

JUNE 21, 1979

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music magazine

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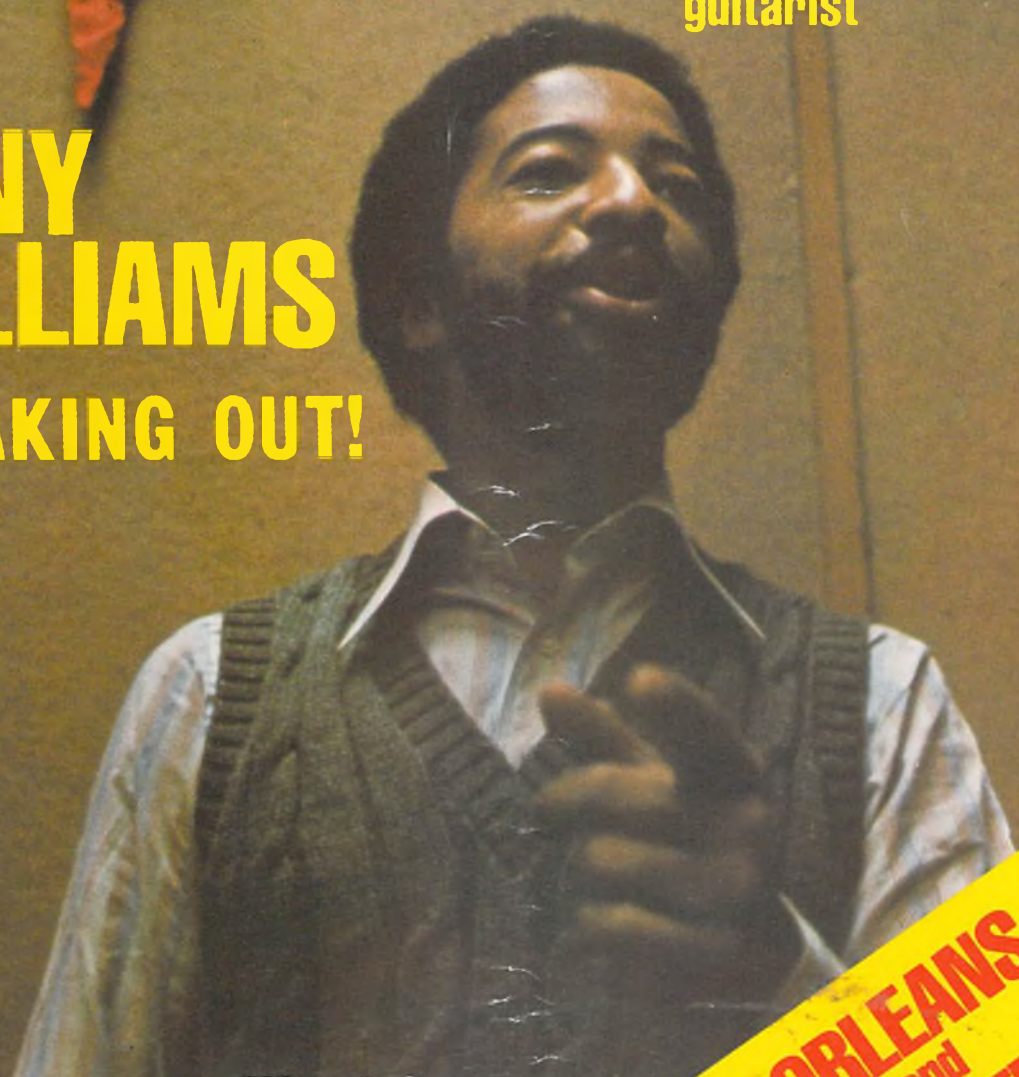
BRECKER BROS.

studio rat race or
superstar derby?

PHIL MANZANERA

recording techniques
of Roxy Music's
guitarist

TONY WILLIAMS BREAKING OUT!



NEW ORLEANS JAZZ
and
HERITAGE FESTIVAL
in words and pictures

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**down
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(ISSN 0012-7568)

CONTENTS

- 6 FIRST CHORUS
11 CHORDS AND DISCHORDS
14 NEWS
16 NEW ORLEANS JAZZ & HERITAGE FESTIVAL
Text by Howard Mandel; photos by Marc PoKempner. Our associate editor and Chicago camera ace PoKempner attended the tenth anniversary of possibly the most unique music festival in our country, and returned with a stimulating picture of the rhythm and blues scene.
- 20 TONY WILLIAMS
"Aspiring to a Lifetime of Leadership," by Lee Underwood. From the firm foundation of a detailed study of jazz's drumming masters, Williams aims to be the best drummer of any kind of music.
- 24 BRECKER BROTHERS
"The Studio and Its Discontents," by Steve Bloom. Trumpeter Randy and saxist Michael may seem to have it made, but they put their careers into a chilling—and impecunious—perspective.
- 27 PHIL MANZANERA
"Rock Guitarist as Multi-Track Architect," by Tim Schneckloth. With Roxy Music and his own band, 801, Manzanera has collaborated in some of the most creative rock around.
- 30 RECORD REVIEWS
Jay McShann; Joe Turner; Mary Lou Williams; John Abercrombie; Abbey Lincoln; Brecker Brothers; Pepper Adams; Various Artists (*New Orleans Jazz And Heritage Festival, 1978*); Michael Mantler; Richard Sussman; Concord Super Band; James Newton; Lucky Thompson; Village People; Herbie Hancock; North Texas State University Lab Band; Oliver Nelson; Cedar Walton; Bill Hardman; Art Bears; Steve Halpern; Do'a; Billie Holiday; Ben Webster; Roy Eldridge.
- 45 BLINDFOLD TEST
Mongo Santamaria, by Leonard Feather.
- 46 PROFILE
Valery Ponomarev, by Larry Birnbaum; George Goldsmith, by Bill Kirchner; Khan Jamal, by David Hollenberg.
- 52 CAUGHT
Orchestra of the 20th Century, by Kenneth Terry; Amina Claudine Myers, by Scott Albin.
- 56 BOOK REVIEW
Notes And Tones, by Art Taylor; reviewed by Scott Albin.
- 58 HOW TO
Unlock Keys, by Dr. William L. Fowler.
- 61 CITY SCENE

Cover Art: Kelly/Robertson
Cover Photo: Veryl Oakland

June 21, 1979
VOLUME 46, NO. 12
(on sale June 7, 1979)

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down beat (ISSN 0012-7568) is published biweekly, except monthly during July, August and September by Maher Publications, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606. Copyright 1979 Maher Publications. All rights reserved. Trademark registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719,407.

Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and additional mailing offices. Subscription rates: \$13.00 for one year, \$22.00 for two years. Foreign subscription add \$2.00 per year.

Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, or artwork. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from Maher Publications.

down beat articles are indexed in *down beat's* annual, *Music Handbook*. Microfilms of all issues of *down beat* are available from University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: *down beat*, *MUSIC HANDBOOK '78*, *Up Beat*, *Up Beat Daily*, *American Music For-Export Buyers Guide*

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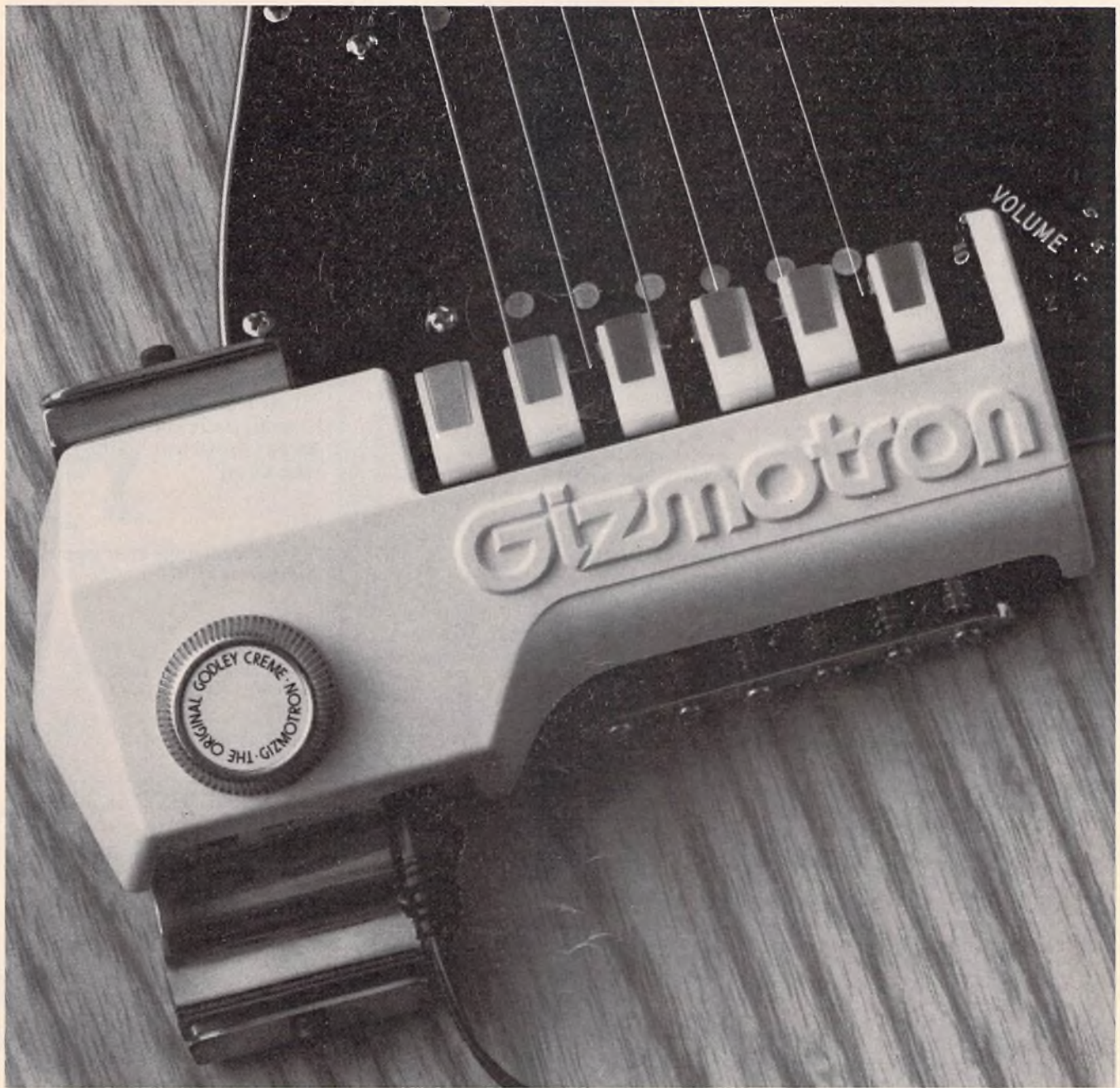
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education in jazz

—John Abercrombie

John Abercrombie is currently featured on his own solo guitar album, *Characters* (ECM), and on Jack DeJohnette's *New Directions* (ECM). Abercrombie's *Arcade* (ECM), his latest release, features Berklee alumni Richard Beirach, George Mraz and Peter Donald.

Anyone aspiring to be a professional player needs, in addition to talent and technique, confidence in himself and lots of experience playing with good musicians. Berklee makes this all possible; it did for me.

When I went to Berklee—fresh out of high school with only some extra-curricula rock 'n roll experience—I had only a vague idea of what it took to be a professional.

I soon learned that the guitar repertory goes beyond folk and rock. We were into Bach chorales and Charlie Christian lines, and learning parts in a 12-piece guitar "big band." The other students in other ensembles and classes kept me challenged and open to new ideas. My first record dates were for Herb Pomeroy's *Jazz In The Classroom* series with such student sidemen as Ernie Watts, Lin Biviano and Sadao Watanabe. Playing money gigs in the Boston area provided additional on-the-job training.



While I didn't choose to take many of the fabulous writing courses available at Berklee, the music was all around me and much of it was absorbed in my playing. Even today I am aware of concepts in my playing that had its origins back in school.

All the while, my confidence was building, particularly from the ongoing encouragement of teachers such as Pomeroy and John LaPorta. Their constructive criticism and support gave me enough confidence in my ability to make it that I transferred out of the music education program—I had thought of the possibility of getting a teaching certificate—back into the professional diploma program. This confidence was reinforced by a road trip with Johnny "Hammond" Smith's organ trio. So when Chico Hamilton invited me to go with his group to New York, I was ready. Ready to play whatever came my way.

Wherever I go, young musicians ask about where they should go to school or how to make it in a playing career. Berklee always comes to mind first. I have never run across any other school that so prepares you for the real music world.

John Abercrombie

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the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

A chronic problem for non-trendy talents is how to make an artistic statement on records and still have the records sell. This problem is discussed, with varying degrees of passion, by each of the talents featured in this issue: Tony Williams, Mike and Randy Brecker, and Phil Manzanera.

Williams was just 17 when he burst upon the jazz scene with Miles Davis and became the first drummer to successfully fuse jazz and rock. His electric records didn't do too well because, as he puts it: "I didn't go out and work, and I didn't have the proper management." His latest release, *Joy Of Flying* on Columbia, is a personal *tour de force* as the master drummer plays brilliantly in each of four styles: jazz, rock, fusion, and funk. Williams' problem is best explained by Bob Henschen in his review (****, 6/7/79 db): "... Realizing how the growing schisms within jazz tend to breed intolerance, we'd be remiss not to warn various sect devotees that the *Joy Of Flying* may take off in too many directions for some tastes." The album did make it halfway up the jazz charts but had little impact on the other markets.

Mike and Randy Brecker describe their recording problem as a Catch 22 situation. They claim that their record company will not pay tour money unless they commit themselves to a full time performing career. They will not so commit themselves unless the record company pays the way. So, impasse. There's more to it, however.

Both Breckers are excellent studio players. They're top notch professionals who read and play anything put in front of them. For playing the chameleon so well, their individual studio incomes probably exceed six figures a year. But they pay a heavy price for playing bursts over a rhythm section they never see or riffing behind an unseen voice. They never get to play themselves or to develop the individual sound so essential to the selling of records. This studio syndrome affects just about every jazz musician who plays the click track beat. Some escape for a night by playing in rehearsal bands. Most take the money and buy another Porsche. Those who want to grow as creative musicians leave the studio haven and concentrate on their own sound and style.

(It seems to us that the idea of a jazz player submitting his spontaneous solo compositions to overdubbing, sweetening, equalizing, etc. is ridiculous. It also seems futile for the creative jazz player to rely on the record company to come up with a magic music formula guaranteed to go gold.)

Rock guitar player Phil Manzanera is, by self description, a very European musician in the musique concrete tradition. He has faith in his own ability to develop a personal sound by understanding how to use advanced studio technology. He makes electronics work for him.

The next issue, in celebration of down beat's 45th anniversary, is considerably devoted to the music and legacy of John Coltrane (b. September 23, 1926; d. July 17, 1967.)

Ben's Trumpet

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e Carmine Appice of

“After Rod Stewart had unsuccessfully auditioned twenty-five drummers, my wife convinced me I should give it a try

“You know, I have two sides. My rock side, and my jazz-rock technical side. My idea is to play with Rod, and when we have time off, to play gigs and Ludwig clinics on my own... so I can release all those crazies I have inside.

“I like to teach, too. I used to have my own studio on Long Island, and, for my students, it was like being in a drum symposium. Two years worth of work was crammed into six lessons a week for a solid month. And because I think half-hour lessons are a waste of time, my students always got an hour, usually a lot more. You know I started teaching drums when I was 17 for a dollar-fifty a lesson.

“Naturally, I feel lessons are necessary for any drummer who's serious about music. Everything I studied with my teachers, I used at one point or another. You need the basics. And if I hadn't gone through them all, I would have never developed my hands.

“After twelve years of playing with the traditional grip, I switched over to the matched grip. But it wasn't an easy transformation. In fact, by teaching four or five days a week on my time off, I went through all the elementary books with the students, through the technical books and, after about 3 or 4 months, my hands started developing. And you know it's better in a way. Because if I

wanted to do something technical, I'd have to switch my stick around anyway for the accented triplets or 5 or 7-stroke rolls. But now I do it all with the matched grip.”

Performing with the Vanilla Fudge; Cactus; Beck, Bogert and Appice; KGB; and now Rod Stewart, Carmine has earned some of the most impressive credentials in the business. And as author of four instructional books on percussion technique, he's covered a huge spectrum of written music, too.

“Back in 1967, I started the big drum craze. And today, my performance group setup includes six melodic tom-toms, one 16" x 18" floor tom tom, one 5" x 14" or 6½" x 14" Supraphonic snare, two 14" x 24" bass drums, one 50" gong and five Zildjian cymbals. And the drums are all

6-ply natural maple Ludwigs because they give me more resonance, more tone and more volume than others.”

What does the future hold for a talent like Carmine Appice?

“Well, I'd like to bring the drums out front. You know, like Gene Krupa. Have my own band, own albums, own solos. In fact, I'm working on an album. It's sort of rock-jazz, half instrumental half vocal.

“And, yes, I still tune my drums by playing 'In The Mood' on the front toms. Get them just right, and you can play 'In The Mood' on any three.”

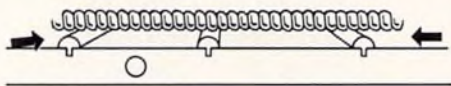
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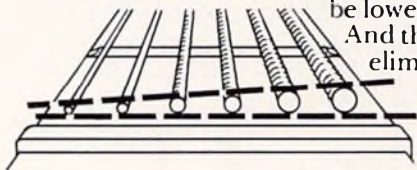
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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Hip garbage

W. A. Brower's article on George Clinton (db 4/5) was the most offending piece of garbage I have ever read and I am truly surprised to see it in such a high caliber publication as *down beat*. Brower's constant word-games revolving around the word "funk" were completely unnecessary. Get it together.

Dave Schmolz

Columbus, Ohio

You jazz cats finally got hip and gave up the Funk. The Clinton article was really informative; it gave an undistorted view of the man and his music and was really a fine profile on the Funk as a whole. Who says a Funk band can't make the pages of *db*, mollyfucks!

El Rap Stone

D-troit

Jack Walrath on Me, Myself An Eye

In the review of the Charles Mingus record *Me, Myself An Eye* the reviewer was understandably vague as to what my contribution was in regard to the writing credits on the album. The quote, "all arrangements and orchestrations were realized by Jack Walrath under the supervision of and as dictated by Charles Mingus, in person and through the use of tapes and piano sketches," seems to imply that I was simply the copyist. In view of such descriptions of the music in the media as "lasting work of genius," "monumental," etc., I think I should set the record straight as to what I actually did.

I told Mingus that all I wanted was credit for arranging and orchestration.

For *Three Worlds Of Drums*, Charles gave me a tape of himself noodling on a Moorish-sounding scale and said to me, "Pick out some of my notes, organize a melody and write an arrangement on it." This I did, plus wrote an introduction of my own invention, a background which is a four-part fugue, set the form and wrote the ensembles for the drum solos. The shout chorus was a melody which Mingus wrote and to which I kept adding counter lines until at one point the music breaks into five-part counterpoint. The trumpet-soprano melody near the end was organized the same as the initial melody, "take some of my notes . . .", etc., the funeral ending I transcribed from a piano tape. He visualized the work as a bebop tune, which when played in rehearsal was a disaster, so I had the band play the quasi-Latin-rock-bellydance rhythm as is heard. All in all Mingus supplied me with one lead line, loose sketches for two more, a six bar ending and a basic chord consisting of two perfect 5th's a half-step apart sounded simultaneously. I wrote 75 score pages of music or approximately 95% of the composition.

Carolyn "Keki" Mingus was orchestrated practically verbatim from his piano score except the out chorus which are my voicings and arrangement.

Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting was written according to his instructions except the shout chorus was composed by me.

Devil Woman was totally my arrangement and was written while Charles was in Woodstock and I was in Manhattan. He said he wanted a slow blues. Neither did he hear the arrangement nor did he even know that I had picked *Devil Woman* until

Punch it out

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two days before the session.

I am in no way trying to discredit the talent of one of the great composers of any kind of music of any era, but I think that I have shown more fairness to Mingus, his executors, and the record company than they did to me. I was denied entrance to the mix, which would probably have been better had I been there, since I was the only one who really knew what was happening in the music.

Jack Walrath

New York City

Institute of Jazz Studies corrections

Thanks for the news story on the Institute of Jazz Studies (4/19/79), and also for the opportunity to clarify a few points.

While we would like to do so some day, we have not begun to microfilm our archives. We are, however, hard at work on a pilot project in the computerized cataloging of the IJS record collection (under a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities) which is providing a cataloging model for jazz and other performer-oriented musics hitherto largely overlooked by traditional library practices. The cataloging data are being made available through the nation-wide OCLC library computer network.

Much less significantly, the wording of the story implies that I am also teaching "several jazz history courses" at Rutgers. While I did teach one such course at Rutgers/Newark last semester, my present activities in this field are focused elsewhere: at Brooklyn College's Institute for American Music, and at Peabody in Baltimore (with Martin Williams).

I'm sure that your description of the *Journal of Jazz Studies* as "the only so-called scholarly publication devoted to jazz" was not meant to call into question the publication's standards of scholarship; incidentally, it claims to be the only such English-language publication—there is, for instance, the Austrian *Beiträge Zur Jazzforschung*. For the record, the editors of the *Journal* are David Cayer and Charles Nanry, both of Rutgers.

Lastly, since your story threw us in with jazz clubs in New Jersey: the Hackensack Jazz Cafe is not in West Paterson, as any Thelonious Monk fan ought to know. And Newark ain't in central Jersey, either.

Dan Morgenstern Rutgers University, Newark, Director, Institute of Jazz Studies N.J.

"So-called scholarly" was our inartful way of trying to say that you don't need no degree to read the *Journal*. Ed.

Blues views

I note with deep satisfaction that the world of modern urban blues is beginning to receive the coverage it deserves.

Of course no amount of written appraisal can describe the experience of performance, so let me suggest that all who can appreciate vitality in music check out the blues live, if possible. If not, there are many fine anthology releases of performers on the current scene. The newer blues labels do a magnificent job of capturing both the subtlety and the power of artists they record, and I'm sure they're the collector's items of the future. Thanks, db, for spreading the word that's got to be heard.

Stuart Rosenberg

Evanston, Ill.

Thank you and thanks again for "Big Town Blues," by D. Shigley and Howard Mandel in the 4/5 issue. Long live the Chicago bluesmen. May their tribe increase.

Thanks also for the bit on Albert Collins. The band behind him on *Ice Pickin* is cold blooded—not overpowering but just right. I'll be looking for more of Collins.

T. A. Swain

Tulsa, Okla.

Crash on Highway One

Please do a real interview with Bobby Hutcherson sometime soon. Lee Underwood's sophomoric attempt at being "hip" and literary is a travesty of writing and surely a major disservice to Mr. Hutcherson. When will interviewers learn that readers don't want them to try to be creative? Please leave creativity to those who know what to do with it.

Jaerema Olvera

Hartford, Conn.

Egos on parade

What happens to jazz musicians when they become commercially successful? This trend toward egomania is really disgusting. Keith Jarrett, then Weather Report (ugh!) and now even Pat Metheny (3/22). Metheny is certainly talented, but I feel there was more integrity in his music a few years ago than in his pseudo-pop group now.

What on earth makes him think all guitarists want to be like him? I wouldn't want to be like him!

Jeff Marquand

Madison, Wisc.

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POTPOURRI

Bobby Short will M.C. the Black Broadway show from the Newport Festival over Jazz Alive! June 24, 8 to 11 p.m. (Eastern time), with Eubie Blake, Mabel Mercer, Diahann Carroll, Mel (Ain't Misbehavin') Carter, Edith Wilson, and tap dancers John W. Bubbles and "Honi" Coles, among others. Turn to your National Public Radio station.

Over 30 performers representing the folk traditions of Canada, the U.S. and Great Britain play the Mariposa Folk Fest off Toronto's waterfront June 15-17—Gatemouth Brown, blues singer John Hammond, and gospel star Bessie Jones among them. June 22-24 Toronto's Ontario Place hosts a jazz fest at the open air

Forum, featuring Keith Jarrett, the Akiyoshi/Tabackin big band, Woody Herman and Ella Fitzgerald, Buddy Rich, and the World's Greatest Jazz Band.

Errata: Clifford Jordan was a producer, but not a founder of Strata-East records; Stanley Cowell and Charles Tolliver established the label. Also, Carol

Kaye, not Carline Ray, played bass for the Women's Jazz Fest All-Stars.

After unsuccessfully trying direct-to-disc recording, Ornette Coleman and Prime Time recorded eight compositions using a digital system in New York, at Columbia Studios; the press witnessed the event.

At the Apple clubs: pianist Joe Albany Monday nights at the West End, is making his first N.Y. gig in 33 years; Annie Ross, vocalist, scheduled into Reno Sweeney's June 12-17, 19-24, visits from her English home; and latest to open: Fat Tuesdays, in Gramercy Park, featuring David Amram, and guitar duos Barney Kessel-Herb Ellis, Bucky Pizzarelli-Jack Wilkins, in June.

Southeast Swings, Too; Charleston Hosts Fest

CHARLESTON, W.VA.—"Don't spoil us," Marian McPartland told an enthusiastic Saturday afternoon audience at the West Virginia Jazz Festival in the capital of the Mountain State. Leading a personable, crisply swinging trio, the pianist was a hit of the four days of jazz at the state's Cultural Center in late March.

McPartland praised the assets of the center's theater: and most of

the other musicians at this second Charleston jazz fest funded by the state agreed. The Phil Woods Quartet got a standing ovation; Dizzy Gillespie's current fivesome played blues and bop atop a rockish backdrop.

Education was a main ingredient of the extended musical weekend. Woods and McPartland held workshops for young instrumentalists; some of the performers and audience were drawn from the college world. The Paul Jennings Quartet was comprised of three educators and a student; Jennings, a Marshall University professor, proved himself a muscular and bluesy pianist, taking *A Train* steaming into *Satin Doll*.

Sunday the West Virginia Wesleyan College Jazz Ensemble, two dozen players, performed and the Charleston Jazz Band, a "joy-of-it-all" group, happily explained improvisation and the transition from swing to bop with musical examples. Guitarist Vince Lewis and bassist Jim Martin of that group accompanied vocalists Kate Har-

ris and Iris Bell (whose band Adventure has a growing regional reputation).

There was a concert dedicated to the late Bill Johnson, a longtime Charleston pianist whose music was represented by his Billy J Trio with a guest on keyboards. A sleepy supper club set by the tuxedoed Chuck Mandt Trio unexpectedly came to life with Kristi Wick singing *Quiet Nights* and a Dee Dee Bridgewater number. The Belcastro Trio mixed originals, standards and pop songs. Joe Belcastro's *Fusion* succeeded, using both electric and acoustic pianos over bassist Bobby Boswell and percussion by Guy Remonko.

The only other group with fusion tendencies was Joi, the Charleston band that closed the festival. With a self-produced album to its credit, Joi has received some support from the West Virginia Department of Culture and History, which in recent years has played a major role in developing the arts. This festival will probably become annual.

—john douglas

RELEASES

Issued in time for summer listening: Johnny Hodges, *The Smooth One*, Anita O'Day's *Big Band Sessions*, and Dizzy Gillespie's *Meets Sonny* (Sitt), all Verve reissues; restored '59 sessions by Charles Mingus as *Nostalgia In Times Square*, Duke Ellington's *Unknown Session*, some never issued and some re-released Thelonious Monk, *Always Know*, and Clifford Brown/Max Roach/Sonny Rollins/Nicky Hill *Live At The Bee Hive*, all from Columbia; anthologies on Billie Holiday and Duke Ellington from Time/Life Records; Pat Metheny's *New Chautauqua and Codona* (Collin Walcott, Don Cherry, Nana Vasconcelos) on ECM; guitarist Sonny Greenwich on *Evol-ution, Love's Reverse* (PM Records); saxist Carmen Leggio's quartet, *Smile*, and Chris Connor *Sweet And Swinging* (Progressive); *Ancient Ceremonies, Dance Music & Songs Of Ghana*, and *Festivals Of The Himalayas* from the Nonesuch Explorer Series; late violinist Zbigniew Seifert's *Passion* (Capitol); *Let's Have A Party by Roomful of Blues* (Antilles); *Return Of The (Johnny) Griffin*, Roy Haynes' *Vitalite*, and Dewey Redman's *Musics from Galaxy; New Music/Second Wave, Brothers And Other Mothers Vol. 2, George Wallington's Quintet, Dance Of The Infidels, Coleman Hawkins And The Big Sax Section*, reissues on Savoy; from Novus John Klemmer's *Nexus*, Oliver Lake's *Shine!*, Henry Threadgill's *X-75 Vol. 1*; from Arista itself the Breckers, Mainieri and Bernhardt with Larry Coryell—*Blue Montreux—and Live At Montreux, Ben Sidran*. Reorganized CTI offers Hank Crawford's *Cajun Sunniss*, Patil Austin *Live At The Bottom Line*, (Joe) Beck And (David) Sanborn, Jim Hall/Art Farmer *Big Blues*; Eddie Jefferson, *The Live-Liest*, Hank Jones *Groovin' High*, vibist Charlie Shoemaker's *Sunstroke*, bassist Richard Davis' *Harvest*, tenorist Ricky Ford's *Manhattan Plaza*, and Mickey Tucker's *Mister Mysterious* from Muse; on Gryphon, *Variety Is The Spice* by the Louis Hayes Group with Leon Thomas, Bob Brookmeyer's *Small Band Live At Sandy's*, Michel Legrand & Co., *Le Jazz Grand*, and the Phil Woods quartet with orchestra and guests, *I Remember...* Not to neglect small label productions including Ted Curson's *The Trio* (on Interplay); Richard Davis with reedplayer L. D. Levy, *Cauldron* (Corvo Records, Milwaukee); *Oahps*—Gerry Hemingway, Mark Hellas and Ray Anderson on Auricle (New Haven, Conn.); *Introducing Ted Harris*, a reedman, through the arrangements of the late Wilber P. Dyer, with Barry Harris, Charles McPherson, and

Tommy Turrentine (Harris And Dyer Records, N.Y. NY); bassist David Wertman's *Sun Ensemble* (Sweet Earth), guitarist Ray Wilkes (Nascent), *Four Compositions* by Walter Thompson, alto sax and percussion, one with Anthony Braxton (Dane), saxist Jane Ira Bloom with bassist Kent McLagan, *We Are* (Outline), all available from JCOA; New Music Distribution Service; pianist George M'Leley's *Original Edition* (Alternatives In American Music, Albany, CA); *The Jazz Arts Group Of Columbus* (JAG, Ohio); Michael Stuart/Keith Blackley quartet's *Determination* (Endeavour, Toronto); *The Most, Abe, That Is* (Annunciata, Ventura, CA); synthesist Michael William Gilberts *Moving Pictures* (Gibex, Amherst, MA); the *New Orchestra Quintet Up Til Now* (N.O. Records, Vancouver, B.C., Canada) and pianist/saxist Steve Nelson-Raney's *Some Piano Music* (Cody, Madison, Wisc.).

Ever Active Interactions Fetes Its 14th Year

NEW YORK—Jazz Interactions celebrated its 14th birthday in appropriate style, with a ten hour benefit at StoryTowne that had nonstop music played in three rooms at once. The tri-partite approach typifies JI's general program, which has promoted jazz in the Apple through listings, lectures and young musicians workshops.

At the party salutes were paid to Lionel Hampton, honoring his 50th year in the music business, as well as the late Charles Mingus—Paul Jeffrey's big band played Mingus works, with Walter Bishop Jr. on piano. Hampton played with pianist Roland Hanna, trumpeters Joe Newman, Richard Williams, Howard McGhee and reedist Harold Ousley; the big bands of Machito and Frank Foster did sets, as did piano trios featuring Junior Mance, Reggie Workman, Larry Willis, Bob Cunningham, Kenny Washington and Jill McManus; singers Fred Farell and Janet Lawson vocalized; Robin Kenyatta blew over Al Foster's drums; Carmen Lundy sang with the Jazzmania Allstars, and the Essex

County College Jazz Ensemble and Chorus performed.

Founded by Joe Newman, Chuck Nandry, and Alan Pepper and Stanley Snadowsky (now owners of the Bottom Line), Jazz Interactions is well known for operating the Jazzline (212-421-3592) a comprehensive club and concert report.

"When we started," trumpeter Newman told db, "there were only two clubs in the city," which is perhaps an under-estimation. Now, he remarked, "There are over 50 clubs in the area."

Jl also started the first series of lecture/concerts in the New York City public schools. After the series began, JI became the first jazz organization to be funded by the New York State Council on the Arts. At JI workshops, young players got a chance to practice with the pros, and each year a deserving student is awarded a Louis Armstrong scholarship.

Presently, JI is reorganizing. With help, Newman hopes to expand the Jazzline into a weekly publication of jazz news that

would be distributed free throughout Manhattan and on airplanes coming into NYC. He sees a fulltime, accredited jazz school as another possibility.

"I'm sorry I don't have enough time to spend with JI," he said. "I'm trying to reorganize it so it will work without me. We need money, and to get it there's got to be somebody after it constantly." Newman is on the road at least nine months every year.

"I haven't played that much in America but I've been very much in demand in Europe, Africa and Japan. It's disappointing that you can't make money where you live. You can work here but nobody wants to pay anything. I need more than \$50 per night."

In addition to his trumpeting, Newman has started to sing. "I've done it because so many people have asked me. They've given me a new confidence. The response has been overwhelming." Joe Newman will be a brass section guest with his former employer, Count Basie, at this year's Newport festival.

Slide Brings Back 'Bones

NEW YORK—Slide Hampton, trombonist and arranger, has formed Slide Hampton's World of Trombones, a group featuring nine 'bones and a rhythm section. Hampton, who lived in Europe from 1968 to '77, wants to "bring the sound of the trombone back to the public. In the past few years, the trombone hasn't been heard very much. In pop music, it wasn't used as a solo instrument—only in ensembles, if at all.

"This has been true for almost 15 years; as a consequence, the trombone lost its prominence," he says. "When I returned from Europe, I found there were very few people with extensive experience in the area of solo trombone work. There were people studying, but a musician must be able to gain practical experience. I thought we had to do something to give trombone players a chance to develop all the different aspects of their musicianship. This kind of group was the best thing I could think of. The impression we've made has been a great one. People are starting to realize that the sound of the trombone is a lot more important than they've thought in the past few years."

Following the release of an album on West 54 Records, Hampton's World has been well received in engagements at the Village Vanguard and a tribute to

Charles Mingus at the Village Gate. Hampton, Janice Robinson, Steve Turre, Robin Eubanks, Clarence Banks, Clifford Anderson, Emmet MacDonald, Marion Walfer and Doug Purviance are the brass players; Albert Dailey, Vishnu Wood, and Idris Muhammad provide the pulse. Hampton does most of the writing, with Robinson and Turre also contributing charts. Plans call for future efforts to include voices and strings.

Slide finds writing for the group "very inspirational. There are so many possibilities. At first, you would think there would be limitations colorwise, but it's really unlimited. Every arrangement is written with the same excitement as the first."

Hampton's other activities since his return include conducting the Collective Black Artists Orchestra (they've recently concertized featuring Dizzy Gillespie and Mongo Santamaria); leading the Manhattan Plaza Composers Orchestra and his own quartet; soloing with other groups, and tutoring as a clinician.

"There are a lot of young kids really studying jazz now," Slide finds. "Their text is all the information from the bebop era. There are thousands of kids who are pursuing this and I'm sure it's going to create a much larger audience for us in the next few years."

NEWS

Top Profs For 2d Grade Jazz

LOS ANGELES—It's not your average second-grade classroom when it's Max Roach holding the interest of 30-odd otherwise squirmy and distracted kids, who listen intently as he articulates some fine point in his inimitably elegant manner. It is part of a "Jazz in the Classroom" pilot program, put together by Ms. Barbara Pelletier, who teaches at LaSalle elementary school in downtown Los Angeles, along with the help of spouse Ron Pelletier, who hosts several jazz shows over stations KPFK and KCRW.

"Jazz is America's indigenous art form and a rich part of the kids' cultural inheritance," explains Ms. Pelletier, "and we want to bring it live, right into their daily life. Jazz music isn't abstract or esoteric; it relates directly to the history and other subjects these children are learning in class every day. Most of the kids didn't really have any idea what jazz music was, and they don't hear it over AM radio. This is a unique experience for them.

The program was started in November, 1978, and has already brought Billy Higgins, Don Moki Cherry, Vinny Golia, Benny Powell and Dr. Roach before the eager youngsters. The Pelletiers are applying for a National Endowment grant, as well as other fund sources, to expand the program to other grades and schools. In May their guests included Abbey Lincoln and Charlie Haden.

"They're really excited about it, bey Lincoln and Charlie Haden.

FINAL BAR

Eddie (Edgar) Jefferson, whose hobby of creating lyrics to improvised jazz solos became the model for vocalese, was murdered in Detroit May 9, following his opening night performance with Richie Cole's quintet at Baker's Keyboard Lounge.

Jefferson, 61, sang *Lady Be Good* before an appreciative audience after 1 a.m., and left Detroit's premier jazz club, situated in a commercial residential neighborhood near the city's northern city limits, at approximately 1:45 a.m., accompanied by two persons. According to police, a late model, light green Lincoln Continental drove slowly down Livernois Ave., and from the driver's window a shotgun blast struck Jefferson in the chest. Four shots were fired; saxophonist Cole emerged to attend his co-leader, but Jefferson died on the scene. A factory worker, whose hopes of dancing Jefferson had rebuffed, has been charged. Jefferson's career was on an upswing, as he was scheduled to perform at the Telluride, Berkeley, Playboy (L.A.), Monterey and Newport jazz festivals, besides appearing throughout the summer in Europe. He had been singing with Cole for four years, and was a Muse recording artist.

Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., Jefferson was steered into entertaining by his show business-oriented father, studied tuba in school, tap danced and played guitar and drums.

His first vocalese recordings were for the Hi-Lo label in '51; his earliest available sides (from '53), collected on *The Bebop Singers* (Prestige), feature his dance partner/singer, Irv Taylor. From 1953 he worked on and off as manager/singer with saxophonist James Moody, to whose solo Jefferson wrote *Moody's Mood For Love*, perhaps his best known lyric; King Pleasure made it a hit. In 1976 Jefferson appeared on a Public Television *Soundstage* with Jon Hendricks, Annie Ross, and Leon Thomas, all influenced by his innovation.

Greyhaired and nattily attired, Jefferson would lean back with his mike in hand and deliver his good humored, bop talk phrases in a gritty voice. His latest release, *The Live-Liest*, was recorded with saxists Cole and Eric Kloss at the Tin Palace in 1976.

His wife Yvonne survives him; they resided in Queens, N.Y.



B. McMILLEN



The Wild Tchoupitoulas

New Orleans—N'awlins—music is distinct but elusive. It's a sound that lives beyond any single style or artist, which inspires most all black American musical genres and pervades white pop music, too.

The 10th New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival was three spring weekends of open air, multi-staged concerts, with evening boatrides and balls. It served up the community of Crescent City music makers along with compatible national artists, and was produced by George Wein, Quint Davis and associates, sponsored by Schlitz Breweries. National Public Radio recorded activities for airing on *Jazz Alive!*

From the New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra accompanying Ella Fitzgerald to the Mardi Gras Indian tribes, from the Zion Harmonizers to zydeco accor-

Celebrating The New Orleans

Text by Howard Mandel



Trumpeter Alvin Alcorn and part of his band

Clifton Chenier

Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown



16 □ down beat



dion king Clifton Chenier, from talent long deserving wider recognition (clarinetist Alvin Batiste and saxist Earl Turbinton, to name two) to stars who prefer privacy (like songwriter/producer/pianist/singer Allen Toussaint), the musicians all had the lilt, the energy, and most of all, the soulful commitment to good times, which New Orleans offers listeners. Among musical residents, traditions are recycled and maintained as well as revered, and diversity seems a source of pride.

The active musicians who preceded the music's move up the Mississippi have thinned to a very few oldtimers. At the fest were Percy Humphrey and his Preservation Hall Jazz Band with Sweet Emma, and Alvin Alcorn's band (at an event in the Hyatt Regency's Grand Ballroom headlined by Teddy Wilson and Helen Humes), Danny and Blue Lu Barker, Big Joe Williams, Jabbo Smith & Joymakers, the New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra, Snooks Eaglin and Kid Thomas. N'awlins' youngest and most progressive players haven't tapped the nation's consciousness for popularity and fleeting fortune, but survivors from the boom era (late '50s, early '60s) include the original funksters who put the rock into rhythm and blues: legendary bandleaders like Huey "Piano" Smith and Professor Longhair (Henry Byrd); vocal acts like the Dixie-Kups (*Chapel Of Love*), Earl (*Come On*) King, Ernie (*Mother-In-Law*) K-Doe, Robert (*Barefootin'*) Parker, Irma (*You Can Have My Husband, But Please Don't Mess With My Man*) Thomas, Lee (*Workin' In A Coal Mine*) Dorsey, and the Neville Brothers (two founders of the Meters).

Toussaint, who with partner Marshall Sehorn heads up the city's most renowned production company, Sea-Saint Studios, is the heaviest commercial force in town, despite his low profile. He has performed just twice a year—once at the fest, and again at Rosy's (which has closed and is reportedly for sale). Sea-Saint attracts world class acts—

Mandingo Griots Bal Konte (r.) and son Dembo

employees are fond of pointing out that Paul McCartney recorded Wings there—but the studio is better known for using distinctively hot rhythm sections and the original N'awlins r&b engineer, Cosimo Matassas.

"There aren't really any record companies here," Marshall Sehorn draws softly. "There are production companies." As such, Sea-Saint is the home of the N'awlins sound, which results from an informal school of rhythm players collaborating in various contexts and an Afro-Caribbean influence.

Strictly speaking, the N'awlins sound isn't the only thing heard at the Jazz and Heritage Festival: Lionel Hampton's All-Star Big Band, Dizzy Gillespie, Sun Ra's Myth-Science Arkestra, Sam Rivers' quartet and Olatunji and his World African Orchestra were guest artists. "They were some of the people the



Jazz And Heritage Festival

Photos by Marc PoKempner

New Orleans jazz musicians wanted to hear and play with," a festival spokesperson advised. And there was a large contingent of Southwestern acts.

"There is such a thing as a Louisiana sound apart from a N'awlins sound," explains Sehorn. "You call it Cajun or Creole, whatever you want, but it's a south Louisiana sound. The heritage of the blues here is different than anywhere else, even if you go into the days of Dale Hawkins, Jimmy Clanton—it's a whole different thing. The Clifton Chenier thing."

Snaggletoothed Chenier certainly seems most representative of the backwoods and bayou sound; snazzy blues and bluegrass multi-instrumentalist Gatemouth Brown is the image of the Texarkana region. Chenier's band looked bushed starting off the "Fire On The Bayou" riverboat ride, but once he began squeezing *I Need Money* out of his box, and followed that anthem with *Let The Good Times Roll*, his combo hit a pace. The guitarist was over-amped and the alto saxist, indebted to Johnny Hodges for tone but with circular breathing that let him break long-held tones into Hank Crawford-like dance lines at will, was woefully under-mixed. The latest innovation in rubboard playing—as demonstrated by Cleveland Chenier who wore a corrugated metal shield over his shoulders, chest and belly—is skeletal metal bottle openers hooked on the middle fingers of each hand. Rich overtones poured from Clifton's accordion to a high stepping bounce; he rocked and the audience rolled through *Caledonia*, *My Baby Don't Wear No Shoes*, and some equally irreverent Louisiana French lyrics before he turned the stage over to the Meters.

Of the city bands, the Meters are the hot kids, though no longer so young. Their sound is much more dense than on *Sophisticated Cissy* and *Cissy Strut*, the basic riff and rhythm tunes that broke them in '69; the group is now a roaring stage show, rivaling George Clinton's P-Funk axis with acid tinged



Songwriter, producer, pianist, singer: Allen Toussaint

Gatemouth moves the dancers at Tipitina's





Sam Rivers' quartet after midnight



The Meters, sans pianist and trap drummer

Etta James sockin' it to ya



guitar solos and backbeat bottom pounding. Their earliest work, Toussaint/Schorn productions, is preserved on an Island LP; their latest, *New Directions* (on Warner Bros.), has just one Toussaint song.

Striding into the spotlight like terrorists, they opened with a paean to fame, *My Name Up In Lights*, then lit into the title tune of *Fire On The Bayou*. Guitarist Leo Nocentelli worked up searing Hendrix tangents; the drummer (not Joseph "Zig" Modeliste, lately on tour with Ron Wood's New Barbarians) churned so that dancers could not stop. *Talkin' 'Bout New Orleans*, *Trick Bag*, and the goodnatured dozens game *They All Ask'd About You* set the audience up for Toussaint's headlining appearance.

Introduced as "the man who's done so much for N'awlins music," Toussaint smiled reservedly from the piano, cueing his well rehearsed unit of trumpet, baritone and tenor saxophones, two female backup singers, a single guitarist, organ, bass, percussion and drums. Blessed long ago with a mind for melodies and faintly damned with a better-than-ordinary but less-than-remarkable voice, Toussaint has often contributed to the success of others. He created *Lady Marmalade* for Labelle, *Yes We Can Can* for the Pointer Sisters, *Get Out Of My Life Woman*, *Night People*, *Everything I Do Gonna Be Funky*, and *Coal Mine* for Lee Dorsey, *Java* for Al Hirt, *Right Place*, *Wrong Time* for Dr. John and *Southern Nights* for Glen Campbell. A Warner Bros. recording artist, Toussaint's own LPs have never been chartbusters, however.

There's something carefully considered about his oeuvre—aside from the novelty songs, it's the mature output of an intelligent writer. Toussaint was slightly distant in performance, gentlemanly or not quite at ease. He occasionally left his bench to stand before the center stage mike, and connected songs with a syncopated rap: "I want/To be the one/To make you laugh/To make you smile/I want/To be the one/To make you/Happy."

On the keyboards he revealed considerable technique offhandedly, arpeggiating from an etude into boogie woogie. Allen Toussaint is a player you want more passion from—it would counter some of his contrivance. But his set *did* end in heat, as tenorist Gary Brown, slim and shaven headed, stepped out with a lengthy, nasty solo that built to a charged duet with Toussaint. Side by side and blowing, they pushed any thoughts of Clarence Clemons saxing up Bruce Springsteen far away.

"What Allen does is unique, and his own,"



Professor Longhair

Schorn says, a trifle smugly. "He knows what he wants; he has what we call the Toussaint sound, and I'm happy about that, but I think he'd have that sound if he was in New York, or anywhere, 'cause he still holds onto the roots of N'awlins and he always will; he's very proud of his heritage here."

There's no reason for music lovers to retire before 4 a.m. during the NOJ&HF. Tipitina's, a lively hangout, featured fest acts (Gatemouth Brown, Sunnyland Slim) and locals (Earl King, the Neville Brothers) into the wee hours. Tyler's and Jed's each had local bands; the Bourbon St. bistros raged all night. The Community Arts Center, a.k.a. the Dew Drop Inn, scheduled midnight to dawn jazz jams; following the boatribe, Earl Turbinton led a young white combo through vamp tunes and bop standards on his fierce alto and soprano. Pianist James Booker sat in, dropping Monkish dissonances into the saxist's Cannonball Adderley bag. Another night, Sam Rivers' quartet (Joe Daley, tuba and euphonium, Dave Holland, bass, Bobby Battle, drums) finally started at 2 in the morning.

"It's an after hours set," Holland grinned shortly before soloing with the energy of a man who waited all night to play.

Ringers opened and closed the "Blues Boat Boogie"—Chicagoans Buddy Guy and Junior Wells play better long after 8 p.m., but California based, Memphis bred Bobby Blue Bland sang sweetly over his crack entourage.

Etta James, who had been rehearsing with the Sea-Saint studio cats, debuted her new act—a hilariously lewd set with few surprises in the repertoire: *Supernatural Thang*, *Respect Yourself*, *Blind Girl*, *Tell Mama* and *Miss You* allowed her to whoop dirty and mug from a moonface of babydoll innocence. Her moves weren't subtle, nor were they meant to be.

The real star of this show was Professor Longhair, a stringy grey eminence in dark shades. Two tenor saxes, congas, traps, electric bass and guitar roared enthusiastically through his numbers. Longhair has become somewhat more active since semi-retirement in the '60s; his sublimely rolling riffs, pronounced piano breaks and unbeatable rhythms swing the blues. Perhaps to better contrast with the piano, the horns took more

breaks than the guitar; out of love, someone had miked the acoustic piano just right. The addition of congas was simple and brilliant. So tight was the band, when Byrd started whistling they sounded like a calliope with a piccolo lead.

'Fess stomped his right piano pedal with his left foot; his right foot bounced the beat on the heel from the toe. An Elvis Presley throb shook his voice on *Everyday I Have The Blues*, *Whole Lotta Loving* (by Antoine "Fats" Domino, one N'awlins star conspicuous by his absence throughout the festival) and *I Got My Mojo Working*. Though these blues are strongly identified with other players, Longhair made them his own. And dismiss the idea of anyone else attempting his own *Tipitina* and *Mardi Gras In N.O.*

Wandering around the Fairgrounds the next afternoon, one heard bits and pieces of many fine performances. Acts changed hourly on four stages, jazz, performance and gospel tents; there was a stage for the Koindu organization, which preserves some of the early Afro-Indian heritage, and a small gazebo where soloists and acoustic acts played.

Willie Tee (Earl Turbinton's brother) was provoking N.O. fusion from his multi-keyboards, while the increasingly familiar rhythms buoyed him. (Dr. John told *db* in '75: "In the basic Afro-Cuban music, one is established as the beat and everything after that beat is basically free. In Latin music, one is the hit and is always established and everybody plays around it. But in second line the beat is four/one, and there are two accents, as opposed to the one in Latin.") The Wild Magnolias, a Mardi Gras tribe of doo-wop chanters, were to follow Tee on stage, but they gave him no chance to leave, swooping out instead and singing *Smoke My Peace Pipe* to his accompaniment. They then launched into *Party* (you know, "Party hearty, everybody party, come-on come-on party, let me hear you sayin' . . .") and lathered up to a roar.

Not far from them Mandingo Griot Bai Konte and his son sat, patiently picking delicate patterns on their many-stringed koras, making implacable music that has probably changed little since blacks were first taken from West Africa and brought to New Orleans' slave markets. Across a field of food booths and crafts exhibits, Paul Butterfield jammed with Clifton Chenier, and pianist Ellis Marsalis' trio plus two—his sons—be-bopped. The Meters tore through a set; clarinetist Batiste stretched out on *Giant Steps*; Snooks Eaglin led the New Orleans Blues Giants; Sam Rivers brought his free blowing band to the jazz tent; the Wild Tchoupitoulas, middle aged black men in splendidly feathered and beaded costumes, sang *Little Liza Jane* and *Meet The Boys On The Battle Front* to only drum accompaniment. Behind them, youngsters were grouped behind their fathers, beating the skins and exhorting the chants, learning to bring their past into the present. Clarence "Frogman" Henry, a Bourbon St. favorite, ended the fest at dusk, sounding more than a little like Fats Domino.

That night was the "First Annual Gospel Boatride," with the Dixie Hummingbirds, the Zion Harmonizers, Dorothy Love Coates and her Singers proving that the blues, rhythm and blues, doo-wop, funk and jazz began in the Lord's service. They were heard by an extraordinary mix of true believers and secular drinkers; it was a party, indistinguishable for all its holiness from any other.



Tchoupitoulas' Big Chief Norman



The Zion Harmonizers

"Allen and I are moving soon into some directions that will probably surprise a lot of people. We're going into, of all things, the gospel field," admits Sehorn. "It's become a very big market and I just got off the phone confirming our first contract with a major record company to produce a gospel act for them. Not a gospel act that wants to go pop, but one that wants to stay gospel. But they want Toussaint to write the songs and the lyrics for them. It will be very interesting to see how that comes out. Knowing the man, Allen, as I do, a very religious man anyway, it shouldn't be any problem.

"I think you're gonna find, within the next six months, the N'awlins influence is gonna drift into the disco thing; it can't continue staying where it is, but they'll still call it disco; it's a good name now for anything you can dance to. Maybe N'awlins will make it a little bit more laid back.

"And I think we're gonna see a big rise back into the blues again, not just here but nationwide. It happens every time we have a recession or a depression, because talk how much you want to, music is the cheapest entertainment in the world. The common working man likes to drink liquor, likes music, and likes to screw. If they can't afford to go out to clubs to hear it, they'll bring it home to hear it. I don't think the record companies are gonna feel the tight money, unless it gets to

the point it did two, three years ago, when we couldn't get plastic—then that's something else.

"I'm not so bullheaded as I used to be, thinking that it all has to be one way. The people who try a variety of things are the richer people right now. But Allen and I do want to hold on to the basic N'awlins feel. Somebody's got to; if nobody does, what will we know of it ten, 20 years from now? I'm hoping some young little kid who wants to be a writer and arranger, who *will* be a writer and arranger, will have the same feeling that Allen has and will be Allen Toussaint five or ten years from now.

"One of the things I'd like to see happen, which I've talked about with Quint, is see Jimmy Clanton at the Festival, Dale Hawkins, even his cousin Ronnie Hawkins, Rod Bernard, Jivin' Gene, all these cats who at one time or 'nother had big records out. That way we could really show for the first time how many number one records came out of here.

"You've got to come down sometime when there's not a festival," Sehorn invites graciously. "When we're not jammed up, and have plenty of time; let me take you around and show you some places, let you see some things. Take you back in the country and show you the swamp sound—the Louisiana sound."

Always ready to return to N'awlins.



VERYL OAKLAND

"I would like to be known not only as the best jazz drummer, but as the best drummer. With *Flying*, I now know that if it's gotta be done, I can do it."

TONY WILLIAMS

Aspiring to a Lifetime of Leadership

by LEE UNDERWOOD

Until drummer Tony Williams formed Lifetime in 1968/69, strict categories had prevailed in music: jazz was jazz, rock was rock, and r&b was r&b, etc. These pervasive marketing and quasi-cultural categories tended to force musicians into musical "bags." Those who wanted to expand risked not only the ire of their ruffled purist peers, but the prospects of no work.

Featuring guitarist John McLaughlin and the late organist Larry Young, Tony Williams' Lifetime broke the musical barriers. Williams/McLaughlin/Young "fused" a variety of musical points of view, notably rock and jazz, liberated the musicians of the '70s from their creative straitjackets of the past, and gave birth to the sounds of the '70s, which have included the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Return To Forever, Weather Report and innumerable descendants. The seeds had been planted in Miles' group, from which Tony had emerged, but the first sprout of any consequence was Lifetime. Its reverberations are still being felt.

Tony was born in Chicago, Dec. 12, 1945, and raised in Boston. He was something of a prodigy. The first time he ever played a set of drums, for example, was in front of an audience—not only that, he was only eight years old. His father, a weekend saxophonist, continued to take him to the various Boston clubs, and by the time Tony was 11, he was well enough known to be able to visit those same clubs on his own.

When he was 12, he sat in with Art Blakey's group; when he was 13, he sat in with Max Roach's group; when he was 15, he enjoyed the reputation of being one of Boston's best.

In 1959-60, Tony worked numerous gigs with organ trios (organ, guitar, drums). He also sat in regularly at the club Big M with one of his early influences, organist Johnny "Hammond" Smith. "Playing with those organ trios is where I originally got the organ-guitar-drums format idea for Lifetime," said Williams.

After gigging with saxophonist Sam Rivers, Tony joined Jackie McLean in New York to work a play called *The Connection*. While in the Apple, the young drummer counted Cecil Taylor and Eric Dolphy among his close friends. Later, when Dolphy recorded the classic *Out To Lunch* LP in 1964, it was only natural to include Tony.

During these early '60s, Tony cut two of the very first free jazz or "out" albums to appear on Blue Note, *Lifetime* and *Spring*. "When *Lifetime* came out, I went to see John Coltrane at the Half Note in New York. He came over and thanked me for making that album. Later, I used the name of that record for my group, and for each group that followed. I am forming a new group now, but we're not going to use the Lifetime name. We're going to be called Tony Williams."

Miles Davis came to hear one of the gigs Tony was playing with McLean. A month later he called Tony from California, and in May of 1963, at the age of 17, Tony Williams became the heartbeat of one of the outstanding jazz aggregations of the '60s: Miles Davis, trumpet; Wayne Shorter,

saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums. They recorded eight albums together, including *Nefertiti* and *In A Silent Way*.

Tony stayed with Miles until December of 1968. He was 22 when he left to form Lifetime, which combined thunderous rock volumes with astonishing jazz based improvisations, and recorded the two disc *Emergency*.

With the addition of former Cream bassist Jack Bruce, Lifetime then recorded *Turn It Over*, after which the group disbanded. Guitarist McLaughlin went on to found the original Mahavishnu Orchestra.

For his next Lifetime record, *Ego*, Williams brought together guitarist Ted Dunbar, organist Larry Young, bassist Carter, Latin percussionist Don Alias, and orchestral percussionist Warren Smith.

Personally and commercially, however, things were not going well for Tony. He tried another band, with vocalist Tequila, keyboardists Dave Hurwitz and Webster Lewis, bassist Herb Bushler. They recorded *The Old Bum's Rush*. Bomb. Tony took a break from 1972-1975.

He returned in 1975-76 with *Believe It*, followed by *Million Dollar Legs*, featuring guitarist Allan Holdsworth, bassist/vocalist Tony Newton, and keyboardist Alan Pasqua.

While *Emergency*, *Turn It Over* and *Ego* had been mightily jazz oriented, and *The Old Bum's*

Rush had been blues influenced, *Believe It* and *Million Dollar Legs* were heavily rock oriented. Tony was trying, but it wasn't working. Critics did not *Believe It*; *Legs* came nowhere near making a million dollars. Although he recorded with V.S.O.P., Sonny Rollins and others, Tony took another break as a leader—this time from 1976 until the present.

With the 1979 release of *The Joy Of Flying*, 33 year old Tony Williams is back in the arena. *Flying* is a potpourri of musical contexts, from hard free jazz with Cecil Taylor, to fusion with Jan Hammer, to funk with Stanley Clarke to searing rock and roll with West Coast guitarist Ronnie Montrose. Each cut spotlights different musicians, also including George Benson, Herbie Hancock, Tom Scott, Brian Auger, Mario Cipollina and Paul Jackson.

The harshest criticism that might be brought against Flying is that it lacks perspective, a point of view. Does the variety, which should be a positive thing, work against itself? Nor did you write any of the compositions. Although you keep the time cooking and provide cohesiveness that way, there are very few solos, which perhaps deemphasizes Tony Williams as a drummer. What do you think?

I disagree. The point of view is to get people together who would under other conditions probably never play with each other. True, I didn't write anything on this album, but I produced it, which in a different way makes it very much a statement of mine.

I am the only one, for example, who could have gotten George Benson and Jan Hammer together. I am the only one who could have gotten Cecil Taylor on this album. I am the only one who could have gotten Herbie Hancock, Stanley Clarke and Tom Scott together. I also am the only one who could have gotten Ronnie Montrose and Brian Auger to go to Tokyo, where we recorded Ronnie's *Open Fire* live. I don't think it's out of line to regard these things as being fairly strong statements to make on a record.

This record also has a point of view about Tony Williams as a drummer: here are the many sides of Tony Williams. We play straight jazz, "out" jazz, so-called "fusion," funk, rock, a whole lot of things.

This album was not intended to be about my solos, you see. It's about playing with a wide and rich variety of people, and adding what I have to say to what they have to say. I've played drum solos in the past, and I've always enjoyed them. These statements here, however, say a lot of things I have not said until now. I think some good things came out of them, and we had fun doing them.

I think I've done something. Here's what I can do musically with this kind of a band, that kind of a band, that kind of a band, and it can be done. I would like to be known not only as the best jazz drummer, but as the best drummer. With *Flying*, I

SELECTED WILLIAMS DISCOGRAPHY

- as leader**
THE JOY OF FLYING—Columbia JC 35705
THE OLD BUM'S RUSH—Polydor 5040
EGO—Polydor 4065
TURN IT OVER—Polydor 4021
EMERGENCY—Polydor 4017-8
LIFETIME—Blue Note 84180
SPRING—Blue Note 84216
- with Miles Davis**
MY FUNNY VALENTINE—Columbia CS 9106
E.S.P.—Columbia CS 9150
MILES SMILES—Columbia CS 9041
NEFERTITI—Columbia CS 9594
SORCERER—Columbia CS 9532
MILES IN THE SKY—Columbia CS 9628
FILLES DE KILIMANJARO—Columbia CS 9750
IN A SILENT WAY—Columbia CS 9875
- with Sonny Rollins**
DON'T STOP THE CARNIVAL—Milestone M 55005
EASY LIVING—Milestone M 9080
- with Weather Report**
MR. GONE—Columbia JC 35358
- with Eric Dolphy**
OUT TO LUNCH—Blue Note 84163
- with Sam Rivers**
FUCHSIA SWING SONG—Blue Note 84184
- with Herbie Hancock**
MAIDEN VOYAGE—Blue Note 84195
- with Michael Mantler**
MOVIES—Watt 7

BRECKER BROTHERS

The Studio and Its Discontents

by STEVE BLOOM



MICHAEL UFFER

It would be nice if we're going to do this to say some shit. I don't know what, but I'd really like for once to have an article in which I really felt we said something, or that I liked. See, I feel like we really don't have anything to say, generally. Sometimes it happens—we actually hit on something.

—Mike Brecker

They wanted \$1000 for the interview. Say what?

"We asked for money just to see what **down beat** would say," explained Mike, the younger of the two Brecker Brothers. "It's just the principle, not money."

Long Tall Mike's face didn't betray even the faintest of smiles. Randy sat unemotionally cleaning his nails.

The principle was that **down beat** intended to use the Brecker Brothers' names and photographs to sell this issue. First of all, they claimed to have better things to do than be interviewed and photographed—like studio work. Secondly, since **down beat** had never shown much preference for their music, how would this benefit them, they asked. You might deduce that they don't care much for this magazine.

"I always read something that infuriates me," Mike griped. "I'm not basing my attitude on what they say about us because that would be real stupid. I just wonder what some of the people are doing writing about music."

That remark prompted a general discussion about music criticism and its discontents. Both maintained that critics' prime weakness is in the area of recording technology. Mike

filed two very specific complaints.

"The best example is one of the albums we did with Esther Phillips. The review said that the musicians didn't have any rapport with Esther. The critic didn't take the time to find out that Esther hadn't been there for any of the dates. I didn't even know Esther. She just came in and overdubbed on top of us.

"Another example is the review of a Hubert Laws album on which I only played briefly on one cut. On this particular track Hubert had already soloed and left the studio and they told me just to fill in little things in the spaces that Hubert had left. I did that and when the article came out it said that Hubert played rings around me. I'm not saying that you're supposed to be mind readers. I just think maybe critics and most people are not aware of how much overdubbing and multi-tracking is used.

"Actually, I'm not sure what the function of a review is," he continued. "I can almost possibly see a review of a movie, but music is such a personal thing. I can't imagine writing a review. I could never sit down and write a review of a record with the idea of it being printed. Being a musician, every day I see the difference in taste in different musical circles. There are some areas that sound foreign to me that don't necessarily sound good to me, but other people really love.

"I'm really trying to be objective," Mike stressed again. "We've had a lot of bad and good reviews. I'm not saying all this because we think we've been written about badly or given an unfair shake."

They've certainly been written badly about on occasion. As far as being given an "unfair

shake"—that's a matter of opinion. But this wasn't the object of my story. I wanted to profile two of the most requested studio musicians in the world. I wanted to know what it is like hopping from session to session and how it affects their own music; why they don't tour more; how they rose to their position of great demand; and what's on the horizon for them. I also was interested in the success of their one year old jazz club, Seventh Avenue South, in lower Manhattan. I expected a tough, but "up" interview. Surprisingly, all I heard was discontent instead.

Who would expect Randy and Michael Brecker to say that the Brecker Brothers band has never made any money, that they are in debt to Arista because of advances on their royalties and that the only reason they play so many dates is to pay the bills? Plus, they claim they don't tour because Arista won't support it.

Randy: "We're still not at a point [after four albums] where we can go out on tour—a large tour—and make money. It's a two way street: they want us to tour 52 weeks a year to push the records, but they won't support us while we do it."

Mike: "People don't really understand this, but unless you have an amazing hit record at this point, and I really say this unequivocally—if you have an electric band with a lot of equipment—you'll lose a lot of money. It's real upsetting because we want to play."

Randy: "We usually sell 100,000 records per album. I think generally now you have to sell 250,000 to 300,000 records to both make money off the records and get your price up enough to tour. It probably varies with the companies, too. Another company might be willing to do it on the basis of what we sell. Arista isn't willing at this point. A guy like Barry Manilow went to Europe last summer and you can never be sure whether he made money, but you know he makes it up with record sales."

The Breckers want out from Arista and contend that Arista owes them money for "certain verbal representations that were never carried through," though they readily concede it was their fault for not getting everything "real clear."

"Our deal was basically stinky," said trumpeter Randy. "We just didn't know any better at the time."

A question about Arista's influence over their album production led to this exchange:

Mike: "They never say you have to do anything, but they will suggest such and such. We've always tried to accommodate but we've discovered that that wasn't such a great idea."

Randy: "They've run us around in circles . . ."

Mike: "One day it's vocals and very commercial and the next day it's forget about the commercial."

Randy: "We said from the beginning that we'd try to work with them, that if they'd give us a good idea of what they wanted we'd accommodate within reason—you know, because we're all looking to sell records. But they never gave us a clear cut idea of what they wanted because it would always somehow change."

Amidst all these difficulties, the Breckers have built a booming studio business. On any given day they could be sidemanning for Carly Simon, Diana Ross, Bob James, Slave,

Foxy, Rick James, Fathead Newman, the Average White Band or just blowing lucrative advertisement jingles. One recent gig had tenor saxophonist Brecker sitting in with Ron Carter, Billy Cobham and Bob James for Pioneer stereo equipment. (He said that was a "good one.")

"It sounded like fun—and money—until the elder Brecker gave me his sober perspective.

"I guess it's like any other job—a good eight hours a day," Randy reflected. "Some days I go 12 or 15 hours straight. It usually averages out to a good 40 hour week. Yesterday was 13 hours straight. I did a Fathead Newman record all day and then an AWB offshoot band called the Dundee Horns at night until 11. By the end of that, I wasn't running to the piano. Or practicing the trumpet. I wish it was an average day, at least. It gets to be a drag because you never know from one day to the next what you're doing.

"There's no way they [Arista] can expect us to devote a lot of time to writing if they're not going to compensate us somehow. As a result, everyone loses out."

"I've learned a lot in the studios," Mike joined in, "but it becomes a question of how much time you spend in the studio that makes it so you don't want to then sit down for three or four hours writing a tune.

"It's funny—the last few months we've just been doing studio, and if I had to tell you what I did last week I'd actually draw a blank."

Mike also pointed out that session work offers less gratification for horn players.

"We're not complaining. This is just state-

commit ourselves to a full time career and we'd say how do you expect us to do that if we don't get money from the records? We'd go around in circles and never settle it."

Like Mike predicted, he had trouble accounting for a number of recent studio efforts I asked about. As to his sizzling tenor solo on Rick James' funky *You And I*, his only recollection was "being on the record."

"That was Rick James' album so I don't know whether I did it or not," Mike said. "Whenever it's someone else's record, though I always play it my own way, I fit in with what is required. But I love that shit, too."

The Breckers' first taste of funky sounds occurred over 30 years ago in the Philadelphia suburb of Cheltenham. Their dad was a part time jazz musician (now he's a lawyer), who was totally immersed in bebop. Clifford Brown, Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie discs were the most often heard in the house.

"I guess that's how it started," Randy recalled. "I was eight years old in school and they asked me, 'Whaddaya wanna play?' and I said trumpet. I can't remember the reason behind it. It was that or the trombone. I guess it was because there were so many trumpet players played around the house.

"When I was in high school I began playing with a lot of r&b bands around Philly. I just sat in on a few clubs and people started to call me. I was playing mostly black clubs and I was the only white guy in the band. I did it for a couple of years and I guess a lot of it rubbed off as far as the tunes we play and our conception—as far as how they played. I wasn't making a conscious thing about playing r&b, it was just a question of the kind of gigs I got. It was closer to jazz than playing in

clarinet . . . I hated it. I played it for about six years when I was a kid and I never got very good at it. I was always trying to sound like a saxophone. I used to listen to Jimmy Giuffre—I used to play in a wastebasket to try and get that sound.

"But that eventually stopped. I gave the whole thing up. I was into playing sports like basketball [at six foot five he's certainly tall enough] and various other things. Then Randy bought me a Cannonball Adderley record for my birthday when I was in junior high and that kind of did it. I already had an alto and really started to play. By the time I was in high school I was a bebop-Coltrane fanatic."

While studying at the University of Indiana, Mike discovered rock 'n' roll.

"It was right around Jimi Hendrix and Cream," he reminisced, "and I got into it headfirst. I was real impressed how it communicated with people. I did some concerts with rock bands and I couldn't believe the difference, because I was playing bebop clubs in Philly which was all that nodding and junkie shit. The rock 'n' roll vibes were amazingly better and though that shouldn't enter into it, it did. It was a whole different thing that had to do with communication. Jazz always seemed to go over people's heads. I always got the feeling they were digging it, but didn't know what the hell they were hearing."

Unlike brother Randy, he didn't get into r&b until he moved to New York in 1969.

"I used to listen to Aretha and that stuff and I loved it, but when I came to New York and heard Bernard Purdie and Chuck Rainey and started playing with them, that's

"You can be a sideman for the rest of your life, have your name on the back of ten billion albums, but beyond a certain point it doesn't matter anymore."

of-affairs. It's not all that satisfying because you're just sitting back reading horn parts," he said. "It's generally more satisfying for rhythm section people because they get to find their grooves and really play, whereas we sit there the whole time. Plus, there's just so much you can do with a solo because 98% of the time you're overdubbing it. For four or eight bars you've got to play simple and fit in with what's already there. Since it's pre-recorded, the rhythm section can't bend with you so you can't all of a sudden get creative. There's no input. That may be what the critics are responding to.

"I think a lot of records are over-produced—a little lackluster on the spontaneity side. The Funkadelic-Parliament people just go in and play—put rhythm tracks down for hours—and just go in and make stuff on the spur of the moment. They sound fairly spontaneous sometimes.

"It's not easy. And it's not really the intent anyway . . . the intent is . . . I don't know what the intent is a lot of times, actually.

"You can be a sideman for the rest of your life, have your name on the back of ten billion albums, but beyond a certain point it doesn't matter anymore."

What matters to the Breckers is a solid recording contract that will allow them to "sit home and be creative."

"That was always the Catch 22 with Clive [Davis, Arista President]," Randy reasoned. "He would say that we were not ready to

SELECTED BRECKER BROTHERS DISCOGRAPHY

THE BRECKER BROTHERS—Arista AB 4037

BACK TO BACK—Arista AB 4061

DON'T STOP THE MUSIC—Arista AB 4122

HEAVY METAL BE-BOP—Arista AB 4185

with Larry Coryell, Mike Mainieri, Warren Bernhardt

BLUE MONTREUX—Arista AB 4224

with Horace Silver

PURSUIT OF THE 27TH MAN—Blue Note LA054-F

a pop band and there just weren't a lot of horns used in rock 'n' roll at the time.

"The first recollection I have of hearing r&b was Ray Charles," he said, responding to my question. "I was only eight or nine and it just flipped me out. I wasn't trying to be black or anything—it just hit home. It was a natural thing to me."

Little brother Mike's first axe was a clarinet. At age seven, his major consideration was that he liked how it looked.

"One time there was someone at the house playing the clarinet. I guess I liked the color or something and I said," mimicking himself then, " 'I want that!' So they got me a

when it started," he said.

At the time, Randy was running the club circuit with Horace Silver when he received an excited phone call from Mike. Billy Cobham, Barry Rogers, Jeff Kent, Doug Lubahn, Ed Vernon and himself were forming an electric band with horns called Dreams (only Blood, Sweat & Tears, Chicago, Cold Blood and Chase were doing it). It was their first chance to fuse jazz, rock and funk. Randy jumped at the opportunity.

"The idea was to improvise," he explained, "and stretch out, which we did in concert. We didn't write charts, which was probably a naive way to do it. We used to spend hours jamming up horn parts."

"It was a band ahead of its time," Mike boasted. "We incorporated a lot of r&b, which was something B, S & T didn't do. It was a crazy concept. There were no over-club—we just went in and played our sort of out-funk. Unfortunately, the two albums never lived up to the live performances."

When Cobham left to join John McLaughlin, Dreams fell apart. "We naturally gravitated to building the music around Billy. We couldn't find someone to replace him so we gave up," Mike admitted.

After touring with Silver for a short while thereafter, they both arrived at the conclusion that club work was a "dead end."

"It was great playing with Horace, even if we had to conform with what he wanted," Randy said, "but it showed us that the club

"We got to find a sound and stick to it for two or three albums. I'm intent on experimenting and finding a sound that people can identify with."

circuit is a one way street. We would go back to the same clubs all the time and there's only so many jazz clubs in the country . . ."

"And it never goes anywhere," Mike added. "You always end up just barely making it."

Randy stayed with Larry Coryell's Eleventh House for a year and then regrouped with Mike and Cobham after McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra split up. Meanwhile, in 1975, the Breckers signed their first recording contract with Arista. Their first album, featuring David Sanborn, Don Grolnick, Will

"I've noticed, especially among younger jazz musicians, that there are more and more white players coming on the scene and less and less black," Mike said.

One explanation Mike suggested is that there are "a lot of white people like myself who were brought up in upper middle class surroundings and, bored with that, went looking for something else.

"There's more and more whites who seem attracted to r&b and jazz. Ten years ago you couldn't find a white drummer who could really play r&b. You would never see a group

It seemed that we'd touched every base but home. In other words, what's happening with the Brecker Brothers now?

"We're just kind of on hold," said Randy.

"This thing [with Arista] has just turned out to be a bad marriage and we just want it to end," Mike pleaded.

Will you gear your next album—whomever it's for and whenever it is—for a wider audience?

"Yeah, we'll try for one or two hits," Randy granted, "but we're not going to go crazy about it. We'll try to gear to a singles audience because if you get that hit the benefits are getting a band out on the road and getting to play. To me, it's not that much of a sacrifice to try and do it."

How do you write an instrumental pop hit?

"It's got to be something we like," Mike explained. "The whole thing about commercial music—and it's been said so many times already—is that it doesn't necessarily mean bad. There's commercial music that we all love. The idea is to create something that we feel will sell and that we also like. The real difficult part is that it involves things like simplicity."

Have you considered a disco format?

"We would consider it, but we wouldn't want to do just a formula," Randy said. In their *db* interview of 10/9/75, the trumpeter spoke of creating "some sort of sound." Again in 1979, "We got to find a sound and stick to it for two or three albums. We've got certain ideas about what we want to do, but I'd rather not talk about it until we do it. I'm intent on experimenting and finding a sound that people can identify with. We also plan to do everything ourselves. If it works it works, if it doesn't it doesn't."

What about the "bebop" part of *Heavy Metal Be-Bop*, their last album. Would they record a bebop album?

Randy: "Yeah, possibly—I guess in the future sometime."

Mike: "We always talk about it."

Randy: "I guess when the time is right. Chick Corea has done it . . ."

Mike: "We're just not in the position to do it right now."

Randy: "It would be a throwaway at this point."

Mike: "This sounds horrible to say, but there's no point in doing an album at this point unless it sells X-amount. Not that we're going to make a disco album. We just can't make a bebop album because we'd be right back in the boat we're in now."

For two guys who profess to have nothing to say, they certainly filled in the blanks. Still, I had to ask Mike Brecker, at the conclusion of our second session, whether he felt that they "said something."

"It's a possibility, yeah . . . it's frustrating. I told you in the beginning that I don't really have anything to say.

"I don't have any views about where music's going or the 'music scene today,' for instance. I don't really form any definite opinion—it changes from minute to minute half the time.

"I can't really say until I see it. I just hoped something would get me going. Sometimes that happens."



MICHAEL MARIENTHAL

Lee, Harvey Mason and Ralph MacDonald, was simply entitled *The Brecker Brothers*.

"The album did pretty well, so Arista wanted us to tour and we did. During that time also was when the studio thing really started to happen for us," Mike pointed out.

At Randy's sky-rise apartment overlooking New York's East River, I was particularly surprised to find a gold 45 of Parliament's *Tear The Roof Off The Sucker* hanging from the wall. I wondered if there is any antagonism over the Breckers getting black dates instead of black musicians.

"No, not really," Mike thought. "When you're getting down to music it transcends all that racial shit. The only time I'm ever aware of it is when I'm around someone who has some sort of an attitude . . . and it's usually those that aren't working so much."

He does believe, however, that a "cultural switch" is happening.

like Stuff with white drummers. Even bebop bands—there weren't many white cats who could play in that style."

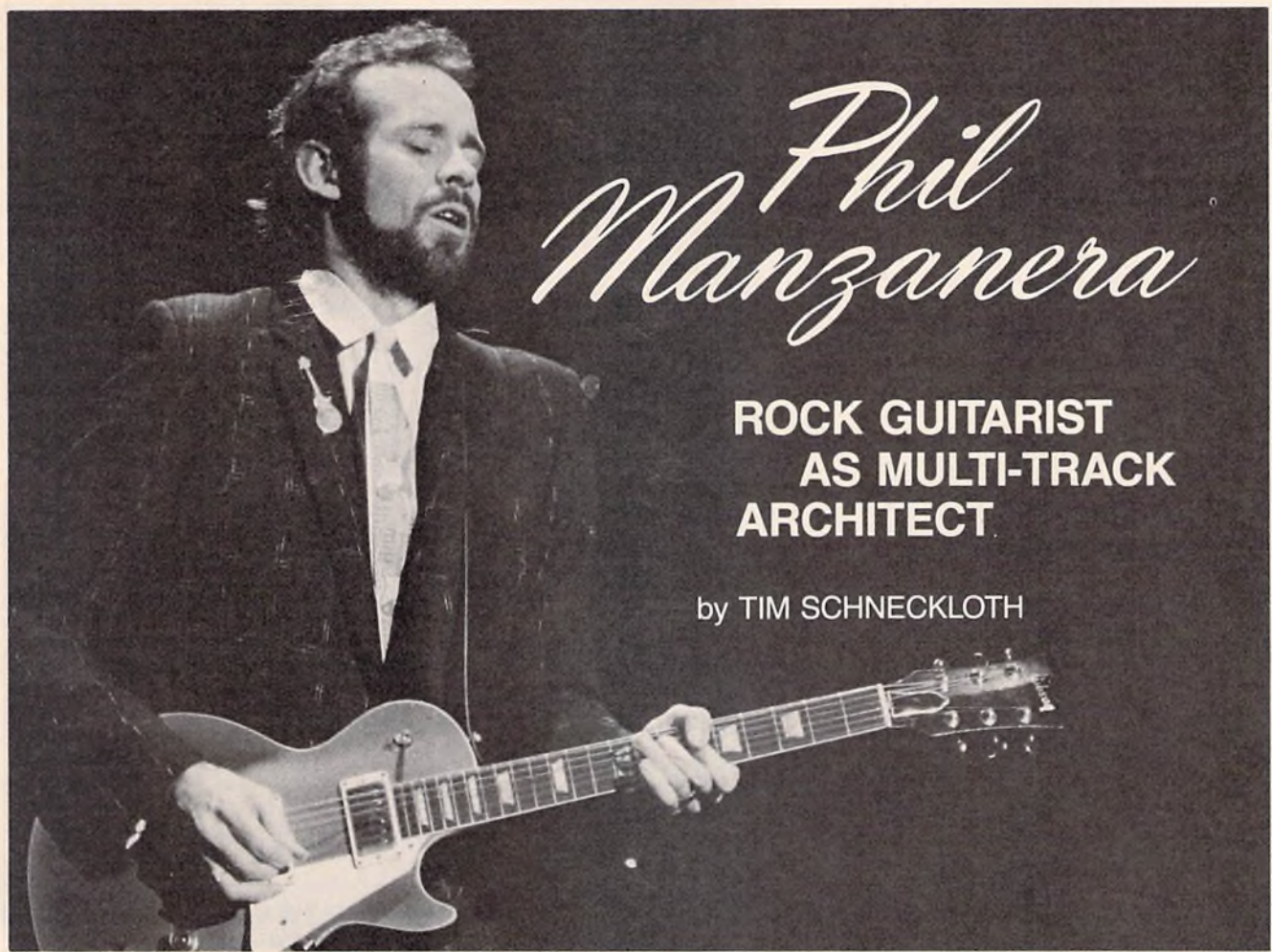
Then, according to this theory, where have all the blacks gone?

"I think black people are going more into business and into other kinds of professional work," he hypothesized. "going in other directions to get away from entertainment stereotypes."

BRECKER BROTHERS EQUIPMENT

Randy plays a Bach trumpet and a Couesnon flugelhorn; his mouthpieces are made by Joe Shepley.

Michael plays a Selmer tenor sax, with Dukoff mouthpiece #9 or Otto Link mouthpiece #6; La Voz medium hard reeds.



Phil Manzanera

ROCK GUITARIST
AS MULTI-TRACK
ARCHITECT

by TIM SCHNECKLOTH

When the British rock band Roxy Music regrouped this spring for a U.S. tour and album (*Manifesto*), American audiences got another chance to see guitarist Phil Manzanera in action. For some rock and roll fans, it was something of a revelation. On stage, Manzanera played a series of solos distinguished by their taste, logic and emotional power. His live performances, like his recorded efforts, bring rock guitar into a very personal realm; the solos take the form of atmospheric compositions, impressionistic layers of sound designed to evoke more than standard rock and roll excitement.

Born in England and raised in Cuba and Venezuela, Manzanera returned to the country of his birth to discover the rich musical ferment of mid '60s London. In 1970 he put together a jazz-rock band known as Quiet Sun; that included bassist Bill MacCormick, drummer Charles Hayward and keyboardist Dave Jarrett. The group broke up in 1972, but got together again for a short period in 1975 to record one album, *Mainstream*.

After leaving Quiet Sun in '72, Manzanera joined Roxy Music, a rock band with unusual musical depth and strongly drawn personalities. Manzanera collaborated (and continues to) with Roxy's lead singer/guiding image Bryan Ferry in writing some of the group's more impressive tunes, including *Amazona*, *Out Of The Blue* and *Prairie Rose*.

Roxy Music disbanded temporarily in 1976, allowing Manzanera to put together 801, a group that included original Roxy

keyboardist Brian Eno, ex-Quiet Sun member Bill MacCormick, Lloyd Watson, Simon Phillips and Francis Monkman.

With this core of musicians and added players, Manzanera has cut several albums under his own name, including 1977's *Listen Now* and, most recently, *K-Scope*. These albums' cuts alternate between pleasant, pop-pish tunes in the British art-rock vein and Manzanera's strong, economical instrumentals, compositions that emphasize sonic experimentation and evocative melodies.

Manzanera's adventurous approach to sound is probably his strong suit, the element that sets him apart from the crowd of rock guitar players. A polite, modest man in his late 20s, he exemplifies the breed of rock musician that looks upon advanced studio technology and diverse musical influences as natural artistic baggage.

Schneckloth: Can you remember the first rock and roll guitar player you ever heard?

Manzanera: I think it was somebody like Duane Eddy. This was about the time of the twist, and I was living in South America. I would see college kids from the U.S. there every summer, and they'd have Fender guitars and Fender amps. They'd play at parties and appear on TV, playing Chuck Berry stuff and so on.

When the Beatles and Stones thing happened, I got really obsessed with rock music. I was just at the age, at that time.

Before that, I'd obviously been exposed to

Latin American music, which is very exciting. Latin American music played in South America was a lot different from the way it was played in England, where it was thought of as being very square. But played in South America, it's very similar to rock music, in some respects. It all has to do with rhythm, dancing, body movements.

By the time I was permanently in England, I was starting to branch out. It was just at that period—the "psychedelic" period—when everybody's horizons just opened suddenly. Everybody was into listening to different types of music, which were integrated into rock.

So, at the age of 16 or 17, I started listening to every different style of music I could get my hands on. I used to go to record libraries and listen to Charles Ives, Miles Davis, Cecil Taylor, Philip Glass, Steve Reich, Terry Riley, *musique concrete*. And it all sort of sunk in.

Schneckloth: I hear some elements of Reich and Riley in your music—repeated motifs and so on.

Manzanera: The interesting thing is the fact that rock music has *always* had to do with repetition. But I like to think that Roxy, especially in 1972, was one of the few bands to bring some of those concepts of so-called avant garde music into the rock idiom. The person in the band who was probably most into it was Eno. But I certainly liked it. In fact, one of the first times I met Eno was at a Steve Reich concert in London.

Those sorts of concepts have gradually

been used more and more. It's actually very interesting how it has gone right into disco.

Schneckloth: How did you first get into those kinds of music?

Manzanera: Largely through the Soft Machine and all those people. Mike Ratledge [the Soft Machine's founding keyboardist] was into all that very early. Bill MacCormick used to know Robert Wyatt [original Soft Machine drummer] very well. Being young and impressionable, we just got into it.

Obviously, the most commercial aspect of that was Terry Riley's *A Rainbow In Curved Air*, which was very accessible. After that, I investigated further—the John Cage tradition, the Stockhausen tradition.

Schneckloth: Speaking of traditions, do you see yourself as part of the rock and roll guitar tradition?

Manzanera: Not really. I think I come from a different area than a lot of those guitarists. Many of them came up through listening to very early r&b, blues and country music, as well as the great jazz players like Charlie Christian, Wes Montgomery and all those people.

I'm more of a '60s person. I have different roots, which tend to be the '60s rock and the whole European tradition of *musique concrete*—creating atmospheres and textures of sound.

When I joined Roxy, I'd come from Quiet Sun, a sort of jazz-rock group, and I wanted to get into a rock band. Roxy was my idea of a rock and roll band; I wanted to get away from the technical aspects and into an atmospheric, textural type of playing.

I've developed my style along those lines.

SELECTED MANZANERA DISCOGRAPHY

MAINSTREAM (Quiet Sun)—Antilles AN-7008
DIAMOND HEAD—Atco SD 36-113
801 LIVE—Polydor PD-1-6148
LISTEN NOW—Polydor PD-1-6147
K-SCOPE—Polydor PD-1-6178

with Roxy Music
ROXY MUSIC—Atco SD 36133
FOR YOUR PLEASURE—Atco SD 36134
STRANDED—Atco SD 7045
COUNTRY LIFE—Atco SD 36-106
SIREN—Atco SD 36-127
VIVA!—Atco SD 36139
MANIFESTO—Atco SD 38114

has a lot of flexibility—you can go from the super clean to the super sustain. It's the best amp I've ever used.

For effects, I've been gradually simplifying my system over the years. About four years ago I used to use a Revox on stage, with pedals that controlled the speed of the motor. I also used to use one of the first guitar synthesizers from RSE. It consisted of two very comprehensive modules with an incredible number of variables. It was basically an envelope shaper and filter, but each one had about 30 different variables and a patchboard to patch things in.

I eventually decided that for live work, it's really not that effective to have too complicated a sound system. It doesn't actually come off that well in halls, especially when you get into someplace with 5000 seats. You have to be more direct. So I gradually simplified my system. I got a Scamp unit, which I bought for the studio I'm building. I've also got a flanger, a noise gate, a Roland

Schneckloth: Is all of your experimentation done in the studio?

Manzanera: Mostly. I can do a limited amount at home, with my Revoxes and TEACs and things.

Schneckloth: As far as the actual notes are concerned, your solos seem very composed. They're economical, clear and well thought-out.

Manzanera: It's probably because of the way I do it. You build up pictures on a 24-track until you feel you have a final picture that looks right. Then you say, "That's enough."

I put it together in parts. I love the concept—it's the reggae idea, really—of having lots of simple interlocking parts that build up to a total picture. Like the greats of Motown production, who were way ahead of their time—they took lots of little bits and fit them together, creating an amazing sort of sound texture.

Schneckloth: What about economy? You don't seem to ramble on like many other rock guitarists. Things seem very edited down.

Manzanera: When we started Roxy in '72, we made a definite effort not to play long solos and keep things relatively concise and to the point. It was just at the end of that period when people were playing incredibly long solos, turning their backs to the audience—a really introverted thing. Part of our idea was to come back and entertain the audience, keeping it short and melodic.

Ninety-nine percent of guitarists today don't have a lot to say anyway. I thought, well, at the moment I don't have a lot to say for more than 16 bars. I'd rather put everything

"Ninety-nine percent of guitarists today don't have a lot to say anyway. I'd rather put everything I've got into 16 bars and create an amazing illusion for that amount of time."

And on records, I tend to do a lot of overdubbing on each track, to the point where the sounds don't seem like guitar sounds. People always tell me, "Great album, but there's no guitar on it!" They'll talk about the great synthesizer playing on a particular track, when it's actually a guitar with some special treatment, or played above the bridge.

I've always been into that sort of experimentation. I think the sound is incredibly important; I've always gone for simpler technique and a strong sound.

Schneckloth: One of the things that makes your guitar sound like a synthesizer is the emphasis on sustain. What's your sustain technique?

Manzanera: I use a fuzzbox, but I tend to turn all the top off. One of the people who has most influenced my approach is Mike Ratledge. I always loved his organ playing. He'd use a fuzzed Lowrey that had a pedal he could bend the notes with. I loved his tone, and I was trying to get that sort of sustain on guitar, to play more fluid lines.

Another thing that led me in that direction was the fact that initially I wasn't very good at bending the strings—the conventional sort of bending which I can do easier now. So at the time, I was trying to play smoother lines.

Schneckloth: Since you're so concerned with the sound, you must have to pay a lot of attention to equipment, especially effects.

Manzanera: For the amp, I'm using a Boogie amp, which is really great. You can get the sustain without using the fuzzbox; it's a cleaner, different kind of sustain sound. It 28 □ down beat

Chorus Echo and a normal MXR phase shifter.

Schneckloth: Can you remember the first time you used an effect? That first note you ever hit using a fuzztone can be kind of a shock.

Manzanera: It's not that easy to use a fuzzbox properly. It can be a hideous sound. You have to control it, especially if you're playing at volume. You have to play the fretboard all the time, since the minute you take your hands off, there's this screech and noise and horrible distortion. That's one of the reasons I have that noise gate.

Schneckloth: I would think there's a lot of experimentation involved in finding a particular guitar sound. Can you give me an example of how you might seek a certain sound?

Manzanera: If I'm looking for a weird sound, I may detune all the strings on my guitar, and put it through a harmonizer on the right hand side. On the left hand side, I might put a repeat echo on it, maybe with some sticky tape on the capstan of the Revox. You can get into some quite complicated setups.

So I'll try that, and maybe it will sound terrible. So I'll modify it slightly—gradually taking away a piece of equipment or adding one, building up the sound, which may spark up an idea for something else. And I'll follow that idea right through.

Generally, it's just creative use of the technology of the studio—using the desk as an instrument.

I've got into 16 bars and create an amazing illusion for that amount of time.

When I listen to the majority of rock guitarists, I find that often they're just marking time, playing pre-worked-out scales while they try to think of a melodic idea or something. That's why I find a lot of guitar playing very boring.

Ultimately, what are you trying to do? Are you trying to convey some feeling, put something across? Or are you trying to be super clinical and show off the fact that you can play so many notes in so many minutes? I don't see any point in that.

There are only a few guitarists I really like listening to, and they all seem to be on Steely Dan records—Larry Carlton, Denny Dias, Elliott Randall, those people. All the Steely Dan tracks have amazing guitar playing.

Schneckloth: Your own solo records hang together in a way that albums by rock instrumentalists often don't. Is that partly attributable to the people you work with?

Manzanera: I have a tendency to work with the same people, and I admire them all as amazing musicians. Simon Phillips is one of the best drummers in the world; he's fantastic. Mel Collins is one of my favorite sax players, certainly the best all-around sax player in England. Francis Monkman is a great keyboard player; Bill MacCormick, somebody I've worked with for years, is a bass player with a lot of imagination. That's sort of the nucleus. And there's Brian Eno, who draws me away from my tendency to play it safe, which needs pushing now and again.



Tim Weisberg

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RECORD REVIEWS

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

JAY McSHANN

CONFESSIN' THE BLUES—Classic Jazz CJ 28: *Keep Your Hand Off Her*; *Hootie Ignorant Oil*; *Confessin' The Blues*; *Roll 'Em*; *Kansas City*; *Our Kinda Blues*; *Rollin' With Roland*; *Stompin' In K.C.*; *After Hours*; *Hootie Blues*; *Four Day Rider*.

Personnel: McShann, piano, vocals (cuts 1, 3, 5, 11); T-Bone Walker, guitar (1-6, 11); Roland Lobligeois, bass; Paul Gunther, drums.

JOE TURNER

EFFERVESCENT—Classic Jazz CJ 138: *Echoes Of Spring*; *Ain't She Sweet*; *Lazy River*; *Effervescent*; *Saint Louis Blues*; *I Wanna Be Around*; *Blues In My Heart*; *Body And Soul*; *Tin Tin Deo*; *Don't Blame Me*; *High Brow Blues*; *Nice Work If You Can Get It*; *Sweet Lorraine*; *Cocktails For Two*.

Personnel: Turner, piano, vocals (cuts 6, 13); Panama Francis, drums (2-3, 5, 7-14).

*** 1/2

MARY LOU WILLIAMS

MY MAMA PINNED A ROSE ON ME—Pablo 2310819: *The Blues*; *N.G. Blues*; *Dirge Blues*; *Baby Bear Boogie*; *Turtle Speed Blues*; *Blues For Peter*; *My Mama Pinned A Rose On Me*; *Prelude To Prism*; *Prism*; *What's Your Story*; *Morning Glory*; *Prelude To Love Roots*; *Love Roots*; *Rhythmic Pattern*; *J.B.'s Waltz*; *The Blues*; *No Title Blues*.

Personnel: Williams, piano (except cut 11), vocal (7); Cynthia Tyson, vocals (1, 15); Butch Williams, bass (9, 10-14, 16).

The first of this grouping of pianists, Jay McShann, is perhaps best known as the band-leader with whom Charlie Parker first recorded. In his own right, McShann is a competent blues player having impressive blues lore under his fingertips. *Confessin' The Blues*, recorded in 1971 and first issued on the European Black and Blue label, pairs McShann with a small jump band containing two adequate accompanists and an outstanding one, T-Bone Walker. A comfortable setting. What's wrong then?

The issue is hardly technique. McShann's chops are in good shape, and he certainly exercises them more than many pianists playing in this genre. The problem, simply, is with feeling. On *Keep Your Hands Off Her*, an up-beat shuffle, McShann's self-assured octaves and tremolos splash glib and superficial. And his nasal, sinuous vocal on *Confessin' The Blues* (his big '40s hit) is likewise uninspired as his singing falls into well-worn grooves. *Kansas City*, *Four Day Rider*—the list goes on—are all done as you'd expect almost any r&b jump band to slide through them. Happily T-Bone Walker provides sparse, judicious moments of relief. His concept is more contemporary than McShann's; but, more than his obvious stylistic refinements, he plays like he means it.

A few bright spots: *Our Kinda Blues* is a slow-bounce kicker with laid back triplets and some fresh guitar/piano interplay. In the teasing *Stomp-in' In K.C.*, a slow blues, interlacing piano treble figures give way to tight, taut runs and block chords à la Red Garland, and there's a snappy *After Hours* with bouncing chordal punctuation.

30 □ down beat

Wynton Kelly couldn't have put it better.

A near-master of the full orchestral techniques of stride piano, Joe Turner (not to be confused with the blues singer of the same name) has roots in a far different tradition than McShann. He's a descendant of James P. Johnson and Fats Waller, and the operative term in understanding his style is "tickler." He's a player, first, of parlor piano, a rhythmic bouncer, a melodic embroiderer. The babbly *Echoes Of Spring* sums it up: frilly and sentimental, music for a melodrama.

Throughout, interest lies mainly in rhythm. *Saint Louis Blues* mixes a wonderfully moving bass line with boogie figures and even a beguine-like rhythm kicked along by Panama Francis. Genuine melodic invention? Stately Tatumesque changes? Nothing like that here, only a light glistening touch, many—very many—tickles and tinkles and a genial outlook that makes even *Body And Soul* all smiles.

In contrast to the foregoing rarefied mannerisms, Mary Lou Williams' tack on *Mama Pinned A Rose On Me* is a welcome relief. It's not simply that her style has continuously evolved or even that her playing resonates instead of chatters; it's more that her "tack" is no tack at all, but, as any genuine style must be, an extension of her person.

On *The Blues*, for instance, Cynthia Tyson's alternately gliding and growling vocal is followed by chorus after chorus of intense, functional blues piano. Again and again Williams twists commonplace blues licks inside out, refurbishing them into fresh, cohesive patterns. There's an incredible vocabulary of pianistic cries, hollers and shrieks here, much more than can be grasped on one, or even several listenings.

Gratifyingly, the same consistency holds true on this release's other tracks. *Dirge Blues*, a kind of abstraction built on a simple blues motif constantly reharmonized over a pedal point, sustains pensive tension. Yet Williams' sure touch and clear tone make even the most minorish passages sparkle. There's a fresh twist on every lick on *Baby Bear Blues*, as treble chords pounce upon a playful, hesitating bass pattern. Using effective textural contrasts, the outside *Blues For Peter*, a dense, smoky performance, pits a loping, sassy vamp against tingling harmonic and melodic extensions, culminating in frantic melodic spirals that out-Oscar Peterson. *Prelude To Prism*, close to being a miniature concerto, begins as a brisk, all-keys-at-once invention, gradually diminishes into fragile, glasslike abstraction, and concludes in a flutter of crystalline chords.

On several tracks Williams is joined by bassist Butch Williams, whose musty, rusty tone and virtuosic double stops seem a natural extension of this pianist's conception. Note especially the burning *Rhythmic Pattern* and the duo's metrical shifts on *J.B.'s Waltz*.

Stylistic depth? Soul? Virtuosity? Language pales when confronted with Williams' performances. History, vibrant history, is written in her person and anyone who cares about jazz piano should pay it due attention.

—balleras

JOHN ABERCROMBIE QUARTET

ARCADE—ECM-1-1133: *Arcade*; *Nightlake*; *Paramour*; *Neptune*; *Alchemy*.

Personnel: Abercrombie, guitar, electric mandolin; Richie Beirach, piano; George Mraz, acoustic bass; Peter Donald, drums.

***** 1/2

Some people say it's a New Mainstream. Others call it Mainstream-Modern. However you spell it, John Abercrombie is its guitar voice.

Although he played with Billy Cobham a few years back, Abercrombie's current music is less related to fusion than to the acoustic jazz of the '60s. The music on *Arcade* is more open than fusion and not as flashy.

Like other New Mainstreamers, Abercrombie is exploring that marvelous space that has opened up between modal bop and free jazz and rock. The album leaves no doubt that he is up to the challenge. Abercrombie has technique to spare, and what's more he knows what to do with it. The bop runs, the rock licks, the free stuff—Abercrombie fits them all together.

Abercrombie's *Arcade* is built on a simple riff which provides ample room for the band to stretch out. Richie Beirach plays an effective solo made up of broken single note lines and chord clusters. Here and elsewhere on the album, Beirach sounds a lot like Herbie Hancock in his *Maiden Voyage* period. In fact, the ghost of the great Hancock-Carter-Williams team haunts the entire album. I might say that Peter Donald's excellent cymbal work and the harmonic rightness of George Mraz's bass lines "bring out the Hancock" in Richie Beirach.

Abercrombie's other composition, *Paramour*, is a concert ballad. The guitar and piano lines entwine, and then Mraz takes a bass solo that speaks with authority. Beirach composed the album's other three tunes. *Nightlake* is a swinging waltz that evokes a dark but lovely scene. The impressionistic *Neptune* has a flowing melody, bowed by Mraz while Beirach plays arpeggios. Abercrombie joins in at the bridge, and then takes a solo that sings like the wind on the water. *Alchemy* begins and ends with some undistinguished metals, but transforms them into gold in the blowing choruses.

Some people would call this music arty; I say it is artful. Sure, it's overly precious sometimes, too poetic maybe, and a little more grit from the barroom floor might not hurt. But there is nothing false here. This, plus the high level of musicianship, makes the album a pleasure to listen to.

—clark

ABBEY LINCOLN

PEOPLE IN ME—Inner City IC 6040: *You And Me Love*; *Natas (Playmate)*; *Dorian (The Man With The Magic)*; *Africa*; *People In Me*; *Living Room*; *Kohjoh-Notsuki*; *Naturally*.

Personnel: Lincoln, vocals; David Liebman, tenor and soprano sax; flute; Hiromasa Suzuki, piano; Kunimitsu Inaba, bass; Al Foster, drums; James Mtume, congas (cuts 4, 5).

After a long absence and apparently many travels, Abbey Lincoln has an album out in which the liner notes call her Aminata Moseka, names bestowed on her by President Sekou Toure of Guinea and Minister of Information Sacomb from Zaire. Her globe-trotting extended eastward as well, to Japan where this recording was made six years ago by Nippon with a multi-national backing quintet.

"Travelled here and yonder," she lyricizes over John Coltrane's *Africa*. "and i never found a home/ Guess it must be written all my life i'm

gonna roam./ 'Cause i'm roamin' right now."

The title cut seems to epitomize Lincoln's positive stance on international fellowship, an upbeat ode to diverse peoples of the world. As a song stylist, however, Lincoln is best heard on mellow ballads like *You And Me Love and Naturally* that inevitably swing into tasty chorus grooves. Her voice is not an anatomical wonder, but it's deceptively flat and thin, actually allowing an imaginative and expressive bending of phrases, a voice gaining richness in its lower register.

Musically, *Natas* (*Playmate*) is a clever bit of overdubbing, an out-of-synch jazz waltz duet (with herself) that trips forward almost comically in front of Liebman's cool flute. There's an understated fascination for rhythm throughout the album, from Foster's talking drumkit on the Afro-influenced *Dorian* (*The Man With The Magic*) to slow swing and subtle samba.

Surprisingly though, it's not the timekeepers who steal the instrumental show, not even the tasteful, swinging Suzuki, but Liebman on an array of woodwinds. While his flute solos help *Kohjoh-No-Tsuki* and *Natas*, his soprano is used sparingly. The tenor gets more action and *Africa* best channels Dave's intensity. His closeness to Coltrane helps get Lincoln worked up by song's end, too.

Behind the scenes, there's Miles Davis' touch in evidence (he's pictured with Ms. Lincoln/Moscka inside the album jacket). Miles, the singer says, "honored me with his counsel and guidance in Japan." Given the 1973 taping date, it is obvious Miles also honored her with three crack musicians from his touring group at that time.

Lincoln dedicates the album to Davis, Thelonious Monk, Max Roach, Zenie Miriam Makeba, and others who helped along the way. *People In Me* is a substantial collection of

humanistic poetry and heartfelt jazz. More improvisation might have made the session even better, but you're left with a desire to hear more from Abbey Lincoln, both the singer and composer. The fact that this LP is only now being released in America brings new meaning to the cliché "What's she done for us lately?" Certainly this lady deserves more frequent documentation.

—henschen

THE BRECKER BROTHERS

HEAVY METAL BE-BOP—Arista AB 4185: *East River*; *Inside Out*; *Some Skunk Funk*; *Sponge*; *Funky Sea*; *Funky Dew*; *Squids*.

Personnel: Randy Brecker, electric trumpet and keyboards; Michael Brecker, electric tenor saxophone; Barry Finnerty, guitars, guitorganizer, background vocals; Terry Bozzio, drums, background vocals; Neil Jason, bass, lead vocals; Sammy Figueroa, Rafael Cruz, percussion; cut 1: Kash Monet, handclaps, percussion, background vocals; Jeff Schoen, Roy Herring, background vocals; Paul Schaeffer, Rhodes piano; Victoria, tambourine; Alan Schwartzberg, drums; Bob Clearmountain and others, handclaps.

★ ★ ★ ★

No doubt about it, this album is a gas—as intended, one presumes, by the Breckers—but it comes on so strong and so relentlessly hardblowing that it almost pushes the unprepared listener out of his chair.

Kicked off by the raunchy, deliriously noisy *East River*—this live album's only studio recording—and kept in high gear by such lickety-split Brecker compositions as *Inside Out*, *Some Skunk Funk* and *Sponge*, *Heavy Metal Be-Bop* demands repeated listening before one realizes that more than hot air is being emitted from the grooves and before one is smitten by the album's sustained ecstasy level.

Behind all the heat and embouchure flexing, of course, is the brothers' genuine love and sense of

funk. This coupled with their masterly technique and sheer playfulness allows them to endow this uncomplicated yet tricky music with enough honesty on one hand to make it convincing, and on the other with just the right amount of distance to put it in its proper perspective. Along with the work of the J.B.'s, (now George Clinton's Horny Horns) the Brecker Brothers' zigzagging riffs have become the most widely recognized and most influential horn sound of the '70s, a sound that's captured here in its most vibrant shadings and most exacting runs. One outstanding performance: Michael Brecker's mocking, affectionately vulgar r&b tenor sax solo to end all r&b tenor sax solos on *Funky Sea*, *Funky Dew*.

The unpretentious Brecker Brothers have taken a direction opposite the one expected of musicians whose careers are rooted in studio and session work: on other people's dates they deliver jazz as hardcore and serious as anyone's; with their own band they engage in jazz-funk. One is hard put finding a better argument for genre democracy than the Brecker Brothers.

—gabel

PEPPER ADAMS

REFLECTORY—Muse MR-5182: *Reflectory*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Etude Diabolique*; *Claudette's Way*; *I Carry Your Heart*; *That's All*.

Personnel: Adams, baritone sax; Roland Hanna, piano; George Mraz, bass; Billy Hart, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★


The baritone sax expresses veiled or dark moods like no other horn. Of all the saxes, solemnity and power are its traits, and majesty its domain. Even at breakneck speeds, the well-played bari has a certain regal poise and reserve. Pepper Adams—of the gritty tone and redoubtable spirit—has been the foremost exponent of the big horn, after Carney and Mulligan, and his mettle as a section

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David Garibaldi has played with "Tower of Power" since 1970. He has also worked in concert and on recordings with such artists as Boz Scaggs, The Carpenters, Natalie Cole, Jermaine Jackson and a host of other world renowned musicians.



DAVID GARIBALDI TALKS ABOUT CONCERT PERFORMING AND ROGERS.

"One important key to the success of our group, 'Tower of Power' is our emphasis on duplicating in live concert the sounds we get on our records. I mean, we try not to put something down on record—with special effects and special equipment—that would be impossible to duplicate in the typical large auditorium we play.

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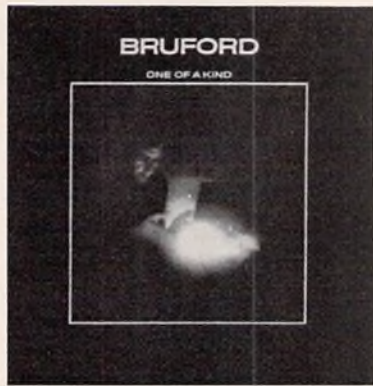
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"IT'S A SPECIAL KIND OF CHALLENGE TO PLAY MUSIC IN A PLACE THAT WAS MEANT FOR BASKETBALL."

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man and soloist has been tested and found true over his recently ended 13 year charter tenure with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra. This is Adams' first post-band lead date and his first in a long while, save a Beehive LP with Nick Brignola, a London one (Zim, 1973) with Mraz and Hanna and a Munich one (Inner City, 1975) with Mraz. Why baritone players don't get lead dates is the subject of much theorizing in Sy Johnson's right on liner notes, perhaps rendered academic now that the wraps are off Hamiet Bluiett and Nick Brignola, but Adams' efforts here plainly illustrate why at least one should get more: left to his own devices, Pepper writes and plays to the very bottom of baritone soul.

The humors Adams expresses here are more phlegmatic and even melancholic than his often fiery, brittle work with the big band, a not surprising shift for this freed spirit and interior individual. Each side opens with intriguing minor musings from Pepper's own pen that involve ringing, long toned solos by Mraz, a perfect companion for deep-note philosophizing. Other George and Pepper duos crop up in a eulogy for Harry Carney (*Lady*) and a brisk Mutt-and-Jeff scamper (*Etude*). Mraz' soloing first on five of the six tunes speaks of Adams' modesty, ability to set mood, and attention to procedural niceties. Hart neatly inserts choruses on either side of Hanna's fleet three on *Etude* and rattles along alone under Pepper's first on *That's All*.

Three of Pepper's compositions have poignantly echoing and delicately balanced character that all hands treat empathetically. The sides close with much heat, Pepper's throatiness—most assertive and sinewy with the *Lady*—shifting into overdrive. Let's hope his new found freedom gives Adams more such opportunities to record love songs as fine as *Way* and *Heart* and explore the full range of his big horn's emotions. —*fred bouchard*

VARIOUS ARTISTS

THE NEW ORLEANS JAZZ AND HERITAGE FESTIVAL, 1978—Flying Fish FF 099: *Caledonia*; *Brown Skin Girl*; *Ice Cream Freezer*; *Baby What You Want Me To Do?*; *The Breaks*; *Paul Barbarin's Second Line*; *Rock Me*; *Jolie Blonde*; *Charleston Rag*; *Dark Town Strutter's Ball*; *Themes From A Movie*; *Doxology*.

Personnel: Clifton Chenier and his Red Hot Louisiana Band; Irving McLean; Roosevelt Sykes; Ironing Board Sam; Henry Butler; Onward Brass Band with Louis Cottrell; Robert Pete Williams; Mamou Hour Cajun Band; Eubie Blake; New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra; Charles Mingus; Youth Inspirational Choir.

★ ★ ★ ★

From every standpoint the New Orleans festival is one of America's best musical events, and this album goes a long way towards capturing its fun, funky spirit. Given one disc's time limits there's a good cross section of styles and artists, and the clever editing, which includes random crowd sequences, genuinely recreates the feeling of a stroll around the fairgrounds. The choice of titles may be a bit mundane—some of these songs are approaching warhorse status—but in most cases their lively rendition makes yet another version worthwhile.

Chenier's *Caledonia* is long on enthusiasm while short on chops, but Clifton charms his way through with some great raps. His accordion led Zydeco band is usually much tighter, and it's too bad that we miss John Hart's frantic tenor sax. On solo piano, Roosevelt Sykes is a lewd delight on *Ice Cream Freezer*, and Ironing Board Sam pulls out all the stops on Jimmy Reed's classic *Baby What You Want Me To Do?* Sam's stage name comes from his unique, homemade electric keyboard. Hard core country blues guitarist Robert Pete Williams gives *Rock Me* a sensual drive that's as immediate as it is technically primitive.

Eubie Blake has such a ball on *Charleston Rag*



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that he starts to testify, shouting "That's ragtime!" at the end in pure exhilaration. Eubie's rhythmic touch is as nimble as ever, with a distinct hint of boogie woogie. *Dark Town* is pleasantly forgettable but *Paul Barbarin's Second Line* is an ear-catching dixieland cooker well worth its ten minute allotment. The drum ensemble workout here is a special treat.

Henry Butler's piano solo *The Breaks* alternates spacy treble travels with a pounding chordal refrain. Butler comes out swinging and maintains his attack to the finish, but Mingus' unaccompanied *Themes From A Movie* will send you to the lobby for popcorn. The Cajun and closing Gospel numbers are also relatively dull, and they're odd choices as many good performances were available at respective stages. New Orleans' Caribbean heritage is briefly recognized in a steel drum excerpt from Irving McLean.

Though side two bogs down in places, this infectious, upbeat anthology serves as a sampler, a document, and a great party record. If you didn't visit New Orleans this spring here's exactly what you missed. In the middle of a dismal winter it can take you right back. —ben sandmel

MICHAEL MANTLER

MOVIES—Watt 7; *Movies One through Eight*.

Personnel: Mantler, trumpet; Larry Coryell, electric guitar; Carla Bley, piano, synthesizer, tenor saxophone; Steve Swallow, bass guitar; Tony Williams, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

For a composer who's written musical adaptations of works by Samuel Beckett (Mantler's *No Answer* from *How It Is*), Harold Pinter (*Silence*), and Edward Gorey (*The Hapless Child* from *Amphigorey*), Michael Mantler's eight soundscapes called *Movies* probe territory which he treads with much freedom and confidence. The Austrian trumpeter is best known for his JCOA settings for soloists, and his 15 year association with Carla Bley—both compositionally (they each composed one side of *13 and 3/4*) and in performance with her mini-big band. Although *Movies* was released over a year ago, the renewed activity of the big band alerts db to having missed reviewing it upon issuance.

The eight *Movies* operate out of complex, multi-tiered constructions of acoustic and (mostly) electric elements. A tension is held throughout, supplied primarily by Mantler's staccato bursts, Coryell's alternately jagged and silken electric excursions and explosions, and Williams' awesome counterrhythmic assaults. Although only a quintet, the band gains an almost orchestral scope through Mantler's multi-tracked trumpet and Carla's doubling on synthesizer and tenor. Certainly Coryell's broad timbral palette and Bley's electronic strings, buoyed by Mantler's always-influx charts, add to the depth and vitality of the pieces here.

There is an ominous, urban, almost paranoid drive to these soundtracks. Especially in *Movies Two, Four* and *Seven*, one can almost imagine some latter-day Belmondo being inexorably pursued by otherworldly villains up and down wet streets, with an occasional respite on the top of a hill overlooking the madness of the city. *Movie Three* is a love theme of sorts, but even here that tension, dug sharply with Williams' slashing cymbals, hints that the lovers are confused, in transition.

Movie Four is full of confrontations, painted by the piano/guitar interplay. There is an exchange of shots from Coryell, and Bley whips up a screaming siren on synthesizer. Again Coryell must be commended: though he occasionally resorts to his own clichés, he manages to produce a sound and logic that is densely packed while

rarely excessive. Mantler always seems to draw the best from his collaborators.

By the time we get to *Movie Eight*, we realize that, even after a moment of hope signalled by a beautiful Swallow/Bley caress, there is really no hope for our principals on the run. The fierce electricity rounds to a melancholy mood of acceptance and warmth, but we can never forget the compelling scenes that have come and gone. These are powerful movies indeed. —zipkin

RICHARD SUSSMAN

FREE FALL—Inner City IC 1045; *Lady Of The Lake*; *Free Fall*; *The River*; *Street Fair*; *Dance Of The Spheroids*; *Colors*; *Tiahuanaco*.

Personnel: Sussman, piano; Tom Harrell, trumpet, flugelhorn; Larry Schneider, tenor sax, flute, alto flute; Jerry Bergonzi, tenor sax (side 2, cuts 2, 4-7); Mike Richmond, bass; Jeff Williams, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

In a way, the title *Free Fall* is a bit misleading for this first album, since repeated listenings make clear that Richard Sussman has already arrived. As a pianist, his sure (if nonetheless mortal) technique is put into the service of a flair for well-wrought melody and firmly structured solos; moreover, all the tunes are his, and as a composer he has already stamped them with his interest in dark, deep, and even mysterious themes. As a bandleader, he has assembled here a quintet that could take its place on any stage in the land. If you had to pin a label on the music, I suppose you'd reach for "mainstream"; I offer it mainly to emphasize that this is neither fusion, free, nor passe, but rather a contemporary acoustic band playing in a time-honored jazz format.

Sussman's influences are still strong enough to be immediately identified, as on the gorgeous *Lady Of The Lake* (named for the shrouded character of Arthurian legend). Its drift, romantic melody is redolent of Keith Jarrett, but Sussman wears the aroma well and makes it nearly his own; his short, well-built solo is a model of conception, using thematic mutations to tie together the flightier runs before the unheralded Schneider's moving, throaty tenor break. Sussman, it turns out, is also a thoughtful arranger, choosing only the most appropriate soloist for each of the tracks and avoiding a jam session sloppiness.

The title tune sports Harrell, the thinking man's Freddie Hubbard, burning through a brief duet with drummer Williams and opening into a tune that Wayne Shorter might have written for the Miles Davis band in 1966. Sussman seems to slow the tempo in his own solo, which starts unaccompanied; moments later Williams re-inserts the beat so smoothly that one senses it was never really gone. As usual, Williams is uniformly excellent, a maelstrom with taste; he and Richmond, who doesn't so much play his solos as let them play him, form an impeccable rhythm team with chemistry to spare.

Sussman's flirtation with other compositional voices is clarified on *Street Fair*, lightly scored for flute and trumpet, a rousing, festive Latin-styled tune of the sort Chick Corea popularized early this decade. That is, it's rousing and festive within Sussman's own compositional guidelines of complexity, mild modality, and a latent mystique. The influences are clear, but just as clearly filtered through Sussman's own considerable talent.

Other highlights: the gently motivic, richly colored piano solo on *Colors*; Schneider's spirited tenor work throughout; the guest shots by Bergonzi, a fast, tough, raucous player and a contrastingly oblique melodist; Harrell's continuing grace under fire. These, and Sussman's smoothly muscled playing and straightforward thinking, make *Free Fall* a paradoxically weighty flier. There isn't profundity on every track, but

there's nothing less than solid, barely repressed music, and even some close brushes with inspiration. For a first LP, that ain't bad 'tall. —tesser

CONCORD SUPER BAND

IN TOKYO—Concord CJ 80; *I Would Do Anything For You*; *Blue Lester*; *Nuages*; *Don't Blame Me*; *Blue Lou*; *You're Driving Me Crazy*; *Blue And Sentimental*; *I'm Gonna Go Fishing*; *Sleepy Time Down South*; *Take The A Train*; *Undecided*.

Personnel: Warren Vache, cornet; Scott Hamilton, tenor saxophone; Cal Collins, guitar; Ross Tompkins, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Of the half dozen or more albums that have appeared in the last year or so by Messrs. Vache and Hamilton, this two-fer concert is among the best. Side one has a nice balance of tempos—a moderately quick *Anything For You* and a leisurely *Blue Lester*. Hamilton's solo on the former is one long glazed plume of lighter-than-air swing, and Jake Hanna wafts it this way and that with hi-hat cymbal work that is sensitive and springy. Vache's playing on *Lester* is intriguingly moody, sounding like Ziggy Elman more than once.

Nuages is mostly Cal Collins, who plays electric guitar and ends up sounding like any other good guitar player, which is fine. He achieves some nice shadings, which are there if you're alert to them; but I find his acoustic guitar a bit more personal in such showcases. After a ballad full of breathless sighs from Scott, things leap to life again with a fleet *Blue Lou*; Collins and Vache pace themselves particularly well. Catch Vache's slow acceleration after eight bars. A long *Blue And Sentimental* is skillful but soulless. Pianist Ross Tompkins reaches far into left field and catches Ellington's rarely heard main title theme for the 1959 film *Anatomy Of A Murder*. Called *Gonna Go Fishing* (a title that doesn't appear on the original sound track album), it's an earthy combination of blues and gospel.

Vache's solo item, *Sleepy Time Down South* (actually shared with Collins, sans rhythm section), lacks any special emotional infusion that such a ballad must have to rise above the ordinary. *A Train* is mostly drumming, and like most drumming, more interesting to watch and hear in person than listen to on an LP. A final *Undecided* winds up the album on a high note. Vache ends his solo with a quote from Louie Armstrong's *Ain't Misbehavin'*, probably more out of coincidence than contrivance. Either way it's a well chosen topper. Vache and Hamilton then converse a bit in fours, finishing one another's sentences before taking it out.

The album has its ups and downs, to be sure, and a certain gentlemanly reserve seems to block any real spontaneity. But on the whole, the music is bright, engaging, and worthwhile. Very well recorded, too. —mcdonough

JAMES NEWTON

PASEO DEL MAR—India Navigation IN 1037; *Lake*; *San Pedro Sketches*; *Pinky Below*; *Monk's Notice*; *Heaven*.

Personnel: Newton, flute; Anthony Davis, piano; Abdul Wadud, cello; Phillip Wilson, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

James Newton seems typical among the instrumentalists of his generation; after a number of years woodshedding and developing extremely fluent chops in his native soil (in this case, California) Newton, like others, has relocated to NYC where his musical garden bears the fruit of synthesis rather than innovation. Though he started as a reed and wind triple threat, he has spent the last few years with the flute exclusively, and his conceptions, both compositionally and instrumentally, show a thorough schooling in the

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work of Eric Dolphy and Rasaan Roland Kirk. Newton delights in spinning a singing, seamless legato line with a bright, birdlike tone, and the majority of his compositions exploit his obvious technical skills.

The problem inherent in this album, however, lies in both the instrument and its player. In my mind, the transparent breathiness of tone and lack of true timbral variety forever relegates the flute to evoking a pastoral sensibility. Newton certainly tries to swing hard here and there, and, like Kirk, he doubles the melodic line occasionally with a humming technique in an attempt to add a gritty weight to the flute's otherwise airy musings. This is especially obvious in *Monk's Notice*, where the flute and piano share some pointed, accented, angular phrasing, but the combination of light-weight tone and Newton's self-imposed limitation of harmonic ornaments within the tune's already constricted tonal framework tends to make his solo seem superficial. *Lake*, however, which I take it is dedicated to Oliver Lake since it explores the same sort of shifts of funk and freedom as the saxophonist likes, is conceived along similar lines, but here succeeds due to the buckshot drive of the rhythm section and Newton's spirited solo.

Pinky Below finds Newton in a Debussian pastoral vein, with Davis' piano creating arabesques of notes, an impressionistic arco cello melody in counterpoint by Wadud, and Wilson's delicate cymbal washes. *San Pedro Sketches*, on the other hand, omits the rhythm section completely and allows Newton to overdub four flute voices a la Julius Hemphill's example of polyphony in *Roi Boi And The Gotham Minstrels* (Arista). Here the thicker texture obtained by the four flutes in unison seems like a lush, luxurious pastel as opposed to the watercolor lucidity of *Pinky Below*, and Newton's devotion to mood and closely interrelated contrapuntal voicings results in a convincing tone poem.

The best is left for last, however—a piano and flute duet of Duke Ellington's *Heaven*, the only non-Newton composition performed. The flutist's ability to bend his leading tones in a bluesy fashion brings to mind similar phrasings by Johnny Hodges, but the difference in instrumental timbre adds unexpected freshness. Even though they don't appear on this track, the unsung heroes of this recording are cellist Wadud, whose pizzicato work often fulfills the functions of a bass but whose added mobility and texturally-conceived chordings thicken the plot, and drummer Wilson, who as always provides momentum with discretion, like a machinegun with a muffler.

—art lange

LUCKY THOMPSON

BODY & SOUL—Nessa N 13: *Blue N Boogie*; *Spanish Rails*; *What's New*; *Soul's Nite Out*; *The World Awakes*; *When Sunny Gets Blue*; *Body And Soul*; *Spanyola*; *I Got It Bad*; *Soul Carnival*.

Personnel: Lucky Thompson, tenor and soprano sax; Tete Montoliu, piano; Eric Peter, bass; Peer Wyboris, drums.

★ ★ ★

On soprano, which Lucky Thompson plays on six of the ten tracks here, his sound is dry and contemporary, betraying emotion in careful dynamics rather than big tone or broad vibrato. His tenor is gentle as peach fuzz, even when bounding smoothly over fast tempos like *Blue N Boogie* and *Soul Carnival*, where his precise articulation calls to mind Sal Nistico or Lockjaw Davis. His sense of swing is intense but without the sense of drama those two tenors usually manage to conjure. This is not to take anything away from Thompson, though, since it is a legitimate aspect of his style.

Yet for all the skill and excellent design he exhibits here, the result is somehow less impressive

than its individual parts. There is a routine quality about the playing, its relaxed fluency and craftsmanship notwithstanding. Worse still, there is downright carelessness about the production. Five of the cuts (*Spanish*, *Nite Out*, *World*, *Sunny*, *Carnival*) are faded out in the middle of the leader's work, a trick that is an uncreative cop out at best and frankly destructive at worst. In the case of *Carnival*, we are cut off in the middle of some his most powerful playing on the album. This was a complaint I had about a Groove Merchant LP of Lucky's I reviewed five years ago, so perhaps the responsibility is Thompson's own. If so, he should make an effort to resolve his playing rather than leave it hanging in limbo.

—mcdonough

VILLAGE PEOPLE

GO WEST—Casablanca NBLP 7149: *In The Navy*; *Go West*; *Citizens Of The World*; *I Wanna Shake Your Hand*; *Get Away Holiday*; *Manhattan Woman*.

Personnel: Victor Willis, lead vocals; Alex Briley, Randy Jones, David "Scar" Hodo, Felipe Rose, Glenn Hughes, vocals; Russell Dabney, drums; Alfonso Carey, bass; Jimmy "Nails" Lee, lead guitar; Rodger Lee, rhythm guitar; Tom Polite, piano; Nathaniel "Crocket" Wilkie, electric keyboards; Richard Trifan, synthesizers; E. "Crusher" Bennett, percussion.

★ ★ ★

With 12 million copies of the single *Y.M.C.A.* on the books and an international media blitz in high gear, *Go West* has already shipped double-platinum (2 million copies) in its initial run. Producer Jacques Morali has struck a nerve by supplying disco with a face, in this case a chorus line of all-American he-male stereotypes. The response has been so broad that the original concept of a gay showpiece band has been jettisoned and the group has been at pains to straighten up its image. In a crowning touch of irony, the Navy filmed the Village People lip synching their tongue-in-cheek *In The Navy* on the decks of the U.S.S. Reasoner for a recruitment ad, only to develop cold feet over their ambiguous sexuality.

Indeed the People are a natural for the military—disco may be the march music of the future, with troops boogeying off to battle to the strains of the goose-step hustle. Over an elephantine beat and the strident baritone chorus, vocalist Victor Willis belts out a series of relentlessly upbeat exhortations to the zombified minions of the "now generation." Escapism is the message—just join the Navy, *Go West*, or take a *Get Away Holiday*, and life will be free and easy.

It's all a goof, of course, but goofing is big business these days, and the group's previous gay-oriented material is conspicuously absent. It's easy enough to dismiss this music or condemn its mindless bravado, but the tunes are undeniably catchy, the lyrics ineluctably funny, and all told it's far more entertaining than the average disco droner. I mean, can 12 million clones be all wrong?

—birnbaum

HERBIE HANCOCK

FEETS DON'T FAIL ME NOW—Columbia JC 35764: *You Bet Your Love*; *Trust Me*; *Ready Or Not*; *Tell Everybody*; *Honey From The Jar*; *Knee Deep*.

Personnel: Hancock, lead and background vocals, all keyboards; James Gadson, drums; Eddie Watkins, bass; Ray Obiedo, guitar; Bill Summers, percussion; Julia Tillman Waters, Maxine Willard Waters, Oren Waters, Luther Waters, background vocals; James Levi, drums (cuts 2, 6); Ray Parker, Jr., guitar and drums (3); Coke Escovedo, timbales (3); Sheila Escovedo, congas (3); Freddie Washington, bass (6); Wah Wah Watson, guitar (6); Bennie Maupin, soprano sax (6).

★ ★ ½

Don't sit down and try to listen to this album. For one thing, it's good dance music and begs you to move to it. For another, there is not much on the album that demands concentrated listening. Just get up and dance mindlessly.

The title has an air of desperation about it, as if Herbie's "feets" are the only part of his body that haven't failed him. Certainly his voice has. Herbie Hancock is no Stevie Wonder but seems determined to sing anyway. And so, on five out of six of the cuts, Herbie makes use of his newest toy, a vocal synthesizer. It sounds terrible. The lyrics—for what they're worth, which isn't much—are nearly as garbled as they would be if Herbie had no tongue. He sounds like a singing computer.

Herbie is best known for his fingers, not his feet or his voice. Sadly, his fingers don't get much room to show off here. Most of his keyboard work is devoted to riffs, synthesized strings and so on. He takes a few short solos, nothing mindblowing but good enough to make you wish for more.

The tunes vary in quality. *You Bet Your Love* has a happy melody (if only the lyrics were in Greek), while *Ready Or Not* is disco junk. The pretty *Trust Me* has more integrity than most current pop ballads. *Honey From The Jar* is a slow grind of a tune which has no other purpose, musical or lyrical, than to be sexy. Even then it doesn't work well.

I don't understand Herbie's obsession with total control, which is the advantage of synthesizers. He has written some good riffs and has programmed them to sound like trumpets or saxes. Wouldn't it be hipper to use real horn players? If he wants a vocalist, he should hire one. There is no substitute for reality.

—clark

NORTH TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY LAB BAND

LAB 78—NTSU Jazz: *Elf*; *Opalescence*; *Ethos/Pathos*; *Ritual*; *Song Of Iska*; *Rackafacker*.

Personnel: Leon Breeden, director; Steve Duke, Charlie Young, Steve Spencer, Bob Belden, Roger Holmes, saxes; Will Miller, Larry Spencer, Tom Delibero, Mike Steinel, Jim Powell, trumpets; Keith Adkins, James Cann, David Butler, Bill Franklin, Steve Thomas, trombones; Bob Snook, piano; George Anderson, bass; Gene Glover, drums; James Chirillo, guitar; Robert Landis, Rusty Wells, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

North Texas State has long boasted the nation's top college big band; their lustrous performance here can only lend further credence to that reputation. Indeed the glowing professionalism with which they execute these rich, multi-layered charts would do credit to many a name-brand outfit. Ensemble work is their forte, and in the absence of truly striking soloists the real hero of the session is the arranger(s), unfortunately not specifically credited. Owing to the influx of Kenton alumni into the ranks of academe, the predominant influence at N.T.S.U., as elsewhere, is the ineluctable Mr. K., at times virtually to the point of plagiarism. Still, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and Kenton himself might envy these buttery voicings, delicate shadings, intricate harmonies, and subtle dynamics, polished to a well-rehearsed perfection by director Leon Breeden.

Sonorous horns and strong rhythmic punctuation mark Steve Owen's *Elf*, with vivid section work overshadowing tepid solo interludes. Roger Holmes' *Opalescence* is, as the name implies, a luminous pastel piece shimmering with lovely tints and lush orchestral effects. Bob Belden takes a page straight from the Kenton book for his spirited *Ethos/Pathos*, complete with screeching brass. Stan meets Leonard Bernstein on Belden's *Ritual*, which combines mock-Brazilian percussion with jumpy fanfares out of *West Side Story*. Belden's final composition, *Song Of Iska*, features his own Getzish tenor in a progressive matrix of cool night colors and Stravinskian harmonies. *Rackafacker*, by Dave Robertson, closes the set on its most traditional note with a bluesy swing chart that is simply too conventional to arouse much excitement.

—birnbaum

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OLIVER NELSON

STOLEN MOMENTS—Inner City IC-6008: *Stolen Moments; St. Thomas; Three Seconds; Mission Accomplished; Midnight Blue; Yearnin'; Straight, No Chaser.*

Personnel: Nelson, alto sax, composer and arranger; Bobby Bryant, trumpet, flugelhorn; Jerome Richardson, soprano sax, flute, piccolo; Buddy Collette, tenor sax, flute; Bobby Bryant Jr., tenor sax, flute; Jack Nimitz, baritone sax; Mike Wofford, piano, electric piano; Chuck Domanico, electric bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

If Oliver Nelson had not been quite as flexible a musician as he was, his reputation as a jazz saxophonist would be that much more secure today. But the truth is that Nelson's success as a TV and film composer far outshines in public memory his sporadic triumphs as an improvising jazzman.

It is also true that the saxophonist keenly felt the need to play, and would do so whenever his tight writing schedule would permit. Sadly, this was not often. Contrary to uninformed expectations, though, when he did play, he played very well indeed. Like Benny Carter, one of his long-time inspirations, Nelson was able to maintain an unimpeded control of his instrument, and this despite the many contiguous claims on his time. Not so surprisingly after all, the frustration that goes with being a widely employed, highly paid film composer, constantly in a rush against deadlines, seemed to only feed his urge to play. Rather than allow his first love, the horn, to simply fade away into the past (as have other ex-jazzmen composers), Nelson continued to play and write jazz to the end. The present session was recorded March 6, 1975, a scant eight months before his death.

Besides Nelson, the only other heavily featured soloist is trumpeter Bobby Bryant, whose full toned, expressive horn is heard to advantage throughout. Richardson has a piccolo spot on *St. Thomas*, and occasionally one hears from Wofford, but, for the most part, this is a showcase for Nelson the soloist and arranger.

In his writing, he makes judicious use of dissonance. Whether in close or wide clusters, the effect is to broaden the sound of what is, in essence, only one trumpet and five saxes. By voicing the brass horn within the saxophone spread, he achieves a color that in other hands might be considered Ellingtonian. In his, it is typically Nelsonian.

The primary emphasis here is on the blues, both minor and major, and even the modal *Mission* is not completely devoid of this feeling. Nelson's own playing has always deserved much more attention than it received. His sound is a singing one, richly expressive and well rounded. And while his ideas find their origin in mainstream swing/bop, few can accuse him of standing still. Despite the way he earned his living, Nelson's ears were always open; if he does not echo the anthems of the '70s, it is most likely because they failed to meet his needs. Would that his gifts were not so fulsomely exploited elsewhere. Jazz could have used more of him.

—jack sohmer

CEDAR WALTON

ANIMATION—Columbia JC 35572: *Animation; Jacob's Ladder; Charmed Circle; Another Star; Precious Mountain; March Of The Fishman; If It Could Happen; Ala Eduardo.*

Personnel: Walton, acoustic and electric piano; Bob Berg, tenor sax; Steve Turre, trombone, bass trombone; Tony Dumas, Blitz bass, electric bass; Buddy Williams, drums, tracks 2, 5-8; Al Foster, drums other tracks; Paulinho da Costa, percussion.

Walton, you may recall, was the first man to record *Giant Steps* with Coltrane. He took McCoy Tyner's place with the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet, worked with Freddie Hubbard in an early J. J. Johnson sextet that featured Elvin Jones on

drums, and was an integral part of Art Blakey's Messengers. He has led his own bands for over ten years. Those kinds of dues tell you that the man has been close to the center, to the source.

Well, he's close again. *Animation* is Walton's new venture into the world of contemporary music. It's an extra-bases smash that contains many excellent moments and some very fertile ideas not often heard in crossover albums.

The compositions are intelligent and interesting. The usual cul-de-sacs of today's music, like dry, repeated riffs, are happily avoided or cleverly disguised. This music is, in many places, filled with a new spirit and freshness not heard in the best jazz. Walton has taken small groups of motifs and woven them into blankets of color and imagination. This color is rhythmically powerful, with roots deep into the jazz tradition of swing and drive.

There are drawbacks. The sound of the bass and drums is often unbearably muddled. Some of the tunes, especially the title track, are over-arranged and busy. There is a sameness of timbre, with the use of the tenor-trombone front line; and tempo, with no ballads or up-tempo tunes.

But the positive instances far outweigh the negative. On *Ladder* and *Mountain*, Walton's writing is startling and ingenuous, the horns balanced excitingly against the rhythm, making this six-piece ensemble sound like a big band, with virtually no overdubs. The melodies of *If, Ladder* and *Fishman* are enchanting and the lines alone withstand repeated playings.

Then we have the musicians. Walton has long been a giant of the keyboards and his solos, even in straight rock time, are superb: cleanly delivered with probing, jabbing ideas, placed over thunderous left hand chords. He is best on acoustic; the electric sound varies from tiny and bell-like on *Star* to fat and sassy on *If*. Dumas and Berg are part of Walton's traveling band and they speak with elan. Berg is a disciple of Coltrane with a light, bright sound and a sharp attack. He never plays lazily without purpose. Dumas' solo on *If* shows an improviser of concern and persuasion, lending us his thoughts in well-ordered phrases. Unfortunately, trombone whiz Turre is heard only in the ensemble; his solos would have added extra depth to this date.

Walton has been experimenting with bridging the contemporary-traditional gap for a number of years, both on record and in person, and *Animation* is a concrete step towards actualization of those new ideas. It is a novel approach to jazz-with-rock-feeling and, despite its flaws, a substantial success. With time, the pianist-composer may devise a totally new and pleasing way to present contemporary music that even pure boppers can take a listen to, and dig.

—zan stewart

BILL HARDMAN

HOME—Muse MR5152: *Samba de Brilho; Once I Loved; My Pen Is Hot; Rancho Cevarro; I Remember Love.*

Personnel: Hardman, trumpet, flugelhorn; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Slide Hampton, trombone; Chin Suzuki, bass; Mickey Tucker, piano; Victor Jones, drums; Lawrence Killian, percussion.

*** 1/2

This, Bill Hardman's first release as a leader in 20 years, makes his involuntary absence all the more painful. But if Hardman must get great pleasure out of running his show again, a listener is equally grateful for the no-nonsense results.

Rather than hoard the spotlight, though, Hardman gives ample time for stellar sidemen to shine. *Home* is a homecoming for Midwest-bred hard boppers Hardman, tenor saxist Junior Cook and trombonist Slide Hampton. They, in turn, put out a welcome mat for exhilarating second generation

players Victor Jones, drums, Mickey Tucker, piano, and Chin Suzuki, bass.

Cook impresses most with his solo work, bending and undulating a melody, lengthening initial notes and then launching into compacted runs which never surrender musical diction.

But with Hardman's egalitarian ways, ensemble playing on *Home* outdistances even its superb parts. *Rancho Cevalro*, one of two Tucker compositions on the album, is exemplary. Tucker's piano prologue leads into wistful harmonizing by the entire group and finally a type of muted grandeur, with the three hornmen tensely simmering above the keyboards.

Side one amounts to a mini-course on Latinized jazz. A tropical tempest of a percussion introduction rouses *Samba de Brilho*, also marked by Hardman's steady, slurring solo. Antonio Carlos Jobim's standard *Once I Loved* gets a straightahead boppy reading, underpinned nicely by Suzuki's walking bass.

Hardman saves his own blatant vehicle for last, closing the album with Tadd Dameron's *I Remember Love*. He seems determined to deliver the song from its relative obscurity. He holds every note like the memory itself, with Tucker's piano and Jones' brushes fluttering below. Even Hardman's segué into an assertive syncopation loses none of the continuity; his solos are as fitful and moving as choked-off tears.

What this excellent album makes one remembers most is that the loss of Hardman from leadership for 20 years was far too long. —sam freedman

ART BEARS

HOPES AND FEARS—Random Radar Records RRR 0004: *On Suicide: The Dividing Line; Joan; Maze; In Two Minds; Terrain; The Tube; The Dance; The Pirate Song; Labyrinth; Riddle; Moeris; Dancing; Piers*.

Personnel: Fred Frith, guitars, violin, viola, piano, harmonium, xylophone, bass (cuts 6, 7); Chris Cutler, drums, electric drums, percussions, noise; Dagmar Krause, singing; Lindsay Cooper, bassoon, oboe, soprano sax, recorder; Tim Hodgkinson, organ, clarinet, piano (9); Georgie Born, bass, cello, voice (4).

Henry Cow, from their origin at Cambridge University in 1968 to their present uncertain status, defied all attempts to sanitize, commercialize, and categorize their electric group music. *Hopes and Fears* is credited to the Art Bears—Cow founders Fred Frith and Chris Cutler and ex-Slapp Happy Dagmar Krause—although all members of the parent band appear for the latest discourse on history, mythology, belles lettres, and other subjects dear to Western man.

Hopes And Fears is the psychological battle of emotional states set to the Bears' iconoclastic investigations of European free form, classical, and rock music. *On Suicide*, the Brecht/Eisler piece, receives an eerie reading by Krause that rivals Lotte Lenya's most emotive Brecht interpretations. *In Two Minds*, which matches the frenzied energy of the early Who chord for chord, is the doleful sage of an alienated girl; likewise, three songs—*The Dividing Line*, *Maze*, and *Riddle*—are underlined by a vacillating, angular theme (carried by organ, or viola and recorder) that contributes to the melancholic mood. Conversely, the resplendent instrument timbres, the back cover art, and *Piers* assert optimism. *Piers*, the album's last track, ends: "When all treasures are tried/TRUTH IS BEST."

The Art Bears are concerned with music that reflects their personal attitudes and lifestyle; they, like Sun Ra and Carla Bley, are free of the doctrines and whims of the music industry and remain totally responsible for their recorded efforts. The music business and listening public must meet them on their own terms.

Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Weill, Michael Tip-

pett, Derek Bailey, Zappa, and traditional British folk are all echoed on *Hopes And Fears*. The self consciousness—the political banalities, the thrasonical acquaintance with Stravinsky's neoclassicism, and the metaphysical baggage—has been curbed and the record, like Henry Cow's *Unrest*, is a staggeringly literate, uncompromising and entertaining work. —frank-john hadley

STEVEN HALPERN

SPECTRUM SUITE—Spectrum Research Institute SRI 770: *Spectrum Suite; Be-muse-ment; Trans-Pan Dance; Rainbow Raga*.

Personnel: Halpern, electric piano, organ, guitars, lasos, electric flute.

★ ★ ★ ★
ZODIAC SUITE—SRI 771: *Zodiac Suite; Blues For Arcurus; Sky Boat Theme; Moonrise Over Orion; The Heard Eye*.

Personnel: Halpern, electric piano, grand piano, vocal; Tony Selvage, electric violin; Schawkie Roth, alto and bamboo flute, zither; S. Barrett Williams, ARP 2600; Richard Scotti, wind chimes, bells.

★ ★ ★ ★
STARBORN SUITE—SRI 780: *Starborn Suite; Acknowledgement; Findhorn Sanctuary; Resolution*.

Personnel: Halpern, electric piano, polyphonic string ensemble, grand piano.

★ ★ ★ ★
ANCIENT ECHOES—SRI 783-H: *Ancient Echoes; Apollo's Lyre; From Eleusis; Szygy; Sand Dance; Dharma Duet (Parts one and two); Crotona; Cairo Practice; Blue Nile; Ancient Echoes*.

Personnel: Halpern, acoustic and electric piano; flute, vocal; Georgia Kelly, harp.

★ ★ ★ ★

DO'A

LIGHT UPON LIGHT—Philo PH 1056: *Spirit Flow; Kalimba; Flight; Majesty; Light Upon Light; Declaration; Meditation; Celebration For World Peace*.

Personnel: Randy Armstrong, acoustic, electric and classical guitars, sitar, mandolin, harp, vibes, assorted percussion; Ken LaRoche, concert, alto, ceramic and bamboo flutes, recorders, piccolo, piano, assorted small wind and percussion instruments.

★ ★

At its truest core, all but the most opportunistically calculated music can be considered spiritual. During the divine process of creation, wherein unseen forces work to make new connections, there has been reported a concomitant loss of self—a merging, if you will, into something vast and universal. Usually the results of this creative spark manifest themselves as something more earthly and tangible, however, and the final product has as little to do with Godhead as Led Zepelin has swing.

Some musics, though, deal more overtly with spiritual themes and ideals: the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Alice Coltrane, John Coltrane's *Love Supreme*, and some of Carlos Santana's higher-reaching projects come immediately to mind.

Taking it one step further we find Steven Halpern, who uses sound to display these clearer dimensions. Composer/keyboardist Halpern is the director of the Spectrum Research Institute in Palo Alto, Ca., whose studies center around the healing potentialities of sound. He calls his three "Soundscape" Suites "Anti-Frantic Alternatives" to the "noise pollution and stress-producing sounds that permeate our sonic environment." Halpern posits that certain tones and combinations of resonances can help the body "get in tune with itself, both physically and psychologically."

A heavily vibrato'd electric piano provides the main source for the shimmering, brilliant tones that enliven these works, aided variously by flutes, guitars, harp, bells, wind chimes, and other keyboards. The resolutely tonal themes are simple, yet somehow soothing, subtle, glowing. They develop very slowly and deliberately, and while nowhere near as complex rhythmically nor as finely detailed as the works of Glass, Reich or Riley, cer-

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tain comparisons can be made. Oriental themes emerge occasionally—listen to *Trans-Pan Dance* and *Rainbow Raga* on *Spectrum Suite*, for example—and on tunes like *Blues For Arcturus* (from *Zodiac Suite*) we find It's A Beautiful Day! Spirit type psychedelia with which sensibilities Riley was certainly familiar.

But while Reich and Glass seem concerned with a pulse, from whose incessance emerges almost subliminal capillaries of rhythmic, melodic and harmonic nuance, Halpern deals with the spaces between the sound with a more celestial lightness. Both Reich, Glass and Halpern caress and paint textural landscapes, but Halpern's is a gentler touch, with the brush of fingertips (listen to the harp/electric piano duets on *Ancient Echoes*), while the former composers utilize the palms' edge in a swiftly dancing escapade.

And yet a critical evaluation of Halpern's work in purely musical terms seems rather out of place and antithetical to the spirit with which it was designed; the four stars above are given somewhat arbitrarily. The more cogent consideration here is: does it work? Halpern's is a truly "holistic" outlook, wherein he makes connections of universal scope. *Spectrum Suite* itself relates the seven tones of a musical octave with the seven colors of the rainbow, and with what he describes as the "seven etheric energy centers (chakras) in our bodies;" the *Zodiac Suite* connects the 12 tone scale with the 12 signs of the zodiac to aid in a "visualization/meditation;" his *Starborn Suite* seeks to "reconnect us with our celestial origins;" and *Ancient Echoes* can "help the listener to . . . create a resonance with 'Ancient Echoes'—recreating 'Unrecorded Events.'"

There is no doubt that Halpern's creations have a soothing, relaxing effect on the listener, transporting one to a mountaintop of eternal springtime. I can't truthfully say, though, that any of *Spectrum's* particular "keynotes" activated any corresponding chakras or helped me visualize any particular spectral hues. I didn't feel any special affinity for my astrological keynote (Taurus/C#) in *Zodiac Suite*, nor did any past lives—celestial or prehistoric—resurface during my listenings to *Starborn Suite* or *Ancient Echoes*. But the clarity of Halpern's purpose and its mystical workings do energize the mind's eye, allowing the listener, if only momentarily, to untangle the mess we call the day-to-day.

SRI's address is PO Box 720, Palo Alto, California.

Do'a, two multi-instrumentalists from New Hampshire, also claims theirs is "Earthly Music in Harmony with the Celestial Melody." Ken LaRoche and Randy Armstrong play a compendium of electric and acoustic Western and Third World instruments, hoping to reflect "the Unity of the Family of Man." By their own telling they "merge classical, jazz, folk and worldwide musical influences," but the problem is that the result is a kind of watered down, John Denver-meets-Seals and Crofts-down-by-the-temple-yard.

There's no doubt that Do'a has adequate command of their main instruments—guitars for Armstrong, the flute family for LaRoche—but the tunes, despite their varied instrumentation, just seem to lead one to the next without anything really standing out. Much of this is rather simplistic scale music, or playful melodies that don't show much development. It's all pleasant enough, but the eclectic approach—capable elsewhere of producing startling and unpredictable musics—here diffuses the sound, and makes for (too) easy listening. Spiritual intent, in and of itself, never guarantees justifiable art.

Philo Records' address: c/o The Barn, N. Ferrisburg, Vermont 05473. —zipkin

BILLIE HOLIDAY

ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL—Verve 2-2529: *A Fine Romance; Isn't This A Lovely Day; Everything I Have Is Yours; What's New; I Get A Kick Out Of You; I Hadn't Anyone Till You; Trav'lin' Light; I Must Have That Man; Some Other Spring; Strange Fruit; No Good Man; Lady Sings The Blues; God Bless The Child; Good Morning Heartache; Cheek To Cheek; Ill Wind; Speak Low; Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me; Sophisticated Lady; All Or Nothing At All; April In Paris; We'll Be Together Again.*

Personnel: Holiday, vocals; cuts 1-6: Harry Edison, trumpet; Benny Carter, tenor, alto saxes; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; John Simmons, bass; Larry Bunker, drums; 7-14: Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Tony Scott, clarinet; Paul Quinichette, tenor sax; Wynton Kelly, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Aaron Bell, bass; Lennie McBrowne, drums; 15-22: Edison; Rowles; Kessel; Ben Webster, tenor sax; Joe Mondragon, bass; Alvin Stoller, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BEN WEBSTER

BALLADS—Verve 2-2530: *Chelsea Bridge; Love Is Here To Stay; It Happens To Be Me; All Too Soon; Willow Weep For Me; Prelude To A Kiss; Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me; My Greatest Mistake; There Is No Greater Love; Blue Moon; What Am I Here For; We'll Be Together Again; Early Autumn; Until Tonight; Teach Me Tonight; My Funny Valentine; You're Mine You; Love's Away; Sophisticated Lady.*

Personnel: Webster, tenor sax; string-woodwind orchestra: Billy Strayhorn (1), Ralph Burns (2-16), arrangers; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet (8); 1-4: Strayhorn, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Louis Bellson, drums; 5-8: Teddy Wilson, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Bellson; 9-16: Hank Jones, piano; Chet Amsterdam, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; 17-20: Wilson; Ray Brown, bass; Jo Jones, drums; no strings.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ROY ELDRIDGE

DALE'S WAIL—Verve 2-2531: *Little Jazz; Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams; Roy's Riff; Rockin' Chair; Love For Sale; The Man I Love; Oscar's Arrangement; Dale's Wail; Somebody Loves Me; Willow Weep For Me; I Can't Get Started; When It's Sleepy Time Down South; Don't Blame Me; Feeling A Draft; Echoes Of Harlem; When Your Lover Has Gone; Blue Moon; Stormy Weather; Sweethearts On Parade; A Foggy Day; If I Had You; I Only Have Eyes For You; Sweet Georgia Brown; The Song Is Ended.*

Personnel: Eldridge, trumpet, Oscar Peterson, organ (1-8), piano; Ray Brown, bass; Barney Kessel (1-8), Herb Ellis (9-24), guitar; J. C. Heard (1-4), Jo Jones (5-8), Alvin Stoller (9-16), Buddy Rich (17-24), drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Is jazz really the art of the young, as Hodier and others claim? Here are three two-fers from the '50s to show otherwise. Though well past their glory years, each artist was in his/her creative prime—indeed, Eldridge isn't letting down even in 1979. The experience of continual performing brought self-awareness to their musics; their expressive dimensions in particular acquired depth and immediacy.

The expansion of Eldridge's trumpet sonority, for instance, made all the difference in the world. Nowadays we think of its pleasing dry character, its frequent catches, hoarseness and growls, as the most distinctive features of a style both original and uncommonly eclectic. The most bravura passages, as in *Rocking Chair* and *Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams*, echo rather than ring; muted or open, his horn's inflections impress his character on his lines. I think this is important. Cootie Williams and Red Allen were visionaries; Eldridge, the third great trumpeter of their generation, was and is an emotional player, and the growth of his skill with dynamics finally unified the often disparate elements of his soloing.

You could hardly wish for a more complete portrait of an artist than this album. There's a typical almost-bop solo (*The Song Is Ended*), a flamboyant tribute to 1930 Armstrong (*Sweethearts On Parade*), some rewarding riff-and-ride works (the

four structurally isolated choruses of *Feeling A Draft*), and just plain superbly skillful playing (*Foggy Day*). The side with organ never touches the ground, beginning with an incendiary *Little Jazz* and culminating in the thoroughly moving *Man I Love* and the thrilling *Dale's Wail*, a near masterpiece. There's also a courageous attempt at *Echoes Of Harlem*, that classic Cootie Williams tightrope act, and in the stringing of licks we hear both Eldridge's weakness and the core of his integrity.

For the structure of *Echoes*, with its long opening ostinato, doesn't lend itself to a style as classically conceived as Eldridge's, and after that we begin to hear how, in more conventional songs, weak or cliched or out-of-place phrases disrupt marvelous conceptions. *Stormy Weather*, for example, never settles on an emotional location, and it hurts to hear the letdown after the climax of tension in *Blue Moon*. In the dates after the terrific side one, Eldridge constructs incomplete solos: the creation of dramatic lines and beautiful phrases are of far more moment to him. But the woods are full of structurally perfect musical works: hear the Top Ten trivia of any year you wish. Eldridge celebrates the spirit of musical adventure, and these '52-'54 works—incidentally, no other horns, and just four Peterson solos—comprise an exciting journey.

The lyrics to *A Fine Romance* are superbly sarcastic, and Billie Holiday sings them with startling relish. But her sarcasm carries over to *What's New*, which she turns into a nasty accusation. Her *All Or Nothing At All* is delightfully carnal, and the vocal grit in her chorus after the guitar solo makes this an adults only work. What a wonderful *April In Paris* lilt in "Who can I run to?," and what a finely turned mix of tenderness and sadness in *We'll Be Together Again*. *Sophisticated Lady* has a priceless bridge: she sings the "smoking, drinking, never thinking" admonition with blatant hypocritical desire. And on the contrary, the disillusion that turns to hopelessness in *Everything I Have Is Yours* is powerful. Much of one session is given to remakes of earlier hits; her swing, her command of rhythm, and something like joy in her creative prowess result in a wholehearted engagement with the songs per se rather than with their sentiments. And compare the urgent, dark Herbie Nichols' *Lady Sings The Blues* to this laid-back, resigned vocal for a most revealing test of the vastness of her imagination.

Unquestionably, Billie Holiday's was one of the most brilliant minds in jazz, and by these '55-'56 dates, her sensitivity and dramatic depth were as highly developed as her swing and improvising spontaneity. Her narrow range, occasional hoarseness, and imperfect intonation proved valuable devices, so that in every song her quick ear ideally serves her emotional command. In *Cheek To Cheek*, there's danger in the way she anticipates the beat, danger in her melodic revision, danger in her vocally strained notes: it's a very daring work that doesn't seem so because she casts a rhythmic spell from the very first syllable. Surprisingly, there are still some academics who agonize over this period in Billie Holiday's career. For the rest of humanity, her great heart and creativity compel us in every song.

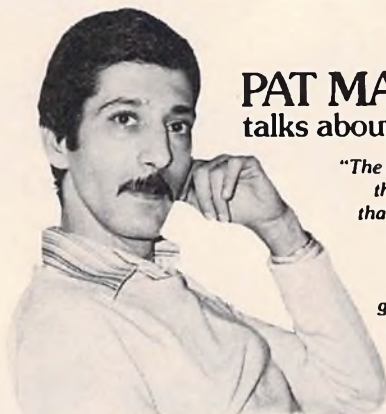
There are good little solos and backgrounds by the likes of Benny Carter, Charlie Shavers, Harry Edison (uncredited in the 1956 session), Paul Quinichette, and Barney Kessel. Next to Billie Holiday, they all seem lightweight, but in four solos Ben Webster proves her equal, and his counter-melodies in *Cheek* and *All Or Nothing* (which is Prez-like) are fine additions. If Holiday's attack is iron-fist-in-velvet-glove, Webster's is also: hear the beauty of his final *III Wind* strain,

with that last drawn out note, and especially his magnificent *Do Nothing* solo. There are similarly fine solos on his own album, including a breathtaking *You're Mine You*, and two separated *We'll Be Together Again* choruses, his pared line in the first, his perfectly tongued notes in the second. Webster's melodism makes the best of his solos here into perfectly formed, flowing, long lines; usually, the original themes disappear into the superior Webster phrasing, and the songs are simply but irrevocably enhanced.

No question about it, this is a make-out album. Ralph Burns' hack scores tend to be imaginative only in incompetent moments, such as the chart that disrupts Webster's fine *Willow Weep* solo, or the repressive *What Am I Here For*. But it's suburban "lush strings" and Webster's ravishing slurs, his sustained warmth and vulnerability, his

dynamic depths (low breathy tones) and heights (songbird-like high notes floating over the beat) create authentic appeal amidst the orchestral effluvia. There's almost none of the big vibrato, tough and grainy sounds, trills, or other examples of Webster's power. But the purity of his melodism and his great care for note enunciation were at their peak by these '54-'55 sessions; that is recommendation enough.

Finally, Bob Blumenthal's liner notes to the Webster set are so excellent that I had eyestrain for several days after I read them. If these smartass art directors at Verve and Savoy are so damned insistent on their stinking lousy dark record jackets, why in hell don't they enclose the program notes, printed in black and white as God intended, on separate sheets *inside the frigging sleeves?* —litweiler



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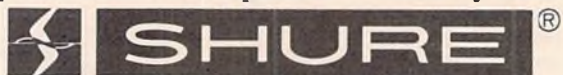
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BLINDFOLD TEST



MONGO SANTAMARIA

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Ramon (Mongo) Santamaria is one of those rare musicians who can trace his Afro-Cuban roots back to their source: his grandfather came to Cuba directly from Africa.

Born in Havana in 1922, Mongo was raised in the city's Jesus Maria district, where he was exposed to those Afro-Cuban rhythms. After studying violin he switched to drums and percussion, and by the mid 1940s was well established locally as a bongo and conga expert.

After three years of international touring with Perez Prado's orchestra, Mongo worked in the U.S. with Tito Puente for seven years, with Cal Tjader for three, and formed his own group in 1961.

Santamaria names Chano Pozo, the legendary percussionist of Dizzy Gillespie's 1948 band, as his principal inspiration. A pioneer jazz-Latin fusionist since he had his first hit with Herbie Hancock's *Watermelon Man*, Mongo recorded a new version of the tune for his recent *Red Hot* album on Columbia.

This was his first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.

1. WILLIE BOBO. *Pisces* (from *Hell Of An Act To Follow*, Columbia). Bobby Lyle, composer, keyboards; Victor Pantoja, conga.

I don't know who he can be; the sound of the conga drum is similar to Armando Peraza. I like that arrangement. I don't really know whose band it is, except that Armando played with Santana. I don't know if he has any recordings lately.

I like the sound very much; I like everything. It sounds a bit like my old style. I thought the solos were very nice, not too way out. This is the same thing I've been doing for years—the Latin bongos with the influence of jazz. Everybody has been trying to do Latin jazz, and I've been doing it for many years. I remember when it was being done by Dizzy Gillespie and Chano Pozo. Then Machito used to record with Charlie Parker . . . Chico O'Farrill, the arranger . . . Candido.

Then I came . . . and first, I remember, I had a typical Cuban band with violins—called in Cuba: charanga. Then I switched to Latin jazz, and we started to play the type of music that you just played for me with different artists. Even in the beginning with Chick Corea. Then Hubert Laws, who was about four years and a half in the band. And right now, the type of music in my latest album, which is a combination of what's happening today—the disco scene and the singing. I'll give that four stars.

(Later: Willie Bobo? Willie worked with me together in a band with Tito Puente, and then we joined Cal Tjader, then I started my band and Willie was with me for not too long, then he started his own group.)

2. IRAKERE. *Aguanile* (from *Irakere*, Columbia). Chucho Valdes, piano, composer.

I know that . . . it's Irakere . . . very good friends of mine . . . we met in Cuba. A couple of years ago my mother died and I went to Cuba. The trumpet player came to the hotel and called my room and said "I want to play for you here tonight." He was playing with a group. I told them I was here for my mother's funeral, but he said, "While you are here you're going to listen to musicians here in Cuba playing jazz,

since you've been in the United States for so many years."

So the trumpet player, Arturo Sandoval, and also sax player Paquito D'Rivera, they played for me, made a tape. Also I know Chucho Valdes, the piano player, because I used to play with his father in Cuba.

When they came to New York, right away they called me. I was at the concert they did at Newport and at Carnegie Hall. So I'm very familiar with their music. As for this record, I love what they're doing because they have progressed; they tried to create something, and the people supplied it here, because they were playing the same music that was in Cuba 50 years ago, and now they have some new ideas. Things have changed. You can't keep thinking about what was played 50 years ago and call yourself any kind of name.

This is a bunch of young musicians who love to play jazz, and with the combination with the African thing, they created some beautiful sounds. I'll rate that five.

3. DUKE ELLINGTON. *Chico Quadrado* (from *Latin American Suite*, Fantasy). Buster Cooper, trombone; Duke and Mercer Ellington, composers.

I can't place who it might be, but it's a beautiful band. It reminded me of the big band era. The arrangement was pretty imaginative. I can't say it had an authentic Latin feeling, but overall it had a fine sound.

The tenor sax I didn't pay that much attention to, but I was really impressed with the trombonist. I didn't recognize him, or the piano player, or the orchestra. Could it possibly be Willie Bobo? Chick Corea?

Actually, it sounded to me more like a jazz feeling. It's too bad that there aren't so many big bands any more—you just hear mostly small combos. Four stars.

LF: This is a band you are familiar with, I'm sure.
MS: Could it be Duke Ellington? Yes? Well, I'm surprised. I am a good friend of Mercer Ellington. When he had a radio program in New York he interviewed me a couple of times.

4. PAULINHO DA COSTA. *Belisco* (from *Agora*, Pablo). E. Bulling, composer; Steve Huffsteter, trumpet, arranger; Da Costa, percussion; Octavio Bailly Jr., bass.

I liked, but I have no idea who it can be. Sounded like an authentic group. The way the guy played the percussion sounded to me like Latin. Could be a Brazilian group, which is completely different from a Cuban type rhythm thing—they have a tendency to go into the samba, of course. We play the basic rhythm which is completely different from what is being played on this particular record.

I thought the composition and the arrangement was very nice . . . the bass solo was nice. I give it three stars.

5. HERBIE HANCOCK. *Cantaloupe Island* (from *Secrets*, Columbia). Hancock, composer, keyboards.

I don't know who it can be, but I think it is too monotonous and repetitive, and nothing happening. They have one riff . . . blues type thing, but never attempted to develop any climax. I'd give it two stars.

6. FLORA PURIM. *Five Four* (from *Every Day, Every Night*, Warner Bros.). Michel Colombier, composer; Purim, lead vocal; Airtro, vocal and percussion.

That sounds to me like a Brazilian group—Airtro and Flora Purim. I like it. The rhythm of the tune is unusual; I hear the way they play the drum, completely different. And I love her voice. I rate it about four.

That tune was played in 5/4. I don't do that much; we have a song in our new album in which we play something similar. It was arranged by Jay Chattaway. He went to Cuba for a couple of weeks, came back and wrote *Afro-Cuban Fantasy*.

I've known Airtro for some time; we did a session together for Hubert Laws on Atlantic.

7. WEATHER REPORT. *Palladium* (from *Heavy Weather*, Columbia). Wayne Shorter, composer, soprano and tenor saxes; Alex Acuna, drums; Manolo Badrena, percussion.

It sounds really familiar to me, but I don't know who the artists are. It's really good; I feel an authentic Latin flavor. It sounds really nice; I like the arrangement, the solos . . . the drum was beautiful. I rate it four.

LF: The tune is called *Palladium*. Does it have some of the feeling of the *Palladium* to you?

MS: Not really; you know, I played the *Palladium* for seven years. But I know they got a strong feeling for the Latin; and also one of the solos . . . it really uses the Latin with American.

8. MICHEL LEGRAND. *Iberia Nova* (from *Le Jazz Grand*, Gryphon). Legrand, piano, composer; Jon Faddis, trumpet.

It sounded a little bit like a friend of mine that used to play with me—Luis Gasca. No? Beautiful trumpet. I like the song and the background. I give it three stars.

LF: The trumpet player is someone who played on your album.

MS: Jon Faddis? I met him about five years ago. He was really young, about 18. He was recommended to me when Lew Soloff couldn't make the date. He has a beautiful sound. But I thought it was Luis, because he did a couple of albums for Fantasy. He played a track to me about three years ago, and it began to sound similar.

9. CHICK COREA. *Armando's Rhumba* (from *My Spanish Heart*, Polydor). Jean-Luc Ponty, violin; Corea, piano.

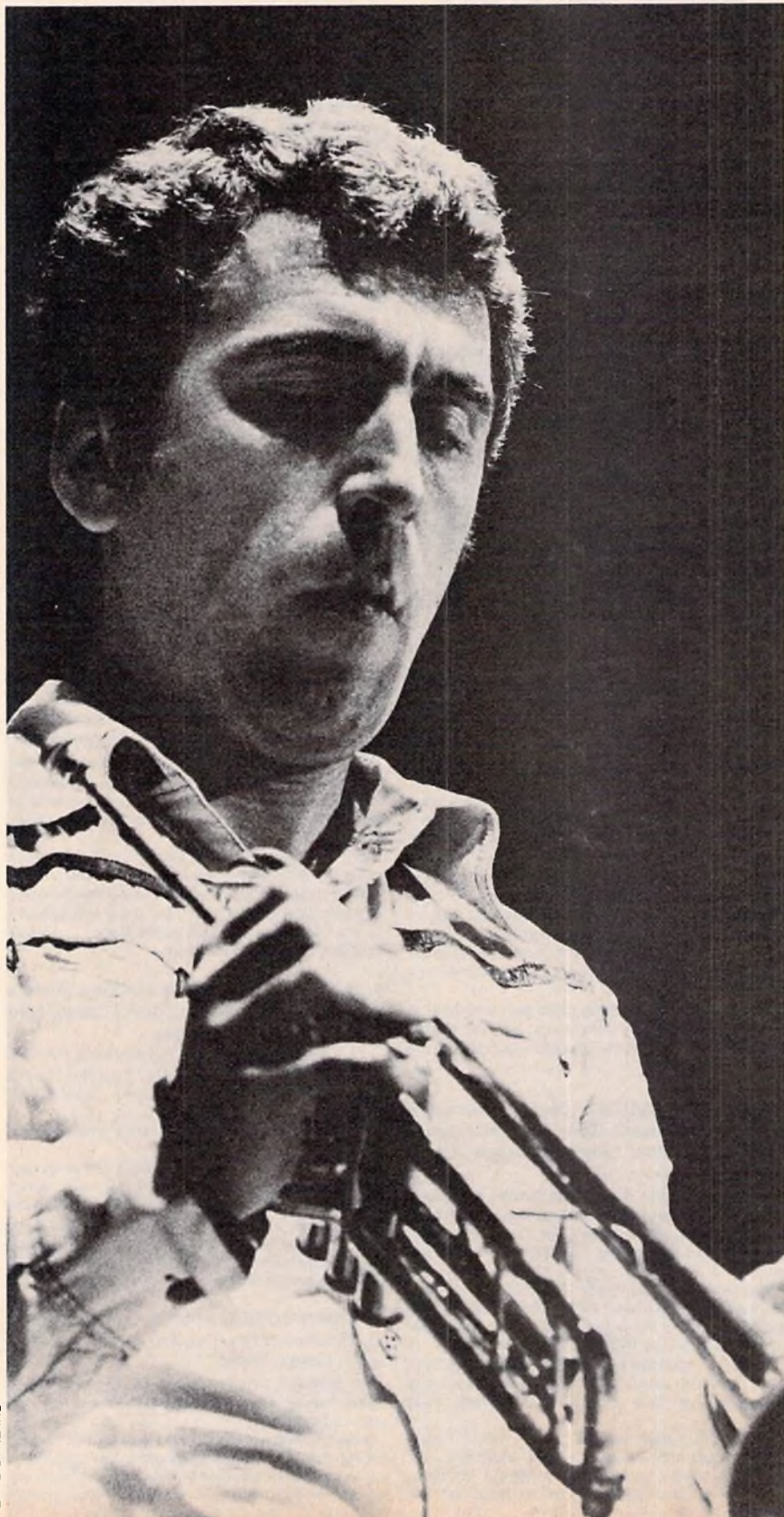
It's beautiful; I really liked it. By any chance is it Chick Corea? I like the piece and the blending. It has a lot of Spanish.

I like the violin; I have no idea who it is. I'd rate that record five. I like the combination—it's beautiful. It has a kind of combination of influences . . . Flamenco combined with the part played on the piano—montuno . . . and the clapping of hands.

PROFILE

VALERY PONOMAREV

BY LARRY BIRNBAUM



“I wish the management of *down beat* would have an agreement with the Soviet Union to sell the magazine in Moscow. It's very hard to get in Russia, so it is almost like records being passed from hand to hand by musicians to read or just to look through, because not everybody reads English. But at least they could look at the pictures, and whoever knew English would translate it for the others. You can get a lot of information from this beautiful magazine.”

Jazz may be America's most persuasive ambassador, overcoming where diplomats fail. The career of Muscovite Valery Ponomarev, currently holding down the trumpet chair in Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, is a testament to the power of music to penetrate the barriers of politics and culture. For Ponomarev, who defected to the U.S. some three years ago, joining the Messengers was the fulfillment of a lifelong dream. “I've been following Art's music forever, and I had studied all his records. I used to study all the Blue Notes, the *Birdland* albums with Lee Morgan, Wayne Shorter, Benny Golson, and then Freddie Hubbard, so I knew much of the band's repertoire before I got here.”

Having rehearsed the role for so many years, Valery's audition with the Blakey band was almost anti-climactic. “About half a year after I got to the U.S. they were playing at the Five Spot in New York. I went down there and somebody introduced me to Art, saying that I was a trumpet player from Russia. He said, ‘Yeah man, bring your horn.’ He always welcomes new musicians. He's so open-hearted, so warm-hearted, you feel at home right away, and I felt I was at home. So I brought my horn, I played a tune and he seemed to like me. He took my number, and when Bill Hardman left they called me and I took his place. I've been with Art Blakey two years and two months now.”

Onstage, in the spot once occupied by his idols Lee Morgan, Freddie Hubbard, and especially Clifford Brown, Ponomarev's saturnine countenance reflects the gravity of a Solzhenitsyn incongruously dressed in Messengers' bib overalls. Offstage he was warm, genial and unassuming as he recounted his transformation from conservatory student to jazzman. “I was attending the musical college in Moscow. At that time I didn't really have any idea what music I would be playing, I just knew I wanted to play trumpet. I was playing classical music—they don't teach jazz there—and I was playing at a dance when a friend of mine came up and said, ‘Valery, I have something on tape I'm sure you would like. Come over tomorrow.’ I saw him the next morning and he played this tape of Clifford Brown, and that was it—I knew what I wanted to play. Ever since then I've been in love with jazz music.

“After I heard Clifford I just got crazy. I started running around looking for tapes and records, and the first one I got was Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, *Moanin'*. This was about 1960 and jazz records were practically impossible to find. There were a few records you could get on the black market, but mostly musicians had record collections on tape. If somebody happened to have a record in Moscow, they would pass it around and everybody had a chance to tape it. I had a pretty good collection, including things I cannot get now because they are out of print. I had mostly Art Blakey, Clifford Brown with the Harold Land



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Quintet, the Max Roach Quintet with Sonny Rollins, and little by little I picked up Freddie Hubbard, Herbie Hancock, Miles Davis, and of course Dizzy Gillespie with Charlie Parker. But mostly on tape—I had only about nine records.

"In the early '60s, the jazz scene in the Soviet Union was very small. There was only one club in the huge city of Moscow, and it was controlled by Comosol (the Communist youth organization), but musically, we could play whatever we wanted to. Actually the club was just a big room where musicians from all over town would get together and hold jam sessions. It was rather informative—someone would say what he had heard on the radio or what was on the next day's program.

"In 1964, the Jazz Club was opened in Moscow. It was really a big step, because jazz musicians had a chance to work in front of an audience for the first time. That club existed from 1964 through 1969 and I was lucky to work there. I started in 1965 and stayed until 1969. It was really a good school—I would practice at home every day and then at the club I could check out what I'd practiced. We had jam sessions, and if any American musicians were in Moscow they would drop by. Budd Johnson was there and Gerry Mulligan came over once—it was beautiful. Charles Lloyd came too—that's how I met Charles and Keith Jarrett and Jack DeJohnette."

Mastery of the jazz idiom is challenging enough for those raised in its midst, but for Ponomarev, love overcame all obstacles. "It probably was difficult, but I didn't notice it because I wanted to learn it so much. Nobody forced me to study jazz—I studied on my own because I loved it. When I heard Clifford I knew deep in my heart and in my mind that that was what I wanted to do, so I was studying with a very willing heart."

Eventually the lure of the music proved irresistible. "I had been studying the music for so long before I got to the U.S. that I was kind of acquainted with it, but I wanted to see the things I had only heard about or read about in Russia. I wanted to come to New York and live the life jazz musicians live, because New York is the center of jazz life and it spreads out from there. I guess I could have stayed in Europe for a while after I got out, but I wanted to go directly to the U.S."

Valery would not discuss the details of his departure for publication—suffice it to say he left, and after two months in Italy awaiting a visa, he arrived in the Apple. Many Russian emigres remain unacculturated after years abroad—not Valery. "I saw more or less what I expected to see, so it was not really a shock. But in New York you can hear almost anybody you want to. Beautiful musicians and big stars who were impossible for me to see before were now in arm's reach. So I was going to clubs almost every night and I saw almost anybody I could."

Ponomarev had learned his lessons well. With a powerful tone that combines Brownie's fluidity with Morgan's cutting edge, Valery slips and slides around tortuous bop corners like a formula one racer. Spurred on by Blakey's relentless enthusiasm, he dispenses with Clifford's mellifluous phrasing to unleash a breakneck torrent of notes, flashing his formidable chops as though every breath were his last. Acknowledging his debt to Clifford, he is emerging as an original post-bop stylist in his own right. "It's got to be different. Nobody can be exactly like somebody else. You can love someone's music with your whole heart, but you're still a different person and it will show in the way you play. I'm working on my own stuff now, my own approach to melody line, so little by little it takes me away from Clifford. I used to play very close."

Blakey's sound has been changing as well, with 48 □ down beat

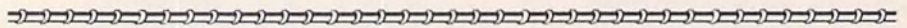
his Traneish band of the early '70s giving way to a more retrospective, even swing-oriented sound. "Any band is like a living organism," Valery opined. "It's always changing. But what is so beautiful about Art and the Messengers is that it never stays the same, and yet the prime element of the sound is always there—you can identify the Messengers on any tune they ever played."

Today the distinctive Messengers sound is more popular than ever, as Blakey-style tunes crop up with pervasive frequency on new albums both purist and commercial. "It's not accidental that people are coming back to bebop," said Ponomarev. "I was not here, of course, but I'm told that people in this country never heard this music when it originally came out and they are discovering it now for the first time. It was great music. It's moving people now—they want to hear it, they want to play it—and I think generations in the future will be getting the same esthetic pleasure from this music."

In his two and a half years with Blakey, Ponomarev has toured Europe five times, with a

sixth tour on tap as of this writing, and has also sojourned to Japan and Brazil. He waxes enthusiastic about audiences abroad. "They love music; they have huge selections of jazz records in any store you go to. All the American musicians go to these shops to get records we cannot get here."

Valery is featured on Blakey's latest U.S. release, *In My Prime, Vol. 1*, on Muse, along with fellow Messengers David Schnitter, Bobby Watson, James Williams and Dennis Irwin. He also appears on *Gypsy Folk Tales* and *In This Corner*, the latter recorded live at Keystone Korner in San Francisco. A Japanese session and another from Europe are due out shortly. As to future plans, "Everybody has to be on his own sooner or later, but so far I just want to stay with Art as long as possible. It's fun and good times, and besides you can learn from this man forever. Before going out on my own I have to learn what I missed when I was away from America and the jazz scene." As he awaits his U.S. citizenship, Ponomarev strikes one less as an expatriate than as a prodigal who has come home to his spiritual roots. **db**



GEORGE GOLDSMITH

BY BILL KIRCHNER

On the back of reedman Bennie Maupin's album *Slow Traffic To The Right* (Mercury 1148), there is a dedication list of over 150 persons. One of the less familiar names in the list is that of drummer George Goldsmith, a member of a Detroit conclave of the early '60s that included such future notables as Maupin, bassist Cecil McBee, drummer Freddie Waits, trombonist George Bohanon, and pianist Kirk Lightsey.

Goldsmith is the least-known member of that formidable assemblage, no doubt because he has

spent the past decade or so exclusively in Detroit. Nonetheless, he fully deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with his more famous peers. A first-class, uncompromising musician, Goldsmith is equally skilled as an Elvin Jones-influenced drummer and as an inspiring group leader.

Born in the Motor City in 1939, Goldsmith got his musical initiation early. He and Maupin played in the school band at Northeastern High School, and at 16, the young drummer was asked to tour with the popular alto saxophonist Earl Bostic. He spent 13 months with Bostic and spoke warmly of the experience. "It taught me a lot—gave me whatever foundation I had at the time. Benny Golson and other good musicians came through Earl Bostic's band, and I considered it a privilege to have had that opportunity."

Soon after his return to Detroit, Goldsmith joined the Air Force. By good fortune, he was assigned to a band that was stationed just outside of Danville, Illinois—at the time, a meeting place

for musicians from Chicago and Indianapolis. "A tenor player from San Diego, Daniel Jackson, was in the band, and he really got me into it. He introduced me to Wes Montgomery, who was playing right outside of Danville. By being stationed so close, I got a chance to play with Wes and the Mastersounds in my formative years." Also, during his Air Force stint, Goldsmith won a "Best Instrumentalist" rating in a service talent contest, affording him a two-week tour of Europe.

Goldsmith returned to Detroit after his discharge, and a wellspring of significant musical opportunities opened up for him. "I was introduced to Joe Brazil, a reed player, teacher, and a beautiful musician first and foremost. He's in Seattle now. Joe had a house where all of the musicians felt free to play. Bert Myrick, another drummer, reintroduced me there to Bennie Maupin, and Bennie and I formed a group with George Bohanon, Kirk Lightsey, Cecil McBee and Teddy Harris, a tenor saxophonist who's now musical director for the Supremes." In 1962 Bohanon, Lightsey, McBee, Goldsmith and guitarist Joe Messina recorded an album under the trombonist's name. The album, *Boss Bossa Nova* (Jazz Workshop 207) was issued on the now-defunct label which was based in Detroit. Goldsmith and Freddie Waits also became close friends. Waits, in fact, spoke not long ago of the help Goldsmith had given him and of the influence that the slightly older Goldsmith had on his playing.

Shortly afterward, Goldsmith participated in another session in the Brazil basement—this time with John Coltrane, McCoy Tyner and Reggie Workman. A few years later, Brazil himself was a sideman on Coltrane's *Om* album (Impulse 9140). "By the time I returned to Detroit," the drummer recalled, "I had a concept of what I thought should be happening, and then Trane enhanced that feeling within me. He took me aside and told me I should come to New York. And after Trane heard me at Joe Brazil's house, Elvin Jones didn't come in for the first night at the Minor Key, a club in Detroit. So I subbed for Elvin for a night. Working with Trane was the most exhilarating experience of my life." Interestingly, Goldsmith formed a close friendship with Detroit pianist Alice McLeod—who later became the second Mrs. Coltrane—and worked with her in 1964 in a group that also included the late bassist Ernie Farrow (Alice's half-brother) and Bohanon.

Another prominent saxophonist took an interest in Goldsmith during those years. "Eddie Harris came to Detroit and heard me, and he hired me and Melvin Jackson, the bass player. Charles Stepney from Chicago was playing piano with him. I was with him for 18 months during 1965 and 1966. We did the East Coast, New York City and State, and Chicago.

"Eddie was the first cat I heard play the 'saxophone,' the tenor saxophone with a trombone mouthpiece. And when he wants to play, look out!"

Upon the death of his son, Goldsmith returned once again to Detroit, where he has remained ever since. His playing career there has had its ups and downs, with the latter being reached in the early '70s. "For about four years, everything I did musically was in my basement. It seemed like everyone was stepping down from what they really believed in as far as music was concerned, and they were afraid to create on their instruments. All of the cats thought that I had quit playing, and a lot of people hassled me because I wasn't. Finally, some young cats just out of college asked me to lead a group, and I felt that all they needed was some fire, so I joined them."

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jazz resurgence. He has accompanied "names" like Betty Carter and the team of Blue Mitchell and Harold Land during their Detroit visits. His group, which currently includes the nationally-known pianist Kenny Cox and bassist Ray McKinney, has appeared at local universities and at such clubs as the Delta Lady and Cobb's Corner. In all cases, Goldsmith's drumming is a masterful combination of power and sensitivity. "I think that the basic thing that a drummer should do," he explained, "is to enhance the soloists. Accompanying is a much more delicate operation than soloing is. It means that you have to get inside each individual mind and guide it along and make it say some of the things it has always wanted to say. It's a challenge, it's a love affair, and it's very spiritual. That's the primary function of the drums—to color, to enhance, to urge on. But that takes maturity."

A natural musician and teacher, this soft-spoken drummer has some simple but profound goals. "I really want to do more playing and perhaps traveling. What I think I should do is to keep doing what I'm doing and not get sidetracked, and eventually, if you drop water on a rock long enough, it'll wear."

"More than anything else, I just want to create music. And I hope that by doing so, I enlighten or enhance whomever I come in contact with." **db**

KHAN JAMAL

BY DAVID HOLLENBERG

A question posed to Philadelphia vibist Khan Jamal: "Do you ever feel like you're in the wrong place?"

His wife laughs; the question has obviously come up before. Jamal laughs too, but with an edge. "Sure. A lot of times, when I'm doing nothing. I sit around and say I have to go."

Given Jamal's wiry energy, it is hard to imagine him sitting around, doing nothing. Apparently, he never really has, and when he says "I have to go," it can mean most anything and anywhere.

It can mean hitting the streets, bouncing vibetones off the walls of the city. It can mean hitting the books, expanding his ongoing studies of the percussion-oriented musics of the world. It can mean hitting the piano, relaxing and composing. And hopefully, it is more and more going to mean hitting the recording studio. (A vibraphone/marimba duet with Philadelphia's Bill Lewis entitled *The River* has been released on the Philly Jazz label. Jamal also plays marimba for guitarist Monette Sudler on her Inner City album *Brighter Days For You*.)

"I have to go" can also mean hopping on the train to New York. For the past five years, Jamal has been as active in the "loft music" scene in New York as he has been prominent in Philadelphia. This New York loft activity is reflected in his appearance with drummer Sunny Murray in volumes 1 and 5 of the highly regarded *Wildflowers* series (Douglas). And in New York, Jamal has performed with, among others, Sam Rivers, Don Pullen, David Murray, and Dave Holland.

Jamal talks about New York: "It is the outlet. If you want your music to be heard, if you want to establish yourself, and be able to play your music around this planet, then you have to go to a place where there is the outlet, as well as the place that has the best musicians at this particular time. Years ago, that might have been Chicago or New Orleans, but now it's New York."

50 down beat

It is no surprise that *the* place hasn't been Philadelphia. Five years ago, if one wanted to hear jazz in Philadelphia, one either went to the record player or hoped that the organist at the Phillies game would do something with *Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head*. But jazz is in the ascendancy here, again, as it apparently is in other major cities throughout the world. The audience is returning to the patient musicians. How does a man like Jamal—who has, after all, laid down his roots in Philadelphia—perceive this apparent upsurge of jazz activity?

In a word, dimly. If Jamal has gone to the lofts of New York to play his music—appearing frequently at the Studio Rivbea, Ornette Coleman's Artist House, and the Studio We—it is at least partially because there is so little significant outlet in his town. He *can* get an occasional club date in Philadelphia, but complains that what most owners usually want is the "top 40." However, European audiences view his music differently. Jamal recently toured Europe for the second time since September 1978 with Rashid Al Akbar on bass and Millard Smith on drums. The band is called the Philadelphia Movement.

It is not easy to know what Jamal's version of the top 40 is; the music he puts on record bears a

piano in a local speakeasy, but who also played and taught classical music. "My admiration for her led me naturally to study the piano. When I was quite young, she taught me my first chords. It was up to me to accompany them." And he tells of his father, an amateur singer, with "a voice sort of like Nat King Cole's." And he tells of his neighborhood in the Germantown section of Philadelphia, and makes it sound like an endless round of backyard and corner jam sessions. At this time in his life Jamal was playing more saxophone than piano, partially because of the impact of hearing Coltrane.

But there was a neighborhood vibist named Dickie Adderley, and there was the attractive image of a vibraphone trapped in a music store's window. Years later, after a stint in the Army in Europe, Jamal encountered Milt Jackson and "discovered the instrument with which I would be most able to express myself." When he got his first vibes, he started to take lessons with Bill Lewis, "a vibes genius who is completely unknown, like hundreds of musicians who live in the ghetto." The teacher/student relationship was brief, for Jamal was apparently a quick and itchy learner, and today Lewis and Jamal meet as equals of the local scene.



witness to a gradually infectious style that asks for close attention and suspension of melodic expectations. There is, for example, an album such as his *Give The Vibes Some* on the Palm label—unfortunately available only in Europe. A duet album, it features an intense cut entitled *Pure Energy* in which Jamal and drummer Hassan Rashid pay homage to Jamal's tendency to treat the vibes as primarily a percussion instrument. Another European album under Jamal's name is *Drum Dance To The Motherland*. Jamal also appears on *New Horizons*, by the Sounds of Liberation. Jamal also plays on Ted Daniel's album *Tapstry*, on the French Sun label.

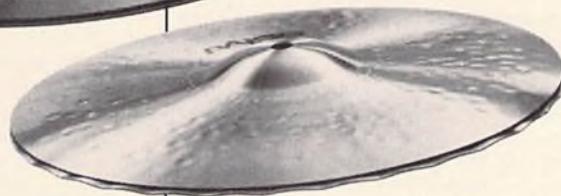
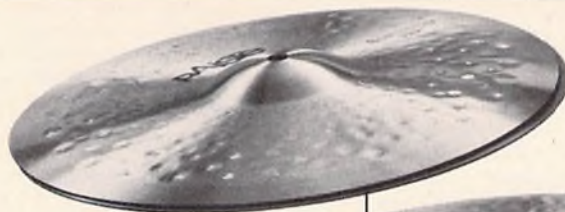
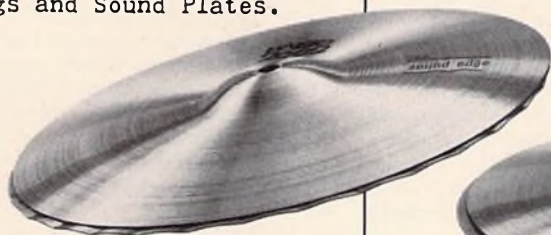
Despite his problems getting his music heard in Philadelphia, Jamal seems to have a certain affection for his adopted city (he was born in Jacksonville, Fla. in 1946).

He tells of his mother, who played Waller-style

The Lewis/Jamal duet album exhibits the closeness and respect in their relationship. It is hard to imagine a duo instrumentation with more potential for disaster than a pair of vibes, but Lewis and Jamal pull it off. ("We're still experimenting.") Jamal eases the problem slightly by employing the marimba on the album, but in many duo appearances they have used the more difficult vibraphone/vibraphone combination.

How do they stay out of each other's way? Jamal laughs. "We don't always. But we try." In fact, Jamal seems undaunted by that particular problem, and is even working on some compositions for a choir of six vibraphones. It is for such a problem that his research into the percussion-oriented musics of the world is pertinent. Like so many musicians these days, Jamal has approached these musics in a very personal way, as source material—spice—for his own playing. With his vibra-

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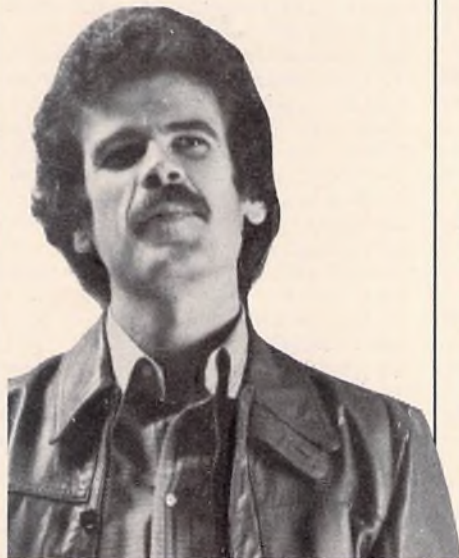


David Garibaldi

A native of Oakland, California. Has played with "Tower of Power" since 1970 and has appeared in concert and on records with such artists as Boz Scaggs, The Carpenters and Natalie Cole. A Paiste artist.

Fredy Studer

Born in Lucerne, Switzerland and has toured throughout Europe with leading groups including "OM" and collaborates with Paiste factory technicians in developing new cymbals and gongs. A Paiste staff artist.



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phone and percussion inclinations he has of course focused only on certain cultures—no balalaikas, no kotos, no tin whistles. He has turned to some of the music of Africa and more recently to Central America, especially Guatemala. Similarly he has found study of some modern classical music helpful, citing Harry Partch as an important influence.

Jamal talks about a certain quality in many of these musical styles, in which a struck tone can seem to grow instead of decay—a percussive phenomenon with melodic potential. "What can happen is that you can take five players, start them off together, each in different rhythmic patterns, and let them build up until you get orchestral effects."

Combining Milt Jackson, Guatemala and Harry Partch into a personal brew does not sound easy. Jamal may want to incorporate everything he likes into his music. Or does he draw a line between his pleasures as a listener and his needs as a musical student, with an appetite for new musical spices?

"I try not to. I don't feel there is really a need. If I want to play it, then I can go about getting to it. It's a lot of hard work; I haven't found anything coming easy. It takes a lot of hours of practice and of listening to others. But after all, music is universal." db

CAUGHT!

ORCHESTRA OF THE 20TH CENTURY

CARNEGIE HALL
NEW YORK CITY

Arthur Weisberg, leader of the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, is a man with a dream. Two years ago, he and composer Charles Wuorinen formed a 90-member group called the New Orchestra to perform large scale modern works. Although this orchestra disbanded after its debut concert due to lack of funds, Weisberg continued to pursue his vision. The result of his perseverance is the Orchestra of the 20th Century, which includes all 15 members of the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, plus 70 other musicians.

For the opening work of the orchestra's debut concert, Weisberg chose Stravinsky's *Symphony In C*, a melodious, neo-classical piece that recalls the suavity of his earlier *Wind Octet*. In the first movement, which is full of precisely timed pauses, the orchestra played incisively, with well-coordinated attacks and releases. Similarly, the musicians handled the complex metrical changes of the scherzo with ease, and Weisberg led them masterfully through the difficult fugato section of the finale.

He overcame an even greater challenge in Elliott Carter's *A Symphony For Three Orchestras* (1976). In this work, which had only been performed once before (by the New York Philharmonic), the orchestra was divided into three groups of diverse instruments. Each played different themes, but, due to the long silences in each orchestra's part, it is not accurate to say that they were performing three separate pieces simultaneously. All of the themes were harmonically and rhythmically related, with overlapping entrances and exits; thus, at times, the three groups reached a rough accord, and at other times they contrasted in ways that made particular lines and timbres (especially brass

and chimes) stand out in the foreground. In the most exhilarating section of the work, intricate polyrhythms and wide intervallic leaps led into a convergence of brass that recalled Bartok's *Concerto For Orchestra* and his second piano concerto.

The major work on the program, Luciano Berio's *Sinfonia* (1968-69), employed the full orchestra, as well as eight voices. In contrast to much of Berio's earlier oeuvre, the piece was not serially organized, although certain solos used tone rows. Penderecki came to mind during the opening movement, as tense dissonances and clashing counter-rhythms gradually struggled toward a climactic tutti. Other touches reminded me of George Crumb. But, strangely enough, the exotic, eerie effect of this movement seemed most directly inspired by the impressionistic fantasies of Debussy and De Falla. This feeling continued through the second movement, where the unearthly, modal singing was contrasted with jagged trumpet blasts and pointed crotales, like a church choir in a war zone.

The third movement could have stood by itself. Vaguely unified by the Scherzo of Mahler's Second Symphony, the movement also featured excerpts from works by Bach, Schoenberg, Boulez, Strauss, Brahms, Stravinsky, Ravel, Beethoven, Ives, Stockhausen, Debussy, Hindemith, Wagner, Berlioz, Globokar, Posseur, Berg and Berio himself. And, as if that wasn't enough, this compendium of Western musical history was interlarded with spoken dialogue that suggested both the pointlessness and the necessity of going on—a kind of *Waiting For Godot* set to music.

Space limitations prohibit further discussion of *Sinfonia*, which includes five movements in all. But the performance was nothing short of superb, and one can only hope that the Orchestra of the 20th Century will return with more 20th century music that one rarely has a chance to hear in concert. —ken terry

AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS

THIRD STREET MUSIC SCHOOL
SETTLEMENT
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Myers, piano, vocals; Ricky Ford, tenor sax; Henry Threadgill, alto sax and flute; Leonard Jones, bass; Pheeroan Aklafl, drums and percussion.

Myers is one of the typically versatile AACM artists, with an excellent singing voice and multi-styled skills as a composer and on both piano and organ. For this concert, she was assisted by two formidable reedmen and a strong, flexible rhythm team.

The first selection, *Motion*, began with a mystical, staccato line played in unison by Ford's tenor and Threadgill's alto. Threadgill, of the dynamic trio Air, then switched to flute and engaged in weaving interplay with Ford. This section was choppy, with many held notes and few legato passages. Jones and Aklafl ceased playing as Myers nicely blended her thoughtful, percussive runs with Ford and Threadgill. Myers played a spacey, stop-and-go, trickling solo, very remindful of Muhal Abrams. She then abruptly went into a striding four-four, Jones walking and Aklafl riding the cymbal. Threadgill's alto swung in a stabbing, pent-up style before he released with some long, flowing phrases, Aklafl and Myers solidly supporting his very long but cleverly sustained solo. Aklafl responded with a powerful and compelling

solo that employed hypnotic bass drum patterns. Ford's solo intelligently mixed winding ascending and descending runs with semi-shrieked clusters. Finally, Threadgill joined Ford in heated, exclamatory bursts to a fever pitch, and in the midst of this the quintet somehow stopped on a dime for a blissful, sudden ending.

Aklafl set a pensive mood for *At Peace*, using a triangle and bells, as Threadgill's flute and Jones' bowed bass played an alternately wistful and brooding theme. Myers contributed yearning, melancholy runs as Ford and Threadgill collaborated in some heartfelt and spiritual counterpoint passages. Myers next blended her voice with flute and arco bass in staggered, subtly varied melodic lines that unfortunately did not hold enough interest as they slowly carried out the rather one-dimensional, sparkless piece.

Every Day Is A New Day was a back-beated funk tune about "good vibrations." Myers' piano solo contained full and soulful right-hand chords, and affirmative left-hand punctuations. Ford's brilliant improvisation utilized his penchant for freshly spun extended lines and uninhibited but relevant vocalized shouts. At one point, he effectively launched into a funk-ized ostinato derived from the *Acknowledgement* section of Coltrane's *A Love Supreme*. Threadgill followed at a slower pace, combining tongued outcries with high-pitched wails. His piercing tone gave his distinctive ideas clear articulation in a totally committed, energizing solo. Jones also soloed well here, his meaty tone and impeccably executed bass patterns providing a concise summation and extension of all that had preceded him. Myers' voice took up the lyric again, as Ford and Threadgill strutted and quivered behind her fluidly preaching voice.

After intermission, *Amina's Ragtime*, a shuffling, raggy theme with a modern, modal bridge, endeared itself to us all. Threadgill's alto solo began playfully but soon built to a more seriously intense frenzy, before reverting to tongue-in-cheek, teasing, syrupy-intoned riffing. Ford then delivered a raucous, stomping solo that couldn't quite match Threadgill's prior gem. The piece concluded with a jittery, twisting rag resolution by the whole ensemble.

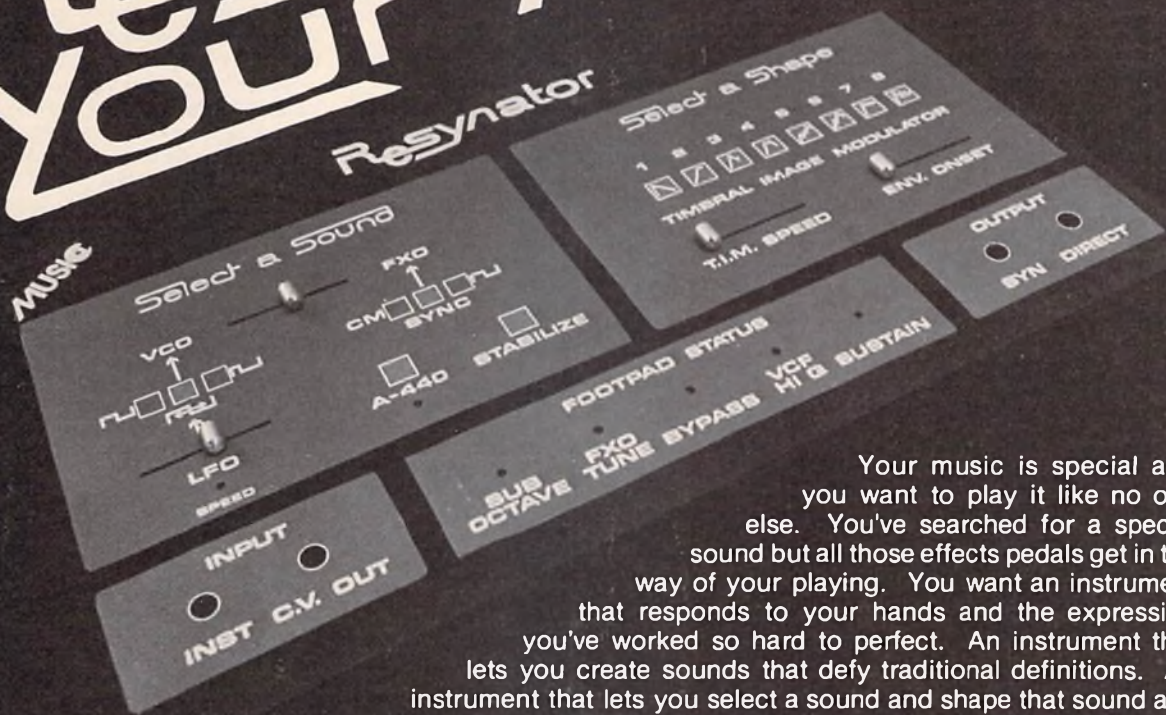
Raindrops was a drastic departure from the preceding work. Myers tinkled softly while Ford and Threadgill (on flute) played abstract, distorted sound fragments, Jones joining in with mournful bowed bass. Myers' attack became more pronounced as she and her colleagues reached for an ultimate emotional peak. This type of piece always seems to lack any warmth—full of well-delineated despair and pathos, but very chilling to the ear. Myers featured herself next, playing a thundering, densely-chorded piano intro that led to her deeply expressive singing about "a girl on the hill" whose love shines like a beacon, reaching out and touching lives all around, "and the people all glow." Myers successfully eliminated the chill of *Raindrops* in a matter of minutes.

All Praises To The Creator had a short, retrospective Threadgill alto prelude before the very catchy, intricately-formed unison theme, again accompanied by Aklafl's robust backbeat. Ford's tenor solo was not as authoritative as his others; he appeared to be struggling a little with the tune's quirky stops, starts and chord changes. But Threadgill had no difficulty soaring. His tongued, staccato lines were joyous and gratifying, and his interaction with Aklafl was extra-sensory. Myers sang a repeated gospelly refrain of "All praises to the creator" as the theme was gradually laid to rest in an animated finish.

All praises to a spirited and communicative quintet, and to the Universal Jazz Coalition, which has been presenting concerts of this quality for several years now in New York. —scott albin

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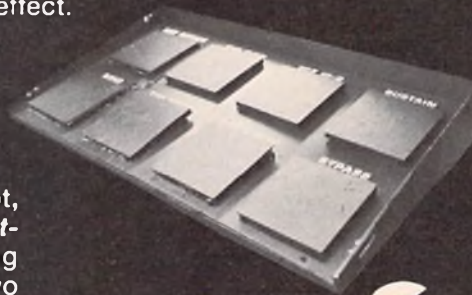


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now know that if it's gotta be done, I can do it.

When you released *Believe It and Million Dollar Legs*, some of the critics felt disappointed.

From *Ego*, through the six piece band with Tequila, through the band with Allan Holdsworth, there was a line of consciousness—from jazz and jazz/rock, through blues/rock, into some very heavy rock.

Some people, however, were still thinking of me in terms of the work I did with Miles, or in terms of *Emergency*—in other words, in terms of jazz. If they were doing that, then I can understand their disappointment.

However, at certain times there are things that have to be done, if for no other reason than to find out where you are with them.

The reason people liked what was happening in Miles' band back then was because we were all surprised by it. We were all new and fresh in that situation. You can't continue to do something as well—and that is fulfilling—if you're not in a fresh situation. So somebody like Herbie Hancock, for example, has to stick his neck out, singing and carrying on, because he's got to try it.

I felt the same way with my albums. You gotta try things that have to be tried out. Otherwise, where are you going to be? How are you going to learn anything? When you try things, you might make a few mistakes. So what? Why do critics criticize an artist when he's out there trying to come up with something fresh, vital, new and stimulating?

Why do you think people turned their backs on your electric music after the original *Lifetime*?

Because I didn't do anything to push it. I didn't go out and work, and I didn't have proper management. My own personal trip had been falling apart, and by the time I had the band with Tequila, no management at all was involved. There was just me, and I was with Polydor, a record company I didn't care for.

That whole period was not very pleasant for me. I was emotionally unprepared for what was happening. I was in turmoil about what was expected of me by a lot of people. I was in turmoil about what I was doing, and about what I wanted to do.

There was criticism, and it was painful. I was trying to do what I wanted to do in a world of people expecting and demanding other things. It was a very big conflict for me. I wanted to change, but others didn't want me to. So they criticized me, apparently for not staying in musical areas that they felt comfortable with.

When you do something that audiences and critics like, they feel like they "own" you. They feel like they are a part of it, which you want them to feel, of course. But when you change, some of them feel like you are turning your back on them. They've got these records of me with Miles, for example, and they gave me their approval, so I "belong" to them on those records. I'm up there in their special section, and they go up and pick me out. They've bought me, so to speak. Well, if they feel that way about the music, then they resent it if you change.

So I can't bother to relate to critics anymore. Now that *The Joy Of Flying* is done, I may have to deal with them, but in making the album, I couldn't take any of that into consideration.

A critic can be a bridge between what the artist is doing and what the reader receives. He can be a funnel for information and insight. But when he colors what he says with his own prejudices, and wants only to make the reader aware of his own aura of critical authority, then that's the kind of stuff that can be very painful.

Criticism can be valid, of course, and some-
54 □ down beat

times even helpful, provided the critic has first understood what you have attempted to do. If he understands it, and makes his evaluations on the basis of that clear understanding, then his conclusions are much more likely to be fair and accurate.

How did you become so accomplished on the drums at such an early age?

I looked at other musicians, and knew I could play the drums. I wanted people to like me. I saw those great guys on stage, and they inspired me. From that time on, I wanted to be the kind of musician who might be an inspiration to others.

So I tried it, and found that I could do it well. If I had thought I was going to be only mediocre, I probably would have stopped.

I began taking lessons. My greatest desire was to be the best drummer, and that meant I had to learn how to play like everybody else, exactly like Art Blakey, Max Roach and the others.

I say this because a lot of young drummers think that the way I play just came out of nowhere. It didn't. It came from studying other people, figuring out where everything lies mathematically, the scheme of things, how things fit together, like puzzles—how to make things sound good. You learn to play by first immersing yourself in tradition. John Coltrane sounded the way he did because he had played like Dexter Gordon, Gene Ammons and the others. Freedom takes discipline. When you're so young, you don't know who you are. The only way to start is with hard work and the study of those who have preceded you.

When you joined Miles Davis you were only 17. Are you saying that you had already absorbed the traditions and had developed an identity by the age of 17?

In my case, yes. When Miles asked me to play with him, it felt like the most natural thing in the world for me. I was prepared. I knew all of his music. I had studied everything that he had done up to that point. I felt deep down that I was without question the best drummer for the job.

Who were the drummers you studied?

Art Blakey, Max Roach, Louis Hayes, Jimmy Cobb, Roy Haynes and Philly Joe Jones.

Max Roach was perhaps the biggest influence. He brought a tremendous musicality to the drums. Playing a drum set is different from playing congas or timbales or other percussion instruments. A trap drum set is a dance band set that has a tradition of its own. You sit down to play it, and you play with all four limbs. Max brought a very modern touch to drumming. When he took a solo, you could hear the song that was being played. When

TONY WILLIAMS' EQUIPMENT

"I play Gretsch drums, with a 6½" snare drum, a 24" bass drum. On my left, I have an 8 x 12 tom; on my right, I have a 9 x 13 tom. On the right, on the floor, I have three tom-toms. One is a 14 x 14; one is a 16 x 16; the other is 18 x 18.

"On my far right, I have a large 20" medium crash cymbal; on my near right I have a 22" medium ride cymbal. In the center, coming right up out of the bass drum, I have a 15" or 16" medium cymbal. On my left, I have an 18" medium crash. Both hi-hat cymbals are 14" mediums. All of my cymbals are K Zildjian mediums.

"I use K's rather than A's because I like the darker more individualized sounds. A's sound more like marching band cymbals to me. With the K medium, high-pitched cymbals, I hear more of the Far East.

"I'm not interested in bell sizes or cup sizes. I use wood-tipped sticks."

Max took solos on a 12 bar blues, you heard the 12 bar phrases; if it was a 32 bar song, you heard the 32 bars. He played the song, and he enabled you to hear it. He fulfilled what Sid Catlett and Baby Dodds had been approaching before him. He crystallized what they had been doing into a very profound statement.

Art Blakey was sheer drive, swing, strength, power and excitement, in contrast to the very correct and clear and maybe more clinical approach of Max Roach. Blakey was more aggressive and animalistic. Art's ride cymbal and his hi-hats especially stuck out to me.

Philly Joe Jones was sort of an amalgam of both. He had the technical ease of Max Roach, and a lot of energy and fire. But whereas Max and Art were very percussive and drum oriented, Philly Joe brought his own sparkle and lift to the drums. He did these animated, musically visual things that were very unusual and colorful. From the late '40s to the early '60s, Max, Art and Philly Joe made a perfect package. I studied them all intensely, incorporating as much as I could into my own work.

One of the drummer's main duties is to make everyone else sound good. His main job is to make other people want to play with him. To do that, he has to establish a certain type of time basis, a signature that frames the whole group and makes the group sound cohesive, whether it is or not.

Jimmy Cobb and Louis Hayes both brought to drumming and to jazz a straight-time quality that did this. Their ways of playing the cymbal with their right hand and the accompaniment that they gave influenced me and a lot of other drummers.

To me, Roy Haynes was the forerunner of Elvin Jones. Roy was the first to suggest a larger triplet feeling. His influence on me came later, however, after I had been listening to Elvin. Roy's playing was more fragmented; he would float over the rhythms, very airy.

Writers and musicians often discuss your cymbal work. Maybe you could describe what you've done there to make a contribution?

For me, the cymbals play a role that's equal to the drums or to the bass drum pedal or to the hi-hats. It's just a larger use of the whole drum set. That's what they're hearing.

Do you use different cymbals for live performances than you do for recording?

No. I use the same cymbals for every acoustical situation. My sound is my sound. For me, it's the same way as it would be for a violin player. I have a certain sound that I get, which is what people want when they call me for records or concerts.

Nor do I use tape on my cymbals when I'm recording, because I have a good sound on my drums. If for some reason I don't happen to have my own drums with me, then I might use tape.

Have you looked into electronic drums at all, perhaps the *Syndrums*?

I haven't, but I've heard a lot about them, and I've heard them played. I intend to look into them.


What would you say is the difference between a Tony Williams drum solo, a Billy Cobham drum solo, and an Alphonse Mouzon drum solo?

That's one of those questions I could really eat up . . . but I won't. I don't listen much to those guys. As far as my own playing goes, I play the way I think all those influences I mentioned would be playing now, plus me. I've got all of them in my work, plus me. That's the difference between my solos and everybody else's solos.

It was undoubtedly thrilling to be working with Miles at such an early age, but it must also have taken its toll.

It did, not so much because of him, but because it was hard for me to assimilate what was happening to me.

Before I had even met him, he had been a big



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NOTES AND TONES, by Arthur Taylor. 301 pp., \$30. (Available from Art Taylor, 21, Quai des Ardennes, 4020 Leige, Belgium.)

Expatriate drummer Taylor interviewed 27 black jazz musicians between the years 1968 and 1972, 20 of them in Europe, the other seven in New York City. Only six of these interviews were published previous to Taylor's own private publication of *Notes And Tones*, the complete set of interviews. Among those who sat with Taylor were Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman, Don Byas, Johnny Griffin, Erroll Garner, Max Roach, Dizzy Gillespie, Carmen McRae, Sonny Rollins, Hampton Hawes, Kenny Clarke, Freddie Hubbard, Elvin Jones, Art Blakey and Betty Carter.

It is unfortunate that this book took so long to be published, because in a way it is now as much a sociological oddity as it is of musical significance. Taylor's questions were frequently concerned with political, social, and even musical issues which, while still relevant in 1979, do not seem to be discussed or acted upon with nearly the fury and dedication of ten years ago. Taylor also had a tendency, no doubt intentional, to ask the same questions to most of the musicians, thus giving the reader an

intriguing opportunity to compare responses. The most proffered questions included: How do you feel about avant garde or freedom music? Have you ever gotten any bad write-ups and how do you react? What do you think about me trying to write this book? What do you think about the word "jazz"? What do you think about the Beatles' music? Do you think boxing is comparable to music? Do you think the music business is controlled? Do you think musicians should be involved in politics or bring it into their music? Do you play for yourself, the audience or the musicians? Do you use the same approach in a club and a recording studio? Are you religious? What do you think about the use of electronics in music? What do you think of all the strife going on with our people in America? What were your impressions of Charlie Parker and Bud Powell? Do you do any kind of physical exercise? What do you think about the concentration camps that are set up for black people in America? What do you think about the vast publicity surrounding the use of drugs by musicians?

As you can see, some of these questions are better than others, but an interview can only be as good as the answers to the questions, provided the questions are fairly pertinent and inspiring, as were Taylor's. So Taylor can't really be faulted if some of these interviews are more absorbing and penetrating than others. Also evident from the representative questions above is that these were not biographical interviews; they do not exhaustively trace musicians' careers from first lessons to latest album, although they do contain many interesting personal reminiscences. Most importantly, they present glimpses of artists who felt at ease with fellow black musician Taylor, and thus were more

continued on page 59



Art Taylor

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HOW TO

UNLOCK KEYS

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

"It was not by chance that Beethoven selected the key of E flat for the Eroica Symphony, and that of F for the Pastoral: it was in obedience to that mysterious law which assigns to each key a peculiar aspect, a special colour." Albert Lavignac (*Music and Musicians*, Henry Holt and Co., N.Y., 1905).

"When Oliver Nelson needed some Bach for a Universal picture, he got the *Art of the Fugue* from the library, studied, then wrote one of the nicest fugues I've ever heard. The studio fiddles roared into it with great gusto. . . . Unfortunately, since Oliver was a jazz man, he wrote it in B flat and they floundered for an hour and a half, where if he'd written it in the key of A, they'd have conquered it in about ten minutes." Billy Byers (*db*, Nov. 20, 1975).

★ ★ ★

Oliver Nelson's choice of key illustrates a common quandary among musicians—whether the esthetic should override the practical. If he had scored his fugue for B flat woodwinds or brass, he'd have preserved his chosen key while losing his desired instrumental flavor. Or if he had scored it in A instead of B flat, he'd have preserved that instrumental flavor while losing his desired key characteristics. But Oliver did neither, maybe because his sense of the abstract truth in music dictated the texture of strings plus the tonal characteristics of B flat as ideal for the mood of his fugue.

There is, of course, no denying the practical efficiency in choosing a key for its convenience to the performer—what's comfortable on cello might prove clumsy on clarinet, or what's fluent on flute might strain some singer's range. Locating a vocal line within a singer's comfort zone, putting a solo instrument in some key which lies well for the fingers, and determining the best compromise key to avoid performance difficulties among instruments in an orchestra all make musical common sense.

To find what major keys players themselves might consider the three most facile and the two most awkward, this writer consulted a number of advanced student performers and a couple of college colleagues. Here are their views, shown at actual concert pitch, rather than transposed:

CONSULTANT	INSTRUMENT	FACILE KEYS	AWKWARD
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Alan Westrope	B flat saxes	Bb, F, C	B, E
Alan Westrope	Flute and oboe	C, G, D	Db, Gb
Alan Westrope	Clarinet	Eb, Bb, F	B, E
Dr. Franz Roehmann	Bassoon	F, G, Bb	F#, B
Dr. Walter Barr	Trumpet	F, Bb, Eb	B, E
Joe Hall	Trombone	F, C, Bb	F#, B
Tim Pfannenstiel	Vibes	Bb, G, Eb	C, F#
Anita Huerta	Piano	D, G, A	F, C
Author	Classic guitar	G, E, D	Db, Eb
Frank Jermance	Jazz guitar	Ab, Bb, F	B, Db
Tim Adian	Violin	C, G, D	Gb, B
Kathy Kemp	Viola	C, G, Bb	F#, B
Joe Green	Cello	C, F, G	F#, B
Ron Bland	Bass	F, C, Bb	Db, Ab

Despite its convenience, choosing a key entirely for practical reasons neglects whatever emotion enhancement some other key might furnish. If, for example, Ernst Pauer's evaluation of E major is accurate—"Expressive of joy, magnificence, splendour, and highest brilliancy; brightest and most powerful key"—then it furnishes an artistic argument for writing fanfares and marches in E, despite the awkwardness of that key for trumpets and saxes and clarinets. And if that same esthetician's assessment of A flat is correct—"Full of feeling and dreamy expression"—it satisfies the lullaby's key requirements.

Some authors debunk the very idea that different keys can possess different psychological characteristics. John Backus, for instance, writing from the scientific vantage point of a University of Southern California physicist, says in his *The Acoustical Foundations of Music* (W. W. Norton, N.Y., 1969), "In the tempered scale, any given interval is exactly the same as every other interval of the same kind. It follows that, except for their height in the pitch scale, all keys will sound alike. As a consequence, the practice of ascribing certain 'key colors' or certain psychological moods to different music keys has no basis in fact. With string groups, there can be slight differences in the sounds of various keys because of the greater occurrence of open strings in some keys. However, for music in general, there is no acoustical or psychological reason why the key of Eb major should sound 'serious and solemn' and the key of E major should sound 'expressive of joy.' Arbitrary emotional classifications of this kind are of no more help to music than are astrology or numerology."

Other authors, such as Hector Berlioz, Alexander J. Ellis, Hermann Helmholtz, H. Kling, Albert Lavignac, and Ernst Pauer, not only ascribe differing colors and moods to various keys,

but also agree in general as to what those characteristics are. Here is Lavignac's listing:

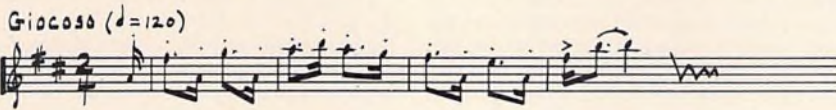
MAJOR KEYS

MINOR KEYS

- F#: rugged
- B: energetic
- E: radiant, warm, joyous
- A: frank, sonorous
- D: gay, brilliant, alert
- G: rural, merry
- C: simple, naive, frank, or flat and commonplace.
- F: pastoral, rustic
- Bb: noble and elegant, graceful
- Eb: sonorous, vigorous, chivalrous
- Ab: gentle, caressing, or pompous
- Db: charming, suave, placid

- F#: rough, or light, aerial
- B: savage or sombre, but vigorous
- E: sad, agitated
- A: simple, naive, sad, rustic
- D: serious, concentrated
- G: melancholy, shy
- C: gloomy, dramatic, violent
- F: morose, surly, or energetic
- Bb: funereal or mysterious
- Eb: profoundly sad
- Ab: doleful, anxious
- C#: brutal, sinister, or very sombre

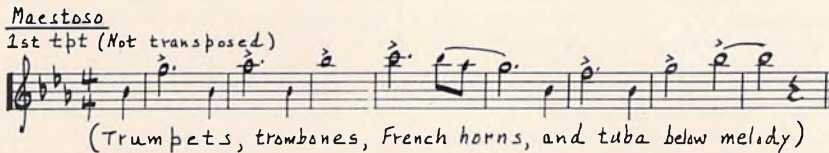
Including such abstract characteristics in the key selection process limits the possibilities of choice and therefore usually requires a compromise between the practical and the abstract. This author first determines the general mood of the music itself, then the instruments most suitable for that mood, then the most facile keys in playing those instruments, and finally which of those keys seem to enhance the original general mood. A simple yet prancing little tune like the following, for example, would suggest a flute solo in D, G, or C major accompanied by light strings:



An oboe solo in F# accompanied by brass would be less appropriate. The same pitch relationships cast as a jazz waltz would suggest a clarinet solo in Ab (concert key) accompanied by acoustic jazz guitar:



And as a full fanfare, the same pitch line would compromise well for brass choir in either Eb or Bb (concert key):



BOOK REVIEW

continued from page 56

outspoken and opinionated than they might have been with a professional journalist, especially a white one.

Yet even on this last point (which appears to have been crucial in Taylor's view), there were differences of opinion. Nina Simone said: "You're a terribly good interviewer but I don't find the fact that you're a musician makes any difference. Your questions are more pointed, they're human, but I've also been privileged to have good interviews before. It depends on the intelligence of the person . . . interviewing. If you mean to feel a rapport with you because you're a musician, the answer is no." Richard Davis replied: "I think . . . this is one of the greatest interviews I have been involved with. First of all I'm being interviewed by a fellow musician, and a brother at that, so we could sit and rap all day about things common to both of us. It's another approach and you don't ask me stereotyped questions. It's very relaxing and comfortable to sit here and rap. . . I'm sure it's [the book] going to express a lot of feelings some people never really get a chance to read about."

Taylor's knack for getting these 27 prominent musicians to relax and open up did, however, lead them to make statements that some readers might

find unthinking, outrageous and prejudiced. Yet that reader reaction may result from our having gone through the apolitical, alienating, artificial '70s. Taylor was concerned with eliciting views on the gut racial and political issues of the Vietnam, Black Power, Youth Revolution years. One reads thinking how times have changed, although not necessarily for the better.

Two final minor thoughts—one positive, one negative. Taylor has thoughtfully provided a comprehensive 14 page index, an appreciated and useful aid. However, the text has an above-average amount of annoying typos and misspellings of musicians' names. Harold Ousley, Bill Hardman and Ahmad Jamal (not interviewed, but all mentioned in passing) are among those wrongly spelled, and Kenny Dorham speaks of a Texas trumpeter named either Henry Bozeor or Boozier—Taylor has it spelled two different ways in the same paragraph.

This is a book that should be read by anyone involved with the music of those interviewed, either as fan or player. Hopefully *Notes And Tones* will someday be made available to a wider public by being distributed in this country, and at a more realistic price.

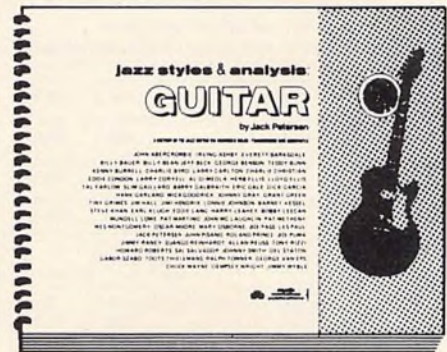
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WILLIAMS

continued from page 54

influence. He was also, of course, one of the gods in the sky. So I was prepared.

At the same time, I knew I was going to leave someday and get my own band. Even before joining him, I had dreamed of being what he is. I looked up and saw stars, and I wanted to be a star, too. I wanted to be a bandleader. I wanted to make my own music.

But after awhile, I started living under a kind of a cloud. Miles is a very strong personality. He has definite ideas about what he wants. Therefore, you live in *his* world. Living in someone else's world is not easy. I was subject to his whims and desires and caprices. It took me a long time to realize that and to get out of it.

When it was time to leave, I had been with him for six years, and I was only 22. His music was changing. I was low man on the totem pole, too, and I felt it. He wasn't offering me anything better, and he was talking about using two drummers, which I couldn't see happening. When Herbie left, I figured it was my time, too. Better for me to jump then and to make all my mistakes while I was young. I think it worked. I feel better now than ever before about everything in my life.

You took a break from 1971/72 to 1975, and then from 1976 to 1979. Were there problems there?

I didn't work because I didn't want to. I wanted to "suffer" or whatever. I didn't know how to deal with the business, for example, and I was upset about it, and I didn't have any help, so I just kind of withdrew. I knew things were happening with my music and with my life, and I knew something wasn't right, but I didn't know how to cope with it. I just sort of pulled back in.

I could deal with the drums. I could deal with music. But my business and personal relations

MANZANERA

continued from page 28

Schneckloth: On the English musicians' scene, is there much interaction these days between rock and jazz musicians?

Manzanera: Not really. One thing that annoys me is the attitude of some people who call themselves jazz musicians and aren't willing to concede anything. I like open-minded people; I could see something fruitful coming from almost any type of collaboration of different musical styles, something interesting being attempted. I can't stand people who dismiss anything straight away.

I don't have that much contact with jazz musicians, probably because people resent the success of rock musicians in terms of commercial appeal. It's sort of a shame.

Schneckloth: How about somebody like Derek Bailey?

Manzanera: He probably wouldn't even talk to me. If I met him, though, I'd love to discuss things with him.

The only guitarist in that vein I could talk to is Fred Frith [avant garde guitarist who has worked with the experimental group Henry Cow], whom I prefer much more. He has that awareness. He's from that school, but he could be a rock superstar guitarist if he wanted to.

I did go through a period where I was very aware of the whole jazz scene in London, though—the group Nucleus and all that. That was in '71, '72.

Schneckloth: Getting back to your solo career, are there any new projects on your agenda?

Manzanera: Well, it looks like we're going to be concentrating on Roxy a lot this year. But because of the studio I'm building, which

were totally fogged. It was causing me a lot of pain, a lot of tears. I still retained contact with practicing, and I wrote music, but I didn't go out and play. It wasn't coming together, and I felt like I was the worst. Finally, in 1976, a woman suggested I see a therapist. I did. Then I went on to group therapy. It has been tremendously helpful. Things are much less weighty, and every area of my life has improved.

What have you been doing recently?

I'm still in the process of forming my new group, Tony Williams. I just finished recording with Joni Mitchell on her new Mingus album. Before that, I recorded on Weather Report's *Mr. Gone*. I did *The Great Jazz Trio* with Ron Carter and Hank Jones. I also recorded an as-yet-untitled album with Ron Carter, Chick Corea and Joe Henderson. I just came back from the jazz festival in Cuba, where I played with the CBS Jazz All Stars, and did a trio set, too, with John McLaughlin and Jaco Pastorius, all of which may be released by Columbia.

As a composer, what are your future directions?

I really want to work with orchestras. I have a private teacher, and I'm studying how to write and orchestrate music for whole string sections, brass sections, woodwind sections. I'm studying composition, counterpoint, orchestration. I'm reading tons of books. Things are opening up for me.

I have no plans to do a Bob James with the orchestra, no plans to have my next album come out with a lot of strings filling up the background, stuff like that. I hear genuine orchestral things in my head, and I'm just studying the ways to be able to write them down. I'm taking the mystery out of the tools for me. I know *what* I want to do, and through my teachers I'm learning *how* to do it. I study string quartets, Brahms, a lot of serious classical material, which is the way I want it. **db**

should be finished this summer, it will be easier for me to work gradually on my solo projects. And I have a lot of things lined up. In the next 18 months, there'll be another album, with different people.

Schneckloth: To touch on Roxy briefly, the group's concept, image and identity seem to have really come together at this point in time. That very personal sense of "European-ness" seems stronger and more cohesive than ever before. I was wondering how contrived the whole thing is; to what degree the music is designed to fit the image.

Manzanera: To start with, there were some general principles we felt were lacking in rock music from a presentation point of view. But now, it's more a matter of just projecting our personalities. And we are what we are—European musicians. The way we design the music, appearance, everything, is just an extension of our own preferences. We are very European; there's no escaping it.

Schneckloth: To sum up, your music relates to jazz in the sense that it's somewhat impressionistic, trying to create some sort of mood, as opposed to the more linear, excitement-oriented forms of rock and roll. The term "neo-psychedelic" has come up. Do you see this as a direction popular music might take in the next few years?

Manzanera: It's impossible to predict something like that. In terms of mass market, no, I don't think so. In 25 years, maybe, but not in the next few.

I do think that, eventually, general mood music—*awareness* music—will become much more popular. Maybe years and years of battering by heavy rock music will take its toll, and people will go into higher planes of musical appreciation. **db**

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Arnolds: Good Time Jazz (Mon.); *Pigmeat Jarrett* (Tue. & Wed.); *Bluebird Jazz Band* (Thurs.); *Jack Wallace* (Fri.).
Blue Wisp: River with Cal Collins; call 871-9141.
Celestial: Kenny Poole (Tue.-Sat.).
Emanon: Ed Moss Quartet (Wed.-Sat.); *Ethereal* (Sun. & Mon.).
Mick Noll's Covington Haus (Covington): *Big Apple All Stars* (Fri.).
Millcrot Inn (Milford): *Nelson Burton Trio* (Fri. & Sat.).
Bogarts: Name rock and jazz acts; call 281-8400.
WMUB (88.5 FM): "Jazz Alive!" (NPR) Thurs. 8 pm; jazz Mon.-Fri. 8 pm-2 am; Sat. & Sun. 10 pm-2 am.
WGUC (90.9 FM): "Jazz Alive!" (NPR) (Mon. midnight); *Oscar Treadwell's Eclectic Stop Sign* (Tue.-Sat., midnight-2 am).
WNOP (740 AM): Jazz sunrise to sunset.

CHICAGO

Jazz Showcase: Betty Carter and the John Hicks Trio (6/6-10); *Johnny Griffin Quartet* (6/13-17); *Dexter Gordon Quartet* (6/20-24); *Cal Tjader Quartet* (6/27-7/1); *Mongo Santamaria Big Band* (7/4-8); *Freddie Hubbard Quartet* (7/11-15); 337-1000.
Rick's Cafe Americain: Al Grey-Jimmy Forrest Quintet (6/5-16); *Barney Kessel-Herb Ellis Quartet* (6/19-30); *Roy Eldridge and the Franz Jackson Quartet* (7/5-21); 943-9200.
Wise Fools Pub: Lonnie Brooks Blues Band (6/7-9); *Judy Roberts Band* (6/13-16 & 20-23); *Roger Pemberton Big Band* (Mon.); 929-1510.
Ellixir Gallery: Rita Warford Ensemble (6/30); 248-0500.
Gaspar's: Jazz Members' Big Band (Sun.); 871-6680.
Jazz Institute Hotline: (312) 666-1881.
Chicago Blues Line: (312) 743-5505.

SAN FRANCISCO

Keystone Korner: Sam Rivers Quartet with Dave Holland (6/7-10); *Listen, with Mel Martin* (6/11); *Cecil Taylor Unit* (6/12-17); *Denny Zeitlin* (6/18); *Stan Getz Sextet* (6/19-24); *Airto Moreira & Flora Purim* (6/26-7/1); *George Coleman/Hilton Ruiz Quintet* (7/3-8); *Phil Woods Quartet* (7/10-15); call 781-0697 for details.
Great American Music Hall: Freddie Hubbard (6/15); *Gabor Szabo* (6/17); *Sarah Vaughan* (tent, 6/22 & 23).
Opera House: Gordon Lightfoot (6/23 & 24).
Concord Pavillion: Johnny Mathis, Ramsey Lewis (6/29 & 30).
24 hour Jazz Info Line: 521-9336.

LOS ANGELES

Hollywood Bowl—Playboy Jazz Festival (6/15 & 16), including: *Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Sarah Vaughan, Joni Mitchell, Lionel Hampton, Chick Corea, Freddie Hubbard, Dexter Gordon, Flora Purim*, others; for further info, 642-5700.
Concerts By The Sea: George Shearing (6/8-10); *Bob Florence Orchestra* (recording live) (6/14-17); *Joe Williams, plus Prez Conference* (6/21-24); *Gabor Szabo* (6/28-7/1); *Cal Tjader* (7/12-15); call 379-4998.
Parlsian Room (Washington & La Brea): *Esther Phillips* (6/5-17); *Hank Crawford* (6/19-7/1); call 936-8704.
Greek Theatre (2700 N Vermont): *Johnny Mathis with Ramsey Lewis* (7/5-8); for info 660-8400.
Century City Playhouse (10508 W. Pico): New music Sundays, including *Lee Kaplan, Vinny Golia, Bobby Bradford, Glenn Ferris*, etc.; for info 475-8388.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Name jazz, including *Horace Silver, Elvin Jones, Big Joe Turner*, etc.; call 372-6911.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Name jazz—*Gabor Szabo, Bill Berry Big Band, Art Pepper, Lenny Breau*, et. al.; call 769-1566.

Pasquale's (Malibu): *Moacir Santos, Bobby Shew, Lorraine Feather, Ray Pizzi*, others; for specifics, call 456-2007.

Sound Room (North Hollywood): *Ray Pizzi, Auracle, Moacir Santos*, others; call 761-3555.
Jimmy Smith's Supper Club: Jimmy Smith (Thurs.-Sun.); 760-1444.
Baked Potato (North Hollywood): *Don Randi* (Wed.-Sat.); *Roland Vasquez* (Sun.); *Pacific Ocean* (Mon.); *Karizma* (Tue.); 980-1615.
Cellar Theatre: Les De Merle Transfusion, featuring *Don Menza, Eddie Harris, Milcho Leviev*, etc. (Mon.); 385-2759.
Onaje's Tea Room (1414 S. Redondo Blvd.): New music regularly; call 937-9625.

TUCSON

Jazz Showcase: Desert Jazz Ensemble/jams; call 795-7071.
Gentle Ben's: Al Rodriguez Trio/Free Fall/Central Air/Jeff Daniels; call 622-7983.
Meeting Place: Dick Fazio Trio (Thurs.-Sat.); *Donna Kiss* (Wed.); *Travis Edmundson* (Sun. & Mon.); call 327-0114.
Delectables: Tommy Tucker Band; for other groups call 884-9289.
Al Smith's Pub: Dick Fazio (Thurs. & Fri.); call 272-3380.
Sahara: Jimmy Vindiola's Barrio Jazz (Tue.-Sun.); call 622-3541.
Spanish Trail: Dick Fazio (Mon.-Wed.); call 624-4461.
Executive Inn: Cass Preston and the Individuals (Tue.-Sat.); *Gail and Jay* (Sun. & Mon.); call 791-7551.
Tucson Community Center: Triumph (6/11); *B. J. Thomas* (6/23); *Chuck Mangione* (7/10, tentative); call 791-4101.
Temple of Music And Art: Call for jazz dates; 622-5722.
Eneke: Free jazz organization; call 884-0578.

PHOENIX

Safari: Les Brown Band (6/15); call 945-0721.
Sheraton Inn: Big John & The Sounds of Time (Mon.-Sat.); call 948-5000.
Century Sky Room: Panacea w/Prince Shell and Sam James (Fri.); *All-Stars* (Thurs.); *Big Band* (Sun.); call 262-9904.
Lunt Avenue Marble Club (Tempe): *Flight w/Jack Scannel* (Tue.-Sat.); call 967-9122.
Townhouse: Harvey Truitt Trio; call 279-9811.
KMCR (91.5 FM): Jazz programming.

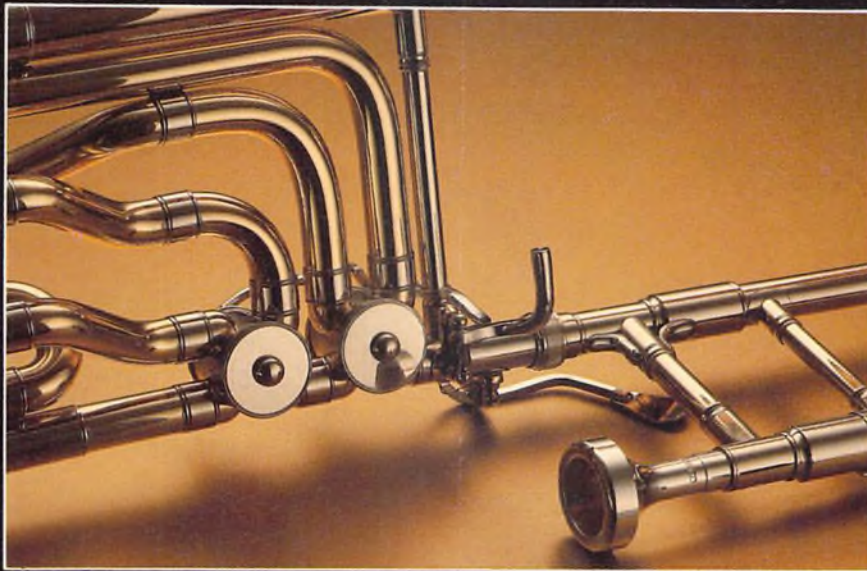
NORTHWEST

The Earth (Portland): *Sleazy Pieces* (6/13-16); *Jim Kweskin & Dick Pinney* (6/17); *Wheatfield* (6/27-30); *Seafood Mama* (7/4-7); *Paul Delay Blues Band* (7/11-14); (503) 227-4573.
Sam's Hideaway (Portland): *Spice of Life with Gary Clinton* (Tue.-Sat.); (503) 234-9979.
Prima Donna (Portland): *King James Version* (Wed.-Sat. in June); (503) 227-5951.
Jazz DeOpus (Portland): (503) 222-6077 for information.
Ray's Helm (Portland): (503) 288-1814.
Engle House #9 (Tacoma): *Steve Nowak Trio* (6/9); *Scott Cosu* (6/16); *Abraxas* (6/23); *Rainier Jazz Band* (6/30); *Great Excelsior Jazz Band* (7/7); (206) 272-5837.

BALTIMORE

Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom); *Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers* (6/3); *Ira Sullivan Quartet* (6/10); *Sun Ra* (6/17); *Johnny Griffin* (6/24); *Yusef Lateef* (7/1); *Hugh Masakela* (7/8); "Jazz Extravaganza" (Sat. 7-11 pm) WBJC (91.5 FM).
Bandstand: Name jazz (Wed.-Sat.); jam sessions (Tue.); call (301) 276-3240.
Brice's Hilltop Inn: Jam session (Sat. 3-7 pm); occasional name jazz; call (301) 358-6928.
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