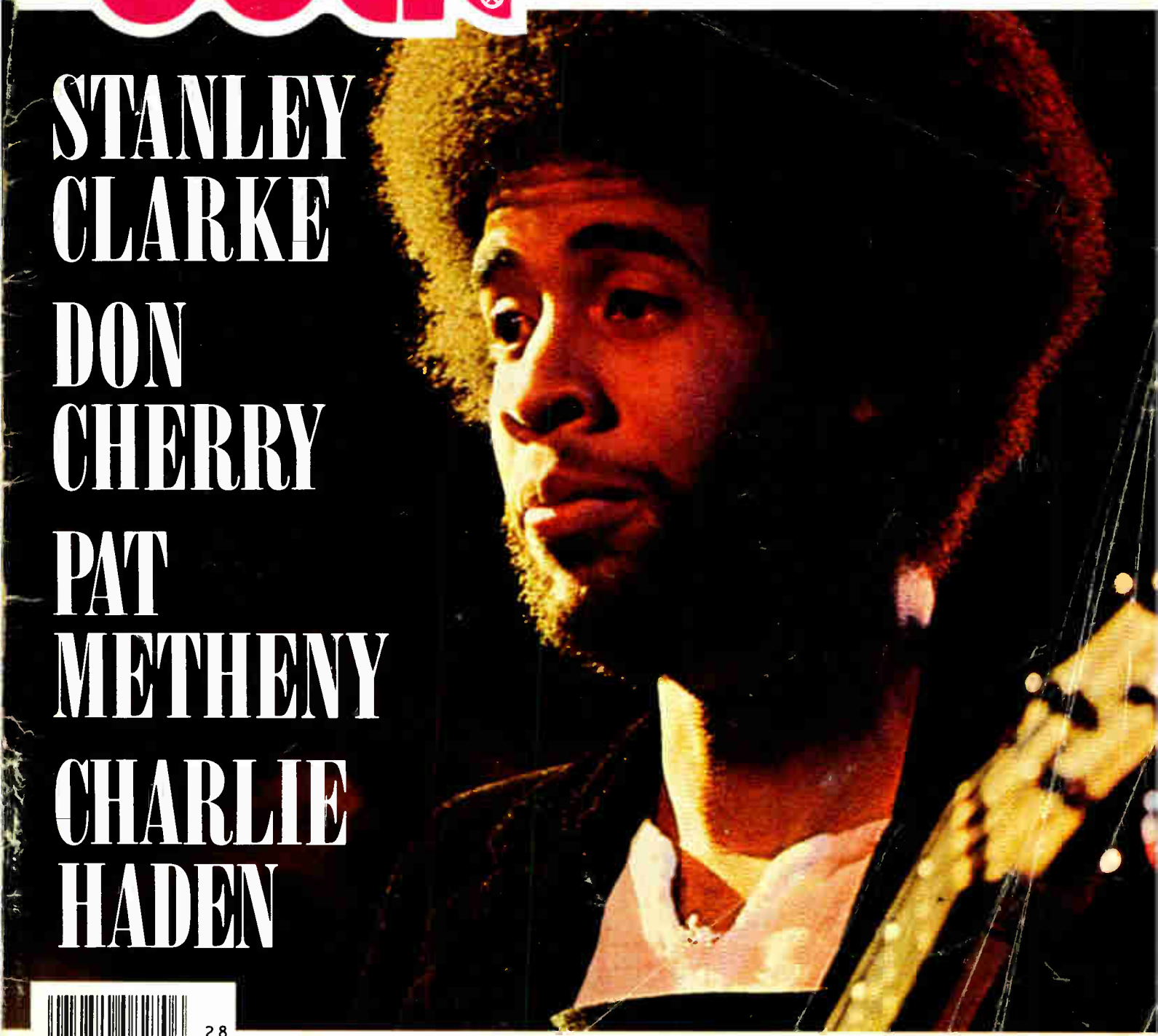
JULY 13, 1978 60c

the contemporary music magazine

down beat®

45TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION



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down beat

July 13, 1978
VOLUME 45, NO. 13
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education in jazz

by Al DiMeola

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Al DiMeola

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

for catalog and information write to:
BERKLEE COLLEGE OF MUSIC
Dept. D
1140 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02215

the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

This issue marks **down beat's** 44th year of continuous publication. While there is nothing particularly significant in a 44th birthday, it does offer an opportunity to look ahead by glancing back from whence we came.

This magazine began publication as a tabloid-size newspaper in Chicago in July of 1934 amidst a music boom brought on by the city's Century of Progress "world's fair." Also at that time, Chicago and the rest of the country were reveling in the repeal of prohibition and the fresh hopes of F.D.R.'s New Deal. Musicians were working in vaudeville houses and musical comedy theaters, radio studios, newly legalized nite clubs, and in ballrooms and hotels where the new swing/dance music was becoming so popular. The best paying jobs went to those musicians who could play the new music. The "hot jazz" musician had to learn new legit techniques including sight reading and arranging; the legit musician had to learn how to improvise and how to swing. And everyone had to keep up with what was happening on records and on the road.

The new magazine, **down beat,** filled the bill. It was the working musician's newspaper and the learning musician's bible. (The only non-musicians to read **down beat**—then and today—are either fans who want "in" or business-of-music persons.) It quickly prospered as traveling musicians brought the word to bandstands throughout the world. The circulation rose to a high of about 70,000 copies during WWII when a special, thin paper, overseas edition was published. After the war, the magazine shared the musicians' recession and dropped to an all-time low of about 35,000 copies in the early '50s.

By the mid-'50s, circulation began to slowly climb again as the first generation of school stage band musicians and their teachers began to read and use **down beat.** In 1955, the format of the magazine was changed to its present size to emphasize its evolvement as a "consumer" medium. Except for a few, temporary adjustments, the circulation has increased to its current 100,000 plus copies.

But the essential character of **down beat** hasn't changed in 44 years. The overwhelming majority (95%) of its readers are players who want to keep up with what the best of contemporary musicians are doing. They are self-described learning musicians.

If **down beat** is indeed the authoritative medium of contemporary music, it is because of the mutual respect that exists between the magazine and the musicians. We don't tell them what to play, they don't tell us what to write. What they do tell us is printed and made available to other musicians. The interviews in this issue on Stanley Clarke, Pat Metheny, Don Cherry and Charlie Haden all contain information that is invaluable to the other learning musicians. May it always be so.

Next issue features the results of the 26th annual International Jazz Critics Poll (and the first ballot for the 43rd annual **down beat** Readers Poll) plus interviews with Lionel Hampton, Woody Shaw and Toots Thielemans. Joe Bushkin takes the Blindfold Test.

db

Chick Corea. His Rhodes helps him discover more new worlds than Columbus.

Chick, when did you first Play a Rhodes?

When I started with Miles Davis. We were in a studio, and Miles pointed to this electric piano and said, "Play it." I didn't like it.

Didn't like it?

Not because of the instrument. I just didn't like being told what to do. No musician does. But when I started concentrating on the Rhodes, I came to appreciate all it could do. Bach would have loved it.

Bach? The Rhodes?

Sure. My background is classical, and I still play acoustic piano. I was influenced by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Bartok, Stravinsky. Anyway, Bach didn't really write for the acoustic piano. He probably would have done a lot of experimenting with a Rhodes.

That's quite a leap—from classical to jazz.

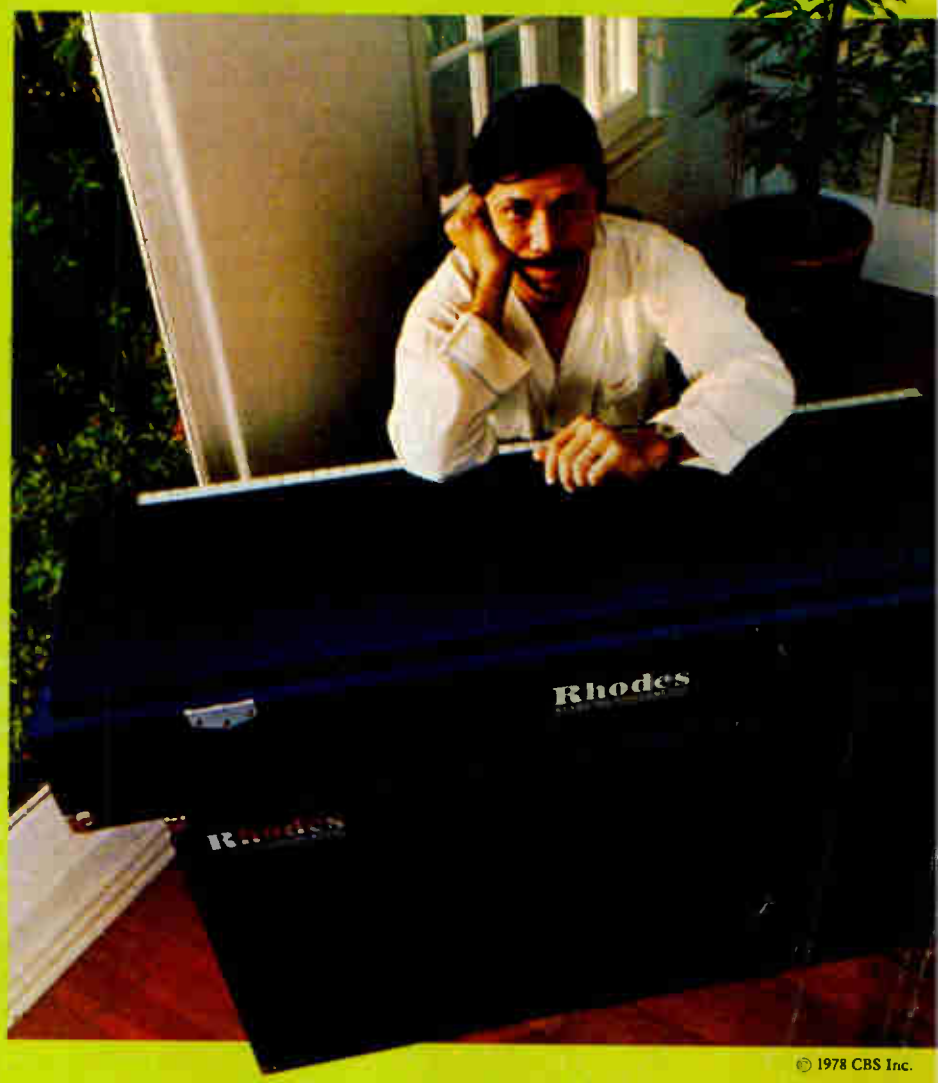
Not really. You can't get into any branch of music without knowing the basics. I've also been influenced by Ellington, Miles, Coltrane, Charlie Parker. They were fundamental musicians, too.

Is that why you've never limited yourself to any one school of jazz?

Sure. It's like the controversy about going from mainstream to crossover. A musician has to create, to explore, to play what feels good to him. All music has validity.

And the Rhodes?

It's part of the process because there isn't another instrument quite like it, that sounds like it. You could call it the basic electric keyboard. I have two, including the new suitcase model—they brought it up to be a hundred watts and added more effects inputs.



You've finished a world tour and a new album, The Mad Hatter. Where does Chick Corea go from there?

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CHORDS AND D·I·S·C·O·R·D·S

Wichita Affirmed

I'd like to congratulate Charles Suber for the award he received at the recent Wichita Jazz Festival. Also, thanks to all the musicians for making the festival a memorable one.

A special thank you to Blue Mitchell for taking the time between sets to rap and sign programs.

Tom Muhleisen — Salina, Kan.

Sick And Tired

I am really sick and tired of spending time at top name jazz festivals, concerts and conventions featuring the *best* in jazz performers and having to put up with the *worst* sound systems I have ever heard. I am sure that the musicians are just as distressed with this situation as us listeners (just ask Buddy Rich about the Wichita Jazz Fest and Rich Matteson about the NAJE convention). What good is booking these top bands if you are going to get a *poor* to *really average* sound system?

It looks like my record library will be built up with all bucks I save on not attending these performances.

T. Kiebzak — Denton, Tex.

Ed. Note—Prior to arrival, Rich's road manager had requested eight mikes. At set-up time, he asked for 21 mikes. It took a very professional crew 20 minutes until that many mikes were rounded up, connected, and equalized. The results were not up to Wichita standards.

Amoeba Refutation

Reading your review of *Sound & Shadows*, ECM 1095, I felt the urge to clear up a small misunderstanding.

Musicians are fully capable of making their own decisions as to which record label they want to work for, which producer they prefer, and, not least, what they want to have on the record in terms of musical concept, form and content. I resent your trying to make us sound like irresponsible amoebas, completely without personal direction, just timidly acting out the musical wishes of the unwanted, powerful producer.

After all, the possibility remains that some musicians actually have this particular idea of how their music should sound, and if they choose to have it released on record, it might just be because it conceptually and feelingwise coincides with what the composer wants and also that each musician feels he can stand for what he plays within that total context.

Whether the music succeeds or not is an open question, but please leave us the right to take on the responsibility for what we play.

Jan Garbarek — Oslo, Norway

Expansion Urged

Now that you have righteously affirmed your dedication to contemporary music (Charles Suber's editorial, 4/4/78) how about some articles and reviews on some of the other contemporary music forms, especially reggae, avant garde rock and new wave music? Many great artists are being ignored because they are not involved in jazz or disco. Let's see some articles about people like Eno, Bowie, Marley, Tosh, etc.

As a jazz fan, I consider your coverage of that subject to be very good. I feel, however, that you overestimate your influence over artists' careers or how the public spends money on albums. A **db** review hardly makes or breaks one's career.

Tom Ballou — Columbia, S.C.

Sun Should Know Better

In the fine 5/4 interview, Sun Ra is quoted: "They should have a book out on Fletcher Henderson. . . . He really hasn't been given credit the way he should have."

The fact is that they have out a Fletcher Henderson book—"they" being the late Walter C. Allen, who devoted years of his too-brief life to putting together a 651-page book, telling probably more than you would want to know about the great jazz pioneer. *Hendersonia* covers everything: Fletcher's life story, plus all of his recordings, professional engagements and musicians. Like Sun Ra's own records, the book "isn't on the commercial plane," but is a labor of love, published by the author himself.

I don't mean to knock Sun Ra, but a real Henderson fan should know *Hendersonia*. Musicians often badmouth jazz writers, usually justifiably, for sounding off about things they don't know. This time the shoe(horn) is on the other foot.

Walter E. Schaap — Holliswood, N.Y.

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NEWS

ARISTA UNVEILS NOVUS LABEL

Novus novitiates celebrate (l. to r.): Oliver Lake, Muhal Richard Abrams, Steve Backer, Baird Hersey, Warren Bernhardt.

NEW YORK—Arista Records has released the first five albums in its adventurous new jazz series label called Arista/Novus. The first release features *Lifea Blinec*. Muhal Richard Abrams; *Lookin' For That Groove*, Baird Hersey and the Year Of The Ear; *Open Air Suit*, Air; *Solo Piano*, Warren Bernhardt; and *Life Dance Of Is*, Oliver Lake.

Arista President Clive Davis stated, "The quickest way to take the highs out of the arts is to continually seek what appears to be the common denominator. We at Arista feel that by encouraging and presenting artists of the calibre of those represented on the first releases, and by looking towards the future of jazz as well as reflecting the traditions of the past, Novus will have a strong, instant effect on the field of new music."

Steve Backer, Arista's Director of Progressive Product, will be responsible for the a&r direction of the Novus series. In launching the label, Backer stated, "We are, quite simply, continuing a policy Arista began four years ago treating progressive, contemporary music as high art as well as popular art. It is vital that this music be documented on a major record company level, and on Novus we will be recording the most creative, innovative and adventurous artists on the current scene."

BENSON ON BROADWAY

NEW YORK—It doesn't happen often and rarely with a jazz musician—a one man show at a legit Broadway house that gets held over.

George Benson took his platinum records and his new custom-made guitar into Broadway's Belasco Theatre, virtually captivating his audiences in the process. The theme was a natural; he took his latest hit, *On Broadway* from the *Weekend in L.A.* album, and made it the centerpiece of his Broadway appearance.

Only one fault could be found: here was an acoustic house (where many stars of the rialto have appeared) made over to sound like the Palladium or some other commonplace rock venue by an overpowering display of amplification. The sophistication of the event was lost because someone thought Benson ought to 'get down." Why not bring the audiences up? The music certainly was that.

Oh, all the hits were there—*This Masquerade, Breezin'* and, of course, *On Broadway*. But Benson, being the true improvisational artist he has always been, never plays the same thing the same way twice. Each tune was a trip in another direction.

The musician in Benson was evident throughout the evening, performed in its two-hour length without an intermission. Especially fine was a mostly a capella coda to *Breezin'* played with his thumb as pluckstrum.

The show was a slick, theatrical event, with little of the straightahead jazz-playing that Benson does better than most. In short, it was an even program with some highs and no lows.

POTPOURRI

The Pelican Publishing Company of Gretna, Louisiana has retitled and published **John Broven's** excellent work on New Orleans rhythm and blues. Formerly called *Walking To New Orleans* and available only in England, Broven's authoritative work has been retagged *Rhythm And Blues In New Orleans*. The text has been unaltered and the book carries a $12.50 hardcover price tag. Many rare photographs of New Orleans musicians spice up the lively narrative.

●

As this issue goes to press, confusion reigns unchecked at **United Artists** in the wake of the label's major shakeup. The fate of the **Blue Note** and **World Pacific** reissue series seem to be precariously hanging.

●

Alice Coltrane has published a book called *Monument Eternal*, dealing with her metaphysical and astral experiences. The publisher is **Vedantic Press.**

●

Salsa hero **Ray Barretto** has announced plans to cut a new record for the **Fania** label that will feature **Celia Cruz.** Barretto promises that the disc will be less commercial than his recent **Atlantic** efforts.

●

The magical flute of **Paul Horn** is said to be responsible for curing a killer whale named Haida from a deep depression following the death of the seacreature's mate.

●

Our nominee for soundtrack of the year award goes to the **Werner Herzog** film *Stroszek*, which contains a marvelous finale of musical wizardry, complete with choreography by various rhythm-infused ducks and chickens. It beats boogie hands down.

●

The music that enlivens **Louis Malle's** excellent *Pretty Baby* film was recorded by a variety of New Orleans session regulars. The album, produced by **Jerry Wexler,** was recorded at **Allen Toussaint** and **Marshall Sehorn's Sea Saint Studios** in the Storyville city.

Tenor saxman **Jimmy Forrest** has left **Count Basie's** band after a lengthy stay. His replacement is **Kenneth King.**

●

Klaus Doldinger's Passport became the first West German band to perform in East Germany. The fusion unit played gigs in Dresden and East Berlin.

●

Gary Burton has completed a tour of Europe. His cohorts included **Steve Swallow** on bass, **Tiger Okoshi** on trumpet and **Gary Chaffee** on drums.

●

Trio, a group comprised of guitarist **Phillip Catherine,** bassist **Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen** and drummer **Billy Hart,** packed them in on a recent Scandinavian tour.

●

Astrud Gilberto has completed her comeback album. **Hank Miller** produced with **Don Sebesky** and **Vince Montana** contributing some of the arrangements.

●

At press time, we have learned that **Peter Erskine** has ended his stay with **Maynard Ferguson** in order to join up with **Weather Report.**

●

Irv Kratka's Inner City has scored yet another coup by picking up the Western Hemisphere distribution rights to the excellent French label **Black & Blue.** The Gallic label has an extensive catalog of jazz recordings as well as some excellent r&b material.

●

Tomato Records has acquired the rights to the entire **Chess/Checker/Argo** catalog from **All-Platinum.** Hopefully, the New York-based Tomato will continue the excellent series of reissues that All-Platinum disinterestedly abandoned.

●

Swing era bandleaders got together for a celebration at a meeting of the Hollywood Press Club in L.A. Among venerable swingers in attendance were **Les Brown, Freddy Martin, Alvino Rey, Frankie Carle** and **Bobby Sherwood.** db

ARCTIC SWINGFEST

MOLDE, NOR.—The Molde International Jazz Festival, probably the northernmost of any such jazz event in the "free" world, will take place this year in the land of the midnight sun from July 31 through August 5.

Some talent has been announced. The balance is forthcoming. So far the confirmed performers include the Jazz Composers Orchestra featuring Carla Bley, the Norwegian Dixieland Orchestra starring Benny Waters, and an English dixieland orchestra called Malc Murphys Storyville Stompers. David Friedman, Dave Samuels, Harvie Swartz and Mike DiPasqua will perform as Double Image.

Molde is perilously close the Arctic Circle, making "hot" sounds much more mand than the "cooler."

NEWS

CARMAN BLOWS CARMINE

Our most sincere apologies to drummer Carmine Appice, whose first name was mangled in the recent 6/15 issue. Assistant editor Chuck Carman is especially embarrassed, and says that "From one Carmun to another, I blew it." Contributor and convicted culprit Herb Nolan (who goofed in submitting the raw copy) watches on in befuddlement.

Associate editor Marv Hohman, who claims to have reviewed every Vanilla Fudge album ever released, has sentenced himself, Carman and Nolan to 24 non-stop hours of high decibel *You Keep Me Hangin' On*.

NEWPORT '78 LINEUP

NEW YORK—George Wein, producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, announced his plans to remain in New York last year. And he has picked the 25th anniversary of the NJF to present one of the most ambitious programs to date.

Among many highlights will be a Latin night featuring Tito Puente, Machito, Dizzy Gillespie, Cal Tjader and Mongo Santamaria. Organizer and host of the show will be Felipe Luciano.

Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor will combine their talents for the first time in another program.

Schlitz Breweries will again sponsor a good many shows, including the Latin night and opening night honoree Sarah Vaughan, who will be on the same bill with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra.

24 hours later, Ella Fitzgerald will appear, and a day after that Betty Carter appears.

Big bands will appear throughout the ten days of the Festival (June 23-July 2) in all of the venues: Carnegie Hall, Avery Fisher Hall, Waterloo Village, N.J., the Staten Island Ferry, the streets of the Apple and Roseland Ballroom.

There will be two special days at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs, where the Festival was originally scheduled had plans to vacate New York gone through. July 1 will honor the NJF on its 25th birthday. Among the guests will be George Benson, Gary Burton, Chick Corea, Gillespie, Dexter Gordon, Herbie Hancock, Al Jarreau, John Lewis, Jean-Luc Ponty, Sonny Rollins, Gil Evans, and the George Russell and David Chesky orchestras. Also appearing will be Flora Purim with Airto and Raul de Souza, and a very special tribute to Charles Mingus and his music by an all-star band under the direction of Paul Jeffrey.

July 2 will feature a 12 hour big band bash with the aggregations of Basie, Ferguson, Herman, Jones-Lewis, Kenton, Rich, the New York Jazz Repertory Company and a big band surprise.

Meanwhile, back in town, there will be a Lionel Hampton Day; a Basie midnight jam; Rollins and Tyner; Gordon and Roach; a dance with Basie; a Ferguson-Getz concert; solo piano concerts by Tyner; Bill Evans and Mary Lou Williams; George Duke and Purim/Airto; Brubeck/Mulligan; Rich/Torme; the Hancock All-Stars; Corea, Herman and friends; Brazil by Gilberto/Getz/Byrd; Sam Rivers; Kenton and the L.A. Four; and more.

Waterloo Village, in New Jersey, will host the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, the NYJRC concert performances of King Oliver and Louis Armstrong music and a jazz picnic (thanks to the New Jersey Jazz Society).

At N.Y.U.'s Loeb Center there will be a return of the overwhelmingly popular "We Remember Clifford" show (**db**, 12/1/77), a "children of all ages" show with Eubie Blake and Alberta Hunter, and a film show of past NJF performers.

There will be three encores of past years. Schlitz will again salute the American song. Missing from recent NJF's, this year's salute will star Torme singing Arlen, Getz doing Gershwin, Jimmie Rowles, Mulligan and Iren Kral doing Porter plus guest Alberta Hunter. Also returning will be the 52nd St. Fair as well as "Salsa en la Calle." There will also be a series of daytime seminars which are in the skeletal stages of development at this writing.

NEW RELEASES

Warner Brothers has issued a flock of new goodies including *Jazz*, **Ry Cooder**; *Everyday, Everynight*, **Flora Purim**; *Heart To Heart*, **David Sanborn**; *New Conversations*, **Bill Evans**; *Boogie Woogie String Along For Real*, **Rahsaan Roland Kirk**; *Tell Us The Truth*, **Sham 69**; *My Radio Sure Sounds Good To Me*, **Graham Central Station**; and *Beautiful Brothers*, **the Bellamy Brothers.**

●

The latest from **Capitol** includes *Collision Course*, **Asleep At The Wheel**; *Mutiny Up My Sleeve*, **Max Webster**; *Passionate Breezes*, **Charles Jackson**; *Return to Magenta*, **Mink DeVille**; the debut album by a group tagged **Taste Of Honey**; *Sleeper Catcher*, **the Little River Band**; *Welcome Home*, **Carole King**; and *Power In The Darkness*, **the Tom Robinson Band.**

Additions to the **Verve** reissue series include *Focus*, **Stan Getz**; *The Genius of Bud Powell—Volume 2*; *The Jazz Giants '56*, **Lester Young and Roy Eldridge**; and *The George And Ira Gershwin Songbook*, **Ella Fitzgerald.**

●

Polydor has finally issued two dynamic English albums heretofore available only as imports. The discs are *801 Live*, a 1977 recording by the **Phil Manzanera**-led unit with **Eno, Simon Phillips** and **Lloyd Watson** helping out, and the most recent **801** effort, *Listen Now*.

●

Century Records has released a couple of fine direct-to-disc albums in *Song For Sisyphus*, **the Phil Woods Quintet**, and *Road Father*, **Woody Herman.** db

CRESCENT CITY ROUNDUP

NEW ORLEANS—While not waiting in the near-endless lines for crawfish etouffe, jambalaya, beer or restrooms, the ninth annual New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival could well have been the most exciting place to be under the sun. In a celebration that now rivals Mardi Gras itself, the outdoor portion of the festival attracted crowds of an estimated 150,000 to the infield of the Fair Grounds race track for five days of music by more than 2000 musicians. (One program was cancelled because of heavy rains, but the acts were rescheduled over the remaining days.)

Bringing together jazz, Cajun, blues, Latin, country, rock and roll, gospel and folk music is no simple feat, but on four stages, three tents and several pavillions, the gumbo of predominantly Louisiana music prevailed non-stop for six hours each day.

Out-of-town performers to appear included the New Dave Brubeck Quartet, swinging through ten-song Duke Ellington medley and new, Latin-tinged compositions; bluesmen B. B. King, Bobby Bland and Muddy Waters; folksinger Odetta; and the New England ensemble, Roomful Of Blues.

But the real stars were the local talent. "This festival has helped all of us," said black Cajun accordionist-supreme Clifton Chenier. "There are lots of people even in New Orleans who have never heard me." And the "zydeco" music of Chenier and his Red Hot Louisiana Band—a blend of r&b, country and traditional Cajun waltz music—was among the indisputable highpoints of the entire festival. Other not-to-be-missed sessions included the legendary Professor Longhair playing an hour's worth of his magical keyboard spells, while across the infield, those other Mardi Gras inspired masters, the Wild Magnolias, performed other chants.

The rhythm and blues contingent included songstress Irma Thomas wailing plaintively through the melancholy *It's Rainin'*, a freshly revived Lee Dorsey taking on his old hits, *Workin' In A Coal Mine* and *Ya-Ya*, and such other unforgettables of the New Orleans golden-hits heyday as Ernie K-Doe, Jessie Hill, Robert "Barefootin" Parker, Earl King, plus an electrifying performance by the year-old spin-off of the Meters, the Neville Brothers (also performing in Mardi Gras "Indian" costume as the Wild Tchoupitoulas).

Other highlights included James Booker performing a solo piano dedication of *I'm True* for the late Louis Cottrell, and a magnificent version of *St. James Infirmary* with stylistic touches ranging from Beethoven to Huey "Piano" Smith.

The festival—co-produced by George Wein and Quint Davis in cooperation with the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.—also included evening concerts onboard the steamship S.S. Admiral and all-night jam sessions. The N.O. Jazz & Heritage Festival has turned out to be the single best advertisement for a musical scene the rest of the country had almost forgotten—and what just might be the single biggest block-party in the world.

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It's no accident. We listened to your old floor monitor and heard what you had to put up with, then we engineered the FM12-3. For the first time, all the sophisticated technology and musician-oriented expertise of a leading—*the* leading—electro-acoustic company has been focused on the problems you face with floor monitors.

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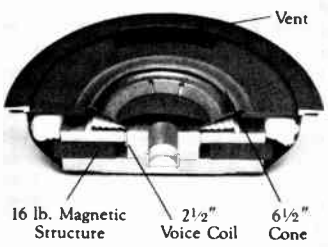
E-V FM12-3 MIDRANGE



We've developed the world's first vented cone midrange transducer, with integral enclosure. We applied the sophisticated computer models of A.N. Thiele and R.H. Small—technology previously applied only to low-frequency speaker design. Now, at frequencies where a conventional cone midrange would run out of excursion, our vent provides the output. 115dB, at 4 feet, with 100 watts in. Not magic, just know-how.

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NEWS

DIZ JOINS MAGNATE MUSICIANS

PITTSBURGH—During Dizzy Gillespie's week-long stay with the American Wind Symphony, he sat in and jammed with a trio of Pittsburgh musicians. So what? Well, it just so happens that the trio was comprised of three corporate vice-presidents from some of Pittsburgh's largest firms. Pianist Art Cowles is with Koppers Co., bassist Bill Adams is from the Pittsburgh Gauge Co., and the drummer Bill Carpenter is with PPG Industries. Later in the week, Albert ("Burr") Wishart, director of the Pittsburgh Foundation and the Heinz Endowment, also sat in on upright bass.

The playing was straightahead swinging and pleased not only the crowd, but Dizzy as well. The quartet ran through *A Foggy Day, Green Dolphin Street, Autumn Leaves, Mood Indigo* and *A-Train*. The music often brought a raised eyebrow and a broad grin to Diz' face. It appeared that he got more music from these executives than he had anticipated. Cowles explained that there are a handful of Pittsburgh executive/musicians who do get together at least once a month or so to jam. "It really helps to keep things in proper perspective," he said with a smile, "it's a great outlet, we love it."

For other sessions, Diz was reunited with drummer Joe Harris, now a music professor at the University of Pittsburgh. Harris was in Dizzy's remarkable big band in the late '40s. Bassist at those sessions was Pittsburgher Mike Taylor, currently with the Ahmad Jamal Trio.

Robert Farnon's *Blow The Winds Southerly* was given a world premiere at a Sunday afternoon outdoor concert given by Gillespie with the full American Wind Symphony. The concert was held from the Wind Symphony's elaborate river vessel, *Point Counterpoint*.

The Wind Symphony has embarked upon their second tour of American cities, performing in communities along the Ohio, Mississippi, Kaskaskia, St. Croix, Missouri, Arkansas, Chattahoochee, Apalachicola and Flint rivers, as well as concerts along the Gulf of Mexico. The tour ends in Mobile, Alabama.

BLOOD-BURNING MOON PREMIERS

NEW YORK— The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, in celebration of its 20th anniversary, has premiered its *Blood-Burning Moon*.

The dance, set to the recorded music of Duke Ellington, Yusef Lateef and the Art Ensemble of Chicago, takes place in the early part of this century. There is a love triangle motif, with the action taking place during the period when agrarian society was giving way to the more mechanized factories.

Louisa, danced eloquently by Donna Wood, has two lovers: one, the son of the plantation owner, is danced by Peter Woodin, the other, a worker on the plantation, is portrayed by Ulysses Dove.

Unfortunately, awkward movements appearing to be dance exercises marred the performance. Transitions were stark rather than smoothly executed. The fault appeared to be in the choreography rather than in the dancing. The continuity was broken repeatedly by the principal dancers' need to change positions as if by command.

The music did not add to the Eleo Pomare choreographic moments. Lateef's flute work was light while his brass clarinet was less so. There were moments when Ellington entered and drastically altered the mood. All was darkly austere, forboding, almost doom-like.

Ailey's company, utilizing contemporary music as it does, concluded *Blood-Burning Moon* with a selection from the Art Ensemble of Chicago, presumably representing disarray. It just didn't work.

As if in contrast, Ellington's *Night Creature* was written with ballet in mind. It concluded the evening. The music was live—Coleridge Taylor Perkinson conducting—as opposed to recorded; the company has perfected this piece.

CREATIVE MUSIC FLICK

NEW YORK—A film produced by Robert Mikelson and starring Karl Berger and his Creative Music Studio friends has been shown here. It will be shown again at the Museum of Modern Art on July 3 and 4.

Others who took part in the making of the film include Berger's wife, singer-percussionist Ing Rid, Garret List on trombone, Ed Blackwell, drums, David Holland, bass, David Izenzon, bass, and the Berger children.

While this type of film could be called cinema verite, it is the music that commands attention. You tend to get a rhythmic pulse from the movements of the musicians playing their instruments. But the camera angles and placements are in no way intentionally geared to the music. There were no instructions given to the cameramen.

The film was shot on location at Berger's Creative Music Studio in Woodstock, N.Y., showing indoor and outdoor sessions of musical and non-musical courses. It was orginally shown in N.Y.C. as part of Dave Chertok's film course at the New School For Social Research and later on a regular basis as an adjunct to the Public Theatre's New Jazz programs at the Newman Theatre.

Lieberson Fellowships Established

NEW YORK—A grant of $300,000 from CBS, Inc. was received by the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters to establish the Goddard Lieberson Fellowships in memory of the late President of the CBS Records Group and senior vice president of CBS, Inc. Lieberson died last May. He had been an executive of CBS for 36 years, during which time he fostered the development and advancement of music and artists from classical to rock. He also was acknowledged as one of the major forces behind the development of the long playing record.

The Goddard Lieberson Fellowships grant will be placed by the Academy-Institute in an endowment fund. The income will be used to make one or more annual awards to young composers of extraordinary gifts. The recipient will be chosen by a committee of composer members of the Academy-Institute. In addition to the stipend paid to the winner, there are hopes to defray costs of publication, copying and recording his or her work.

Another $100,000 is being given to the Academy-Institute by CBS/Sony Inc. According to the annoucement, "Other organizations and individuals are invited to join in this lasting tribute to a man whose exceptional talent, keen intellect and entrepreneurial gifts did so much to enrich the music of our times and bring it to so many millions."

FINAL BAR

James (Trump) Davidson, dixieland cornetist and singer, died in Sudbury, Ontario, of head injuries suffered in a fall. He was 69.

A pioneer among Canadian jazz musicians, Davidson was born in Sudbury, where he had led his first band, the Melody Five, in the mid-1920s. The group included his brothers Joe and Teddy, the latter a tenor saxophonist who would also become a professional musician.

Davidson moved to Toronto in 1929 and sang with Luigi Romanelli's hotel orchestra there until 1937. He then formed a 12-piece orchestra to play at the Club Esquire. (The band was heard in the U.S. over an MBS wire.) It was there that he was given the nickname Trump, though throughout his career he played cornet. In 1938 his band was taken over by Ray Noble for a tour in Great Britain. (It is widely thought by discographers that it was Davidson's band under Noble's direction that recorded the first version of *Cherokee*, a contention Davidson denied.)

After his first orchestra disbanded in 1942, he formed a second Bob Crosby-styled big band which worked at the Palace Pier in Toronto from 1944 to 1962. His dixieland sextet, a part of the big band, was heard extensively on Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC) radio shows from the mid-1940s until 1965. The sextet recorded albums for the Chateau and Sound Canada labels, and for the Canadian Talent Library.

In 1974, after heart problems, he was advised to stop playing cornet. Nevertheless he continued to sing with his small band and with the big band performed in 1976 for special occasions. At the time of his death he was living in Toronto but had traveled to his hometown to appear with his small band.

He is survived by his wife Erica (a symphony violinist), his daughter Sarah (a harpist), two sisters, and his brother Teddy. A biography by Patrick Scott is in preparation.

Introducing Maynard Ferguson's little big horn.

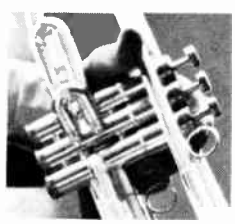
"I designed the new MF4 because I wanted to offer the player an alternative to my big MF Horn. A trumpet that's identical except for the bore. The MF's is large — .468. The new MF4's is *medium*-large — .465. Both have enough bigness to produce a really mellow sound.

"Some people might've tried to design a trumpet that's easier in the ultissimo register by making it very small. But I've always found that the horn that works really great for me in the upper register is the same one that has a big, fat sound in the *middle* register because it has a *large* bore. Both of these horns are just marvelous in the middle register! I like to have them both on the stand so I can switch from one to the other.

"I like the MF4 particularly for playing some of the softer jazz things and the quicker-moving pieces, because it isn't quite as demanding as far as air power and velocity go.

"Also, I realize that not everyone uses my size mouthpiece. A player might prefer a *huge* mouthpiece that takes more air. Then he might rather have an instrument with a bore that's not as large as the MF's. The theory of 'large mouthpiece/small-bore horn.' Now, with the MF4, we're giving him that option. A medium-large bore that might match his mouthpiece better. Plus all the features that've made the MF so popular":

Fast valves. "I want to press a valve and see it come up fast. Even when it's not show-room clean.



I mean, I wonder how many players clean their horns out after every performance, as the little pamphlet says. I've used hundreds of trumpets in my day, and these are the valves that work the best."

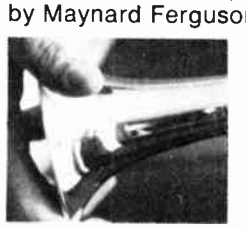
Toughness. "I'm very rough on an instrument. So it has to be designed and constructed so it'll withstand me. And the airlines.

For a test, once, the President of Leblanc tossed my horn into its case, took it to the edge of a stairwell, and threw it over! Just threw it down the stairs! I almost freaked! We examined the horn, then, and it was still perfect. Perfect!"

Brass or silver. "The instrument comes in either brass or silver-plated brass. If I were playing in the trumpet section a lot more, like in the back row, I'd go for the silver, which seems to sound brighter. But up front, my identity sound tends to be bright, and I'd rather hear it darkened or mellowed. So I go for the brass. It's all very personal, anyhow, and we give the player a choice."

A live bell. "Holton and I put time and energy into the size and shape of the bell. We experimented with smaller bells, bigger bells, less flare, more flare. And we hit on one that has a live sound. It *rings!*"

The new MF4. A smaller-bore large-bore B♭ trumpet designed by Maynard Ferguson, constructed by Holton.



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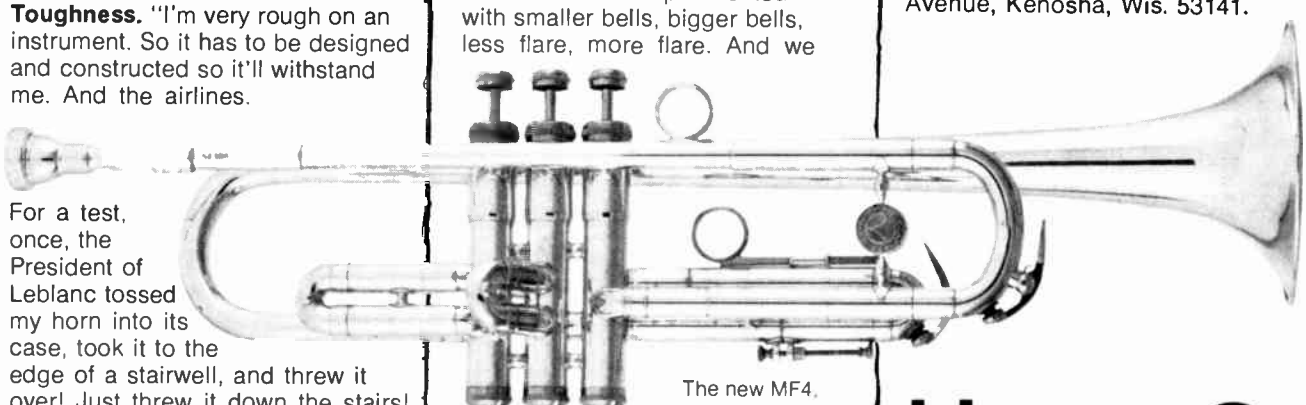

The new MF4.

HOLTON

STANLEY CLARKE

Positively Modern Man

BY CHUCK CARMAN

Stanley Clarke's achievements in the music business are no secret. For the past seven years he collaborated with Chick Corea in the fusion band Return to Forever, sharing record production chores with Corea. He has produced his own albums; the fifth, *Modern Man*, was hit-bound almost from the moment of release. He has three outside production credits to date—Dee Dee Bridgewater's *Just Family* is the latest.

For a while, Clarke wrote a magazine column aimed at young bassists. He has worked often as a side man, and is now considering doing that with McCoy Tyner. He has written and conducted strings and brass on many albums, and has written many tunes recorded by himself and others. Occasionally, he even sings. His future plans include writing a comprehensive multi-volume treatise on the acoustic bass.

All this provokes some envy—particularly since Stanley Clarke is only 27 years old (previous interviews with Clarke in **down beat** appeared in the 2/15/73 issue by Elliot Meadow and the 3/27/75 issue by Charles Mitchell).

I caught up with Stanley at the plush Hyatt Regency O'Hare hotel. Our discussion took place in the deserted afternoon bar, with Muzak versions of such tunes as *Makin' Whoopie* lightening the atmosphere. It was the day after the first public performance in this country, in Milwaukee, of Stanley's new band, School Days. That evening would see a sold-out performance by the band in Chicago's Auditorium Theater.

Stanley Clarke struck me as a person who nobody could *help* but like. His expression was either a friendly smile or a more intent look as he listened to questions. Several times during the course of the interview he shied away from "naming names," when it might *conceivably* reflect adversely upon someone. He refuses to criticize any person's musical direction—"That's one thing that artists can do

Clarke's most recent touring band, School Days. Left to right: Darryl Brown, Bobby Malach, Al Harrison, James Tinsley, Alfie Williams, Ray Gomez, Stanley Clarke, Mike Garson.

HERB NOLAN

without, criticism of one another."

But Clarke has received criticism from some quarters. Partially, it's the inevitable criticism of jazz-rockers by musicians and writers who aim at the entire field. The bass player with the truly prodigious technique is not following the path that they would prefer. Clarke has, of course, chosen to go a primarily electric route, although on record and in concert he usually gets some acoustic licks in. For this writer, the highlight of a concert at the Auditorium Theater [see Caught, 6/15/78] was when Stanley brought out his battered old upright touring bass. In the all-too-brief segment, he covered the spectrum, from lyrical, mellifluous lines, to a kick-out-the-jams chord attack that had the ferocity and effect of Peter Townshend.

Stanley Clarke says that he has no time to deal with criticism—from himself or others. With all his other activities, there's no question that he has plenty else to do. When asked how he confronts a new activity, Stanley says: "I just plunge in. Straight ahead."

* * * *

Carman: How long is this tour going to last?

Clarke: Last night was the first night. We played in Milwaukee, and the tour's going to run about two months. All the guys in the band are good friends of mine, and we worked together a lot in the past. The name of the band is School Days, because all the horn players and the drummer and myself all went to high school together and also college. It's an eight piece band, four horns and four in the rhythm section. The players are James Tinsley, trumpet, Al Harrison, trumpet, Alfred Williams, saxophone, Bobby Malach, saxophone, Michael Garson, piano, Darryl Brown, drums, Ray Gomez on guitar, and myself. They play on *Modern Man*.

Carman: Your wife is acting as your manager. . . .

Clarke: Yeah, she's really great, too. She actually has her own management company and she's coming on the tour for the first five or six dates to make sure everything's going all right, then she's gonna go back. I'm trying to get her to go earlier 'cause she's pregnant. She gets tired quicker now, but she's good, she's really good. It's fun.

The last tour I did was about seven months ago with Chick and the last Return To Forever band. We were out for about 13 weeks. That ended about seven months ago, and I've been in the studio or just resting at home. I needed the rest, too.

Viewing the whole planet, my favorite place to play is definitely the United States. I used to really dig Europe until recently. The people there are great, it's just that they don't have their transportation stuff together or have facilities that are really suitable for musicians. In the United States one thing they've got together is the transportation. And people here are a little bit different in the way they respond to music—a little bit more enthusiastic. In Europe they're kind of reserved.

My favorite cities in the United States to tour are New York, Philadelphia—I like all the big cities—Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco, L.A.

In Europe, the music's fine, playing in front of the people is fine—once I'm onstage it's okay. The last time I was in Europe the audience response was great, but the touring was rough—getting the equipment from here to there, and the halls with different electricity. In America you just go and plug in.

Fortunately, the people really dig the kind of stuff that I do. The people are familiar and that helps a lot. They know the songs and all that, and aside from that I get the feeling of newer people in the audience, checking it out for the first time. I guess they see others getting off on us, so they figure it must be good. That feels good.

I experienced that in Milwaukee last night. Milwaukee was never a good town for Return To Forever or my records. The Midwest is a hard area for jazz-rock music and jazz. But for some reason I don't know, it was really great last night.

Carman: Do you ever play in small clubs any more?

Clarke: I can't really do it any more although I wouldn't mind. The last time I did it I played six nights at the Roxy in L.A. It seats around 500 people and we played two shows a night for six nights with the idea of recording. That was great; it was packed every show, people just sitting on top of people. I enjoyed it—that was one of the high points.

You should hear the tapes; they're great. They're waiting for the right time to put it out. It's gonna be quite a job to mix it down, too. It's a lot of stuff, 12 shows. So to get it right it's going to take some time. I think after this tour I'm gonna start working on it.

Carman: In your '73 **down beat** interview, you talked a lot about expansion.

Clarke: That's a big thing for me. Expansion is important for any musician or individual—kind of keeps you on your toes. It would get boring for me if I just did one thing and played just one type of music for the rest of my life. I don't think I could take it.

Carman: How do you handle all your different activities?

Clarke: I try to organize my shit as much as I can. Me and my wife just moved into this different house, and there's a whole thing involved in that. I really had to become domestic, get the house straight. She wants the yard to look a certain way, and the garden, then at the same time I have to write music for a new album and rehearse the band and get together for a tour. Call musicians, rehearse, get the sound guys together, and all that stuff. I write it all down and put down times—I'll do this from this time to that, and then go onto something else. Once I get on schedule it's okay, everything works out perfect. But when I let it go loose, like "I'll get to it when I get to it," I never get to it, never.

Carman: Do you have any neat description of your music?

Clarke: I have to say what Chick Corea says—basically I leave it up to the writers to do that. I call my music Stanley Clarke music, and it has a lot of elements in it—rock and roll, jazz, r&b, funk, classical, Latin, African. It's definitely contemporary, but there's basic stuff there too. *Rock And Roll Jelly* [on *Modern Man*] is not primitive, but it's kind of your basic everyday thing that you can remember—a guy could go around humming and get off on it. Then there's some stuff on the album that you couldn't hum that you could kind of remember.

Carman: There's a couple tunes on *Modern Man*, like *Jelly*, that you would have to call rock, without hyphens or anything.

Clarke: That's just what it is. I tried calling that piece some other things, man. Finally the engineer came up and said "Look, man, it's rock and roll. But it feels kind of jelly-like." So I have *Rock And Roll Jelly*.

I've gotten criticism for every record that I've ever done. To a degree, all musicians and artists get that. My wife said to me the other day that you can't satisfy everyone. It's *really* true. I can take almost any artist and there's always a group of people somewhere that don't particularly like what this guy's doing, or they're just not into it. I'd love everyone to like what I do. I'd love it, but unfortunately everyone's different, which is one of the great things.

I was reading a review that someone did of a friend of mine's album in **down beat**. I thought the album was good, but the writer thought it was shit. It was either John McLaughlin or George Duke. The writers just kill Duke. I was talking to him the other day with a bunch of musicians around. We just said look, some guys don't like it, some do, and it's all right, it's okay.

I remember reading an article where a guy said that George Duke is not a musician and that he shouldn't be playing. They get pretty heavy sometimes. If a guy's really objective about it, I don't mind that. But when the guy is getting real emotional about it. . . . Now just take that statement about George Duke. George is one of the great piano players. He's a great pianist and that's the basis of his trip, 'cause he can play.

George handles it excellently. He laughs it off, or he'll try to sort out why a guy will say that, just so he can have his own inner peace on that.

Carman: Do you know any musicians who changed what they were doing because of criticism in the press?

Clarke: I've seen guys do that, and I've seen them go right down the drain, too. That's one thing that an artist can't do—if any creative person starts listening to other people, he goes down. I've seen it happen many times. I hate to mention names.

If I read a bad review, rarely do I consider that the guy must be that way. If the writer says it's a terrible album, I'll say I better check it out. I always wait to make my own decisions about it. One of my favorite movies was *The Godfather*. I read some reviews that said Al Pacino ain't an actor and that Marlon Brando really wasn't acting in the movie. I saw the movie and I thought it was a masterpiece.

Carman: Ron Carter said in a recent interview that you're a media hero now.

Clarke: Is that what he said? Will you print this? [Assured that his words would be printed, deleting only the more serious profanity, Stanley began to talk. He was noticeably measuring every word.] He's jealous. That's basically it. I've gotten jealous before of people. I used to be jealous of, let's see . . . God, I can't think of any offhand, but I know I've suffered from that jealousy. Ron Carter's a great bass player. He shouldn't have to say things like that.

I hope you print this exactly. If Ron spent half of the energy that it took him to say that about me, he'd be a media hero too. If he just took half of that energy and put it into his own creation, got up off his ass and started kicking ass as an artist, just be an artist. . . . 'Cause he's a great artist and he shouldn't have to criticize another artist. That's one thing that artists can do without, criticism of one another.

I hope that one day in his eyes I am considered a good bass player. Maybe I'm not. It doesn't really matter to me at this point. My great-grandmother had a great saying. She was about 100 years old when she said it, and she was true, man. She said that everyone is not

equal. She was a little girl when Lincoln was around. She told me that she could dig the fact that there was this big trip with equality. All men are created equal—she said she could dig that from a spiritual level, but from a level of how much has this guy accomplished is where you find out the value of an individual.

When I hear an artist criticizing this artist or putting his guy down, what I always look at is what the guy has done. Ron Carter has done *so much* for music that he shouldn't have to say anything like that. He actually lowers himself by saying that. I hope he reads this one day. He shouldn't have to say that. He really shouldn't have to.

He *is* jealous, I do know that. When I talk to him, I know he's jealous. He'll get a laugh if he reads that, 'cause he knows he's jealous too [laughs].

I once had a conversation with him where he was real bitter, and I can understand his bitterness, 'cause being an artist is not the easiest job in the world. I don't care what anyone says. Even for a guy that's as famous as Peter Frampton or the Beatles. The rewards are great. You get money and you get fame, but any true artist knows that that's not the reason why he's doing it. When a guy realizes that, it's shocking.

Not to mention any names, but I've met artists that have all the money, four Rolls Royces, ten houses, and the guys are bitter. They're sad, they're still looking for something. They're looking for inner peace, freedom for themselves as individuals. And all the money in the world can't get you that.

I don't preach that I'm in any better shape than anybody else. But one thing I do know is that money and fame are not the answer to being totally cool.

Jealousy is a standard human reaction. I don't have time for that. I have too many important things to do. My thing is getting my music out there.

Carman: Maybe people are jealous because you're so successful at such a young age. Maybe they feel you have not paid enough dues.

Clarke: It's a matter of opinion. When I moved to New York I lived with another bass player and a piano player. I lived right down the street from a club called Slugs, which is closed now. I used to wake up in the morning and drink beer and milk.

I used to live on top of a grocery store in Philadelphia, and sometimes I didn't have money, and the guy would send me up a potato or something. He was a good guy. I paid dues, it's just that I don't like to promote the fact that I've paid dues. A lot of guys are into promoting how bad it is. Paying dues is something that I've done and gone through and handled. I don't have to pay those kind of dues any more, because I made the right decisions about my life. Some guys are into promoting it, like "Oooooh I suffered . . . the pain of it all." Again I say I don't have time for that. I'm being real honest. There's too many things that I want to do.

When I've done interviews, I always like to project the positive things, 'cause there's so much negative shit that gets put in papers and stuff.

Carman: I wouldn't call this negative.

Clarke: No. But say a guy reads this and he's in pretty good shape, so he could look at that and kind of laugh at it. It's funny to *me*, the fact that a guy used to send me potatoes. But there might be a guy somewhere else who's eating potatoes.

I paid just as much dues as anybody. I used to carry my first electric bass around in a paper bag. It was a Kent, made by a Japanese company. I used to play r&b gigs, play with funk bands and make $15 a night, in Philadelphia.


HERB NOLAN

Clarke at the Auditorium Theater, Chicago

We used to play a club in Canada called the Esquire Show Bar and we played six sets a night. 40-20, 40-20, 40-20, 40-20. So I paid some dues, man.

Carman: Have you experienced any problems from your success?

Clarke: Not a whole lot. The problems that I usually have, I solve them in a day or two, but I can't make it when those problems last too long. Got to figure some way to take care of them.

Carman: Is scientology one of the ways you solve problems?

Clarke: I'm really bad in admin. When I say admin., it's an abbreviation for administrative kind of stuff. Like I was telling you, I'm terrible with journalism and writing down stuff. L. Ron Hubbard [scientology Svengali, who Stanley thanks on all his albums] has written books on how to organize shit and I use some of the stuff and I always thank him. I have to thank him 'cause he's helped me so much.

It's an applied philosophy. He really has you looking at the application part of things, as opposed to the airy-fairy kind of thing, which is nice too, sometimes. Every now and then I like to read some stuff that's like wow, the space of the universe. I like that stuff every now and then, but sometimes I like gut kind of stuff, like if you do this and you do that you get this. And that's the type of stuff Hubbard writes about.

The worst thing that could happen to the artistic society is where you have artists, writers, painters and musicians separated and having controversy about one another. Criticizing one another—that can destroy a whole society. There's this great quote by L. Ron Hubbard. He said that a society is only great when it has aspiring artists, then good administrative people, and then politicians, and he stressed them in that order. [Stanley holds three fingers on one hand horizontal as he ticks off the three.] Now, the way it's PR'd on TV is like that [inverts the order]. Politicians, administrators, artists, and that's the big lie on this planet, because when you look at it—who changes cities, changes the way they look? Artists. Who changes the shit? Why do you think this planet is getting better or moving or changing? It's artists, not politicians. If I said that on the street I'd probably get shot for saying it, but it's the truth.

Unfortunately some guys have hangups, like the Ron Carter thing. If Ron Carter was sitting here right now and I said, "Ron, look, you know you love me and you know that I love you too. . . ." There's nothing any thicker or more powerful than that. Everything else is bullshit. So what if I get a lot of press? Bullshit. So what if I sell more records than he does? So what. So what if he's one of the greatest jazz bass players in the world? We're artists, and we're trying to make the planet that much nicer. Just suppose there was no Ron Carter—there'd be that much less art on the planet. I was going to be a plumber—you wouldn't have heard any of the stuff I do. Or if there was no Roy Buchanan, no Miles Davis, no John Coltrane, Bach and Beethoven—the planet would probably look like a desert if there were no artists. I stress that, I'm very strong with that, and I don't tolerate any difference in that.

I'm really into this artist thing, 'cause I know there's some truth in that, 'cause it's what I see, man. Everywhere I look I see art. I look at these chairs: an artist did that. No politician did that. When I see this building, an artist did this.

Carman: If you ride around on the expressways here, built by crooked politicians and always falling apart, it's gonna take you a long time to get where you want to go.

Clarke: True. That's where you get the other thing, where you get an artist influenced by these politicians—these guys with the bucks. There's a whole little tricky game in there. I can't say every artist in the world is straight. I have a friend that writes for a magazine in New York. I forget the name of the magazine. He's a great writer, but he gets input from the guys that own the company that aren't writers. He takes these guys' ideas and just puts 'em down there, but it's not his ideas, it's not what he thinks, you know. I keep asking him "What do you think?" He says, "They don't want to hear it."

Say you're traveling on a road, and you know that A is at the beginning of the road and B is at the end of the road. If you work hard and try hard along the road, don't you feel that by the time you get to B it will be that much more rewarding?

Carman: If you ever get to B. You got to get there.

Clarke: I think about that a lot of times. I can even take that same concept on stage with the music. You're playing a song, you really want this song to get across to people. I'm playing with a new band, and sometimes it gets a little rough. They're not used to playing in front of 3000 people a night. They come from playing in bars and shit like that. They're sort of at the beginning of the road and we get to the end of the road at the end of the night, and if everyone stands up, you know you hit

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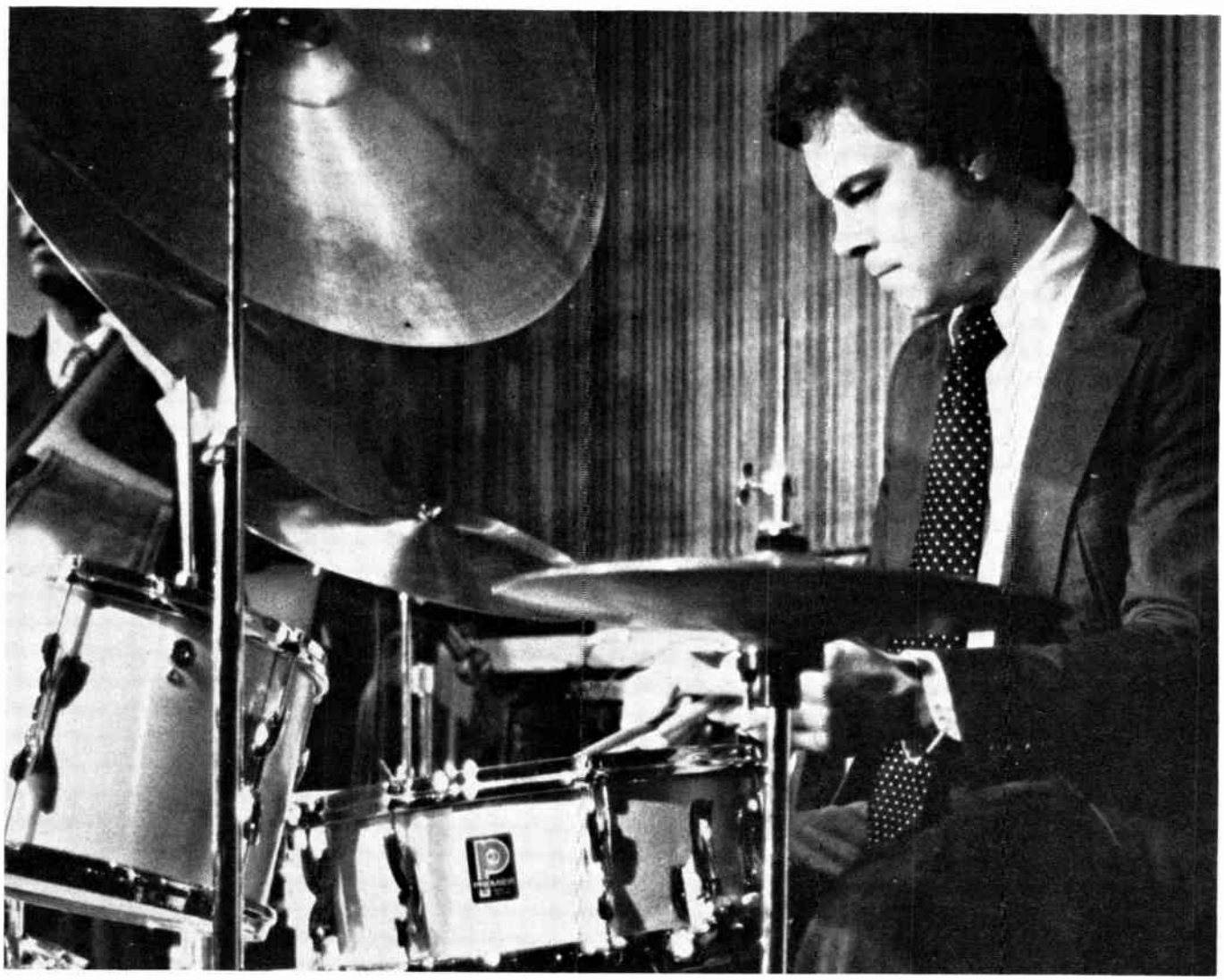

The World In His Pocket

DON CHERRY

BY HOWARD MANDEL

TOM HARTMANN

Trumpeter Don Cherry can be elusive. The afternoon following his duet collaborations with Collin Walcott at Evanston's Amazingrace, he wanted to see the nearby Ba'hai temple at sunset. It was a winter Sunday, and few people sat meditating in the simple, comfortable chapel under the intricate latticework of the stone white dome.

Don rose from the pew and padded to the windows looking out on Lake Michigan, behind the modest ceremonial stage. I sat still, glad to have caught up at last with a musician whose work has always seemed the model of openness and imagination, spontaneous response and lyrical statement. An usher told me the chapel was closing.

Don was not to be found. The ushers at the single portal hadn't noticed the exit of a man with the physique of a fragile basketball player, wearing an embroidered wraparound jacket and felt elf's cap. I circled the room again but it was empty; nor was he in the choir balcony. I waited outside in the cold—the sun was nearly gone—sure he'd turn up presently but astonished that he'd disappeared. A moment later Don walked up, from around the concentric circles of stairs approaching the Ba'hai dome, grinning and withholding explanation.

In New York two months later, Don Cherry seemed no more easy to meet, pin down and explain. He lived in a remote industrial corner of Queens (actually, just across the river from the United Nations complex), and was rehearsing for a gig he'd just gotten with Lou Reed. Ornette Coleman's alter ego confronts the bad boy of New York rock! It could be an image-shattering event.

At the Bottom Line for a weekend late show, Cherry was in marked contrast to his audience, of course, and to his colleagues, perhaps. But he was in no way out of his element.

First, the trumpeter is *no one's* alter ego—he's fully himself: an artist who makes music and who loves to make music with others, sharing in the sacrament of creative improvisation. Second, Don Cherry is flexible, adaptable, and sensitive to his situation vis a vis his colleagues and companions all the time. While Lou, in jeans and T shirt, strutted before his smokin' rhythm and blues band crooning with street irony *I Want To Be Black*, Don stood quietly near, waiting to interject his little riffs with the tenor saxophonist, waiting to take the chorus-long trumpet break Reed built into many of his songs that night.

And when Don took his solo, it was immediately recognizable as his own: a piercing, burry entrance and series of whinnying glissandi, a human cry that overrode the rampaging rock beat, the electric chords and two-woman vocal chorus, completing the arrangement by contributing a special strength and allowing it a precious vulnerability. The hip-blase crowd cheered when Reed introduced Don Cherry; did they know who he was, or did they merely like the way he sounded?

The next week, Don Cherry took to the recording studio to continue work on his upcoming album for Atlantic Records, tentatively titled *Traveling Companion* and scheduled for late summer release. It will be his second project as leader for the label, which issued *Hear & Now* in '77 to less than rave reviews and sales. It's his eleventh appearance on the label which bravely backed the Ornette Coleman Quartet in 1959, changing the century and influencing the shape of jazz to come.

This record will not be an easy one to complete, as becomes apparent in the Blue Rock recording studio, buried in a Soho warehouse. In a large long chamber with glass-paneled half-walls separating the musicians from each other, Don is rehearsing his band, or rather, preparing them to create. He has chosen to record with family and friends rather than professional session men, and what he gains in rapport and feeling he gambles to lose in recording time.

The personnel includes Don's 22-year-old daughter, Jan, a violinist who teaches in California; Ricky Cherry, Don's first cousin, a keyboard player who leads a Los Angeles-based party band called Four Of A Kind, Tiki Bush, a bassist Ricky has played with once before, from San Diego; and his brother Anthony, a drummer studying plenary economics at Columbia University, who used to jam with Ricky and saxist David Murray during summer vacations. There's also Claudio Ferreira, a guitarist from Rio de Janiero, and Nana Vasconcelos, a percussionist from the Andes. Percussionist Raphael Cruz and lead guitarist Stan Samole are holdovers from the *Hear & Now* recording.

In the booth behind the controls is Ilhan Mimaroglu, a rumpled, chainsmoking middle-aged man of Turkish origins, who has long been a staff producer for Atlantic, guides the subsidiary Finnidar label, and is a distinguished composer of electronic music as well. Cherry's previous producer on Atlantic was Narada Michael Walden, a 22-year-old pianist with a religious orientation and some ideas of his own.

"He always has to establish a *raptness*," Mimaroglu says of Cherry to the engineer. "If the feeling is alright, everything else will be, too. Hopefully." The producer's latest work has been a Charles Mingus session for big band, and he's ready for an experience of a different sort.

Cherry sings his ideas to his musicians. He conducts them with his body, his hands, his shifting shoulders and bent knees, his hunched back and thin frame swinging sideways, dancing like a Watusi, a Hindu, a native American.

The tune is *Everybody Knows*, based on the chords of a Swedish hymn but transformed into a breathy festival samba. There are false starts, and Don will have to overdub his trumpet, some original lyrics, or both, later—he's busy now just leading the band.

Observing the session from the recording booth, I meet Moki, Don's wife, and their children, 11-year-old Eagle Eye and 14-year-old Nana. Don's first wife, Carlotta, has come up from Washington, D.C. to watch the session and visit with the family; besides Jan, Carlotta's son David has come to New York to see his dad record. Among the other observers is Marty Fogel, Lou Reed's tenor player, who says Atlantic is sitting on tapes made by Don's entourage in Colorado about the time of the *Hear & Now* sessions. Some of the songs Don's trying this time have been taped by another ensemble (which included Fogel) but the tape was rejected "for a lack of commerciality."

During a break Mimaroglu speaks of commercial considerations with some disdain. "I hate promotion and advertising people who say 'Well, I like it personally, but it won't sell'—that's the worst kind of dilettantism. They are supposed to be pros! There is no such thing as difficult or hard to understand music," he avers. "Our promotion department was all excited because the Jay McShann record got on the radio. I said, 'So what? When they play Jay McShann ten times a day for a month, then it will mean something.'"

Ondas, attempted the next day, is a gentle 6/8 waltz, except for the execrable string symphonizer of which Mimaroglu says "This thing sounds like anything *but* strings." Don changes the piece's mood and pace with another rearing whinny. What I take to be a characteristic lick, I learn later, is a completely controlled device that relates to Cherry's love of the Indian *raga*, especially the introductory *alap* section, during which the harmonic scale that the *raga* is built upon is introduced. Rather than a slur, Don's lick is the arpeggiation of a tone row, and each microtone is articulated distinctly.

But this take reaches no conclusion; the musicians drift into silence, and Cherry suggests that since there is no ending the song should simply fade out. Ilhan offers some other arrangement ideas ("I'd say the guitar should play broken arpeggios on the chords and the other guitar play lines over all. A rather short trumpet solo and maybe the melody appears again in the bass.") but they are largely ignored in the next try—Don's solo is twice as long this time, but beautiful.

When Mimaroglu scolds him, Don explains, "It started swinging and we didn't stop." His playing was alive with subtle variations, but seems unlikely to be pressed. Something good will come of it, anyway; with each statement Don is reaching his side-people, eliciting their warmth and response.

Though the electric instruments may resist the personal touches of coloring and meaning that guitarists and keyboard players can supply, there is no way any studio apparatus can filter out the human qualities that Don is so good at projecting and inspiring. Fogel even had credited Lou Reed's recent increased musicality to Cherry's example and friendship.

As the session breaks up, Stan Samole tells me with enthusiasm bordering on reverence what playing with Don has meant to him. Samole was brought into the *Hear & Now* project by Walden; they grew up together in Miami, where Stan also knew Jaco Pastorius and Pat Metheny, worked with Ira Sullivan, and headed the University of Miami jazz department until he built a home in Tennessee. Samole leads a modern-day territorial band, Lotus, with tenor saxophonist Jerry Coker, and is torn between living in New York City and "getting hot" or waking up in the morning to see a mountain outside his window. Though Stan has chops that would rank him among the top rock guitarists and an amplifier that offers any imaginable voicing at the flick of a switch, he is a humble acolyte, hoping to be equal to Cherry's nearly spiritual guidance.

For the third day of recording, the session is moved to Atlantic's home studios in midtown Manhattan. Herbie Mann is recording next door, and the Average White Band is scheduled to follow Cherry and company into the studio in four hours. Ricky Cherry's piece *Judon*, named for his son, is the first thing to be done. There will be only one more day of recording for the ensemble, though Don may overdub during the later editing stage. For the weekend he has rented a bus to drive a band to Brown University for a Black Arts festival. And if Lou Reed is approved by the television biggies to host *Saturday Night Live*, Don will have to fly to the West Coast for the video taping.

"You must believe in what you're doing and do that because you live what you love and you love what you live. Music is one of the arts that make a person completely naked."

There is less room for observers (and less for musicians, too) in the Atlantic studios than at Blue Rock, but the extended Cherry family is in attendance again. Moki, who has thin smiling lips, fox-smart features and red-orange hair, sits nearby, telling of her progress in fixing up the loft where they live. She has been in the U.S. just less than a year, and hopes to have the loft to her liking before returning to Sweden in May.

"We'd like to use Sweden as a summer home," she says. "Life there has more sense during the summer; during the winter it's just sitting around the fire keeping warm. But during summer it's planting and growing. It's rather hard to live in Sweden and do things out in the world," she claims, though even when the Cherrys are at home in Scandinavia, they're peripatetic travelers.

"We met Lou Reed in an airport in L.A., a year ago," Moki goes on. "He'd been following things since Ornette days and immediately said Don should come play with him at the Santa Monica Coliseum. So he did, and we've become friends.

"I've been listening to a lot of punk. I think it's *fantastic*. The music is about *playing* rather than protecting yourself with all that classical technique. Many people who are involved in the music used to be visual artists, and in the music they put it all together—they seem so thrilled that they can say *anything*, anything they want to. I like David Bowie very much; I think Bowie is a great artist at expressing the *times*." Moki herself is a great artist, expressing herself through beautifully handmade tapestries which adorn some of Don's album covers.

The engineer, producer and musicians are ready. Jan will open *Judon* with a phrase Don says is traditional for the dizun guni, a hunter's harp from Gambia, Africa. She plays the short folk song melody over and over, until Don signals a time and tempo change with a trumpet blast, leading into a second theme.

Judon is the most complex tune yet taped, as various in its moods as a child. A flashy solo by Samole is followed by a raw trumpet foray; then there is a percussive stretching out by Ricky and flurries by Jan. She can't quite let go and fly when Don urges her to take off; the second theme is restated and Don's trumpet drops to a low gurgle, a whale song range into which he hardly ever enters. Everyone else quiets while Don lingers there, so low . . . and Don leans over Ricky's shoulder to pick out something on the piano. Stan brushes his way back into the tune, the drummer picks up a beat, and suddenly they're all improvising a dark, dark theme that seems headed *somewhere*.

The second take is sparked by louder, popping drum work, and contains another startling trumpet solo. Though there's been some interruption in the collective thought process that keeps everything from jelling, an old, familiar Cherry melody he calls *Spring Song* seems to develop naturally out of *Judon*.

Cherry listens to this playback through earphones, alone in the studio separated from his friends, family and colleagues (Leon Thomas has dropped by to see about dubbing in some vocals) by double glass panes. Cherry is in intense concentration, while smoke from a cigarette and a newly lit stick of incense rises about him. On the tenth take of *Judon* he manages to get two notes at once from his trumpet, and also plays the *Spring Song* melody deep in the whales' register.

That evening we repair to the Cherry loft. Don slips a cassette of the days' work into a tape recorder, but falls asleep almost immediately upon stretching out on the bed against a loft wall.

The family's space is not expensively remodeled, but is put together with wit. Eagle Eye enjoys a "private room" within the loft—a truck Moki designed out of huge erector set-like parts and fabrics and tapestries, so the wheels are pillows and the cab becomes a homework desk (the headlights, on long flexible necks, turn into reading lamps). Carlotta picks out an Ornette composition, *Rainbow*, on the baby grand piano, then softly moves through the chords of *Naima*. David joins her at the piano bench. Moki, in the kitchen area, whips together a superb meal of meatsauce with noodles and peas, cabbage slaw salad, cantaloupe and wine, and daughter Nana helps. The loft is full of the clutter creative people make as byproducts of their projects. Moki's tapestries, rich with scraps of material she finds, hang from the walls and ceilings, illustrating song titles, natural elements and fanciful relations (an enormous Buddha merrily dominates one wall hanging; in the tapestry's corner is a detailed habitat I correctly identify as the Cherry's schoolhouse-home).

About two-thirds of the way through our pleasant dinner, Don starts offering me tidbits of information about his past. It's as though there are so many memories, so many topics

to mention that he can only start with the highlights that come first to mind, follow one idea to another, hurry to get everything important said, and even then the surface will be barely scratched.

"I think Ornette's first jazz date was in Toronto, in 1957; I remember playing *Canadian Sunset*," he begins. "We had a group called the Jazz Messiahs with Billy Higgins and a bass player named Pee Wee. We played all the Bird tunes, and some Gerry Mulligan stuff.

"Everyone from the Paris group I had has gone on to good things. Karl Berger wanted to play music, and when he came to this country he was astounded to learn that no one knew about the music, whereas in Europe they thought it was a cultural movement. So Berger and a drummer set out to play every school in the New York vicinity. Now he teaches in Woodstock, but every semester they get only about three black students there. And Blackwell, who teaches at Wesleyan, has the same problem.

"Aldo Romano, our drummer in Paris, has become a singer. An Italian, he also spoke French. Gato Barbieri spoke no English. Berger spoke French, German and English. I'd tell Karl something, they'd tell Aldo, and he'd tell Gato—because Italian was closest to Spanish.

"During that time, musicians were coming from all over Europe to see what was happening. We practiced a soundtrack for a film that was a satire of an addict getting free from drugs (not *Chappaqua*). He was trying to slay a dragon with his umbrella. They screened the film once in southern France, and we played along, did the soundtrack live.

"When I first went to Paris there was nothing happening. So I'd play with the Rumanian Gypsies in the open market, and I'd play with Maxim Sauryk, a famous dixieland clarinetist. I heard Bud Powell play—he was just getting ready to come back to the States.

"The Boland-Clarke big band gave me a chance to hear people who had left the States and about whom there wasn't much news in the States. Denmark was the nation most open to jazz in Europe; they had a radio jazz band, and would ask musicians to come there as soloists and as arrangers to help with the charts. There were a lot of people in Europe who were into something. Dollar Brand was working in Montmartre in 1964. . . . Do you know there's a tape of Dollar, Blackwell, Jimmy Garrison, alto player Carlos Ward and me that we made at Ornette's Artists House for black artists? Ornette had it happening there; Pharoah played there, and a group called Juju from L.A. But then it was closed down, forced out; it seemed Soho was for white homosexuals.

"When Nixon sent the troops into Cambodia in '70 I was teaching at Dartmouth. I'd come back from Europe, but I left after the winter and spring term, '69 to '70, because of the Cambodian bombing. The reason I first left the States was I felt I never had that American cultural thing to be number one; I just wanted to develop as a musician and a person.

"I traveled in the East, in Turkey and North Africa, usually by bus. There were periods in Europe when I had jobs and they sent me tickets for airplanes, but I'd hitchhike to the job and save the tickets to trade in exchange for tickets to America. We couldn't cash them in.

"I brought Gato to America to record my first Blue Note album. I had left the States in '63 with Sonny Rollins and come back, left again with Archie Shepp and come back, then met Albert Ayler in Europe, in Copenhagen, in '63. We hung out together, and went to a Cafe Montmartre session where Don Byas and Dexter Gordon were playing—it was a ballad session. We sat in . . . Ayler played *Moon River*. Byas and Dexter were open to him, musicians are almost always open to young musicians coming up. I'm sure we all experienced the openness of Ayler's playing.

"He had the sound of the gospel church that you hear in Aretha Franklin and Ray Charles. He didn't have the exposure. It's a shame. There are musicians who are *improvisors*, and he was one of them. Ornette's another. Not just improvising melodies and harmonies, but improvising *forms*.

"To record in Europe I can be my own producer. I don't have to think about making a hit record, I can record with love and taste. Here, it's the consumer culture of money and product. I need time to think about the music in between laying it down and completing it—not hurry up and do it all. To have a group together, I need to have help from a record company and time to develop the music with them. In Europe I might have a chance to be my own producer, to create music, and not just record.

"I think Atlantic was thinking about me making a hit record from the beginning, because I've worked with different musicians, pop musicians. But I do that because I love all types of music. I started out playing r&b—everybody did. It comes from the ghetto, from Watts, and is something we all know, Ricky and the rhythm section, too, because we grew up with it. That's one reason I wanted to record with them, now; another is that it's important to be close to the family. New York City is a musical experience for me, and I wanted Jan and Ricky to have that experience, too.

"I have more understanding now of what I want to do than with *Hear & Now*. It didn't get any publicity. As an artist, I should have put in the contract that I would make a hit record if they would play the record every hour every day of the month on the radio.

"Now, I feel like I would like to make a 'commercial record.' I'd like to make a purely improvised record, and a record for educational purposes. Why not make one record that includes all those attributes? I think it's possible to make one that has all that in it.

"You have folk music, classical and devotional music. Jazz can contain *all* those elements. Ayler was a pure folk musician; Coltrane played devotional music; Ornette and Cecil Taylor play classical music. But all have all three qualities in their music.

"You must believe in what you're doing and do that because you live what you love and you love what you live. Music is one of the arts that make a person completely naked. Why do people go to headshrinkers when someone who is sensitive can read their own real self by playing music?

"It's important for music to be pure—to be natural, to represent truth. I've been around different concepts in music and the culture of music. I started playing rock and roll, came to the bebop, and studied the harmelodic with Ornette—he's my musical guru and I consider his concept one of the most profound in Western music. He can write notation that sounds like it's being improvised.

"I like musicians to learn the music and play it by heart. If I'm going to play notated music, I want to play Ornette's because his compositions are brilliant and they'll lead to some brilliant improvisations—they lead improvisors to improvise form as well as melodies and make it *swing*, too. To me, it's a challenge; it's difficult for musicians because not many—Charles Brackeen is the only one I can think of—his concept has come through Ornette's and become his own.

"I have too much respect for Ornette's concept to try to play it. I'm trying to combine my different experiences in improvised form with a feeling, a mode or set: the scale or the way the form is moving.

"Ed Blackwell has been a big inspiration in Ornette's music because of his sense of swing. Ornette's songs swing in a way related to Blackwell—plus he's such a master of tuning the drums and has such independence that he can play three African rhythms from three different vicinities on three different drums all at the same time. Blackwell's natural thing is hearing the funeral and street marches, the different parts played by the New Orleans bands, all at the same time, and being able to express them all on different parts of his traps.

"Ornette will write a melody, then a harmony that's a melody in and of itself and makes the first melody *its* harmony. In *Skies*

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SELECTED CHERRY DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader
COMPLETE COMMUNION—Blue Note 84226
SYMPHONY FOR IMPROVISORS—Blue Note 84247
WHERE IS BROOKLYN?—Blue Note 84311
ETERNAL RHYTHM—BASF MPS 15204
GATO BARBIERI AND DON CHERRY—Inner City IC 1009
MU, PARTS 1 AND 2—BYG Actuel 1, 31
DON CHERRY—Horizon A&M SP 717
ETERNAL NOW—Antilles AN 7034
HEAR AND NOW—Atlantic SD 18217
HUMAN MUSIC (w/Jon Appelton)—Flying Dutchman FDS 121
RELATIVITY SUITE (w/orchestra)—JCOA LP 1006
THE AVANT GARDE (w/John Coltrane)—Atlantic 1451
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ARCHIE SHEPP AND THE NEW YORK CONTEMPORARY FIVE—Savoy MG 12184
L (with Steve Hillage)—Atlantic 18205
*Imports

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TOMORROW IS THE QUESTION—Contemporary 7569
THE SHAPE OF JAZZ TO COME—Atlantic 1317
CHANGE OF THE CENTURY—Atlantic 1327
THIS IS OUR MUSIC—Atlantic 1353
FREE JAZZ—Atlantic 1364
ORNETTE!—Atlantic 1378
ORNETTEON TENOR—Atlantic 1394
TWINS—Atlantic 1588

PAT METHENY

Ready To Tackle Tomorrow

BY JOHN ALAN SIMON

It doesn't appear to bother Pat Metheny that Rosy's is three-fourths empty for the opening night of his return engagement to the posh New Orleans music club.

"I don't mind the disappointing turnout," says Metheny with easy self-assurance after an intense hour-long set. "I have total faith that once heard this band will be popular and that people will start coming to see us all the time."

And the confidence doesn't seem misplaced. The 23-year-old guitarist obviously has plenty of time ahead and his successes to date are already considerable, including last year's breathtakingly flowing and melodic *Watercolors*—his second album as a leader on the ECM label.

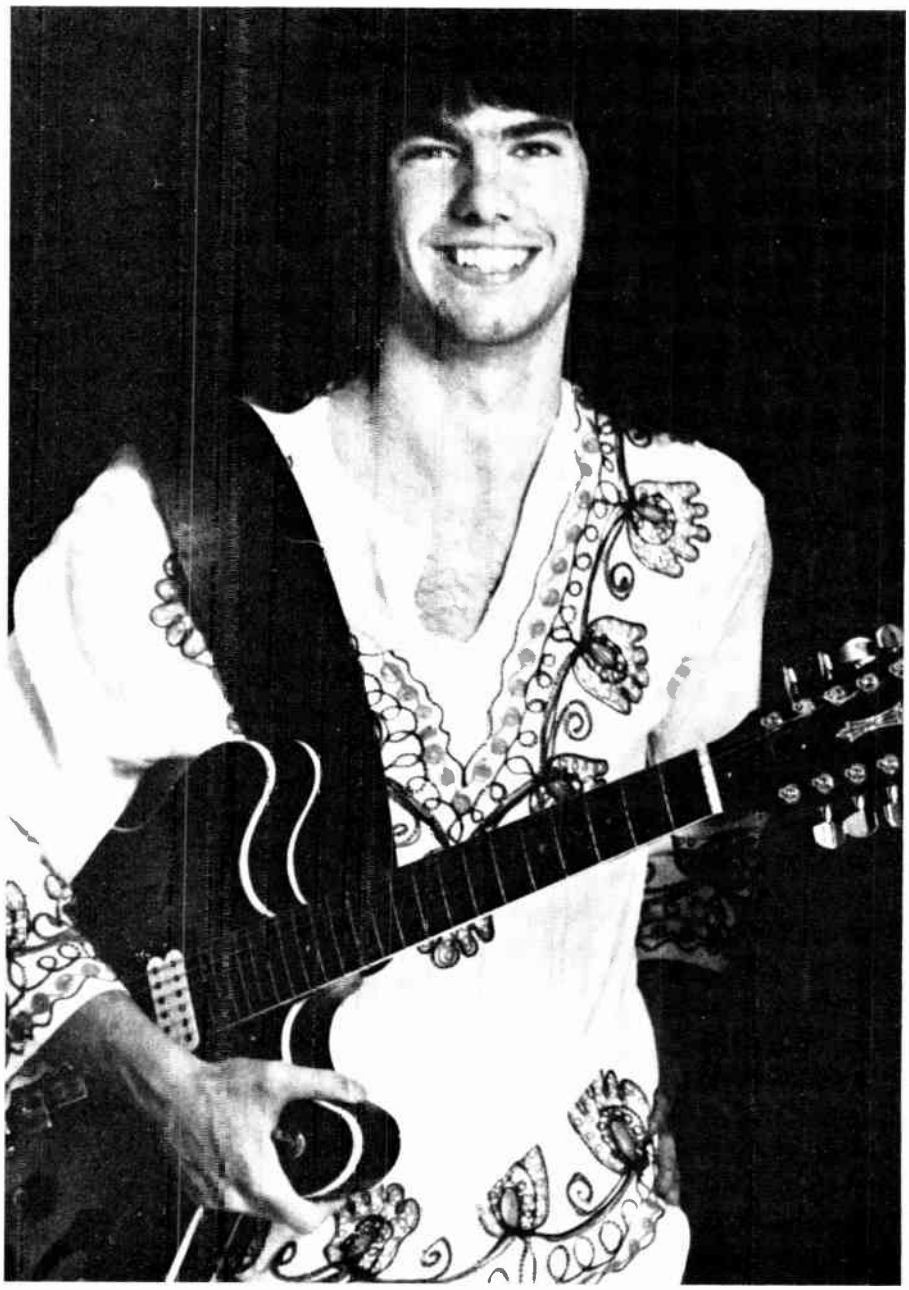
Even at this point, Metheny is definitely a wunderkind of the guitar, though that's something that he himself downplays. He doesn't see himself competing in the grand sweepstakes for successor to the Clapton-Beck-McLaughlin mantle. "I have as much chops as anyone playing. But I don't want to be thought of as a hot, young guitar player," he says insistently. "I try to make it clear to an audience that I'm capable of playing fast and I try to do it early on in the game. That may or may not be a mistake. I don't know yet. There's a kind of physical thrill to playing fast that's really tempting to fall into. But I realize that my strengths are not that I can play fast, but that I can play melody over almost any changes presented to me. Playing melodies is my number one asset.

"I'm thinking about the long run, not just next week. It's my composition that I feel is important."

The clear-headed view of his own future and lucid assessment of his talent which emerges in conversation with Pat Metheny may be exactly what distinguishes him from the legions of other rapid, facile players. His success at creating music of subtle, complex textures is a function of his writing and the freshness of his quartet sound as a whole, especially the inspired interplay with pianist Lyle Mays. "Lyle is incredibly good at arranging and orchestrating. I'll have the germ of an idea for a tune and then he'll work it out for me."

Judging Metheny by the quality of his music so far would be misleading. "*Watercolors* is a pretty laid-back album by my standards. The next album will be practically a rock record. Very powerful."

And that's something of an understatement. In performance now, his new songs are stunning—richer, more melodic, stronger—light years ahead of anything he's laid down on record so far. If he's captured the spirit of his new work in the Oslo studios this spring, the resulting album will definitely put Metheny on the map. He's aware of the creative divergences embodied in new songs, such as *San Lorenzo* and *Phase Dancer*—high points of his sets at Rosy's.



"Those two tunes for me point the direction that I'm heading and the way the group is heading. I feel myself leaning all the time toward rock—not rock, exactly—but a more American influence, all the time.

"In both those cases it involves additional guitars. In the case of *San Lorenzo*, it's a 12-string that's completely restrung and retuned. This guitar to a normal person wouldn't work at all if he sat down to play it. I have now about six different 12-strings that are all tuned in weird ways. So that's part of the new direction: using guitars in unusual and unorthodox tunings.

"The main instrument—the one I play 90 per cent of the time—is the real old Gibson ES-175. That's about the first guitar I ever got and I've just always played it," says Metheny.

"And then I also have several electric 12-strings—a Guild, a Fender and an Epiphone—and those are all tuned up and strung up in weird ways. And then I have a Guild acoustic that I use high-strung, Nashville tuning on.

"I've used almost every kind of guitar but I always end up going back to that original 175, because of the tone of it and the feel of it. I always check out whatever is new on the market. But I'm really attached to this particular

"I'm almost thinking of retiring and waiting for the '80s. There's such a sense of stagnation and a lack of direction now, a shying away from possibilities rather than an embracing of them."

instrument now," he admits.

"I use Guild medium gauge flat-wound strings. The pick up I use is just a standard Gibson Humbucking pick-up."

"I'm getting more into just the arrangements, which is something I've always avoided in the past. I mean there were bands in the '60s that were nothing but arrangements. Return To Forever was a classical example of that.

"To me, that was one of the most unmusical sounding groups I've ever heard. I was more into the spontaneous and loose stuff, like Ornette Coleman. But what I'm starting to find now are ways of orchestrating the spontaneous, loose-sounding things so they don't sound like a regimented pattern."

What Metheny is contemplating these days is far removed from the concept of modern American chamber music that characterized his early albums and his apprenticeship with the Gary Burton Quartet. "The music with Gary was very laid back by my standards, but it was an entry point for my career. I was with Gary for three years and I never could have had a better sideman gig. With most jazz groups, if he isn't leading the group, a guitarist doesn't get to play very much. Really, the only sideman gigs that I think would be interesting to me as a guitarist would have been with Elvin Jones, Jack DeJohnette or Gary."

Growing up in a comfortably middle-class home in Missouri, Pat's first instrument was the trumpet, introduced to him by an older brother who also turned him on to Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman and other progressive jazz keystones while he was still in junior high school. Coincidentally enough, the kid who initiated Pat into the mysteries of the guitar while at Boy Scout camp happens to be in the audience at Rosy's for the opening night performance. "You've come quite a way with the guitar," his friend comments, slightly awestruck, upstairs after the set.

"Right away I was considered something of a mild prodigy. But I never had a teacher. There was none around. I got into guitarists who were very melodic—Chet Atkins, Wes Montgomery, Jim Hall," he recalls.

"I was a young punk who could play fast. I would work in Kansas City on weekends while still in high school and get every gig more or less by default. There was no one else around."

The big break for Metheny came after sitting in with the Burton Quartet at a Kansas City state fair date. Abandoning plans for college, Metheny returned with Burton to Boston and started teaching at Berkelee, then playing with the group. "As a leader, Gary was very, very demanding, which eventually made me want to leave. The pressure is always on with Gary. I won't deny that we had some fallings out, but my feeling about Gary is very high and if I had it to do all over again, that would still be my number one choice on the list as a way of getting myself established if I was a new guitarist.

"I'll admit that I felt very limited in that context after the first year or so, but every sideman gig is limiting, almost without exception, because the leader has a vision or a concept and your job as a sideman is to help him make that happen. In Gary's case, he had a very set format, which happened to have been a favorite format of mine for years before I joined Gary's band, so I was glad to get the chance to try to fit in. And I think I did the job better than anyone had done the job up until that point. So I feel pride in that respect."

Even during the halcyon days of his tenure with the Burton Quartet, Pat had his eye on his ultimate goal of forming his own band. On weekends and between tours with Gary, Pat and Jaco Pastorius and drummer Bob Moses would moonlight and book dates together as a trio. The decision to leave Burton's ensemble wasn't difficult. "I started with Gary when I was 19, and ideally, I should have had another sideman gig. I think it's nice to have two major sideman gigs under your belt before you start your own thing. But at the time I left Gary, I already had so much momentum on my own as a potential leader that I didn't want to take the chance of blowing it. So I jumped right in there.

"I think the difference between what I'm doing and Gary's group is that this is more eclectic with a looser format, both in terms of musical relationships and personally."

In performance, the members of Metheny's quartet are in a sense "co-soloists." The group is currently the most actively touring band on the ECM roster and at this stage, on the road is just that—taking turns driving and loading equipment themselves in a van purchased from Pat's father.

"I try to keep a much looser rein on things than Gary ever did. But I keep on everybody's case pretty much and they keep on mine. This band is really quite unusual and I'll probably never have a band like this again. Because we're not making any money on this tour. We're all pretty much doing this out of the goodness of our hearts, to learn how to play.

"I like to change up the kinds of tunes that we play and feature solos in a different order—so that the grooves aren't the same. I like to keep things interesting. That's one of the jazz aspects that I never liked too much. You'd go see a saxophone-bass-piano-drum quartet and on every tune there would be the same interplay and the solo order would be the same and that always used to just put me to sleep. One of the things about rock groups I liked was that the presentation was varied. They'd really keep you on your toes.

"The time that I was rebelling against rock was the time of groups like Iron Butterfly—20-minute drum solos that were supposed to be 'heavy.' But all the time I was growing up, I'd always listen to Top 40 radio. And there were certain hits that always appealed to me—the most raunchy, rock-sounding stuff like the Kinks' *You Really Got Me* or the early Who and Yardbirds. It sounded real to me. What bugs me in music is when I feel that people are pulling the wool over my eyes. And I'd say that most rock, especially these days, sounds extremely calculated. How do you get attention at this point? There's no way to even get a rise out of the public.

"I'm almost thinking of retiring and waiting for the '80s. There's such a sense of stagnation and a lack of direction now, a shying away from possibilities rather than an embracing of them."

One of those possibilities for the future is, of course, the new electronic technology that has caused what is perhaps the major schism in progressive music.

"I could easily be like Keith [Jarrett] and go on an anti-electric crusade, but I listen to a group like Weather Report and just know that all this new technology has to be checked out. I don't want to see its possibilities defined by Jeff Beck or Jan Hammer.

"Basically, I've figured that if I don't do it—there are so few people around with what I would consider musical sense—that I feel an obligation to give it a try. At some point I may decide to cancel on it and just play acoustic guitar, which is something I dearly love—and, of course, it's already a tried-and-true method of expression. But I hear someone like Josef Zawinul, who's taken technology and made incredible music out of it. It's like a kind of beacon in the mist that it can be done. And somebody's got to do it.

"It's really difficult to make a record now because you can do anything. The possibilities are so endless. The possibilities put themselves very close to your presence as a musician. And your message as a musician, even at its clearest, is just like a whisper at the back of your consciousness. That's the impression I get from seeing really strong players. The way they play is determined more by instinct than calculation.

"So you've got all this technology there and any good musician can do almost anything."

On *Watercolors*, Pat played a 15-string harp guitar. Now he's in the process of designing a 48-string guitar that he can play like a piano. Basically, the instrument is a six-string guitar combined with a 12-string. The six-string guitar also has 11 bass strings that go lower than the normal range of the instrument. It can be tuned modally or any other way, and there's a piano-like damper pedal to stop notes from ringing so that he can restrike chords.

"I also spent a whole day at the Arp factory recently and was really impressed with the guitar synthesizer, although I will say that there's likely to be so much immediate abuse of this instrument that it won't really be any fun at all for most people. There are some of the worst sounds built into it that I've ever heard. But if you spend some time with it, there's some really neat orchestral sounds in it.

"I don't think I'll ever play a guitar synthesizer as a featured instrument, but I can really see it having a use in expanding a group's colors for ensemble passages. At this point, I'm also forever working at tunings and all kinds of ways of using the electric 12-string and various acoustic guitars—even auto-harps—and incorporating them into the group."

The role of Manfred Eicher, the German producer whose ECM label has so far been Metheny's home base, may be in need of redefinition. "If Manfred had his way, every album he did would be six ballads and a bossa nova for an up tune," he says laughing. "There are some problems for me with ECM, but it's still 50 times better than anything else. To me the only real fault is that Manfred tends to choose artists who don't know how to swing.

continued on page 53

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CHARLIE HADEN

STRUGGLING IDEALIST

BY MICHAEL ZIPKIN

In the News section of May 5, 1977 **down beat**, there ran a small item, dateline New York: "Bassist Charlie Haden is missing his instrument. The bass is expensive to replace, since it is an imported item. The description of the string bass is as follows. . . ." The piece went on to describe, in minute detail, the characteristics of the West German upright, with instructions for anyone with information about the missing axe to call Horizon Records in New York.

Remarkably, it was not too long after this that someone noticed the bass being played. When it was retrieved, however, Haden couldn't get his hands on the cherished instrument. He was in San Francisco at Delancey Street Foundation, a rehabilitation center that "prepares people of all age groups and races, with many different problems, to go back out into society to continue whatever goals they have in life." Charlie Haden is putting back the pieces of an intensely-experienced 20 years of dedication to creative music—years packed to bursting with the agonies and ecstasies of a deeply determined and uncompromising artist.

Charlie's singing, excruciatingly sensitive bass lines first came to the public ear in the revolutionary Ornette Coleman Quartet that swelled like a tempest in the humid boiling pot of late-'50s Los Angeles. A part of the singing Haden family from the time he was two in his native Iowa until he moved to L.A. in his mid-teens, Charlie first worked with local L.A. musicians like the late Hampton Hawes, Art Pepper, Elmo Hope and Paul Bley. But it was with Coleman, Don Cherry and Billy Higgins that the young bassist began finding his own unique voice on the instrument. Through Ornette's guidance, he first learned to "hear the *feeling* of the song rather than just the structure," and to break away from the chord changes of a tune to a freer, more personal expression.

The uproar surrounding the quartet's opening at New York's Five Spot has been well-documented, and throughout his musical life Charlie Haden has performed and recorded with musicians of no lesser stature or innovative approaches: Keith Jarrett, Archie Shepp, John and Alice Coltrane, John McLaughlin, Denny Zeitlin, Paul Motian, and, under the ever-evolving mantle of Carla Bley's Jazz Composers' Orchestra, Grachan Moncur III, Roswell Rudd and Mike Mantler. His highly-acclaimed, fiercely political *Liberation Music Orchestra* was released in 1970, and dealt with themes of struggle during the Spanish Civil War, as well as more contemporary subjects like the anti-war activities during the '60s and the death of Ché Guevara. Also in 1970, Haden received a Guggenheim Fellowship in composition—a rare honor for a jazz player. Four years later he would gain a similar grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

These quietly growing compositional talents have particularly come to light in two exquisite sets of duets with those musicians Haden has grown close to—personally and musically—over the years. *Closeness*, which placed second in **db**'s 1977 International Critics Poll, features collaborations with Ornette, Alice Coltrane, Keith Jarrett and Paul Motian. The recently released *The Golden Number* pairs Haden with Don Cherry, Hamp Hawes (their last musical meeting), Archie Shepp, and again Ornette, this time on trumpet. Perhaps nowhere more than on these two recordings—culled from various sessions for A&M Horizon on both coasts over the course of 1976—does the luminosity of Haden's playing shine as brilliantly. The works stand as watermarks of a vast ocean of dedicated musicianship, which can only hint at discoveries yet to come.

This head-long dedication to creative expression to music has, over the years, led Charlie on an equally involved struggle for more *universal* freedom of expression. He still remembers driving around L.A. in the late-'50s with Elmo Hope lying hidden in the back seat (being seen in "mixed company" was strictly *verboten*), and **db** readers will recall Haden's arrest in Portugal following a statement of support for the black liberation struggles in Portuguese-held colonies in Africa.

The master bass player has always been upfront in his feelings, statements and actions—musically, politically and otherwise—which may account for the relatively few articles one sees about him. He's a true survivor, and his

VERYL OAKLAND

"I just wish that everybody could get together and talk some time. Like, 'Why are you doing this and why are you doing that and why am I doing this and is there anything we can do to make it more meaningful. How can we do that?'"

survival as an artist, political activist, father, husband and concerned human being becomes all the more potent when one considers that, for many of his 20 years of playing jazz, Charlie has been involved in the use of opiates. He spent three years in Synanon from 1963-66, and entered Delancey in April of 1977. Since around the time he graduated from Synanon, he has suffered a loud ringing in his ears, the result of countless gigs in front of crashing cymbals and loud concert P.A.'s. He wears a special fibre when he plays now, one that cuts back on the frequency range as well as the decibels.

Yet somehow through it all, Haden persists: strong, compassionate, vulnerable. He is committed to growth not only for himself and the musician or artist; he sees his music as a way for *all* people to share in the creative process, to "bring people closer to meaningfulness in life."

The following interview was compiled from several long discussions at Delancey Street earlier this year. The clarity and purposefulness of thought that these talks held confirm Charlie's continued progress towards complete health, and his candidness about matters of all sorts provides much insight into a life of supreme dedication and selfless passion. We began by discussing the events that led up to his entrance into Delancey Street.

* * * *

Haden: Over the past five years, I have been playing a lot of music, and covering a lot of territory, to the point where I was really exhausted. Plus I had a couple of traumatic experiences that I wasn't really ready to handle.

I had experienced being clean ten years before: I spent three years at Synanon in San Francisco, graduated, continued my career, got married, had a family. Those ten years were the best I had ever experienced, but I guess I wasn't as strong as I thought these past few years. I was under a doctor's care; I began misusing pain medication, and before I knew it I was in a dangerous condition. Spiritually, emotionally and physically I was really destroying myself again.

I knew a friend that had left Synanon and started Delancey Street, and I called him up and told him what was happening. I've been here a year now, got my health back, and feel stronger than I've ever felt before. I just got one of my instruments flown up here. I just started playing again and it was like meeting an old friend.

I have a lot of music going on in my head, man, that I want to write—and perform in different settings. I want to write for an orchestra, a string section. I want to write music for a big organ and play the bass with it. I want to find more folk music that comes from people struggling to keep their freedom. There are things I want to do for each of my children. I want to play more music with people I'm close to. There aren't enough seconds in every day to do what I want to do, and it's very important for me to make every one of them as meaningful as possible.

I have a lot of discoveries to look forward to: things I'm going to discover that I don't even know about yet.


VERYL OAKLAND

Zipkin: Tell us about the duet records.

Haden: It's very important to let as many people as possible know about this new album on Horizon, *The Golden Number*. It includes one song that I did with Hamp Hawes—the last time we played together. The others are duets with Archie Shepp, Don Cherry and Ornette Coleman. I want to play duets with more people, because there's something totally unique that happens when just two musicians play together. There's more of a chance for perception and interaction—more of a *vastness* for it to happen.

Zipkin: So we can expect more duo collaborations in the future?

Haden: Yes. There are some things that I did in New York that haven't been released yet. One is the rest of the Hampton Hawes session; another is a duet album with Ornette. These, along with a quartet album of the original Ornette Coleman Quartet—Ornette, Don Cherry, myself and Billy Higgins—will all be released by John Snyder. He was the producer at Horizon, and he has now started his own company called Artist House. He is very close to the music and the musicians, and doesn't want them to have to compromise to do whatever it is they want to do.

You know, it's very hard to play the music you believe in, music that you know would be good, and *do good*, and perpetuate creative values instead of shallow values. But people are taught what to like, and what's important; they are taught their taste in everything, and pattern their lives after a talk show . . . from their clothes to their thoughts and opinions and values. It's very scary.

For a while I was bent on changing the big corporations, trying to make them understand. I went to executives and said, "Man, it is very important for a lot of people to listen to this music because it's going to educate them, and bring them closer to the creativity inside themselves." But nobody would listen to me. So pretty much what you have to do is to either make your own records, or go to a person who you know is real.

Zipkin: I think it's important for people who didn't see your last **db** interview (7/20/72) to learn of your first meetings with Ornette Coleman in Los Angeles.

Haden: I was playing with Paul Bley, Lenny McBrowne and Dave Pike at a place in L.A. called the Hilcrest. During that period (1956-58) a lot of musicians would come and sit in—sometimes Anthony Ortega, an alto player, would play, and a Canadian trumpet player named Herbie Spanyer. One night Lenny McBrowne brought Ornette in, and introduced us. Ornette at the time was an elevator operator at Bullock's department store. He worked during the day, and tried to write and go to different places to play at night.

After Ornette sat in that night, he asked me to come to his apartment to play. One afternoon I went over, and there was music strewn all over the place—he was constantly writing. So he picked up a handful and put it on a music stand, explained the melodic line and the chord changes, and then said something like, "Try to hear the *feeling* of the song rather than the structure." At first I didn't understand, and he said, "Well, although I have chord changes written out for this melody, try and feel, or grasp the way you feel about them, instead of playing them. And play off that feeling."

He tried to explain it to me by playing. He played four or five phrases, and said, "That was *Body And Soul*." From the way he phrased it and the harmonies he played, it sounded like he had played the complete song; but he played a *feeling* of the song. It wasn't like it was before, which was playing a song, and improvising on the chord changes of that song. It was freeing you even more: you played the way you *felt* about it. And as a result you listened to one another very intensely and very closely. When Ornette started improvising, I listened to every note he played, and went with him.

He asked me to come back to his house, and we played more and more. I had met Don Cherry and Billy Higgins before, and we had played together. Ornette had been playing with them, too, so we all got together and started rehearsing. One day Paul Bley heard us practicing, and we began working with him at the Hilcrest. The music really got together a lot during that period. I discovered that the way I had been hearing to play improvised solos before I had met Ornette—playing things that weren't inside the chord changes—was like what Ornette wanted me to do. I tried to retain that solo improvisation feeling when I played in ensemble, behind the other soloists.

Around this time, Ornette and Don somehow met John Lewis, and he invited them to come out to Lenox, Massachusetts' School of Jazz for the summer of 1959. When they got back, we continued rehearsing, and one day Nesuhi Ertegun from Atlantic came over to hear us—I guess John Lewis had gotten in touch with him. The next thing I knew, Or-

continued on page 56

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ROSCOE MITCHELL

NONAAH—Nessa N-9/10: *Nonaah; Ericka; Nonaah; Off Five Dark Six; Al Tal 2LA; Tahquemenon; Improvisation 1; Ballad; Nonaah.*

Personnel: Mitchell, alto sax; Anthony Braxton, sopranino sax (track 4); Malachi Favors, bass (track 5); George Lewis, trombone (track 6); Muhal Richard Abrams, piano (track 6); Joseph Jarman, Wallace McMillan, Henry Threadgill, alto sax (track 9).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mitchell, one of the most creative and original voices of the new music, is a true pioneer who has molded his own vocabulary out of the lexicon of Ayler and Coleman and extended the art to a new state. The founding member of the Art Ensemble of Chicago, he has increasingly spent time away from his cohorts to pursue more personal directions. The present offering exposes him in a variety of settings, in solo performance and in collaboration with some of the Chicagoans in whose company his conceptions took shape during the formative years of the AACM (Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians).

Mitchell has plumbed the variations of instrumental timbre since the days of his *Sound* album for Delmark; recently he has been more concerned with the formalistic elements of composition and improvisation. Like his colleague Anthony Braxton, Mitchell examines the relationships between note values by juxtaposing them in fragmentary tone rows, abstracted from customary conventions of melody and harmony. His compositions, however, are far from lifeless mathmatical formulae, for he imbues them with emotional intensity and subtle lyricism through timing and intonation with a degree of craftsmanship rare among contemporary saxophonists. In an era when technique is often taken to mean the ability to give polished readings to familiar arrangements, Mitchell demonstrates a mastery of his instrument through a much broader range of coloration and invention than even non-commercial musicians are wont to explore. The music that results stands as an example of true innovation which will surely remain to influence others in years to come.

Nonaah, the title piece, is repeated twice here (three times if one counts a brief reprise), once in a live solo performance recorded in Willisau, Switzerland, and once in an arrangement for four alto saxophones recorded in a Chicago studio. The contrast between the two renditions illuminates the relationship between composition and realization; the stark, plaintive quality of the solo reading gives way to a buoyant and even playful feeling in the ensemble session. The work comprises four themes, each characterized by Mitchell's stylistic shibboleths; unusual intervals spaced in wide leaps, short staccato phrases, and a refined, almost boppish lyrical sense that emerges through an analytical process of musical cubism, as it were. The presentation of the first theme in the solo version is a tour de force of repetition in which tone color is the only variable, progressing from Mitchell's initially round, nutty tone through a series of ever harsher intonations until the alto reverberates like a buzz saw. His mastery of the horn is evidenced here, as elsewhere, in the firm control he exerts over the airflow in a range which embraces the broadest open-throated vibrato as well as the thinnest nasal piping. In the group version, timbral qualities are more subdued; here the momentum is sustained through the interplay of note values as the quartet transforms the first theme into a twittering fugue and the second into an ethereal mirage floating on Schoenberg-like sonorities. The collaboration of Jarman, Threadgill and McMillan is vital; it is difficult to imagine European or New York musicians executing such an abstruse and idiosyncratic conception with this degree of unity.

On the Jarman composition *Ericka*, Mitchell waxes melodic, then fractures the tune into elemental particles and culminates in a storm of Ayleresque overblowing. The piece offers a stark contrast to the intricately controlled interchange with Braxton on their duet *Off Five Dark Six*. In the rarified atmosphere of the upper register the two converse in bemused intellectual dialect, Braxton pirouetting on sopranino as Mitchell bounces angular harmonies against the sparse framework until they take to the stratosphere like eerie sirens. *Al Tal 2LA* with Malachi Favors on bass is a study in structure and silence; the solemnity of Favors' dark, rich musings is punctuated by the querulous cries of the alto in a seamless dialogue of uncanny compatibility. George Lewis and Muhal Richard Abrams are featured on *Tahquemenon*, blending their distinctive styles in remarkable conformity to Mitchell's compositional sense while unmistakeably retaining their own identities.

Mitchell regularly performs on all the reed instruments in his work with the Art Ensemble but here on alto he seems uniquely at home. Like Sonny Rollins or Lester Young, his improvisations serve to analyze the thematic material in its every aspect until the possibilities are exhausted, "worrying the tune to death," except that in this case the "tune" may be little more than a jagged fragment. Throughout the process of dissection, however, he never loses sight of the larger architectonic, imparting a sense of structure that lays bare the intrinsic relationships of scalar values in patterns of striking originality. His strong formal sense is especially evident where there is no written material, as in *Improvisation 1*, where he creates an impression of integral coherence through the force of his intellect and passion.

As a composer, Mitchell ranks with Braxton and Sun Ra in extending the boundaries of modern music to the outer limits of chromatic abstraction. Surely one of the outstanding musicians of our time, his influence has yet to be felt beyond a relatively small circle of associates and devotees, but that circumstance will doubtless change. —*birnbaum*

OREGON

VIOLIN—Vanguard VSD-79397: *Violin; Serenade; Raven's Wood; Flagolet; Friend Of The Family.*

Personnel: Paul McCandless, oboe, bass clarinet; Glen Moore, bass; Ralph Towner, 12-string and classical guitars, piano (track 3); Collin Walcott, tabla drums, percussion, piano (track 4).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

What else is there to say about the sublime musicians that comprise Oregon? Glen Moore gets a deeper, more poetic bass sound every time I hear him; more and more, Ralph Towner's guitar playing gravitates towards a realm of pure sound; Paul McCandless has brought the oboe into the consciousness of improvising musicians (Yusef Lateef and Charles Austin also come to mind); the succinct percussionist Collin Walcott employs variegated color combinations to provide rhythmic drive without overpowering the ensemble. As a unit, these eclectic multi-instrumentalists are able to smoothly integrate eastern tonality (and spirituality), pan-cultural folk rhythms, the classical approach to harmony and sound quality and the spontaneous excitement of jazz.

Violin is a very satisfying recording, in which Oregon is augmented by the flowing lyricism of Polish violinist Zbigniew Seifert. Seifert belongs to a new generation of violinists who draw their inspiration more from jazz horn players than from classical concert artists. As Seifert says: "What I play on the violin, I imagine being produced by the saxophone. I admire Coltrane and try to play as he would if his instrument were the violin."

The group sound on *Violin* is more oriented towards contemporary classical tonality than anything else. *Flagolet* is an excursion into high, arching pulsers of sound; Seifert and McCandless achieve an uncanny affinity of sound and feeling. The title tune, a group improvisation that takes up the better part of side one, begins as an Indian incantation and develops into a collage of free form sound sculptures. *Serenade* is a short, delicate ballad performed by Towner, Seifert and Moore; *Raven's Wood* uses a Latin rhythm, and *Friend Of The Family* a hustle beat, as the impetus for improvisations.

Oregon's music can operate as foreground or background as the listener so chooses. The acoustic sounds they employ are compelling without being oppressing. There is space to breathe and think. You can conjure up your own fantasies or tune into the hobbit lands that Oregon invents. After seven albums, Oregon continues to set the direction for thoughtful, lyrical group music. —*stern*

AURACLE

GLIDER—Chrysalis CHR 1172: *Columbia Bubblegum; Tom Thumb; Glider; Sno Fun; Sleezy Listening; Kids' Stuff; Chez Amis; Sartori.*

Personnel: Richard Braun, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Stephen Kujala, woodwinds; Steven Rehbein, mallets, percussion; John Serry, piano, electric keyboards; Bill Staebell, bass; Ron Wagner, drums.

★ ★ ★

One of the chief outgrowths of the burgeoning "jazz education" boom has been the proliferation of hundreds of predictable, white jazz-rock groups. Ranging from trios to

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BILL EVANS The master at work like never before. The most lucid piano in town appears this time out in a highly conversational mood. Ready to be awestruck? This is it, a one-man tour de force. Produced by Helen Keane.

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nonets, their sameness is even more formulaic than disco music. At least in the former you'll have an interspersing cowlick. Yet in this "style," most efforts boil down to rhythmically superfluous, technically wizard-like, castrated attempts at drifty, propulsive imagistica.

At first glance, Auracle would be yet another fuzak (fusion-muzak) ensemble—six Caucasians with an obsession for elegant, refined stompomania colored by airy, stratospheric (yet never ionospheric) mellow music. Yet there's something here. Despite all the shortcuts and gimmickry, some of the instrumentation blends into intelligent, and yes, creative brew.

All six players have derivative yet exemplary chops, with trumpeter Braun and sax/flute blower Kujala shining brightest. They have a shrew concept of brass-reed duality, brought out by their rapid battle on *Tom Thumb*, the parallel trumpet-flute intro on *Kids' Stuff*, the roll-and-tumble bartered phrases during *'Sno Fun*. On occasion, mallet-man Rehbein gets into the act, via his trail-beat hammerings on the former tune.

Despite the creativity, however, we are dealt a number of trite metaphors. Ready for yet another "flute is just like the wind" homily? The title piece, obviously designed to portray a glider carried aloft by the current, is listenable, yet just a bit too hackneyed to be credible. There is, though, an embryonic yet potentially varied compositional sense carried through overall. Is Auracle the Matrix IX of 1978? Quite possibly. —*shaw*

MARK COLBY

SERPENTINE FIRE—Columbia/Tappan Zee JC 35298: *Serpentine Fire; Daydreamer; On And On; King Tut; Renegade; Rainbow Wings.*

Personnel: Colby, soprano and tenor sax; Eric Gale, Hiram Bullock, Steve Khan, guitar; Bob James, electric and acoustic piano, Oberheim polyphonic synthesizer, digital sequencer; Gary King, bass; Rubens Bassini, percussion; Steve Gadd, drums. Additional personnel: Bob Militello, flute, alto flute, and piccolo; Jon Faddis, Marvin Stamm, Lew Soloff, Alan Rubin, Mike Lawrence, trumpet; David Taylor, Wayne Andre, Paul Faulise, trombone; Paul Gershman, Charles Libove, Barry Finclair, Harry Cykman, Herbert Sorkin, Marvin Morgenstern, John Pintavalle, Max Ellen, Diana Halprin, violin; Al Brown, LaMar Alsop, viola; Charles McCracken, Alan Shulman, cello; David Nadien, concertmaster.

★ ★ ½

Records like these help define that fine line between music as artifact and music as a product. Colby, a young reedman (fresh from a two-year stint with Maynard Ferguson) and his executive producer/sideman Bob James (whom, one suspects, had a fine hand in fabricating all this) give us here a kind of musical greeting card: stylish, pretty, neatly realizing its polished but limited goals, a cleverly arranged bouquet of something for everyone, saying little to anyone.

Granted, the pieces are neatly mitered, a workmanlike achievement, especially since string and horn sweetening were tacked on after the fact—a sad afterthought, at best, since their inclusion makes Colby seem an even more uncommitted soloist, like a tired session player: facile, hip to the Tom Scott licks, but lacking a sharply defined musical personality, much less identity.

On And On, probably this release's most insipid track, does just that, goes on and on *ad infinitum*, long after it's made its Top 40 point, long after its background vocal hook has dulled its barb. If one connotation of *serpentine* is *craftily beguiling*, then half of this album's title fits.

As for the *firey* part of this release, it's slickly hidden away. On James' *King Tut*, a dissonant, Kentonish intro sets up a rare burning soprano solo by Colby, and the Youngish lyricist almost does become reptilian. And *Renegade*, a loose, economically scored driver, sports scat vocals and guitar by Hiram Bullock.

With the exception of James' ring modulated keyboard cues on Steve Khan's *Rainbow Wings*, which like *Daydreamer* is a bit of smootchy John Klemmerish lyricism, this keyboardist's presence helps little: laid back Ramsey Lewis here, polyphonic synthesizer fills there.

So the real Mark Colby remains enigmatic, much like that serpent Eve bumped into in Eden. What's certain is that a date heavy on uncommitted soloists, slick production values and sentiments like those in Hallmark cards doesn't have much worth paying attention to. —*balleras*

LARRY CORYELL-PHILLIP CATHERINE

TWIN-HOUSE—Elektra 6E-123: *Ms. Julie; Home Comings; Airpower; Twin-House; Mortgage On Your Soul; Gloryell; Nuages; Twice A Week.*

Personnel: Coryell and Catherine, 6 and 12 string acoustic guitars.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Twin-House is the culmination of Larry Coryell's guitar pilgrimage. Coryell could always play, but his recordings and concerts have been wildly erratic affairs. Personal hangups were often to blame, but *The Lion And The Ram* marked a turning point for Coryell; it was a statement of artistic and spiritual renewal, achieved literally and metaphorically through his wife Julie. *Twin-House*, a set of acoustic encounters with the Belgian guitarist Phillip Catherine, bears the fruits of Coryell's rebirth. The album is a cohesive tapestry of technique and emotion—some of the most beautiful guitar duets since Julian Bream and John Williams.

Much of *Twin-House's* success is due to Catherine. Whereas Steve Khan's function on *Two For The Road* was that of an accompanist, Catherine is Coryell's alter ego, bringing a focus and relaxation to the proceedings that is sometimes missing when Larry plays solo. Catherine isn't quite as rhythmically bold as Coryell; he has a lighter tone and is more lyrically direct. Both guitarists share the spirit of Django Reinhardt, as they demonstrate on a loving rendition of *Nuages*. Catherine states the theme, exploiting blues inflections and wide vocal intervals in his solo, then provides a landscape of arpeggios and Hot Club 4/4 for Coryell's driven excursions. After Coryell's solo, the guitarists engage in an open-ended emotional dialog, bringing things to a close with bell-like harmonics.

Coryell and Catherine don't fall prey to pyrotechnical overkill too often, and their rapport is such that even a frentic shoot-out like *Airpower* has its charms. Much of the playing is classically inspired, such as Jim Webb's three part suite *Gloryell*, which contains some of Coryell's most sensitive playing. There is also plenty of good blues work: Catherine's title tune is a lowdown Hendrix-like stomper, while Keith Jarrett's *Mortgage On My Soul* has more of a gospel feel (and a clever Bartokian reworking of the bridge as well).

Hopefully Coryell and Catherine will work together again, because they make each other

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sound beautiful. Larry has never played with as much taste and drive as he does on *Twin-House*. Yet a question lingers in my mind: While listening to the meditative second section of Coryell's *Ms. Julie* I wondered if he might just be arriving at the point where speed isn't the predominant concern. Coryell has achieved such a mastery of the guitar that he's no longer in competition with anyone but himself, and after all, less *is* more. Now that Coryell is recording with Miles, the great editor incarnate, might we expect a process of simplification? —*stern*

PUTTER SMITH

LOST & FOUND—Vee Jay VJS 3069: *ISA; American Dance; P.C.; Movement #1; Ugly Beauty; Leaving; Mood Report; Lost & Found; Very Early; Kansas.*

Personnel: Smith, acoustic bass; Gary Foster (tracks 1-6, 8-10), John Gross (tracks 1, 3-9), saxes; Kent Glenn (tracks 1, 3-6, 8), Dick Schreve (track 9), piano; Gene Stone (tracks 1, 3-6, 8), John Tirabasso (track 9), drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

There is a special challenge that goes with having a successful big brother. Do you follow in his footsteps and attempt to reach the same goals? Or do you blaze new directions to foreclose potentially painful comparisons?

For Putter Smith, an older brother's success was an inspiration. Carson Smith, ten years Putter's senior, was the bassist for Gerry Mulligan's first quartet. Though Carson had left for the road, a half-size bass, some Mulligan records and a deep love for music had remained at home. These were the basics of Putter's musical education.

After graduating to the full-sized bass, there were a variety of West Coast gigs, including a stint with Thelonious Monk in the late '60s. Since then, Putter has become one of L.A.'s most dependable bassists.

For his recording debut as a leader, Smith has put together a challenging set of compositions that brings out the best in everyone. Though not a virtuoso player, the bassist's solid footwork anchors the proceedings in a solid swinging groove.

Gary Foster, perhaps best known for his fine reed work with the Toshiko/Tabackin big band, gets ample opportunity to sail with lyric abandon. His sketches in Bill Evans' *Very Early* and Kent Glenn's *Leaving* are masterful couplings of passion and intellect. Tenorist John Gross soars throughout but is most effective in Smith's free-flowing *Mood Report*. His edgy sound adds grit to his meditative musings.

Aside from Smith, the rhythm tandem of pianist Kent Glenn and drummer Gene Stone provide tasty support. Glenn's best solo efforts are on *P.C.* and *Leaving*. For *Very Early*, however, Glenn and Stone are replaced by keyboardist Dick Schreve and percussionist John Tirabasso. In addition to providing excellent backdrops, Schreve's solo sparkles a la Evans.

In all, Smith plucks with perspicacity, precision and poise. Whether ballad, bossa or free (check the open spaces and warmth of *Kansas*), Smith is on top and in charge. —*berg*

HORACE SILVER

SILVER 'N PERCUSSION—Blue Note BN-LA 583-H: *The Gods Of The Yoruba; The Sun God Of The Masai; The Spirit Of The Zulu; The Idols Of The Incas; The Aztec Sun God; The Mohican And The Great Spirit.*

Personnel: Silver, piano; Tom Harrell, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Larry Schneider, tenor sax; Ron Carter, bass; Al Foster, drums; N. Babatunde Olatunji, Ladji Camara, African percussion (tracks 1 and 2); Omar Clay, American Indian percussion (tracks 4, 5, 6); Fred Hardy, Lee C. Thomas, Fred Gripper, Bob Barnes, Bobby Clay, Peter Oliver-Norman, Chapman Roberts, voices.

★ ★ ★ ★

For the past few years, Horace Silver has been exploring a number of thematic concepts beginning with his three album series called *The United States Of Mind*. A functional part of most of these projects has been Silver's interest in blending voices with his quintet sound.

Horace Silver has said that now he finds lyric composition as well as melodic composition "quite fascinating." There is a harmonic logic about it that pianists like McCoy Tyner have also found compelling. *Silver 'N Percussion* continued to deal with a thematic approach to his compositions along with the use of voices. In this case Silver has mixed African and Indian chants with his own distinctive sound and style.

It's a highly successful mix, coupling jazz, the American folk form, with the stylized folk traditions of tribal music. Silver calls it "a tribute to spiritual evolution." Whatever, essentially it is a very fine Horace Silver unit playing his melodic and percussive yet deceptively simple compositions. The voices establish theme and feeling for each piece, but it's the playing of Schneider, Harrell, Silver, Carter and Foster that's the dominant factor. This is music of exceptional quality and imagination, another variation on the Horace Silver style—straightahead, cooking and occasionally funky. —*nolan*

GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS

GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS—Rounder 3013: *You Got to Lose; Madison Blues; One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer; Kind Hearted Woman; Can't Stop Lovin'; Ride On Josephine; Homesick Boy; John Hardy; I'll Change My Style; Delaware Slide.*

Personnel: Thorogood, vocal, guitar, harmonica; Ron Smith, rhythm guitar; Billy Blough, bass; Jeff Simon, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Singer-guitarist Thorogood makes a spirited, generally impressive debut with this album of recently recorded performances in classic rockabilly style. A young native of Wilmington, Del., he and his trio the Destroyers (guitarist Smith was added for several cuts) have been performing in the Northeast for the last few years, during which they reportedly attracted strong interest from several major record labels. Ultimately, however, the group settled on Rounder Records, the Massachusetts independent that has been greatly active in traditional folk music and its contemporary offshoots. The resultant album, issued without fanfare or ballyhoo, is an excellent, well recorded set of "live" performances possessing plenty of raw, muscular power and the intensity that occasionally (but not always) characterizes in-person recordings. If you like raunchy music, you'll love this.

Thorogood is an impressive and hugely entertaining performer, a strong, persuasive vocalist in a straightforward, ungimmicked style (which often suggests that of Mick Jagger's approach to like material) and a gripping guitarist whose command of several black-derived instrumental styles is the major asset of the group's music. Especially effective is his fluent, assured and rhythmically incisive slide guitar work. His chief model would appear to be Elmore James, whose *Madison Blues* and

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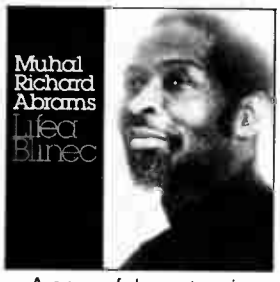

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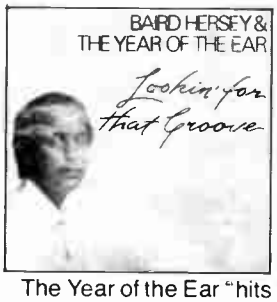

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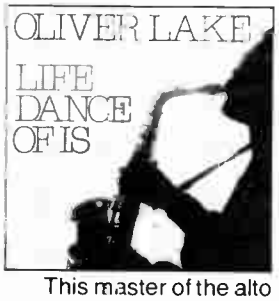

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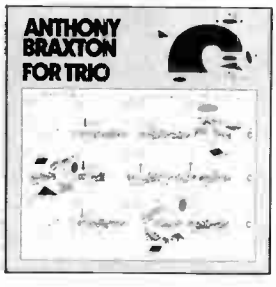

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Can't Stop Lovin' are given fine workouts, with additional influences from Earl Hooker *(You Got To Lose)*. Muddy Waters and others being evident from time to time, most notably in the lengthy slide guitar feature *Delaware Slide*.

In general, Thorogood is intelligently eclectic in his choice of models and material, moving with equal facility from Robert Johnson's *Kind Hearted Woman* (given a tastefully restrained acoustic guitar treatment), through the traditional *John Hardy* (acoustic guitar and harmonica only), John Lee Hooker's riveting *One Bourbon*, Bo Diddley's *Josephine*, on to his variously-influenced originals. He brings them all off, with punch and power to spare, never betraying the slightest hesitancy or ever striking a false note, vocally or instrumentally.

For my money, this is as notable a debut album as Johnny Winter's SonoBeat LP of almost a decade ago which, by the way, tapped many of the same sources as does Thorogood in his music. While Thorogood may not be as flashy a guitarist as Winter, he's much less self-indulgent or excessive in his use of the instrument, and he's a much better singer. He's off to a good start with this vigorous, well-produced and recorded album. *—welding*

BRIAN ENO

BEFORE AND AFTER SCIENCE—Island ILPS 9478: *No One Receiving; Backwater; Kurt's Rejoinder; Energy Fools The Magician; King's Lead Hat; Here He Comes; Julie With; By This River; Through Hollow Lands; Spider And I.*

Personnel: Eno, voices, synthesizer, guitar, chorus, percussion, piano, bell, vibes; Paul Rudolph, Percy Jones, Bill MacCormack, Brian Turrington, bass; Phil Collins, Jaki Liebezelt, Dave Mattacks, Andy Fraser, drums; Rhett Davies, a-gong gong, stick; Shirley Williams, brush timbales; Kurt Schwitters, voice; Fred Frith, Robert Fripp, guitars; Achim Roedelius, grand and electric pianos; Mobi Moblus, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

What a wonderland of a zoo, a cross between steaming smoke, atonal mystery and hanging, frothy ditties. This is the essence of Brian Eno, one of the few compositional *and* instrumental geniuses rock music has ever produced.

No One Receiving is a brilliant hybrid bastardization, a non-discofied rhythmic treatise replete with the savage foot of drummer Phil Collins, the percussion of Rhett Davies and Brian Eno himself and the chanting lyrical cadence reminiscent of the Beatles' acid-inspired hymn, *Tomorrow Never Comes*.

In contrast, *Backwater* is a strange, yet totally accessible tavern song, a medium which Eno voices fluently. Yet the wages of weirdness are also evocatively delivered, via the somnolent hum of *Energy Fools The Magician*, the Stockhausen-like buzz continium of *Julie With* and the deranged vocal effects of *Spider And I*.

This is another typically awesome, stunning, numbing Brian Eno album—the record Pink Floyd *could* make if they set their collective mind to it. Definitely fodder for cultish elitists. *—shaw*

JOHN COATES, JR.

ALONE AND LIVE AT THE DEER HEAD—Omnisound N1015: *Prologue (No. 39); When It's Sleepy Time Down South; Never Have Known An Esther; Sketch; Mixed Feelings; Homage; Something Kinda Silly; The End Of The Beginning; The Prince.*

Personnel: Coates, acoustic piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

John Coates, Jr. is one of the most individualistic piano voices on the current scene. Combining a conservatory background with dashes of Art Tatum, Oscar Peterson, Bud Powell, Bill Evans and Thelonious Monk, Coates has forged a unique style marked by melodic inventiveness, harmonic pungency and rhythmic intensity.

Though relatively unknown, Coates has had a rich musical background. Born in Trenton, New Jersey, on February 2, 1938, Coates was first encouraged by his piano-playing father. Between the ages of seven and 17, Coates studied at the Mannes and Dalcroze Schools of Music in New York. In addition, he became involved in jazz to the point where at the age of 17 he recorded his first album, a trio date on Savoy entitled *Portrait*.

After high school, he spent two years on the road with tenor saxophonist Charlie Ventura. He then attended Rutgers University as a romance languages major and graduated with honors in 1960. Three years later he joined the staff of Shawnee Press as a composer, arranger and editor of choral music. Along with his work for Shawnee Press, Coates has played regularly at the Deer Head Inn at Delaware Water Gap, Pennsylvania. Except for one track, this album was recorded before a live and lively audience at the Deer Head.

In tunes like *Never Have Known An Esther*, Coates unleashes taut Jarrettish probes over insistent left-hand urgings while occasionally singing along a la Garner. For *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*, there are Evans-like harmonic shifts and a spectacular Tatumesque coda. Coates also has a sense of humor. In *Something Kinda Silly*, a bright raggedy bounce suggests a cartoon speeded up to a delightfully berserk tempo.

Recently, Coates took a leave of absence from his responsibilities at Shawnee Press to focus his energies on playing. That bodes well for him and for us. In the meantime, though, *Alone And Live At The Deer Head* and his previous *The Jazz Piano Of John Coates, Jr.* (Omnisound—N1004) are excellent representations of a talent from whom we are likely to hear more and bigger things. *—berg*

ELVIS COSTELLO

THIS YEARS MODEL—Columbia JC 35331: *No Action; This Years Girl; The Beat; Pump It Up; Little Triggers; You Belong To Me; Hand In Hand; Lip Service; Living In Paradise; Lipstick Vogue; Radio Radio.*

Personnel: Costello, vocals; The Attractions (Bruce, Steve, Pete) without last names or instrumental credits.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Let us deal first with certain misconceptions. Costello is not a Presley imitator in any sense except, perhaps, the sneer. And his moniker was selected before the death of The King, not in a fit of exploitative necrophilia. Elvis Costello should not be banished to the punk/new wave rock category—he has already shown accessibility, consistency and quality writing which separates him from the pack. With this, his second album (the first being the high-class *My Arm Is True*), Costello deals out 11 more originals, each reflecting a point-of-view and emotional feeling which is all his own.

My Aim Is True had a rhythmic, minimalist sound with bass, drums and keyboards backing Elvis' angry, driving vocals and rhythm guitar. Rockabilly in some spots, reggae in others, the lyrics were out front. Costello and Nick Lowe, producer of both albums, seem to have changed course between the two, and *This Years Model* jumps back with both feet into mid-'60s rock and roll, with dominating organ a la the Animals.

The new album is bludgeoning in its musical approach, but it is the perfect setting for Elvis' songs, which average a little over three minutes in length. Costello's band, the Attractions, drives the tunes along with a cat o' nine tails and consistently provides the proper shade of black. No instrumental solos will be found.

Although Costello and avant garde jazz musicians might fret at the thought of an alliance, they do have some things in common. Musically speaking, Costello's work is an answer to the clean, pretentious "today" sounds. The lyrics of a song like *Radio Radio* could have been written by any number of musicians we've interviewed, if they were 23-year-old working-class punks. "They don't give you any choice 'cause they think that it's treason," and "The radio is in the hands of such a lot of fools tryin' to anesthetize the way that you feel."

But that is about as far as Costello goes into sociological subjects; most of his tunes are of a more personal nature, usually with perverse twists. His idea of a love song is *Hand In Hand:* "If I'm gonna go down, you're gonna come with me . . . hand in hand." This could go on and on. Enough to say that if you liked what you read, there's plenty more of the same.

The early word from Elvis himself, who has since clammed up, was that his songs are about "hate, guilt and revenge." This is as accurate as any three-word synopsis. His raw, fierce music is acclaimed by furniture movers, corporate executives and critics alike.

I'm going out on the limb to predict that if Elvis Costello follows up his first two albums with more of like quality, intelligence and feeling will be injected into pop music with an impact similar to that made by the electric Dylan of the mid-'60s. Gotta check out that loud droning—I hope it's Elvis and not a chainsaw. *—carman*

BARRY ALTSCHUL

YOU CAN'T NAME YOUR OWN TUNE—Muse MR-5124: *You Can't Name Your Own Tune; For Those Who Care; Natal Chart; Cmbeh; Hey Toots!; King Korn.*

Personnel: Altschul, drums, percussion; Dave Holland, bass, cello; Muhal Richard Abrams, piano; Sam Rivers, tenor sax, soprano sax, flute; George Lewis, trombone.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At last, a supersession worthy of the designation. Barry Altschul's *You Can't Name Your Own Tune* jumps right out and grabs you with its authoritative swing and probing free form lyricism ("freebop" is what David Himmelstein calls it in his fine notes). Altschul has a totally unique sound. His setup is a throwback to 1930s big band drummers (via Harry Partch), combining the best aspects of an incidental percussionist and a small group drummer; tightly pitched Gretsch drums, a melodically inclined phalanx of Paiste, A. and K. Zildjian cymbals, and a whole spectrum of wood and metal sounds are brought together into a light yet blistering orchestral concept of drumming.

Oh, Altschul is fast alright. Check out his effortlessly precise ride work on the swinging title tune, but think of a drummer (if you can) who could play with the string quartet sensi-

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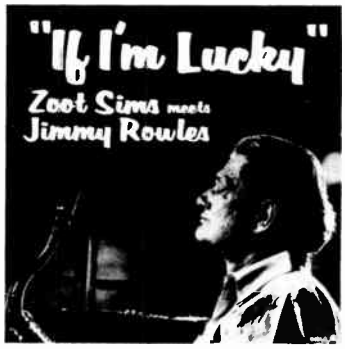

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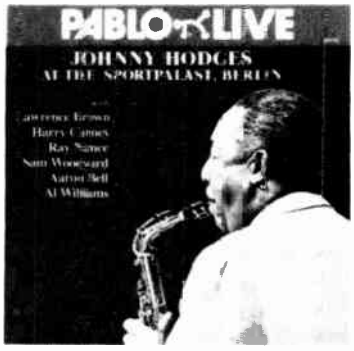

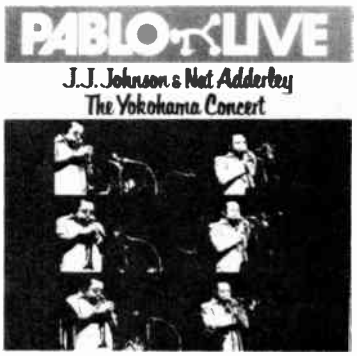

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tivity Altschul demonstrates on the starkly beautiful *For Those Who Care*. His solo feature, *Hey Toots*, is an eminently musical piece, combining all sorts of street sounds with military snare figures and propulsive African rhythms (like his imaginative use of double bass drums).

In short, Altschul is a latter day Jo Jones, intense but always appropriate, making everything played around him sound more intelligent.

On his first outing as a leader, Altschul's musical collaborators are all leaders and virtuosic innovators of the first rank. Bassist Dave Holland has been Altschul's rhythm section partner in excellent group settings such as Circle (with Chick Corea and Anthony Braxton), Sam Rivers and Muhal Richard Abrams. Abrams is an emotionally flexible pianist and improviser, alternating freely between percussive and lyrical realms as on his thrashing trio composition *Cmbeh*. Youthful trombonist George Lewis has already established himself as *the* leading voice on his instrument. *King Korn* finds him anarchistic *and* romantic—a boldly human cry. Sam Rivers is just slightly less possessed than usual. He and Lewis create lots of powerful statements, my favorite being their high-kicking slapstick irony on Altschul's blues/free form piece, *Natal Chart*.

The improvising on this session is emotional and cohesive, and Altschul's compositions reflect a most cheerful disposition. This was an up session. I'd recommend *You Can't Name Your Own Tune* to anyone looking for a first free form album. —*stern*

EDDIE RUSS

TAKE A LOOK AT YOURSELF—Monument MG7620: *Take A Look At Yourself; Don't Ask My Neighbors; Tea Leaves; Interlude; I Want To Be Somebody; Feelin' Fine; I Heard That; Lay Back.*

Personnel: Russ, piano, synthesizer, Arp string ensemble; Wilton Machen, saxes; Walter Corley, Clavinet, piano, percussion; Greg Coles, Larry Rhodes, Jim Kessler, bass; Eddie Willis, Ron English, R. C. Crawford, guitar; Calvin Welch, congas, drums, bells; Ewell Jones, drums; Gerry Paul, congas, bongos, bells, tambourine, blocks; Marcus Belgrave, Ron Jackson, Maurice Davis, trumpet, fluegelhorn; George Benson, Kenny Garrett, alto sax; Wilton Machen, Sam Sanders, William Wiggins, tenor sax; Ernest Rodgers, Doc Holiday, Tom Bowles, baritone sax; Stu Sanders, Don White, Eddie Gooch, Ernest Rodgers, trombone; Jackie Holiday, Renee Coles, vocals.

★ ★

Over 20 musicians, among them Marcus Belgrave and Eddie Willis, helped put this album together. But the arrangements are so discreet and the soloists so stingy that *Take A Look At Yourself* mostly sounds like a trio date with occasional licks and backup vocals. While it certainly is a relief not to encounter symphonic overtures or faddish "suites," this album is almost too laid back and uneventful. Were it not for the leader's own efforts, the whole thing would be entirely without personality.

Russ does have his moments, however. As a pianist, he possesses the fluency that often is the saving grace of the more superficial instrumentalists. His balancing of sparkling rhythm clusters against driving single-note runs adds musicality to what is essentially a synthetic product whose target is—surprise—mellowness.

There are no memorable songs or truly infectious lines, but the title track is a meaty piece of funk built on some intricate twists and turns. Russ' solo moves eagerly along a groove so steady and tangible as to be nearly chunky. After this the energy flags. The two cover versions, *Don't Ask My Neighbors* and *I Heard That*, are mere filler and the rest of the album is further marred by a liberal sprinkling of the Mickey Mouse space age sound that inevitably seems to be produced by the Arp instrument when not in the hands of the likes of Joe Zawinul.

The case, then, of this disc is the familiar one of chair straddling—on one hand, the album speculates in the current disco market but lacks the idiom's conviction and creativity; on the other, Russ' improvising talent is restricted and curtailed to hopefully satisfy the taste of the masses. —*gabel*

FRANK ZAPPA

ZAPPA IN NEW YORK—DiscReet 2D-2290: *Titties And Beer; I Promise Not To Come In Your Mouth; Big Leg Emma; Sofa; Manx Needs Women; The Black Page DrumSolo/Black Page #1; Black Page #2; Honey, Don't You Want A Man Like Me?; The Illinois Enema Bandit; The Purple Lagoon.*

Personnel: Zappa, composer, conductor, lead guitar, vocals; Ray White, rhythm guitar, vocals; Eddie Jobson, keyboards, vocals; Patrick O'Hearn, bass, vocals; Terry Bozzio, drums, vocals; Ruth Underwood, percussion, synthesizer, various humanly impossible overdubs; John Bergamo, Ed Mann, percussion overdubs; Louanne Neil, asmotic harp overdub; David Samuels, timpani, vibes; Randy Brecker, trumpet; Mike Brecker, tenor sax, flute; Lou Marini, alto sax, flute; Ronnie Cuber, baritone sax, clarinet; Tom Malone, trombone, trumpet, piccolo; Don Pardo, sophisticated narration.

★ ★ ★ ★

If James Brown is the godfather of funk, then that must make Frank Zappa the godfather of punk, right? Well, yes and no. Zappa's first album, *Fraek Out*, is still the quintessence of creative vitriol, and over the years he has been instrumental in cutting through fascist-mentality censorship, so's now you can say all 'dem naughty words on record and be an anti-social freak and all—I mean, I knew kids who were thrown out of their homes for having copies of *Absolutely Free*.

Unlike the punks, Zappa's music is largely rooted in classic Chicago r&b forms and overlayed by the contemporary classical sensibility of such way gone cats as Igor Stravinsky, Edgar Varese and Harry Partch. Unfortunately, Zappa's righteous indignation and musical sophistication is often diluted into crowd-pleasing grossouts (read: lots of commercial potential), like the new album's *Titties And Beer* and *The Illinois Enema Bandit*, wherein Frank raises the doody joke to Wagnerian proportions; it is banal and has always been a source of personal irritation. There are still plenty of good targets for rage, as Patti Smith and Richard Hell demonstrate (although I must confess that *Honey, Don't You Want A Man Like Me?* is a reasoned, witty appraisal of the bar scene).

Still, if you ignore the dross, what remains of *Zappa In New York* is brilliant. *The Purple Lagoon* employs a funky repeated figure as a jumping off point for solos by Mike Brecker (bursting with emotion), Zappa (psychedelic splendor), Ronnie Cuber (growling baritone), Patrick O'Hearn (bumblebee bass) and Randy Brecker (bionically modified trumpet, sounding like a five piece brass section). Zappa's main strength seems to be his ability to put rock on a big band level; *Sofa* is a *Saturday Night Live* gospel theme, with more excellent Mike Brecker preachings; the properly unsentimental title *I Promise Not To Come In Your Mouth* belies a delicate ballad; *Manx Needs Women* is a furious freak out.

The best piece on *Zappa In New York* is *The*

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Black Page Drum Solo. Terry Bozzio's melodic, economical drumming is combined with wood and metal sounds, giving it a Partch-like ambience. Zappa's ensemble unwinds long melodic lines over the top, before breaking into what he calls "a cheap little disco vamp" for the "easy, teenage, New York" version (for those people unable to deal with the piece's statistical density).

Zappa is a genius, and his musical concepts have grown over the years. There is a lot of good music on *Zappa In New York*. If Frank can ever overcome the need to say shit for the sake of shock, he might just create a musical masterpiece one of these days. —*stern*

WALTER BISHOP, JR.

SOUL VILLAGE—Muse MR 5142: *Soul Turnaround; Valerie; Sweet Rosa; Philadelphia Bright; Coral Keys; Soul Village.*

Personnel: Bishop, electric piano; Randy Brecker, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Gerry Niewood, tenor sax, flute; George Young, soprano and alto saxes; Steve Khan, guitar; Mark Egan, electric bass; Ed Soph, drums; Victoria, congas, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

For pianist Walter Bishop, Jr., *Soul Village* represents a new direction. Best known as a bebop stylist and associate of Art Blakey, Miles Davis and Charlie Parker, Bishop has deserted acoustic piano for Fender Rhodes. The results suggest that Bish has a brand new bag.

Essentially, his electric style is derived from the Rhodes' pastel shadings. Making good use of these, Bish has rounded the sharp corners off his bop-based linearity. Consequently, the solos bubble instead of pop. The percolating patterns of *Soul Turnaround* exemplify his approach.

The relaxed ambience of Bish's playing extends to the rest of the music. Though utilizing funky rhythms and slick horn licks, things unfold at a leisurely pace. Lots of blowing room is provided for Brecker, Young, Niewood and Khan. Throughout, the solo and ensemble episodes are neatly pushed along by the low-flame cooking of Egan, Soph and Victoria.

Soul Village presents music caught live with no studio tricks. It's a low key, feel good affair with a great groove for listening or dancing. Hopefully, the long under-acknowledged keyboardist will attraction his due with this new approach. —*herg*

LUCIANO BERIO

POINTS ON THE CURVE TO FIND; CONCERTINO; CHEMINS IV; LINEA—RCA ARL 1-2291.

Personnel: Anthony di Bonaventura, pianist; Anthony Pay, clarinetist; Nona Liddell, violinist; Heinz Holliger, oboist; Katia Labeque, piano 1 *(Linea)*; Marielle Labeque, piano 2; Jean-Pierre Drouet, vibraphone; Sylvio Gualda, marimba; London Sinfonietta, Luciano Berio, conductor.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

World-premiere recordings of three recent works and one of Berio's earlier compositions make this album something of an event.

Concertino, dating from 1951, is relatively unadventurous by today's standards. Its harmonies, for example, are no more dissonant than many of Prokofiev's. Pay's clarinet solos are both sensitive and strong; violinist Nona Liddell sounds competent when her playing can be heard above the orchestra's.

In *Points On The Curve To Find* (1974), the pianist's monophonic part (dominated by trills) is the "curve" to which all the orchestral parts are attached. The orchestral sections thus amplify both the soloist's and each other's parts. While it is not strict imitation, this overlapping of voices creates the same kind of textured effect that one hears in renaissance masses.

Chemins IV (1975), a less densely packed work, features more of the kind of delicate interplay for which Berio was known during his serialist period. Backed ably by the London Sinfonietta, oboe soloist Heinz Holliger, who specializes in classical and baroque music, evidences great skill in playing this sophisticated modern music.

Linea, premiered in New York last February, is a chamber work for two pianos, vibraphone and marimba. In the same vein structurally as *Chemins IV*, it evokes a landscape that is as stark and mysterious as the moon.

—*terry*

DON RADER

DON RADER . . . NOW—PBR International PBR 10: *Don't Stop Now; Hail Colombian; All Clear; I Thought About You; Saludita; Now; Don't Touch.*

Personnel: Rader, trumpet, fluegelhorn, pocket trumpet; Ray Reed, flute, piccolo, soprano and alto sax; Alan Broadbent, electric and acoustic piano; Fred "Fingers" Atwood, electric bass; Jim Nelson, drums; Jack Arnold, congas, finger cymbals, tambourine, go go bells, cabasa, triangle, cowbell, emery board.

★ ★ ★

Trumpeter Rader's big band credits include the aggregations of Basie, Herman, Ferguson, Harry James and Les Brown. The condition of his chops, then, really isn't in question here. The issue becomes whether a musician schooled in such regimented musical environments can effectively adapt to small group playing, which exacts slightly different priorities: among them, empathy, understatement, and subtlety.

Does Rader make this transition comfortably? Not quite. Although he's assembled a nice grouping of some well-conceived tunes (including six originals), his musical spirit gravitates, with few exceptions, toward the brassy, pressure cooker, now-watch-this-I'm-really-gonna-blow-my-ass-off approach. Impressive, but cloying.

The tunes themselves tend toward conservatively hip Latin and Latin-rock genres. *Saludita*'s a Corea-ish up-Latin, while *Now* is a romantic Latin mood-piece. A welcome exception is Joe Roccisano's *Don't Stop Now*, which mixes a Monkish "A" section with a rockish bridge. —*balleras*

BLINDFOLD TEST

Ralph MacDonald

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Though he was the #2 percussionist (after Airto) in last December's Readers Poll, Ralph MacDonald is second to none in the breadth of his impact.

In 1977, songs on which MacDonald played won 16 Grammy nominations. He was on three of the five cuts nominated for song of the year. At one point he was so busy in the studios that he was reported to be audible on nearly 40% of the jazz chart albums in any given week.

That frantic pace has slowed down a little to allow him time for even more meaningful activities. A successful songwriter in partnership with William Salter (they collaborated on *Where Is The Love*, contributed to almost all of Roberta Flack's albums, and wrote all of Grover Washington's hit singles, among them *Mr. Magic*), MacDonald has gone into business with Salter and arranger William Eaton and is now busier than ever as a producer for Joe Farrell, Bobbi Humphrey and many others, and as leader of groups in his own albums (recently *The Path* on Marlin Records, rising fast on the pop charts at press time).

Conducted during a brief non-playing promotional tour of California, this was MacDonald's first blindfold test. He was given no information about the records played.

1. STANLEY CLARKE. *More Hot Fun* (from *Modern Man*, Nemperor). Clarke, Alembic bass, composer.

As far as the composition is concerned—the tune—I don't think it's a song; it's more of a vamp. There's no real song in there nowhere. I mean, it sounds good for a certain kind of attitude, but there is no musical tune. We do that all day long just sitting around at home.

The quality of the record seems to be fair. I was really trying to listen to the vocals but all I could hear was some mumblin' back there. I can't imagine who that could be; to me, it could be a number of people. There's nothing that I find significant.

I think the standout of this record is the orchestration. The orchestra is well used as far as the horns and strings and the arrangement. . . . To me it's like an arranger who just takes a few chords and puts strings and horns and makes it busy. The arrangement is great as far as that's concerned; it sounds good, with the highs and lows. But as far as the basic rhythm section goes, there's nothing really there. It's just like some guys are jamming and an arranger came along and put some horns and strings over it and says, hey, we can make this a hit, you know? Two stars.

2. PAULINHO DA COSTA. *Berimbau Variations* (from *Agora*, Pablo). da Costa, percussion, composer (with Octavio Bailly and Claudio Slon).

Again I find it hard to hear a melody in there, but the attitude is kind of interesting. This is something different, something creative—a nice little ditty, as opposed to a song. That's a change of pace for somebody. I'm very much interested in that Indian style of music and I find it very very fascinating—after listening to Ravi Shankar and those guys, though I'm positive it's not any one of those guys. I'm used to listening to people like that who are really playing some music, injecting some $^{9}/_{8}$s and $^{11}/_{8}$s.

This is kind of cute for a Western hemisphere type situation, and I'm positive those are American musicians. To me, if you look at American guys doing that, it's a little creative ditty. I'll give it a three. As a percussionist, I hear a lot of creative things going on in there, and that's great; but again there's no substance.

I can't imagine who that could be. Maybe I should say two stars. It's fair. Nothing spectacular.

3. LARRY CORYELL/ALPHONSE MOUZON. *Beneath The Earth* (from *Back Together Again*, Atlantic). Coryell, guitar; Mouzon, drums, composer.

I like the idea that there's something other than $^{4}/_{4}$. I believe that's in seven. The melody is kind of interesting. When I hear it I think of early John McLaughlin, Billy Cobham and those guys. Again, I didn't hear a melody that really knocked me out. What knocked me out more than anything was that they were playing in seven as opposed to four. To me, that's what's going for the tune. It's just different.

I'd give it a three. There's a lot of interesting stuff in it. I had a chance to play some Greek music one time and it was just great. It's all odd-figured rhythms—threes and fives and sevens and nines.

4. MICHAL URBANIAK/URSZULA DUDZIAK. *Prayer* (from *Heritage*, Metronome). Urbaniak, composer, violin, Lyricon; Dudziak, vocals, electronics.

One of the things I like about this is that it's really improvisational. At the same time there s as much as 65% improvisation, there's 35% formula, I would say, which I think is a great combination for those of us who were listening to jazz through the '50s—I was born in '44. There's a whole frame around that—it's really structurized.

For this kind of tune I would give it a three. I would even give it a higher rating but I just don't hear a good melody. But on the basis of a jazz improvisational record I would give it a four. I think it's interesting. Very interesting.

5. BILLY HART. *Layla-Joy* (from *Enchange*, Horizon). Hart, drums and percussion, composer; Eddie Henderson, fluegelhorn.

Something about that reminded me a little bit of the Jazz Messengers—Art Blakey and them, from that period. That's a modern record that's made very recently but the music they're playing is the old jazz they used to. I think the melody is beautiful, definitely. We've got a melody, and the improvisational stuff.

I keep thinking I hear a little of Woody Shaw, the Messengers; but this can't be them, because that's a newer record. To me, it reminds me of a group concept attitude more than just soloists. I believe it might be a group—they seem to play a lot more with each other, and though it's improvisational, there's a tune, an arrangement, there's highs, there's lows, there's movement. You can see your verse, your bridge, your vamps.

I'll give that a very high rating, although the musicianship don't knock me out that much. I mean, I like it. I know it's a modern record because of what the percussionist is playing—the things that he's doing is what I started doing in the business. So he's imitating something he's heard already—by me or another of my imitators. I can tell this is maybe third or fourth generation. He heard somebody else do that style, because the bells and the triangles and stuff—they never had that in that music. That's something new.

I'd give that about a four though. I played a lot with Freddie Hubbard and although I think Miles is the man . . . I liked the trumpet player. I don't love him.

6. BILL BERRY AND THE ELLINGTON ALL-STARS. *Perdido* (from *For Duke*, M & K Realtime). Berry, cornet; Ray Brown, bass. Rec. 1977.

That's definitely some straightahead stuff! It reminds me of Basie or Duke, but it's probably an old record. I can tell by the mix, the way the sounds are. You can hear the band, but at the same time it doesn't seem to have that fullness of a real big band. It sounds like a big band, but then again it don't.

As far as the players, I can't really recognize any of them, although when the bass player came on at first I thought it was Ray Brown. Then I realized it wasn't as it got further down—because I played a lot with Ray too, and I just know his style. But it's from that era. He's from that era.

I grew up with that tune—I can't remember the name of it—and we used to go around singing that and *Salt Peanuts*. I don't know. It could be a number of bands which I'm really not that familiar with. But I think that's some great music—I can tell you that. You know, my mother would love that. I love it. But it's hard to find that music played in America now. You'd quicker find it in Europe.

I would rate it—being that it's an old record—I would rate it a four.

Feather: What if I told you this was made just a couple of months ago and that it's a direct-to-disc record?

MacDonald: Very bad direct-to-disc record!

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

Great tune. Great melody. Beautiful. I would think it's a . . . you would think it's Brazilian, but then again it may not be. Maybe the guitar player may be Brazilian, but the rest of the guys are American, I'm positive.

As far as the playing is concerned, if I go on the theory of South America, the playing is more American than Brazilian. There's something about the guitar player that makes him stand out on that record that makes me think it's the guitar player's record. I just don't know who it is. If I answered I'd be guessing.

The concept is good—it's nice to cross the Brazilian with a little Western influence. I'd give it four. db

PROFILE

JIM GALLOWAY

BY MARK MILLER


MARK MILLER

"Sometimes I see myself as a little bit of a throwback—trying to maintain a tradition that I don't know *will* be maintained."

The tradition is the one which has come to be called "mainstream," and saxophonist Jim Galloway's dedication to it has brought him to increasing prominence internationally for his work with men like Vic Dickenson and especially Buddy Tate. "I'm totally at home (if sometimes I feel a little inadequate) beside somebody like Vic—at home with that approach to music." Which is an interesting place to be for a Scottish-Canadian musician, now 41, who began playing clarinet during the British "trad-band" boom of the mid-'50s.

"The inspiration and the opportunity to play came at two different times. The inspiration—by accident—came when I was a kid in a little town [Dalry, Scotland, though Galloway was born in Kilwinning] and heard jazz first of all on radio, on the BBC and the American Forces Network. I learned an awful lot from the AFN programs. There was one DJ in particular who broadcasted out of Frankfurt. His theme was Artie Shaw's *Nightmare*, and he played a lot of jazz and swing on his program every night.

"I really got started playing because somebody lent me a clarinet. If he'd had a trumpet I'd probably have learned to play trumpet."

Claiming to be "a very unschooled musician, an old-fashioned seat-of-the-pants kind of player," Galloway worked first in various Glasgow dance and trad bands, and was a member of Alex Dulgleish's Scottish All Stars. In the process he began playing alto and baritone sax (though today his main horns are soprano and tenor, picked up in 1967 and 1970 respectively). In 1961 Galloway formed his own band, The Jazz Makers. "That was the beginning of my attempts to extend the style a bit. We played a lot of old numbers, but we also played a lot of Ellington and Basie. In fact we played anything from Jelly Roll Morton to Mongo Santamaria, which didn't make it necessarily the most commercially successful band. But we did okay. We did a lot of stuff for the BBC."

In 1964 Galloway moved to Toronto, and although he recalls being sidetracked initially, he became one of several Scottish-born musicians who have kept traditional jazz alive in the city. "First night in town, I found this place called the Colonial. I walked in—really didn't know quite what to expect—Vic [Dickenson] was up there, Buster Bailey, Herman Autry, Dan Mastri, Red Richards, Jackie Williams. The Saints and Sinners. And I thought 'If that's what's going on here, I'm not going to be doing much work!' "

And for the first year he didn't, making his living instead in graphics, a profession for which he had trained at the Glasgow School of Art. By 1967, though, he was comfortably established on a scene where The Saints and Sinners proved to be the exception rather than the norm. That year he joined Jim McHarg's Metro Stompers, a dedicated trad band, and one of Toronto's most popular. After a year or so, during which the Stompers made three records, Galloway succeeded bassist McHarg as the group's leader. He has continued to front the sextet in and around Toronto, although the Stompers of 1977—trumpeter Ken Dean, trombonist Peter Sagermann, pianist Ron Sorley, bassist Dan Mastri (held over from The Saints and Sinners) and drummer Russ Fearon—is a rather different band from the Stompers of the late '60s. And, as heard on the 1977 recording *Jim Galloway And The Metro Stompers* (Sackville 4002), the band has come to reflect clearly Galloway's range of interests. There's some Ellington, some Waller and some Galloway.

Over the years the Stompers ceased to be a full-time concern. Galloway in turn broadened his career, beginning in 1971 with a celebrated and personally successful pilgrimage to New Orleans. In the company of writer Paul Rimstead (then of the Toronto *Telegram*, now of the *Sun*), who has since become Galloway's drummer in certain situations, the saxophonist spent a week's vacation in "the birthplace of jazz," causing something of a sensation among the city's veteran musicians. Also in the early 1970s, Galloway began to talk his way into various positions as agent or host musician for a succession of Toronto clubs—Bourbon Street, Blues Alley, Daniel's, the Sapphire and Basin Street. "I don't think I'm a particularly hard-sell kind of person. I really have a passion for the music, and if it's not happening anywhere, I go and make it happen. You've got to hustle. That's one of the reasons there's a jazz scene in Toronto—because there are a handful of people in this town who work at making it happen."

It was in this context that Galloway began playing alongside the likes of Dickenson, Tate, Wild Bill Davison, Bobby Hackett, Jay McShann, Dick Wellstood, Ed Hubble, Claude Hopkins, Bud Freeman. One result of these associations was the album *Three's Company* (Sackville 2007), recorded in 1973 at Blues Alley with pianist Wellstood and drummer Pete Magadini. A second development was the formation in 1976 of Galloway's short-lived "All Star Sextet"—Tate, McShann, Buck Clayton (making his return to performance after several years), Mastri and Rimstead—for successful appearances at the Montreux and Nice jazz festivals. Galloway and Tate, by then partners of several years standing, returned to Europe in early 1977 for further engagements. Together they recorded one album for the Riff label, and Galloway alone recorded two of the ballads with a string orchestra. In the spring of 1978, Galloway completed his third tour in Europe.

Through his European appearances, his work with the Stompers, and his quartet gigs with Rimstead in Toronto, Galloway has become a champion of a style which inadvertently has been set aside by the on-rushing developments of jazz. He seems to realize that he has put himself in a unique position. "You have to look long and hard for very many musicians who have the same approach as I do. There are some younger musicians, like Scott Hamilton, a young tenor player from New York who's straight out of this tradition, but there aren't many. I feel a little lonely sometimes. . . .

"There's always—hopefully—a fresh new audience that you're exposing to this music. A whole raft of people out there haven't heard the Lester Youngs, the Ben Websters. All those kinds of players. And it's not that I'm trying to do what they did, or to sound like them. It's an area of music that should be alive. If you relate it to classical music: people still play Mozart. Why not? It's good music!

"I think I hone in on that area of music simply because I love lyricism. Musically I'm a romantic. I think there's lots of room for beauty in music. A lot of the new music seems to me to be angry. I can appreciate why there's anger, but I would rather try to keep that out of my music. And I don't think it's a copout to do that. There's pain and suffering in Charlie Parker's music and Lester Young's music and Louis Armstrong's music, but there's also warmth and beauty. I guess I tend more to that. I'd rather shout with joy!"

Nevertheless, Galloway is open to the new music, finding inspiration in it, as he does in all music. "You have to be as broad in your outlook as you can, and at least expose yourself to other styles of music. Some of it may mean something to you, and some of it might show up and become a part of what you are.

"The two extremes—traditional and avant garde—are both open to musical charlatans. I think you've got a whole bunch of musicians who are having you on, and it's a shame for the really brilliant creative minds involved in the music, because they become tarnished. But you cannot dismiss either form of music.

"I end up somewhere in the middle, where it's still melodic and still swings. Those two things are very important to me. Hopefully I'm able to acknowledge and use influences from both ends. I'll listen to Anthony Braxton, who's a great player, and I'll be just as happy listening to Jimmie Noone, who was also a great player.

"If you can listen to both without being knocked off course, then great!" db

MIKE RICHMOND

BY ARNOLD JAY SMITH

"I wanted to play baseball, now I have a ball on the bass," was the opening statement of this interview. If that was any indication as to what was to follow, I figured I was going to enjoy this one.

We were in Berlin for the 1977 Jazztage. Mike was aboard to play with Arnie Lawrence's Treasure island. By doing so he had foregone Stan Getz's fortnight in London. You see Mike is also Stan's bassist . . . and Jack DeJohnette's . . . and Hubert Laws' . . . and he *was* Chico Hamilton's. It was with Hamilton that he met Lawrence in 1973. Prior to that he was a public school teacher. "I hadn't planned on being a musician." Born in Philadelphia, Mike taught music "among other things" and lived in New York for about a year "because I never thought I should be playing. Someone called me to ask me to do a jam session, which I didn't do much of. The next day Chico called and asked me to check out his band."

The band played Mikell's, an uptown soul and jazz spot, where many musicians hang out when they are not working. It was there that I first heard Mike together with Arnie in Hamilton's group. I was to catch him a year or so later in southern New Jersey with a very early Treasure Island band. There was something in Richmond's approach that was not quite the same as other "free" groups—a laid-back feeling, less free, more steady, almost bop-pish.

"That's what I like to play most and I consider myself a bebop player," he confided. "Stan's band is the kind I like, straightahead, almost bebop. But Arnie's band also intrigues me. He's got an East Indian kind of atmosphere, very raga-type tunes."

That influence comes from tabla player Badal Roy, who is prominently featured with Treasure Island. The other instrumentation is also unusual: Lois Colin, harp, Tom Harrell, trumpet, Dave Samuels on vibes until Double Image was formed, and Arnie himself, wired to the teeth and getting some great sounds out of his instruments, alto and soprano.

Mike doesn't stop there. He is Hubert Laws' favorite bass player. "I enjoy playing with him especially when he gets into those classical things. He's mostly into funk off his albums now, but he's still a terrific musician. In his classical things I got the chance to use my bow. I played classical music for some time. Although I am basically a bebopper, I get the chance to play outside so often that I relish that, too. Between those two and classics, I play what I want to. I even bought myself an electric bass not too long ago."

Mike began on classical bass at 12 years of age and remained otherwise self-taught until he entered Temple University. "I was being used as a ringer in regular orchestras around Philly. I got into the teaching end and gave up playing except for a part time gig or two. I met some entertainers at the Latin Casino in Philadelphia and went out on the road with some of them."

With Arnie Lawrence's help, and the Chico Hamilton band experience, Mike was heard by Joe Farrell, again at Mikell's, and he went out with Farrell. Then Clark Terry heard him . . . and Gil Evans, and Mike Richmond's schedule became impossible.

"I got very busy there for a long while, but I've started to think about a group, somewhat cooperative, that some of my friends were talking about."

The group is made up of Danny Brubeck, drums, Mike Bergonzi, reeds, and Andy Laverne, keyboards. "That's still in the works. The only problem is scheduling. Danny is touring with his father [Dave]; Andy is with Stan; I'm busy; Gerry is the only one who is loose right now. We still would like to do it because it's all basically our own music."

Mike writes a good deal of music. "When I'm not playing, I'm writing. When I'm not writing, I'm swinging a baseball bat in front of a mirror. But when I'm writing, I'm *writing*. The music of the group [Brubeck, Laverne, etc.] is very harmonic and rhythmic. It's whatever we want to make of it. There are no boundaries. Whatever we want to do . . . there's nobody who says we have to do anything.

"I think of tunes on a plane, on a subway. Sometimes I think of melodies; other times ideas flow in and out of my head, concepts. When I write harmonic pieces, I write for piano. I have only written one tune that has a bass line, or an ostinato bass pattern. A lot of bass players like to base everything around a bass line. I like to have it floating a bit more."

Mike has recorded an album of his own music for release on Sonnet Records in Norway. One has an ostinato pattern, with a bowed melody, "a very easy, spiritual kind of melody." Another is an orchestrated piece with an overdub of seven string basses, a string machine, Andy Laverne soloing on top, Billy Hart playing some cymbals through a phase, and Mike doubling on classical guitar. "I usually play that particular line on piccolo bass, but there weren't any piccolo basses around, so the classical guitar, with its wide fingerboard, was the closest instrument."

Of the other tunes, one is a straightahead tune with a free bass solo, and the last is dedicated to his recently deceased father. The album lacks a distributor Stateside, and is available only in Scandanavia. We may never hear it here. Pity. It's called *Dreamwaves*, if you happen to know someone in Finland.

Five of Richmond's tunes appear on a future Getz release. "While on my own album the tunes were stretched out, for Stan's they were more bebop oriented. [He corrected that to "straightahead."] I knew Stan would like that better. If you heard Stan's album and then heard mine, you would think they were two different people. They are in two completely different styles.

"Generally speaking, I would rather be told what

to write. That depends on for whom I am writing. I need a direction. I rarely write tunes for the sake of writing them for myself. I write them when I have to write *for* something. Some people are inspired all the time. Stan needed some songs for the album so he asked me to write. I knew about my own album at the time so I wrote completely differently intentionally. I play an awful lot so I don't have the time to write. Consequently, I write only when I must."

When he isn't doing music ("I do music *all* the time"), he enjoys reading and sports. Mike is a horseman and a baseball player. "I recently bought a new bat and moved into an apartment that is right near the baseball diamonds in Central Park. At the first crack of ball meeting bat I'm down there asking to be chosen in."

For relaxation, "I stand in front of a mirror and swing my bat. I used to play ball more than I do now. Being on the road prevents that. You have to be careful with your fingers, though."

At a firm five foot six, Mike plays basketball whenever he gets the chance. "I played basketball in college and broke a finger. Could not play bass for a year. You have to be aggressive when you are my height, otherwise you get hurt; I did.

"Not playing bass was a drag, but it had its moments. I always was into brass instruments—trombone and tuba—and I got the chance to play both because I had to lay off bass. I was teaching high school at that time and had the best bands in the city. I got into writing more for them because I couldn't play. So you see, sporting accidents have their excitement too.

"You have no idea how I am into sports. I handle that bat just for a thrill. I was always small, but powerful. I was the home run hitter on the team and let me tell you what a high it is to see that thing sail out of sight."

Mike has other axes besides string bass and baseball bat. "I bought a fretless electric and I have fretted axes also, but I don't play electric as much as I used to. I was with Horace Silver for a year and hardly played any string bass at all. I could not take it on the road with me, and I missed it. After that road trip I said that I wouldn't go out unless I could take both with me. The fretless is very nice because I can use a lot of my string bass technique and get a real nice vibrato. I have a fine ebony fingerboard on my fretless so it sounds like

ARNOLD JAY SMITH

a string bass, and I can use my electric bass technique at the same time."

Ron Carter, in a **db** interview March 27, 1975, stated that he felt the repertoire of the electric bass was short-lived. I asked Mike to comment on that.

"With all the young electric bass players coming up I think there is more creativity going on than ever before. More on electric than on string bass. There are only a few guys who I am hearing today in jazz who are trying to create new things on the [string] instrument. Classical players and contemporary bass players are into that, but jazz bass players aren't into getting as many sounds as are possible. Now, the electric bass players, with their popping and slapping, are opening up that bass more than jazz players are opening up string bass.

"I'm sure there are quite a few guys all over the world who are doing it on a string bass, but you don't get to hear them on records. I'm into string bass myself, and I'll name those off the top of my head who I think are expanding the literature. I know this is dangerous, but here goes: Eddie Gomez, George Mraz, Miroslav Vitous, Dave Holland, Eberhard Weber. I apologize for leaving out so many others; maybe I shouldn't mention anyone at all."

I mentioned the relative ease electric bass playing enjoys as compared to the string bass. Mike told of students who thought they could play like Jaco Pastorius and Stanley Clarke in three weeks, or like rock stars. "You can get that together faster on electric than on string bass, but to perfect string bass you have to practice for years. It's not overnight on electric either, but young players aren't willing to work at it.

"That's why so many players play out of tune. They just haven't taken the time to work on it. I play out of tune sometimes too, but that comes from two sources. First, I like to create new things from some of the more familiar things I play, and second, I am into Indian music with their half and quarter tones. It might sound out of tune to Western ears, but over there they can hear in-between tones.

"On piccolo bass and sitar-related instruments, the sound seems to drone a bit. In Arnie's band since we only have the harp, I tend to play pedal tones and drone on in whatever key we are in and fill in harmonically on top of that. I can't do that with Stan. Every bar is changes, accents on two beats. When I'm with Stan I miss playing loose and when I'm with Jack DeJohnette I miss playing with Stan. And with Hubert everything is precise. Talk about classical discipline!

"When I was on the road with Horace Silver and I only had my electric bass, to keep my interest alive I practiced all my classical repertoire on the electric bass, including the remarkable pieces composed by Serge Koussevitsky [the late conductor]. I had to improve my technique. It's limitless what can be played on bass. You don't have to study only bass parts; any instrument that can be transposed to bass clef is fair game. Just before our concert last night [in Berlin], I was playing Handel's cello and flute duets. I was learning the cello part."

So we left this man who, at 29, "would still sometimes rather play third base than string bass." He imagines himself out there swinging for the fences . . . and he is, he is. **db**

CAUGHT!

DIRECTIONS

NEEB HALL,
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY
TEMPE, ARIZONA

Personnel: Jack DeJohnette, drums, piano; John Abercrombie, electric guitar; Eddie Gomez, acoustic bass; Lester Bowie, trumpet.

A surprisingly long line snaked back from the doors of this campus lecture hall and out across a large, gardened courtyard. The students weren't waiting anxiously for the usual free Friday night movies, but for the latest episode in what ASU calls its "REAL Jazz Series," a program that has already brought Eberhard Weber, Ralph Towner, and Oregon to this suburban college town.

A slight starting delay was attributed to Directions' late sound check, but actually Lester Bowie hadn't been seen for hours, and was reportedly out wandering the dark, verdant corridors of this floral wonderland. No matter. Richie Beirach was scheduled to open the show with a solo piano set and did so beautifully, carrying his segment off with wide-ranging accomplishments on the keyboard. Some of Beirach's music was from his recent *Hubris* (ECM), including that LP's romantic, semi-classical centerpiece *Sunday Song*. Richie's playing spanned the technical history of jazz piano, his ideas often preconceived but largely improvised. A finishing suite proved particularly exhaustive and earned the encore that Directions was not to receive.

DeJohnette was tinkering with his equipment and Abercrombie and Gomez were noodling idly to one side, when Lester finally popped in. From this moment on, audience attention would be riveted on him. Bowie was dressed sharply in cinnamon-colored slacks, yellow dress shirt and tie, plus a knee-length white physician's coat. With his gold-rimmed spectacles and goatee parted neatly down the middle, Lester looked quite the natty PhD, and soon hauled out his diploma for Abstract Musicianship.

The group format was liquid and Milesian, beginning vaguely with trumpet and piano, gradually involving the other group members, and then developing without interruption for an hour. There were no words spoken, no "tunes" played, just improvisational directions prompted by DeJohnette's rhythmic fluctuations or Bowie's bizarre introversions. The ensuing performance was fascinating, imperfect, formidable, and sometimes hilariously slapstick.

Dr. Bowie's first solo slurred, slashed and whined atop Abercrombie's haunting guitarscape, as DJ moved to drums and began to plot directions. Lester operates with cool, self-assured dignity, resting with professorial calm between solos by artfully mopping his brow or taking a very proper tug on bottled Michelob. He's the picture of composure. But when his cue comes around, Bowie begins with terse, constipated farts from his horn, rising halfway off the chair in his effort. He squats, swoops, and jerks toward every corner of the hall, absolutely possessed with his playing. At one juncture he performed something akin to a breakfast table spat, jumping up to bicker, taunt, bitch or sign with one-note corruptions from his horn, alternately sitting back down to sulk in mock disgust. Absolutely hilarious and outrageous, Lester's comedic playing style is legitimized by total mastery of his instrument, great personal charisma, and a completely off-the-wall imagination.

DeJohnette keeps up with these shenanigans, constantly changing pace behind the scenes, shifting from Bowie's outer orbits into bop time, or doubling the meter when a spark is required. DJ resolved Bowie's "argument

solo," for instance, with a straight-out marching band beat, Lester bouncing up and down in his chair as if on parade. Jack also soloed meteorologically, Lester followed with more unnaturalisms, and another speedy bop pace was pushed out by DJ. Finally, Abercrombie soloed to considerable audience approval, the band stopped, and the crowd cheered what seemed to be the compositional conclusion.

But as applause subsided, Directions remained absolutely motionless in their last playing position: DeJohnette poised with drumstick in mid-air, Bowie's trumpet frozen at 3 o'clock. After an eternal 58 seconds, during which time the spectators snickered unmercifully, Jack's bass kick launched a 3-to-5 second explosion of improvisation, which ended immediately in another long pause of suspended animation. Boom! DeJohnette blasted into another flurry, then halted just as suddenly. Lester now took over, doing everything imaginable on his trumpet, from more irregular voicings and plugged-up wails to wild, flying shit slatherings. DeJohnette, still frozen stiff, again thawed and this time slowed into, yes, the seediest of stripper dance vamps, the perfect punch line after 60-plus minutes of ceaseless electricity.

Directions is highly entertaining, transformed into visual theatrics by the ludicrous Lesterisms. It must be said, however, that the group concept is partially eclipsed by individual brilliance. Abercrombie seems interested and involved, but his individuality suffers during nouveau-bop flourishes and Bowie eccentricities. The more serious Gomez, quite frankly, is sometimes caught just plain gawking in disbelief.

While both stringmen took solos during the long jam, bass and guitar seemed less than integral until DeJohnette moved back to piano for Directions' second (and *last*) number of the evening, which sounded like Warren Bernhardt's *Morning Star*. DJ's piano prowess (he studied classical keyboard for 10 years) may be a well-kept secret, but he was more than adequate on this strong melody. The group was given enough breathing room to perform *as a group*, Bowie playing his part soft, straight and mellow, though his bottled up energy was at least implied. After hanging on Bowie's every phrase for the entire evening, Directions proved, gently, that they are not yet a one-man show. —*bob henschen*

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS

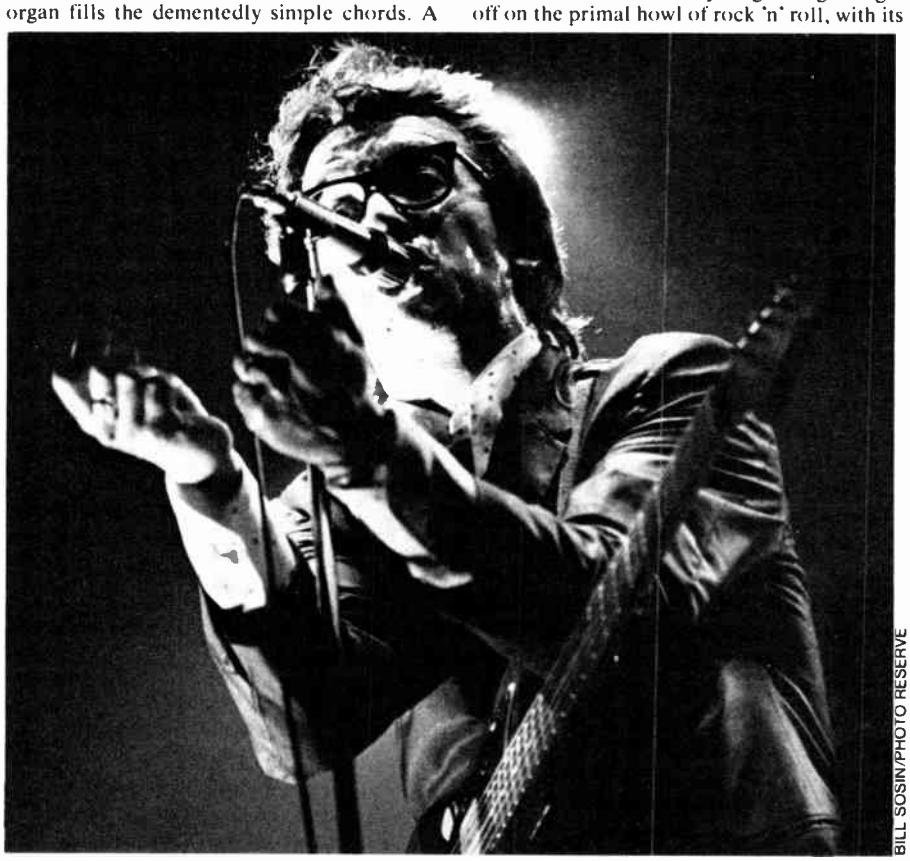
ARAGON BALLROOM
CHICAGO

Personnel: Costello, vocals and guitar; Steve Naive, organ; Pete Thomas, drums; Bruce Thomas, bass.

A man in a pub-crawler's suit screams his fantasies of revenge, scratching out basic rock 'n' roll guitar licks while an ancient electric organ fills the dementedly simple chords. A deafening beat is threatening the building's foundations. It's Elvis Costello and the Attractions, top billed on their second tour of the U.S., and fast becoming a favorite among the chicly aging young who listen to the New Wave.

The crowd in abandon is no longer teenyboppers, but well into its 20s. Elvis is singing of love-hate relationships, and to connect with his disconsolation and sinister obsessions his listeners must be old enough to know some ambiguity, irony and pain. Old enough to be glad his axe is just a guitar, to recognize his fury as their repressed own, and to laugh, too, that the heart should generate such misery.

Such crowds must be young enough to get off on the primal howl of rock 'n' roll, with its



BILL SOSIN/PHOTO RESERVE

power split between rawness and melody, between unleashed din and memorable lyrics. It helps to be young enough to dance.

Elvis' act plays off such contradictions. He makes obvious his borrowings—the crazy-legged, heavily spectacled look of Buddy Holly, as well as song structures taken from Presley, the first British invasion, plugged-in Dylan and more recent reggae—almost to the point of parody. But Elvis is no wimp; larger in life than the photos would lead one to expect, Costello is a *force* onstage, a spellbinding, chilling demon offering up the frustrations and guilts accompanying sexual freedoms—and occasionally referring to the fun.

Opening with *Waiting For The End Of The World*, Elvis urged God to appear: "I sincerely hope you're coming/'Cause you really started something." The Supreme Being might answer with another Costello title: "Blame It On Cain (Don't Blame It On Me)" locating the source of soured relations squarely in the self. At a furious pace, Costello continued through almost all of the tunes from his two self-penned Columbia albums, *My Aim Is True* and *This Years Model*. From the latter, *Pump It Up* was immediately catchy, and *Radio Radio* the critical centerpiece.

Fans cheered the familiar numbers (including an aching version of *Alison*, a perky *Sneaky Feelings*, and an unresigned *Less Than Zero)*, straining to hear new songs (like *I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea*). The three Attractions were well-rehearsed, energetic and raucous, but the show was dominated by Costello, whose singing-speaking was credibly anguished.

Spotlights fired his face red-orange as he recited the pointed plot of *Watching The Detectives*, and Costello captivated the audience with an encore of *(The Angels Wanna Wear My) Red Shoes*, *Mystery Dance*, and *I'm Not Angry*. A couple thousand people shouted "An-*gry!*" in chorus, a rousing shout-along response that showed they were certainly disturbed.

Suicide and murder, despair and loathing may seem extreme themes to be found in what are essentially teenage torch songs, but these are Costello's clever metaphors examining the depths of our loves. With stomping rock rhythms he's pounding out our dark thoughts; and they prove to be much subtler, more twisted than either heavy metal macho or self-conscious folky sensitivity admits.

Of course, we've known *that* right along, and there have been a few rock artists around to remind us before Costello appeared. Elvis might burn out before too long as some of his predecessors have, but for now he's holding up a mirror for his audience to study—he's hot, and one should take a look before the powerful images melt away. —*howard mandel*

WOODY SHAW

THE PLACE
EUGENE, OREGON

Personnel: Shaw, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Carter Jefferson, soprano and tenor saxophones; Onaje Allan Gumbs, piano; Clint Houston, acoustic bass; Victor Lewis, drums.

ROBERT DELASHMUTT

It could be said that Woody Shaw's group is an anachronism. In an age of electronics, it plays acoustically. In an era of fusion music, it swings. In a period of eclectic borrowings, it remains faithful to the jazz tradition. Call it old hat if you want; I call it refreshing.

Shaw's style has been labeled "mainstream modern," which means that it adheres to the tenets of post-bop jazz but injects them with a contemporary sensibility. It is a style rooted in the playing of Clifford Brown and Fats Navarro. (Born in 1945, Shaw started playing trumpet in 1956, the year Clifford Brown died.) It echoes the sounds of Miles Davis, Lee Morgan and vintage Freddie Hubbard. But where Miles pioneered jazz-rock and Hubbard pioneered jazz-schlock, Shaw has stood still like a hummingbird.

Shaw grew up in Newark. At 18 he played a short stint with Eric Dolphy and then went to Paris where he gigged with Kenny Clarke, Art Taylor and others. In 1965 Shaw returned to the States to join Horace Silver's quintet. Over the next 10 years—lean times for mainstream jazz—he worked and recorded with Art Blakey, McCoy Tyner, Joe Henderson, Bobby Hutcherson and Jackie McLean. In 1976 he joined Dexter Gordon for Gordon's triumphant and symbolic homecoming tour. Since then, things have been clicking for Shaw. He signed with Columbia and has recorded one uncompromising album, *Rosewood*.

About half of the material at this club date came from that album. In addition to *Rosewood* itself, a 32-bar uptempo swinger, there was Gumbs' funky *Every Time I See You* and Shaw's dreamy waltz *Theme For Maxine*. The rest of their material consists of finely-honed standards *(The Days Of Wine And Roses, There Is No Greater Love)* and jazz tunes by people like McCoy Tyner and Wayne Shorter.

One of the most satisfying things about Woody Shaw's show is its balance. Emotionally, the music spans the distance from lyrical to intense. Perhaps most important, no one personality dominates the group, yet each contributes a full share.

Carter Jefferson has an anything-goes approach to the sax. He may begin a solo conventionally, following the harmonic and rhythmic dictates of the tune, but he soon wanders off into chromatics and unmetered phrases. From there he may go even further out for a few honks and squeals. Jefferson's solos strike a balance between the conventional and the avant-garde.

Onaje Allan Gumbs is both a thoughtful accompanist and a skillful soloist. His playing alternates between flowing melodic lines and rhythmic, percussive patterns. His solos are well-crafted, building carefully to a climax over several choruses, never peaking too soon. (Near the height of one solo, I glanced over at Jefferson standing in the shadows. The normally expressionless sax player was grinning with delight at the pianist's moves.)

Bassist Clint Houston is loose and fun to watch. He mouths his solos while he plays them. If words came out, they would be those of a fast-talking hustler. But notes come out instead—a lot of them. Houston is a ball of fire, spewing out lines of sixteenth notes like a horn player. Drummer Victor Lewis is solid and dependable but never intrusive.

Woody Shaw himself plays inventive hard bop lines. He has a composer's respect for melody and a sure sense of harmonic flow. But while melody and harmony anchor his playing, they do not imprison it. His solos move from bobbing lines in the middle register to sharp, stinging spurts in the upper. His trumpet sound is clear and bright. He uses the fluegelhorn as some use a mute—to broaden his sound and temper it.

The Woody Shaw Quintet puts out some very fine jazz. The sets I heard were listenable, well-paced and quite a lot stronger than my drink. —*douglas clark*

Woody Shaw will be interviewed in our August issue by Chuck Berg. On sale July 13.

GEORGE SHEARING

RICK'S CAFE AMERICAIN
CHICAGO

Personnel: Shearing, piano; Victor Gaskin, bass.

For 29 years, George Shearing's musical alter ego was his quintet. The quintet began with vibist Margie Hyams and guitarist Chuck Wayne and, with various changes in personnel, saw him through three record company affiliations and countless concerts. Now the George Shearing Quintet is history.

In its place is the George Shearing duo, on elegant display recently in Rick's. Shearing's debut in the nationally celebrated jazz room seemed to make it official—the mantle of the shuttered London House, Shearing's Chicago home for 20 years, has moved to the Lake Shore Holiday Inn. For the occasion a nine-foot grand piano dominated the small stage, a gesture that seemed almost as pretentious as it was unnecessary. It helped set the tone that dominated the evening. It was not a relaxed audience, as Rick's crowds normally are. A complete hush gripped the house. Rick's clientele is always attentive, but rarely given to dead silence. Shearing and Gaskin approached the stand in tuxedos, another rare sight at Rick's, amid respectful applause. The most relaxed person in the room seemed to be the piano player.

Shearing threaded his way through a repertoire as diverse as it was puzzling. His playing covers a range of styles that is very wide. The puzzle is where to find the real Shearing. He was bright and swinging on *How Deep Is The Ocean*. His solo *Funny Valentine* began almost as a concerto, drifted back into a 17th century fugue, jumped forward into popular romanticism and faded like a puff of smoke. He spun off Bud Powell devices in *Hallucinations*. Another ballad brimmed with Tatum. Fast flourishes of notes burst about the core of *Here's That Rainy Day* like a sparkler.

And there were of course the songs that will follow Shearing to the end. His quintetless quintet medley included *I Remember April, September In The Rain* and *Lullaby Of Birdland*, his own composition. For these staples of the '50s he adopted his best block chord cocktail style. "People say the quintet style still sounds fresh," Shearing quipped, "but they don't have to play it every night." There were off-beat selections too. *One For The Woofer* by Billy Taylor began in a charming bass line and was peppered with quotes from *Scrapple From The Apple* and Ellington's *Dancers In Love*.

When Shearing sings, as he does one or twice a set, he doesn't just sing. He recites poetry. Not having a distinguished voice, he chooses his material wisely on the strength of its words. Who could ask for more than Cole Porter's *Let's Do It* unabridged, plus additional lyrics by Noel Coward. Or *I Remember* with words by Stephen Sondheim. His selection of tunes makes it very easy to overlook his limitations as a vocal stylist.

Shearing remains a keyboard craftsman of the first order. But it is craftsmanship without a strong cult of personality, without an overriding personal style. He's a musician of many hats. At the end of the evening, one is tempted to ask the *real* George Shearing to please stand up. Probably they all would.

—john mcdonough

BOBBY KNIGHT/ GREAT AMERICAN TROMBONE COMPANY

DONTE'S
NORTH HOLLYWOOD

Personnel: Bobby Knight, trombone, leader; Carl Fontana, Frank Rosolino, Charlie Loper, Gil Falco, and Phil Teale, trombones; Tom Garvin, piano; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Julius Wechter, percussion; Frankie Capp, drums.

Composer/arranger/trombonist Bobby Knight brought his Great American Trombone Company to Donte's, North Hollywood's finest straightahead jazz club, and left the packed house cheering.

Taking the nod from SuperSax and guitarist Tony Rizzi, the Great American Trombone Company (GATC) features five trombones plus, occasionally, Knight's. The ensemble romped through an hour and a half set, playing 12 tunes that ran the gamut from standards (*'Round Midnight, Here Comes That Rainy Day, Starduct,* etc.) to originals (Bob Florences' *Life's Too Long,* Billy Byers' *Rock Bottom* and *Highland Pass*) to show tunes (*Strike Up The Band, Star Wars*).

Said leader Bobby Knight: "We like to keep it light. It's not a heavy sound. Too many jazz groups don't generate excitement, and they're too stuffy. We want to have fun, and we do."

And fun it was. The wall of sound produced by the five bones was as rich and tasty as hot caramel. When Fontana, Rosolino, Gil Falco or the others stood up to solo, the musicians as well as the audience nodded to each other, smiled, and sometimes cheered in appreciation. After the second tune, a medium-tempo Latin kicker by Johnny Richards entitled *Requerdos,* Rosolino quipped, "Band sounds good anyway. All that rehearsal for nothin'!"

While trombonist Jack Jerry of Artie Shaw's '40s band might be credited with owning *Stardust* then, it's a tune that carries Carl Fontana's brand today. His improvised melodies were sensitive and intelligent and often dazzling. Phrase by phrase, he developed all ranges of the trombone, and left both the audience and the other band members open-mouthed and smiling.

Another of the evening's highlights was the "battle of the bones" between Fontana and Rosolino on Byers' *Rock Bottom,* in which the two masters traded lick for lick, each unleashing comet sprays of ideas. Rosolino's musical phrases in the high ranges were technically startling and often very funny.

Bobby Knight took the solo spotlight himself on *Requerdos* and *When I Fall In Love,* on which he was spellbinding. Phil Teale's bass trombone licks on *Rock Bottom* were intricate and excellent, as was Charlie Loper's performance of the lip-twisting lead lines of Bob Florence's *Life's Too Long.*

After three years with Stan Kenton, 17 years in the Hollywood studios, and several years as the musical director of TV's *Mary Hartman, All That Glitters,* and currently, *America 2Night,* Bobby Knight has found a sound, a groove and a mood that might well catapult him to national fame. At present, record companies are expressing interest, and well they should. More here on Knight and the GATC if and when their music becomes available at large.

—lee underwood

the end of the road. Man, it's so rewarding.

We carry production and lights with us. We had this big backdrop made. It's visual. I always used to shun away from that because I thought I was a purist jazz musician. But way deep down inside I always had this artistic desire to want to have the way we *look* as aesthetic as our music. Last night we did it and in the beginning we were wondering what the people would say and all that. At the end of the night everyone stood up and gave us an ovation. The guys felt great, and all the work, all the tension of going through a lot of work . . . we forgot about that, it's like it didn't even matter. We got to B, we made it home, and that's like . . . it's great.

Everyone thought that it was gonna be worse than it actually came to be. A few individuals knew we were going to pull it off. Although I never fought in Viet Nam, I could get a feeling; fighting and shit, a guy comes back and has made it through 1000 bullets, bombs and shit. He finally makes it home. The feeling is a very similar thing. Nothing like hard work, I firmly believe in that. You live longer that way too, I think.

Carman: What makes a scientologist different from the average person?

Clarke: The only thing that comes to mind is that the person reads books by L. Ron Hubbard or takes courses. Other than that, I don't know. I sometimes get the feeling that there's a lot of people that act like scientologists but aren't—there's a lot of people that just naturally do things that are ethical and sane and workable.

Carman: Maybe *some*. . . .

Clarke: Some, not all. It's very interesting running into guys that have the natural sort of ethical things happening. I'm a very family-oriented guy. Families are a very important thing. Or if you have a very close friend that sticks by you, the two of you can generate a lot of power. It's hard to do something alone. It seems like two people can't seem to get together any more, 'cause of weird feelings.

It hasn't always been that way. I have a feeling that a long, long time ago, there was this thing called the Golden Age. It sounds kind of airy-fairy, but I really believe that there was a Golden Age where things were cool, things were straight, there was a high ethical level, a lot of music happening. Remember when I did this [referring to the three-fingered scientologist hierarchy]? That's when it was happening. The artists, then the administrators, and then the politicians, who made sure the streets were clean and made sure the boundaries were up. . . .

Carman: When was this! I missed it!

Clarke: If you think about it hard enough, you might remember. If you can just get the feeling of that, that's good enough. The Golden Age, before spaceships and all that stuff, it was really happening. And then some weird shit happened. Catastrophe. And here we are now, trying to get back to that.

That's all we're trying to do. When I see people in the streets trying to make things better, we're just trying to get back to that Golden Age. Every now and then you get glimpses of that; certain parts of the planet are further along than others. Certain places I go into, there's a real nice sense of sanity and you feel a lot of love and stuff like that.

Carman: Where is that?

Clarke: A few street corners, here and there. Little places.

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That is the whole basis behind the name Return To Forever, returning to that type of forever feeling, when things were really like happening. It's like returning to a point where there's a society without wars, without hate, without "out ethics." When I say "out ethics," I mean like people killing people, stealing money, when a guy's ethics are just not right. There was a time when there was none of that. There wasn't a need for me to hate another guy.

Carman: I'm sort of skeptical. . . .

Clarke: Sure, I don't blame you, man. There's been so much shit that's been happening in the last millions of years. I don't blame you for being a little skeptical. But I do have a good memory.

Carman: You play something called Alembic bass on *Modern Man*. What's that?

Clarke: They're made by the Alembic company. [Alembic, Inc., of Sebastopol, Cal.] They're all customized, so each is a little different from the others. They're very expensive, clean sounding, and have many possibilities of sound, so that it's easier for a guy to have his own style on it. If a guy puts the knob there, that's his sound. If you move it just a little bit, it's a totally different sound. There's hundreds of different sounds that you can get on it.

Carman: You've been playing a piccolo bass for some time.

Clarke: Yeah, three years. It's an electric piccolo bass, almost an electric bass, but an octave higher. Sounds almost like a guitar, but a little bit deeper.

I have an old Italian bass, about 175 years old. I have a French Gande bass, and then I have an old German bass that I take on the road with me. It's more of a work-horse kind of bass. It's been broken four times, so I figure if it survived that, it's good enough for the road.

Carman: What's the status of Return To Forever?

Clarke: Well, Chick just put a different, interesting band together. It's a rhythm section, a string quartet, a brass quintet and a singer. He took them to Europe. He's checking that out. I'm sure we plan to do another record. I don't know when, but I think it will be a duet record.

Carman: Did you get to see Herbie and Chick on their duet tour?

Clarke: I thought it was great. I liked seeing Herbie play piano solo, 'cause I never got a chance to hear him play acoustic piano alone before. I always heard him with bands, and I've always enjoyed his solos, but I never heard him alone. I think he's fantastic.

Chick's my favorite piano player. I played with him for seven years. He's the best at interacting with other players. He's my favorite composer, too.

Carman: What people do you consider the most important musicians playing now, in any field?

Clarke: My favorites were always Miles, Jimi Hendrix, John Coltrane—guys I grew up listening to like the Beatles or Sly And The Family Stone. All the guys that play good are probably the guys you like. If it gets across to you, it gets across to me. As a listener, I'm normal, real normal, just a fan.

Carman: What are you doing besides working with this band?

Clarke: I get studio calls. A lot of times I don't have time to do record dates, but every now and then I get something that kind of tickles my fancy. I was called to do this record with McCoy Tyner for later this year. I might do that. I like him. He's a hard core jazz pianist and he's always been one of my favorites. Heavy dude. Serious.

I have to really like the guy's music—I have to be a fan of the guy. In the last year I produced two records. One was by a blues guitar player, Roy Buchanan. [The album is *Loading Zone*, on Atlantic.] He's been playing for a long time, and he's an innovator as a blues-rock guitar player. His manager asked me to produce him and it was fun. I learned a lot. He's a very interesting guy, kind of a beer-drinking blues guitar player.

The adjustment I make [in producing] is that I'm taking a real objective role to his music. My basic job was to get as much out of him as I could. I made sure that he had a good guitar sound, and I also made sure that he didn't get too drunk. Made sure he had musicians he felt comfortable with. I talked to him a lot. "What do you like? Who do you like to play with? What type of songs do you like?" We had about 50 songs.

I wrote a few of them; one went on the album. There were some songs by Narada Michael Walden that he liked. He picked out the songs he liked and I made sure they were arranged right, and that was pretty much it. If a guy played out of tune I'd say "hey." Or "Look, this song's kinda long, let's shorten it up or tighten it up." Where there were loose edges I'd rehearse that section.

Later I produced a record for the singer Dee Dee Bridgewater [*Just Family* on Elektra/Asylum]. That was a similar thing. I just made sure her voice sounded good and that she was comfortable. She has to have drummers, bass players and keyboard players who are versatile, guys that change a lot and always keep things happening. So I had to make sure that the rhythm section was always exciting, which was easier for me 'cause that's more my bag. I might do Dee Dee Bridgewater again.

The first time I conducted a string section, about two years ago, I was nervous as shit. I wrote the parts out. And I was nervous about conducting all these guys from the orchestras and stuff. But now it's sort of becoming natural 'cause I've just done it a number of times and I've gotten used to it.

I wrote some string stuff for *School Days*, and there's some string stuff on the Roy Buchanan album. One day I plan to do a whole album for strings and orchestra. Another favorite I have is writing for brass. I have four brass players in my current band, and I wrote some parts where they sound like four brass and some where they sound like eight. It adds a nice color to some music.

I also produced an album for Flora Purim called *Butterfly Dreams*.

I'm writing a book on acoustic bass, maybe three or four volumes. It's going to be the full thing—everything that anyone would want to know about the acoustic bass. I'm going to write it in such a way that it will be here for a long time, as long as the paper lasts. It's going to have a timeless quality to it. How to play the bass—just the basics on it. I'm going to have four volumes: beginners, intermediate, advanced and then the whiz kids. Guys that are really into some shit. It's going to have excerpts from all the music that I think is valid—some modern stuff, tunes from other bass players, take solos and transcribe them, take my own solos and transcribe, take some bass parts from classical works.

Carman: I'm hearing that many musicians don't want to work in front of people any more. They just want to do the jingle, do the record, get the money. Do you encounter that attitude?

Clarke: I think it boils down to an individual's main goal. There's a great bass player, Anthony Jackson. I'd love to see him play in front of people, but he doesn't want to. He wants to just play in the studio, which is fine. That's what he wants to do.

Three or four years ago in New York I was doing a lot of studio work. It was fun for awhile, I was making some money, meeting all kinds of musicians in various fields, but it wasn't getting me off. So I decided I really wanted to be a performer. That's my main forte. To some guys, it's a studio.

Carman: It seems that you sometimes twist the strings of the bass while you're playing and put some English on them.

Clarke: I found from plucking the strings in various ways that just the slightest movement can change your whole sound. When I play the upright bass, what I like to do is brush over the string, as if my fingers were a brush, and it gives kind of a smooth sound as opposed to a real tight sound which is good for some things. English is a great word. I just use English of various types on the strings.

Carman: Can you talk about your composition techniques?

Clarke: Very rarely do I write from the bass. I played piano for years, and that's a very good instrument to compose on. You have all the notes, the chords, the melody, the bass, the whole thing. Sometimes something comes real strong, it's right there and I don't need paper or an instrument. Sometimes the bass line comes first, sometimes the melody, sometimes even just a chord or chord pattern. It varies.

Carman: What do you think it takes to be an effective band leader?

Clarke: Just a very uncompromising person who has a lot of affinity for people that he works with. I've learned this from being in many bands that have had leaders and leading my own bands—you got to really like the guys that you're working with in order to make it go right. You have to have the ability to be able to scream at someone to get it done and *still* let the guy know that you still like him. That's the hard part.

Leaders are the most unliked people on the planet. The worst thing that can happen is when a guy gets in a position where he has to be liked. I used to go through this. I used to have to be liked, the guys I worked with have to agree with me, or like me, or think I'm funny, blah, blah, blah. Run you up a wall.

When I'm doing the leader trip, which is only when I'm rehearsing or right before going on stage, I make sure everybody knows what tunes we're gonna play, how they're gonna be played, make sure the lighting guy knows what's happening. I try to do it very straight and to the point and if the guys like what I'm saying, great. If they don't, it's too bad. Then at the end, if it all works out right, if the leader's right, then the respect just grows. It's like when I'm wrong, when I see a leader make a decision that everyone hates and he's wrong. . . . [laughs]

Carman: Do you do anything different on stage as the leader as opposed to being a member of a band?

Clarke: I announce the tunes and make sure the band is directed all the time. I make sure every piece flows into the next piece. I introduce the musicians, and make sure the com-

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munication between the band and the audience is always kept in. I always make sure of that. That's my main job.

Carman: Can you be more specific about communication?

Clarke: I think it boils down to just what a guy's intention is. For instance, I have an intention, regardless of what anyone thinks, to have my music reach out to someone. Some guys don't have the intention to reach out beyond themselves, like a Cecil Taylor type of guy. That's fine too, you know. It's kind of a difference in goals.

To be more specific, my intention is to get out exactly the thing that I'm trying to project at that moment. If I want to play a little figure or a melody, I can do it two ways. I can play it with the attitude that it's only gonna go this far [gestures, putting his hand in front of him to less than his arm's length] and I'll be the only one who hears it or understands it. Or I could play with the attitude that everyone's gonna hear it. It's like a different attitude. It's a hard thing to put in words because it's real simple. That's why I used the word "truth" [in a previous **db** interview], because when a guy is very honest with his music—if he puts it right out or if he wishes not to put it out—there's no in-between about it. You don't wonder about his intentions. With Cecil Taylor, the music is just on the stage, you're out there checking it out. It's like looking at a painting—with some paintings, it's almost like the painting is touching you. It's really affecting you. I go more for the thing where music jumps out to people.

I'm trying to get across good feelings. My music is not vocally oriented, although there are some vocals there. The main forte of my music is that when it's really happening it can make a person feel a particular way. If the song's happy, it can make the person feel happy. If it's sad it can make him feel sad. The actual intention behind the song gets across.

Lopsy Lu on an album called *Stanley Clarke* is kind of a laid back bluesy song. Whenever we play it, people really like it, they respond to it. You can't miss the real intention behind the piece. They go "Ahhh, . . . yeah, . . . wow," and the song is very naked. There's not a whole lot of stuff covering up the basic intention. Behind everything there's an intention.

A guy would have a lot more success on the stage if he knew his intentions. You can boil it down to feelings: "What does this feel like? What type of feeling am I trying to put out?" Sometimes you don't even have to think about it.

The musician's intention could be for him to just project who he is; that's done a lot, and it's actually the easiest thing for a musician to do. Every now and then when I play the acoustic bass alone on the stage I'll just play a few things, and basically what's coming out is me through this bass. I don't play any great concerto or fantastic thing by Bach—I just play whatever comes to my head. It's usually my feelings that I project into music. That's what music's about.

Carman: You said once that your goal is not to bore anyone. Is that unattainable?

Clarke: I can't really say that it's unattainable, but it's a hard one. That's like saying that everyone's gonna like my music. I said earlier that's almost an impossibility, but it's a nice goal to have. It keeps you busy. db

This next record is going to be definitely very American, very pop—meaning, I think, the way the drums are recorded. It's something that I'm sure Manfred is capable of producing, but it's a question of whether or not he's really interested in doing it."

Even though Metheny finds himself moving into more dynamic musical modes—away from the austere intellectuality that he feels characterizes some of the ECM output—it's not toward anything remotely related to what could be called the current jazz-rock-funk sellout.

"Many of the jazz-rock bands are not jazz bands in the sense of being improvisers. And my number one priority is to be an improviser at this point. Although, as I was telling you, I'm feeling more and more drawn to orchestrated and arranged things, I want them to be unusual orchestrations and unusual arrangements with room for improvisations.

"Hopefully, someday I'll be able to have another keyboard and another guitar player playing acoustic guitars. At this point, I can't really think too much about that because it's so far away financially.

"At this point, we're the most active ECM touring band—even more active than Gary. And I suppose it'll continue that way because I personally feel I'm still very much a beginner at playing, let alone being a leader, let alone having my own music to develop. I'm still 23. I mean, I started the band at 22, which is really young. I can't think of anybody else who started that young. Even Gary was 24 when he started his first band. So I feel that I need to pretty much stay playing all the time for another year or two in order to get myself set as a player."

Another stint in someone else's band is something Pat doesn't altogether rule out. "Just lately I've been thinking about that. In fact I hope I can in maybe a year or two. Miles would be number one to play with. But in a more realistic sense, I've always wanted to play with Elvin Jones and hope I can someday. . . . Joni Mitchell is somebody I'd like to play with, too.

"I love Weather Report and think that someday I could possibly make a contribution to that band. I don't know if that would be possible though, because they're really strong individuals in their ways and their way is quite different than mine—being from the middle of nowhere Missouri. Let's see who else . . . Steely Dan is a group I'd love to play with, especially after hearing their last album. I'd love to have a chance to sink my teeth into that stuff because those are exactly the kind of tunes I solo best on."

The diversity of the possibilities he suggests is, perhaps, something of a clue towards the kind of synthesis Pat is starting to work toward with his music.

"The future of listeners is getting better all the time. We're at a point now where rock and roll is gasping. They're doing anything they can to get attention.

"There's no place to go but toward more sophisticated music. And when I see that Keith's records are selling 250,000 copies for a solo piano record—to me, that's a great sign. Seeing Steely Dan's record way up there on the charts—it's still pop, but it's incredibly sophisticated pop music. There are a lot of good signs that people are getting ready to listen. That's on the positive side.

"On the negative side, I see very few younger players my age or a little older, who came up with the desire to take the tradition of improvising in the jazz context and mold it into something of their own that works for these times. And I'm tired of hearing young people called jazz musicians who couldn't play bebop if their lives depended on it.

"All this music with a beat everywhere you turn, that's not a good sign. It encourages people not to listen. People are being bombarded with music everywhere they go and nothing could be worse for music than that.

"So there are these two opposing forces of good and bad things happening and where it's going to land, I don't know."

As for his own musical future, trying to look ten years from now, Metheny envisions himself tackling larger projects that involve a large number of musicians. "I have dreams at night when I go to sleep of these incredible events that center around music. For example, these rock bands that are using laser beams, that's something that really appeals to me—making an evening of it that nobody would ever forget."

The tribal rites aspects of music?

"Yeah, I really go for that," he says, smiling. "Having a killer presentation that's the equivalent of going to see a great movie—something that really has you nailed from the very beginning to the very end. That's my goal in life: to play a set of music that doesn't have any holes in it—that's just a solid work.

"I haven't come close to it yet—but then I haven't heard anybody who has, except maybe Miles. But that's what I want to try to do." db

Of America he did that for the whole orchestra.

"There have been some great bass players; the first I dug was Harper Cosby, who hipped me to playing chord changes from some Wardell Gray records. That turned me on to Jimmy Blanton. Then Pettiford. Percy Heath has always been a master—the central role that John Lewis and the Modern Jazz Quartet have played in contemporary American music is largely unnoticed. But Paul Chambers could walk and solo like a horn, too.

"Then being close with Scott La Faro, a master technician who still could swing; he mastered the top of the instrument and was the first to use all his fingers, like a guitarist. Mingus is the master of bassists as a group leader—I think of all the natural respect one has for Mingus. And Thelonious played an important part—what he was laying down in harmony and swing is still fresh.

"Haden concentrated on the bottom. His walk: every note he played could be a tonic. Charlie always had natural talent but Charlie also studied harmelodic with Ornette, who could make that happen, turn every note into a tonic (a tonic being what everything resolves to)."

"Don't forget Jayne Cortez," prompts Carlotta.

"Jayne Cortez was Ornette's first wife," Cherry informs me. "She was the inspiration for the music, she always had all the records. Ornette wrote an early song titled after her. There's just been an article on her in *Essence* magazine. She's a powerful poet, too."

"What about you and the trumpet?"

"Me and the trumpet: there were three people who were for me of great importance. Of course there were Dizzy and Miles but I was listening to Fats Navarro. In California, I heard Sweets Edison, who had an important impact on me. Jack Sheldon, Conte Candoli and Chet Baker were around, but Fats . . . and when Clifford Brown took an interest in me! I was young but held close to him. I felt the trumpet was a thing of beauty in jazz.

"What you can hear in Booker Little was incredible. I have respect for him, and for Don Ayler, Albert's brother, who made important sounds in the trumpet. But also I listened to Mexican trumpeters, french horn players and conch shell players. When I play the trumpet I think of french horn and the conch. Conch absorbs all the sounds around—you couldn't hear a large crane that was operating next to a conch being blown.

"When I play I think of how the phrases move as a dance, or something in nature like a bird or a shooting star. Also the way drums roll and make phrases. But a lot of the humanness seems to be out of the trumpet. That's why I play the pocket trumpet.

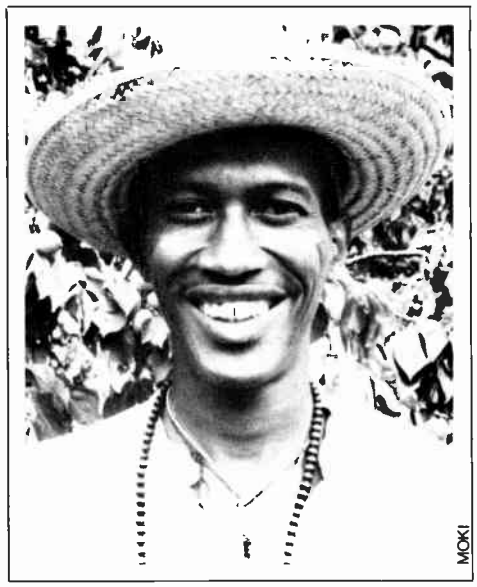
"I think of it as my tonsils, something I have there to sing with.

"There are so many things I'd like to have printed now," Don sighs. "Look at these."

From the huge scrapbooks and folder files that Moki keeps, Don began to select snapshots and prints taken around the world. As each came around the table he identified it in a few words.

"With Sam Watanabe in Japan on Eagle Eye's birthday . . . at a commune in Tuscana, Italy, near the prehistoric caves; we stayed with this group who play music together. . . .

"This is a RAP workshop in D.C.—Carlotta


MOKI

is a director, this is a drug addicts' program that receives no government money. It works in the community to get the addict work in the community—to put energy *into* society rather than pull away from it. One of the reasons I left America the first time was because I could settle my drug problems elsewhere. But another reason was Moki asking me 'Who are you working for?' A bell went off when I heard that question. Another way of living, a way close to the land, *that* proved to be the best cure for me.

"Now, this is with the Organic Music theater, with Moki's tapestries and puppets and dolls" (the schoolchildren surrounding the couple look exuberant), "and here I'm playing in the streets of New York for a TV film, half of which was taped in the school in Sweden. While out walking we met Ted Joans who lives in Timbuktu, and so we went to record at Rashied Ali's, with me and him and James Blood Ulmer on guitar. This show was about living in nature, and it had me in the forest and near a lake with a trumpet and flutes.

"This is a Jewish guru, Rudy, who's mother had me play at three ashrams—I bought a gamelan from him and through him connected with Alexander Jodorowsky to make music as a soundtrack for his film *Holy Mountain*.

"Here we're in Mexico where I taught for ten weeks under the auspices of the government's Belles Arts program, and did workshops in prisons and Montessori schools . . . with Nana, the percussionist, who has played with me in Europe for five years. . . . This is working in education in Sweden; I do radio and television with and for children. There is a whole series of radio shows we taped in '72 that are repeated yearly.

"These are the young Cherrys, including my cousin Ricky. I was born in Oklahoma with the Choctaw Indians; my father's mother was a Choctaw. I've had many teachers, and this is Chalo Rimpoche, my guru, my important teacher. . . . In Tunisia, we're traveling with the Bedouins for a program taped by German TV; there are the kids in the Sahara asking me about Muhammad Ali. . . . This is the first time Jan came in to play with me at Loeb student center, for five days with the Jazz Composers Orchestra (which resulted in *Relativity Suite*). I have photos of me and Sonny Rollins, me and Ornette. . . ." He gathers up the stills.

"I was speaking with Charlie Haden, who talked of the lack of fulfillment artists and musicians experience. He was talking about how a creative artist needs fulfillment and the system gives you this lack of it by not having any place for exposure. Architecture hasn't been made for the type of music I want to play; I've gone on acoustic expeditions, looking for places to play music that are suitable to my sound, my desires.

"In New York, underneath the arch of Washington Square Park is a good place, and at Cooper Union, where Benjamin Franklin spoke, was good. I could tell you about the good places in different cities across the world. You know, we occupied the Swedish Museum Of Modern Art for 72 days, living in a dome, where ethnographic musical instruments were on display and available to play. We were open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., while Bucky Fuller talked on videotape nearby—this was all in commemoration of the Paris Commune." Thirsty, Don went for Wild Turkey.

"We met in Sweden the first time Don came to Europe, with Sonny Rollins," Moki answers my query. "I was an art student with the cheapest seats and a pair of binoculars. I saw Don on stage and went ahh. . . . The next thing I did with the binoculars was locate an empty seat near the stage, and I snuck up to it. The concert hall was on fire, the stage was smoking. Really. The concert hall was built over the subway station in Stockholm, and something was going on down there—smoke was issuing from the floorboards."

"I stay with compositions I'm trying to stay in tune with," Don says, sitting again. "I'm open to learn and play other people's material; that's the art, interpreting. *How High The Moon* has been recorded so many times, but if it's interpreted well it doesn't seem stale. I could never play in a big band because I couldn't play the same thing twice—though I *have* played in big bands: in Gerald Wilson's, doing both jazz and rock concerts.

"I was also in George Russell's band in Europe. I was free to be a soloist there. It was fun, but he writes *such* difficult music. Also, I've been contacted by Dollar Brand to play in a big band at a concert benefiting the black cause in South Africa, and I hope to attend that. Dollar has the roots of African music. Duke Ellington heard that in Dollar—he was an Ellington protege. And his wife Bea sings beautifully. I like hearing her.

"Also Karl Berger's wife, Ing Rid, has a conception of the voice as an instrument. Of course, Betty Carter is the master of that.

"But I like hearing Roberta Flack, too, and Deniece Williams and Dionne Warwick. Dionne Warwick! With me her voice is really love. Then, other people who bring inspiration in the last few years: Stevie Wonder is the true inspiration of the times now. Stevie and Lou Reed. Stevie does it for all types of musicians, as does Bob Dylan. Springsteen is good, too. Earth, Wind & Fire: their image is so important to black people and so healthy and they are into good music.

"Arthur Prysock and Al Hibbler have always been the male sounds; my being from the Billie Holiday period, I find singers interpeting other musicians' and writers' music very satisfying. It's a different thing that Stevie does, and Dylan, too, interpreting their own music. But Stevie's a genius, a master, for playing a ballad like *Alfie* on the harmonica.

"I never used a lot of words. I think scatting can be done in such a way that the syllables

and sounds *mean*, just as words can.

"I study Indian music. I *was* doing do-re-mi but to me the sound 'do' is a negative sound. The Indian scale, starting with 'sa' as the tonic, and the importance of inner sounds within the Indian scale, as well as their idea that Sanskrit is the divine language, convince me that it should be the universal language—Sanskrit and Swahili.

"When I went to India to study, on July 4, 1973 I first heard Usted Zim Mahouddin Dagar, who plays in the *dropad* style. Thanks to the supreme spirit, he accepted me as a student. He plays the *vina*, a North Indian double gourd instrument. I also listen to Ram Nada Ram, who plays *sarangi*, and the first Pandit Pomnat. Paul Horn, too, is important. Terry Riley is someone I want to mention. Also Ram Narayan, whose record is on the Explorer series (Nonesuch), and Ravi Shankar is incredible for what he's done for Indian music in the West.

"I'm very interested in gamelan, though I haven't been to Bali yet, and the balaphon. In Africa the balaphon is goddess of music and all the notes come from her. She's the essence of music, and, as with the thumb piano, the wood is considered to have soul. The soul of the inner earth. In Sweden I have a friend who records the trees, with a Nagra. There is the idea that you take the soul out of the hollow bamboo and it cries. Like the calabash, from which they make the balaphon, the bamboo is hollow, but in the bamboo, too, there is soul.

"In Indian music, the scale is a mode, a feeling, a time of day, a season. To know the scale is to bring out the feeling in the scale. Notes each have a certain function. To really *know* that is the first movement in playing a *raga*—the slow part, revealing the feeling of the tones. The style I study is mostly *alap*, the slow part, and *shutis*, minitones, quarter tones, the 36 notes, revealed by their use in a certain order, an order that decides the flatness or sharpness of the tones.

"Johnny Hodges was also into that—in the West we call that glide and the expression in it glissando. But pitch: 440 pitch is the only thing man has agreed upon, West and East.

"They say the pitch is going up, and I feel different pitches everywhere. In New York. The intense energy of New York makes it possible for quality to come out. If you're thirsting for competition come to New York; it's the city of heavies. In California you lay back. I know musicians who go to the Bahamas to record so they can get *that* feeling, but I'd rather record in New York City. Here's the groove the family all knows about, an r&b groove that we all relate to, which ultimately will come out in the music.

"That's been my karma; I've always ended up right smack deep *in* it. My cousin had a disco set, and was always playing Latin music in the '50s—except for his Dave Brubeck LP. *Jazz At Oberlin* was an important record, somehow, a change for Brubeck: I remember my music teacher in Watts played parts of *My Foolish Things*. There was the Count, who had a salsa band I played with.

"There are so many things I need to hear. The fiddle music from Sweden. The women in Macedonia. Bulgaria have a style of singing I ran into all over Africa and the Slavic lands, an earth sound.

"And Africa is so rich with different types of instruments and ways of using the voices. The Pygmies use the voice so purely, they are using the sounds of the forest. I know my study of Indian music is a reaching for pure sound, a sound as pure as using the body as a resonator for vibrato."

Don was growing hoarse, and it was very late. The table had been cleared, and the youngest people sent to bed. David Cherry, a tall, thin black man of 20, was finding his way around the endless permutations of a familiar Ornette composition with a forgotten title, at the piano. Eagle Eye's drums and two small instruments from Don's gamelan sat by the loft's windows.

It was dark, not too cold, and the streets were empty when Don took Carlotta and me to the subway. He rode with us back to Manhattan, speaking of Miles and Monk, and other things. He said he didn't want to become identified as a New York musician, because even in New York, local musicians are taken for granted.

"Except for Cecil Taylor," he admitted. "When Cecil plays here, the whole city turns out to see him."

We spoke of Carlotta's RAP program, and Don invited me to Sweden so we might work on something more definitive. He suddenly rose as the train pulled into a station.

"Here's where we've got to transfer," he said. "See you in a minute." He smiled and slipped out the subway car's doors. Then Don Cherry disappeared for the second time since I've known him. db

The Reviews are in...

HUBERT LAWS

"Some say that 'familiarity breeds contempt.' This is certainly removed from the truth in my musical encounters with Don. . . I am presently taking his arranging course and am constantly amazed by the depth of his musical knowledge."

RANDY BRECKER

"With this book comes the first practical application of modern arranging techniques. Recording situations as opposed to live situations are discussed in full detail, as are different families of instruments, voices and studio techniques. A must for anyone who desires to be a modern arranger."

DAVE SPINOZZA

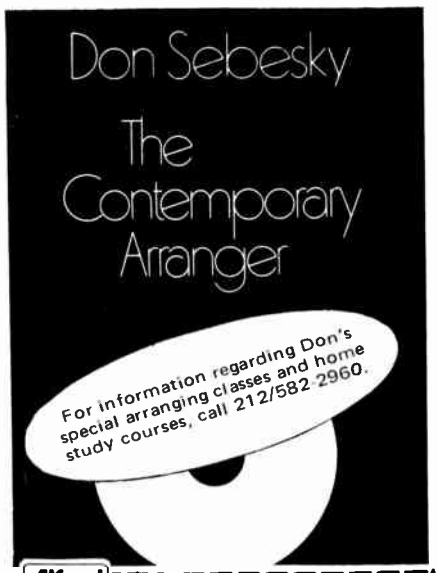
"The Don Sebesky course is great for learning about balance, weight, textures and appropriate voicing techniques which will elevate your craftsmanship."

HENRY MANCINI

"When a fine musician like Don Sebesky decides to write a book about arranging, I, for one, will read it and learn."

BILL HOLMAN

"Excitement may be a strange word to use in connection with a book on arranging, but that's exactly what I felt in going through this book. Most of the material has never, to my knowledge, been in print before, and has been available only through experience — years of it. Beautiful!"



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HADEN

continued from page 28

nette was telling me we had a recording session. We made two records *(Shape Of Jazz To Come* and *Change Of The Century)* before we went to New York. We opened at the Five Spot on September 10, 1959.

Zipkin: Did your playing change when you got to New York?

Haden: Something happened in the way I was *hearing*. I saw that it was easier if I listened completely . . . what word can I use . . .?

Zipkin: Intuitively?

Haden: No . . . if I listened with my whole being. In other words, in the midst of creating, a person is raised to another level of consciousness that doesn't have that much to do with everyday thinking. It's as if you could imagine life before there were words.

Once you realize the technical aspects of any art—as a painter, it's perspective; as a dancer, the different steps—it becomes a part of you, and you don't think about it anymore. I tried to get into that as completely as I could while I was playing. Ornette's improvising is constantly modulating from one key to another, and we got to the point where he'd be listening to me and I'd be listening to him. Sometimes I would go where he was going, and sometimes he would go where I was going. The same with Don and everybody. We had control of what we were doing, and were very sure of it. Each time we played together, we discovered a new way of doing what we wanted to do, and it just kept happening like that. That was an incredible band.

Zipkin: What else was going on in your life during this time?

Haden: While all this was happening, the other part of my life was in disarray. I was very enmeshed in using opium derivatives. I had been in Los Angeles, and when I got to New York I became even more so. I got to a point where I went to a hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, and tried to start again, but that didn't happen, either. I started using again when I rejoined Ornette back in New York in 1960. Then I was arrested, put on probation . . . oh, man. I finally left New York and went into Synanon, and got a new start.

Zipkin: How much did using affect your playing?

Haden: Very much. I was so sedated that I couldn't physically play. People who are addicted to drugs are not in control of their lives at all—it's impossible for them to create to their fullest potential. It affected the other part of my life—my relationships with people, my time to do other things. I spent my day going back and forth uptown copping—or into Watts when I was in L.A.—so as not to be sick when I played that night.

Zipkin: Following three years in Synanon, you came back to New York and, after touring Europe with Archie Shepp, rejoined Ornette in 1966. It was about this time that you began playing with Keith Jarrett, was it not?

Haden: I was working in a club called the Dom down on the Lower East Side, and one night Keith came in. I had met him briefly when he was with Charles Lloyd at Newport, but I'd never really talked with him. He played mostly soprano sax that night at the Dom, and a couple of days later he called me to come rehearse with him and Paul Motian. The music was really nice. We rehearsed more and got a contract with a label that Atlantic had just started, called Vortex. We did a trio album called *Life Between The Exit Signs*, and Keith started getting concerts for us. When-

ever I didn't have work with Ornette, I'd take the gig with Keith. He left Charles, worked with the trio for awhile, and then joined Miles' band.

Zipkin: Did getting clean change your musical or personal focus?

Haden: I know it's idealistic-sounding, but the first time I got healthy, I discovered inside me that I felt personally responsible for making everything better—not only for me, but for everyone I knew, and for human beings everywhere. And, as I started a family, I wanted it to be good for them, too. The way I had to do that better than any other way was through music: you communicate to thousands of people through recordings and concerts. And that communication is a vital part of the creative process. One of the most important things in life is being able to share, to continue that thing you yourself experienced originally, from the beginning.

There comes a point when you play music together, that you get very close to one another—not only musically, but spiritually and as human beings, too. You just flow and go with the flow of the music; you're very sure of it. For an artist, it's important for these things to happen in other parts of one's life, beyond the act of creating—with other human beings, or alone. It is experiencing something in a way that brings tears to your eyes, it's so beautiful. That's the way I try to live every day. It isn't a conscious trying; it's just the way I wake up every morning.

Zipkin: **db** readers are probably aware of the incident in Cascais, Portugal in 1971, when you were arrested after dedicating your *Song For Che* to the black liberation struggles in the Portuguese-held colonies of Mozambique, Angola and Guinea. How much premeditation was involved? Or was it entirely spontaneous?

Haden: Every time I had gone to Europe before, I always kept my fingers crossed that we weren't going to have to play somewhere with whose politics I didn't agree. I knew about Portugal, and the colonies, so I started figuring out what I was going to do to make my feelings felt.

I knew that in order not to leave Ornette in an uptight position, I should play. So as not to involve anybody else in my personal feelings, I waited until we were going to play a composition of mine *(Song For Che)* and after I dedicated it, you couldn't hear, there was such a cheer. There were about 20,000 people there, a lot of them students who were against the government, and the cheering continued through most of the song. It was incredible.

But the next thing I heard, in the dressing room, was that the police were backstage, and I had to leave the country immediately, and that they were going to cancel the rest of the festival. The next day I was arrested at the airport, and taken to the Lisbon prison. They kept me alone in a room for several hours, and then took me to another room and interrogated me. What organizations was I in? Who was I speaking for? Finally Ornette got the cultural attache, and they came and got me out.

I'll tell you something, man, it was a drag. But I've thought about it a lot afterwards, and I know I would do the same thing if I was put in that position again. People have to act on what they believe in, or nothing's ever going to change. If someone was changed by what happened, that was worth it to me, because their children will be changed as a result, and there will be more of us.

Zipkin: You speak a lot about children, and the importance of fostering positive values from a very early age on.

Haden: One of the most important ways of changing from shallow values to creative values is through children, because a child has a natural creative being. It's very important to surround children with creative thought, and teachers, and to impress upon them the importance and reverence of life.

But the natural sensitivity of most human beings is stifled along the paths of their lives, and it's things like the kind of music that the mass media present that stifle it. Lots of that music sounds to me as if some guys went into a room with a computer, and found out what people wanted or would be attracted to musically, and then proceeded to program it and have somebody do it.

And there are things that turn me off even before I hear the music, and that is the lifestyle of most of the people who do the music—their motives and their direction. They are motivated by the profit culture, which includes buying elaborate mansions and cars and clothes. That's the way they communicate to young people—as much by their image as by their music.

I just wish that everybody could get together and talk some time. Like, "Why are you doing this and why are you doing that and why am I doing this and is there anything we can do to make it more meaningful. How can we do that? Let's do it! Let's really wage a war—go into battle."

We all need to recognize the creativity that is inside us, and especially the children. Because it will make them brilliant, majestic and sacred human beings, who are capable of making a world where people use their intelligence for the good of humanity. **db**

HOW TO

DEVELOP ARRANGING PROFICIENCY

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

"I've scored some winners now, but my first chart came out a total disaster. I wrote the riff rhythms wrong, transposed the sax parts unside down, and put the trumpets too high. Everything sounded terrible except the modulation I copied out of Frank Skinner's arranging book. I should have read the whole book first. . . ." (Name withheld)

* * *

Like that of the quotee, most first attempts at arranging fail musically. No matter, though: They never fail to educate their authors! As indicators of what their authors might profitably study, first charts can hardly be surpassed. If, for example bass lines never leave chord roots, inversions should be studied; if background buries melody, textures should be researched; if repetition induces monotony, timbres should be explored; or if players cannot decipher parts, calligraphy should be attended to. Purely technical errors, such as inaccurate rhythmic notation, incorrect transposition, or impossible instrumental ranges, will reduce in frequency as a writer assimilates the fundamental facts of musical mechanics, facts which fill the pages of theory and orchestration books, facts easily memorized because they are clear, simple, and immutable, facts like "Roto toms change pitch when spun," or "Bass and guitar sound an octave lower than written."

Unlike simple facts, though, variables like harmony or counterpoint or rhythmic interaction, because their use depends on musical judgment, cannot be mastered merely by reading about them—they also must be heard and must be played and must be imagined. The path to arranging proficiency leads along multiple branches.

One branch moves through theory study, another through books on arranging, another through playing several kinds of instruments (bowed and blown and struck, melodic and harmonic and rhythmic), and still another through listening.

Though some of these paths may seem longer and more laborious than others, none become side-tracks—they intertwine along the way, eventually arriving at their collective goal, musicianship in arranging.

Two branches of the path, listening and books on arranging, bear further discussion:

Focused Listening

The ear adjusts aurally like a zoom lens adjusts visually: it can listen to all sounds simultaneously or pinpoint any particular. Wide open, it discerns form and style and feel. Narrowed down, it reveals details like bass lines, riff rhythms, or what's doubling what in unisons. By using both fields of hearing, careful listeners can turn tapes and disks and films and TV shows and whatever else they hear into consummate teachers. Basie's band, for example, will demonstrate its swinging secrets via hi-fi for as long as any patient ear-focuser wants, just as Bach will reveal the fine points of counterpoint, Gene Puerling's *Singers Unlimited* the breadth of vocal effects, Heifetz the diversity of string bowing, or Ellington cross-section instrumental combinations and chromatic harmony and extended jazz form.

Focused Reading

Some music books focus on specialized facts. In their *Scoring for Percussion*, for example, Joel Leach and Owen Reed cram into 135 pages the musical characteristics, the performance techniques, and the notational methods of fifty bells and drums and cymbals and whatever else responds to mallets and sticks and finger taps.

Other books aim to educate arrangers on every aspects of writing for a particular instrument rather than a class of instruments. The title of one such purposeful manual, *The Arranger/Composer's Complete Guide to the Guitar . . . And Other Fretted Instruments*, defines well what's inside! Tom Bruner's book leaves nothing about guitar to the arranger's imagination; and furthermore should fire the imagination of any guitar player who reads it.

Other books, reflecting musical insights beyond the scope of their stated subject-matter, diffuse their focus. Joyce Collins' *Jazz Rock for Kids*, an easy-to-play collection of piano pieces for small fingers (including a record to show small ears how the pieces really sound), not only fits its title, but offers in addition some distilled illustrations of jazz and rock styles. A classically-oriented pianist fuzzy on jazz/rock basics could gain insight from this clear little book.

Books dealing specifically with arranging also exhibit individual differences among them. All should be read, then several should be chosen as permanent members of any arranger's library, where each can continually contribute its own reference value.

Some such books, like William Russo's more-than-800-page *Jazz Composition and Orchestration*, offer encyclopedic dimensions in subject matter. Others, like George Frederick McKay's around-200-page *Creative Orchestration*, confine themselves more to orchestral and compositional principles. (This one will open vista after vista for its readers!). Others, like Mancini's *Sounds and Scores*, reveal the specific methods, the personal scoring style, of a master composer/arranger.

The minimal standard library for arrangers heretofore has included books using all three approaches, at least one book of each type. Now, though, there's a fourth approach, a book which focuses on orchestrating for the recording studio. Title: *The Contemporary Arranger*. Author: Don Sebesky. Publisher: Alfred Publishing Co. This book deserves a place in any arranger's li-

brary, and for more reasons than its timely approach and the stature of its author. Mr. Sebesky covers essentials without drowning them in details. He tells why as well as how, thereby relating musical fact to musical principle. He identifies, explains, and illustrates musical effects associated with important bands, vocal groups, individual performers, arrangers and composers. For example: "The bright, pixieish quality of a flute in unison with a harmon muted trumpet has become Quincy Jones' trademark."

"A typical Gil Evans voicing combines two harmon muted trumpets over a single flute in close position."

"Soul girl trios like the Supremes and the Raelettes use simple triads, but achieve their individuality and excitement by adding funky inflections to the melodic phrasing."

Each composer, arranger, and performer featured in the 288 printed-music illustrations and the 25 recorded demonstrations is top-flight. Furthermore, each example, printed or recorded, makes its point fully, yet concisely.

Don Sebesky guides his readers along several parallel paths to arranging proficiency, visiting musical giants along the way, getting inside the meanings of lyrics, seeing and hearing what works well in recording studios, and what doesn't.

Equally instructive, though, is the in-depth view of Sebesky himself and his own music. His book exemplifies his sense of orchestral economy, his flair for variety, his eagerness for self-improvement, his insistence on excellence.

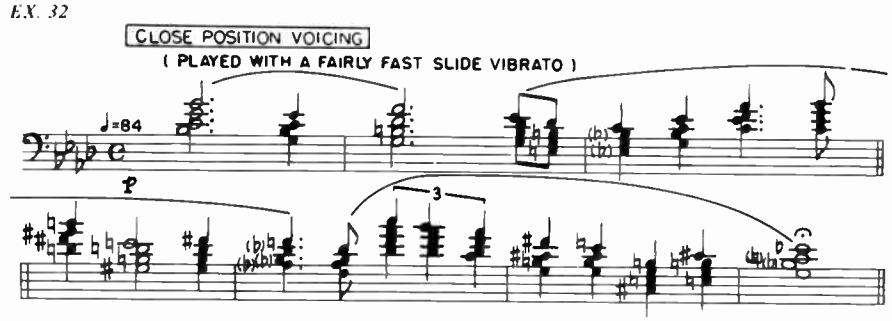
There are, of course, more winners than these already mentioned, books which arranging students might find particularly suited to their particular goals. Here are several:

Arranging and Composing for the Small Ensemble: David Baker
Modern Arranging: Gordon Delamont
Encyclopedia of Arranging: Maury Deutsch
The Professional Arranger-Composer: Russ Garcia
Arranging Concepts: Dick Grove
Scoring for Films: Earle Hagen
Jazz in the Classroom: Berklee LP and score series

Excerpt from The Contemporary Arranger, by Don Sebesky

As a section, trombones sound excellent in unison, octaves, and are equally sonorous when voiced in either close or open position. Example No. 32 illustrates a passage in close position voicing typical of the ballad style made famous by Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey. This lush phrase would sound excellent played either open or muted.

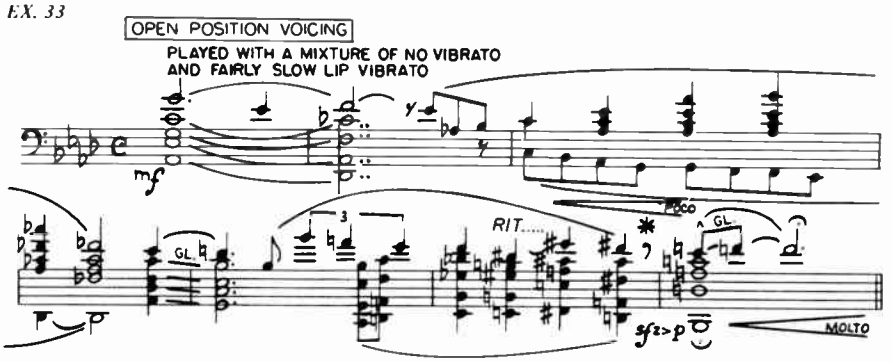
EX. 32



All recording trombonists carry with them a *straight mute, cup mute, felt hat,* and usually a *plunger.* Any other mute *(harmon mute, solotone, bucket, derby* etc.) must be requested in advance of the recording session.

Stan Kenton's five-man trombone section, voiced in open position (also referred to as "spread voicing") created one of the great jazz orchestral sounds of our time.

EX. 33



* THE LITTLE COMMA MARKING BEFORE THE LAST BAR INDICATES A BREATH IS TO BE TAKEN.

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

Newport Jazz Festival: Carnegie Hall, Avery Fisher Hall, NYU Loeb Student Center, Staten Island Ferry, 52nd Street Fair, Various sites on the Streets of NY, Waterloo Village (Stanhope, N.J.), Saratoga Performing Arts Center (Saratoga Springs, N.Y.); See elsewhere in this issue for more details, or call (212) 787-2020 (6/23-7/2).

Congregation Beth Israel (Hempstead, L.I.): *Carmine Appice* drum clinic (6/20); for details call (516) 485-2122.

Belmont Raceway (Elmont, Queens): *Maynard Ferguson* (7/15).

Public Theatre (Newman Theatre): *Julius Hemphill Quintet* and *Jerome Cooper,* solo percussion (6/16); *Leroy Jenkins w/ Andrew Cyrille, Anthony Davis, George Lewis* (6/17); *Leo Smith* and *Barry Altschul Quartet* (6/23); *Jeremy Steig & Eddie Gomez* and *John Scofield Quartet* (6/24); call (212) 677-1750 for balance.

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

Sweet Basil: *David Amram Ensemble* (thru 6/17); *Bennie Wallace Trio* (6/18&19); *Ron Carter Quartet* (6/20-24); *Charles Austin-Joe Gallivan* plus *The Intercontinental Express* (6/25&26); *Ron Carter Quartet* (6/27-7/1); *Sonelius Smith Trio* (7/2&3); *Bob Brookmeyer Quartet* (7/4-8); *Art Farmer Quartet* (opens 7/11).

Creative Music Studio (Woodstock, N.Y.): Summer sessions (6/19 thru 9/4); special concerts: *Leroy Jenkins w/ CMS Orchestra* (6/24); *Jack DeJohnette w/ Arthur Blythe & CMS Orchestra* (7/1); *Garrett List & the A-1 Art Band w/ Byard Lancaster & CMS Orchestra* (7/8).

Environ: Call (212) 964-5190 for details.

Norman's on New York's Left Bank: Jazz and fun; call Jazzline for details.

Three Sisters (West Paterson, N.J.): *Al Cohn Quartet* (6/16&17); *Joe Morello Quartet* (6/23&24); *Roland Hanna Quartet* (6/30&7/1).

Jolly Fisherman (Roslyn, L.I.): *David Meer & Michael Abbott.*

Museum of Modern Art: "A Berger to Go," film by Robert Mikelson about Karl Berger & Creative Music Studio (7/3&4).

Village Vanguard: *Bill Evans* (6/13-18); *Horace Silver* (6/27-7/2); *Dexter Gordon* (7/4-7/9); *Sonny Fortune* (opens 7/11).

Westbury Music Fair (Westbury, L.I.): *Donna Summer* (opens 7/11).

Blue Hawaii: Weekend jazz; call (212) 260-7690.

Constellation: Jazz on Sundays; call (212) 541-7425.

Emerson's Spot Light (Paramus, N.J.): *Reno Brooks* (Wed. & Thurs. in June); other nights call (201) 843-8050.

Pied Piper (Greenwich, Conn.): *Gary Wofsey's Trumpet Band* (Fri.).

Manny's (Moonachie, N.J.): *Morris Nanton Trio* (Wed.).

Village Corner: *Jim Roberts Jazz Septet* (Sun. 2-5 pm); *Roberts* or *Lance Haywood* other nights.

West End: Swinging jazz every night; call (212) 666-9160.

Cookery: *Alberta Hunter.*

Madison Square Garden: *Fania All Stars* (6/23); *Bob Marley & The Wailers and Stanley Clarke* (6/17).

Melody Fair (North Tonawanda, N.Y.): *Lou Rawls* (6/23-25).

Pork Pie Hat: New club, good jazz (Thurs.-Sun.); call (212) 246-5500 ext. 1132.

Other End: For info call (212) 673-7030.

Dr. Generosity's: *Billy Foster Quintet* (6/18).

WKCR (89.9 FM): "Live From the Public"—performances from Joseph Papp's Public Theatre; (Fri. 8:30pm).

Gulliver's (West Paterson, N.J.): *Houston Person & Etta Jones* (6/16&17); *Bucky Pizzarelli Trio* (6/23&24); *Jackie Cain & Roy Kral* (6/30-7/1); guitar nights; *Wayne Heddinger* (6/19); *Pat Cerasiello* (6/26); Wed nite specials: *Sal Salvador Quartet* (6/14); *Joanne Barry w/ Carl Barry Trio* (6/21); *Ben Aronov Trio* (6/28); *Ted Clancy & Friendship* (7/5); piano series; *Jimmy Roberts* (6/13, 15, 22, 29).

Ramapo College (N.J.): *Woody Herman Band* in residence (beginning 7/10).

Carnegie Hall: *Ry Cooder* (6/19); *Hod O'Brien & Sumiko Murashima* (6/26).

Avery Fisher Hall: *Patti LaBelle* (6/22&23).

Office Restaurant (Nyack, N.Y.): Live jazz (Wed. & Fri.-Sun.); call (914) 358-8938.

Continental Restaurant (Fairfield, Conn.): Eat, drink, dig and dance; call (203) 335-9193.

Angry Squire: Call (212) 242-9066.

Mr. C's (Schenectady, N.Y.): *Joe Morello Quartet* (6/16-18); call for balance (518) 374-0527.

Kaspar's: *Gene Adler & Ronnie Boykins* (Fri. & Sat.).

Terrace Ballroom (Plaza Hotel): *Bo & Generation II* for dancing and listening (opens 7/1).

Beefsteak Charlie's Jazz Emporium: *Abdul Zahir Batin & the Notorious Ensemble* (6/14-17); call (212) 687-2510.

Ali's Alley: *Ted Daniel* (Mon.); call club for balance of week (212) 226-9042.

Barbara's: Call for nightly schedule (212) 473-9326.

Bradley's: Pianist nightly.

Broady's: Good music; call (212) 850-4400.

Cafe Carlyle (Hotel Carlyle): *Marian McPartland.*

Carnegie Hall Cabaret: *Ellis Larkins.*

Jazzline: (212) 421-3592.

NORTHWEST

The Earth (Portland, Ore.): *Sun Ra* (6/18); *Lightnin Hopkins* (6/23&24); *Cal Tjader* (7/9); *Mose Allison* (7/21&22).

Jazz Deopus (Portland, Ore.): *Cal Tjader* (7/9); *Charlie Byrd* (7/23).

Eugene Hotel (Eugene, Ore.): *Free Bop* (6/15&16); *New Deal Rhythm Band* (6/17&18); *Albert Collins* (6/19); *Jazzin Together* (6/20-24); *Josh White, Jr.* (6/26); *Tom Grant* (7/4-8); *Robert Cray Blues Band* (7/9); *The Cozzetti Gemmill Band* (7/11-15); *Cal Tjader* (7/19&20); *Upepo* (7/23&24); *Philip Walker* (7/25-29); *Obrador* (7/30&31).

Ray's Helm (Portland, Ore.): *Jeff Lorber's Fusion;* 288-1814.

The Hobbit Tavern (Portland): All star jazz sessions Monday nights; 771-0742.

Chuck's Steak House (Portland); Name jazz all week; 226-0256.

Jazz Quarry (Portland): *Ray Horn Trio* (Mon. & Tue.); *Sky Trio w/Eddie Weid* (Wed.-Sun.); Sunday jam.

LOS ANGELES

Concerts By The Sea (Redondo Beach): *Carmen McRae* (6/13-18); *Hank Crawford* (6/20-7/2); *Esther Phillips* (7/11-16); *Willie Bobo* (7/18-30); *Cal Tjader* (8/1-6); 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; name artists weekends; call 456-2007.

Century City Playhouse (10508 W. Pico): New music regularly; call 475-8388.

Baked Potato: *Greg Mathieson & Larry Carlton* (Mon.); *Bill Mays & Ernie Watts* (Tue.); *Don Randi* (Wed.-Sat.); *Ray Pizzi, Frank Rosolino,* others being scheduled; call 980-1615.

Montebello Inn (Montebello): *Larry Cronin Trio* (Tue.); call 722-2927.

Jimmy Smith's Supper Club: *Jimmy Smith* (Thurs.-Sun.); for 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.

Calabasas Cabaret: Jazz, jazz/rock; for info call 340-9395.

Cellar Theatre: *Les DeMerle Transfusion w/ Eddie Harris* (Mon.); guest regulars include *Richie Cole, Dave Liebman, Milcho Leviev,* others; call 487-0419.

Hong Kong Bar (Century City): Regular jazz; call 277-2000.

Cafe Concert (Tarzana): Local & name jazz; call 996-6620.

Donte's: Name jazz; call 769-1566.

Parisian Room: *Sonny Stitt, Jimmy Witherspoon, Earl Hines,* etc.; for schedules, call 936-0678.

CHICAGO

Amazingrace (Evanston): *Gary Burton* (6/16-19); *Tom Rush* (6/23 & 24); *Emmett Chapman* and the *Ross Traut Quartet* (6/25); *Pat Metheny* (6/30-7/2); *Norman Blake* and *Peter Lang* (7/13 & 14); *Luther Allison* (7/21-23); *John Hartford* and the *New Grass Revival* (7/26 & 27); *Jim Post and friends* (7/28-31); call FAT-CITY; Grace's last show at present location will be 7/31—looking for a new home now.

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Fiorito's Drinking Emporium (St. Paul): *The Mouldy Figs* (Wed.-Sat.).

Top of the Radisson (St. Paul): Occasional local jazz.

Emporium of Jazz (Mendota): Regularly scheduled traditional and dixieland jazz weekends; *Wild Bill Davison* (6/16 & 17).

Kozlak's Royal Oak (Shoreview): Dixieland with the *Wandering Three* (Sundays).

Prom Center (St. Paul): Occasional big-name bands; *Count Basie* (8/18).

Orchestra Hall (Minneapolis): Fabulous Fours: *Ink Spots, Four Aces, Four Lads, Four Freshmen* (6/30-7/1); *Bobby Short* (7/16); *Lou Rawls* (7/27); *Cleo Laine* (8/20).

St. Paul Civic Center Arena: *Boz Scaggs, Little River Band* (6/24).

NEW ORLEANS

Rosy's: *Billy Cobham* (6/17 & 18); *Phil Woods* (6/23-25).

Jed's: *Johnny Vidacovich Trio* (6/13, 20, 27); *Les Moore* (6/14, 21, 28); *The Radiators* (6/16); *Ian Dury & The Blockheads* (6/17); *George Duke Band* (6/23); *Copas Brothers* (6/24); *Jim & Dave* (6/15, 22, 29)

Blue Room (Fairmont Hotel): *Joel Grey* (thru 6/21); *Rosyln Kind* (6/22-7/5).

Le Club (Hyatt Regency Hotel): *Ellis Marsallis Trio* (thru 6/25, nightly except Mon.)

Duke's Place (Monteleone Hotel): *Dukes of Dixieland* (Mon.-Sat.).

Pete Fountain's Club (Hilton Hotel): *Pete Fountain* (nightly except Thurs.).

Cafe Bromeliad (Hilton Hotel): *Heritage Hall Jazz Band* (Sun. afternoon).

Fountainbay Club Hotel: *Ronnie Kole Trio* (nightly except Sun.).

Tipitina's: *Koko Taylor* (6/22&23); *Exuma* (6/30&7/1).

Dream Palace: *Ivan Neville & the Renegades* (6/15); *Irma Thomas* (6/16); *Radiators* (6/17); *Johnny Vidacovich Trio* (6/18); *Deacon John & the Ivories* (6/22); *Lil Queenie & the Percolators* (6/25); *Billy Gregory & the Delta Allstars* (Wed.-Sat. 2 am-dawn).

CINCINNATI

Bently's: *Clay* (Wed.-Sat.).

Emanon: *Ed Moss Trio* (Wed.-Sat.); *Cohesion* (Sun.-Mon.).

Gilly's: *Phil Woods* (6/13-18); *Les McCann* (6/23-25); *Chico Hamilton* (7/28-30); *Joe Williams* (8/15-20); call 228-8414 for details.

K.T.'s Den: *Don Lippman* and the *Jazz Apostles* (Sun.-Mon.).

Maggie's Opera House: Occasional jazz; call 242-3700.

Riverfront Stadium: *George Benson, Al Jarreau, George Duke* (6/23); *Grover Washington, Jr., Duke Ellington Orchestra* (6/24); call 1-800-582-1765 for details.

WMUB (88.5 FM): "Jazz Alive" (Thur. 8pm); jazz 8pm-2am (nightly).

WGUC (90.9 FM): "Jazz Alive" (Sun. midnight); Oscar Treadwell's Eclectic Stop Sign (Mon.-Sat., midnight-2am).

WNOP (740 AM): Jazz sunrise to sunset.

PITTSBURGH

Duquesne University Summer Jazz Seminar: Clinicians *John Wilson, Joe Negri, Frank Cunimondo, Joe Dallas* and others will cover history, theory and performance of jazz (6/26-30); for information call (412) 434-6086 (6/26-30).

Stage Door Lounge (Oakland): *Jass* with *Harry Cardillo, George Greene, Dave Larocca, Billy Kuhn* (Wed.-Sat.); open jam night every Tuesday.

New Stage Door II (Rt. 51): *Spider & Co.* featuring *Eric Kloss* (Wed.-Sat.); jam night (Tue.); *Red Garland*, tent., June or July.

Encore I (Shadyside): *Randy Purcell & Pittsburgh Rhythm Machine* featuring *Ron Bickel* (Tue.-Sun.); *Kenny Karsh/Vince Genova Duo* (Mon.).

Lou's Shadyside Bar & Grill: *The Fielder Brothers Band* (Wed.-Sat.).

Nino's East (N. Versailles): *The Silhouettes* (Wed.-Sat.).

Ernie's Esquire Club (McMurray): *Al Dowe Quintet* w/vocalist *Etta Cox* (Thurs.-Sat.).

Gaslight Association: *Frank Cunimondo Trio* (through 6/25).

Top Shelf: *Kenny Karsh/Vince Genova Duo* (Wed.-Sat.).

Zebra Room (Homewood): *Carl Arter Trio* w/*Tiny Irwin* (Fri. & Sat.); "Celebrity Night of the Stars" jam at Zebra Room, Black Magic, and Crescendo Lounge on rotating Monday nights.

SEATTLE

Parnell's: *Phineas Newborn, Jr.* (6/16-18); *Ernestine Anderson* (6/22-7/2); *Pete Barbutti & Gus Mancusso* (7/6-9); *Cal Tjader* (7/13-16); *Charlie Byrd* (7/20-22); *Phil Woods* (7/28&29); *Buddy Montgomery* (8/4-6).

Other Side Of The Tracks (Auburn, Wash.): *Airbrush* (6/15); *Seattle Jazz Quartet* (6/19); *Frog News* (6/22); *Barney McClure* (6/26); *Wayne Simon Traffic Jammers* (6/29); *Obrador* (7/3); *Phil Person* (7/6); *Jack Brownlow* w/*M. Miller* (7/10); *Jazzin Together* (7/13); *Hugo Eckner* (7/17); *Ray Downey Bebop* (7/31); *Scoot Lawrence Trio* (8/3); *Terry Rumsey & Airbrush* (8/7).

Paramount Northwest: *Chuck Mangione* (7/8).

Skippers Tavern: *Great Excelsior* (Mon.); 329-2363.

SAN FRANCISCO

Keystone Korner: *Max Roach* (6/13-18); *Lennie McBrowne & Co.* (6/19); *Toots Thielemans* (6/20-25); *James Leary Big Band* (6/26); *Art Ensemble of Chicago* (6/27-7/2); *Success* (7/3); *Sonny Fortune* (7/4-9); *Chris Amberger Trio* (7/10); *Jeremy Steig/Eddie Gomez Duo* (7/11-16); *Art Lande* (7/17).

Concord Pavillion: *Preservation Hall Jazz Band* (6/29).

Boarding House: *Barry "The Fish" Melton* (6/20-24).

Blue Dolphin: Loftjazz and new music most nights; call (415) 824-3822.

Loftjazz: Jazz most nights; call (415) 543-2083.

Mapenzi (Berkeley): Solo series Thurs.-Sun.; call (415) 655-5196.

LONDON

100 Club (Oxford St.): *Barbara Thompson* (6/16); *Chris Barber* (6/24); *Beryl Bryden, Digby Fairweather* (6/28); *Champion Jack Dupree* (7/7-9); modern/contemporary every Mon.; traditional/main-stream every Wed., Fri., Sat. and Sun.

Ronnie Scott's: *Red Garland, Turning Point* (thru 6/17); *Helen Humes, Ronnie Scott Quintet* (6/19-7/1); *Freddie Hubbard Quintet* (7/3-8); not set at presstime (7/10-15); *Mary Lou Williams* (7/17-29); *Dizzy Gillespie Quartet* (7/31-8/19).

River Thames Excursions (from Westminster Pier): *Mike Westbrook Brass Band* (6/23); *Big Chief* (6/30); *Elton Dean, Alan Skidmore* (7/7); *Harry Miller 4* (7/14); *Derek Bailey, Evan Parker, Tony Oxley* (7/21); *Mike Osborne Quintet* (7/28); *Elton Dean's Ninesense* (8/4).

4th Bracknell Jazz Festival: *Ornette Coleman Sextet, Elton Dean's Ninesense, Stan Tracey/John Surman Duo, Chris McGregor* (7/8); *Pat Metheny Quartet, John Taylor Octet, Ronnie Scott Quintet, Joe Lee Wilson* (7/9); other artists yet to be confirmed (ring 0344-27272).

Portman Hotel: Mainstream/traditional jazz brunch every Sun. lunchtime; call 486-5844.

Pizza Express: Mainstream 6 nights a week; *Fred Hunt Trio* plus frequent star guests; call 437-7215.

Half Moon (Putney): Modern jazz every Sun. night.

Phoenix (Cavendish Square): Modern jazz every Wed. night.

For details of both the above and everything else, ring **Jazz Centre Society:** 580-8532.

Radio jazz: *Peter Clayton* (BBC 3, Sat. 5; BBC 2, Sun. 10 pm); *Humphrey Lyttelton* (BBC 1 & 2, Mon. 9 pm); *Charles Fox* (BBC 3, Mon. 11 pm—live bands; BBC 3, Tue. 5:15); *Brian Priestley* (BBC London, Tue. 8:30 pm); *Ian Gilchrist* (LBC, Wed. 8 pm); *Brian Rust* (Capital, Sun. 10 pm)

Royal Festival Hall: *Acker Bilk, Johnny Barnes/Roy Williams,* Louis Armstrong Anniversary Concert (7/8).

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