

JUNE 15, 1978

60c

the contemporary  
music magazine

# down beat®

**JOHN  
McLAUGHLIN**

**FREDDIE  
HUBBARD**

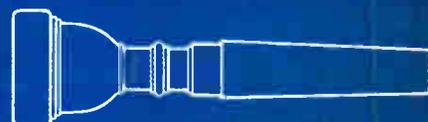
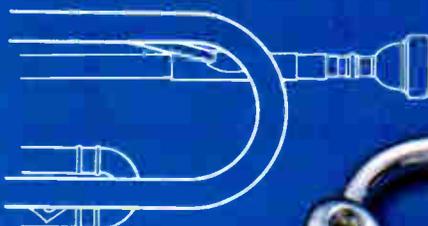
**LITTLE  
FEAT**

**JOE  
ZAWINUL**  
part II



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# DRUM BEAT!

## ■ Spotlight on Charlie Shoemake

The growth in popularity and exposure of the vibraphone can greatly be attributed to the con temporaries of the instrument such as Charlie Shoemake. A classical piano major from Southern Methodist University, Shoemake evolved his style and popularity through his open approach to vibes starting as an accompanist to vocals from a pianist's viewpoint. Following growth in the studio scene during the expansion of California as a recording mecca, he became a regular on sessions with Nelson Riddle, Johnny Mandell and Quincy Jones. Wider jazz exposure came through his seven year association with the George Shearing Quintet.



■ **Shoemake "On The Road"** With a regained interest in cross country travel and performing schedules, Charlie is preparing to begin touring with his own quintet this fall. His ensemble is already a regular at Donte's in L.A. with additional college concerts scheduled for the group. The most recent concert being at Southern California University. He also continues to work with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Frank Sinatra, various Las Vegas acts and regular recording session calls.

■ **"On The Record" with Shoemake** Most of Charlie's recent recordings are included in the 77-78 Sinatra releases. His own group will release their first album this year along with an additional release by Charlie's student group.

■ **Percussion Work Shop No. 6** Regardless of your choice of instrument, it is important to have a thorough knowledge and understanding of the musical great artists of all eras. This includes an analysis of style and creativity. Much of the Shoemake style can be observed through his selective use of 2 and 4 mallets. Retaining the use of 4 mallets for primarily accompaniment work, his solos are constructed with a swing feel using only 2 mallets. This could be compared to the fast moving melodic lines of Dexter Gordon and Charlie Parker. As Shoemake states "It is the importance of the time feeling which develops the mallet player to using loose flexible wrists." This two mallet approach insures the speed and accuracy of the headline while providing the player a variety of note attack intensities. This also eliminates a "monotone" type of creativity on vibes. The three essentials of basic improvisation for mallet players must include; 1) Knowing the chord progression of the tune at all times; 2) Relate chord changes to the proper scale of the chord being played within; 3) Speak melodically within the chordal structure as it relates to the corresponding scales.

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

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## CONTENTS

- 6 **FIRST CHORUS**  
9 **CHORDS & DISCORDS**  
11 **NEWS**  
12 **NEWS/FINAL BAR**  
14 **JOHN MCLAUGHLIN:**  
"Evolution Of A Master," by Chuck Berg. Prepare to be surprised, since this premier guitarist has reembraced his electric axe and turned in a new tour de force. But that doesn't mean he's foregoing his acoustic efforts.
- 17 **FREDDIE HUBBARD:**  
"New Direction, Fresh Perspective," by Howard Mandel. Having become disenchanted with blaring to the boogie, Freddie is attempting to woo back his former fans with a pure jazz outing. Life renews at 40.
- 20 **LITTLE FEAT:**  
"Spectacular Sextet," by Russell Shaw. Considered by many to be the finest rock band in the world, this indefinable group discusses its eclectic interests and forthcoming goals.
- 21 **JOE ZAWINUL:**  
"Wayfaring Genius—Part II," by Conrad Silver. The conclusion of an illuminating interview with one of the most influential composer/musicians of our time.
- 24 **RECORD REVIEWS:**  
Billy Hart; John Handy; Stephane Grappelli; David Spinozza; Sunny Murray; Garland Jeffreys; Gil Goldstein; Harry James; Roy Ayers; Charlie Mariano; Webster Lewis; Fela Anikulapo Kuti And Afrika 70; Carlos Garnett; Muddy Waters; Waxing On—Art Blakey And The Jazz Messengers; Kenny Clarke; Charles Mingus; Dexter Gordon/Wardell Gray; Big Joe Turner; The Changing Face Of Harlem—Volume II.
- 41 **BLINDFOLD TEST:**  
Milcho Leviev, by Leonard Feather.
- 42 **PROFILE:**  
Carmen Appice, by Herb Nolan. Chuck Domanico, by Sam Y. Bradley.
- 43 **CAUGHT:**  
Stanley Clarke, by Herb Nolan. Archie Shepp Quartet, by Bruce H. Klauber. Art Ensemble Of Chicago, by Chip Stern. Bobby Lewis/The Forefront/Larry Novack Trio, by Jerry De Muth.
- 56 **PERSPECTIVE:**  
"Matthias Winkelman and ENJA: The Album As Spontaneous Creation," by Chuck Berg.
- 58 **HOW TO:**  
Simplify Rhythm Guitar Playing, by Dr. William L. Fowler.
- 60 **CITY SCENE**  
Cover Art: Kelly/Robertson  
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Berklee really got me into music: writing, playing, and just concentrating on music. The first six months I had more harmony than most cats get in four years.

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After my second year, my brothers, John and Joe, came to Berklee to see what I'd been raving about.

I still feel very close to the school and visit whenever I'm near Boston.

**John La Barbera**  
(arranger for *Bill Watrous' Wild Life Refuge and others*):



My experience in a state college was similar to Pat's. There was little that was practical, and compared to Berklee, everything seemed rudimentary.

My first impression of Berklee has remained: complete dedication to traditional values and exposure to all the contemporary idioms. My teachers opened me up to what arranging was all about. My trumpet teacher made me learn traditional trumpet repertory, and, for example, what precision means in playing a Broadway show.

I feel that Berklee gave me a musical background broad and deep enough to operate as a complete professional.



**Joe La Barbera**  
(currently with  
*Chuck Mangione*):

Berklee encouraged me to learn more about my instrument and more about music.

My teachers at Berklee equipped me with what it takes to play drums on a professional level—in any situation.

I'm most impressed by Berklee's facility for every kind of player, whether it's big band, small group, or arranging. I'll always remember the guys I got to play and learn with: Rick Laird, Miroslav Vitous, Alan Broadbent, Lin Biviano, John Abercrombie, and others.

I still go back to Berklee whenever I can. It's where I started.

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## the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

A measure of the successfully creative musician is his ability to answer two eternal questions: "Who am I?" and "Where am I going?" In this issue, three superb, seemingly successful musicians reveal varying degrees of awareness about themselves and their music.

John McLaughlin, at 36, has evidently used his spiritual and sometimes mystic insights well to gain a clear picture of where he is headed. One of the first fusioners, he believes it's time he came back to jazz. His new album *Johnny McLaughlin, Electric Guitarist* is a reunion party with old jazz friends. McLaughlin obviously feels easy and secure with what he's doing: "You know, I don't like to take myself too seriously because you become a parody. But music is serious and life is serious. This is just what I feel. One cannot live in one's own world and ignore what's happening on the rest of the planet. It's serious to me."

Freddie Hubbard is not so sure of where he is or wants to be. At the uneasy age of 40, Hubbard is bedeviled with doubts. Despite being acknowledged as one of the world's great jazz trumpet players (a three-time *db* poll winner), he seems anxiously aware of giant shadows cast by Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis. He also seems to be looking over his shoulder at the oncoming Woody Shaw. Hubbard too is coming back to "pure" jazz with a new album, *Superblue*, but he seems unsure of why and is therefore uncertain of what comes next. He has tried the funk route but says, with a note of envy: "I've never had a [pop] hit, like Herbie and the rest of the guys—they've had hits because they've gone all the way."

Hubbard says that he likes doing school clinics and concerts but complains that "the students are still five years behind the times" even as they say "we want to hear some jazz." Perhaps Hubbard is plea bargaining when he says: "I'm not even worried about having a hit like I used to. But you still got to be aware of the public, today. It all depends on what you want to do, how you want to live. I can't appreciate all these young people coming up to me talking about 'Why aren't you doing this?' They don't know nothing about the underlying circumstances that affect different people."

Joe Zawinul, at 46, is a very strong man. Part of his strength comes from his fight to survive in war-torn Europe. Today he says, "It's hard to create if you're worried about surviving every day." But he does create and he does take time to smell the flowers: "Music is not everything in life. If a young musician looks at it that way, then he can just play the instrument like putting a nail into a wall."

Zawinul makes a particularly strong statement about controlling one's own circumstances: "You can't decide when and where inspiration will happen. You live a certain way and it comes to you. Place is important but not essential, because wherever you are, you take yourself with you. You are your own space. If you're strong enough, you *make* your environment."

Next issue celebrates *down beat's* 44th anniversary as a continuously contemporary music magazine with Stanley Clarke, Don Cherry, Pat Metheny and other joy-makers. **db**

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# CHORDS AND DISCORDS

## Master Ra

Many thanks for your timely communication with the most honorable master Sun Ra (5/4). I believe that everyone can gain some food (knowledge) by reading the words of Sun Ra and by listening to his music.

Master Sun Ra is one of the few real masters on the planet. His music is scientific . . . because it is natural.

Akbar Abdul Jabala

Hudson, Oh.

## Dizzy Commentary

I was extremely pleased with your interview with Dizzy Gillespie (4/20). The man is one of those people who should be declared national (or international) resources.

I have, however, a small but important complaint. Whoever transcribed what was obviously a taped interview badly misheard and misspelled the name of the Bahai faith. What came out as Balara should have been Bahai llah (the glory of God). I think this should be corrected out of respect to Diz and the thousands of followers of the Bahai faith.

Maurice Libby

Yorktown, Wash.

It was great reading Clark Terry's interview with Dizzy. . . . Only one thing spoiled it: Dizzy's discussion of his White House performance for the Shah of Iran.

Music is more than just a bunch of notes put into a melodic sequence. It is also a spiritual and political statement. By agreeing to perform for the Shah, Dizzy, Earl Hines and Sarah Vaughan made a political decision to ignore the political repression and torture that is well-known under the Shah's regime. Refusing to perform for him would have been a powerful statement to the Shah that the world can and will not condone his tyranny.

Would they have performed for Hitler if he was invited to the White House? I can only hope that awareness grows among musicians.

Scott Schneider

Ann Arbor, Mich.

## Improv Cheer

Just a note to let you and your staff know how much I and my students have enjoyed Dr. Fowler's series on How To (Improve Your Improv.). It puts a lot together, where some people have either missed the whole boat or just given out bits and pieces.

We will be looking forward to more series-type articles.

Grant Wolf

Mesa, Ar.

## Too Many Feuds

I was astonished to see a reference, in Herb Nolan's interview with Stix Hooper, to an alleged "wide open feud" between me and Hooper (5/4). This statement is preposterous.

First, it takes two to make a feud, described by Webster as "a prolonged and inveterate mutual enmity marked by bitter and often violent conflicts." I feel absolutely no bitterness or enmity toward Stix.

Second, respecting his desire not to be classified as a jazz musician, I have not written or said anything about him, pro or con, in quite a few years. In fact, our only contact in the last

several years has been a record date on which Stix played in a group I assembled called the Night Blooming Jazzmen. He seemed quite happy to make the session along with such mutual friends as George Shearing, Joe Pass and Andy Simpkins.

There are far too many real feuds within the music community already; to be wrongly branded as a participant in one is unfair, and I would like db readers to know the facts.

Leonard Feather

Sherman Oaks, Cal.

## Perkins Appreciated

I just couldn't believe what Douglas Clark said about pianist Carl Perkins in his review of the Frank Morgan reissue album (4/6). He says that Perkins is "not even adequate" and

that "he can't handle the fast tempo on *Get Happy*."

Ridiculous, for lack of a stronger comment. Carl Perkins was one of the most respected and creative young jazz pianists on the Los Angeles jazz scene in the 1950s and his tragic death in 1958 at the age of 29 was a great loss to music. I purchased the Frank Morgan album in 1955 when it came out along with a lot of other young musicians on the Southern California jazz scene at that time. And we bought it because Carl was on it.

I hope Carl Perkins' contribution to jazz won't be forgotten. Those of us who were fortunate enough to hear him in person, as well as on the precious few records he made, never will.

William Richards

Riverside, Cal.

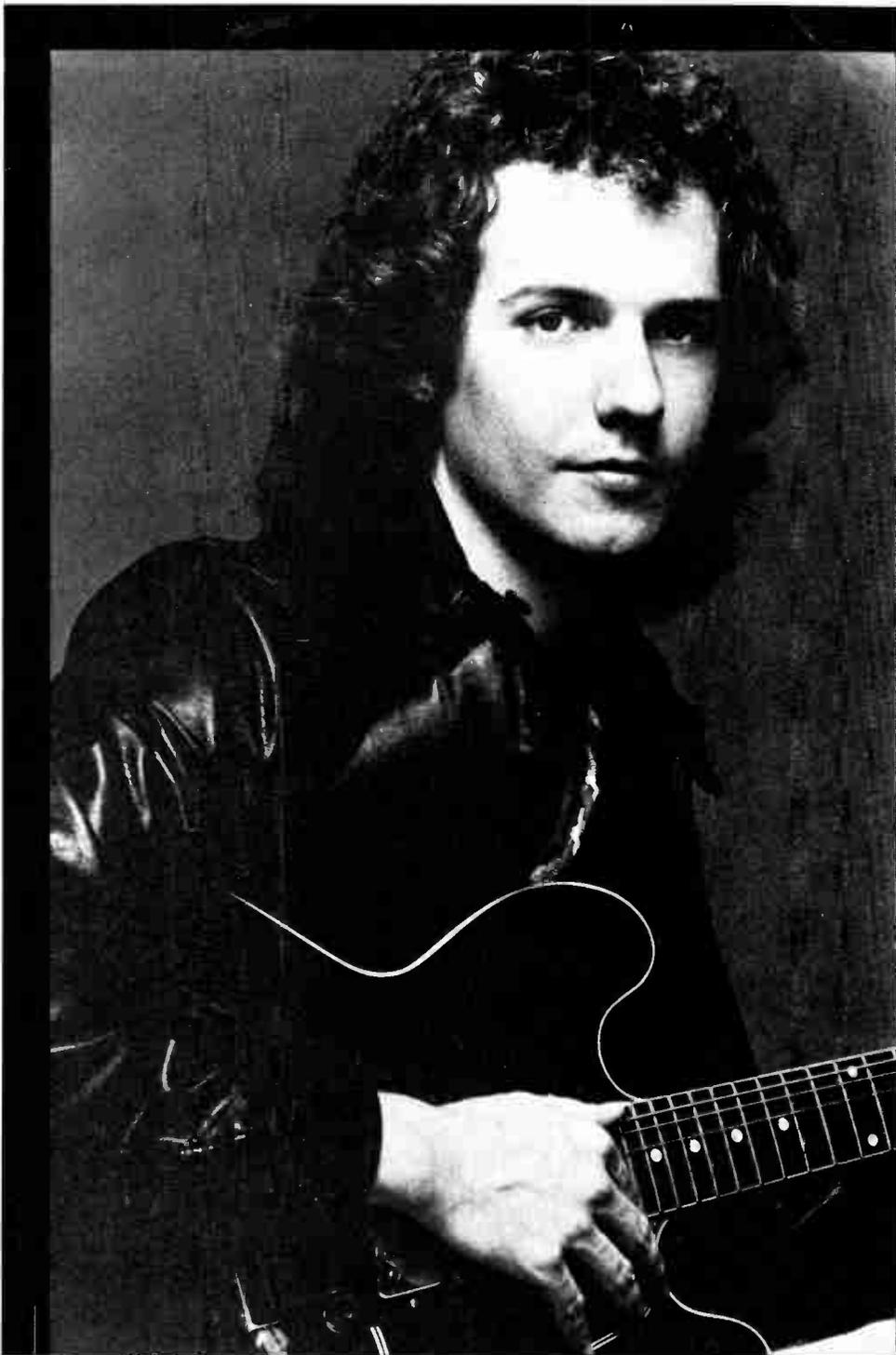
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# NEWS



ARNOLD JAY SMITH

Woody Shaw and Dexter Gordon receive Critics Poll plaques from Arnold Smith as Columbia honcho Bruce Lundvall watches

## Festivity In Finland

LUVIANPULSTOKATU, FIN.—The Pori International Jazz Festival has announced its plans for their 1978 spectacular.

At press time we can assuredly predict the following appearances for the Festival which will be held from July 13-19: the Carla Bley Big Band; Dizzy Gillespie Quartet; Bill Evans Trio; Betty Carter with the John Hicks Trio; Max Roach Quartet; B.B. King; Frank Foster & the Loud Minority; the New California Ramblers; the Swingle Singers; Freddie Hubbard; and an as yet unnamed Cuban group.

Also appearing will be En-

trance, a Danish group led by Palle Mikkelborg; Ted Curson; Brian Brown Quartet; the Jukka Linkola Octet; the Oulunkyla Music College Big Band; the Mircea Stan Sextet; the Vieno Vento Sextet; and Jojo. All these bands hail from Finland. Ulf Osterheim, from Sweden, will also appear.

There will be two seminars, two film shows and a special happening for children. All will take place in five different concert places and four clubs, totalling 32 events.

db's East Coast Editor A. J. Smith, will be on hand to report.

## WOODSTOCK SUMMER STUDIO

WOODSTOCK, N.Y.—The Creative Music Studio has announced its program for the summer of 1978. "It's the most intensive effort we have ever put forth for a summer program," said Karl Berger, the founder of CMS.

Nestled into a former resort between Woodstock and Kington, in the Catskill Mountains of upstate New York, the CMS has been offering varying programs of Western and non-Western music, poetry, dance, theatre and the like under the guide of Berger and a staff of major talents in the fields. The "school" is attended by students from all over the world.

For the current summer season there will be two five-week sessions, which may be attended individually or in succession. They will provide an intense schedule of indoor and outdoor workshops, rehearsals and concerts. There will be an opportunity for students to produce original works live and on recording.

Students are invited to work with visiting artists in developing basic musical practice within the context of CMS's classes and colloquia. College credits are available through the State University of N.Y. at New Paltz.

Visiting artists include:

June 19-July 23—Jack DeJohnette, Leroy Jenkins, Roscoe Mitchell, Garrett List, Anthony Braxton, Frederic Rzewski, Richard Teitebaum, Rolf Schulte, Ursula Oppens, Carla Bley, Michael Mantler and Jimmy Giuffre.

July 31-September 4—Grachan Moncur, Joseph Jarman, Don Moye, Oliver Lake, Leo Smith, Ingrid, Karl Berger, Ed Blackwell, Michael G. Jackson, Jeanne Lee, Nana Vasconcelos, Carla Bley, Jimmy Giuffre and Marion Brown.

Call 914-338-7640 for full particulars.

## Betty Tapes For TV

NEW YORK—The burgeoning Public Theatre Cabaret played host to a TV taping session starring Betty Carter and her group.

The theatre, home of Joseph Papp's Shakespeare productions, recently opened its doors to jazz under the capable programming of Andy Plesser. This time it was for National Educational Television and the invited audience was up for Ms. Carter.

The singer improvised her way through almost two hours of tunes accompanied by her trio—John Hicks, piano, Dave Holland, bass, and Cliff Barbero, drums. Hicks never ceases to amaze as he manages to keep himself, the trio and Ms. Carter together all at the same time. That is no mean

task, for Carter's voicings do not follow any regular pattern and she can hold onto or skip past multiple phrases at any given moment.

"She has such natural feeling," arranger Gil Evans whispered during the performance. Indeed, Ms. Carter is the purest of the pure jazz singers, engaging in total improvisation, sometimes to distraction. When we want to hear the lyric we can't; she is all around it, inside, outside the chords, on top of them, behind them, in the middle of the beat. But she is always breathtaking in her approach to a song.

Nationwide audiences will finally catch a glimpse of state-of-the-art singing when they see her.

## POTPOURRI

The Broadcast Foundation of America has released a series of jazz concerts recorded by Radio France. Featured artists include Elvin Jones, B. B. King, Archie Shepp, Sam Rivers and Stan Getz.

The Leningrad Dixieland Jazzband, which was the first group to play improvised trad jazz in the Soviet Union, celebrated its 20th anniversary with a fete at Leningrad's Kvadrat Jazz Club.

South African keyboardist Dollar Brand scored a huge success at his first Los Angeles concert, held at UCLA's Schoenberg Hall.

Michel Legrand has jumped on the disco bandwagon, with a "discoized" album of his greatest hits having been issued in France.

Bob Brookmeyer and his sextet teamed up with Stan Getz for a hot concert in Helsinki.

Sci-fi warfare: Creed Taylor, CTI Records and David Matthews have been sued for two hundred thousand big ones by science fiction author Frank Herbert, the renowned creator of Dune and its offshoots. Herbert alleges the defendants developed an album based on his novel's concepts without obtaining his okay.

Late night talk host Tom Snyder seems to have become a jazz buff as of late. His guests have included Mel Torme, George Benson, Oscar Peterson, Norman Granz and Leonard Feather. The Velvet Fog put

in a smooth plug for his new "semi-autobiographical" novel based on the life of a crooner.

Keyboardist Richard Tee has pacted a deal with producer Bob James and his Tappan Zee label.

For all those who care, the Russian State Circus plays Pink Floyd albums to accompany its tightrope act. Draw your own conclusions.

As this issue goes to press, an anthology of Nat King Cole's greatest hits remains firmly entrenched as the No. 1 album in England.

Quackery incarnate: The man who was paid \$100 to quack on two recording sessions from which the smash *Disco Duck* was hatched has filed suit in Memphis for \$50,000. Listed defendants include Duckmaster Rick Dees and BMI. Plaintiff Kenneth Pruitt is especially upset about the fact that he quit his job as an auditor and wound up parading around the Big Apple in a yellow duck outfit. Geek, geek!

Chicago bluesman J. B. Hutto recently returned from Sweden, where he performed on television and recorded a disc for a Swedish label.

Inner City recently became the first label to ship new product with a bar code for pricing imprinted on the album jacket. Technology rules on.

Maynard Ferguson will be the producer of his next record, which was recorded at Media Sound in New York.

# NEWS

## Brewer Perks Jam

NEW YORK—In a somewhat incongruous liaison, pop singer Teresa Brewer starred in a stage extravaganza that showed her to be a game person. She appeared on the same bill with Stephane Grappelli, Dizzy Gillespie, Cootie Williams, Johnny Mince and an all-star band that was all spit polish and virtuosity.

Ms. Brewer, who has some jazz leanings (she has recorded with Thad Jones, Count Basie and Duke Ellington and come out fairly well), was in front of a band organized by her husband-manager Bob Thiele. The band boasted the talents of Steve Marcus, Lenny Hambro, Seldon Powell and Arnie Lawrence in the reed section; Jon Faddis, Marvin Stamm, Chris Griffin and Joe Newman, trumpets; Al Grey,

trombone; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Grady Tate, drums; Ray Mantilla, congas; Guilhermo Franco, percussion; and other grand masters of the art, 22 pieces in all. Donald Smith turned up later for a bebop set, joining Gillespie.

The guests tumbled out of the wings like so many Chiclets. Grappelli did a set with the Disley Quartet, featuring Brian Torff on bass. He sparkled like no other on the instrument, playing it the way it was made to be played, with classical feeling.

Thiele, who recently inherited Lundy's, a famous seafood restaurant in Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, has dedicated a "Teresa Brewer Room" at the establishment. He hopes to bring in small groups this summer.

## KJAZ CELEBRATION

SAN FRANCISCO—An unprecedented event billed as "A Celebration of KJAZ" was heralded with much energy within a tight schedule by the mass media in the S.F. Bay Area. Giant prices of \$100 a ticket and a few at \$40 were all sold out for the giant jazz party concert held at the Great American Music Hall, sponsored by the quickly formed San Francisco Bay Area Jazz Foundation. About 400 people took early action to buy the premium (tax deductible) tickets; the revenue is to serve as emergency funds for the support of radio station KJAZ-FM, the 24-hour jazz station (approaching its 19th birthday) in its struggles with a complex entanglement of legal battles to survive and stay in operation.

Since 1974 a body known as "The Committee for Open Media" (COM) purportedly a "public interest" group, along with its legal arm—"Citizens Communications Center" in Wash. D.C. has challenged and made petition to deny the FCC's 1976 renewal of KJAZ owner Patrick Henry's license. In August, 1977 the FCC confirmed the three-year renewal and the COM followed up with an appeal to the U.S. Circuit Court. COM is essentially trying to control station programming, demanding more public interest which KJAZ ironically has already provided via PSA spots, public affairs programs and community calendar announcements. In summary, the continuing saga of costly litigations include a possible full hearing which would drain the dwindling financial resources of KJAZ. The funds of the super jazz show will be used to refill the radio station's bank account in re its battles and deliberations as well as floating its continuing day to day operations.

This need for emergency assistance to KJAZ spawned the creation of the San Francisco Bay Area Jazz Foundation which promises to proceed with other jazz projects to favor the extended jazz community in the area. So in quick order, the S.F.B.A.J.F. via chiefly the energies of John Wasserman (S.F. *Chronicle*) and Tom Bradshaw (Great American Music Hall), the services of Earl Himes, Sarah Vaughan, Bill Evans and Herbie Hancock were organized to attract the hefty donor-admissions to the jazz show.

Indeed it was a celebration, party style bash with neat trappings of all sorts donated, in addition to the use of the GAMH: food, beverages and pre-concert supper show featuring S.F. Bay Area quintets with the likes of Cal Tjader, John Rae, Eddie Duran and Benny Barth playing in the groups. Funds from the sale of special T shirts and attractive KJAZ belt buckles plus other amenities added to the total receipts of well over \$30,000. Henry specifies that he is not accepting the money without obligation: he considers it as a loan.

12 □ down beat

## Humphrey Helps Kids

NEW YORK—Flutist Bobbi Humphrey recently met with children and parents from P.S. 50 in Harlem at a popular soul food restaurant in celebration of Black History Week.

She gave a lecture on the reason for a Black History Week, concentrating on black music in the United States and Africa. Bobbi also demonstrated her flute and explained how it worked, after which she was asked for a lengthy encore. Each child got a chance to play her horn.

After the lecture, Jack Berkowitz, owner of Jack's Nest Restaurant, gave everyone a tour of the kitchen, where further demonstrations were held. The soul food luncheon was on the house.

## FINAL BAR



ALAIN BETEX

Larry Young, organist, died on March 30 from internal bleeding in New York. His birth date was disputable, but is generally given as 1940.

Ironically, Young had been in negotiation with Bob Krasnow of Warner Brothers for a recording contract. Terry Philips, Young's producer, was finalizing the agreement at the time of Larry's death.

Also known as Khalid Yasin, Larry Young played synthesizer and other keyboards and was a composer as well. He was most noted for his organ playing with groups such as Miles Davis, and the original Lifetime with Tony Williams and John McLaughlin. He recorded *Bitches Brew* with Miles and *Love Devotion And Surrender* with Carlos Santana and McLaughlin. He led groups with Woody Shaw and Elvin Jones on *Unity*, and with Pharoah Sanders on *Lawrence Of Newark*. Jack McDuff called him "the Coltrane of the organ."

He also made some recordings with Jimi Hendrix which have yet to be released.

Young began playing the r&b circuit in the '50s and eventually performed with Lou Donaldson, Grant Green, Lee Morgan and Joe Henderson. He eventually extended himself to the avant garde and finally settled in that specialized area of the music. Later on he moved into jazz-rock because he felt he had become too limited.

"There are too many jazz players who could have really made a major influence on rock," he was quoted as saying, "but wouldn't because of their attitude towards it."

His most recent group was made up of Al Smallwood, keyboards and composer, and Skip Gales, reeds.

Young is survived by his father and mother, a teenage son, his wife and two infant children.

**Bill Kenny**, the tenor voice that sparked the Ink Spots in the '30s and '40s, died of a respiratory ailment in New Westminster, British Columbia. He was 63 years old.

Kenny made dozens of hit records for Decca during the period he was with the Ink Spots, some of which have been reissued by MCA. Kenny usually sang lead, often humming improvisations in the upper register while the bass of the group read lines that often began with, "Honey Chile. . ."

There were hits like *If I Didn't Care*, *I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire* and *We Three*. When the group split up in the '50s each member formed an "original" Ink Spots group and appeared in Las Vegas clubs and others around the world. Kenny lived the last 25 years of his life in Canada and was about to appear again in local nightclubs. He recently recorded as a soloist.



## There's electricity in the air.

The artist who changed the course of electric music has plugged in once again. John McLaughlin has unleashed the power and metallic beauty of his electric guitar on a new album, "Johnny McLaughlin/ Electric Guitarist," and on a major new tour.

For this album John has gathered together some old friends, who just happen to be some of the most important musicians of our time: including Carlos Santana, Tony Williams, Billy Cobham and members of the Mahavishnu Orchestra from its various incarnations.

## "Johnny McLaughlin/ Electric Guitarist"

An event, on Columbia Records and Tapes.



# JOHN McLAUGHLIN

## Evolution Of A Master

BY CHUCK BERG

John McLaughlin is one of contemporary music's towering forces. Two days after he arrived in America from England in 1969, he was in the studio with his idol, Miles Davis. That summit was but the first in a long series of peaks that have helped recharge and redefine the course of music in the '70s.

In the midst of recording with Davis, Lifetime was born. The collective vision of Tony Williams, Larry Young, McLaughlin, and later, Jack Bruce, Lifetime blazed the jazz-rock fusion trail. McLaughlin then put together several editions of the Mahavishnu Orchestra which further extended the realms of fusion.

McLaughlin's studies of Indian music and the teachings of Sri Chinmoy led to the formation of Shakti. Melding the musics of East and West in a pan-cultural acoustic setting, Shakti gave new meaning to the concept of fusion. McLaughlin also explored music's spiritual essence with fellow guitarist Carlos Santana.

Now, after a decade of musical and spiritual evolution, John McLaughlin has come full circle. The title of his new Columbia album tells all—*Johnny McLaughlin, Electric Guitarist*. An exciting reunion with such former colleagues as Tony Williams, Jack Bruce, Jack DeJohnette, Chick Corea, Jerry Goodman, Billy Cobham and Stanley Clarke, it promises to be one of the jazz events of the year.

John is currently on the road with the One Truth Band. The members of the band are, L. Shankar, of Shakti, on electric violin; Stew Goldberg, of the last edition of Mahavishnu Orchestra, on keyboards; T. M. Stevens, on bass; and Sonship, drums.

McLaughlin, like his music, is articulate, spontaneous and reflective. In recounting his career, he tells it like he lived it, without pulling punches.

**McLaughlin:** I was born in Yorkshire, England on January 4, 1942. I think that makes me a Capricorn. Fortunately, I was born into a family of musicians. So there was encouragement as far as music was concerned, especially since I was the youngest of five children. In fact, I have three older brothers and an older sister and I owe a great deal to each of them. My brothers really helped in developing a musical awareness at an early age.

But basically it started before I was aware that something was going on. I remember when I was about seven or eight, one of my 14 □ down beat



THE PHOTO RESERVE/MIKE TAPPIN

### SELECTED McLAUGHLIN DISCOGRAPHY

with Tony Williams  
THE TONY WILLIAMS LIFETIME—Polydor  
24-4021

EMERGENCY—Polydor 25-3001

with Miles Davis  
IN A SILENT WAY—Columbia CS9875

BITCHES BREW—Columbia GP26

JACK JOHNSON—Columbia S30495

LIVE-EVIL—Columbia G30954

BIG FUN—Columbia PG32866

with Joe Farrell  
JOE FARRELL QUARTET—CTI 6003

as a leader  
DEVOTION—Douglas 4

MY GOAL'S BEYOND—Douglas 9

JOHNNY McLAUGHLIN, ELECTRIC GUITARIST—  
Columbia PC35326

with the Mahavishnu Orchestra  
THE INNER MOUNTING FLAME—Columbia  
PC31067

BIRDS OF FIRE—Columbia PC31996

BETWEEN NOTHINGNESS AND ETERNITY—  
Columbia C32766

APOCALYPSE—Columbia C32957

VISIONS OF THE EMERALD BEYOND—Columbia  
PC33411

INNER WORLDS—Columbia PC33908

with Shakti  
SHAKTI WITH JOHN McLAUGHLIN—Columbia  
PC34162

A HANDFUL OF BEAUTY—Columbia PC34372

NATURAL ELEMENTS—Columbia JC34980

with Carlos Santana  
LOVE DEVOTION SURRENDER—Columbia  
C32034

brothers, an avid classical music listener, tuning into the BBC a lot. One night I heard something that was very beautiful which impressed me. We got a gramophone about that time, too, which was quite a rarity. Another distinct memory was listening to Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. It made my hair stand on end.

**Berg:** Any particular movement?

**McLaughlin:** It was the quartet at the end. I was aware of the effect it was having on me. The fact that something could have such an impact on me was very profound in my youthful mind. So when I was nine, I asked if I could start studying piano which I did for about three years.

**Berg:** What was the nature of your studies at that point?

**McLaughlin:** Just the usual basic stuff. But when I was about 11 my brothers, who were then in high school and the university, were sort of into this blues thing which hit England about 30 years ago. One of them even got a guitar. So I was exposed directly from about 11 onwards to the music of Muddy Waters, Leadbelly and Sonny Terry.

**Berg:** Did the music grab you immediately?

**McLaughlin:** Exactly, it grabbed me right away. In a way, it's impossible to speak about music. How can you talk about something that is beyond words? But I can say that it had a tremendous gravity for me. Also, there was a guitar in the house that had come down

through the family and finally arrived at me. One brother taught me some chords, which was a revelation to my mind. I felt it was *my* instrument.

**Berg:** So Chicago blues was the first essential influence?

**McLaughlin:** Yes, I would say so. At the time, though, I didn't know it was Chicago blues. I thought it was more Mississippi delta, especially Muddy. Back then he was playing with Little Walter, and playing in a very different way than he does now. I still think back to him with great affection.

Another influence, again thanks to my brothers, was flamenco music, which had an equally powerful effect on me. There was a sense of freedom like that in blues and jazz. There was also improvisation. And there was a passion that hit a certain spot in me. That was when I was about 13.

So I got involved in flamenco, and classical Spanish music as well. My piano became sort of neglected. After a year of flamenco music, when I was 14, I heard Django Reinhardt. That really turned my head around. I became a great fan of Django's and developed a linear approach to the guitar which was really Django's thing.

Also, Django was playing with Stephane Grappelli. My mother was a violinist, so there was this thing about the violin that touched me. As a result, I think the combination of guitar and violin effected me in a way that maybe wasn't realized until many years later on.

**Berg:** How passionate was your commit-

ment to the Newport Jazz Festival when I was playing with Tony Williams. Just to see him was a thrill.

But as it developed, several of us discovered through our research that there were two schools of music going on. I'm talking about the '50s. There was a West Coast school and an East Coast school. And, really, one was white and one was black. The East Coast was the hard bop school and that was what we subscribed to. Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers became the big thing for me. I also heard the *Birth Of The Cool* recordings with Miles, you know, and that was part of the hard bop era.

One day I was fortunate enough to hear *Milestones* with the revolutionary group that Miles had in the late '50s. He just turned my head around because of the simplicity of the concept and its beauty. Of course, the musicians that he had, John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley, were superb. But, really, it was the concept of the rhythm section that in itself was a revolution to me.

**Berg:** Could you specify what it was about the rhythm section that made it so unique?

**McLaughlin:** If you go back in time you find that the drummers were swinging, but it was a more traditional kind of swinging. With Philly Joe's beat, instead of going "chung-chunka, chung-chunka," it went "ting-ting, ting-ting." It was less but more intense. If you listen to those recordings you'll understand what I'm trying to say. Another factor was the way Red Garland was playing suspensions. That helped open the thing out. Then, of course, there was

to conceive. But I was able to perceive Miles' influence on Trane, especially in *Giant Steps*, which came out before *A Love Supreme*.

*Giant Steps* was another record I had difficulty really grasping. Again a little bit too advanced for me. The beautiful thing about Miles was that although he was playing that stuff, he had such a directness that I was able to tune into it and understand what he was doing. So *Giant Steps* came, with Trane's devastating technique. But I couldn't grasp it. Then *A Love Supreme* came out, and I couldn't grasp it. Then about in 1964, there was the album *Miles Davis At Carnegie Hall* with Miles, George Coleman, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams. When I heard Tony Williams, that was it. The guy was unbelievable.

So I was following Miles all the way along, through every phase. Then there was *A Love Supreme*, which was like Dolphy. I couldn't hear Dolphy the first time. He was too much for my tiny mind, you know. But I pursued it and finally it just dawned. Then Coltrane made sense to me. At this time I was about 20 or 21 and it was about 1962 or 1963.

By 1964, I'd been working with all kinds of blues and jazz groups. One of the groups I was involved in was the Graham Bond Organization, with Ginger Baker and Graham Bond, God rest his soul. Although we didn't work very long together, Graham had quite an influence on my life.

I was raised without any religious instruction apart from the dust they serve you up at school. I won't say that it's that way for every-

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***"You try to set up the situation physically and mentally. You try to get through the superficial stuff and get to the jewels inside of people. But that's something you can't ever count on. It's something that you continually work towards."***

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ment to music at this time?

**McLaughlin:** From the time my hair stood on end, music was it. Nothing else did that to me. It's not like I said, "Oh, that's it, I'm going to be a musician." Rather it was a situation where music made everything else kind of pale in comparison. So I didn't really think of anything else seriously. But at 11 or 12 you don't say "Yeah, I'm going to be this or that." At that age you live in a daydream world.

My daydream world was immersed to the core in music. I used to spend all my time listening to records. Finally when I found the Voice Of America coming from Frankfurt with Willis Conover through the static, I discovered American jazz.

After Django, I was starting to play and I was using my fingernails to pick. I also picked with the little finger because of my studies in classical Spanish and flamenco music. But, it wasn't working. So finally, when I was about 14 or 15, I picked up the pick and tried to work with it. Then I heard Tal Farlow.

I was walking by a record store in the city near where I was living, which was just south of Scotland on the northeast coast of England. I heard a record with a guitar player. I couldn't believe him. He just knocked down my socks. I ran in to find out who was making this incredible music. It was Tal Farlow. So Tal Farlow became my real hero. His harmonic concept, even now, I think is stunning. He was quite a revolutionary on guitar. It's unfortunate that he kind of dropped out. Actually, I had the fortune of meeting him once at

Miles and the whole modal concept. I can't say enough about what Miles has done for music.

That's not to say there weren't other major figures, because Charlie Parker was also a hero, but in a different sense. For me, he was still part of the old school. I was looking for the new school.

Another man who had an amazing influence on me was Charles Mingus. He had a revolutionary concept too. There were also strong social and political dimensions in his music which I liked. With Dannie Richmond's drumming it was musically very strong. And Mingus, like Miles, introduced a great many brilliant musicians to the public. Roland Kirk, Eric Dolphy and Ted Curson all played with him. Mingus was a very important influence on the shape of my development.

Then, Miles' *Kind Of Blue* came out, which I think is still a classic album. The people in Miles' group were, of course, also major influences. So when that group broke up, I followed them individually. Coltrane left to join Monk and then establish his own group. Cannonball left and formed his own group with his brother Nat. This would be the '60s now.

Then *A Love Supreme* came out, which I couldn't understand the first time I heard it. Of course, knowing Coltrane's work with Miles, seeing his name on the jacket, I knew it had to be great whatever it was. But when I got *A Love Supreme* I couldn't really hear it. Too high for me, I guess. I couldn't grasp this very rarefied concept that Trane had managed

one because I'm sure there are some enlightened teachers in the schools. But for me, the dust was just pushed down my throat and didn't mean anything. And my parents didn't do anything.

By the time I was about 19 or 20, I'd taken some acid. And I'd been getting high for quite a while, you know, just smoking regular old marijuana. Graham, however, opened up my eyes to a side of myself I was unaware of. I started thinking about possibilities for myself, what my own potential was.

Then the album of Trane's came along. I couldn't hear the music but I read the back cover. I will always read that back cover. It's a statement by a great noble human being.

So things were happening on the inside of my life, a beginning of an awareness that there was something missing. I remember being very young and living in a state of magicalness, insofar as I knew there was something magical about life, though I didn't know what it was. But I knew that it was there, and that it was something that connected everybody together. So when this sort of stuff came round I realized I had to do something. So I joined the Theosophical Society in London and made an attempt to discover what religion really means, and what religions mean in the comparative sense.

Graham had an influence on me because he had gotten involved in the occult. We used to talk about all kinds of things. He suggested a number of books about things I didn't really understand. So I started reading these books

of a more esoteric nature and going to the Theosophical Society, which in itself was very boring. You know, there were all these ladies coming to speak, but I can't even remember one thing they spoke about. But, they had a fantastic library, books that you don't find in a regular library. So the library was quite a source of information.

I got involved and finally discovered India, which I had never thought about seriously. All I knew was that it was over 12,000 miles away. So I was exposed for the first time to the tenets of Eastern philosophy and was stimulated to think about the possibilities latent in man. There was also a book with concentration exercises. So I started learning a lot of superficial information. But it was encouraging and fertilizing to the ideas that I already had inside of me. I also started to do some yoga exercises, you know, breathing exercises and trying to do something about my body. In fact, just the process of concentrated relaxation is a very dynamic act.

As this went on, I was having different problems in my musical life. I was working with this group and that group. I was really into r&b, which was the Mingus thing because he's really r&b to me. Blues and roots, but so vital. But I'd listen to anybody. For me, the jazz music coming from New York was the art.

As time passed by I was exposed to Indian music through being involved with the culture. Again, it was something I couldn't hear. I couldn't grasp it. But there was something about it. In particular, there was a sitar. As I remember, I think it was Ravi Shankar. The sitar was significant because it was a stringed instrument.

Also, for a long time I'd been disenchanted with the guitar as far as jazz music was concerned because I didn't feel anyone was approaching the height and inspiration of Miles and Coltrane. This was my own personal feeling. I don't know what it was, but guitar players didn't have it. Of course, Wes Montgomery was great. I loved his music when I first heard him. But when I pursued it further, I couldn't get out of it what I wanted, what Coltrane and Miles gave me.

So I realized there was something in Indian music and that it was important for me to know what was going on. I pursued it and I listened to it. Finally I heard it, and it had a very devastating effect on me. It's absolutely phenomenal, the music of India. There was the vina, an ancestor of the sitar which is from south India. There was also a north Indian vina. So I finally discovered the two schools of Indian music by the time I left Europe to come to America.

Before the move, David Holland and I had shared a flat together in London. We had even played together. When he joined Miles, which was a coup for an Englishman, we were thrilled to bits.

I'd also done some studio work and television, but it was devastating working with a free group. It was somewhat anarchistic but at least I was free. I was living in pretty abject poverty in the bargain. But you don't mind if you're playing the music.

Once Dave and I were playing together and did a jam with Jack DeJohnette, who had come into town with Bill Evans. We played with just a trio—guitar, bass and drums. For the first time I was playing with a real drummer. That's not to knock the English drummers. They're great drummers. But what I mean is that Jack is someone who had grown

up in the jazz tradition. He's a great drummer. So it was a thrill for me. And Dave was playing. Dave, of course, is a great player. So we played. What I didn't know was that Jack had recorded it.

Later, after Jack had returned to America, he saw Tony Williams and played the tape for Tony. Tony had also spoken to Dave about me because they were both with Miles together. So, Tony called me in November, 1968, and said, "I'm thinking about forming a group." I said, "When you're ready, you just call." It took some time to get it together. But by early February, 1969, I got the call.

After I got to America, everything broke for me. My life's really blessed, I feel, because I walked into a situation where I met all my heroes. Two days after I arrived, I was in the studio with Miles, which was beyond my wildest dreams. And I felt at home. The crowning point in my career was to go into Harlem and play in Harlem. Because Harlem, for Europeans, is the home of jazz music. It's the source. So to play in Harlem was a high that I've never really come down from. And Tony was still with Miles, which was lucky for me because that's how I met Miles.

By the time I got here I was thinking more seriously about what's real in life, what's the purpose. Of course, there's also a purpose in music. I mean that music has no "message." It is the message. But to discover that is something. Growing up with a European background, you grow up with these intellectual conceptions and misconceptions which can really throw you.

**Berg:** What are your feelings at this time about the meaning of music?

**McLaughlin:** Ah ... confused. The thing



about music was that I loved it. But it took me years to discover that real concentration is perfect love. Because love is effortless. Concentration is, in a sense, an intellectual conception. Therefore, it cannot be whole. Love, however, is perfect concentration and whole because it involves the whole inner being. These are, of course, just philosophical propositions. But these are the things I was involved in, you know, in the process of trying to find myself.

I'd made my first album before I came here. It hadn't even come out when I left. That was *Extrapolation* for the defunct Marmalade label. In fact, Dave was supposed to be on that. But when he got the call to go with Miles, everyone wished him bon voyage.

Meanwhile, back in the States, I was working with Miles and Tony. It was the best of all worlds. In fact, Miles asked me to join his group permanently. But by this time, Lifetime with Larry Young was underway. I thought that Larry was the greatest organ player in the world. I remember his album with Woody Shaw, Joe Henderson and Elvin Jones, *Unity*. Marvelous album. So here was my favorite organist with my favorite drummer. I was in the perfect set-up. We were making pennies, but I felt it to be a part of my destiny.

The most unexpected thing in my life was for me to turn Miles down because Miles was my idol. I'd been listening to Miles since I was 15. I was 27 when I got to America, so I had been into his music for 12 years. I knew the man so intimately and loved him and admired him, and here he was asking me to play in his group, and I had to say no. That was something for me, but it made me very much aware of what I was involved in with Lifetime.

Lifetime was a musical thing that I realized was helping me into my own. I stayed with Lifetime, a decision I haven't regretted for a second. With Lifetime it was possible for me to really make a compositional contribution which I don't think I would have had as much of with Miles. It would have been more directed. And he'd been directing me for 12 years already. Not that I didn't like his direction. He's such a marvelous man.

As Lifetime developed, I began to realize the influence of New York. It's an amazing city because it either makes you or breaks you. There's a very strong jazz feeling here. In Europe there's a completely different attitude and way of life. I also realized that I had so much to do in music to develop myself. So I started getting more and more into yoga and trying to tune myself. And I was exposed to the writings of Hazrat Inayat Khan. Every musician should read the second volume of *The Sufi Message Books*, which deals with music and is called *The Mysticism Of Sound, Music, The Power Of The Word, And The Cosmic Language*. It's a masterpiece of enlightenment as far as music is concerned, in my opinion. I was also getting very much more involved in meditation. I meditated with various yogis. Then I met Sri Chinmoy and within a week became a disciple of his.

**Berg:** When was that?

**McLaughlin:** We're talking about the spring of 1970. In the meantime, Lifetime had existed for a year as a trio. Then Jack Bruce came into town for a gig. We spoke on the phone and I asked him to come down to the session because Lifetime was making a record. He came down and he thought it was the world's greatest band. That was my opinion also. Anyway, he played and tried to fit in. We were a very tight trio. We'd been working to-

# FREDDIE HUBBARD

## New Direction, Fresh Perspective

BY HOWARD MANDEL



Joe Henderson, Freddie Hubbard and Dale Oehler

CAROL FRIEDMAN

**F**reddie Hubbard has some problems. He recently built a home in Hollywood Hills, California, but has been touring so much he says "I've hardly seen the inside of it." About to turn 40, Hubbard feels the inch of flab that rolls around his middle. Of course, things are not all bad—he has just married a beautiful brown lady from Munich (his description). But worst of all, he worries about his status as a jazz trumpet player.

Freddie Hubbard? Whose credentials stretch back to an Indianapolis ghetto, where he picked up on the music of his Mississippi-born neighbors and began to play a horn? Who came to New York City, roomed with Eric Dolphy, began filling in for Donald Byrd and Lee Morgan, and eventually won the latter's seat with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers? Why should Freddie Hubbard worry?

Wasn't he the young trumpeting mainman on the Blue Note label, contributing to sessions now widely regarded as classics? Hasn't he just done a world tour with his old friends from those days, the V.S.O.P. quintet reunited by Herbie Hancock?

Hubbard is an original. Hasn't he inspired imitation of the electric, jamming jazz style he originated while recording for CTI? And there's his participation in the most ambitious projects of Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane, his work with Sonny Rollins and Dexter Gordon, his experimentation with electronics and protest music. He's led his own band for years, and waxed prolific on Impulse, Atlan-

tic, and now Columbia records. What, Freddie worry?

But he does. Hubbard worries and complains a bit, too. A *Billboard* article details his criticism of his Columbia producers and the pop-oriented material he's been using. The young players he carries from one-nighter to one-nighter don't challenge him as he wishes they would, and reasonably enough he's tiring of the road. He is a little dissatisfied with the V.S.O.P. results. Despite his increasing album sales, Hubbard still hasn't had a hit. Freddie's feeling the pressure.

"Columbia has Miles, who is a living legend; Maynard, who makes hits; Woody Shaw, who looks good for the future, and me," ticks off Hubbard, sporting a new mustache and ready to try dealing with those problems.

I heard Hubbard perform and spoke with him late last autumn, spent time with him around the CBS recording studios in March, and caught his latest touring group this spring, too. After learning of his concerns and some more about his accomplishments, I watched him put together an album he hopes will return him to his "pure" jazz audience. *Superblue*, produced by Dale Oehler, features a solid band of Hubbard's peers: flutist Hubert Laws, tenor saxist Joe Henderson, bassist Ron Carter, pianist Kenny Barron, drummer Jack DeJohnette and guitarist George Benson. When I next saw Hubbard with a young troupe onstage, I found out just what he's up against.

In November, the memory of V.S.O.P. was

still fresh and *Bundle Of Joy*, Hubbard's fourth recording for Columbia, had just been released. The downstairs dressing room of the Ivanhoe Theater was aching to party: fans, friends and hangers-on lingered about between sets as though Hubbard were the King and they his dotting court. After fielding a few of my nagging questions, Hubbard shooed everyone out.

"You know," he said, looking around the cinderblock dressing room, "I used to come to Chicago every Sunday to play, when I lived in Indianapolis. At a place called the Rendezvous, where Bunky Green and Frank Strozier worked. It was a slick place: the bandstand used to revolve. And Booker Little would run me off, because they played *fast*. They tried to see how fast they could play.

"Who was Dolores, that Wayne Shorter wrote that tune for?" he responds to my query. "That's a Puerto Rican lady who used to babysit for Wayne. I didn't know her. It's a funny tune, though. We played that every night of the V.S.O.P. tour. Some nights I wouldn't even play on it. You know, the changes ain't got nothing to do with the melody. Wayne just liked to show off his stuff on it.

"I've got some young cats from California with me, they can play. But the amps and stuff ain't worth nothing," Hubbard shrugged. "I'm glad to have some California musicians, because the musicians from New York, they say 'Man, I'm not going to stay out here. You've got to buy my ticket.' I tell them you either

June 15 □ 17

live out here or you pay your own way. It gets expensive; I know, I was flying Junior Cook around.

"These young cats are good. I might make a few changes when I get back to L.A. The drummer was a studio musician; the others aren't but 19 or 20. They're going to school now—this is the real school.

"But life is so tranquil in California. What I'm trying to do is catch the cats with the most energy, because they don't have the energy of New York cats, the lifestyle is so different. I got tired of the New York lifestyle. I'd be crazy living there, nervous, hyped up. You can tell the difference between an L.A. record and a New York record easy: from the engineer down to the music, you can tell.

"I used to have loud drummers. I worked with Blakey, Max Roach, and did a lot of records with Elvin Jones and Tony Williams. But then my lips started going out and I said, no, I can't do that. I've got to play with a drummer who wants to play with me. Who wants to play my music. Same thing holds for the bassist, the piano player and everybody else.

"Dizzy Gillespie found him a man on drums, Mickey Roker, that knows him, can shade with him, play all the different moods. I'm still looking. These young guys want a lot of money, the kind of money they'd get playing with Chicago or Cat Stevens.

"I choose them if I like the way they play—that's the most important thing. But their wages do come out of my money, and I don't make that much."

It was fusion music that this band played—heavy rhythm, catchy and straightforward heads, lots of amplification, and Hubbard blowing loud, open horn while dancing about for the young integrated audience. I mentioned the variety of contexts in which he's been heard.

"Whatever context I'm playing, I try to fit in, and it's sort of hard sometimes," Hubbard admitted. "Like Ornette's stuff, it's not like playing changes. You've really got to create something to go along with him. It's like composing, but what's going on never stays the same. Then, try to play something after an Eric Dolphy solo! Don Cherry could play with them, but it came out as a *sound*...."

"Dolphy and I lived together in Brooklyn for a year and a half. He was so warm all the time, he was the happiest avant garde player I've seen. He was a bundle of joy, man.

"This cat was up at 8 a.m., hungry and bright-eyed, just up. At that time people didn't dig him at all; we were staying in this place and neither of us was working much. I'd just gotten to New York, nobody knew me. But that guy would get up at 8 to practice his flute with the birds, then he'd pick up his clarinet and call me in. He opened me up with the register playing, intervallic playing. I was making two octave jumps, because he was doing that on the clarinet and the bass clarinet. He had me practicing from books, which tired me out but helped quite a bit, and he had me interested in Ravi Shankar, which helped me play modally. But the main thing I got out of Eric was that he was a beautiful, happy-go-lucky person.

"On *Ascension*, we would play the first notes of a scale, a four note scale. There were four full four note scales, and we played each note as though it were an interlude. We would all hit that first note to bring us up to a plane. I was high up on the record, that's the range they wanted me to play," he laughed, "because



JAMES LEE SOFFER

I was also signed to Impulse at the time.

"Ilhan Mimaroglu? He was teaching electronic music at Columbia University and also producing records at Atlantic. He approached me, saying he liked the way I played and he'd like to try something different. At Columbia University we sat up listening to synthesized tapes. He told me stuff about the beat, what makes people move, about electrical impulses, and we stretched out. That was *Sing Me A Song Of Songmy*, which the record industry censored and the company sat on for two years. I was trying to keep black kids from going to Viet Nam and fighting, because most of them would die over there.

"Ilhan was a real interesting guy, the first I've seen who could mix up those electronic sounds with swing—I'm not going to say jazz, per se, because a lot of it wasn't jazz, but was written. Now where would I be able to perform something like that, in Germany? Not here.

"The new Bobby Hutcherson, *Knucklebean*, is mean. We recorded that in two days. That's too much pressure. We used to do a record date in one day, but for what? Another cat might take a year to make a record. Yeah, six tunes.

"We used to get to Blue Note at 1 p.m., go until midnight or sometimes 2 in the morning. When I left there I'd have to put ice packs on my lips. Plus we weren't making no money. But it was good, because there was more of a creative force happening. Each guy was good. Most of the guys had done their own records. So it wasn't hard to get it together quickly.

"Though with some guys we'd have to rehearse the stuff. Once with Art Blakey I did 32 takes on a tune. 32 takes! That's melody and solo. Art probably wasn't ready to make that record. Now Blakey's band wears bib overalls. I asked him 'What's this?' and he said, 'Man it's the latest thing. We're working.'

"Does he sweat more than Elvin? I saw Elvin take off his shirt after he'd been playing and wring it out like a wash rag. Playing with Coltrane, that cat would carry one tune for an hour and a half. But the energy was there. You don't mind playing that long if it's happening.

If there ain't nothing happening, why play?

"Sonny Rollins stopped my best take on *East Broadway Run Down*. He said 'I don't want any of that Coltrane stuff on my date,' and I could dig that. At the time I was very much into Coltrane. I can play that style; it takes some practice. But it got so strenuous on my chops I thought no, I'd better go find my thing. Playing that kind of interval takes a lot out of you; it's not really the way a trumpet should be played. I've always tried to phrase like a saxophone, but recently I've started to get back more into the trumpet.

"I was using a Dizzy style, straight up horn, but I got rid of that. First of all, the trumpet wasn't any good. I just felt like I should get me a good horn so I flew off to L.A. from Detroit, got a special one built for me by this guy Caliglio. Then I flew back to meet the band in Madison, Wisconsin. That takes something out of you, but I want the music to be as good as I can get it.

"This new horn has bite, which is what I like," he enthused. "It has an attack—when I hit it, it's bright, much brighter than horns I've had in the past.

"Living in California, your whole thing can drop. Not only energy—actually, there is more sun out there—but how you live in it. I know if I get a bright horn, I'll stay brighter with my sound. When I go to New York or Philly or Chicago it's more of an up thing, there's more energy. That Dizzy horn made me smooth; with it, I was losing my excitement, which is basically what I'm about.

"I'm thinking about getting something else to play. I thought about the french horn at first. I used to play french horn. But fitting it in with these electronic instruments... it has such a beautiful sound, amplified it would be a disaster. That's also why I dropped the amplification off my trumpet. My chops were getting weak, and I started relying on the buttons."

I asked about the recording of *Bundle Of Joy*.

"I recorded all of *Bundle* with everybody but the singers, who were added later. I had made the mistake of not being at the session with Bob James, so the *Windjammer* album is one straight thing," he clapped with all the regularity and punch of a metronome. "But *Bundle* goes up, comes down because the musicians are looking at me and playing with me. It makes a big difference, having to do with the feeling. And if you're not there the rhythm section can't build under you.

"Also that overdubbing thing is hard; you have to pace yourself, since you know you're going to be in there for three hours. I'll be taking those breaks and playing hard, you know, and forget what I'm doing. On a tune like *From Now On*, which isn't the kind of song I play much, to inject my feeling into a Lou Rawls vocal I have to make it like I'm singing into my trumpet.

"I tried singing onstage someplace once. I started off cool, but then went out. When you play that trumpet, and have been on the road for six weeks or so, sleeping with steam heat so all that stuff gets in your nose and throat...."

"I've been playing a lot of schools lately and a lot of kids have been coming up to me, saying 'We want to hear some jazz.' Now that they've heard the albums, they want to hear it. But those albums on Blue Note were done ten years ago. They must realize that most of those records are all-star albums. The musi-

cians are well known now, and very professional. It's difficult to get that kind of musician when you want to keep a band.

"My problem has been switching up my music, but that's also what keeps me going, being able to play a little bit of everything. I want to play a little bit of rock, I want to play a lot of jazz, I want to play a little bit of soul. That way I get to meet so many different types of people.

"When I go to Europe they want me to bebop. I can't bebop here. *Some* people would know what I was doing, but overall . . . so why not play this music we're doing? Plus it gives me a chance to relax. Of course, it's so easy it's not work—because I'm doing what I want to do. See, when you're able to do what you want to do you're able to relax.

"I make most of my money off of records. I sell pretty good, only because I mix it up. I've never had a hit, like Herbie and the rest of those guys—they've had hits because they've gone all the way. I'm not going all the way into rock. My music, my ideas, will never sound that way, because I'm not a funky-playing cat.

"The CTI stuff wasn't meant to be funk. It was about the bass line, that's where the funk was. *Red Clay* was about a woman who lived beneath us in Indianapolis and her old man.

"In Indianapolis we lived across the street from the oil company where Wes Montgomery used to have a day job. It's a weird neighborhood, hardcore, a slumette. But it was good, because I could always hear these guys playing guitar on their back porches.

"Anyway, this guy and his woman were outside, fighting. At the same time I heard this guy playing stuff on his guitar, like Brownie McGhee. Then the man put his woman in the garbage can and put the lid on it. Off of that, and hearing those blues, I came up with the bass line. At first I was going to call it *Mississippi Mud* because all the people in the neighborhood were from there, all Southerners, hard core workers, hard core drinkers.

"It was good there because the spirit was in the music. I think you'll hear a lot of good music in that type of area because people have to look for something to do to take the place of not having something to do. So they'll pick up a guitar and stomp out those rhythms. If I ever lose that stimulus, that spirit I heard around home, I'll go get some all-stars and play with them.

"I'm not at all sorry I played with V.S.O.P., but it was a little too much in Miles' direction. I know those guys (Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter and Tony Williams) played with him for a long time, but I think they could have been a little more sympathetic to me, knowing my style is in the Clifford Brown vein.

"But I mean, hey—don't you think I was glad to be there? It was the most fantastic thing I've ever done, because I love each and every one of those guys. I would play with them any day, but I can't do it again under those circumstances.

"V.S.O.P. was so figured out, man, it almost makes me angry. On the first record I was really turned down. I don't know if Herbie did that, or David Rubinson, or whoever did the mixing. I asked Herbie what happened to my part, because I played pretty hard and he said, 'Well, Freddie, you know the sound wasn't much good.' But on the second record the sound isn't bad—it's much better than the first.

"I'm not bitter. I just don't like all the *Newsweek* coverage—why don't they put me on that list? And some of the billing was a drag, and sometimes the vibrations were weird. I thought we were buddies—but they're into Buddhist chanting and I'm not. I was brought up in the Baptist church and that's what I want to do. If they can't take that, it's not my fault.

"You know, I'd like to get McCoy Tyner, Elvin, Joe Henderson, myself and Cecil

other favorites.

"I've made about 40, 50 records, not all in my own name. I've recorded with Quincy Jones, Sam Rivers, Bobby Hutcherson. . . . I won't play with just anybody for the money, though. It has to be somebody who's interested in the same things I'm interested in.

"Everybody tells me that I have an ego, but that bugs me. This is how I am. After I get through playing, my body is so heated up. If you catch me in the daytime I'm cool, but when I play the trumpet and I'm working I get up. If I don't get like that I don't perform right. Basically, I'm scared of people," confessed the apparent extrovert, "but maybe it comes off like I'm too pushy. I just try to be regular people.

"You see me onstage, being kind of loose—that's because I've shied away from people so long. Because people are weird, weird about jazz. When I first started I thought everybody loved jazz. It's an American art form, it was born here, Louis Armstrong was popular.

"I don't know if it was the charisma bag or what, but I just assumed these cats were big stars and accepted. When I got to New York I was so disappointed," he sighed, still crestfallen. "I cried, I stayed in the house for a month.

"Some people recognize me now on the street, but I'm not interested in that. I'm interested in people knowing my music, yes, but not to be seen on the street, they're looking and diggin' on you. That's not my forte."

"Onstage you are so loose and open, your music is so outgoing. . . . Is there a big difference between what you play and how you are?" I asked.

Hubbard paused a moment. "Yeah, I still keep a little while between me and people. I don't want to get *that* loose. But my moods change. Sometimes I don't want to be around nobody, not even my wife. I need time out, just to think. You have to think about what you're going to play. People think you just get up there and improvise. Well, some of it is off the top of your head, but most of it is kind of figured out.

"Especially today, where all you're doing is one-nighters and you don't have time to practice as much as you'd like because you're in airports all day. The music has changed quite a bit and it bothers me, man, it really does.

"Everything must change, I realize that. But, like, I worked with Art Blakey; he's the greatest swinger, to me, I've ever heard when it comes to playing small group jazz. And here I am working, making more money than him, and that's a shame. People who don't appreciate him appreciate me because I'm willing to play a little funk. That's the type of thing that bothers me.

"Lee Morgan, just before he died he became popular. Remember *Sidewinder*? He became very cocky, he started making money, in fact he had to quit Art Blakey because he was more popular than Blakey. He had a hit that people knew about so they came to see him. If I have a hit, I want it to be something I can appreciate playing.

"People talk about Benson, but the only difference with George is that he's singing more than he's playing guitar. He's basically staying in the same style. He's just not playing quite as much, stretching out so far. We did a concert at Howard University opposite him. It was his crowd. I played, I played my heart out but they didn't dig it, they were waiting for him.

"That's okay, but I'm not a George Benson. I came up listening to Sonny Rollins, Charlie

## SELECTED HUBBARD DISCOGRAPHY

**as a leader**  
BODY AND SOUL—Impulse A38  
THE NIGHT OF THE COOKERS—Blue Note 84208  
OPEN SESAME—Blue Note 84040  
GOIN' UP—Blue Note 84056  
HUB CAP—Blue Note 84073  
READY FOR FREDDIE—Blue Note 84085  
HUB TONES—Blue Note 84115  
HERE TO STAY—Blue Note 84135  
BREAKING POINT—Blue Note 84172  
BLUE SPIRITS—Blue Note 84196  
THE ARTISTRY OF FREDDIE HUBBARD—Impulse A27  
BACKLASH—Atlantic 1477  
BLACK ANGEL—Atlantic 1549  
SOUL EXPERIMENT—Atlantic 1526  
SING ME A SONG OF SONGMY—Atlantic 1576  
ECHOES OF BLUE—Atlantic 1687  
HIGH BLUES PRESSURE—Atlantic 1501  
RED CLAY—CTI 6001  
STRAIGHT LIFE—CTI 6007  
SKY DIVE—CTI 6018  
HIGH ENERGY—Columbia KC33048  
WINDJAMMER—Columbia PC34166  
LIQUID LOVE—Columbia PC33556  
BUNDLE OF JOY—Columbia JC34902  
FIRST LIGHT—CTI 6013

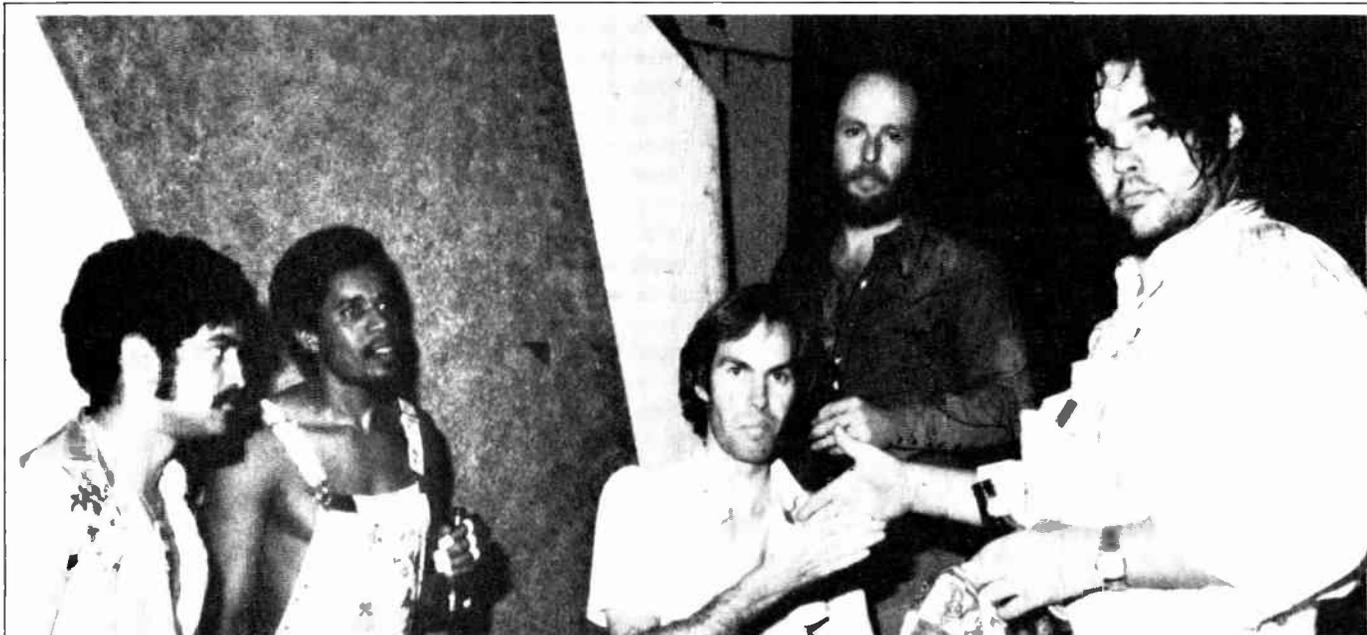
**as a sideman**  
FREE FOR ALL (Art Blakey)—Blue Note 84170  
MAIDEN VOYAGE (Herbie Hancock)—Blue Note 84195  
EMPHYRIAN ISLES (Herbie Hancock)—Blue Note 84175  
OUT TO LUNCH (Eric Dolphy)—Blue Note 84163  
SPEAK NO EVIL (Wayne Shorter)—Blue Note 84194  
THE ALL SEEING EYE (Wayne Shorter)—Blue Note 84219  
CONTOURS (Sam Rivers)—Blue Note 84206  
COMPONENTS (Bobby Hutcherson)—Blue Note 84213  
KNUCKLEBEAN (Bobby Hutcherson)—Blue Note LA789H  
DIALOGUE (Bobby Hutcherson)—Blue Note 84198  
COMPULSION (Andrew Hill)—Blue Note 84217  
ONE FOR ONE (Andrew Hill)—Blue Note LA459-H2  
FREE JAZZ (Ornette Coleman)—Atlantic 1364  
DRUMS UNLIMITED (Max Roach)—Atlantic 1467  
DOIN' ALLRIGHT (Dexter Gordon)—Blue Note 84077  
GENERATION (Dexter Gordon)—Prestige 10069  
ASCENSION (John Coltrane)—Impulse A95  
COLTRANE LEGACY (w/Eric Dolphy)—Atlantic 1553  
BLUES AND THE ABSTRACT TRUTH (Oliver Nelson)—Impulse A5  
EAST BROADWAY RUNDOWN (Sonny Rollins)—Impulse A9121  
SUNFLOWER (Milt Jackson)—CTI 6024  
V.S.O.P. (Herbie Hancock)—Columbia PG34688  
THE QUINTET (Herbie Hancock)—Columbia C234976  
BLUE MOSES (Randy Weston)—CTI 6016

McBee, do something with them, see what will happen. There's so much distinction between Wayne Shorter and Joe Henderson. They're both good. Both guys I've kind of grown up with. There are other guys, but those two are guys I've recorded with a lot, we kind of know each other's directions, so it's easier. Joe Henderson has a tenor sound I like, and I'd like people to hear that sound. And I like McCoy better than anyone. Those are my

# LITTLE FEAT

# Spectacular Sextet

BY RUSSELL SHAW



left to right: Kenny Gradney, Sam Clayton, Bill Payne, Paul Barrere, Lowell George; missing, Richie Hayward.

PHOTO RESERVE/WILLIAM SOSIN

Little Feat is a rock band of six members, all with vast mechanical and technical resources. Their seven albums are full of everything from catchy anthemettes of lust and longing to jams and workouts that would make good background music for riotous orgies. Leader Lowell George left Frank Zappa's Mothers Of Invention in 1969 to form Little Feat. George's involvement with Zappa in the post-*Brain Police* period is to some degree responsible for the evolution of George as the combined analytical thinker and reformed boogie child. The original Feat band also featured ex-Mother Roy Estrada on bass (to be replaced in 1972 by the band's present Fender bender, Kenny Gradney). With the addition of former Fraternity Of Man drummer Richie Hayward and keyboard man Bill Payne, the first model of Little Feat created two excellent albums—*Little Feat* and *Sailin' Shoes*—in the early '70s.

The first disk by the then-quartet included Howlin Wolf's *Forty-Four Blues* and *How Many More Years*. But Little Feat was (and is) no cover band, as such spunky, road-smart originals as *Hamburger Heaven*, *Strawberry Flats* and *Willin'* attested. The second album, *Sailin' Shoes*, proved that the players were as virtuosic as anybody in the rock arena. Lowell George leapfrogged the wimpy "southern rock" slide guitar bog with biting licks which matched the often sarcastic lyrics of Feat's tunes. *A Apolitical Blues*, *Tripe Face Boogie* and *Cold, Cold, Cold* from *Sailin'* are still part of the band's live repertoire.

When Kenny Gradney replaced Estrada on bass, Paul Barrere was added on guitar, giving George an alter ego. Barrere, a smooth, adaptable picker and resourceful writer, freed George to concentrate on his slide work. To

round out the rhythm section, Sam Clayton was brought in to play congas. All the elements were there—cutting lyricists, flexible players and a sense of group dynamics that bordered on the awesome.

Subsequent records have maintained the lineup of George and Barrere on guitars, Payne on keyboards, Gradney on bass, Hayward on drums and Clayton on congas. The third album, with the foregoing personnel, yielded such tunes as *Oh, Atlanta* (a tribute to the band's club days), *Rock 'N Roll Doctor* (bastard child of metaphor and bounce) and *Wait Till The Shit Hits The Fan*, a 7/4 adventure that did not stop the fans from boogieing.

Richie Hayward's broken ribs and fingers, the result of a motorcycle accident, forced a hiatus until late '75. Then came *The Last Record Album*, full of inchoate notions and their least effective product.

But well over a year later, Little Feat produced probably their most compelling studio work to date, *Time Loves A Hero*. *A Day At The Dog Races*, a seven-minute jazzy jam on the album, set Jan Hammer to bobbing and finger-snapping during a recent Blindfold Test conducted by this writer. Hammer's reac-

tion then is pretty much the same as the reaction of a crowd of Feat followers, and it is not surprising that their latest album, a live double called *Waiting For Columbus*, is a knockout. The album is full of goodies including most of the tunes mentioned above.

Little Feat in person is prodigious; this writer caught up with their tour at Washington D.C.'s Warner Theatre, where all eight shows were sellouts. Backstage at the Warner, and in limousine, hotel and party, down beat came calling.

**Shaw:** Those fans are just eating everything up. How does this affect you?

**Payne:** It can really inspire you. It seems like they go along with our controlled chaos, which is, by the way, one of the terms you could use to describe the total design and effect of what we do.

**Shaw:** You all get to play a good bit, but none of you stretch out for lengthy periods. Do you have, over the years, a bunch of music built up inside you that may someday come out on a solo album?

**Payne:** You know. Lowell's doing a solo album. But as for me, I don't really know. I think about it but it's far off. It probably would be involved musically and not contain any lyrics at all. The band shines lyrically; I can't match them on that count. I am, however, starting to put some piano improvisations down on paper. Thus far, though, all that I've written seems to relate to the group and what we are doing rather than to some project I might want to do on my own.

**Shaw:** What is involved in your own personal creative process?

**Payne:** I could play every day when I'm off the road, but at those times I'm looking for things to clear my mind. Yet I might be on the



## LITTLE FEAT DISCOGRAPHY

- LITTLE FEAT—Warner Brothers WS 1890
- SAILIN' SHOES—Warner Brothers BS 2600
- DIXIE CHICKEN—Warner Brothers BS 2686
- FEATS DON'T FAIL ME NOW—Warner Brothers BS 2784
- THE LAST RECORD ALBUM—Warner Brothers BS 2884
- TIME LOVES A HERO—Warner Brothers BS 3015
- WAITING FOR COLUMBUS—Warner Brothers 2BS 3140



# JOE ZAWINUL

## Wayfaring Genius Part II

BY CONRAD SILVERT

The Josef Zawinul story continues and concludes, with this, the second of two parts. Part one appeared in our June 1 issue: it told of Zawinul's childhood and development in war-torn Austria and his emigration to the United States. Zawinul discussed his experiences at the Berklee College of Music, with Maynard Ferguson's band, and a 19-month stint with Dinah Washington. At the close of part one, Zawinul had just been asked to join Cannonball Adderley.

**I**n March of 1961, when Josef Zawinul had lived in the United States only two years, he was hired to be the pianist in Cannonball Adderley's band. He stayed with Cannon for the entire decade of the '60s, not leaving, in fact, until one month after the formation of his current band, Weather Report, in the autumn of 1970.

"My compositional self never changed much from my life in Vienna," Zawinul said. "But it would never be coming out the way it is now without my being in so many different circumstances. For many years I was a sideman and had to play to the best of my abilities to please whoever it was hiring me. With Cannonball I couldn't do everything I wanted, but he helped me develop very importantly. I was never impatient because I always knew there was something to learn. Playing with great musicians like Cannonball and Yusef Lateef and Sam Jones and Louis Hayes—you gotta explore for a while. Like, the better a woman is, the longer you're gonna stay with her and explore the relationship.

"In Europe I didn't get enough of a chance to play bebop, and Cannonball was the first gig where I could really stretch out, a solo on every tune. I feel that Sam Jones and Louis Hayes were instrumental in my really getting down with this. Sam Jones is one of the greatest walkers of all time, and Louis has one of

the gifted right hands—his cymbal beat is *dangerous*.

"My first few years in that band were a little uncomfortable, because I was used to my own compositional style of playing. A band like Miles' would have been easier because their concept was closer to mine; Cannonball's was a stone post-bebop funk band. It was important to learn about other people's things, because later on I knew it would enhance my own.

"Still, I was able to help out the band with arrangements right from the start. I took an arrangement of Ernie Wilkins' tune, *Dizzy's Business*, that I had done for Fatty George's band in Vienna, and transposed it to three horns for Cannon's band. I did the same thing with *Jessica's Birthday*.

"I helped get Yusef Lateef in the band, and later on Charles Lloyd. I started writing more and more tunes myself [e.g. *74 Miles Away*, *Scotch And Water*, *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*, *Hipadelphia*] until around 1965-66 I was writing most of the band's music. Altogether I made over 20 albums with Cannon.

"We did nothing but work, man, 46-47 weeks a year and often under the best circum-

stances. You must have a secure job if you want to develop. It's hard to create if you're worrying about surviving every day.

"Music is not everything in life. If a young musician looks at it that way, then he can just play his instrument like putting a nail into a wall. Cannonball was a great artist, but I never knew a musician who knew so much about so many different subjects. He always read *Time* and *Newsweek*, and he could discuss everything from heart surgery to politics. We used to talk about European history, about the different muscles in the body—Cannon had more worldly wisdom than any musician I ever met.

"Though it isn't true, it seems that Weather Report hasn't been on the road as much in all this time as one year with Cannonball. I used to try to tell him, 'It's not how much you work, but how much impact you make.' I used to tell him, 'Look to your health, and enjoy.' And he did enjoy life, but you can't stay healthy if you're always on the road. Sometimes we'd go hunting or salmon fishing together, and I told him he should do more of that. It makes you feel good to be moving. You know, if Weather Report sells a million albums, I'm not going



stances. A lot of the time we really had fantastic fun. And though I was still green for a while, Cannonball would let me play trio tunes with Sam and Louis. In Philadelphia, for instance, in a club where it's 90% black, I'm playing my shit and we have those people on their chairs. I used to check out how people accepted me, and it showed me it was right to do this.

"So I worked hard, and meantime I was writing tunes to save for myself later on, like for my first Atlantic album, *Money In The Pocket*, with Joe Henderson, Pepper Adams and Clifford Jordan. It has some arrangements that sound modern today. And all that stuff for the *Zawinul* album was written way before I left Cannon. There is only one timing, and that is *right* timing. By the time I brought *In A Silent Way* to Miles, I was ready to burn up on my own. Eventually whatever is inside must push out, there is no holding back.

"Albert Einstein had to work in the patent office while he got his relativity theory together. I read that he always believed that

to work for about a year. I'll spend some time on a vacation with my family, play sports and write some music that I believe never has been before."

\* \* \* \*

On a crisp, blue-skied late winter afternoon, after a long conversation by his pool, Zawinul demonstrated a few of his self-devised yoga exercises—"I like to do them at sunset because the energy is very high then."

Later, I am sitting in the kitchen dining area, watching Zawinul scramble some eggs to go with a large steaming bowl of home-made beef broth. The shelves beside the kitchen booth are lined with art books; *Erotic Art Of The Masters* stands next to *Goodbye Picasso*.

As he eats the scrambled eggs with a chunk of wheat bread, Zawinul muses about his affinity for black people: "To me, they are the easiest to understand, the closest to my environment. The way I grew up, you know—joke-wise, fun life, big families and all that. A simple life—not too much dough, but a lot of

## "I am a pop musician and a jazz musician. I think jazz is great because it is the music with the most spark, the most freshness. I think jazz is the pop music of the future."

music, a lot of humor, and very close. People are alike all over the world in a way.

"In New York I made friends with a lot of the musicians—Wynton Kelly, Tommy Flanagan, Paul Chambers, Jimmy Heath, Lee Morgan, Bobby Timmons, Barry Harris, Cedar Walton—I saw these cats daily in the street. I still idolize the older cats the way I always did, like Roy Eldridge, Dizzy, Count Basie, Duke Ellington. One time I played *Come Sunday* for Duke.

"Ben Webster shared my apartment for a couple of months. We'd play together when I was home from the road. Coleman Hawkins lived next door, so the three of us played together. I learned so much from these two old guys. We never made a tape, though.

"For me, the '60s was a great time. I was in no hurry to jump out with my own thing, although I had a handshake deal with Atlantic to release an album every year if I wanted."

In fact, *Money In The Pocket* was released in 1963, and Zawinul didn't record another album until 1968, when he made *The Rise And Fall Of The Third Stream* with Bill Fischer for Atlantic's Vortex label. Fischer, a New Orleans native who played r&b saxophone with Muddy Waters and Ray Charles in the '50s, had been studying formal composition in Vienna when Zawinul met him in London in 1967.

"He played me a tape of electronic music he had written, and I asked him to write me some music. We recorded the charts in New York in just three days, very professionally." Fischer wrote all the material except a Friedrich Gulda composition, *From Vienna, With Love*.

*The Rise And Fall* marked the first time Zawinul played electric piano on his own recording (along with acoustic piano, of course), but his first electronic keyboard experience had come years earlier.

"Dinah Washington and I toured with Ray Charles in 1960, and we did a couple of tunes when both Ray and Dinah would sing and I'd accompany on Ray's Wurliizer electric piano. Later on, when it came time to record *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* with Cannonball, I used a Wurliizer that was in the Capitol studio. Then Victor Feldman told me about the Rhodes, and I got one.

"One day in New York, I'm sitting in the Vanguard and Miles walks up and says, 'I hear what you're doing.' And then we're in Mexico City on a George Wein tour, sitting in a restaurant, and all of a sudden Miles comes to the table and says he wants to come to our concert at the Belles Artes to see what we're doing with the electric instruments. And you know what? A fuse blew and we had to play acoustic that night.

"But later, after he had been listening to our records, Miles said to me, 'I like the way you write. Write me something.' A long time went by, and then I got a call at 11 one morning. Miles said to come to the studio at 1:30 and bring some music. I brought *Silent Way* and also *Directions*, which Miles eventually used for three or four years as a theme song. He only used part of *Silent Way*, because I was planning to record it for my Atlantic album [*Zawinul*].

"I wrote *Silent Way* in Vienna, in a hotel room overlooking the park. My kids were off 22 □ down beat

with my parents, and my wife was asleep. The snow was falling down, and I looked out the window to the park, and took out the paper and wrote the whole thing in a few minutes.

"Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea were on the *Silent Way* date, but with *Bitches Brew* it was Chick and me alone, setting up all the rhythms and putting a lot of bass lines together. I liked *Pharoah's Dance*—Miles played it really well. I truly respect Miles, and he has never disappointed me, but he put his name on a couple of my tunes. I don't know if it was negligence or what, but he put his name on *Great Expectations*, and more than half that tune is *Orange Lady* from our first Weather Report album."

Zawinul has written a concerto-like piece for Miles Davis, who hasn't been playing his trumpet lately. "But he will," Zawinul said, "and nobody can play this composition like he can. I played it over the phone for him, and he had a lot of suggestions. He wants to get involved in the production also. I don't care about his famous name—I want him to play it because of his ability to do it better than anybody."

The multi-keyboard concept was further explored on *Zawinul*, which featured, among others, Herbie Hancock. "I named *Dr. Honoris Causa* for Herbie, because he had just received an honorary doctorate from Grinnell, and he really helped me on this album. At this time I was just playing the Rhodes, but I had a ring modulator and was getting some good effects with the foot pedal."

\* \* \* \* \*

Josef Zawinul and Wayne Shorter first met in 1959, at a breakfast cafe near Birdland in New York. Shortly thereafter, they played in Maynard Ferguson's band together for a couple of months. Then Shorter was off for Art Blakey's band (five years) and the Miles Davis quintet (six years), while Zawinul did his short and long stints with Dinah Washington and Cannonball.

"During the '60s," Zawinul said, "Wayne and I hung out sometimes, had a few drinks and talked about music, but early on we never discussed having our own band. Years later I was in the basement of Bill Russell's house—the basketball player—and he had a great stereo set-up. I had the earphones on and was listening to *Nefertiti* for the first time. It was something like what I had been doing before, structurally—away from all that eight bars shit and then you go to the bridge. The music flowed. That was a real spark.

"I knew Miroslav Vitous from 1966, when I was a judge at an international jazz competition in Vienna. Some of the other judges were Cannonball, J. J. Johnson, Mel Lewis and Art Farmer. I remember Jan Hammer came in number two behind Fritz Pauer from my home town. Miroslav won the bass and George Mraz was second.

"Anyway, Miroslav was in New York and he played on my Atlantic album. He and Wayne and I got together and said, 'Let's get a band happening.' And we got Al Mouzon.

"After we signed the contract with Columbia, I went to Europe with my family, on December 10, 1970. We hung out in London, then Vienna, and then Barcelona. After we got back to New York, the band rehearsed a

month, then went into the studio and cut the record in about three days, in March of 1971. It was getting-acquainted time. I had only played with Miroslav and Wayne a little.

"I listened recently to a tape of our first gig, at Penn State in Philadelphia, about 170 people there. It was mean. It was Wayne, Dom Um Romao, Miroslav, Mouzon and myself—I just had a Rhodes. And right after that we went to Europe, incredible. After that, Mouzon freaked out—musically he was there, but his other shit was not together. So we got Eric Gravatt and that was the second band. We went to Japan, to South America and stayed together a while. But I'll tell you, I was not superbly happy with either one of these bands. One night we played like the best musicians in the world and the other night we couldn't get off the ground. Many nights it was incredible, but if the magic wasn't on it was a catastrophe.

"In the beginning, Weather Report was almost a completely improvisatory band, and I wanted a little more structure. And we weren't selling enough records. So I wrote *Boogie Woogie Waltz* to get us off the ground. We had to get a different drummer and bass player to play that funk [Herschel Dwellingham and Andrew White]. Miroslav accepted that he couldn't play funk, but it really hurt Gravatt. I wasn't getting a chance to solo because I had to play so much bottom to make the music come out—it wasn't decisive enough rhythmically. Gravatt was a great jazz drummer, but you can't play 4/4 all the time." [Miroslav left the band later, and was replaced by Alphonso Johnson.]

In many ways, the signposts of Weather Report's history are the parade of drummers who have valiantly attempted to play the exceptionally demanding music of Zawinul and Shorter. The list includes Mouzon, Gravatt, Dwellingham, Greg Errico, Ishmael Wilburn, Darryl Brown, Chester Thompson, Ndugu (who recorded *Tale Spinnin'* but didn't tour) and Alejandro Neciosup "Alex" Acuna, the band's drummer and percussionist for the past two years. Acuna, whose own career is burgeoning in the Los Angeles studios and in Lee Ritenour's and Diana Ross' bands, may or may not tour with Weather Report this year.

Other percussionists have included Dom Um Romao, Alyrio Lima and Manolo Badrena. Badrena left the band last year, making Weather Report a performing quartet for the first time. Zawinul explains, "It's making everyone play that much better, and the harmonics can be heard much better. The congas can interfere with the contra alto range of the bass and can devastate part of the piano, too. If the drummer and percussionist are not perfectly synchronized, the music can become chaotic."

\* \* \* \* \*

Weather Report's albums are certainly complex, but they are anything but chaotic. The general trend is that each has been more carefully made than the previous one. Zawinul, Shorter and friends have used the studio as a laboratory to produce albums with big dynamic ranges and a seemingly limitless variety of textures and colors.

Including Weather Report's brand new opus, *Mr. Gone*, Zawinul has recorded 30



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# RECORD REVIEWS

\*\*\*\*\* EXCELLENT / \*\*\*\* VERY GOOD / \*\*\* GOOD / \*\* FAIR / \* POOR

## BILLY HART

ENCHANCE—Horizon SP 725: *Diff Customs*; *Shadow Dance*; *Layla-Joy*; *Corner Culture*; *Rahsaan Is Beautiful*; *Pharoah*; *Hymn For The Old Year*.

Personnel: Hart, drums and percussion; Don Pullen, acoustic and electric pianos; Oliver Lake, alto and soprano saxes, flute; Dewey Redman, tenor sax (except track 5); Hannibal Marvin Peterson, trumpet, koto; Eddie Henderson, trumpet, fluegelhorn, echoplex (tracks 1, 3, 5); Dave Holland, bass (tracks 2, 4, 6, 7); Buster Williams, bass (tracks 1, 3, 5); Thabo Michael Carvin, percussion (tracks 3, 5).

\*\*\*\*\*

Drummer Hart's debut as a leader was also the last project creative director John Synder developed for the initially daring, lately watered-down Horizon label. Matching individualistic players with unusual compositions that balance "free" and composed aspects, Snyder and Hart created an album of '70s music. No, it's not electric or very funky, but Hart and company are building on what has gone before them and the result is a fascinating construction of mysterious lyricism, passionate detail and headbutting stylistics, which will satisfy some listeners and frustrate others.

*Customs* and *Hymn*, the opening and closing pieces, are compositions by reedman Lake. As on his Arista album, Lake supplies songs that come in sections and lines that twist through sharp turns. On *Customs*, tightly muted trumpet, choked highhat, out-of-time bass, keyboard atomospherics and sadly, slowly weeping reeds lead into an odd figure which is carefully examined then wildly embellished. The collective improvisation flows through possibly controlled changes, and the interplay is suggestive of double-quartet responsiveness rather than *Ascension* energy.

Holland's *Dance* opens with a subtly voiced head, sleek as the tunes on his own ECM album. But Lake's first solo takes it into a harsher, riskier area. The superb rhythm section comps to suggest perimeters, while Redman unleashes a rolling near-vocalization over them. Hart is a master of taste—a timekeeper whose deft strokes push without overwhelming and who holds the soloists close to the songs' structures. His song, *Joy*, is the most mainstream melody presented: a trumpet ballad, featuring the gifts of Henderson and an attractive, complimentary band arrangement (credited to Redman).

*Culture*, though a brief track, juxtaposes Ornette-like fanfares against a drum solo, a Hannibal-Pullen duet, sax chase, bass solo, and exacting ensemble ending. Indeed, it does suggest the varieties of encounter and influence that might occur where people live, hang out and chance to meet.

All of *Enchance* reflects that sort of interchange. The contrast between Hannibal's charged smears and Henderson's controlled moves, or between Lake's dramatic octave splintering and Redman's descriptive line-

ter-line emphasizes differences even as their common roots are revealed. *Rahsaan* is beautiful, gentle and sensuous, touched by the stillness of the East. *Pharoah* is fiercer, marked by Pullen's strongest playing—here's a pianist who has absorbed Cecil Taylor and Herbie Hancock, and to his own self remained true. *Hymn* ends by burying the old year under an avalanche of group blowing, then resurrecting it with a carefully harmonized movement.

Much is attempted here, and not all of it works. But all the players are fine and offer their best, trying to make one cohesive statement with their diverse voices. After repeated listenings one realizes Hart's intent—to enchant the ear by enhancing his colleagues' music. —mandel

## JOHN HANDY

WHERE GO THE BOATS—Warner Bros. BSK 3170: *Right There*, *Right There*; *Moogie Woogie*; *Where Go The Boats*; *Go For Yourself*; *The Hissing Of Summer Lawns*; *She Just Won't Boogie With Me*; *Erica*; *Salud To Sonny*.

Personnel: Handy, alto sax, saxello, vocals; Bill King, acoustic and electric piano; Steve Eruiaga, guitar; Lee Ritenour, guitar; Abraham Laboriel, electric bass, guitar (track 7); James Leary, bass (track 2); James Gadson, drums; Eddie Marshall, drums (tracks 2, 7, 8); Eddie "Bongo" Brown, congas, percussion, vocals; Ashish Khan, sarod (track 7); Ian Underwood, synthesizers; Herman Riley, tenor sax; Nolan Smith, trumpet; Donald Cooke, tenor and bass trombones.

\*\*\*

John Handy's maiden voyage on Warner Brothers should have been more auspicious. If I understand Handy's notes correctly, his intention was to immerse himself in the young contemporary generation ("Other little children shall bring my boats ashore") and innocently frolic in their music. Unfortunately the results are schizoid and uneven, often succumbing to the inert lure of mood music strings and stiff rhythm tracks—the opiate of the upwardly mobile.

The concepts employed on *Where Go The Boats* don't emphasize Handy's strengths. John Handy is one of the finest lyrical alto voices to have emerged from the 1960s, fluid yet crackling with energy, somehow combining the voices of Charlie Parker and John Coltrane; as his solo on the original recording of Mingus's *Goodbye Porkpie Hat* demonstrates, he is also a protean bluesman. But by and large, the free expressions of love and emotion that characterized his Columbia recordings are missing here, replaced by the selfish '70s chant of *Go For Yourself*. Handy also vocalizes to little effect. One must wonder what altered state of consciousness inspired the discomforting vocal jive on *Right There*, *Right There* (despair man, despair), because *Bootsy he ain't*. Even when songs threaten to become creative, background sounds intercede, as on

the title tune and *Erica*.

Handy seems lost in this half-baked clone of the Grover Washington sound. When his sax voice does emerge from the production quagmire it is sweet and supple, but at best the effect is of bop lines over a bland funk beat. If he is intent on finding a formula, he ought to try dirtying things up, providing more rhythmic tension and getting that blues-inflected sax right out front, as on *Salud To Sonny*, because there is little that is otherwise compelling about *Where Go The Boats*. Nobody is going to boogie to this album; it won't attract any new listeners and will probably alienate old ones. —stern

## STEPHANE GRAPPELLI

PARISIAN THOROUGHFARE—Arista-Freedom AF 1033: *Love For Sale*; *Perugia*; *Two Cute*; *Fascinating Rhythm*; *Parisian Thoroughfare*; *Improvisation On Prelude In E Minor By Chopin*; *Wave*; *Hallelujah*.

Personnel: Grappelli, violin; Roland Hanna, acoustic and electric piano; George Mraz, acoustic bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

\*\*\*\*\*

On January 26th of this year, Stephane Grappelli was 70 years young. An associate of Django Reinhardt and the Quintet of the Hot Club De France during the '30s, Grappelli has continued to mature. He is a marvelously rich font of wisdom, wit and warmth.

For *Parisian Thoroughfare*, the master violinist is teamed with the 1973 rhythm section of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, pianist Roland Hanna, bassist George Mraz and, of course, drummer Lewis. It's a magical blend of superb musicianship and sparkling camaraderie.

Grappelli's bow/finger coordination is awesome. Check, for instance, the title track, Bud Powell's flashy *Parisian Thoroughfare*. Grappelli skates and slides through the melody and changes with gusto and abandon. As for pizzicato work, drop the needle on Hanna's blues, *Two Cute*. Grappelli makes each note shimmer with crystal radiance.

Equally impressive is bassist Mraz. His empathy with Grappelli is extraordinary. Listen, for example, to their arco doubling of Hanna's *Perugia* and pizzicato tracing of the pianist's *Two Cute*.

Hanna, too, is superb. His solo and support work are the ultimate in taste and precision. On drums, Lewis keeps the fires stoked with his characteristic low key burn.

*Parisian Thoroughfare* is a dazzling collection of polished delights. Delivered with charm, poignancy and pizzazz, it is one of 1978's best! —berg

## DAVID SPINOZZA

SPINOZZA—A&M SP 4677: *Superstar*; *On My Way To The Liquor Store*; *Prelude To The Ballerina*; *The Ballerina*; *Edge Of The Sword*; *Country Bumpkin*; *Doesn't She Know By Now*; *Airborne*; *High Button Shoes*.

Personnel: Spinozza, lead, acoustic guitars, vocals; Joe Caro, rhythm guitar; Anthony Jackson, bass; Rick Marotta, drums; Mike Mainieri, xylophone; Rob Mounsey, electric piano; Leon Pendarvis, acoustic piano; Warren Bernhardt, acoustic and electric piano; Clavinet; synthesizer; Don Grolnick, piano; Eric Weisberg, banjo, pedal steel; Mike Brecker, David Sanborn, David Tolani, George Young, Ronnie Cuber, saxes; Steve Jordan, drums (track 9); Sanford Allen, Guy Lumia, Gerald Tarack, Harold Kohon, Paul Gershman, Anahid Ajemian, John Pintaville, Peter Dimitriadis, Ora Shiran, Richard Hendrickson, Mathew Raimondi, Harry Lookofsky, Richard Sortomme, Lewis Eley, Tony Posk, Lucy Chapman Staltzman, violins; Barry Finclair, La Mar Alsap, Sue Pray, Emanuel Vardi, Selwart R. Clarke,



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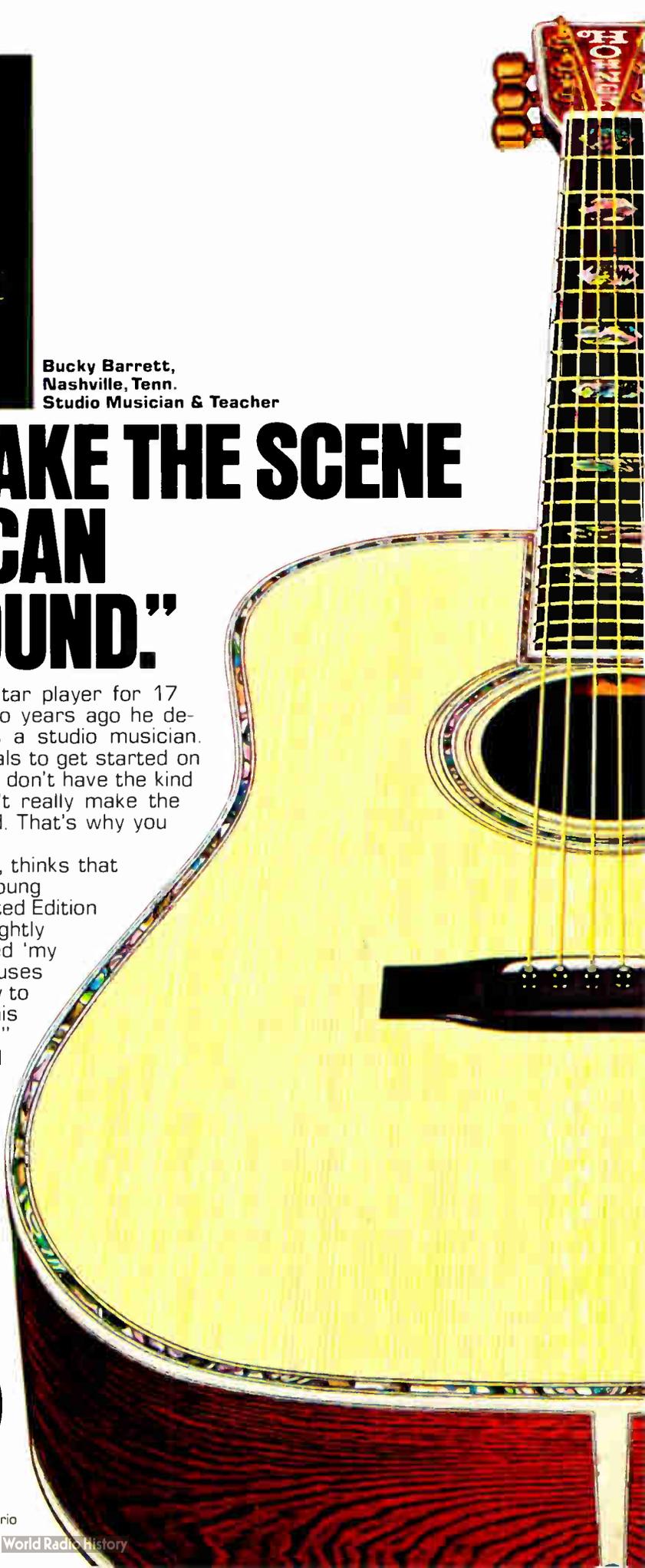
“It sure is hard for young professionals to get started on the road,” says Bucky. “A lot of young people don’t have the kind of cash you need. But a young player can’t really make the music scene unless he can make the sound. That’s why you need a first-class instrument.”

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★ ★ ★ ★

It's the old case of the machete cutting a swath through the jungle. In this case, as in so many specimens of laboratory fuzak, the obstacles are an armada of omnipresent and obtrusive strings, horns, vocalists, etc. On the side of good, we have a pretty fair session guitar player, one David Spinozza, who invades the studio to make his first solo album.

Despite the anticipated result—strong doses of overproduced, clinical formula—the opposite is more often true than not. Spinozza is one of the most virtuosic guitar players working today. His Burrell-like knowledge of bop type harmonics, coupled with his rock-weaned familiarity with volume, rhythm and intensity, produces a player capable of cutting through the most leaden, chartbound arrangements. Spinozza sounds true and forthright each time. He's simply an eloquent player. Here, the repertoire is wide enough to scope his immense talents. *Superstar*, the Leon Russell hit, provides Dave with a chance to strut a series of blue notes within a larger framework of fluid, lyrical technique. *Ballerina* sparkles with a classical elegance, as David, manning the wooden guitar, speaks volumes with each pass. His voice, while just a bit shallow, is everymanish enough to be believable.

Colleagues also enhance. Leon Pendarvis, the baddest piano player this side of Les Mc-

Cann, has written a snappy ditty called *On My Way To The Liquor Store*. Leon's thumpy piano, abetted by the bobbing drum snippets of Steve Jordan, imbues a classic toe-tapping response. Another pianist, Warren Bernhardt, he of many ECM supportive roles, embellishes *Ballerina*. Yet another ivory pounder, Rob Mounsey, injects his flighty, quasi-stride punctuations on *Airborne*.

All this is evidence that if enough credibly tasteful playing is attempted on an album, even the most megalomaniacal, overcrowded arrangements can be forgiven. 15 violins, six violas, three cellos? So what. It's what is at the core that counts. —shaw

## SUNNY MURRAY

CHARRED EARTH—Kharma PK-1: *Charred Earth; Seven Steps To Heaven; Tree Tops; Happiness Tears; Peace*.

Personnel: Murray, drums; Byard Lancaster, soprano and tenor saxes; Dave Burrell, piano; Bob Reid, bass.

★ ★ ½

Sunny Murray has made solid contributions to the music of Cecil Taylor, Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp, and Gil Evans. That makes him one of today's certified heavyweights among the ranks of avant garde drummers.

For *Charred Earth*, Murray is joined by the other members of The Untouchable Factor, reedman Byard Lancaster, pianist Dave Burrell and drummer Bob Reid. Though the music reaches admirable peaks of intensity and inspiration, these are not enough to overcome several serious flaws.

Intonation is the most severe problem. On *Charred Earth*, Lancaster's soprano is consistently out of tune. So, too, is his tenor on *Tree*

*Tops*. In each case, his pitches are out of sync with each other, and with the piano.

In defense of Lancaster, it should be noted that the piano is out of tune. Furthermore, if the piano was flat by a half step or so, it could be that his horns were wrenched because he was forced to pull out his mouthpieces as far as possible.

Another problem is balance. In *Charred Earth*, the soprano and drums are so much in the foreground that the piano and bass are barely perceptible. Moreover, the quality of the recording is poor. This is low fidelity from 20,000 leagues beneath the sea.

The music, too, has shortcomings. What was fresh in the '60s has largely devolved into conventions and formulae. When deployed with wit and imagination, these still have the capacity to dazzle and surprise. Here much of the sound and fury fail to signify much more than cultish calisthenics.

Even so, Murray is a dynamic spirit. His efforts are consistently up. But his sparks fail to ignite the others. Because of the inescapable technical and artistic problems, this is one that should have stayed on the shelf. —berg

## GARLAND JEFFREYS

ONE-EYED JACK—A & M SP-4681: *She Didn't Lie; Keep On Trying; Reelin'; Haunted House; One-Eyed Jack; Scream In The Night; No Woman No Cry; Oh My Soul; Desperation Drive; Been There And Back*.

Personnel: Jeffreys, vocals; Steve Gadd, drums, timbales, percussion; Don Grolnick, electric and acoustic piano, organ; Anthony Jackson, bass; Dr. John, acoustic piano, Clavinet; Jeff Marinov, electric guitar; Hugh McCracken, electric and acoustic guitar, harmonica; David Spinozza, electric and acoustic guitar, piano; Andy Chernack, electric guitar; Win-

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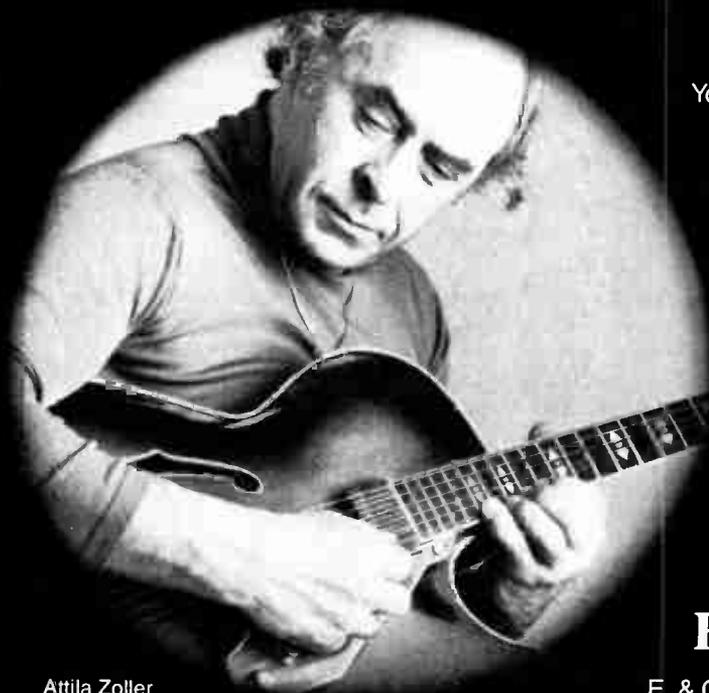
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ston Grennan, drums; Ralph MacDonald, congas and percussion; Rob Mounsey, organ; Rick Schlosser, drums; Richard Trifan, mini-Moog, string synthesizer; Michael Brecker, tenor sax; Randy Brecker, trumpet; David Sanborn, alto and baritone sax; Lou Delgado, baritone sax; Alan Rubin, trumpet; Marvin Stamm, trumpet; George Young, tenor sax; Phoebe Snow, vocal and background vocals; Diana Grasselli, Diva Gray, David Lasley, Luther Vandross, background vocals.

\*\*\* 1/2

Perhaps the least audible line on this excellent follow-up to *Ghost Writer* (A & M SP-4629) is "I'm ready for the kill." Of course it remains to be seen whether this album will be a commercial success, but that seems to be a possibility. The sound is worthy of its predecessor, and this is a substantial accomplishment in itself, as any sensible owner of the previous album will attest. Only guitarist Alan Freedman is missing among the principal musicians, and he has shared arranging chores with Jeffreys and David Spinozza here.

It may be possible to detect a certain diminution in the cutting edge of Jeffreys' anger in these tunes. But not much. And the only people disturbed will be the angry people—and they need something to make them happy.

*She Didn't Lie*, previously done by Jeffreys on his out-of-print 1973 Atlantic album, kicks things off. The 1978 model displays a repeated riff by the horn section and a sax solo by an uncredited player. The aforementioned riff was picked up from a brief acoustic guitar line in the original: it may not wear well. The new version has also been shortened by two and a half minutes. A verse of lyrics has been omitted, and the hypnotic vocal ending has met the same fate. This writer prefers the original approach, but may stand corrected by the judgment of the record buying public.

While reggae rhythms are not as pronounced on this album as on *Ghost Writer*, Vincent Ford's *No Woman No Cry*, popularized by the Waiters, is included. Jeffreys is definitely a match for Bob Marley on this tune, the only non-original on either of Jeffreys' past three albums.

Other highlights include a vocal collaboration with Phoebe Snow on *Reelin'* and the perverse *Scream In The Night*, the latter featuring the leader's screams. Reflecting one aspect of his personality is the line: "Everybody hears what they want to hear/But I hear a scream in

the night."

Every tune is musically polished, and the lyrics are both intelligent and emotional. *One-Eyed Jack* may not be the kill, but it is close enough.

—carman

## GIL GOLDSTEIN

**PURE AS RAIN**—Chiaroscuro CR 201: *Pure As Rain*; *Boy Inside A Drum*; *Alas*; *November's Child*; *Without An Anchor*; *Carin*; *Downhill Racer*; *Beantown*.

Personnel: Goldstein, acoustic and electric piano; Jeff Berlin, electric bass; Steve Smith, drums (tracks 2 and 8); Bob Moses, drums, claves; Ray Barretto, congas (tracks 2, 6, 8); Toots Thielemans, harmonica (tracks 2 and 5); Fred Miller, english horn (track 7); Mary Eiland, vocal (track 2).

\*\*\*

Gil Goldstein is one of the bright new faces to emerge from the New York scene. He's gigged or recorded with such luminaries as Pat Metheny, Ray Barretto and Pat Martino, and is a source of insight and inspiration to his young students at the Mead School in Greenwich, Connecticut. With *Pure As Rain*, Goldstein serves notice that he is an artistic and commercial force to be reckoned with. The fact that he is able to integrate these often conflicting intentions into a unity, without sounding contrived or condescending, makes *Pure As Rain* unique in our oft-muddled marketplace.

Consider Goldstein's use of the Rhodes piano on the jazz-rock cuts. Whereas the acoustic piano has a long established tradition, the mercurial Rhodes has been around less than 20 years. It is an embryonic, often undependable instrument which can render pianists anonymous. But Goldstein humanizes the machine. On the introduction to *Beantown*, Goldstein achieves a confluence of overtones not unlike a real piano, then unwinds ringing, spaciouly swinging lines over a hustling beat redolent of Weather Report. *Boy Inside A Drum* uses the Rhodes, and Mary Eiland's pretty voice as well. Steve Smith and Ray Barretto provide a discreetly rocking pulse for charming solos by Goldstein and harmonica master Toots Thielemans; it has airplay written all over it, as does a two-fisted Latin tune called *Carin*.

Goldstein's acoustic piano trio explores the ramifications of the atmospheric stylings of Miles Davis' school of pianists; the rhythm and phrasings are jazz, but the voicings are European. Bob Moses is a sensitive, surprising drummer with a colorful cymbal sound; his solo over Goldstein's chords on the 3/4 *November's Child* is the picture of melodic invention. Jeff Berlin's fretless electric bass is always singing and complementary, especially on the intimate piano-bass duet *Alas*. The trio plays with a reserved intensity that swells up unexpectedly but without knocking you over the head, as on the title tune and *Without An Anchor*.

This is a thoughtful, lyrical date. Whether rocking, swinging or just singing, Gil Goldstein retains both his integrity and personal vision.

—stern

## HARRY JAMES

**THE KING JAMES VERSION**—Sheffield Lab-3: *Corner Pocket*; *Lara's Theme*; *Cherokee*; *More Splutie, Please*; *Traces*; *Don't Be That Way*; *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *Shiny Silk Stockings*; *Blues Stay Away From Me*.

Personnel: James, Nick Buono, Gino Bozzacco, Bill Hicks, Robert Berrenson, trumpets; Tom Padveen, Chuck Anderson, Houghton Peterson, trombones; Quin Davis, Pat Longo, Mel Kunkle, Bob

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\*\*\*  
**COMIN' FROM A GOOD PLACE**—Sheffield Lab-6: *The Footstomper; You'll Never Know; Moten Swing; Two O'Clock Jump; Watch What Happens; Tuxedo Junction; Opus Number One; Make The World Go Away; Blues For Sale.*  
Personnel: same as above.

\*\*\*  
The greatest thing about direct-to-disc recording is not what can be done with it, but what can't be done with it. Because it eliminates the vast middle portion of the recording process—tape—busybody engineers and producers are effectively deprived of the one chance they have to alter and "enhance" the natural processes of the jazz ensemble.

Direct-to-disc is, of course, where the technology of recording began and where it essentially remained until the entry of magnetic tape and the long playing record. From the beginning, the microphone was basically the lens on an aural camera. The record was the film behind it. Together, they captured snapshots in sound. Success or failure was always measured in terms of how closely the results approached the original reality. In the '60s, the technology of recording advanced to the point where reality simply wasn't enough. On that simple premise, artists and musicians began to look more and more to the record itself as the instrument. The result was new music specifically geared to the new technology.

All well and good for the new music. The problem comes, however, when its technology is imposed on traditional acoustic forms. Take the infamous 24-track tape console, basic hardware for board-fed electronic music certainly, but utterly useless to acoustic musicians. It's a perfect example of a solution in search of a problem. Yet we constantly hear these techniques applied in mega-miked sessions by Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, Buddy Rich and others. What do they accomplish, aside from allowing someone to pull the entire performance apart instrument by instrument and reassemble—i.e. remix—it in a lot of post-production meddling? The cost for this privilege is high, since the open, naturally balanced, concert hall presence is, of necessity, sacrificed. The overtones end up getting traded for overproduction. No one would think of recording the New York Philharmonic with 80 microphones.

That's why these two Harry James albums stand out so strikingly from most comparable big band LPs today. One stereo mike was used, and the natural presence achieved is a sheer delight. I don't know to what extent the direct recording process is responsible for this effect; I rather suspect that much the same result could be achieved conventionally with similar miking. But it is surely among the best-recorded big band packages in years. Only a couple of London Phase 4 albums (*Benny Goodman Today* and *Stan Kenton Today*) approach the sumptuousness of these. Or some of Vanguard's jazz recording in the '50s, perhaps.

The novelty of direct-to-disc (to say nothing of its price—\$12) should not lead you to conclude that this is merely a test record for your system. It is, primarily, a superb showcase for an excellent middle-of-the-road band. James has been playing for a long time, and his sound still comes in strong and steady. The band, like Basie's, is an outgrowth of the rhythm section. The charts tend to start there and build around it. There's no mystery about this. Ernie Wilkins helped shape the sound of

both bands. And James was using Neal Hefti even before Basie. Thad Jones is also on the roster with *Cherokee* (on SL 3) and *Tuxedo* (SL 6). Wilkins' *Blues For Sale* (SL 6) is one of the brightest scores in two albums of consistently fine writing. Dave Matthews' *Lara's Theme* (SL 3) and Jack Perciful's *Watch What Happens* (SL 6) are pretty without getting sentimental about it.

James himself demonstrates enough of the old power and flash on trumpet to make me think there's more where it came from. He swings lightly (if briefly) on *Opus* (SL 6) and plays blues marvelously on *Blues Stay Away* (SL 3). Again like Basie, James should be recorded in a jam session format that would let him show his real colors. What a lineup! James, Gillespie, Terry, Edison, Eldridge.

—mcdonough

## ROY AYERS

LET'S DO IT—Polydor PD-1-6126: *Let's Do It; Melody Maker; When Is Real Real?; Sweet Tears; You Came Into My Life; Freaky Deaky; Kiss.*

Personnel: Ayers, lead vocal, piano, vibes; Kerry Turman, bass, background vocals; William Allen, bass (tracks 1 and 2); Ricky Lawson, drums, background vocal; Bernard Purdie, drums (tracks 1 and 2); Harry Whitaker, piano and electric piano (track 1); Armen Donelian, piano and electric piano (track 2); Phillip Woo, electric piano, piano, mini-Moog, background vocal (tracks 4, 6 and 7); Justo Almarino, tenor sax, background vocal; John Mosley, trumpet, background vocal; Greg Moore, guitar, background vocal; Chano O'Ferral, congas, percussion, background vocal; Merry Clayton, lead and background vocal; Sylvia Cox, lead and background vocal; Debbie Burrell, background vocal (track 1).

★  
This is one of the saddest examples of the bland leading the bland to cross the turntable in some time. Roy Ayers, as I recall him, was once one of the premier vibists in jazz. His funky metallic phrasing lit up one of Herbie Mann's best groups. But his funk has really sunk with *Let's Do It*. Perhaps the scent of all that platinum has caused Ayers to fancy himself a George Benson.

Forget it. Ayers has none of Benson's vocal charisma, and where Benson merely sublimates his guitar improvisations to his singing, Ayers dispenses with the vibraharp almost entirely (except for two tepid cuts). Poorer singers than Ayers get over with good material, but the music is strictly background city and the lyrics range from the rank kiss-off chauvinism of *Sweet Tears*, to indictable war crimes like *Freaky Deaky* and the cloying prose of *Melody Maker*.

Jazzmen have always been confronted with the dilemma of popular music—to play or not to play. Funk and disco are what's happening now, like it or not, so we can only judge cross-overs by how well they stack up against the real thing. *Let's Do It* has no physical impact and no character (which is sure not the case with Stevie Wonder, Parliament or the Bee Gees)—all the "ooh baby's" in the world can't hide this flaw. It isn't funky. It's not even good disco (and, ahem, it sure ain't jazz). *Let's Do It* is self-indulgent kitsch, coldly calculated to rise on the charts.

The only redeeming cut is a Brecker Brothers type groove which asks the question *When Is Real Real?* When you can feel it, Roy, when you can feel it.

—stern

## CHARLIE MARIANO

REFLECTIONS—Catalyst CAT-7915: *Glenford Crescent; Naima; Brother Muthaiah; Spanish Dance No. 2; Blue In Green; Thiruvankulam; Chile; Rumbling.*

Personnel: Mariano, Eero Koivisto, saxes; Jukka Tolonen, electric guitar; Ollie Ahvenlahti, Pentti Hietanen, keyboards; Pekka Sarmanto, Heikki Virtanen, basses; Esko Rosnell, Reino Laine, Sabu Martinez, percussion.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Charlie Mariano is an international traveler who sets sparks wherever he goes. This time out it's Finland. Working with a group of fine young players, the master saxophonist stokes the fires and lights the way.

Recorded in 1974, *Reflections* catches Mariano playing with all stops pulled. His emotional intensity never falters. Neither do his sense of structure or technique. The big vibrant sound, whether alto or soprano, animates flurries, long tones and sudden ascents into the stratosphere.

Sometimes Mariano's patterns derive from Bird, sometimes from Trane. At other times a simple melodic or rhythmic motif is teased and elaborated upon for a chorus or two. Adding to the drama is his uncanny use of space. The sounds of his silences give shape and momentum to the streams of tonal invention.

The eight compositions provide a diversity of frames ranging from Blakey bop, Davis modality, electric fusion and blues to Indian. Throughout, Mariano sails. And so, too, do his cohorts. Some of their notable forays are Koivisto's Traneish tenor in *Glenford Crescent*, Tolonen's cascading guitar lines for *Brother Muthaiah* and Martinez's conga accents in *Thiruvankulam*.

My only reservation concerns Catalyst's sloppy approach to liner information and packaging. Needed for each tune are the names and order of soloists. Also, photos should be clearly identified. And why couldn't recent snaps of Mariano be found? The cover shot is so out of date that one's first impression is that the album is a collection of reissues from the '50s.

One last complaint. Catalyst, to its credit, has brought us exciting music performed by exciting new players. Why, then, couldn't there have been something of substance about the musicians, their music and involvement with Mariano?

—berg

## WEBSTER LEWIS

TOUCH MY LOVE—Epic KE35017: *Hideaway; Barbara Ann; There's A Happy Feeling; Touch My Love; Believe In Yourself; Seasons; Loving.*

Personnel: Unlisted except for Randy Brecker, trumpet; David Sanborn, saxes; Cornell Dupree, guitar.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Behind the beguiling sound gauze that may initially ensnare the listener and lead him to the erroneous belief that *Touch My Love*—Webster Lewis' second album for Epic—is all chiffon, there looms a well-crafted, varied, rich, elegant and altogether satisfying piece of work. Utilizing the floating wall-of-sound string arrangement that Marvin Gaye introduced on his *What's Going On*, *Touch My Love* moves forward as if by an undertow, engulfing the listener and pulling him along.

Webster Lewis, who has studied under and worked with Gunther Schuller and George Russell, is a gifted arranger whose airy mixing of a large number of voices and instruments—for a long time he has been conducting a 75-piece chorus and orchestra—gives the album a coherence and fluidity rare in its field. There are influential traces here and there—of Maurice White in the title song, of Billy Preston in *Believe In Yourself* and in the aforementioned

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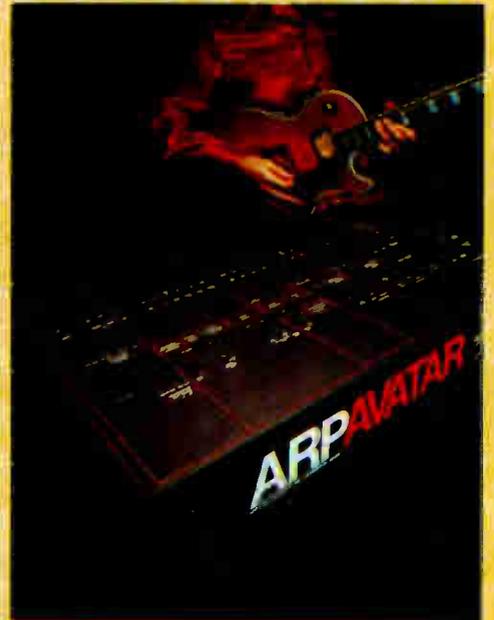
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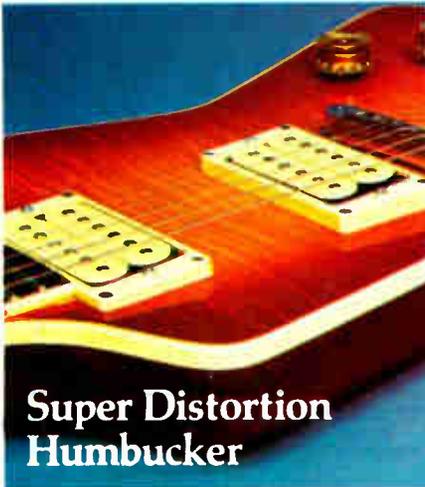
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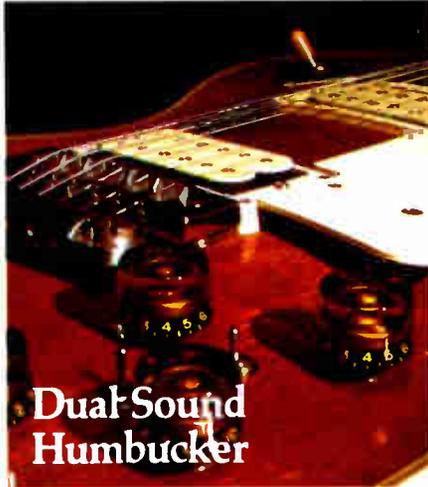
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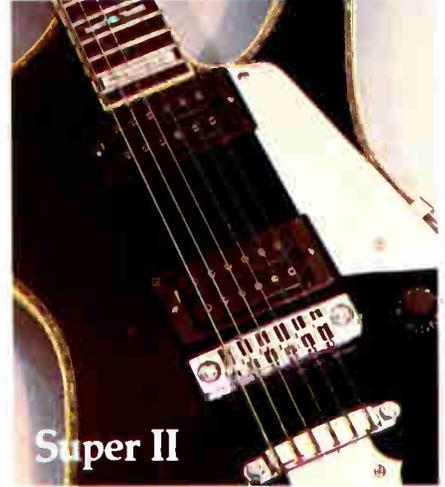
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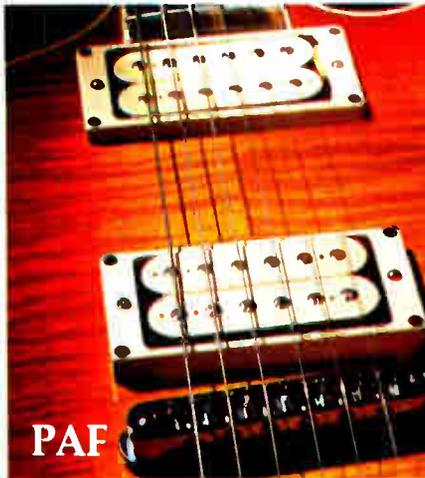
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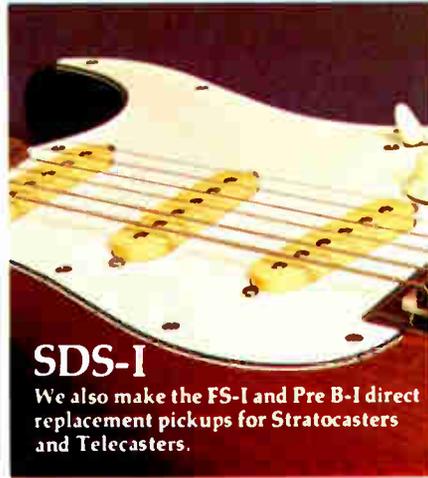
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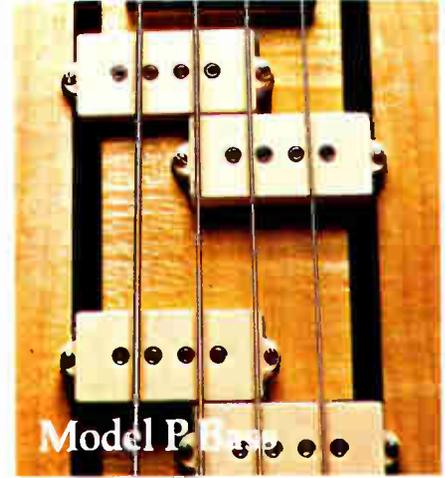
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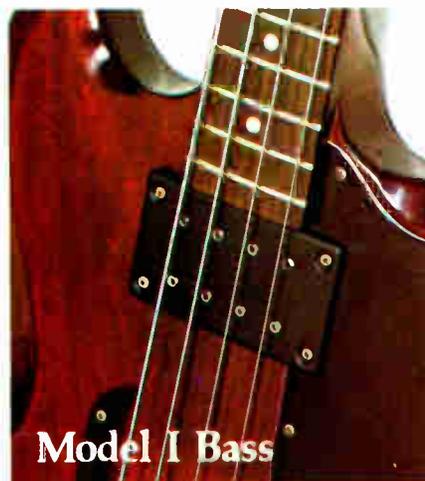
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Marvin Gaye touches—but it is a testament to Lewis' canniness as an arranger that the album is simultaneously refreshing and diverse from song to song and unified in its overall sweep.

The highlight, logically enough, is the ambitious but unpretentious 14-minute *Seasons*, which receives the full orchestral treatment. A flowing, almost liquid, composition by C. T. Perkinson, *Seasons* smoothly develops an irresistible momentum by bringing three of the album's main ingredients into their best realized interplay: Webster Lewis' rollicking gospel piano, the roomy but exacting choir in a call-and-response trade with Lewis' churchy vocals, and Dave Sanborn's sweetly stinging alto sax ornaments. *Seasons* shows that Webster Lewis can pull off the more demanding material and one hopes that his next album will continue in this direction. —gabel

## FELA ANIKULAPO KUTI AND AFRIKA 70

ZOMBIE—Mercury SRM 1-3709: *Zombie*; *Monkey Banana*; *Everything Scatter*.

Personnel: Fela Anikulapo Kuti, tenor sax, alto sax, piano, vocals; 'Ladi Alabi (Tony Allen), lead drummer; Lekan Animashaun, baritone sax; Tunde Williams, trumpet; Oladeinde Koffi, conga; Nweke Atifoh, bass guitar; Nwokoma Ukem, trumpet; Babajide Olalaye, maracas; 'Lek Benson, guitar; Ayoola Abayomi, sticks; Addo Netey, conga; Oghene Kologbo, tenor guitar; Okalve Ojeh, guitar; Clifford Itoje, rhythm guitar; Bernadette Oghomienor, Tejumade Adebisi, Regina Osuhor, Felicia Idonije, Suru Eromala, Shade Shehindemi, chorus.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

More than just another album, *Zombie* has become a political cause celebre in Fela's native Nigeria, where its incendiary message provoked the military government to burn down his residential compound in an incident which polarized the nation. In the past years, Fela (the scion of a prominent Nigerian family) has risen from jazz-loving student to musical idol and now political martyr. His sound, once considered too sophisticated to sell at home, has evolved from heavyhanded imitation to powerful originality, an amalgam of African and western styles that rocks with a vigor unsurpassed in American or Caribbean idioms. As slick instrumentals pound the gut with hypnotic intensity, Fela addresses his cult audience in chanted riddles of reggae-like argot. After the release of *Zombie* with its anti-police lyrics, some of Fela's followers were accused of overturning an army vehicle, sparking the raid on his headquarters in which it was alleged that soldiers looted and raped. At present, Fela is banned from performing, but his legend looms ever larger on the West African scene.

Considering his limitations as a vocalist, it is just as well that Fela relies on instrumental power to get the message across. His Africa '70 band has a sound as distinctive as James Brown's, which it slightly resembles: riffing horns punch out muscular choruses over a heavy, throbbing bass, chicken-scratch guitar and churning percussion. Once ponderously bottom-heavy, the rhythm section has become more agreeably light-footed, enhancing its aggressive thrust, while the horns blend amicably without their former shrillness. Between the repetitive riffs, baritonist Lekan Animashaun and trumpeter Tunde Williams turn in some sinewy jazz-like solo work, substituting raw energy and gutsy tone quality for more advanced technique. The percussion section is the heart of the band, pulsing with an irresistible forward momentum that serves as perfect



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complement to Fela's audacious lyrics.

*Zombie* is a taunting mockery of Nigeria's military establishment, likening the soldiers to zombies in their blind obedience to command. With lines like, "Tell am to turn right, tell am to turn left, tell am to go kill," it enraged the ruling clique of generals to the point of silencing Fela's voice. The other selections, only slightly less provocative, were recorded previously. *Monkey Banana* is a parable on the nature of servitude, rendered somewhat obscure by the pidgin dialect, while *Everything Scatter* relates an incident aboard a bus which led to a run-in with the law for some of Fela's followers.

Fela's recordings have heretofore been available only on import labels, an exception being his early outing with English drummer Ginger Baker. It is salutary that his music is now being distributed in the States, even as it is being suppressed at home. Fela's impact, both musically and politically, is being felt as never before, as a recent piece in the *New York Times* magazine suggests. And it is fairly certain that, despite repression, he is a force to be reckoned with in the future. —birnbaum

## CARLOS GARNETT

THE NEW LOVE—Muse MR 5133: *Lil Dear; Bolero; The New Love; Uncle Ben & Aunt Jemima; Dance Of The Virgins; Memories Of Coltrane.*

Personnel: Garnett, tenor and soprano saxes, vocals; Terumasa Hino, trumpet; Joe Bonner, keyboards; Otis McClary, guitar, vocals; John Lee, bass; Alphonse Mouzon, drums; Guilherme Franco, Timana, percussion.

★ ★ ½

Carlos Garnett has been a musician to watch. With roots in Panama's polyglot musical culture, Garnett showed promise with Freddie Hubbard, Charles Mingus, Norman Connors, Miles Davis, Jack McDuff and Pharoah Sanders. Unfortunately, his latest for Muse is a tepid set of Latinized disco ditties with little of substance for the listening ear.

Surprisingly, part of the problem is with the rhythm section. The Bonner/McClary/Lee/Mouzon/Franco/Timana combination doesn't quite come together. While on the fringe, the bass never finds the center of the groove. The guitar, especially on the *Dance Of The Virgins*, is out of tune and not in phase with the percussionists.

Most of the album is just plain sloppy. The horns fail to match in pitch and phrasing. Garnett's soprano is flat and thin, suggesting he doesn't practice the instrument. His tenor has an engaging robust quality, but his solos are too derivative.

In sum, the band sounds like one of those slightly hip Latin-disco groups that packs them in at neighborhood clubs in Queens and Brooklyn on the weekends. The one attempt to transcend the dance music bag, *Memories Of Coltrane*, is too precious and kitschy, and uncomfortably close to those treacherous tributes designed to exploit rather than honor. —berg

## MUDDY WATERS

I'M READY—Blue Sky JZ34928: *I'm Ready; 33 Years; Who Do You Trust; Copper Brown; I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man; Mamie; Rock Me Screamin' And Cryin'; Good Morning Little School Girl.*

Personnel: Waters, guitar, slide guitar, vocals; "Pine Top" Perkins, piano; Jimmy Rodgers, Johnny Winter, guitar; Walter Horton, Jerry Portnoy, harp; Bob Margolin, bass; Willie "Big Eyes" Smith, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

There are no frills here, no studio production, just Muddy Waters with a band that

sounds the same as it has for more than 20 years, from Chicago's Southside blues bars to the concert halls of Europe. It's Chicago blues, with its roots in the rural music of the Mississippi Delta, adapted to the anonymity of a massive industrial city.

The blues still flourishes in Chicago like nowhere else in the world, and although Muddy's stage has long been an international one, he remains the gritty patriarch of the Chicago blues sound.

For this second album (produced by Johnny Winter) an exceptional band has been assembled, one that happily includes the elusive Chicago harp player Big Walter Horton and guitarist Jimmy Rodgers, who was once a major Waters competitor on the Second City's blues circuit.

Among the major bluesmen, only a very few are also good songwriters. Muddy is one of the good ones. *I'm Ready* includes a large sampling of Muddy's material, like the raunchy *Rock Me* and the good-humored *Screamin' And Cryin'* (featuring Muddy's slide guitar and Horton's earthy electric harp).

Muddy also does some classics from other masters, such as Willie Dixon's well-traveled *Hoochie Coochie Man* and Sonny Boy Williamson's *Good Morning Little School Girl*.

At 60 years old, Muddy has mellowed some but managed to maintain much of his former ferocity. Take this one home, turn on the blue lights and listen to the source. —nolan

## WAXING ON . . . .

The '40s and '50s were transitional times for much of American black music. Swing was gradually being replaced by bebop and the rhythm and blues of big bands like Count Basie's and Andy Kirk's were slowly making way for a modern approach. It was an exciting time filled with young innovators who were later to be influential for a whole new wave of popular black musicians. Indeed, the groundwork was laid then for much of the music we hear today. It is with the spirit of historical relevance that this latest batch of reissues from the vaults of Savoy Records is assembled.

In addition to those recordings made for the Savoy label, the collection contains several tunes originally done for other smaller companies which later came under the control of Savoy's late owner Herman Lubinsky. It is through the apparently shrewd business sense of Mr. Lubinsky that many fine Joe Turner recordings, along with those of Nat Cole and others, are preserved and finally made available.

As stated, these albums offer insights into some of the shifts that occurred in black music during these two decades. Excellent liner notes help even those listeners totally unfamiliar with the music to understand something of the relative importance of these recordings. In addition to historical significance, all of these records with the exception of one is still musically sound and highly listenable.

The only LP not up to the high standards set by previous Savoy reissues is the 1957 recording by Art Blakey. True, this edition of the famous Jazz Messengers occurred at a time

when Blakey still was developing both his style and group sound. But the recordings here don't stand up to the test of time as well as other versions of the Jazz Messengers (including earlier groups with Horace Silver, Hank Mobley and Donald Byrd).

The arrangements are usually not as adventurous as the better recordings from this time and while the musicianship is adequate, with the exception of Blakey and Jackie McLean it is not the caliber of the more proficient bop artists. It seems to be a release that was reissued on the basis of its availability, historical interest and commercial appeal.

Too often Blakey overplays, apparently in an attempt to somehow establish his leadership. Fortunately, later Jazz Messengers records don't suffer from the same problem. Always asserting his control, Blakey propels the group through some fairly routine bebop, with scattered samplings of straightahead blowing by McLean and trumpeter Bill Hardman.

What Blakey really does as well as any of his contemporaries is to utilize the melodic aspects of jazz drumming. A pioneer in many conventions now employed by most drummers, he takes melodic breaks and fills, creating what was then a revolutionary sound. His attack is sometimes questionable, but Blakey's ballsy approach to the drums in ensemble playing assures him a place in jazz history.

Jackie McLean's work is the real strength of this record. His performance on *Mirage* is the standout of the entire album. A slow thoughtful ballad, McLean's lush alto dominates the tune until Bill Hardman's trumpet exchange. Hardman, who is capable of some fine solos, turns in a top notch performance on both *Mirage* and *Pot Pourri*, an uptempo piece with a nice head featuring Hardman and McLean.

Most of the other tunes are pretty standard bop fair with occasionally interesting solos. *Reflections Of Buhaina* and *Ugh!* both really showcase Blakey's timekeeping talents, with the latter including a drum solo that exhibits his ability to maintain musical continuity even during breaks. The key here is his steady hihat beat that draws the drum solo and the tune together.

What the Blakey record lacks in terms of post-Bird bebop, Kenny Clarke's LP from roughly the same time (1956) makes up. Here is an example of a session led by a drummer that functions as an accompanist to a group of outstanding musicians. Clarke never overplays, preferring instead to relegate the position of soloist to other more inherently melodic instruments. His function is reduced to the all important role of timekeeper and groovemaker. He establishes the tasteful patterns over which his sidemen work their tunes.

Regardless of the motive for this session, the choice of musicians is perfect. Each artist combines the elements of supportive sideman and aggressive leader. Despite Clarke's listing as leader, no one personality dominates the sound.

This is bebop from a time when the art was still refining itself. The record avoids most of the harsher pitfalls of many quintet recordings of the day by thoughtfully providing a variety of interesting arrangements. This couples with the overall excellence of the solos to provide a taste of bop at its best.

It is nearly impossible to pick a favorite tune or musician on an album that has so many top quality performances. Certainly Pepper Adams and Kenny Burrell deserve mention, but the album in no way belongs to



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either of them. Adams brings a lyricism to the baritone sax that is too often lacking among younger players. His slow bluesy solo on *Your Host* and the swinging guttural break on his own composition *Apothegh* signal his subsequent notoriety as probably the premier baritone saxophonist of contemporary jazz.

Kenny Burrell is up to his usual standard of excellence on this date. For evidence, listen to his steamy solo on *Tricorism*, recorded proof that bebop definitely can swing, or his assertiveness on *You Turned The Tables On Me*. Burrell's melodic floating lines are well suited to the more abrasive lyricism of Adams' baritone, complementing not only the saxophonist but the entire group.

The originality and overall inventiveness of Charles Mingus both as a bass virtuoso and a composer are prominently displayed on this reissue from the mid-1950s. Since these recordings were made within six months of each other (Oct. 1954-Jan. 1955), the listener is afforded the opportunity of hearing Mingus in two distinct settings at approximately the same stage of his musical development. Bear in mind that Mingus was by this time already established as both a musician and a composer.

The five cuts recorded in 1954 feature Mingus as a group leader and composer/arranger. The sextet here includes bass, piano, drums and three reeds (clarinet, alto, tenor, baritone saxes). The reeds play an improvisatory polyphony not unlike early New Orleans jazz but with the distinct advantage of several decades of fermentation. Yet the more pronounced rhythm section and advanced arrangements stamp this music as contemporary. One of the intriguing qualities of Mingus' music is its timelessness. The pieces here sound as modern today as they must have sounded in 1954.

Mingus displays his higher side in the mock sophistication of the standard *Tea For Two*. With his alternation of the melodic voices between reeds, bass and piano, the tune takes on a new dimension as a hip ensemble piece. He takes his sidemen through their paces on *Gregorian Chant*, a tune that features the composer on a bowed bass which shifts tempo in a typical Mingus fashion. It is a difficult arrangement well executed by everyone.

The remaining four tunes showcase Mingus in the role of accompanist to a session led by pianist Wally Cirillo. These compositions are all by the group leader and are generally not as satisfying, although they are certainly adequate. In this case the tunes tend to date the session and are definitely much more bop-flavored.

*Transeason* follows a pretty standard bop format with nice solos by Teo Macero on tenor saxophone and Cirillo on piano. As a soloist, Cirillo is unlikely to win any awards but his comping sounds very modern and is probably his strongest point on this record. Mingus never overshadows the soloists here, but along with the steady drumming of Kenny Clarke displays the caliber of ensemble performance he always demands from his own sidemen.

Each album mentioned so far was recorded in the '50s, while the remaining three Savoy reissues were made in the '40s. The major distinction is in the development of bop, which by the '50s had established itself as the predominant mainstream jazz form. Certainly all of the previous albums were innovative, especially the Mingus one, but these artists had the

advantage of utilizing an already established genre.

On the records recorded in the '40s, it is not only possible to sample bebop in its early stages but also formative rhythm and blues. The Joe Turner and portions of *The Changing Face Of Harlem* albums are in direct line with the smooth instrumental uptown sound of modern r&b pioneers like Bobby Bland, Johnny Ace and Ray Charles.

The Dexter Gordon/Wardell Gray disc comes from a time when bop was just taking hold in Los Angeles. Recorded in an after hours club on two direct disc cutting machines, this is an example of the unconstrained experimenter in a setting conducive to his art. Portions of the sound are rather distorted and the transition from one disc cutter to another is always obvious, but the performances more than compensate for any offense caused by technical limitations.

The Gordon/Gray tenor battles are legendary and this album shows why. Gordon's tone is more powerful and on the surface he is the more aggressive saxophonist. In truth, Wardell Gray's style is more relaxed but no less authoritarian. The long fluid lines of Gray contrasted with Gordon's big full tone to produce a perfect match-up.

The best tune for Dexter Gordon is Ray Noble's *Cherokee*. Most of the recording is Gordon, with Wardell falling in towards the end. Undoubtedly the best tenor battle is on the title cut, *The Hunt*. Both men display the intensity and fierce musical exchange that has made this record one of the sterling examples of early bebop.

Certain musical devices used here can be seen as transitional from swing to bebop. The inclusion of trombonist Trummy Young, late of the Jimmie Lunceford band, indicates the penchant for older big band instrumentation. Notice also the horns' approach to solo accompaniment, often riffing in a style not unlike that of an earlier era of swing music. The arrangements and individual freedom plus the overall approach to soloing place this distinctly in the category of bop, yet the transitional techniques are definitely evident.

The Joe Turner sides represent recordings he made for the National label between 1945-47. They range stylistically from ballads to jump blues to r&b, and in each case Turner's voice sounds strong and sweet. He stands alone among the singers of this time as a great shouter of blues.

While Pete Welding's comments about the deficiency of the band on side two are accurate, Turner's performances here are often brilliant. From the sexually explicit *My Gal's A Jockey* to the lowdown barrelhouse blues of *Sunday Morning Blues*, Turner wails and shouts with the exuberance of a man possessed. The various accompanists on the remaining three sides suffer from none of the problems on side two. Pete Johnson and Albert Ammons stand out as two pianists capable of providing the support required, regardless of idiom. From stride to boogie, the cuts that feature these two are enhanced by their performance.

But this album is clearly Big Joe Turner's and he is always the highlight of each tune. Careful listening to both versions of *Johnson And Turner Blues* reveals the total control of the vocalist over the success or failure of the record. The first is a sophisticated rhythm and blues featuring a fine solo by trumpeter Frankie Newton. In the released version, the

lyrics are condensed and superfluous vocalizing is excluded. While the first take stands by itself as a valid recording, the second, more concise release demonstrates Turner's ability to improve upon his own efforts.

Regardless of the type of song, Turner always conveys a sophisticated knowledge of the ways of the world. From his army discharge songs (*I Got My Discharge Papers, I'm Still In The Dark*) to his sexually suggestive ones (*My Gal's A Jockey, Watch That Jive*), he is always wise to the tricks of his woman. In *Mad Blues* he explains, "I used to be sugar/I ain't sweet no more." *Milk & Butter Blues* also hints strongly at sexuality without making any direct reference to it.

The final volume in this package of reissues is the second volume in *The Changing Face Of Harlem* series, featuring jazz recorded in the New York of the '40s. As such, it illustrates probably better than any of the previous releases the common ground of all aspects of black music. Included are a good sampling of swing, bop, blues and r&b, making it possible to better understand the exchanges that took place among these forms at this time.

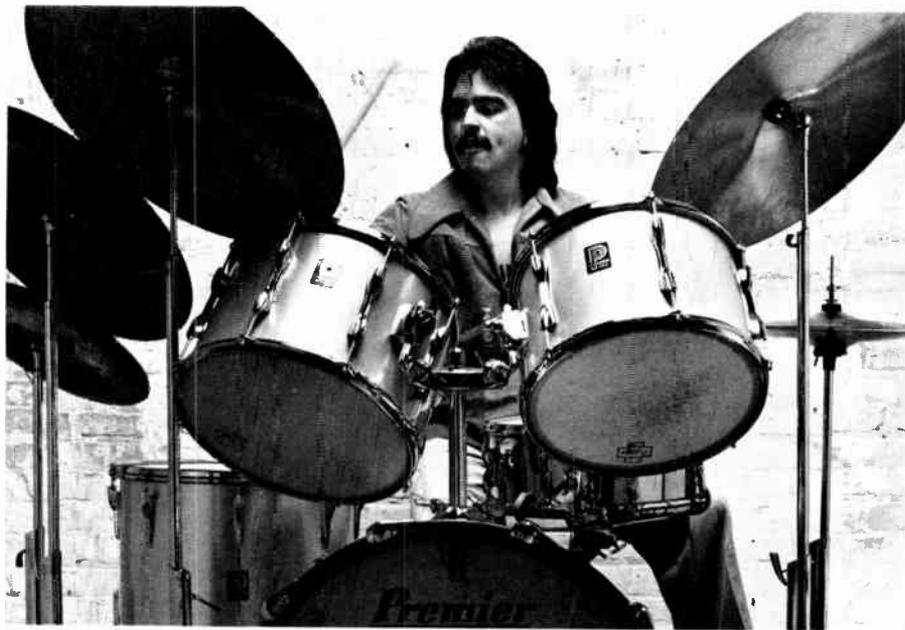
Most of the material was included on the basis of musicological interest. But there remains plenty of exciting listening, the only objection stemming from the questionable decision to feature an entire side of Lem Davis recordings. Davis, an alto saxophonist of relative obscurity, plays in a pre-Parker manner. This in itself lends an air of uniqueness to his early bop sound here, but the performances on Davis' first session (the final four cuts) are superior in every way to those of his second. These tunes would certainly have satisfied the average listener's appetite for Lem Davis.

The remainder of this double album includes some vintage Nat Cole, Stuff Smith and Pleasant Joseph vocal recordings, canvassing the idioms of blues, r&b and uptown swing. Stuff Smith's appearance is too brief (three selections), yet it exemplifies his natural ability not only as a vocalist of the Louis Armstrong school but also as the leading exponent of jazz violin.

Illinois Jacquet in many ways set the tone for a whole school of rhythm and blues tenor saxophonists. The Jacquet sampling here includes alternate takes of those previously released on *The Tenor Sax Album* (Savoy SJL 2220). Jacquet's selections (plus those which feature altoist Pete Brown) are the best instrumentals on the album. He has his finest moments on *Minor Romp*, an uptempo bebop tune which also features a nice piano solo by Bill Doggett.

The remainder of the album is rounded out by a group led by clarinetist Hank D'Amico that includes Frankie Newton and Don Byas, and a 1945 spinoff from Lionel Hampton's band with the now-famous vibraphonist on piano. —less

- Art Blakey And The Jazz Messengers, *Mirage* (Savoy 1112): \*\*
- Kenny Clarke, *Meets The Detroit Jazzmen* (Savoy 1111): \*\*\*\*\*
- Charles Mingus, *Jazz Workshop* (Savoy 1113): \*\*\*\*
- Dexter Gordon/Wardell Gray, *The Hunt* (Savoy 2222): \*\*\*\*\*
- Big Joe Turner, *Have No Fear, Big Joe Turner Is Here* (Savoy 2223): \*\*\*\* 1/2
- Various Artists, *The Changing Face Of Harlem, Volume 2* (Savoy 2224): \*\*\*\*



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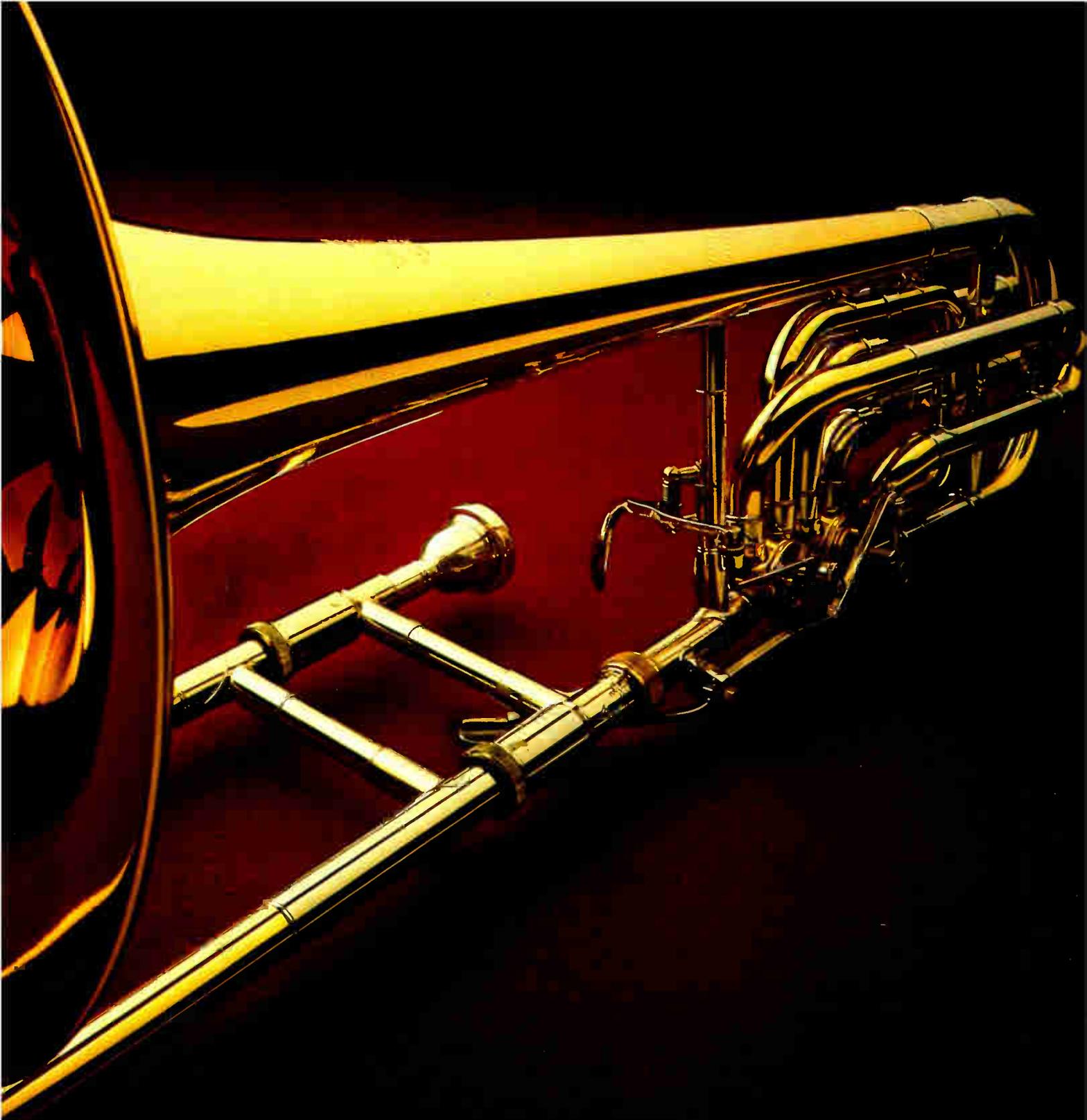
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# BLINDFOLD TEST



## Milcho Leviev

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Milcho Leviev is the first Bulgarian ever to take the Blindfold Test. To the best of my recollection, he is also the first Bulgarian I ever met.

Working for the propagation of jazz in a city like Sofia (where he graduated in 1960 from Bulgaria State Conservatory) was no easier than one would think. Nevertheless, Leviev made rapid strides, composing for a radio and TV big band, appearing as pianist/conductor with the Sofia Philharmonic, playing with a jazz quartet and becoming president of the Sofia Jazz Club in 1967.

After working with Albert Mangelsdorff in West Germany, he emigrated to the U.S. in 1971. He played keyboards for Don Ellis off and on for six years, also working with Willie Bobo, Billy Cobham, Carmen McRae, John Klemmer and Tommy Vig, among others.

His own album, *Piano Lesson* on Dobre Records, contains everything from a movie theme he scored in Bulgaria to a solo piano suite, a Stevie Wonder song, and Bach's *Air* from Suite No. 3, retitled *Air On A Blue String*.

Lieviev is rapidly gaining respect as a vital and authentic jazzman. As his initial test shows, he is also a keen listener and an articulate commentator. He was given no information about the records played.

**1. NOEL POINTER.** *Capriccio Stravagante* (from *Hold On*, United Artists). Pointer, violin; Carlo Farina, composer; Dave Grusin, keyboards, arranger.

That's my kind of bag, you know—baroque, renaissance, whatever, combined with jazz elements. I don't know who did it, who wrote it, who arranged it. Probably the material was taken from Italian Renaissance type of music—Vivaldi, Monteverdi—around that era.

Whoever arranged it did a great job. Judging from a jazz standpoint, as far as I could hear, there were no improvised solos. The violin, the strings were written—the solo string instrument was obviously playing a written passage. But the groove, after the exposition of the main theme, when they went to the pattern, was fantastic. It was modern, with a slightly Latin and rock beat, and it blends so well with the renaissance. . . . The point is not to make it jazzy but to be absolutely natural, like it was designed this way.

So I immediately give this five stars. I don't know who wrote it—it might be a European record. And that's it. Five stars definitely.

**2. DUKE JORDAN.** *Solitude* (from *Duke's Delight*, Inner City). Jordan, piano; Duke Ellington, composer.

This is the well-known *Solitude* by Duke Ellington. What is not very obvious for me is that if the pianist is an old-timer, or middle-aged, or a young guy; the sound was not like an old album. It sounds like it's been done recently.

I like it, except on the solo I felt the left hand was too static. I don't mean he should have necessarily gone into stride, because the character of the tune maybe doesn't call for this. But he was playing almost half notes, with tenths and chords.

The lines of the solo were pretty good. Yes, very nice. The theme, the way he played it, was traditional harmonically. He didn't do anything new. I'll give it three and a half stars. It didn't sound like anybody I know.

Also, I think I would like it to swing a little more—not that it didn't. This probably came from the left hand, because the right hand lines were swinging. But the total swinging quality has to come from both hands. If you don't do stride, then do something else with the left hand. I don't think Art Tatum would have played it this way—he probably wouldn't have played stride, but he would have done something to make the left hand swing more.

The very few pianists who sound complete when they are playing solo . . . and even Bill Evans—no matter how poetic his solos are—sometimes it sounds like something is missing. And maybe he does this on purpose, playing the same voicing in the right hand like he would have a bass note there. So maybe what Bill is trying to say is for you to imagine the bass. But I don't think so. I think when you play solo piano you should sound complete and the listener shouldn't miss anything.

**3. JIMMIE ROWLES-STAN GETZ.** *The Peacocks* (from *The Peacocks*, Columbia). Rowles, piano; Getz, tenor sax.

Yeah, that was beautiful—the composition, the playing, the duo—especially the saxophone player. Fantastic saxophone player! I couldn't guess who it was, but it sounded like a crossover—something between Desmond and . . . the tone there was something of Desmond's approach. The breathing was like Stan Getz. The pianist also I couldn't guess.

Now in this case, the pianist when he was taking his solo, his left hand was also static. But he was not playing busy lines in the right hand. So it was like a ballad all the time. It didn't get in the way like the record before, when the right hand was doing one thing and the left hand was too poor to back what the right hand was doing. In this case it was great. And this key—B-flat minor—the pianist was utilizing the dark color of this key, going down very low, and playing chords pretty narrowly voiced down there, which very few pianists dare

to do. So he has incredible ears to hear those things and to make them sound good.

I would say four and a half because I love it, but I would reserve one half because again it seems it's a new album and it's a little bit too much of a traditional approach. I forgot to say that the bridge of this tune—and I don't know who wrote it, but it was a little bit like an Ellington tune—the bridge was marvelous. I never heard the tune before, but those chromatic lines in the bridge were incredible, especially the first time when they played the melody and the sax played the first two eights and the pianist took the bridge—he did chromatic, harmonic and melodic things that were unbelievable.

So that's maybe . . . I'm hesitant between four and a half and five. The half that I miss is a little bit more of a modern approach.

**4. GEORGE DUKE.** *Seeing You* (from  *Liberated Fantasies*, MPS). Duke, keyboards, composer, vocals.

That was a pretty nice, soft, funk-soul type of thing. Just by taking a wild guess, it might be George Duke. But if that was George, his personality as a keyboardist, composer and musician was not felt. I've heard very few things with him singing—he has a nice voice, a pretty voice.

The synthesizer made me think for a moment that it might not be George Duke, because the synthesizer of George is much more soulful than the few bars that I heard up in the high register, and then down. . . . The sound was pretty cold and didn't have the typical George Duke warmth and soulful sound. But the voice does sound a little bit like George's, as far as I know his singing.

If that was George, I wish that he would do more playing of the right stuff. So I couldn't give more than three stars. If we start judging from a jazz standpoint, maybe it's one or zero. But for pop, funk, jazz or whatever, it's three.

**5. FRANK STRAZZERI.** *Summer Rain* (from *Straz*, Catalyst). Strazzeri, piano.

When this thing started I felt like—and I'm far away from comparing myself with Miles, but—I felt like saying take it off. This melody is absolutely trivial, catchy, in quotes, for the market, and not having content of any depth whatsoever.

The electric Rhodes piano solo was stiff; nothing happening there. When I compare this to George, with his album before, George is all of a sudden right above it, because he was singing with some soul and the melody was a melody. It's very difficult to say what is a bad melody—for some people this kind of melody is probably far out; but I don't know what audience listens to this type of music, really. I would say a housewife type of audience.

One star is poor? Definitely.

**6. WEATHER REPORT.** *Birdland* (from *Heavy Weather*, Columbia). Joe Zawinul, keyboards, synthesizers, composer.

Here I would say five thousand stars! This is my favorite group, Weather Report, and this particular tune, *Birdland*, is one of my favorite tunes of the '70s. For me, this is one of the rare occasions when a tune becomes a hit and is still an art product. It's very rare. This particular tune I think is a classic because it is musical, masterful. . . . Besides the musical point, there's a message. There's so much vitality and joy in it and it's not cheap at all.

I would say Joe is a genius to have this idea to put these chromatic diminished chords, which is the cheapest thing that usually accordion players do at Bar Mitzvah gigs and things . . . he put it in the middle of the tune, which is the typical mark of a genius because all of a sudden it means something that you can't express with words. But it means everything.

And the clapping hands at the end, the singing of Jaco, the synthesizer work of Joe—everything is just superb. It just lifts you up—it makes your day. Usually if you hear it in the morning and you're in a bad mood, you go out on the street and you are joyful the whole day. Dr. Feelgood, definitely! ♪

# PROFILE

## CARMEN APPICE

BY HERB NOLAN

It's been said that Carmen Appice is the most famous unknown rock drummer in the world. It is a frustrating situation, but Appice ("rhymes" with apathy) understands a music world truth: the drummer is last on the list to become a star.

On the other hand, people who know their rock history know him well as the drummer with the innovative Vanilla Fudge during the late 1960s, later with Jeff Beck, Appice's own group Cactus, Mike Bloomfield's KGB Band, and now as the percussionist in Rod Stewart's new band.

With Stewart—superstar in the rock heavens—Appice has had more exposure and press than ever before. When newspapers review a Stewart show, Carmen Appice is almost certain to be mentioned; his presence is hard to ignore as he sits amidst 16 tom toms, two bass drums, a tympani, 54-inch gong, two Chinese gongs, an array of cymbals, a Syndrum percussion synthesizer, and of course a wah wah for the snare drum. But beyond that, Carmen Appice is also one of the more scholarly rock drummers in the business; not only is he a clinician for Ludwig but one of his books, *Realistic Rock*, is among the top five music books in worldwide sales.

"There are a lot of drummers in heavy rock who don't know what they're doing," said Appice. "That's one of the things I think I have over a lot of them, because I studied drums and I know exactly what I'm doing all the time. I can play licks and sit down and write them down fast."

Appice grew up in Brooklyn, and he went to the high school that is the television setting for *Welcome Back Kotter*. Before he reached high school, however, the drummer had already had about four years of private training in all the technical rudiments of percussion. "When I was in high school I majored in percussion; I was in the band, the orchestra, the jazz ensemble, the football marching band—I was in everything. I was head of the drum section because, among other things, I was the only one who could read drum music."

There was another form of music training—the streets. Appice and his friends would take over a street corner and sing with hand clap rhythm, or go into the subway where the tunnel echo was more appealing and get their soul sound down with three part harmonies and a lead singer.

"I think I'm a little more melodic than a lot of drummers because I also sing. I've been singin' in the subways of Brooklyn since I was 12. I try to keep my drums tuned so they have good harmony notes. I don't tune them to a C or D, I just tune them by ear, but the way I do it... like... on the front toms I can play *In The Mood*, and it's the same kind of tuning in the back where I can get different harmony notes from different tom toms. Tuning to a specific key is a little difficult, because if the band plays in another key and you hit a tom tom it's going to clash, so I tune my drums a little off, not to pure notes, because sound waves from the drums and, say, the guitar can also conflict—tuning is a very personalized thing."

Carmen Appice's interest in elaborate drum kits goes back to the days of Vanilla Fudge, when Ludwig built one of the first gigantic drum set-ups for him. It included 22 bass drums turned on their sides, becoming combination kettle drums and tom toms.

"In Vanilla Fudge we used to try to imitate a symphony orchestra with rock roots, and with that giant drum kit I used to kind of imitate a whole percussion section—I liked doing that actually. I get

42 □ down beat



HERB NOLAN

bored pretty easily so I'm always adding to the drum kit I've got.

"I've been lucky," Appice added. "Every band I've been with I've had to adjust my style; with the Fudge it was classical rock; Cactus was all out boogie rock, and BBA was progressive rock."

BBA was Jeff Beck, Tim Bogert, Fudge bassist, and Appice. "I'm the guy who started Jeff on his road to jazz rock. What do you think of that? When we were touring I carried around tapes of the Mahavishnu Orchestra and Billy Cobham's *Spectrum*. Jeff at the time was looking for something new, so I also played him some jazz rock things I'd recorded with friends in New York. We were in New York, I remember, and I took him to see Mahavishnu. He really hated it, but then Tim left and Jeff and I planned to do something along the lines of a Beck/Appice album. It never happened and Jeff ended up doing *Blow By Blow*."

Appice wasn't on that album but some of his material was, says the drummer bitterly.

"I've always been a jazz oriented drummer," said Appice who lists Philly Joe Jones, Elvin Jones and Tony Williams among his favorite drummers. "My new solo album (not yet released) has a lot of jazz rock stuff. I guess I would consider what I do more like rock jazz; it has more rock roots but jazz overtones. When I do my own thing, it's a combination of really heavy hard rock coupled with the kind of things Billy Cobham does. He does a lot of very intricate polyrhythmic things but he doesn't do it as loud as a rock drummer would. He goes more for speed while I will select a certain tempo where I can go fast but still have power behind it as well."

"Rod wants a heavy back beat and fills when needed. He likes very tasteful drums. In that band I use everything in the kit at one time or another, and there is a solo spot in the show where I use it all—including the wah wah."

Carmen Appice's world is one of big concerts like Madison Square Garden, big crowds and big sound. ("My drum kit wouldn't even fit on the stage at the Vanguard.") It is the kind of performing where a drummer needs his own monitors and a good man at the mixing board even to be able to hear himself.

"There's definitely room for subtleties," said the drummer, who acknowledges that he's lost the high end of his hearing after years of heavy rock drumming. "It's just that you have to learn to adjust to that kind of situation. I have this gigantic monitor system that the drums come through, so when the rest of the band is playing real loud I can keep the drums sounding good. When the band is playing softer they are turned down a little bit, which gives me the ability to do subtler things. It's sort of a combination of me and the monitor-mixer guy, but you do lose a little."

"My ultimate goal is to bring the drums back up front like Gene Krupa sort of did. I want to get to the point where you can do a record—a drum single—that won't be rinkydink but technically good, all-around drum music. When was the last time there was a drum single? Cozy Cole's *Topsy*, Sandy Nelson's *Teen Beat*. Once we get the right engineer, the right producer and the right song it can happen. I really thought that Cobham was right on the crest of that with the first *Spectrum* album. If he had taken that band out on the road he would have been gigantic now, not just as a drummer but as a name coming to town and playing for seven or 8000 people. He was right on the edge and something went wrong."

"This is what I want—to lead a band to the point of success where you can play for 7000 people. That's my ultimate goal in this world and I won't rest until I do it." **db**

## CHUCK DOMANICO

BY SAM Y. BRADLEY

Chuck Domanico arrived in Los Angeles in 1964 from Chicago with a dream: to make a living as a working musician. The 20-year-old bassist realized it might take time, that work might not come easily, and yet he knew L.A. was the place.

In a month, by chance, he subbed for Ray Neopolitan and on the gig met drummer John Guerin: a week later he met reedman Tom Scott at a Don Ellis rehearsal. The three soon became a unit, backing guitarist Howard Roberts at Donte's. They also recorded with Roger Kellaway and Victor Feldman.

Remarks Chuck, "It's the people you play with early in your career who determine your own musical growth. When their talents are exceptional each gig becomes a learning experience. At the time we first played together, Tom Scott was this incredibly young cat with a very mature and dimensional sound on his horns—I had to burp him after the gigs. In my career I've met very few drummers who complement the bass as fully as John Guerin does. A bassist is there to groove the other cats, to lift their spirits. Working with Tom and John I gained the confidence and exposure that a young player needs."

Since those early days, Domanico has established himself as one of Hollywood's busiest studio players. In addition, he has recorded and toured with jazz greats Oliver Nelson, Shelly Manne, Sarah Vaughan and Carmen McRae.

Chuck's own musical education began with trumpet lessons at the age of 11. He continued on until he discovered the bass during his senior year of high school.

"Having played an instrument as lyrical as the trumpet was a tremendous help when I began playing bass. I was able to understand and interpret the beauty and feeling of a melody. Great players like

Scott La Faro and Mingus—plus my idols Paul Chambers and Sam Jones—all contributed something important and lasting to the vocabulary of the instrument. These men made the bass sing, and have evolved its role while still providing its traditional function. The thing that's making today's music eclectic is the achievements of those men. I find the word 'influence' a little incomplete. It's really your respect and love of another master's technique which carries over into your own playing."



SAM Y. BRADLEY

When studio demands first brought Chuck into contact with the Fender bass, his initial reaction was to rebel. "I fought very strongly against doubling on Fender. I had worked for years to develop a personal sound on upright. I didn't feel a need to begin learning another instrument. I soon discovered something very important to any musician: you are who you are at all times, and the instrument is not as important as what you're striving to communicate. I still feel closer to the expressiveness and feeling of the upright, yet it's the musical context that dictates which instrument I'll play."

For his work on the acoustic bass Chuck has received the NARAS award for most valuable studio

player for the last three years. Last year he won the acoustic and electric categories. In discussing the rigors and rewards of studio playing he comments: "The musical environments and their challenges are new and different each day; that's why I find the work so exciting. I never know exactly what I'll be playing and that keeps me open and creative as a player. In a lot of studio work, money is the governing factor. That's the business—you learn to accept that and create within it. There are times when the music transcends all barriers, and the studio functions to preserve those moments."

In his work with the Roger Kellaway Cello Quartet, Chuck's playing bridges the idioms of classical and jazz. Kellaway, a pianist equally at home whether playing jazz, dixieland, or modern classics, assembled a group that features the playing of cellist Edgar Lustengarden.

"Roger's a very explorative and inventive composer whose writing for the group really brought my playing into another dimension. The textures he created with the cello and bass incorporated musical colors I had rarely dealt with outside a chamber context. With our percussionist Emil Richards on marimba, the group has a very rich sound spectrum from which to draw. I found myself playing bowed passages the likes of which I had only heard on works by such master composers as Mahler and Stravinsky."

Chuck's long lasting musical love-affair with Carmen McRae is represented on Carmen's *Great American Songbook* recording, on which she introduces Domanico as "my favorite bassist." "Carmen," says Chuck, "has been a very important person in my life. She's one of the most powerful women I've ever met. I feel that she's a great poetess, whose songs are all one-act plays, each portrayed in a unique and subtle manner."

Looking back on the dreams and goals that he had as a young player, Chuck feels "fulfilled far beyond what I had hoped for. I've been very fortunate in meeting the musicians I've met, and finding them so giving in terms of knowledge and inspiration. As a jazz musician I'm playing what I believe to be the most sensitive and flexible art form we have in America. I've gone to gigs feeling physically weak and have felt lifted by the regenerative powers of music. I've also found that being yourself and trusting your own instincts are where it's at. I'm not a very verbal person, yet through the bass I've found a vehicle to fully communicate my feelings."

# CAUGHT!

## STANLEY CLARKE

AUDITORIUM THEATER  
CHICAGO

**Personnel:** Clarke, electric; basses and acoustic bass; Mike Garson, keyboards; Bobby Malach, tenor & soprano saxophones, flute; Alfie Williams, saxophones, flute, woodwinds; Al Harrison and James Tinsley, various brass instruments; Darryl Brown, drums.

Ignore the fact that Stanley Clarke begins his show emerging from a cloud of artificial smoke to the soaring pop majesty of the music that opens and finishes his new album, *Modern Man*. He also disappears into another pool of white puff to the same regal sounds at the show's end.

Ignore the fact that occasionally Stanley and the band were so overamplified that the various musical components were overwhelmed by the volume. That sort of excess was unnecessary, because Louis Sullivan's Auditorium The-

ater is perhaps the most acoustically perfect space of its type ever built.

This was only the second concert in a two month tour for Clarke's traveling space ship which features a tight, well rehearsed eight-piece band that puts out a broad range of music during a two hour set. Clarke runs the gamut from fusion to bebop to classical. So if the sound got a little dense and Stanley wanted to spray himself with smoke, what the hell. The thrust of the show was to give people a lot of music—all kinds—without forgetting that entertainment is the game.

Stanley Clarke, who almost single handed has made the electric bass a pop superstar, indulges his audience with a good deal of familiar material from his records like *School Days*, *Lopsy Lu* and *Hot Fun*. But when he's got everybody's attention Clarke throws out something like an acoustic bass-trumpet duet of Charlie Parker's *Confirmation*. "I love it every time I do it," he says. There's also a point in the performances where the bassist sits down for an extended acoustic bass solo that

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encompasses many of the familiar Clarke bass licks. "That was fun," he tells the crowd.

Stanley Clarke's traveling band is an excellent and highly professional one which handles a number of complex arrangements—like Clarke's rendering of Chick Corea's *The Magician*—with ease. Despite the fact that Stanley Clarke is performing these days in something less an intimate surroundings, he is not afraid to arrange music for the band that involves the more subtle colors of flutes and bassoon.

Also at the front of this unit is the exceptionally fine guitarist Raymond Gomez, whose soaring electric guitar continually

challenges and spars with Clarke's rapid fire staccato electric bass flurries.

Throughout the diverse set, Stanley Clarke's stage personality is a kind of "Aw shucks, this is lots of fun." At unexpected moments when you think he should be lost in serious music concentration, he'll look up and smile out into the darkness.

Being one of the most successful young musicians around probably is a lot of fun

—herb nolan

Stanley Clarke will be featured in our July 13 issue in an article by Chuck Carman.



HERB NOLAN

Ray Gomez, Stanley Clarke, and a rather obscured Darryl Brown

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## ARCHIE SHEPP QUARTET

GRENDL'S LAIR  
PHILADELPHIA

**Personnel:** Shepp, tenor sax; Clifford Jarvis, drums; Art Matthews, piano; Cameron Brown, bass.

Those who have followed Archie Shepp since his initial rise to fame via association with John Coltrane in the mid-'60s, and Cecil Taylor before that, are never entirely sure what to expect from the tenorman in terms of presentation and an evening's program.

Tonight Shepp appeared sans African robes, hats and assorted bells, chimes and trinkets, offering a no-frills, four-square presentation of classic jazz improvisation at its finest. The leader is something of an enigma in jazz chronology, as his spectrum of influences appears on the surface to be totally diverse and unconnected. But Shepp's playing almost encompasses a miniature history of the jazz tenor saxophone, including the gusty, r&b elements of Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Ike Quebec and Illinois Jacquet, a bit of classic romanticism from Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins and Chu Berry, the utilization of Sonny Rollins' thematic improvisations, and Coltrane's sheets of sound. All this is combined in a singular, quite individual fashion—never mannered or stylized—and on this eve-

ning Shepp was forthright and hard-swinging.

Looking like a pin-striped Miles Davis of 1958, Shepp strode out and launched into Coltrane's multi-chorded *Giant Steps*, taken at an even quicker pace than usual, with an added, extended modal tag at the conclusion of each chorus. His long solo began with fragmented statements, gradually evolving into longer lines, and finally climaxing with assorted honks, grunts and saxophone harmonics. The only problem was the rhythm section, which was not in total sympathy with Shepp or each other. Bassist Cameron Brown kept up with the tempo simply by walking (there's not much else to do in a composition kicked off that fast), and pianist Art Matthews comped in a more traditional, patterned manner. Drummer Jarvis, long-time Shepp cohort and usually a fine player, seemed to have some difficulty with the time, and was apparently intent on breaking up the momentum by use of assorted bombs and fills. Though musically valid and within the sphere of the time signature, they only served to break up Shepp's evolving statements and compound the difficulty that *Giant Steps*' chord changes present.

Next was a medium tempo, untitled Monk-type ditty, and the band was much more relaxed. Shepp's solo, though on the surface seemingly "outside" of the simple harmonic structure, was perfectly in keeping with the mood, melody and chord foundation.

Billy Strayhorn's *Lush Life*, once a popular ballad feature for mentor Coltrane, gave the saxophonist a chance to demonstrate his big, lush tone, mainly on the out-of-tempo verse

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and first stanza. *Lush Life* is a rough tune for any musician to ably play. Shepp's performance of it was indicative of his musical schooling and theoretical knowledge—and also a very personal tribute to Coltrane.

After another up-tempo, one-change modal thing, the band went into a fast *Confirmation*, a Charlie Parker composition, certainly out of another era and one not expected to be played by Shepp. He ran through its challenging structure deftly, with a sly humor that too many players refuse to, or are unable to properly put to use.

Various music scene veterans, on top of things when Ornette Coleman and other modernists first began performing, like to spin yarns about how such-and-such a "way-out" player once came into a club and imitated Charlie Parker or Lester Young for a few hours, and this proved they could "play." Archie Shepp needs to prove nothing. But it is good to see someone with his stature, knowledge and sense of musical history set aside the flights of fancy and frills and stand up and swing with the best of them.

—bruce h. klauber

## ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO

PUBLIC THEATRE CABARET  
NEW YORK CITY

**Personnel:** Lester Bowie, trumpet; Joseph Jarman, reeds, flute, vibes, percussion; Roscoe Mitchell, reeds, flute; Malachi Favors, bass, percussion; Don Moye, drums, gongs, percussion.

The state of free jazz has certainly changed since I first started to check it out in 1969. I remember going to Studio Rivbea to hear a fine chamber group called the Melodic Artet and I was the only person in the audience. Other such disconcerting experiences made me fear that new music would forever be banished to the basements and lofts. But things are starting to seem more hopeful.

One of the most promising developments in N.Y.C. is the inauguration of a regular series of jazz concerts at the Public Theatre Cabaret. This cathedral sized room has a fine sound system, unobstructed sight lines, good food and a schedule of events that includes Jack DeJohnette's Directons, Oregon/Richie Beirach, Sam Rivers, Betty Carter, Anthony Braxton, and Mary Lou Williams. The impetus for this variegated showcase is Joseph Papp, the innovative theatrical impresario. He has made a commitment to subsidize what he calls "the music of our times." Using the opening week as a barometer, it seems that the Public Theatre Cabaret will be a shot in the arm for free jazz.

Fittingly, this new music forum was baptized by the iconoclastic Art Ensemble of Chicago. A single performance can't usually encompass their virtuostic eclecticism because this band is so unpredictable, but a sold-out Saturday night short-circuited my preconceptions. This set was basically a feature for percussionist Don Moye. The evening's ritual was initiated by the blowing of conch shells and the luminous sounds of different gongs. Roscoe Mitchell on flute and Lester Bowie on trumpet (attired in a brown vested suit and surgeon's white overcoat; a sardonic contrast to the African costumes of Moye, Malachi Favors and Joseph Jarman) offered spare ques-

tion and answer phrases, as Moye and Jarman set out on a long conga duet. Moye switched to an African mallet instrument while Favors performed a dance that alternated between the African tradition and a parody of a minstrel shuffle. It was funny, but also caused me to ponder the strange changes African people and their heritage were (are) put through in America. Nevertheless, my attention became extremely tentative and I longed for the Art Ensemble to stop diddling around and get down to business.

Favors eventually found his bass and played a slow descending figure, underscored by the hushed thunder of Moye's tom-tom and cymbal rolls and Jarman's light vibes. All at once Moye and Favors locked into an explosive African rhythm that brought everything into focus, as the three horns played a unison theme that suggested Sun Ra. Bowie took the theme out with his bluster, slashing brass humor: terse lyrical ideas were dissected and displaced by short staccato bursts, smeared blue notes, and alley cat half-valve growls. Bowie's section gave way to a galloping Moye drum solo that mixed hints of past themes with layer upon layer of polyrhythms.

Favors strutted back with a richly colored walking blues riff. Joseph Jarman's solo lovingly invoked the classical spirit of Ben Webster, as restrained breathy lines grew into arching overtones: Bowie engaged Jarman in an acrobatic dialog of melancholy lyricism and field hollers. Roscoe Mitchell, strangely detached and uninvolved this evening, added his soprano to the growing counterpoint as the rhythm double-clutched into an all-out free ensemble. Moye and Favors were an emotion-

al tsunami to the ecstatic audience, and they inspired Jarman, Bowie and Mitchell to launch polyphonic rockets of sound into the rafters. Higher and higher they rose, until Moye brought things down to earth with a gong roll fade out.

Sometimes the Art Ensemble's freedom can lead to amorphous indulgence, but generally they are childishly uninhibited, with a deeply moving reverence for the total scope of Great Black Music. Their humor and energy puts one through a lot of changes, which is certainly the mark of integrity in art. I'll be looking forward to their upcoming project for ECM Records.

—chip stern

## BOBBY LEWIS THE FOREFRONT LARRY NOVAK TRIO

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**Personnel:** Bobby Lewis, George Bean, Art Hoyle, Russ Iverson, Cy Touff, Gary Slavo, Ron Friedman, Thomas Wirtel, Eddie St. Peter, Art Linsner, trumpets; Larry Novak, piano; Steve Laspina, bass; Jerry Coleman, drums.

Many of Chicago's best trumpet players gathered on one stage with a rhythm section to premier Bobby Lewis' latest extended work, a three movement, 25-minute suite, *Trumpetry*. With 20 trumpets among them, ranging from piccolo to bass trumpet, they displayed strength not so much through brassy blare as

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Lewis, whose previous extended works include a history of the jazz trumpet section (which also was on this two and a half hour program) drew not only upon jazz uses of brass instruments, but also upon early classical music going back to the polyphonic chorales of Gabrieli. Despite the many sources, the work is Lewis' most original and successful extended piece to date. Never imitative, a wealth of ideas were well-developed and integrated into an exciting whole.

Melodic lines were occasionally passed around in a jazzish chase fashion and also in the overlapping style of a classical canon. Sometimes sounds would move across the stage as a line was played by a succession of musicians, and at the work's conclusion Lewis orchestrated a dialogue between groups of five trumpets each, patterned after a 16th Century brass choir.

Lewis' writing, despite frequent complexity, left room for solos: Art Hoyle singing on B-flat trumpet with the other brass providing punctuation beneath him; George Bean's piccolo trumpet crying out, cutting its way through the thick textures; Cy Touff's bass trumpet providing a gutsy groove and then engaging in some quick interplay, including one bar trading with Lewis on B-flat trumpet.

Under the direction of composer Rich Manners, who kept everyone tightly together through even the fastest passages, the dynamics of the trumpets would swell up and then ease down calmly. With occasional breaks in the trumpet writing filled in by Coleman, Laspina and Novak, the music successfully shifted moods and tempos. These three helped establish the different feel of the three parts: swinging blues, lyrical ballad and fast, tight fugue.

Except for a few flat notes in an early portion, the work was well played. And the acoustically excellent hall, used without amplification, gave the music a warm resonance.

The four of these trumpeters who comprise The Forefront—Lewis, Bean, Hoyle and Iverson, plus Laspina and Coleman—had opened the concert, performing five works.

The pieces included Miles Davis' *All Blues*, with Hoyle soloing while Bean played Gil Evans' fluttering notes and the other two trumpets played the tune's familiar counterpoint line; Manners' *Chorale*, with heavy use of alto trumpets which combined Gabrieli and funk; Art Lauer's coloristic *Peregrine* and Lewis' swinging *Once Around and Trumpet Section Suite*. The latter emphasizes cornets in its light and joyous first movement which was inspired by King Oliver and Louis Armstrong, then draws on Duke Ellington with some smooth and punchy trumpet work, mixing in some Krupa-like tom toms and Lewis playing a bright, sweet Harry James imitation. The swing gets more progressive in the next section and the work ends with some free playing, including a nod to Don Cherry.

Larry Novak's trio, in the concert's middle, briefly changed the atmosphere with warm piano treatments of standard ballads but then was joined by Cy Touff for a gutsy, driving *America*, and joined in turn by Gary Slavo for a relaxed swinging *The Song Is You*. Finally both trumpeters came together to play a relaxed version of *Straight No Chaser* which ended in some tight trading of four and then two bar phrases.

—jerry de muth

gether for a year. So bass guitar was hard to fit in. But Jack fit, and Tony asked him to join the group. He did and we stayed together another year and the music was phenomenal.

However, there were some bad things going down with Tony's management. I was being pressured to sign with them and I didn't like it. And then there was the way they were handling Lifetime. I think Lifetime could have been out there, especially with names like Tony Williams and Jack Bruce. I mean, at the time, nobody knew Larry and me. With Jack and Tony we had some weight. But they were sending us to high school gyms and ridiculously obscure dates. Just absurd. I didn't like the attitude they had towards Tony and the group and resented their pressure to sign me.

I talked to Miles about it because I was worried and he said, "John, if you want to make some money, go and see Nat Weiss." Those were his very words. He gave me his number so I called and went to see him. I had a very good rapport with Nat immediately. He said, "I'd like to manage you." And I said, "I'd really like you to manage me." So that was that. But there was a terrible scene with Tony's management. They were very abusive to me. And then there was this bad deal about the record.

**Berg: What bad deal?**

**McLaughlin:** The record that Lifetime was going to make of the music we'd been doing for about a year with Jack Bruce. Jack was singing and the material was very new. It was revolutionary and just incredible but there was such a bad scene going down between the management and the band that the recording never got made. It's a shame. That group was one of the greatest in the world. I mean I wouldn't have hung in for so long if I didn't believe it. Anyway, I finally had to leave because it was so weird and the album never happened. It's really tragic.

So I did some dates with Miles. We were talking one night and he said, "John, you have to form your own band." So I started thinking about it then, you know, seriously. I made an album called *My Goal's Beyond*, where I had the chance to meet Jerry Goodman and Billy Cobham. It wasn't exactly what you'd call a Mahavishnu context. What I wanted to do was make an acoustic record. On one side there was Charlie Haden, Badal Roy, Dave Liebman, Jerry, Billy, and me on acoustic guitar. We played two pieces. On the other side I played a lot of standard tunes that were almost like etudes for the guitar. I really like that album.

So the session gave me a chance to sound Jerry and Billy out about this new band that I had in mind. Later I was talking to Miroslav Vitous and he said, "Listen man, if you're looking for a piano player, call this guy in California who's with Sarah Vaughan. His name is Jan Hammer." And so I did. He was very far out, and as you can see, he's still rockin' and rollin'. But, he wouldn't play with me on my new album.

**Berg: Why not?**

**McLaughlin:** Because I'm too associated with jazz. It might taint his rock image. It sounds ironic, but it's absolutely true. It's a total absurdity because as soon as he puts his hand on the keyboard, you hear all that stuff coming out. But anyway, that's just in passing.

So the band, the Mahavishnu Orchestra, got together, and it took off, as they say. Became very big. But there was a lot of tension be-

cause I was a disciple of Sri Chinmoy. I have very definite ideas about development. Maybe they found it too hard, too demanding, but I demand as much from myself as I do from anybody. I don't know. Maybe the tension was there because I wasn't hanging out with the boys, as it were, and goofing off.

My life and music are serious. You know, I don't like to take myself *too* seriously because you become a parody. But music is serious and life is serious. This is just what I feel. One cannot live in one's own little world and ignore what's happening on the rest of the planet. It's serious to me.

It's also light. I mean, you've got to have humor everywhere, including music. But anyway, there was too much tension. It erupted, in part, because we were very successful. Having success is probably the most difficult thing. People got involved in their little things to the point where the attitude on stage was the opposite of what it should have been for making music.

**Berg:** Were people taking superstardom too seriously?

**McLaughlin:** I guess so. I've got nothing against ego because ego, that's *you*. It's a very complicated point. But let's say the other side of human nature, which is not the nicest side, started coming out. We all have our unpleasant sides, you know. It's nature. But music is about love. Musicians are talking about love really. So when the nastier side of human nature starts up, the music becomes negative.

The negative side can work only briefly. You can make some great music out of negativity, but only for a very limited time. So this thing started to happen and I realized that it was the opposite of what the music needed and what I needed. You can get angry on the stage and scream through your instrument which can be nice. It's very much needed for a lot of people, but you cannot just keep doing that. You have to have the other side as well, in any relationship. So I realized the love affair was over, and it was a shame. But there's no point in continuing something that you know to be wrong.

Then along came Mahavishnu Two, which was liked by many but not as liked probably by an even greater number. And I was getting more involved in Western classical music again. Cycles have a peculiar way of reoccurring as time goes by. I recorded *Apocalypse* with Michael Tilson Thomas and the London Symphony Orchestra, which was a marvelous experience. Then I had a group with a string quartet, and quite a few other pieces which over a period of a couple years got whittled down. I guess I was entering a different phase. It became necessary for me to play and solo in an extended way. And so finally the group was reduced to a quartet. But it still wasn't right. In the meantime Shakti was cooking underground.

Actually we had known each other for several years. During all this time I'd been studying vina at Wesleyan University. I was working with one of the resident teachers there and getting deeper and deeper into Indian music which is really the ultimate in extended soloing. It's quite similar to what John Coltrane did. Anyway, I was in Connecticut one day and met a percussionist who was playing with my vina teacher. That was in 1973. He was Shankar's uncle. So this percussionist said, "You must meet my nephew. He's a wonderful violinist." I said "I'd love to." So he brought Shankar around to my house and we just sat

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continued on page 48

down and played. We almost composed a piece right then and there. The rapport was incredible.

A similar thing had happened with Zakir Hussein. It was in 1971 when the original Mahavishnu Orchestra did a benefit concert at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in Los Angeles. Clive Davis, who was then president of Columbia Records, said I could name my own beneficiary. I said fine, so we did it for the Ali Akbar Khan School of Music in California. The next night we were up in San Francisco and Ali Akbar Khan invited me to dinner. I arrived with a guitar. Zakir, who is the son of the great Alla Rakha, arrived there with a tabla. So we sat down before dinner and played for Ali Akbar Khan. We'd never played together but we played this thing where the rhythm was a cycle of 7. It was unbelievable. There was a fantastic rapport with Zakir. He's a phenomenal musician, so quick and intelligent.

Later, when this happened with Shankar, I asked him if he knew Zakir, since the same thing had happened with the two of us. He said, "Of course I know him. He's a well known person." So I said we should really get together and just play because if what happens between myself and each of you happens between the two of you it's going to be incredible. So Raghavan, who is Shankar's uncle, came on mridangam, which is a south Indian drum. We made some studio music, one side of an LP which was supposed to come out on a double album. However, Columbia asked me not to do it. They said people will find it confusing. So we passed that up. Maybe it was a blessing in disguise because we put a live album out later which I thought was great.

Anyway, we started doing little underground concerts at churches, community centers, places like that. We did one thing on TV. Then we had a concert coming up out at South Hampton College. I had a premonition about it and called Columbia and said you've got to get an eight-track machine out there. I told them it was going to be a great concert. I just knew it. So they did. It was recorded but it sat on the shelf quite a while because I was making my final album with Mahavishnu which was *Inner Worlds*. After *Inner Worlds*, the group didn't have enough cohesion and I myself had other things on my mind since Shakti was becoming more important to me. So finally after making *Inner Worlds*, I said I have to go with Shakti, in spite of popular opinion.

So basically that's the story, except that in 1975 I had a disruption in my personal life. I'm not what you'd call an active disciple of Sri Chinmoy except that I have a very deep love for him. In fact I saw him three days ago. He had a meditation at the United Nations. As far as my feelings are concerned, I need the grace of God as much now as I did then, if not more. I continue to pray and meditate for direction and inspiration and strength. I guess the break was a matter of my assuming total responsibility for my own actions.

I got to the point where I was in such an artistic and spiritual upheaval that I had to sever every tie I had to everything. I didn't play for many months. It was almost a year. And then Shakti came out and met with a thunderous burst of indifference.

In part, I think the record companies fail to understand the overall situation. I think the listening public is grossly patronized and un-

derestimated. It's really an awful state of affairs. Shakti was handled in a commercial context like everything is in America, where the basic question is "Will it sell?" If it had been taken in an artistic context, which is the only relevant context you can take music in, the approach might have been, "Listen, we have something here that is original and is happening. We have to look at it from a different point of view." It's our responsibility if we care about music to make people aware of what this group is and what it's doing, instead of just trying to sell it like a rock band. In fact, the record companies fail to understand that people get tremendous enjoyment from discovering something that they didn't know before. Even if it's just about the rhythm, the way the rhythm is counted, they want to understand. People want to know what's happening. But they are consistently patronized.

Even down beat is tainted with this awful attitude. It's missing the entire point that the music is the music is the music. It doesn't matter what color you are or what you're playing. If you're playing music, that's the beautiful thing, that it's just music. But it should be available to anybody and helped on its way. With the media you get the contrary, you get suppression. There's a suppression that exists in the media that is compounded by the capitalistic attitude of record companies.

It doesn't have to be the way it is. Maybe I'm being a little hard, but I think I'm being pretty accurate. Anyway, there are some good people around and a company is only as good as its people. One man can change a whole magazine. One man could change a record company. One man can change a radio station. Two men can do miracles. And 100 men could change the world, if you know what I mean. But anyway, that's another story. Probably the same one, part of the same story, and the world needs it. God does the world need it.

**Berg:** Do these factors ever cause you to doubt your direction?

**McLaughlin:** To the contrary. It's not that Shakti has been rejected, rather that there's been just an overwhelming indifference. That appalls me. I'd rather be abused than be treated with indifference. I've been in groups that have been booed off stage because of the music I was playing. But I don't mind that, because that makes you aware of really where you are at in yourself and what you are doing, and you either stop what you're doing or it makes you stronger. To be criticized by a fool is the highest compliment anyway. So it helps you keep perspective.

**Berg:** What directions have evolved because of Shakti?

**McLaughlin:** The directions are articulated as accurately as possible on the records. I couldn't even speak about it except to say that Shakti, and my great love of Indian culture and music, helped me pursue my researches into the different aspects of the theoretical side. Also, I think I was very fortunate to have had some theory lessons from Ravi Shankar, and from other master players.

But over the years, especially over the last year, I've felt my own jazz roots bubbling inside of me. You can sense this in the last Shakti album. Not only that, Shankar, who is probably one of the most extraordinary violinists around, also has quite a desire for theoretical and practical knowledge of jazz music. In jazz music and Indian music you have one big common denominator and that's im-

provisation. In fact, when you listen to the modal approach of Coltrane and of Miles you're dealing with a scalar and a linear approach to music which is precisely like Indian music.

I've been teaching Shankar jazz harmony and ways of perceiving moving harmonic progressions, and he's been teaching me the theory and practice of melody and rhythm which are the essences of Indian music. Last summer all my roots came bubbling up inside me, so I was carrying around a tape machine with Coltrane and Miles. I just wanted to listen to Coltrane and Miles all the time. And Don Cherry too, who has made some wonderful albums.

So I had all this flying around inside my system. The time was right because my contract was running out with Columbia. They said, "We'd really like you to make some electric albums." And I said, "You know, this thing is happening in me that I'd really like to make some electric albums because the one thing with Shakti that I miss is the jazz element."

With harmonic progressions you need a keyboard or at least you need a moving bass. So I started writing music last summer and I finished it and I made this record just recently which I'm very, very happy about.

It was a chance for me to reacquire myself with a lot of old friends, and bring people like Tony Williams and Jack Bruce together with myself, which made me very happy. The way they play together is a delight. It had been to the point where it fell apart and nothing ever happened. So it's nice just to make good music with them again.

Another track is with Chick Corea, whom I've known since the day I arrived in America, and Jack DeJohnette whom I've known even longer, and Stanley Clarke. I also wrote a piece, in a sense, like the original Mahavishnu sound. Jan, you know, wouldn't play with me. But Jerry Goodman came in, and Billy Cobham came in, and it was great. It was kind of like the old wounds were healed. And I like that. There's too much misunderstanding that's perpetuated.

I also did a thing with Alphonso Johnson, Dave Sanborn, Patrice Rushen and Tony Smith. And there is something with Carlos Santana. The whole thing was very exciting for me because of the new music I'd been feeling coming out of me. And I was so fortunate to record it, and to have a company that was interested in it, too. In fact, they're more excited about this than anything I've done, which is an indication of what we've already spoken about.

**Berg:** Well, to me it sounds great.

**McLaughlin:** Thank you. I love it myself. Of course I see looming faults in it, but that's part of the deal.

**Berg:** I would imagine there was a lot of magical stuff going on because of the reunion itself.

**McLaughlin:** Yes, the atmosphere at every session was special. The one with Carlos is a simple kind of tune but perfect for the two of us together. We both share a lot of similar aspirations.

**Berg:** What will be happening tomorrow, next week, next year?

**McLaughlin:** Well, I have to go to Europe to take care of some family business, but I want to play electric guitar more. So I'm just looking around for musicians at the moment.

**Berg:** So there will be a band coming up?

**McLaughlin:** Yes there will.

**Berg:** And you'll be on the road?

**McLaughlin:** Yeah, that's where I belong. I've been on the road since I was 16. I don't intend to pull out now. 20 years! I'm 36 now. 20 years. . . .

**Berg:** The new album is called *Johnny McLaughlin, Electric Guitarist*. What's the story behind the title?

**McLaughlin:** Well, not that I was pushy, but I used to go around to all these places and say, "Mind if I sit in?" Since I was 15 I've been doing that. And that's how I ended up on the road. But I thought I'd go classy and have a little card made. So I did. It had "Telephone," nothing, because I had no telephone. And it had "Johnny." I was known as Johnny in those days, that's what my mother calls me. So it had "Johnny McLaughlin, Electric Guitarist," and the address underneath. That was it. My class-A card.

Anyway, last year I ran into two of my old friends who were part of the hard times that I mentioned when I was 14, 15, 16 years old. One of the guys had one of those cards. He had kept it all these years, and he said it would make a great album cover. Coupled with that is the fact that I am probably one of the least photographed children in the world. There's only one picture of me as a child, at 12 years old. So they want to put the card and picture on the cover.

**Berg:** Since your plans call for touring with an electric band, what is the future of Shakti? Will it still be a working group?

**McLaughlin:** I hope so. As I said before, we need enthusiasm for music. I would just like the audiences to be enthusiastic. Maybe I'm asking for too much. I would like people to be just as enthusiastic about the music that I'm doing, whether it's acoustic, electric, whatever. The fact that they're more enthusiastic about the electric album is something we've already gone over. As for Shakti, I want to share it with other people. It's too good to lose. If it's a minority of the audience, I don't care. It's important that people hear these musicians.

**Berg:** Exactly how does the audience affect the music?

**McLaughlin:** Audiences are important. If they come unconditioned, with no preconceived prejudices about how people look, what they wear, how they sit, and if they just love music, the music has the possibility of just transcending everybody and becoming itself. But it's not the whole thing. Like I said, I've played for people who have booed. But we just kept playing anyway because when you're on stage it's your turn. It's your turn to speak.

Some of the greatest playing can happen during rehearsals. It's happened to me. The music will suddenly explode with a lyrical beauty and power. Then the next day you have a concert and it's only got 50 per cent. Still great, but that's the nebulous nature of inspiration. You never know. You try to set up the situation physically and mentally. You try to get through the superficial stuff and get to the jewels inside of people. But that's something you can't ever count on. It's something that you continually work towards.

That's what I'm doing now. I haven't played a concert since last November, and I don't know when I will. But you just have to work every day, pray every day. Hopefully it will come together and we'll go on the road. And I hope people will get something out of it. I think they will. db

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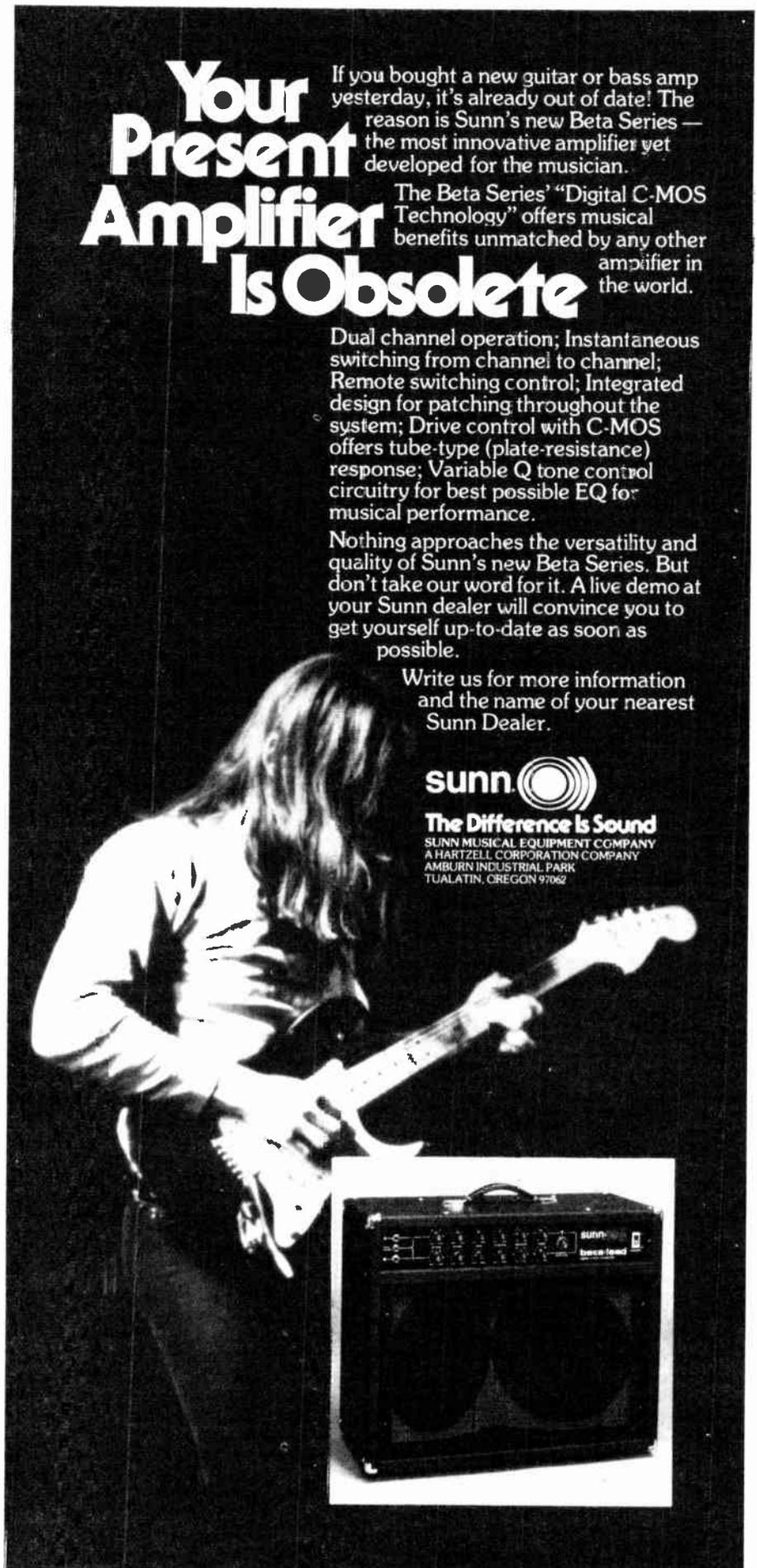
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Parker, Coltrane, Kenny Dorham, Clifford—those were my roots, and that's where I'm at. I think the more you open your mind the more relaxed you'll be, if that's what you want to do. I'm more relaxed because I'm willing to mix it up. Whereas before I couldn't go to sleep at night worrying if one of the cats was thinking, 'Damn, Freddie Hubbard got commercial, he ain't playing shit.'

"That's one of the good things Herbie did with V.S.O.P. He got that off my chest by showing people I could still play.

"Why is it," Hubbard wondered, "that we—Donald Byrd, Sonny Rollins, Herbie, have to switch? They have been incorporating jazz into commercials, on TV. Not much, no stretching out, just like eight bars, enough to get over, flash—it's something new, contemporary. But no, instead of doing that until people realize what it is . . . the band Chicago, you know, those cats are basically jazz players. They want to be doing what I'm doing, but the money—they want more money and they want to be popular. It's another trip. It's hard for a cat like myself to be out here knowing that I can play, and having had all this different experience with these different musicians, all these great guys—and I'm still right here!

"I'm not even worried about having a hit like I used to be. But you still got to be aware of the public, today. It all depends on what you want to do, how you want to live. I can't appreciate all these young people coming up to me talking about 'Why aren't you doing this?' They don't know nothing about the underlying circumstances that affect different people.

"It's the livelihood you choose. They don't know I have to pay alimony, that I want to ride around in a Mercedes, too, and have a nice home with a pool. I want to take vacations. The only way to do that is to make money. Now, how you gonna make money? I'm a musician. I'm not gonna take a day job if I can help it. Now, how do you do those things?

"Like Dizzy. I admire Dizzy. Even though he switched up and changed a couple times. He did other things; that makes you versatile. Miles got popular, I think, because he did *Porgy And Bess*, did some symphonic kinds of sounds, *Sketches Of Spain*, did commercial songs like *If I Were A Bell* and *Bye Bye Blackbird*. All that helps. Trane did *My Favorite Things* and all those ballads. Why not?"

Then Hubbard considers. "But the thing about it, see, they weren't confronted by this heavy rhythm trip.

"Well, this type of music doesn't bother me anymore. I realize that people are different in different situations, so now I'm trying to mix my music up so more people can understand it. And I don't feel bad or guilty about it anymore. I used to, because I was always concerned about being *the* contemporary trumpet player, trying to play hip and faster than anybody. Now I'm more into just my natural feelings, instead of trying to be the best all the time.

"Miles doesn't tour because he doesn't have to. A lot of guys have money, or an income. Maybe if I had blue chip stocks I wouldn't have to take off on the road like this. It's getting better—I took two months off to organize this group. I'd like to get to the point that I could take off six months, spend more time on writing extended pieces rather than just some shit I know is going to work.

50 □ down beat

"And these weird bookings. The routing is bad, it tires you out physically. I have to over-blow, I've got to work tomorrow—I really can't concentrate on it. But I'm almost in a position to do an Ornette, let people know what I'd really like to play. I'd like to do things with an orchestra. In fact, my next date will include some stuff that lends itself to playing with symphonies. I hear loose rhythm behind that. It's going to be hard, I know that, but what I think of about jazz is looseness.

"I don't think about a whole lot of written stuff. Written stuff is cool if I'm working with an orchestra. But that's why I let each guy in my band solo, because I want him to get *his* feeling in.

"I just want to be free and loose, and play just like I feel. Next year I want to start doing things with big groups, where I can lay out for a minute. But I have to write that stuff and it takes time. I can't be out on the road, doing these one-nighters. The lack of time makes writing extended compositions difficult. When I was off for two months I worked on the tune I did with V.S.O.P., *One Of A Kind*.

"I had to think about it. When I first did, I thought of Monk, you know the way he plays (Hubbard hums the theme) but then I thought the chords are flavored like Miles during the period they had that group together. It kind of lent itself to that period so I thought I'd better do that, name it for Miles."

A knock on the door called Freddie to the late set, so we finished our cognac and said goodbyes. I next saw Hubbard in the expectant atmosphere of the CBS recording studios. He wore a pumpkin colored suit—"California clothes," he quipped—and he joked he'd lost a pound for *down beat*. Though his sidemen weren't the all-stars he had mentioned before, they were an eminently respectable crew. Dale Oehler, an independent West Coast producer, was in charge. George Butler, executive producer of the CBS jazz line, was checking out the session.

"Too much bashing?" asked Oehler, a bearish, sleepy-eyed man with tousled hair, wearing jeans and a drawstring-necked sweatshirt.

"I don't think so," replied the elegantly attired Butler.

It was a fine session to watch. The rhythm section was something special, completely professional, ready to make good time from the count-off. Laws was ever so cool; Henderson, a longtime Hubbard collaborator, quietly planned his approach. Oehler, who's been responsible for the last four Bobby Hutcherson albums, a string of Carmen McRae records, the movie music for *Shaft In Africa*, and the TV theme to *Streets Of San Francisco*, helped explain and modify the charts and worried about the mix.

"These are going to be long sides," he cautioned the engineer. "Would computer mastering get more decibel units in the vinyl? Freddie wants it hot—the mix even more than the material. If Freddie hears that real compressed sound he'll be depressed." They didn't mention overdubbing anything but a part for guitarist Benson.

The only electrically modified instrument was Kenny Barron's Rhodes piano. There were at least ten mikes on DeJohnette's traps. Hubbard had both a flugelhorn and trumpet. Laws had an alto flute, piccolo and five

besides his flute. They started working on the title track, a bluesy lick penned by Bernard Agner.

"It's not a romp, like the one we got in the can yesterday," said Hubbard, referring to his own *Take It To The Ozone*, "but people can get behind it, it's simple. I think they'll remember it."

On his solo, Hubbard quotes from his tune *Straight Life* extensively, then shoots off flourishes of 16th notes that take unexpected and perfectly finessed curves. On another take, Hubbard asks DeJohnette to put down some "Chicago funk, South Side rhythms, like (Vernell) Fournier did for Ahmad Jamal."

"I got it," said the drummer, "but do I look like Fournier?"

DeJohnette opens Hubbard's *Theme For Kareem* with a rattling dribble that moves into straight-on bop.

"Yeah, Abdul-Jabbar is a friend of mine," said Freddie. "He wanted me to play the *Star Spangled Banner* on TV for the Lakers' game. When this comes out, I'll get season passes for the home games."

During a break, Hubbard spoke of getting an apartment in New York City to complement his California home. He has just returned from a swing through the southern college circuit, and he's happy with the experience.

"I'm gonna do more colleges," he asserted. "I like doing a clinic during the day and a concert at night. You don't have to deal in the context of all that booze. You get paid for the clinic as well as the concert.

"It's good to see these 18 and 19 year olds asking questions. And the questions are a little hipper now than they used to be, I guess because they're teaching about jazz now in the schools. But the students are still five years behind the times.

"David Baker is going to do the big band arrangements of my songs for the clinics. Musicians should take time to explain and relate music to the people." Excited about reaching this audience new to him, Hubbard talks on about his agent's attempts to get him on the *Tonight Show*.

"I can't get on Johnny Carson, and I know Doc Severinson," he grumps. "I don't know why it is—I know I play good enough. People think Doc's making those high notes, but I'll tell you something—it's Snooky Young. Doc's standing there with his arms spread when the camera goes to the band.

"Anyway, my hair looks neat now. For a while I had a reputation for pulling a Miles—I'd call off gigs at the last moment because I was laid up in L.A. and didn't want to leave home. But that started to get around and I don't do that anymore. I show up every place, and on time. Television would be a big break . . . I know I can rap with Carson. My agent is working on Merv Griffin, now."

The studio work continued for four days, and after one session Hubbard premiered his new young band at Avery Fisher Hall in Lincoln Center, sharing a bill with Ramsey Lewis. Later in the week, back in Chicago, I caught the trumpeter and his group at the Park West, the city's latest showcase nightclub.

While drummer Lenny White is introducing his "Space Pirates" show, Freddie entertains another gang of admirers backstage. It's St. Patrick's Day and he's bedecked in chlorophyll green. His band has been pared down; no guitar, no extra percussion—just Hubbard, reedman Hadley Caliman, keyboard player



Stuart Goldberg (of the final Mahavishnu Orchestra), a drummer and bassist Larry Klines, a holdover from his winter-fall touring group.

Hubbard charges into the spotlight amid cheering, coming on strong over a backbeat that intends to win the crowd right away. The show starts with disco-fusion-funk and Hubbard is jiving around, flipping a short towel like a waiter scattering flies, shaking his hips provocatively.

"Jazz is not a show," he had told me in New York. "Most people go to a night club to be entertained. Most jazz artists don't entertain."

Freddie is entertaining. He's brash with the audience, claims Irish descent, plays stock phrases, near misses and throwaway ideas. At one point, a brilliantly executed uptempo triplet modulation bursts from the trumpet bell and Hubbard does a double take—does he know what he played? Could he do it again? Or is he simply making sure we caught the significance of the impressive maneuver?

"This is my new direction," he announces, at least half in jest. "From now on I'm gonna play jazz," and he kicks off his dedication to Miles, *One Of A Kind*. This is the late show, it's probably well past midnight, and though after the funky stuff some listeners had stood applauding madly, now there's a drift towards the door.

On a 16 foot square screen above the stage, the Park West projects a video image of the soloist. Hubbard is filmed from above, and he's blown up squeezing the notes right into his microphone, dropping the trumpet from his lips to catch a bellyful of air, then forcing it out into his mouthpiece and through the horn again. The music is solid; his band is keeping up.

Goldberg, whose back is to the audience when he goes to work on the upright acoustic piano, is playing his best stuff of the evening. He's all over the keys, frantic but with direction, expanding on the theme abstractly but not wildly. Hubbard sneaks on a pair of outrageously large sunglasses and leans over the piano in mock awe, dropping his jaw. Then he sashays to stage-front, mugging and clowning while Goldberg plays his heart out.

The final tune of the set is a loose blues, using a line from *After Hours*. It seems that if there's anything the Park West patrons don't care to hear, it's a blues. All over the 750 seat club, tables are emptying. Maybe it's the hour. The blues is a mid-paced one, demanding committed playing. Hubbard and company give it a lot, though the outcome is ragged.

This doesn't matter to the hardcore Hubbard fans, who have stayed until the end. One crazed or well lubricated listener in the back of the room hollers as the group leaves the stage, "Freddie Hubbard! Freddie Hubbard! Freddie Hubbard! Freddie Hubbard!" on and on.

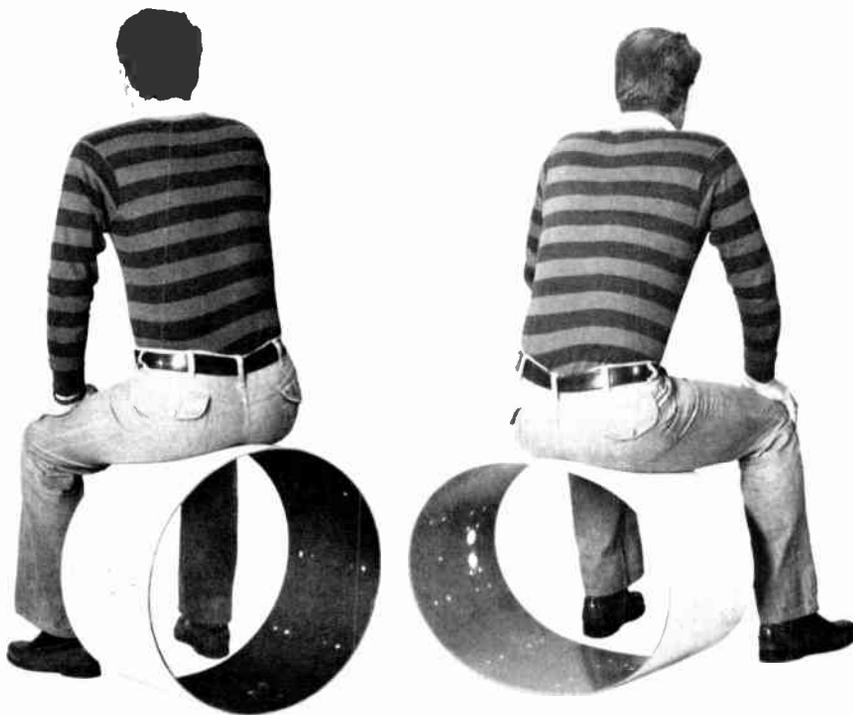
So the trumpeter tried to mix it up, and ended up with mixed results. It figures. There are those who listen with their ears, and those who hear with their bodies. There are musicians who play for parties, and those who perform at concerts. Perhaps an astute jazzman can cover all the bases, sell upwards of 200,000 records per release, please diehard followers and attract people who want to hear a comfortably familiar sound. One day a trumpet artist is going to capture the mass imagination, and it could be Hubbard. But to really solve his problems, Freddie Hubbard may have to make some hard choices, and, finally, please himself.

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golf course, or surfing, or just driving around, trying to forget business, and a phrase comes to mind.

**Shaw:** What was your original inspiration for taking up piano?

**Payne:** I took the piano due to male ego. A chick across the street where I grew up in Santa Barbara was taking piano lessons. I wanted to prove something. I wasn't a shut-in though—I was always into the sports thing. But my mother did play a little bit.

Eventually I got a great teacher, a lady named Ruth Newman. I played some pipe organ in church, and in school I took up both viola and percussion.

I had my first band at 15. I moved up to Santa Maria, California during tenth grade and played a little drums, too. Knocked around a while, then I joined Fraternity Of Man, and then Little Feat in 1969. Now, when I have the time, I'm called for some studio work. In the last three years, I've played on records by Carly Simon, Bonnie Raitt, Bonnie Bramlett and several others.

**Shaw:** As flexible as some of Little Feat's music is, do you find studio work a bring-down?

**Payne:** None of it's a drag; in fact it improves your accuracy. Most producers let me throw in a couple of things—but when it comes to the functional aspect, I can read. I have the ear.

**Shaw:** Favorite keyboard players?

**Payne:** I like works in the classics. Really like Bela Bartok, and especially Brahms. He has a concerto for two pianos that really has a huge sound. Guess I would have studied classical, but as a kid, my trip was baseball and surfing.

**Shaw:** Could you describe your onstage setup?

**Payne:** I'm not after the Rick Wakeman and Keith Emerson type of adulation. I want to be recognized as a contributing factor to records. For that reason, I'll vary my approaches according to the song. *Day At The Dog Races* requires stretching out, *Feats Don't Fail Me Now* needs repetitive ostinatos, and so forth. So what I need is a piano that will cover a whole different bunch of styles.

Right now, I'm using the Yamaha Electric Grand. It gives you a lot of freedom, but not without problems. I'm very much a fan of Yamaha, but it's not perfected. There is some difficulty in pedaling; a lot of notes will run together. For crisp, clean notes, you can't beat it, but the strings are so short that the tension is sometimes too great to get the pedals to react properly.

[At this point Paul Barrere, his sweaty neck wrapped by a towel like a prizefighter, came in, sat down and talked.]

**Shaw:** Touring more these days?

**Barrere:** We'll be on the road through June 8, doing 55 shows in 44 cities. It's crazy. We've gone through our developmental period, and I guess you might call this the rocket ship to stardom.

**Shaw:** Nearly a decade as a group, yet only now are your records beginning to sell in volume. Why has it taken so long?

**Barrere:** We really didn't tour enough to make the music available to a lot of ears. Plus the music was ahead of its time.

**Payne:** There are some conceptual differences between us and some other bands. There is a Latino feel to some of our stuff; our music covers so many bases. Our syncopation is not a common one.

52 □ down beat

**Shaw:** How does a percussionist help the creative process?

**Barrere:** Sam Clayton is like a musical cheerleader. Richie Hayward plays more than most drummers. So when you combine the two you get a good rhythmic blend. Plus, Sam's got a good bass voice.

**Shaw:** What do you think about some of your colleagues in rock who like to blast people out at 125 decibels?

**Barrere:** If a guy wants to deafen thousands of ears for 90 minutes, more power to him. It's all massive media push and hype, like Kiss. But it's not my type of music.

**Shaw:** Your background and preferences are obviously not in the area of excessive volume.

**Barrere:** Right, and as a matter of fact, guitar was not my first instrument. I played piano as a kid, but didn't get into guitar seriously until I was about 17. To anticipate a question: I'm from a musical family; my grandfather, George Barrere, was a flautist with the New York Philharmonic.

**Shaw:** Who are some of your favorite guitar players?

**Barrere:** Different guys from different fields. Mississippi John Hurt, John Lee Hooker, Gabor Szabo, Kenny Burrell, B. B. King, Al DiMeola, T-Bone Walker.

**Shaw:** Let's talk about your axes and setup.

**Barrere:** I've got a Music Man Sting Ray. This guitar is like a cross between a Stratocaster and Les Paul. It has that fat Les Paul growl, and the upper end of a Strat. I've got two of them, one regular, the other tuned open G for slide. For backup, I've got two Stratocasters. I also have several guitars at home: a Les Paul, a Martin acoustic, a 1948 Gibson Es-175, and a couple of old Fender Vibraluxes.

I've got a Music Man 135 watt 410 amp. I have Music Man monitors, heavy picks, Fender strings.

[Lowell George entered.]

**George:** Want to know what gets me off? For me, it's the music of people like Ornette Coleman, Albert Ayler, Sun Ra and Anthony Braxton. They take sound out of time and context, and still make it sound right.

**Shaw:** Did you listen to abstract jazz when you were growing up?

**George:** I was originally a flute player, hanging around beatnik joints. Used to play flutes to accompany poets. There would be the whole scene of beatniks, candles, people having ganja or wine, and some cat reading his poetry. And the music—one night Miles, the next night Lenny Bruce.

**Shaw:** Considering your tastes in this area, I must ask you about three people: the Buckleys, Lord and Tim, and Tom Waits.

**George:** Tom Waits is exceptional. He's one of the premier persons in music. He's one of the people I can identify with. Tim was overly wordy, but Lord Buckley was the most direct, using as few words as possible.

**Shaw:** Anything to say about your time with Zappa?

**George:** The fact that although most people think he is loony, he is in actuality a brilliantly efficient businessman. Sometimes with the Mothers it would be eight guys going berserk, but it would all be beautiful.

**Shaw:** Any other tastes besides jazz and Tom Waits?

**George:** I like third world music; I love to listen to South American harp music. I like calypso; Mighty Sparrow is the greatest songwriter there is. In the rock field, Steely Dan.

of his own compositions (some with shared credits) over an eight-album span. His writing is linear and non-traditional; his orchestrations, which generally evolve during real studio time, have become as integral to Weather Report's sound as the original compositions themselves. And Zawinul is orchestrating not only his own tunes, but every track on each album, in cooperation with the composer (on *Mr. Gone*, Shorter and Jaco Pastorius wrote two tunes apiece).

A man who isn't artificially humble about his abilities (though he laughs at himself quite regularly), Zawinul once proclaimed to me, "I ain't scared of Beethoven or nobody when it comes to composing. I wrote *Nubian Sundance* (from *Mysterious Traveller*) in ten minutes, and it's a smoker—every baseline, every statement was originally improvised.

"I rarely sit down and compose. I just turn on the tape recorder and play my instrument, and when a moment of inspiration comes I keep playing, and transcribe from the tape later on. You don't concentrate on one little element or another; just open up and let it all come through you. A modern man is one who is involved with many things, and everything that has happened in your life is already recorded in your brain. It's just a matter of hitting those little inputs, those switches, certain feelings."

Zawinul's method, roughly, is to improvise first, and then edit the transcription into a workable length. Then comes the translation into parts for saxophone, bass, etc.; the overdubs, substitutions, tempo alterations continue until the musical poem, so to speak, is finally completed. "The improvisation and the composition are usually the same thing. In concert we don't change the music from the records too often, although we're always sure to improvise something totally new each night, like an interlude, some free playing."

One of Zawinul's most complex early compositions is *Unknown Soldier* from *I Sing The Body Electric* (the second WR album). It's nearly symphonic in scope, an emotional evocation of bombardment and its aftermath.

"In 1945 my cousin and I buried two German soldiers who had been dead a long time, in very bad shape. One guy was rolled over by a tank. We opened their uniforms to break off their name tags, but on one of them there wasn't any tag. It's that same old concept of the unknown soldier. That's what I thought when I wrote this, with the prayers in there—it's partially a recall of that night I told you about, September 10, 1944, when Vienna was burning, people were crying, buried underneath the ruins."

On that same album, *The Second Sunday In August* celebrates a much happier time: "Every second Sunday in August we celebrated the harvest festival. In my village, right after church, everybody is dancing, partying in the restaurant, the bands are playing, people coming from other villages. And on a tall, straight tree there are baskets put up high full of fruit and money, and the kids climb up to get the basket. One of the best days in the year."

Many of Zawinul's compositions are festive, summery and populated with both instrumental and human voices, counter-melodies that paint pictures of holiday episodes teeming with life. Such a track is *Nubian Sundance* from *Mysterious Traveller*: "It was

originally a 22-page score written down from my improvisation. I had just moved to California, and my parents were visiting, so it was a good time to compose. The music isn't about Nubia, really—it's a wedding dance. You can hear the man's voice calling *Godinia*, and later on she calls him, *Accru*. And then you hear the people cheering and applauding, that's like a toast, a certain ritual. The moral of the story is that if you meet the right person in your life, you always know from the very beginning."

All through Weather Report's albums, Zawinul's music conjures up street scenes, marketplaces, families, gypsy-style celebrations. The atmosphere is at once sophisticated and down-home, but the music is undeniably cosmopolitan—a melting pot of sounds. "In many ways," Zawinul said, "Vienna has been a center for Europe, and Asia, too. Everybody was there, from Genghis Khan and Hannibal to the Turks, the Arabs, the Germans. . . . Many of the great musicians like Beethoven and Mozart lived there, and of course Mahler. Psychoanalysis was born there, many political ideas, a lot of great painters and philosophers. All this is part of my culture. I'm a stone Austrian, no doubt about it, but the Austrian heritage is a multiple heritage."

Prior to the new album, Zawinul's favorite is *Mysterious Traveller*, on which he wrote all or part of five tracks. A great deal more studio time was spent on this compared with previous Weather Report LPs, although one long track, *Jungle Book*, has as its core a verbatim piano improvisation Zawinul made at home. You can even hear his son crying in the background. Zawinul sang softly while he played, and later overdubbed guitar, organ and several percussion parts. Listening to this haunting elegy gives no hint as to its construction. The layers are subtly woven together.

Zawinul writes extremely complex charts, with melodies, variations, unexpected bridges—the element of surprise is paramount. And yet nearly every song has at least one or two amazingly catchy motifs, which seem to continually dive and resurface later on, in different clothes. Two examples are *Between The Thighs from Tale Spinnin'* and the title track of *Black Market*.

"I want to keep the music complex, but put enough of a hook in there to reach the people, without diluting anything. On the new album there are up to five different counterpoint lines at the same time, each with its own melody and direction from beginning to end. But they work together—in fact, it even sounds simple, it's easy to feel, but if you want to be an analytical musicologist there is a lot to check out."

This idea applies to *Birdland* from *Heavy Weather*, a track full of infectious rock 'n' roll energy and excitement. *Birdland* is deceptively simple—when Zawinul and his former engineer, Ron Malo, had to cut the tape in half for a 45 rpm single, the task was torturous.

Generally, *Heavy Weather* marked a shift towards a more smoothly finished, economically organized sound. For instance, on the ballad that Zawinul wrote for Shorter's tenor saxophone, *A Remark You Made*, the orchestrations cast a powerful, uncluttered spotlight on the stark beauty of Wayne's soloing. There isn't a stray or superfluous note.

Aside from a couple of ballad-like duets with Shorter (*Blackthorn Rose* and *Five Short Stories*), which were like cool breezes blowing across the hot, crowded landscapes of *Mysterious Traveller* and *Tale Spinnin'*,

## perspective

BY CHUCK BERG

### MATTHIAS WINCKELMANN

#### ENJA: The Album As Spontaneous Creation

If one were to pinpoint the most significant American contributions to world culture, movies and jazz would head the list. Europeans, unaffected by New World prejudices, and benefiting from the distance provided by the Atlantic, early on saw and heard the vitality possessed by these two uniquely American phenomena. The films of Griffith, for example, were avidly studied by Soviet filmmakers Sergei Eisenstein and Vsevolod Pudovkin. Mack Sennett became a hero for French surrealists and influenced the avant garde cinema of Fernand Leger and Hans Richter. In a similar vein, European composers were immediately taken with the syncopated rhythms and blue notes of jazz. Some of the earliest Third Stream fusions of classical and jazz include Claude Debussy's *Golliwog's Cake Walk* (1908), Igor Stravinsky's *Ragtime* (1922) and the "Shimmy" and "Ragtime" movements from Paul Hindemith's *Suite Für Klavier* (1922).

The European interest in American cultural modes continued through depression and wars both hot and cold. Today, with economic and artistic conglomerations now the norm, oscillations between things American and European accelerate and deepen at an almost daily rate. In fact, the contemporary cultural scene is largely a set of dynamic energies pulsing beyond arbitrary national borders and restrictive national interests. For filmmakers, coproductions drawing on the resources and talents of several countries are standard. For jazz producers, recording and promoting foreign artists is commonplace.

Among the newly formed internationally-minded jazz labels, ENJA has emerged as a particularly strong force. Since its inception in the early '70s, the Munich-based operation has devoted itself exclusively to the documentation of totally uncompromising artists. To date, its pan-national roster includes creators such as Pepper Adams, Dollar Brand, Bob Degan, Booker Ervin, Dave Friedman, Terumasa Hino, Albert Mangelsdorff, Manfred Schoof, Archie Shepp, Cecil Taylor, Charles Tolliver, Mal Waldron, Eberhard Weber and Yosuke Yamashita. A recent conversation with co-owner Matthias Winckelmann provided a clearer picture of ENJA's background and philosophy.

The highly articulate Winckelmann was born in Berlin on April 7, 1941. However, he grew up in Frankfurt. As a teenager, a developing interest in jazz led to private trumpet studies. "I also got a little experience on the instrument during my college days. But being in Frankfurt was very important because at the time it was Germany's jazz center. The clubs offered the opportunity to get to really know many musicians, people like Albert

Mangelsdorff, Attila Zoller, Oscar Pettiford, Kenny Clarke, and so on."

Winckelmann graduated from Munich University with a double major in economics and sociology. Soon, his academic areas of specialization and love of jazz combined. "Around 1970, I met my partner Horst Weber, with whom I run the label on a cooperative basis, and we decided to do something about the kind of jazz we liked. Horst had just returned from a several months stay in Japan and brought with him a lot of connections to Japanese musicians which eventually became an important part of ENJA.

"We did our first recording in the summer of 1971. It was a live date at the Domicile Jazz Club in Munich with the Mal Waldron trio. A little later, Mal signed exclusively with ENJA. In the spring of 1972, ENJA was officially established as a business. At first, seven to eight albums were produced each year. Now, we do 12 to 15 each year which is, I think, the optimum number.

"The basic approach to producing is shaped by my respect for the jazz musician's creativity. Therefore, I consider the producer's first task the setting up of recording situations which are as close to the musician's normal work conditions as possible so as to enable him to do exactly what he wants. This accounts for the very large proportion of 'live' performances recorded at either clubs or concerts. I have also recorded in situations where there is an audience in the studio. When you consider the album as a document of the artist's spontaneous creations, and when you realize the importance of interaction between artist and audience in jazz, this approach comes quite naturally.

"On the other hand, I dislike overdubbing techniques and too much editing. These are aspects of mass-produced popular music in which the finished product is ultimately of greater importance than the artist himself. From reasons like these come my other dislikes, rock-influenced music and electric jazz. They both tend to standardize a musician's language by taking away the elements of his personal expression.

"I should also add that ENJA does not aim to establish a specific kind of 'bag.' The only bag we have is strongly felt, personal music. This is, in my view, the feature which links Ben Webster with Cecil Taylor. In fact, a lot of the bebop greats have this commitment as do many of today's avant garde musicians. This is also true of Japanese artists like trumpeter Terumasa Hino, who now lives in New York, or Yosuke Yamashita from Tokyo.

"This approach to jazz, of course, presents problems as far as mass marketing is concerned. But then, a label like ENJA really isn't structured for the mass market. The listeners we produce for are a minority in the same way that jazz musicians are a minority. However, this minority should be entitled to a first-rate product. In Europe we take great care to provide the best pressings possible. And now, I think we have finally found an American distributor, Inner City, which is as concerned about quality as we are.

"Packaging is another important aspect. Our basic idea is to be quasi-documentary, to have a photo on the front and a transcription of an original composition from the album on the back. Also, there is something of an autograph in the composer's own hand. Because there are several European and Japanese artists on ENJA, I realize the importance of liner

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54  down beat

# HOW TO

## SIMPLIFY RHYTHM GUITAR PLAYING

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

**B**ecause it clearly marks the beat, a crisp and steady "chunk" from the guitar helps stabilize the rhythm section of any big band, as Freddie Green does on dozens of Basie recordings. To achieve this often-desirable effect, a rhythm guitarist need only put into practice the following few techniques:

### Keeping the beat steady

When a tempo feels uncomfortably fast, beat-keepers sometimes unconsciously slow down. Counting in the head at half-tempo while playing at full speed reduces that chance of dragging the beat. For example:

Guitar pulse:  $F^{\Delta}$   $E\phi^7$   $A^7$   $Dm^7$   $G^7$   $Gm^7$   $C^7$   
(p = 240)  $\frac{4}{4}$

Head pulse:  
(p = 120)  $\frac{2}{2}$

Conversely, when a tempo feels uncomfortably slow, beat-keepers sometimes speed up. Counting in at double-time reduces the chance of rushing:

Guitar pulse:  $F^{\Delta}$   $E\phi^7$   $A^7$   $Dm^7$   $G^7$   $Gm^7$   $C^7$   
(p = 60)  $\frac{4}{4}$

Head pulse:  
(p = 120)  $\frac{8}{8}$

### Keeping the beat crisp

Holding strings down between pick strokes detracts from rhythmic clarity—the sound becomes continuous rather than metronomic. Since the guitarist's left hand controls the duration of sound, a quick left-hand release of pressure adds crispness to the beat. That hand therefore should remain relaxed on the strings until the precise instant the right hand activates them, then should cut off the sound by releasing the pressure immediately after the right hand stroke.

The faster the tempo, the quicker should be the left-hand release. When the hands coordinate exactly, maximum precision of the beat will result.

This technique, because it avoids the continual isometrics caused by holding chords down, allows a guitarist to play for long periods without tiring the left hand.

### Keeping the dynamics balanced

Rhythm guitar played at the volume level required for soloing upsets dynamic unity within the rhythm section. Setting the amplifier volume at approximately the level produced by a high-quality carved-top acoustic guitar allows dynamic blend. Also, too much high content in amplifier tone thins the sound into a non-blendable biting condition, and too much low content muddies the tone. Again, the carved-top acoustic sound blends best in a rhythm section.

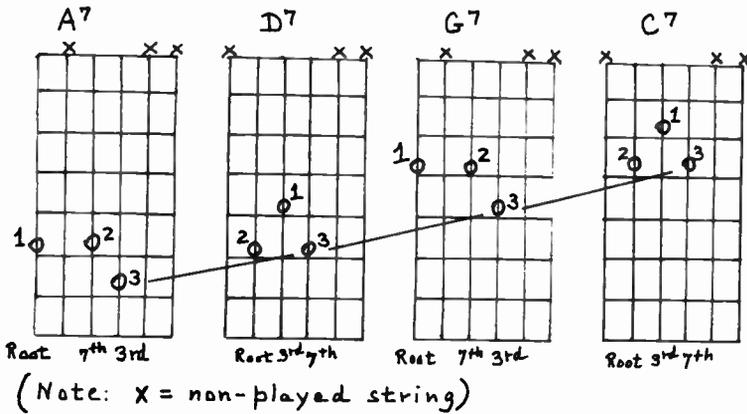
### Keeping peace with the pianist

When pianists take solos, their left hands often comp. Concurrent comping from a guitarist usually produces a jagged rhythmic effect which disrupts the clarity of the beat. Whenever the piano is comping, during a solo or not, a straight on-the-beat guitar rhythm will avoid rhythmic comping collisions. Many guitarists avoid the undue-interference-with-piano problem by laying out during piano solos.

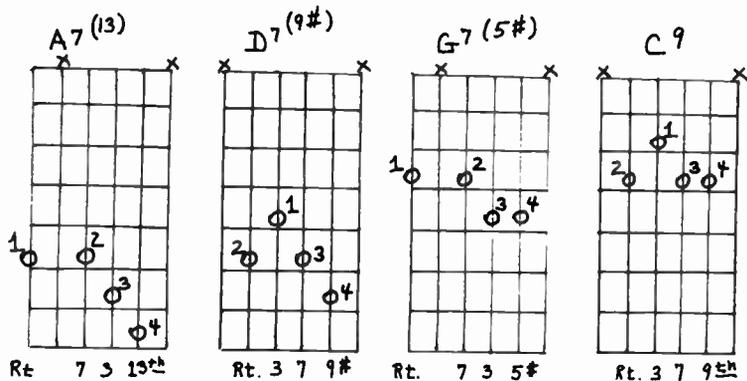
### Keeping the chords simple and the voice-leading smooth

Trying to play every note in every chord usually forces a guitarist to make awkward finger-changes or to slide position up and down the neck. When a complex chord appears in the guitar part, though, it generally duplicates harmony spread throughout other instruments in the band. There's no need, therefore, for a guitarist to sacrifice playing ease and concentration on the beat by trying to play complete complex chords—leaving out chord fifths, ninths, elevenths and thirteenths in no way hampers an effective beat from a guitarist. Actually, three-string chords (full triads and fifthless seventh chords) suffice harmonically and in addition allow smooth voice leading. For example, a series of such incomplete seventh chords along the cycle of fifths lets

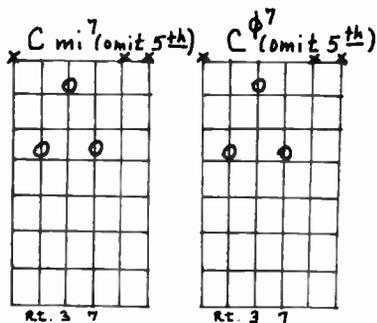
the third finger stay on the third string, thereby providing a guide for movement of the other fingers:



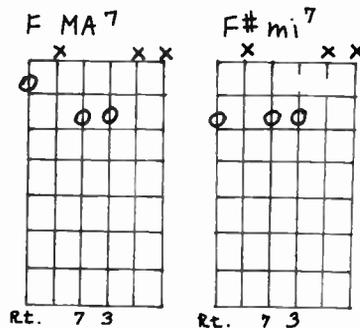
Even in more complex harmony, such finger-sliding results in left-hand ease:



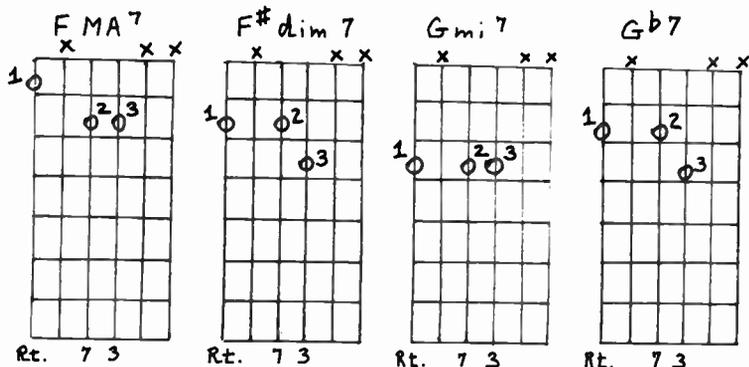
Fifteenth seventh chords sometimes allow one fingering to accommodate two different seventh-chord types:



Fifteenth seventh chords also sometimes allow a finger-shift of one fret on one string to change the chord:



Sometimes a series of chords can be fingered by such simple finger-shifts:



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June 15 □ 55

Zawinul has written all too few ballads. An exception is his moving tribute to his late, former boss, *Cannonball*. This was the first time Jaco Pastorius recorded with the band.

"I met Jaco in Miami after one of our concerts. He was talking with a certain confidence and with such a knowledge of what's going on, I figured there was a good chance he was really into something. Either he was an incredible musician or a fool. I gave him my address, he sent me some tapes and I was very impressed. I asked him to play on *Cannonball* because I was looking for that Florida sound."

In many ways, Zawinul's personal progress with Weather Report has kept exact pace with his acquisitions of and growing expertise with synthesizers. As of last year, his set-up, aside from the acoustic piano, consisted of two ARP 2600s, the Rhodes electric piano, and a 16-voice Oberheim Polyphonic synthesizer. One reason why Zawinul feels *Mr. Gone* may be his best album yet is his newest instrument, a synthesizer called "Prophet," invented by two Californians, Dave Smith and John Bowen.

The Prophet is half the size of the Oberheim, but has 40 programmable pre-sets. "It's a great ensemble instrument," Zawinul said. "The touch feels good, a lot of resistance. And the sounds are amazingly accurate. The trumpet sounds exactly like brass—on this album it's like I have a big, swinging orchestra.

"In many ways the synthesizer is the most natural instrument, because you can get almost any sound. On the Oberheim for instance, I can make any shape, any attack—a fast vibrato or a slow one. I can change pitch to a quartertone, change the octaves to have any kind of notes. And I make micro-scales, like a whole octave inside a third.

"Mostly, I have learned about synthesizers on my own, by trial and error. When I first got the Arp, Roger Powell was working for them and helped set it up for *Unknown Soldier*. Now, my keyboard man, Alan Howarth, comes up with many programs for me.

"But I am always experimenting on my own, and I discover some amazing things. For instance, the inverted scale that I play on *Black Market*. The C is the same, and the tritone which is F# is the same, but D becomes Bb, the Eb becomes an A, the E becomes an Ab, F becomes G, F# is the same, then G becomes F, Ab becomes an E, and so on. When you change keys and play it with the left hand, it's very difficult. But it changes the rhythmic and melodic feeling of the music, like a mirror image. It's almost like going into the fourth dimension, like being on both sides of that wall simultaneously."

Right now, Zawinul is able to play one of his Arps through the Prophet keyboard (separately or simultaneous with the Prophet); he also wants to be able to hook up the Oberheim Polyphonic through the Rhodes, which he plays with the left hand. "If I can overcome that problem, then I will be in serious good shape," he says. \* \* \* \*

Despite Weather Report's excellent critical reputation, and the band's worldwide popularity (crowds in Europe have been known to break down doors to sold-out concert halls), the albums haven't yet turned gold and Zawinul and Shorter don't have a superstar's income.

"This year might be the first time we actual-

For guitarists who might not yet know each type of fifthless seventh chord on the bottom strings, here is a fingering chart for the chord-types not yet shown:

All the fifthless seventh-chord forms on the lower strings will transfer to higher sets of strings by moving individual notes up one fret as they reach the second and the first string:

To practice keeping one or more fingers on one or more strings while shifting from one fifthless seventh chord to another, a guitarist should play the following progression (It fits *Here's That Rainy Day*), using the forms and fingerings shown in this article. By showing which string to put the root on, the circled number under each chord change indicates which form to use:

**PERSPECTIVE**

notes for the American releases since they provide basic information on artists who are otherwise unknown to the U.S. audience. So, in contrast to the European releases, there will be liner notes on the Inner City albums.

"The involvement of a record label with an artist should go further than recording. It should include an artist's total professional situation. For us that means that once we record an artist on ENJA, we will also try to expose him at festivals, concerts and clubs. A case in point is the Yosuke Yamashita trio. When we first brought them to Europe three years ago they were totally unknown and hard to book. Through carefully planned tours, largely the domain of my partner, we were able to establish a dedicated audience for them throughout Europe. When the music is as strong as theirs, all they need is exposure. Given a chance, such a group will convince almost any audience. I hope that eventually we will be able to repeat this procedure in the U.S.

"Another prime responsibility of a label is helping a young artist establish himself. This is where a producer might give suggestions to the young player about building his experience and reputation. Aside from recording their own groups, I would like to provide

chances for them to work with jazz heavies like Elvin Jones. I think a young artist stands to gain great experience when he must prove himself with somebody like Elvin. Since the 'sitting-in' days are unfortunately a thing of the past, the record labels should provide these opportunities."

As for the future, Winckelmann is emphatic about the roles of American musicians and acoustic jazz. "I'm convinced that the innovators in jazz will continue to come from the States. For instance, why is it that only New York drummers have that certain thing? It has something to do with the fact that they are mostly highly individualistic Afro-Americans living in an environment not exactly favorable to their needs. To keep up their artistic and personal integrity within an anonymous mass-culture, they have created their own style, their own approach.

"At the same time, I have a feeling that acoustical jazz is finally getting the kind of broad recognition in the States that it has had for such a long time in Europe and Japan. Jazz will gradually move away from its entertainment functions to a situation where the audience has the kind of receptiveness which does jazz more justice as an art form. That's why I feel that this is the right time for a label like ENJA to be fully exposed in the United States."

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## WINDING



time, D'Addario Half Round technology has been applied to the guitar to create D'Addario Half Round Guitar Strings.

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## GRINDING



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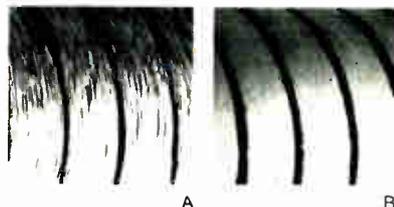


Photo A: A guitar string before buffing stage, enlarged 50x by microphotography. Photo B: A 50x microphotograph of the finished D'Addario Half Round Guitar String.

signing our own ultra modern equipment, so that every string gauge could be made to exact specifications.

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ly make a little profit from touring. Last year we sold out 90% of the European concerts, but we barely broke even with it.

"On the road, you pay the road manager, a production manager, guys to take care of the drums and keyboards, a sound engineer and monitor engineer, plus four musicians makes ten. There are hotel bills, salaries, per diem, and the air fares are expensive. Then we have a big semi truck for the equipment.

"The record company supports the tour right after the record comes out, but not if you make a second tour later on. You have to pay the manager and the lawyers—it's not easy. When we're off the road we're not earning either.

"We want to go all the way, and the band is still in the investment period. I'm not worrying, because I don't think I'm even close to reaching a peak as a musician. Each album is better than the last, and eventually we're going to sell eight or nine hundred thousand records. And it won't be because of a hit tune. It will be that the music is of consistent quality—the *band* is a hit.

"Now we're making something from the records. Before, all the royalties went into keeping the band together. But if I say I am broke, I mean I have no cash money, not that my mortgage isn't being paid. I'm not complaining at all. I'm luckier than most people—I'm having a moderate success doing what I want to do, and I'm very happy. I'm giving a lot to people and people are giving a lot to me."

Zawinul views *Mr. Gone* as a kind of sequel to *Mysterious Traveller*. "It's our most complex album but also the most accessible. The magic is happening all the way through—even the overdubs are magic. The music is happy, sunshine—I can't really describe it—it's like a Mediterranean feeling, not necessarily rich but a lot of fun."

Zawinul wrote four tracks. One, *Hi-life*, has a festival or carnival, outdoors feeling, very light and exhilarating. *And Then* is a ballad with a few lyrics written by Sam Guest. *The Pursuit Of The Woman In The Feathered Hat* is a sectional piece, according to Zawinul "deceptively simple-sounding at first." Then there is a cool, swinging, suave number with a walking bass line, and drums by Tony Williams (Steve Gadd plays on the other tracks), which this writer feels should be dubbed *The Cat Burglar* (David Niven in black threads scaling a condominium wall is the image that came to mind when Zawinul played the rough mix).

Wayne Shorter wrote two tunes, *Cigano* and *The Elders*. The first, according to Shorter, "Is something I wrote last August in Portugal. *Cigano* means gypsy. It's got a strong, driving rhythm but with special colorations, because Roberto Silva played it together with Gadd. Their styles are opposite, but put them together, and you say, 'Hey, these cats are related!'"

Shorter's other composition, *The Elders*, became a trio improvisation in the studio, with Jaco setting up what Wayne calls "a strumming mandolin-like rhythm—there are three independent melodies. Joe told me he thinks it's the most beautiful thing I've written since we started Weather Report."

Jaco's two compositions are *River People* and *Punk Jazz*, the latter, according to Zawinul, being a potential hit. "There are three or four others on the album that could

be hits, too. Man, I am a pop musician *and* a jazz musician. I think jazz is great because it is the music with the most spark, the most freshness. I think jazz is the pop music of the future. I just want to see the mediocrity gotten out of the business, to upgrade the standards. We will keep trying to make our albums and our performances better and better."

In the course of many conversations, Zawinul periodically went off on tangents that would end up on a philosophical epigram or bit of self-realization. I will conclude with a few of my favorites.

"Every time we go onstage, it's like going to war—not a hostile feeling, but like a battlefield. Inspiration and concentration every time up there. If you're tired and you don't play shit, then you'll *really* be tired; but if you try doubly hard to play, the tiredness is gone, you'll be in perfect shape for the party afterwards.

"Sometimes we improvise very little, because to improvise on what is already an improvisation can be dangerous. That's what



PHOTO RESERVE/BILL SOSIN

that idea means, 'you always solo and you never solo.' Every note is important. You don't have to blow your brains out every bar, but the accompaniment is just as important as the melody. When Wayne and I improvise together, the solo and accompaniment become the same thing . . . we are interweaving melodies and burning up the bandstand.

"I am a very undisciplined person. I'm not slacking either. I can't make myself get up at nine to practice every day. On the other hand, I can turn on the tape recorder and have enough from a couple of hours to have music for the next two days.

"You can't decide when and where inspiration will happen. You live a certain way and it comes to you. Place is important, but not essential, because wherever you are, you take yourself with you—you are your own space. If you're strong enough, you *make* your environment.

"After we finish an album, I go back and listen to it in the coldest way possible, like I don't like these guys who made the music. I don't try to move my body to it . . . and if it still convinces me after that, I know we got something.

"There are a couple of German words, *musiker* and *musikant*. *Musiker* is for one who is learning the music profession from an academic standpoint. And if he is gettin' there, eventually he can become a *musikant*—this one is a conglomeration of the knowledge of being a musician and the knowledge of being a human being.

"If you're playing music in Vienna and somebody talks about you and says that you are a *musikant*, then you are really something else."



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For guitarists, Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck, John Williams, George Benson and John Hall. There are many others.

**Shaw:** Many Little Feat fans like to call the group "funky." Does this define your music?

**George:** Well, funk is something you have in the bottom of your shoes. To me, you can't classify what we play; in essence our goal is to be as diverse as possible and cover as much territory as possible. Each of us has our own ideas and direction.

**Shaw:** Let's talk about the technical end of Lowell George.

**George:** I use a Fender Stratocaster, set up with flat round Fender jazz strings. Slide comes out very hot on it. Either I use a heavy pick or it is finger plucked. I've got digital delay and Howard Dumble amps.

**Shaw:** I understand you are working on a solo album. Could you tell us how it compares with the band's records?

**George:** I go all over the place. One piece is like le jazz hot, with tuba, piano, strings and clarinet. Another one's like mariachi music. And then there's a tune with a Ray Charles-type horn section. For each tune, it was different people, and I had a chance to investigate Jim Keltner, Chuck Rainey, Dean Parks and Jim Gordon.

[The next day, a limousine ride to Virginia provided time to talk to bassist Kenny Gradney and percussionist Sam Clayton.]

**Shaw:** Sam, how did your background lead to the Feat?

**Clayton:** Actually, I was more of a basketball player and was into music as a hobby. Got into some copy bands in Los Angeles with Kenny Gradney but was still concentrating on athletics. However, I ruptured my Achilles tendon playing ball, so when Kenny joined Little Feat and suggested to Lowell that they add a conga player, I was in.

**Shaw:** How could you characterize your role in Little Feat?

**Clayton:** I'm a rhythm man, a conga player as opposed to someone very complex like Airto. With Richie, when we play, we play. We've clicked from the very first day. I also play some traps too on a couple of songs we do—they definitely broaden my scope.

**Shaw:** Don't you do a good amount of studio work?

**Clayton:** I've helped out Valerie Carter, the Sanford-Townsend Band, and whenever I can, I tour with the Average White Band.

**Shaw:** Kenny, what are your thoughts on the role of the bass?

**Gradney:** The meat has to be fat; the foundation has got to be there. The bass is directly involved in the rhythmic structure.

**Shaw:** Who are your main men on bass these days?

**Gradney:** Chuck Rainey is a good friend of mine. He can really play rock. Jaco Pastorius plays it like a lead instrument. His phrasings are very quick, but I think Stanley Clarke's are quicker. I'd like to hear Jaco Pastorius play flat-out funk.

\* \* \* \*

Gradney need not listen to other bass players for the attributes detailed above—he's plenty proficient at funk, speed, etc. Together with Richie Hayward and Sam Clayton, they are the rhythmic anchors of an ensemble whose range, taste and tightness is unexcelled in rock. Little Feat is undoubtedly capable of many more giant steps. **db**

60 □ down beat

# CITY SCENE

## NEW YORK

**New York University** (Loeb Student Center): "Highlights In Jazz" presents Lionel Hampton's Salute to Swing (6/14).

**Norman's on New York's Left Bank:** New club; call Jazzline for lineup.

**Environ:** The best in loft jazz and new music; call (212) 964-5190.

**Creative Music Studio** (Woodstock, N.Y.): Enrollment for summer sessions, call (914) 338-7640.

**Sweet Basil:** Robin Kenyatta Quartet (5/30-6/3); Dom Salvador Quintet (6/4&5); Rashied Ali Quintet (6/6-10); Gerry Neiwood Quartet (6/11&12); David Amram Group (6/13-17).

**Jolly Fisherman** (Roslyn, L.I.): Michael Abbott w/ David Meer (Tue.-Thurs.).

**St. Regis Hotel** (King Cole Bar): John Bunch Quartet.

**Public Theatre** (Newman Theatre): New music; call 677-1750.

**Gulliver's** (West Paterson, N.J.): Call (201) 684-9589.

**Village Vanguard:** George Russell Big Band (thru 6/4); Zoot Sims (6/6-11).

**Bottom Line:** Yusuf Lateef (6/1-4); Marlana Shaw/Webster Lewis (6/6&7).

**Nassau Coliseum** (Uniondale, L.I.): Jefferson Starship (6/9).

**Westbury Music Fair** (Westbury, L.I.): Lou Rawls (5/30-6/4); Frankie Valli (6/6-11).

**Spot Light** (Emerson's, Paramus, N.J.): Reno Brooks, piano (Wed. & Thurs.); for full details call (201) 843-8050.

**Ladies Fort:** Call (212) 475-9357.

**The Other End:** Jim Dawson (6/1-3); Dave Van Ronk, Steve Forbert, George Thorogood and the Destroyers (in June).

**Constellation:** Jazz on Sundays; call (212) 541-7425.

**Cookery:** Alberta Hunter.

**Manny's** (Moonachie, N.J.): Morris Nanton Trio (Wed.).

**Pied Piper** (Greenwich, Conn.): Gary Wolfsey's Trumpet Band (Fri.).

**Blue Hawaii:** Call (212) 260-7690.

**Wallace's** (Orange, N.J.): Mack Goldsberry Jazz Explosion (every other Mon.).

**Mickey's Comet Restaurant** (Hillside, N.J.): Mack Goldsberry Jazz Explosion (Thurs.).

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**Avery Fisher Hall:** Lonnie Liston Smith (6/3).

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**Motivations:** Call (212) 226-2108.

**St. Peter's Church:** Jazz Vespers (Sun. 5 pm).

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**Jazzline:** (212) 421-3592.

## CHICAGO

**Rick's Cafe American:** Joe Venuti (5/30-6/10); Roy Eldridge (6/13-6/24); Barney Kessel and Herb Ellis (6/27-7/8); Sy Oliver Orchestra (7/11-7/22); call 943-9200.

**Jazz Showcase:** Dexter Gordon (6/7-11); Jimmy Smith (6/14-18); Ray Brown and the L.A. Four (6/21-29); Roy Haynes' Hip Ensemble (6/30-7/2); in July: Art Pepper; Jay McShann with Claude Williams and Buddy Tate; matinee shows most Sundays 3-6 pm—fans of all ages encouraged to attend; call 337-1000 for details.

**Wise Fools Pub:** Mighty Joe Young Blues Band (thru 6/3); Son Seals (6/7-10); Return Of The Kalif (6/14-17); Koko Taylor and her Blues Machine (6/21-24); Jimmy Johnson Blues Band (6/28-7/1); Roger Pemberton Big Band (Mondays); call 929-1510.

**Quiet Knight:** Phil Woods (6/2-4); Stefan Grossman (6/5); Doc Watson (7/9); call 348-7100 for up-to-date info.

**Park West:** Flora Purim (6/16); Leon Redbone (7/7).

**Chicago Stadium:** Ted Nugent (6/13 & 14).

**Biddy Mulligan's:** Bob Riedy Blues Band (6/1-4); Little Jimmy Valentine and the Heart Murders (6/7-10); Eddy Clearwater (6/14-17); Eddie Shaw and the Wolf Gang (6/21-24); open blues jam Sundays with Bob Riedy's band; call 761-6532.

**Redford's:** Jazz nightly; call 549-1250.

**Colette's:** Jazz regularly; call 477-5022.

**Kingston Mines:** Blues every night; call 525-6860.

**Birdhouse:** Jazz Fri.-Sun.; call 878-2050.

**Ivanhoe:** Name rock and some jazz; call 348-4060.

**Orphan's:** Jazz and other music regularly; Joe Daley Quorum (Mon.); call 929-2677.

**Amazingrace:** McCoy Tyner (6/2-5); Bryan Bowers, autoharp (6/9-11); Gary Burton (6/16-19); Tom Rush (6/23 & 24); Emmett Chapman, playing stick (6/25); Pat Metheny (6/30-7/2); call FAT-CITY for further info.

**WBEZ** (91.5 FM): "Jazz Forum" 9 pm-midnight

(Mon.-Thurs.); 9 pm-1 am (Fri. & Sat.); noon-4 (Sat.); 1-4 pm (Sun.); "Jazz Alive" 7:30-9 pm Sat. and 7-30 Wed.: *Betty Carter* and the *John Hicks Trio* (6/3); *Eubie Blake/New Leviathan/Bob Greene* (6/10); *Don Ellis* and the *OSU Jazz Ensemble* (6/17); *Charles Mingus Quintet* (6/23); *Oscar Peterson* and friends (6/30).

**WXFM** (106 FM): "Nite Jazz" Mon.-Fri., 9-1 am.  
**Chicago Blues Line:** (312) 248-0572.  
**Jazz Institute Hotline:** (312) 421-6394.

## LOS ANGELES

**Concerts By The Sea** (Redondo Beach): *Eddie Harris* (5/23-6/11); *Carmen McRae* (6/13-18); *Hank Crawford* (6/20-7/2); *Esther Phillips* (7/11-16); for info call 379-4998.

**Lighthouse** (Hermosa Beach): Name jazz regularly; call 372-6911.

**Pasquale's** (Malibu): *Pat Senatore Trio* nightly except Mondays; Sun. aft. jams, 4 pm; call 456-2007.

**Century City Playhouse** (10508 W. Pico): New music regularly; call 475-8388.

**Baked Potato:** *Frank Rosolino Quintet* (Sun.); *Greg Mathieson & Larry Carlton* (Mon.); *Bill Mays & Ernie Watts* (Tue.); *Don Randi* (Wed.-Sat.); *Plas Johnson, Ray Pizzi, Lee Ritenour* being scheduled; call 980-1615 for info.

**Montebello Inn** (Montebello): *Larry Cronin Trio* (Tue.); call 722-2927.

**Jimmy Smith's Supper Club:** *Jimmy Smith* (Thurs.-Sun.); for further info call 760-1444.

**Rudy's Pasta House** (E. L.A.): Name jazz regularly; for specifics call 721-1234.

**Sound Room:** Jazz regulars include *Dave Mackay, Bill Henderson, Dave Frishberg, Ruth*

*Price*, others; for info call 761-3555.

**Onaje's Tea Room** (1414 S. Redondo Blvd., near Pico & Redondo): New music regularly; for specifics call 937-9625.

**Calabazas Cabaret:** Jazz, jazz/rock; for info call 340-9395.

**Cellar Theatre:** *Les DeMerle Transfusion w/Eddie Harris* (Mon.); guest regulars include *Dave Liebman & Richie Cole* (Sun.); for further info call 487-0419.

**Hong Kong Bar** (Century City): Regular jazz; call 277-2000.

**Cafe Concert** (Tarzana): Local & name jazz regularly; call 996-6620.

**Donte's:** Name jazz; call 769-1566.

**Parisian Room:** *Art Blakey, Earl Hines, Carmen McRae*, etc.; for schedules, call 936-0678.

**White House** (10303 W. Pico): Jazz; call 553-9625.

**White House** (Laguna Beach): Name jazz weekly; call (714) 494-8088.

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**The Upstream:** Jazz weekends; call 421-6002 for details.

**The Bernard Pub:** Jazz and other music nightly; call 776-5708 for details.

**H. Brown's:** Jazz and other music nightly; call 533-5556 for details.

**Ell Burk's:** Jazz (Thurs.-Sat.); call 721-6285 for details.

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**Mississippi Nights:** Name national acts, regional bands; call 421-3853 for details.

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**WMRY** (101.1 FM): Jazz nightly with Leo Chears.

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**Sands:** *Doc Severinsen/Lola Falana* (6/28-7/18); *Dionne Warwick* (7/19-8/8); *Bob Sims Trio* (lounge).

**Harrah's Tahoe:** *The Checkmates* (to 6/2).

**Blue Heaven:** Jazz jams (weekends).

**Library Buttery:** *Jerry Harrison*.

**Penthouse:** *Peer Marini Trio* (Mon.-Fri.).

**Peyton Place:** *Tony Celeste Big Band* (Sat.).

**KCEP** (88.1 FM): Dr. Jazz (6-10 am).

**Jody's Lounge:** Jazz Jam (Sun., 4 pm).

## KANSAS CITY

**Jazz Hoot Lounge** (Joplin): *Bob Macy Quintet* (Mon.-Sat.).

**Free Concerts-in-the-Park:** *Gary Burton Quartet* (5/28); *Leo Kottke* (6/4); *Pat Metheny Quartet* (6/11); *Stan Getz* (6/25).

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- Vol 2 \$18.  Modern Contrapuntal Tech. \$7.
- Modern Arranging \$15  Modern 12 Tone Tech. \$4.
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(11 am-2 pm).

**New Mill Lounge** (Independence): John Lyman Quartet (Sat. 2:30-5:30 pm).

**Eddy's South:** Greg Meise Trio (Mon.-Sat.).

**Jeremiah Tuttle:** Pete Eye Trio (Mon.-Sat.).

**Alameda Plaza Roof:** Frank Smith Trio (Mon.-Sat.).

**LaCarrousel** (Muehlebach): Mayer/Robinson Quintet (Fri. & Sat. 10-1 pm).

**Boardwalk** (Seville Square): Danny Embrey Trio (Sun. 6-10 pm).

**Mark IV:** Jazz nightly; call 444-0303 for further information.

**Crown Center Hotel** (Signboard): Jam sessions with John Lyman Quartet (Fri. & Mon. 4:30-7:30 pm).

**Fox Trap Lounge:** Jam sessions (Sat. 3:30-6:30 pm).

**The Levee:** Dry Jack (every Wed.).

## BUFFALO

**Traffamadore Cafe:** Jazz every Wed.-Sun.; Spyro Gyra (6/1-4); Steve Kuhn (6/9 & 10); Jeff Thazyko Quintet (6/16 & 17); Louis Hayes, Sam Jones, McCoy Tyner scheduled for late June; call 836-9678 for details.

**North West Community Center:** Ongoing jazz workshops; Professional Arts Symposium (Tue., 12-3 pm); Music workshop for guitars and horns (Wed. 2-4 pm); Educational workshop and clinic (Thurs. 4-7 pm); Instrumental workshop for strings, horns and percussion (Sat. 1 pm); call 876-8108 for registration.

**Jafco Marina:** Jafco Marina Jazz Festival featuring the University of Buffalo Jazz Ensemble (6/11, 2-5 pm on the dock).

**Little White House:** Wally Getterman Trio (Wed.-Fri.).

**Anchor Bar:** Johnny Gibson Trio (Fri.-Sun.).

**Ontario House** (Niagara Falls, N.Y.): Gary Keller Quartet (Fri. & Sat.).

**Circus Bar:** Gentry (Sun.); Turtle Island (Mon.); Footloose (Wed.).

**Bagatelle:** Brancato-Norris Trio (Fri. & Sat.).

**Central Park Grill:** Jazz jam session led by James Clark and Duffy Fornes (Mon.); Tender Buttons (Tue.).

**Capricorn III:** Herb Griffin Quartet every Sun.

**WBFO** (88.7 FM): Jazz 2-5 pm and 11 pm-3 am, Mon.-Fri.; 11 pm Fri.-noon Sat.; midnight Sat.-6 am Sun.; noon-2 Sun.; 11 pm Sun.-8 am Mon.; "Jazz Alive" every Thurs. at 9:30, with acts including Betty Carter and the John Hicks Trio/The Mark Levine Ensemble (6/1); Eubie Blake, New Leviathan, Bob Greene (6/8); Don Ellis and OSU Jazz Ensemble, John Lewis (6/15); The Charles Mingus Quintet, Ed Blackwell, Sources (6/22); Oscar Peterson & Friends, Ray Bryant, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Carter (6/29); all are broadcast Thurs. 9:30 pm on WBFO.

**WEBR** (970 AM): 8:05 pm-1 am every night.

**WBLK** (94 FM): Sat. 11 pm-1 am.

**Buffalo Jazz Report:** Free publication of jazz events, record reviews, etc., available in record stores, stereo shops, night clubs all over western New York and southern Ontario.

## SAN DIEGO

**San Diego Stadium:** KOOL Jazz Fest w/ Al Jarreau; Duke Ellington Orchestra; Maze; soul artists (6/2&3).

**Albatross:** Nova (Tue.-Sat.).

**Jose Murphy's:** Joe Marillo Quintet (Sun. afternoon).

**Catamaran:** Eddie Harris (5/16-21); Gabor Szabo (5/23-28); Roy Ayers (5/30-6/4).

**Islands:** Travelers (Tue.-Sat.).

**Convention Center:** Elvis Costello/Nick Lowe (5/31); Jerry Lee Lewis (6/30).

**Over Easy:** Focal Point (Tue.) Reverend Ken & The Lost Followers (Wed.).

**Chuck's Steak House** (La Jolla): Joe Marillo Quintet plus Charles McPherson (Mon.-Thurs.);

Butch Lacy with Hollis Gentry (Fri.-Sun.).

**Crossroads:** Ted Picou Group (Fri.-Sun.); Keeper of the Flame (Sun.).

**The Galley:** Dance of the Universe (Thurs.-Sat.).

**Le Chalet:** Bruce Cameron Group (Sun.-Tue., afternoons).

**The Gavel:** Jeff Rew/Butch Lacy (Mon.-Wed.).

**One Thousand Club:** Zzaj (Thurs.-Sat.).

**KSDS FM:** Jazz till midnight.

**Ivanhoe:** Dick Braun Big Band (Fri.-Sun.).

**UCSD:** Cecil Lytle's Gospel Choir (5/28); Jazz Ensemble (6/4); Atomic Cafe (6/6).

## MIAMI

**Jazz At The Airliner:** Billy Marcus Quintet (Tue.-Sat.); Alice Day (Sun.); Don Goldie (Mon.); call 871-2611.

**The Alley:** Frank Hubbell and the Stompers (Sun. 6-9 pm); call 448-4880.

**Village Inn:** Carmen Lundy and Amber (Tue.-Sun.); call 445-8721.

**Monty Trainer's Bayshore Inn:** Joe Roland Duo (Tue.-Sun.); call 858-1431.

**Les Jardins:** Joe Donato and Mike Gillis (Mon.-Sat.); call 871-3430.

**Unitarian Church:** Ira Sullivan and Friends (Mon.); call 667-3697.

**Gypsy's Pub:** Jeff Palmer and Dave Rudolph (Tue.-Sun.); call 264-4661.

**Sheraton River House:** Don Goldie (Sun. 12-3 pm); call 871-3000.

**Bubba's** (Fl. Lauderdale): Ira Sullivan/Eddie Higgins Quartet (Tues.-Sun.).

**Beowulf** (Pompano Beach): Flip Phillips Quartet (Tue.-Sun.).

**Village Lounge** (Lake Buena Vista): Guest stars with house rhythm section: Benny Carter (5/29-6/10); Harry Edison (6/12-6/24); Zoot Sims (6/26-7/8); Teddy Wilson (7/10-7/22); (Mon.-Sat.).

## CLEVELAND

**The Theatrical:** Jonah Jones (6/5-24); Cozy Cole All-Stars, with Sam Finger (6/26-7/8); Glen Covington Trio (7/10-15); Hank Kahout (house pianist, nightly).

**Tramps:** Spectrum, with Mona and Jimmy Hoare, and Earl Neale Creque (Sun. afternoons).

**Ground Round** (Parma): Kathleen Cheers and the Laid Back Jazz Trio (Thurs. 8-midnight, Fri. & Sat. 9 to 1 am).

**Firehouse at Park Centre:** Ray Ferris and N.Y. Stock Exchange (Fri. & Sat. nights).

**Hemming-Hulbert Booksellers** (Beachwood): Mark Gridley-Fred Sharp Duo (every other Wed.); call 831-8572 for details.

**The Agora New World of Jazz:** National jazz acts intermittently on Tuesdays; call 696-8333 for details.

**Peabody's Cafe** (Cleve. Hts.): Miyako (6/7 & 6/28); national jazz acts intermittently (Steve Kuhn/Miroslav Vitous tentatively for 6/19 & 20; call 321-4072 for details).

## ATLANTA

**Atlanta's Wild Cherry's:** National rhythm and blues acts; call 346-1110.

**Aunt Charley's:** Jazz and folk music; call 233-3711.

**Dante's Down The Hatch:** Charlie Williams (Mon-Fri); Dick Drew (Sat.).

**Great Southeast Music Hall:** Occasional jazz, call 261-2345 for details.

**Keyboard Lounge:** Jazz frequently; call 266-0797.

**Menagerie:** Top name national jazz acts, call 261-0820.

**Rose's Cantina:** Blues, country, jazz-rock; top national names; call 881-0244 for further info.

**Alex Cooley Concert Hotline:** 874-2665 for updates on forthcoming rock and jazz concerts.

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