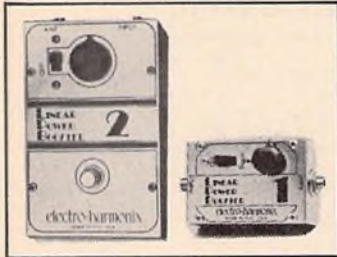
quickly back. The ZIPPER is especially refined because its wide range of effects are completely flexible and easily varied. This is possible because we have included the functional controls that are found in the envelope follower modules of expensive keyboard synthesizers, while maintaining the famous Electro-Harmonix quality and low price. The ZIPPER will also give your bass or clavinet these fantastic synthesizer sounds. AC/DC 6 3/4" x 5 1/2" x 2 1/4" x 1 1/2"



THE RETURN OF FREEDOM

Measuring only 17" x 7½" x 6" and weighing just 16 pounds, the FREEDOM BROTHERS AMPLIFIER is by far the best and most powerful small, portable amp available. This re-released classic boasts a full 15 watts RMS of amazingly noise-free power driving two heavy-duty 5½" speakers. Features include Volume, Tone, and Bite controls; preamp output jack; overdrive capability; beautiful mahogany cabinet; and AC/DC operation with built-in rechargeable battery. Equally suited for studio, club, or wailing in the woods!

chargeable battery. Equally suited for studio, club, or wailing in the woods!



CONVERT YOUR AMP INTO A STACK OF AMPS

The LINEAR POWER BOOSTERS 1 & 2 can increase the output of any electric instrument such as guitar, bass, organ or microphone. Since all amplifiers are overdesigned to more than handle the most powerful pick-ups, the LINEAR POWER BOOSTERS will let you derive optimum results from your amplifier. And it's much cheaper than buying a high-output pick-up. • Maximum setting of the volume control of one unit can make your amplifier TEN TIMES LOUDER! • The switch allows instant change from regular

instrument output to pre-set boosted output. • Increases guitar sustain. • Vastly increases the performance of all distortion devices, wah wah pedals, and other accessories. • Using two LINEAR POWER BOOSTERS will give you even more sustain. Turning up the volume level of the first one past the halfway point will shift the second one into overdrive. Using the first LINEAR POWER BOOSTER's control, you can now develop the initial bare hint of harmonic distortion to any desired degree. The second LINEAR POWER BOOSTER can control the volume of the combination. • Two models: LINEAR POWER BOOSTER-1 with a double male plug, will fit into amp or instrument! LINEAR POWER BOOSTER-2 does the same dynamic job down on the floor.

LINEAR POWER BOOSTER-1—3" x 2" x 1½"

LINEAR POWER BOOSTER-2—5¼" x 3¾" x 2¼" x 1½"



TASTE AND FEEL EACH NOTE

The SCREAMING BIRD and SCREAMING TREE are treble boosters that will give your instrument that razor sharp edge that can cut through when you're playing live. The high end of your sound spectrum will sparkle, as you can taste and feel each note.

BIRD—3" x 2" x 1½"

TREE—5¼" x 3¾" x 2¼" x 1½"



PUT SWAMP IN YOUR BASS

The MOLE and HOG'S FOOT Bass Boosters cut the highs and amplify the subharmonics, giving your instrument the depth, authority and heavy penetration of the foot pedals of a church pipe organ. The MOLE or HOG'S FOOT will give your axe or amplifier that thick, swamp-bottom blues sound of the Fender jazz bass used in conjunction with the old Ampeg B-15. MOLE—3" x 2" x 1½" HOG'S FOOT—5¼" x 3¾" x 2¼" x 1½"



WELL DONE, DOCTOR Q

DOCTOR Q is the most economical yet high-quality Envelope Follower available on the market today. Effects ranging from involuted mellow funk lines to slashing thin chops can be instantaneously and sensitively controlled through the player's use of attack and decay dynamics. The range of the filter can be preset. And as an added feature, the bass switch can be used to add a rich bass equalization without losing the thin, whipping Envelope

Follower sound on top. This makes the unit excellent for getting potent new sounds from the electric bass, as well as guitar and clavinet. 5¼" x 3¾" x 2¼" x 1½"



Has fundamental, blend, and attack controls. 6¾" x 5½" x 2¼"

The ATTACK EQUALIZER allows a guitar player to convert his Les Paul guitar into a Fender. It has a specially tuned 12-stage active filter that lets the guitar player select the fundamentals he wants, mix in and out the mid-range, and blend in a key range of 5000 cps high-Q bite frequencies, emphasizing the edge made when his pick plucks the strings—things that can't be done with a standard equalizer.



NEW ELECTRONIC DEVICE FOR SELF-MULTIPLICATION

Let THE CLONE THEORY Chorus Effect double your live vocals or instruments, with the fullness of studio overdubbing and the natural intermodulation of large orchestral groups. Makes voice, guitar and horn sections—in fact, any instrument—sound bigger and richer. This new device utilizes a highly sophisticated voltage-controlled analog delay line, which generates both echo and flanging at the same time. The result is a moving chorus otherwise obtainable only with an expensive combination of delay and flanging equipment. Multiple controls can produce a delightful true vibrato and other variations. AC. 8" x 6¾" x 6" x 1½"

echo and flanging at the same time. The result is a moving chorus otherwise obtainable only with an expensive combination of delay and flanging equipment. Multiple controls can produce a delightful true vibrato and other variations. AC. 8" x 6¾" x 6" x 1½"



TRY HENDRIX' SWEET SUSTAIN

Jimi Hendrix relied on the BIG MUFF PI for his smooth, mellow, supple electric-lady sound. Now Santana uses this finest distortion device, high on sustain and low on distortion. Whole chords can be played with minimum distortion. It is designed for the guitarist who wants his axe to sing like a hummingbird with a sweet violin-like sustaining sound. The sustain control allows the player to optimize long sustain with a hint of harmonic distortion. The tone control allows you to control the

harmonic content, from a sweet silvery liquid to razor sharp. AC/DC. 6¾" x 5½" x 2¼" x 1½"

THE LITTLE BIG MUFF PI is a compact version of the famous Big Muff PI favored by Jimi Hendrix and Carlos Santana. Preset maximum sustain. AC/DC. 5¼" x 3¾" x 2¼" x 1½"

MUFF FUZZ—This funkiest distortion device will give the player that dirty sound which cannot be gotten from today's popular solid state amps. It gives the player that natural distortion of tube-amps used by the Rhythm 'n Blues bands of yesteryear. And now it comes with a double male plug that lets you plug into amp or instrument. 3" x 2" x 1½"



ELECTRO-HARMONIX PRESIDENT KEEPS TWO MISTRESSES!

Our internationally popular ELECTRIC MISTRESS Flanger/Filter Matrix was much too good to discontinue just because the brand new DELUXE model has been designed with improved noise and distortion specifications, greater reliability, and convenient AC power. Rick Derringer, for example, has honored the standard MISTRESS as "the best sounding of the flanging devices." Both units have a sweet, shimmering flange. Both

gently sweep the sound spectrum to create a prismatic array of absolutely fascinating and ethereal sounds. Both are made on earth for rising stars!

DELUXE (AC): 8" x 6¾" x 6" x 1½"

STANDARD (DC or Adaptor): 6¾" x 5½" x 2¼" x 1½"



MIXXXXX

The 5X JUNCTION MIXER is designed as an input-output mixer and accessory blender. As input mixer 4 mikes or instruments can be attached as inputs to obtain one output. As output mixer, amps connected to external speaker combinations can go directly to the 5X with up to four external speaker cabinets being connected to one 5X. This eliminates sloppy wire hookups and decreases set-up time. As accessory blender, instrument signal can go directly to the 5X. Up to four different accessories can be joined with another 5X, with one line then going to the amp. This facility allows the blending of any combination of distortion devices, wah wah pedals, echo effects, etc. An infinite number of connecting problems can be solved with this very functional accessory. 3" x 2" x 1½"

instrument signal can go directly to the 5X. Up to four different accessories can be joined with another 5X, with one line then going to the amp. This facility allows the blending of any combination of distortion devices, wah wah pedals, echo effects, etc. An infinite number of connecting problems can be solved with this very functional accessory. 3" x 2" x 1½"

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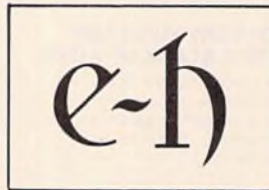
DIAL (212) 741-1797, (212) 741-1799, AND (212) 242-7799
FOR THREE DIFFERENT AUTOMATIC DEMONSTRATIONS



PUT ANY KNOB UNDER FOOT CONTROL

HOT FOOT Universal Pedal can turn any accessory, made by any manufacturer, into a foot pedal. How does it work? Simple. Just pull off the knob of the control you want to work with your foot and attach the screw at the end of **HOT FOOT**'s flexible shaft and presto! you've got another effect under foot control! It's a simple invention, but brilliant. There are no electronics to worry about. No matter what new types of sound effects are created in

the future, **HOT FOOT** will never become obsolete! Also comes in a **HOT FOOT** Universal PAN Pedal model, for special effects using two amplifiers or accessories.
13" x 6" x 3 3/4"



E-H DEMO RECORD GETS DOWN TO IT

This new LP, produced by Elliott Randall using top New York City studio musicians, is a contemporary, highly listenable set of music ranging from funky blues to space jam. It demonstrates ingenious uses of our most popular effects devices—uninterrupted by jive hype. You'll hear 6-string guitar multiplied to 12 by the **ELECTRIC MISTRESS** Flanger, voice doubled with sax-like sound

through the **OCTAVE MULTIPLEXER**, plucked strings silkened into bowed strings by the **BIG MUFF PI**, and many more startling transmutations using our "STONE" series of Phase Shifters, **GOLDEN THROAT DELUXE**, **MEMORY MAN DOCTOR O**, **FREQUENCY ANALYZER**, and **HOT FOOT**. Hip liner notes by *Village Voice* music critic Carman Moore described how the effects are created. A must for every electric guitarist. Albums are available at your musical instrument dealer, or you can send \$3.00 to Electro-Harmonix Work Band, 27 West 23rd St., New York City 10010.



STRETCH YOUR GUITAR NECK UP TO 19 FEET!

Try the effect that musicians in Europe like Kraftwerk are using. The **FREQUENCY ANALYZER** can compress the neck of a guitar down to two feet or stretch it up to nineteen feet! This highest-quality Ring Modulator available is a brilliant accessory for all brass and woodwind instruments. Blow horn through the **FREQUENCY ANALYZER** and out come three different horns in moving harmonies.

Shift the frequencies of drums, cymbals, and hi-hats. Play any note on any piano, for example a C, and out comes a D, E, B, or any note or fractional in-between note, according to the setting on the dials. Blend your regular signal with the new shifted notes. Filter control allows you to sort out high frequency components. Set any harmonic multiple desired for an *avant-garde* sound.
6 3/4" x 5 1/2" x 2 1/4" x 1 1/16"



OUR GREAT NEW ECHO/ANALOG DELAY LINE

Until now all echo and reverb effects relied on moving parts—springs, tape loops, and other mechanical gear that could wear out or break right in the middle of your act. Delay effects depended on digital delay lines that were fine for the studio but too expensive and bulky for onstage use. Now our engineers have put all of these key effects into one durable, reasonably-priced footswitch unit through the development of state-of-the-art hybrid techniques.

Presenting **MEMORY MAN DELUXE**. Discriminating musicians welcome the superb totally-electronic echo unit you've been waiting for. Number one in features and performance. Slapback stage echo...repeating arpeggios...delayed split stereo...bathtub reverb...controlled feedback...vocal doubling—a range of effects effortlessly achieved that is truly astounding!

Clean noise-free operation with distortion under 1%, a signal-to-noise ratio of 60db, and a built-in **SILENCER™** Noise Gate.

Unlike competitive solid state echo units, **MEMORY MAN DELUXE** does not decrease its bandwidth as Delay is increased. The result? Crisp razor sharp highs at any echo setting for the professional performing musician.

- Wide range of Delay: 15 msec—4 sec
- Wide frequency response: 10 Hz—100 kHz (Direct), 10 Hz—3KHz (Echo) ±3db
- Infinite echo Repeats with minimum signal degradation
- Variable gain level control and overload indicator
- Dual outputs
- AC operation with power switch and indicator

Combines with other effects for a smashing echoing flange echo-wah or echo-fuzz. Attractively packaged in a nickel-plated steel chassis with heavy duty line cord.

Also available in an economy design less indicators, level control, and noise reduction circuitry, but including special Boost switch.
8" x 6 3/4" x 6" x 1 1/2"



GOLDEN THROAT WILL LET YOU SING YOUR AXE OFF

This top-of-the-line mouth tube and filter enables a musician to make the unique sound recently popularized by Peter Frampton and also used by Stevie Wonder, Jeff Beck, Steely Dan, and Joe Walsh. Your mouth becomes an extension of your guitar, as the guitar music feeds up into and is controlled by the movements of your jaw, tongue, and lips. Wah, fuzz, tremolo, phasing, and many other effects are possible.

GOLDEN THROAT is more powerful than the competition, with a 100 Watt driver and a red light overload indicator. Its sharp but meaty sound can be produced with any strength amplifier.
6 3/4" x 5" x 3 3/4", TUBE—6" x 1/4"



MOUTH TUBE FLEXIBILITY WITH BUILT-IN MONITOR AMP

Now, using only one **GOLDEN THROAT DELUXE**, you can boost the range of your group *threefold*.

1. Enjoy the best mouth tube effects available by just plugging in—no need to touch a single speaker wire or disable your good guitar amp.
2. Get a 25 Watt RMS, 60 Watt peak auxiliary amp head with Volume and full-range active Tone controls.

3. Be able to simultaneously route your instrument input to the **GOLDEN THROAT DELUXE** and to an external amp for a variable blend of straight and tube sound. Puts an end to thinning out a band's sound when using mouth tube effects.

And each of these sound dimensions is instantaneously controlled by simply tapping one of two heavy-duty footswitches! AC.
8 1/2" x 8" x 3" x 1 1/2"



DELUXE OCTAVE MULTIPLEXER WITH ERROR-FREE TRACKING

Now you can sound like Eric Clapton and Jack Bruce playing together in lightning fast runs as the **DELUXE OCTAVE MULTIPLEXER** synthesizes a note one octave below the one you're playing. You'll get clean octave division on every guitar note with no false triggering. Five filters allow the musician to shape the harmonic content of the new note from fuzzi bass to a pure, deep organ bass. This device can explode the tonal capabilities of horns

into the bass and baritone range. Makes any singer sound like Ike Turner. The popular standard **OCTAVE MULTIPLEXER** has the same line features and throaty bass with slightly relaxed tracking accuracy. The pedal version of the standard unit gives the musician continuous foot-controlled blending of high and low notes for the ultimate flexibility of guitar/bass duets and answering bass runs.

AC only **DELUXE** 8" x 6 3/4" x 6" x 1 1/2"
AC-DC STANDARD 6 3/4" x 5 1/2" x 2 1/4" x 1 1/16"
AC-DC PEDAL 13" x 6" x 3 3/4"



SOUL FUZZ

If you're into guitar sustain, you'll cherish the DELUXE BIG MUFF PI, an AC powered version of our celebrated BIG MUFF PI distortion device connected in parallel with a complete SOUL PREACHER compressor/sustainer. In a single chassis, these two units give the player a continuous range of effects, from clean *undistorted* sustain, through smooth distortion, to down home dirt. *Blending* uncolored sustain with any amount of

moaning harmonic distortion is definitely the last word in funk. Dual outputs, power switch, and brilliantly plated case finish off this ultimate sustain machine.
8" x 6 3/4" x 1 1/2"



FULL CHORUS EFFECT PLUS NOISE-FREE ECHO, FLANGE, FILTER MATRIX

You don't need a seat on the space shuttle to make interplanetary journeys. ECHOFLANGER can take you on the greatest variety of far-flung musical trips our analog circuit design team has ever chartered. Its four basic, switch-selectable modes are:

1. FLANGE—the first reasonably-priced NOISE-FREE Flange. A professionally smooth, studio quality, wide-range sweep with tuning, feedback, rate, and width controls.
2. SLAPBACK—a short delay, high-quality echo with variable delay time. Just as quiet as the Flange.
3. CHORUS—Slapback and Flange together, at the same time, for the totally new sound of a swirling, doubling galactic concert.
4. FILTER MATRIX—this true comb filter produces chime-like effects or can be swept manually for "custom" flanging.

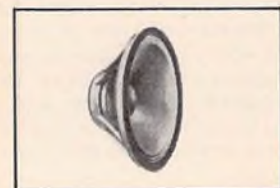
These stunning sounds can be further modified by a Blend switch and dual outputs to produce "stage" echo and other enhanced effects. ECHOFLANGER features a broad dynamic range, wide frequency response, and virtual cancellation of "foldback" and other extraneous noise through companding circuitry. This makes the unit suitable for keyboards and synthesizer as well as guitar. Included in the handsome, nickel-plated chassis are LED power indicator and bypass footswitch. AC-powered.
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13" x 6" x 3 3/4"



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timbres are obtainable through variations in playing technique. One adjustment controls the degree of effect and also introduces a BIG MUFF-like sustain. AC-DC.
13" x 6" x 3 3/4"

And to be a second class citizen in this country is a very sad commentary on the taste of America.

Tormé: You just anticipated my next question. Why doesn't our country, the country that virtually propagated jazz, appreciate jazz the way Europeans, Scandinavians and Asians appreciate jazz.

Rich: Because when you go to Europe, and you go to Scandinavia, and you go to Asia, and where ever the hell you go, you're bound to find one station that plays some jazz.

Tormé: So it is exposure, right?

Rich: Of course it's exposure. We just got through saying if these damned jocks, who think they wrote the music, would give everyone the same shot that they give Zepelin and the pimples and acne, and whatever other groups are around, if they give the jazz guy the same exposure, there might be a larger audience. Instead of that intellectual group, which I think is a misnomer to begin with, to say there are intellectual groups that dig jazz. Give them the same opportunity in Des Moines and Wichita, and you're liable to find that one night there are 5000 people in the audience. You understand?

Tormé: Sure.

Rich: So you got to first alert the jockeys, try to infiltrate one night, and put something a little more meaningful music on at the same time as you're playing the hits.

Tormé: You know the jocks are to a great extent motivated to . . .

Rich: At the mercy of the managers, right?

Tormé: No, no, no. I think the whole business is obviously geared to prosperity, not posterity.

Rich: Of course. That's very good, did you make it up?

Tormé: Yeah, I've said it about 30,000 times. Are you a happy man?

Rich: I'm more a happy man than I am a happy woman.

Tormé: Oh god! Come on, are you a happy man?

Rich: Of course I'm a happy man.

Tormé: I mean in that overall spectrum of your life, the whole life, not playing drums at night, not looking forward to going there at 8:00 at night, I'm talking about in general, are you happy?

Rich: You want to take the whole thing apart step by step? First of all what constitutes happiness? Do you know?

Tormé: Feeling good.

Rich: Great, you see. Feeling good. Some guys drink a quart of booze and they feel good. Does that make them happy?

Tormé: You didn't let me finish. I mean about yourself.

Rich: Of course I feel good about myself. Why should I feel bad about myself? I'm still playing good, I have my health, I have the thing I need, I have a wife, I have my daughter. I have friends, not a lot . . . If that's what you mean by happiness, of course I'm happy. If you're talking in terms of an outside thing, I'm very unhappy. I'm unhappy about the world situation. I'm miserable about the world situation. That is one of the things that could make me unhappy in my other feelings.

Tormé: Can you condense it and talk about is a little bit?

Rich: No, because the way I feel cannot be condensed. I'm tired of poverty, I'm tired of

hearing about it, I'm tired of seeing it, I'm tired of hearing about any minute being bombed out, you know, I'm tired of hearing about neutron bombs that kill millions and keep the Empire State building standing. You know, I'm tired of all that man, I'm tired of reading about eight million dollars for a war-plane and a telethon to raise money for cancer. You know, let's raise money for the bomb and let's give a billion dollars to cancer. That's better. So those are the things that make me unhappy.

Tormé: What else?

Rich: I'm tired of the fight for equality. Everybody is born equal. Why should that be voted upon? Who's to say no to something like that? You don't vote on whether this guy has the right to eat at the same restaurant as me. If he's got the bread, of course he's got the right to eat there. Why are they still fighting for ladies' equal rights? The amendment still hasn't gone through. Who's to sit back there and say, "You're not entitled." That's B.S. They're entitled.

Tormé: Ladies are eating in restaurants with us, and now people of all races are . . .

Rich: Don't pick up on the restaurant thing. That's different.

Tormé: South Africa.

Rich: You want to talk about South Africa? We were booked in a place in South Africa. It was two years ago. We had the contract signed, half the money was in the can already. Okay, two days or three days before we were going to leave, the consulate called and said, "You can bring your black bass player over but he can't appear with you." You know, in my usual way, I said, "Take South Africa and shove it up your ass." Okay, this was all told to me in the office. And you still expect me to go and play there? Shit, there isn't enough money and enough diamonds to make me do that.

Tormé: How do you change it?

Rich: You don't go.

Tormé: Okay, but that doesn't change it. It just means . . .

Rich: It changes it for me. And maybe a few other people that might be thinking about going over there. Maybe they'll realize, "Well, hey, man, if I can't have my man with me, screw South Africa." And Idi Amin, and all those other guys, you know.

Tormé: What's your next car?

Rich: My next car?

Tormé: Come on.

Rich: It's a new car. My next car.

Tormé: You've had a love affair with cars since I've known you.

Rich: Yeah, yeah.

Tormé: You've got an incredible variety of cars. You have a couple of MGs that were sent to this country in '47, and you've had Lincoln Continentals coming out of the giggy.

Rich: That was a mistake. I was supposed to leave all the sports cars, you know that. I think I've only owned two American cars in my life.

Tormé: Yeah, when I met you you had a . . .

Rich: Cadillac.

Tormé: No, you had a Lincoln Continental.

Rich: Lincoln Continental, right. The first Lincoln Continental delivered in the state of New York. You know how much that car was? This was *the* most expensive American car you can buy.

Tormé: \$6,000.

Rich: \$3,300. Off the floor.

Tormé: I don't believe that.

Rich: And that was 1942, the original Lin-

coln Continental was delivered in Brooklyn, there was a Lincoln distributor up near the old Fox Theater in Brooklyn. And it was in the window, and I wanted to see it. I wanted it, I bought it. And I have some pictures at home and it's the funniest thing to see Sinatra.

Tormé: You and Sinatra, right.

Rich: Sitting in the back seat. In front of the Astor Hotel.

Tormé: Sitting in front of the Astor.

Rich: A crowd of maybe 200 people around the car, because they had never seen a car like that.

Tormé: Yeah, I've seen that picture.

Rich: So, you know, I've had some incredible things in my life, but I think that and a Cadillac were the only American cars that I ever owned in my life. Outside of that I've had nothing but Jags.

Tormé: Foreign sports cars, huh?

Rich: Yeah, Jags, Mercedes, I even had an Austin-Healy one time. Now I'm driving a 450 Mercedes, and I've got a new B Ferrari on order.

Tormé: You're looking at a Lotus too, aren't you?

Rich: I've been thinking about Lotus, yeah.

Tormé: I think we got it covered.

Rich: Yeah.

Tormé: Can you think of anything else?

Rich: No.

Tormé: Anybody?

Rich: Now we're open to questions. Question and answer period for the boys in the band.

Band: Buddy, when are we going to get a raise and a decent salary?

Rich (gestures): Here's your raise, mother.

Band: For God's sake, we're working for slave wages here.

Rich: Right.

Tormé: I think I got it all, the only thing I wanted to mention to you is the fact, and I don't say this with any kind of rancor. . . .

Rich: I know, you're upset because I didn't mention you with a . . .

Tormé: Oh, shut up. What I want to talk about . . .

Rich: You never could play drums. You never will play drums. You got bad timing and you sing out of tune.

Tormé: I'm terrific.

Rich: And you got bad breath.

Tormé: That I can't help. Anyway, you said that almost any tap dancer that you ever knew could turn around and probably play very good drums. Sammy Davis is one of the greatest tap dancers I have ever seen in my life, but he's not a good drummer.

Rich: He might be the exception to the rule.

Tormé: I see.

Rich: There was a guy named Leo Watson who was probably the greatest scat singer that ever lived. Leo Watson could then sit down behind a fat case with a pair of brushes, and outswing any drummer I have ever heard. No bass drum, no cymbals, no nothing. Just a large snare drum case and a pair of brushes. And I heard him do it more times than I care to tell about.

Tormé: Has he ever played professionally? Leo?

Rich: He was with Krupa's band, he was a trombone player, don't you remember he was in Krupa's band? He also played drums in the band.

Tormé: I didn't realize he played drums.

Rich: Sure.

Tormé: Harry played drums too, didn't he?

Rich: Harry played drums.

Tormé: Harry James.

Rich: Yeah. Sure. Good, too.

Tormé: Yeah.

Rich: Who else played drums? Roy Eldridge, Diz.

Tormé: I didn't know that.

Rich: Diz played carpet drums. That's bad.

Tormé: What about the Louisiana marching band that you heard one time?

Rich: The funeral band.

Tormé: No, no, not a funeral band, maybe I was wrong about it being a Louisiana marching band. You told me you leaned out a window one day of a hotel, and there was a parade going on.

Rich: Oh, the marching band. The Army marching band.

Tormé: Was it a marching band?

Rich: They're famous too, it's a black group. From some camp near Minneapolis, I think. And I was appearing there, the band was appearing there, and there was a parade for some reason. I hate parades but these cats come marching down the street, and they, there's a special group with rifles, what do you call it? There's this drum and bugle group behind them, talk about something insane, talk about some time. Some military things they play today swing. They're really marvelous, and this group was just outrageous. I got out of the hotel and I followed them, just followed the parade right down to listen to these cats. I get a big kick out of that. I get a great kick out of anything that's good.

Tormé: That's a great quote on which to end this interview.

Rich: Goodnight all!

db

DiMEOLA

continued from page 17

denly get a burst of energy. Or if I go see a flamenco dancer, I get chills, I get that burst of energy and right then I can do my best playing. . . .

"I see the similarity between Turkish and Egyptian music," he continued, "and I want to put it into this music with the energy of rock. Hopefully it will mean that I can go out and play concerts and communicate with people. I don't want to communicate just with musicians but with everyone—I think you can do that. But it's a challenge for me to get that kind of music where it can be communicated—this is the real challenge.

"Not to talk negatively about a lot of jazz musicians, but anyone who would put this style of music down is not very bright. My reasoning is this: this is not the easiest music for me to be doing. It's a really big challenge. For example, I have a lot of soul guitar ideas which flow the easiest for me—very, very easy.

"What I am trying to say is that someone like Keith Jarrett is doing what is easiest for him to play. Now, if he was to make a challenge for himself and do something more commercial or electric, then . . . you know what I mean? Joe Pass is doing what is easiest and most comfortable for him. I won't criticize that and I'm not saying that I'm playing out of my context either, but it's what I want to do and, yes, it is a challenge and, yes, it is fun. This is a new generation of music and it's still expanding.

"I just freak out when I see criticism. I guess everybody does. I haven't seen much of it yet, but I'm afraid it is going to be coming as I get more and more successful."

db

BLINDFOLD TEST

continued from page 39

can't say anything else—it's a great piece of music. Five stars.

5. MASABUMI KIKUCHI SEXTET. *Black Orpheus* (from *Matrix*, Catalyst). Kikuchi, piano; Akio Nishimura, tenor sax.

Mouzon: Oh, man, I'll let you have it!

Coryell: I have no idea who that was. That was one of the most excruciating things I've had to sit through in a long time. That's one of my favorite songs and when I heard the intro I was looking forward to it, but nobody really said anything. The track was completely incompetent—it was out of tune, the soloists never . . . they would start with an idea and would never follow it up. It was just like noodling around and the tempo was terrible and the arrangement was awful and they were missing

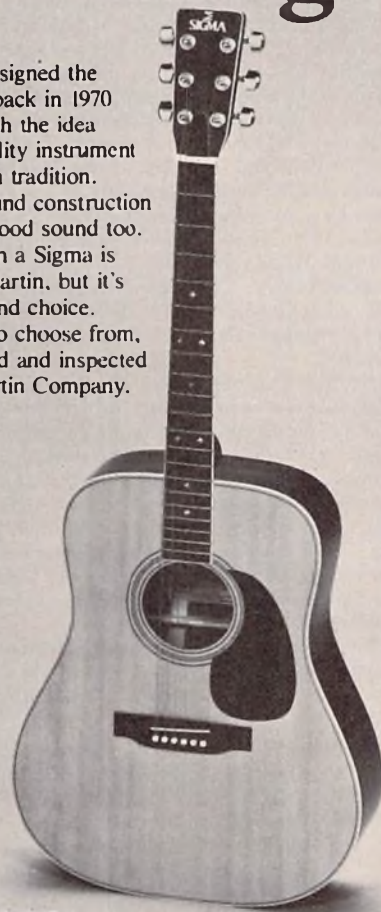
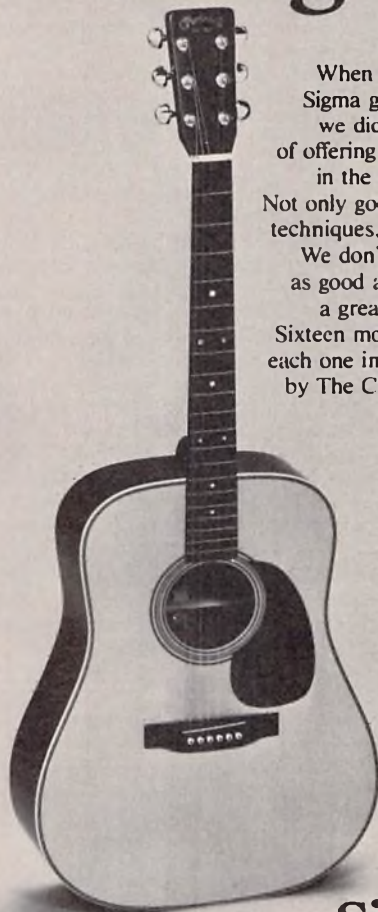
parts. And I thought it was excruciating that the arranger was throwing in seven plus nine voicings in bossa nova. . . . It just didn't make it. It was like sandpaper rubbing against . . . just that feeling . . . oh my God. I wish . . . if any of these guys took lessons, I know a lawyer—they can get all their money back.

I'm sorry. No stars. It was the worst thing I think I've ever heard and that you've ever played for me in these blindfold tests. I mean, they might even be friends of mine—nothing personal, but they played it so poorly. Gee, that was awful!

Mouzon: I feel exactly the same. I have no stars for this one. I didn't like the arrangement and the tenor player was out of tune—he was a little sharp, and the tempo dragged. The keyboard player didn't really say that much and it should have faded out a long time ago—it was too repetitious. db

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perspective

BY CHUCK BERG

Discussing That Delicate Balance

The interface between music, musicians and decision-makers at the record companies and in the media represents a delicate balance which determines the shape and form of our contemporary musical culture. Of these pivotal entities, the representatives of the record companies are undoubtedly the most scorned and least understood. The strident accusations of selling out, copping out and copping form a never-ending avalanche of invective which obscures the fact that a lot of first-rate, uncompromising music has been and continues to be produced and released.

Three years ago, Steve Backer was brought in by Arista to direct the fledgling label's jazz line. As a result, Arista has distinguished itself by bringing to the market such contemporary masters as Anthony Braxton, Cecil Taylor and Archie Shepp, and through Savoy, giants such as Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and John Coltrane.

Michael Cuscuna is one of today's bright young freelance producers. A former jazz-journalist, Cuscuna is primarily interested in sessions which capture accomplished musicians at the height of inspired interaction.

In our conversation, Backer and Cuscuna trace over the contours of the current scene in an articulate and forthright manner. While illuminating the production side of the business, they also reveal aspirations and concerns common to all who share a love and respect for improvised music.

Berg: Is there a basic conflict between artistic goals and economic goals in the minds of the decision-makers at the major record companies?

Backer: The basic thing to understand is that no major company records philanthropically. The profit motive is the common denominator. However, companies are merely groups of individuals and, at times, you find people in decision making roles who have a strong feeling for one music or another, and who, given the right opportunity, can channel the energy of the corporation towards the music that is important to them. Even at that, it still must be done profitably.

Berg: How does that relate to what's going on at Arista? With three years of production, how would you assess the place of jazz at Arista?

Backer: In my opinion, the bottom line, the profit, is still vital. Musically, the same wide spectrum, the balanced approach we had in the beginning, is still intact.

I would say that at this juncture, Arista has a good deal more pure profit from the acoustic end of the spectrum, our projects on Arista-Freedom and Savoy, than in the crossover area. This is because the crossover albums, with rare exception, take a great deal of time, money and album sales to build to a black ink situation. The structure of the deals on Savoy and Freedom, on the other hand, enable the company to profit much more quickly, which

is exactly what has happened, marginally on Freedom, but quite handsomely on Savoy.

This situation will change when, for instance, the Brecker Brothers, Harvey Mason, Gil-Scott Heron, Ben Sidran, and some of the newer people we've signed who are geared to crossover like Brand X, Pharoah Sanders, Stomu Yamashta and Mike Mainieri have built to the enormously high potential they all possess.

Berg: Does Arista intend to continue the acoustic side as vigorously as before? In connection with that, isn't the Freedom deal up for renewal?

Backer: Yes, it is. We're pretty much at a crossroads. All of the material worth releasing in the Freedom catalog has been put out by us, and Michael has recorded some superb new things as well. The length of the deal was three years. As far as I'm concerned, the decision that has to be made is not whether to proceed with this type of music, but how to proceed with it and under what structure.

Some major decisions will have to be made shortly, but my answer to your question is "yes." We do intend to pursue acoustic jazz as vigorously as we have been, and electric jazz with as much, if not more, commitment.

Berg: In regard to Savoy, it seems that the reissue bandwagon continues to gather momentum. Columbia, for example, has some bop sides that will soon be released, while Warner is going to be putting out the Charlie Parker Dial material.

Backer: I like to think our success with Savoy had a little to do with those decisions.

Cuscuna: You know, when you talk about Columbia moving forward with reissues, or recording Dexter Gordon, or getting interested in pure jazz, well it really isn't Columbia, it's Bruce Lundvall. He's in charge and so there's really no such thing as Columbia. It's just a network of people whose moves are an extension of Lundvall.

On the other hand, the A&M/Horizon thing definitely hurt jazz in terms of the music's relationship to the industry because it had an impact on other executives at other companies toying with the idea of recording this type of music. For a major company like A&M to make a commitment to a project like Horizon and then pull out because of poor planning hurts us all.

Berg: What went wrong in your opinion?

Backer: They naively assumed that a large production budget, expensive packaging and some good music would have to result in great sales. They simply weren't realistic in terms of what they could expect in sales from the artists they were recording and a year down the line found themselves enormously in debt, and man, we all felt the impact.

Cuscuna: You know, we both have a lot of friends in the business and people from various labels call all the time about getting into some sort of jazz activity. They ask for our feedback and advice. There's a lot of communication. When Horizon went down, you could feel from some of their questions that it definitely was on their minds.

Backer: I felt it quite directly.

Berg: You mean, the Horizon situation affected your situation with other people at Arista?

Backer: You're damn right. I would say, "Well, that's them, not us." But I really had to concentrate all the more on how well our bottom line figures were at that point. It just added unneeded pressure and temporarily af-

fected the momentum of the jazz part of the industry.

Cuscuna: The ramifications of success or failure go even wider. For example, one of the effects of our Freedom releases and new recordings here in America was more live performance activity for artists playing new music. Also, other record companies started picking up an artist here, an artist there. There was greater focus on this kind of music in all related areas. It was like a blood transfusion. That's a great satisfaction to us, and satisfaction has to come from somewhere because if you amortized it, our work in this area would only show about a dollar an hour and a lot of ulcers.

Berg: What part do the major record companies play in helping to perpetuate and nourish jazz?

Cuscuna: At one time, everything had its function: people made records, they got royalties, they worked, played clubs and concerts, and made a living. And the club owners and promoters made a living from that.

What has happened is that the business now exists around subsidies with everybody looking toward the record company as the focal point. The musician wants a large advance to live on. And when he goes on the road where it's hard to break even, he wants tour support money from the record company. Clubs want the companies to buy seats for disc jockeys and writers in addition to help with advertising. Agents and managers demand support from the record companies. Everyone, consciously or unconsciously, has put the record companies in the pivotal position of power they are in. Everybody bitches about it, but it's simply that everyone has helped put them in that position. The major labels' significance in furthering jazz is tremendous.

Backer: I thoroughly agree. Often the people bitching about it, and there are plenty of things to bitch about, don't really have a clue as to what is happening.

Berg: What people?

Backer: One hears gripes on many levels, in many areas, from artists, managers, distributors, retailers, consumers, etc. So you try to give that person some insight into the real situation during the conversation. The thing that gets me, though, is the critic who reaches lots of impressionable people, and lambasts the industry for one thing or another in a naive manner which ignores the realities of the inside situation.

Cuscuna: There are writers who will use a review to grind some sort of axe. For example, the second half of a review of Zoot Finster might be used to ask why the company recorded Zoot Finster when Miles Carsnak needs a record contract and should be recorded, thereby making judgmental assumptions about the record company involved. In fact, the record business is so complex, so full of human error, and in some ways so bizarre, that if you're not on the inside and you don't know what you're talking about, you shouldn't be putting naive assumptions into print.

Backer: Writers can actually do a great deal of harm.

Berg: Yet, the writer with a more detached perspective is, in many cases, able to see things more clearly than the insiders. If some of the writer's generalizations are off-base, then the people at the record companies should try to clarify the situation as they see it.

Backer: But then it's up to the writer to find out the true details.

Cuscuna: If someone wants to function as an investigative reporter, we would love to sit down and have them write about things that are wrong. We could each tell a million stories. The important thing is for the writer to make the effort to find out.

Backer: Really, we're talking about a small but vocal minority of writers whose sense of self-importance overtakes their love of the music, who think they can aid their own careers by alluding to some sort of conspiracy amongst the evil record companies. There's one critic in New York who writes for the *Village Voice* who is laughable in this regard. His attacks on the record industry are so abusive and yet so superficial and amateurish, that you know that what he is really saying is that he is the only one who knows anything about how to handle this music. What a pompous ass. He suffers from severe delusions of grandeur for which, I think, there are no cures.

Cuscuna: I find that part of it humorous because I used to write and now I'm on the other side of it. Now I see that it's just a bunch of human beings whose decisions are sometimes based on whether or not it rained, or something equally trivial. In other words, the record business is a lot more random and human and less thought-out than people on the outside would think. People at the record companies don't walk around with a secret game plan, and chance plays a big role.

Berg: What is happening with some of the more commercial projects you're involved with like the Brecker Brothers?

Backer: At this point, they're at a critical stage in their careers because the direction of their music is in question. They're getting involved with a new, vital, self-contained band of young players who sound a great deal different than the band they had.

Berg: Studio players?

Backer: For the most part no. There's a real problem with the studio players when they hit the road. As good as they are, they can't seem to transcend the problem of making less money on the road. Somehow that comes through in the music. Randy and Michael are both ready to play a great deal more: longer solos, more chances, more spontaneity.

There's a long term commitment on the part of this record company to the Breckers. Actually, they've done quite well. Their second album is getting close to 200,000. But I think that they've come to the realization that they have to express themselves more thoroughly than they have, in a less calculated fashion, and to do more progressive playing on their albums.

Berg: Their arrangements have been very disco or single-oriented.

Backer: Yes, but that was a natural direction for them to go in after experiencing a top 15 r&b single on their first album.

Cuscuna: When your first album is a success, whoever you are, you're going to be consciously applying similar principles to the next several albums, which makes the music more difficult to sustain. The first album tends to be more organic than the others. It happens a lot.

We were talking to John Klemmer the other night and he was saying that his third album after *Touch* was a great deal more difficult than the first. Same with Herbie Hancock after *Headhunters*, Miles after *Bitches Brew*, etc. It's tough to maintain the success of that first one.

Berg: You're both involved in reissues. How

do you feel about the deluge of material that's been put out?

Backer: I remember five years ago when everyone was complaining about the fact that all the great vaults (Blue Note, Impulse, Prestige, Savoy, etc.) were padlocked. I guess now it's time to complain about the glut. My overview is that I most certainly would rather have them out than not. But naturally, there are adverse by-products that could be eliminated if some moderation were exercised.

Cuscuna: Some of these ventures have taken on wholesale characteristics resulting in too many inferior, careless, meaningless reissues. Generally, I also feel it's better to have them out than wasting away in the vaults. In several cases, however, artists have been hurt as much as helped.

Berg: For instance?

Cuscuna: Well, in Dexter Gordon's case, as soon as his first album for Columbia hit, Inner City released about six European reissues. What a foolish approach. At least space the albums out. When they're all slammed onto the marketplace at once, how can the consumer help but get confused?

Backer: Even just one additional album at the time of a new release by an artist can hurt him. For a while when I was running Impulse, every time there was a new Gato Barbieri album, Flying Dutchman would put one out that they had in the can; whenever a new Keith Jarrett album came out, ECM would release one. Those tactics probably cut the potential sale of a given album by 40 to 50%. We went through it with Larry Coryell at Arista, with Vanguard doing the same thing. Invariably, some label releases old Anthony Braxton material when we ship a new Braxton album. It's a shortsighted and greedy approach.

Berg: Steve, you've been quite vocal in the past regarding radio and its affects on jazz. Do you still feel the same regarding the lack of airplay?

Backer: Yes. I still feel the same but I think I have a better understanding of the problems now. Yes, jazz would benefit enormously if we could fill the radio void, but these stations are businesses and they simply won't be forced into playing something they don't want. Even crossover jazz is only played in very limited amounts. Essentially, until the situation is remedied, it forces the better record companies to find viable alternatives such as merchandising, advertising and touring for helping their jazz artists gain the necessary exposure.

Berg: Any final thoughts?

Backer: I'd like to say to people reading this that what I feel jazz or progressive music of all sorts needs more than anything else is for young, vital, dynamic blood to transfuse this industry: people with intelligence, perception, a love of the music and with an overview as to how to eventually put themselves into decision-making positions to channel energy to the music they love. That was a mouthful, but I mean it.

* * * * *

In the course of discussion, Backer indicated that a corporate decision on the fate of Arista's involvement with Freedom was in the process of being resolved. Fortunately, it appears that the decision has been made in the affirmative. Therefore, we can expect the fine tradition established by the Arista/Freedom/Savoy line to not only continue, but to grow.

db

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Equal Opportunity/Affirmative Action Employer.

HOW TO

PRODUCE A RADIO COMMERCIAL

Part II

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

Part I of this article (db, Feb. 9) discussed the format and the script of commercials, information gleaned from a NARAS Institute workshop featuring as faculty Jim Progris, Garry Sherman and Billy Porter aided by Roy Pritts of Denver's Auraria Higher Education Center and by this writer.

MUSIC

In radio commercials, as opposed to those on TV, *all* listener interest must be generated, and *all* advertising information must be conveyed aurally. The music therefore can play a multiple role: through its style and its quality, for example, it can draw initial attention, can set a general mood, and can emphasize script meaning. By utilizing a musical style already familiar to a particular consumer group, a commercial can capture, then hold the attention of that group while the script makes its selling points. For example:

Who might hanker for bubble gum? (Reach kids galore via the rock beat.)

Who might lean toward geriatric vitamins? (Reach lots of oldsters through nostalgic melodies.)

Who might long for emollient creams? (Reach many mirror-fearing ladies by means of lush romantic tones.)

Because the very beginning of a commercial is the spot where listener attention either turns on or turns off, an instrumental intro in a style familiar to the aimed-for group will enhance the chance for their continued interest. One of Garry Sherman's success stories should illustrate.

When Garry's New York production house, along with several others, competed for the account of a top company, Garry researched the product to be advertised, the segment of the public it should aim for, and the musical tastes of the company president. This research showed that the product should aim for people between 18 and 35, people likely to prefer music containing rock elements. But Garry also found that the company president, a 70-year-old, disliked not only rock, but also every other contemporary style. To accommodate the President's tastes and still fulfill the results of his research, Garry wrote several stylistic versions of the product song. To open the demo tape, he put an easy-listening orchestral chart behind a singer who sounded like Perry Como. To close the tape, he recorded his rock version, the one his research showed to be most effective. Result: the president, won over by the Como version, said he even liked the rock version. Garry's production house won the competition and still handles that company's account.

Some musical styles attract particular age groups: school-agers recognize rock; middle-agers know Broadway hits; the elderly find classical music familiar.

Some esoteric styles attract particular interest groups: country hoedown rouses square dancers; eerie electronic sound beckons oc-

cult buffs and magnetizes science-fiction fans.

Some, like gospel, soul, or flamenco, attract particular religions, social, or ethnic groups.

Some reach everybody because they suggest pleasing seasons like Easter or the Fourth of July or Christmas.

And some pair naturally with certain products: Hoedown fits apple cider; flamenco fits Spanish wine; and marching band fits fireworks.

Stressing a feature of any style makes that style recognizable: improvised tenor sax over a Basie rhythm section characterizes jazz; muted solo violin in minor typifies gypsy; steel-string guitar twang epitomizes country-western—each style contains distinctive features which make it different from other styles. A producer needs to know the features of r&b, pop, folk, country, rock, jazz, gospel, Latin, salsa, classical, Broadway, dixieland, bop, European, Hollywood, blues, marching band, society orchestra, big swing band, gypsy, cowboy, Oriental, electronic eerie, robot, and all the other recognizable styles, including middle of the road (not too fast, not too slow. Not too high, not too low—MOR means mellow).

After a musical style has gained initial listener attention, it should avoid competing with script narration. If music behind spoken words remains too interesting, the listener might pay more attention to it than to the commercial message. A rhythm section alone can keep musical motion going without interfering in the flow or clarity of narration.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE PRODUCER

The producer plans the entire production, schedules the sequence of recording events, then sees that all comes off as planned. The producer makes sure the musical scores are prepared, the parts copied, the musicians on hand, the studio set up correctly, its equipment in proper working condition. The producer discusses style and mix and mikes with the engineer, then double-checks during the recording. The producer sits in on the final music mix in preparation for announcer copy. Sometimes the producer records the announcer and sometimes pays the performers.

A wise producer, though, despite being responsible for the overall sound, will leave technical details to the engineer, who knows the studio and its equipment, and who can use that knowledge to manipulate, to adjust, to modify whatever sound performers feed into microphones. A wise producer provides the engineer with pertinent information in plenty of time to prepare the studio, information like the band instrumentation and seating, the number and type of singers, the number of drums to be miked, the number of tape tracks to be filled, the overall microphone requirements, the presence or absence of an announcer, and the rehearsal/recording/mix-down schedule.

AGENCIES

Although the commercial industry is ex-

panding throughout the nation, the major production center is still Madison Avenue. About eighty percent of the many thousand advertising agencies operate in New York. Of the remaining twenty percent, a sizeable number are in Los Angeles and Chicago. The rest are scattered around in smaller cities. A big agency might gross fifty or so million dollars worth of business and pay five million or so in salary (some include legal departments and creative production wings). But one person alone often constitutes an agency, contracting outside help when needed.

A client wanting a commercial made engages an agency, which in turn invites several production groups to submit songs for consideration. (Both Garry Sherman and Jim Progris are active in such groups). When the song has been selected, the agency appoints an account executive to oversee product research, market surveys, and the subsequent development of a production plan. If the plan proves acceptable, the client and the agency work out financial details and then call in the production group, which might consist of several people—a producer, a composer, an arranger, a lyricist—or of one person who does it all.

BUDGET

The cost of the following determines the size of the budget:

1. Method of recording. Good musicians plus sufficient rehearsal time plus a good engineer make one-session recording possible (except for adding a dialogue track). Laying rhythm section tracks first, then adding horn and vocal tracks requires more studio time, but makes correction and revision easy.

2. Studio rental rates. Superby-equipped studios rent for up to \$250 per hour, simpler setups for less. The engineer's fee, though, may be included in the rental rate. Rental time includes rehearsal, recording and mix-down.

3. Purchase of tapes. Tapes must be furnished for the original multitrack recording and for mixed-down masters and extra stereo and monaural copies.

4. Producer, arranger, and copyist fees. Although copyists work for prescribed union rates, producers and arrangers usually negotiate their fees. An arranger can cost up to \$1500.

5. Instrument rental and cartage. Musicians may not own an instrument called for in the score, or may play instruments bulky enough to require van transportation.

6. Incidental expenses. Unless a commercial is simple, like a folk singer strumming a guitar, unexpected costs can crop up—delays in the studio processes, taxi fares, phone calls, whatever.

7. Performers and announcers. Garry Sherman, from long experience, figures \$70 per hour per sideman instrumentalist covers scale plus extra fees (doubling, union taxes and fund contributions, and the like). Leaders and contractors receive higher pay than do sidemen. Singers and announcers, too, differ in rate of pay.

8. Residuals. Some performers may receive additional pay when a commercial continues to appear on the air for long periods. Every three months residual fees are due those performers.

In the commercial industry, cost overruns hurt the producer's reputation. Since clients get very unhappy when production costs exceed the budgeted amount, ad agencies some-

times expect the producer to absorb the extra costs. Careful producers meticulously preplan their use of the budget. . . .

TIDBIT TOPICS

1. Because a successful radio commercial might later be adapted for TV use, a producer should consider and allow for the possibility of adding visual components to the finished radio version.

2. In radio, most commercials last sixty seconds. But since television time is so much more expensive than radio time (top TV rates might surpass \$2,000 per second this year!), the first few TV commercials in a series usually last sixty seconds, and their follow-up versions usually thirty seconds. The shorter followups often are abbreviated versions of the longer originals.

3. Unusual rhyme patterns often make lyrics memorable:

"Beat the kitchen cookin' heat: Eat out," or "Eat a lot of lamb, Sam," or "Please your man with lamb, Ma'am."

4. "Jingle" as a nickname for commercials is out now: "Spot" is in.

5. At the Denver NARAS-Institute workshop, one point most impressed this observer—to win friends, accentuate the positive. A recent *San Francisco Examiner* reader survey to determine the "most-hated" commercials perhaps, by reverse implication, proves the point, for the "winners" in that poll accentuate, in one form or another, the negative. Acid indigestion sufferers float and bloat while stifling burps; bleach testers rip perfectly good clothes in half; tough athletes threaten mayhem on people who want them to try some other beer; girl after girl after girl, tickled by a deodorant, giggles and giggles and giggles; and rings of dirt around white-shirt collars attempt to attest that men make a mess of their neckwashing.

REFERENCE MATERIAL

Diamont, Lincoln. *Television's Classic Commercials: The Golden Years, 1948-58*. New York: Hastings House Publishers, Inc., 1970.

Gamble, Frederick. *What Advertising Agencies Are—What They Do and How They Do It*. New York: American Association of Advertising Agencies, 1960.

Teixeira, Antonio, Jr. *Music To Sell By*. Boston: Berklee Press, 1974.

Wainwright, Charles A. *Television Commercials: How to Create Successful TV Advertising*. New York: Hastings House Publishers, Inc., 1967. db

Calendar of School Jazz Festivals

Below is a partial, chronological list of School Jazz Festivals as reported to *down beat*. Additional festivals will be listed in future issues.

Each listing includes the following information: date, name, location, and mailing address of the festival; the director and his office phone number; the sponsor(s), and registration fees.

The nature of each festival is indicated by either *Competition* (when a "best" ensemble is chosen), or *Limited Competition* (when "outstanding" ensembles are chosen), or *For Comment Only* (when there is no competition, just evaluation)—followed by the estimated number of participating bands, combos, and jazz choirs; and the nature of the *Awards*, ensemble and individual. The names of the *Judges*, *Clinicians*, and guest *Performers* are indicated when known, as well as the admission charged to the public for the afternoon or evening concerts. ("tba" = to be announced.)

We urge all learning musicians, in or out of school, to attend as many festivals as they can. There's no better way to see what the more than half a million jazz-in-the-school musicians are about—and to understand the continuum of American music. It's the best antidote we know against punk, hype, and schlock. And besides, you're bound to learn something.

(Note: correspondence concerning school jazz festivals should be addressed to Charles Suber, *down beat*, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606.)

* * * * *

Feb. 10-11: *6th Tri-State Jazz Festival* at Morningside College, Sioux City, IA 51106. *Director:* Gary Slechta (712/277-5216). *Sponsor:* MC Student Government. *Registration:* \$25 per band. *Competition:* 25 h.s. and 15 jr.h.s. bands. *Awards:* "Winning" ensembles and NAJE "Outstanding Soloist" certificates. *Judges:* Reg Shive, Dick Baumann, (and tba). *Clinician:* Jamey Aebersold. *Performers:* Maynard Ferguson & Band (Feb. 10); Jamey Aebersold (Feb. 11). *Evening Concerts:* (\$ tba).

Feb. 11: *10th Florida Invitational Jazz Festival* at University of Florida, 106A Music Bldg., Gainesville, FL 32611. *Director:* Gary Langford (904/392-0227). *Sponsor:* UF Music Dept. *Registration:* no charge. "For Comment

continued on page 60

CREATIVE MUSIC STUDIO

Spring Session March 6—May 27

Guiding artists during the Spring Session will include:

Ingrid Berger, Karl Berger, Ed Blackwell, Carla Bley, Anthony Braxton, Eugene Chadbourne, Don Cherry, Sara Cook, Alvin Curran, James Emery, Becky Friend, Allen Ginsberg, Jimmy Giuffre, Steve Haas, David Izenzon, Michael Gregory Jackson, Steve Lacy, Oliver Lake, Raymond Johnson Dance Company, Garrett List, Mike Mantler, Bob Moses, Ursula Oppens, K. Paramjyoti, Pandit Pran Nath, Frederic Rzewski, Artie Traum, Colin Wolcott, and others

June Intensive: June 1—10

with Jack DeJohnette's Directions in residence

Summer Sessions: June 19—July 22 and July 31—Sept. 2

Fall Session: Sept. 18—Dec. 9

Inquire: CMS, P.O. Box 671, Woodstock, N.Y., 12498 (914) 338-7640

Only": bands—3 college, 4 jr.college, 15 h.s. (Invitations to all "superior" rated bands from preceding year. Festival run in conjunction with annual Presidents Festival of Music.) Awards: none. Clinician: Louie Bellson. Performers: Louie Bellson with UF Jazz Band. Evening Concert: free.

Feb. 11: 6th University of Wisconsin-White-water Jazz Festival at Center of the Arts, UW-W, Whitewater, WI 53190. Director: Dr. Frank Ferriano, Dept. of Music (414/472-4842). Sponsor: UW-W Office of Continuing Education. Registration: \$40 per band. Limited Competition: 33 h.s. bands. Awards: "Outstanding ensembles and individuals. Judges/Clinicians/Performers: Steve Wright, Paul Smoker (and tba). Evening Concert: \$2 public, \$1 students.

Feb. 15-17: 4th BJC Jazz Celebration at Bismarck Junior College, Schafer Heights, Bismarck, ND 58501. Directors: Dr. Lloyd Anderson and Ervin Ely (701/223-4500). Sponsor: BJC Community Services Division. Registration: none. "For Comment Only": (ensembles tba). Awards: none. Clinicians/Performers: Jaki Byard, (horn player tba), BJC Jazz Orchestra. Evening Concerts: \$2.

Feb. 16-18: 9th Marshall University Jazz Festival-Clinic at Smith Music Hall, Marshall University, Huntington, WV 25701. Director: J. D. Folsom, Music Dept. (304/696-2399). Sponsor: MU Music Dept. Registration: \$25 per band. "For Comment Only": bands—10 college, 30 h.s.; combos—2 college. Awards: emphasis on clinics, lectures, and educational aspects. Judges/Clinicians: (tba). Performers: Woody Herman & Herd (and tba). Evening Concert: free.

Feb. 18: 20th Millikin University Jazz Festival at Kirkland Theatre, Millikin University, Decatur, IL 62522. Director: Roger Schueler, School of Music (217/424-6300). Registration: \$20 per band. Competition: 30 h.s. bands. Awards: "Winning" bands in each class and "Outstanding" musicians. Judges: (tba). Clinician/Performers: Ernie Wilkins, Millikin U. Jazz Band, and winning h.s. bands. Evening Concert: \$2.

Feb. 18: 5th Western Illinois University Jazz Festival at Western Illinois University, Macomb, IL 61455. Director: Robert Morsch (309/298-1505). Sponsor: WIU Jazz Band and Music Dept. Registration: \$35 per band. Competition or "For Comment Only": 30 h.s. and 8 jr.h.s. bands. Awards: "Winning" bands and NAJE citations for individuals. Judges/Clinicians/Performers: (tba). Evening Concert: \$1.

Feb. 18: 9th SWCC Jazz Festival at Southwestern Community College, Townline Road, Creston, IA 50801. Director: Dick Bauman (515/782-7081). Registration: \$30 per band. Competition: 15 h.s. and 5 jr.h.s. bands. Awards: "Winning" bands and NAJE citations to individuals. Judges: (tba). Clinicians: none. Performers: SWCC Jazz Lab Band. Afternoon Concert: \$1.

Feb. 24: 10th Southwest Jazz Festival at Texas A&I University, Kingsville, TX 78363. Direc-

tor: Dr. Joseph L. Bellamah (595/592-2803). Sponsor: TAU Music Dept. Registration: \$50 per band. Competition: bands—2 college, 2 jr. college, 30 h.s. Awards: division "Winners," "Best Band in Festival," All-Star Band, "Outstanding Musician." Judges: (tba). Clinicians/Performers: Maynard Ferguson & Band. Evening Concert: \$4 & \$5.

Feb. 24-26: 11th Elmhurst College's Midwest College Jazz Festival at Hammerschmidt Chapel, Elmhurst College, 190 Prospect, Elmhurst, IL 60126. Directors: Dr. James Cunningham & Dr. James Sorensen (312/279-4100). Sponsor: EC Cultural Life Committee, College Union Board. Registration: \$4 per band musician, \$4.50 per combo musician. "For Comment Only": bands—16 college, 4 jr. college; combos—8 college, 4 jr. college. Awards: "Outstanding" musicians, arranger-composer. Judges: Don Menza*, Dan Morgenstern, Kai Winding* (* also serve as Clinicians/Performers). Afternoon/Evening Concerts: \$2.50-\$3.00.

Feb. 25: 1st Rolling Meadows Jr. High School Festival at Carl Sandburg Jr. High School, 2600 Martin Lane, Rolling Meadows, IL 60008. Director: George Yingst (312/259-3950). Sponsor: CSJHS Band Parents and Karnes Music (Des Plaines, IL). Registration: \$25 per band. "For Comment Only": 25 jr. h.s. bands, 6 jr. h.s. combos. Awards: each participating ensemble. Judges: Chicago area professional musicians (tba). Evening Concert: none.

Feb. 25: 3rd Western Illinois Jazz Festival at Sterling High School, 1608 4th Ave., Sterling, IL 61081. Director: Lance Carter (815/625-6800). Sponsor: Sterling H.S. Music Boosters. Registration: \$25 per band or combo. Competition: 12 h.s. bands, 4 h.s. combos. Awards: "Winning" ensembles & individuals. Judges: university teachers (tba). Clinicians/Performers: U.S. Navy Band Commandores. Evening Concert: free.

Feb. 25: 15th ARK-LA-TEX Jazz Festival at Louisiana Tech University, Ruston, LA 71272. Director: Dr. Edmund W. Winston, Dept. of Music (318/257-2208). Sponsor: Sinfonia, Mu Nu Chapter. Registration: \$3.50 per musician. Competition: bands—15 h.s., 3 jr.h.s., 1 sixth grade-or-below. Awards: "Winning" band in each class and "Outstanding" soloists. Judges: (tba). Clinicians: none. Performers: LTU Jazz Ensemble, The Collegians. Evening Concert: free.

Feb. 25: 6th Great Plains Jazz Festival at University of Nebraska at Omaha, Omaha, NE 68101. Director: Reggie Schive, Box 688 (402/554-2251). Sponsor: UN-O Music Dept. Registration: \$30 per band. Competition: 20 h.s. and 6 jr. h.s. bands. Awards: "Winning" bands, certificates for individuals. Judges: Gary Slechta, Don Jackson, Dennis Schneider, Bob Edson. Clinicians: (tba). Performers: UN-O Jazz Ensemble (with tba). Evening Concert: (\$ tba).

Feb. 25: 10th Phi Mu Alpha Jazz Festival at Northeast Missouri State University; Kirksville, MO 63501. Director: Dr. Roger Cody, Fine Arts Office (816/665-5121). Sponsor: Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia—Upsilon Phi Chapter. Registration: \$30 per band or combo. Competition: bands—50 h.s. and 8 jr.h.s.; combos—6 h.s. and 3 jr.h.s. Awards: "Winning" ensembles; "Outstanding" soloists. Judges: (tba). Clinicians: none. Performers: Carl Fontana with NMSU Jazz Ensembles and winning bands in each class. Evening Concert: \$2.

CITY SCENE

DETROIT

Delta Lady: Perry Hughes Quintet (2/16-18; 2/23-25); Prismatic Band (3/16-18; 3/23-25); jam with Pulse every Sunday.

Dummy George: Art Farmer (coming in March). **Jazz Market:** Sam Sanders and Visions (Wed.-Sun. in Feb.).

Manny's: Karen Bouchard (Tue. & Sat.). **Masonic Temple Auditorium:** Santana (2/14). **Salt Mine:** Jazz nightly with Sack Full of Dreams. **WJZZ (105.7 FM):** Jazz.

WDET (101.9 FM): Many jazz programs; call 577-4147 for jazz information (weekdays 9-5).

Union Street One: Local jazz and blues, all week.

Union Street Two: Local jazz, blues and folk, all week.

Soup Kitchen: Local jazz (Wed.-Sat.). **Royal Oak Music Theatre:** Doc Severinson (coming in Feb.).

Latin Quarter: Top names; call club. **Baker's Keyboard:** Top national jazz acts; call UN4-1200 for details.

NEW YORK

Deerpark Lodge (Cuddebackville, N.Y.): Bellissimo Jazz Colony Weekend w/Al Cohn, Charlie Rouse, Ray and Tommy Bryant, Dave Poehonet, Cavril Payne, others (2/24-26). Reservations: 212-362-1251.

Sweet Basil: Ron Carter Quartet w/Kenny Barron, Buster Williams, Ben Riley (2/7-11); Andrew Cyrille Quartet (2/12-13); Joe Farrell (2/14-18); Joe Beck (Opens 2/21).

WPA: Harold Danko (Tues.-Sat.); add Chuck Israels (Wed. & Thurs.); Jill McManus w/Brian Torff (Sun.); Judd Wolfin (Mon.).

Cookery: Alberta Hunter. **Rainbow Room:** Bobby Rosengarden Band (opens 2/7).

Three Sisters (West Paterson, N.J.): Bill Tesar (Mon.); Frank Elmo (Tue.); Alex Kramer (Thurs.); call club (Sun. & Wed.); Pepper Adams (2/10-11); Howard McGhee (2/17-18).

Prescott's: Jim Payne w/Mel Ellison, Murray Weinstock, Jon Scholle (Mon.).

Avery Fisher Hall: Freddie Hubbard (2/10); Miriam Makeba (2/20).

Carnegie Recital Hall: Creative Music Studio (2/6); Double Image (2/14).

Nassau Coliseum (Uniondale, L.I.): Earth, Wind & Fire (2/8).

La MaMa Children's Workshop (236 East 3rd St.): Charles Bobo Shaw & The Human Arts Ensemble (2/10); Abdul Wadud (2/12).

Village Gate: Universal Jazz Coalition Concerts (Mon.); Name acts weekends.

Top Of The Gate: Dining to Hisei; Dancing to Richard Sudhalter Band.

Church of the Heavenly Rest: Roland Hanna's New York Jazz Quartet w/Jon Faddis (2/19).

International Art of Jazz (Association for the Help of Retarded Children Auditorium Bohemia, L.I.): Slide Hampton (2/19).

Gulliver's (West Paterson, N.J.): Joe Morello w/Buddy Terry (2/10-11); Ron Carter (2/15-18); Jack Lillo (2/13); Carl Barry (2/20); Alexanders The Great (Ray and Mousey) (2/8); Phil Woods (2/22); Ben Aronov (2/9); Bill Triglia (2/14, 21, 23); Bucky Pizzarelli, Joe Cinderella, Harry Leahy (2/7).

Village Corner: Jim Roberts Jazz Septet (Sun. 2-5 PM); Roberts or Lance Hayward (weekdays). **P.S. 77:** Bucky Pizzarelli (Mon.).

Eddie Condon's: Red Balaban and Cats (Mon.-

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The best of both worlds.

Introducing D'Addario Half Round™ Guitar Strings.



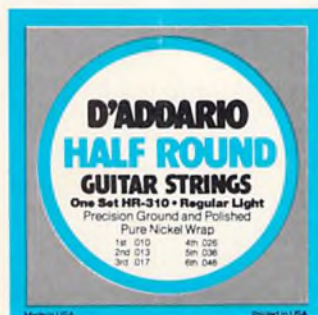
Traditionally, guitarists had a choice of two string types — flat winds which tended to be too stiff, or round winds, which were often too bright. Now we've taken the best aspects of both string types and developed a tradition of our own — the Half Round Guitar String.

Half Rounds give the crisp, distinct sound you've been looking for. With all natural overtones. Without the drawbacks of the other string types. And that shouldn't be surprising. We make them with the same formula as our Half Round Bass Strings. Hexagonal cores. Pure nickel windings. Then we grind, polish and hand buff until we have a smooth string that's still round wound on the inside — one that vibrates accurately, is highly flexible, and won't cause premature fret wear.

It's a lot of work, but the way Half Rounds sound makes it worth the effort.

Don't settle for less. Try a set of D'Addario Half Rounds and get the best of both worlds.

Available in six different gauges from your local music dealer.



D'Addario
Lindenhurst, New York 11757 USA.

Patent Pending on Half Round™ string construction.

L6-S. It's the best two guitars Al DiMeola's played.

Al DiMeola has played 'em all. Guitars with single coiled pickups for those crisp lines and biting highs. Guitars with humbuckers for that hearty, resonant "chunk." But until Al got his hands on a Gibson L6-S, he never knew one guitar could give him the best of *both* tonal worlds. Or let his spirited melodic explorations run uninhibited over the entire spectrum of sound.

The secret to L6-S's split personality is the exclusive Gibson "Q System"...two incredibly hot Super Humbucking pickups wired for series, parallel or single performance...a six-position tone selector...plus volume, treble and mid-range controls. (L6-S is our only solid body that has

mid-range on *the guitar*). The result is a texturizing, tone-tailoring capability second to none.

A guitar with a distinct sound personality for country, jazz, rock and everything in between. And the L6-S is as playable as it is versatile. The reason is a superbly resonant, solid maple body.

A comfortable single cutaway. And a not-too-thick, not-too-thin 24-fret neck that Al DiMeola says is "the best he's ever played." You gotta believe it when you hear him play, because in Al's hands, the L6-S is sheer lightning.

So if you think you have to play two or three guitars to get all the sounds you want, check out a straight-off-the-line L6-S like Al's. It's the best two guitars you'll ever play.



Gibson
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product from Norlin

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