

FEBRUARY 8, 1979

World Radio History
75c

the contemporary
music magazine

downbeat®

WEATHER
REPORT
*Storms Over
'Mr. Gone'*



JO JONES-MEAN PAPA

SONNY FORTUNE
STEPS OUT WARILY



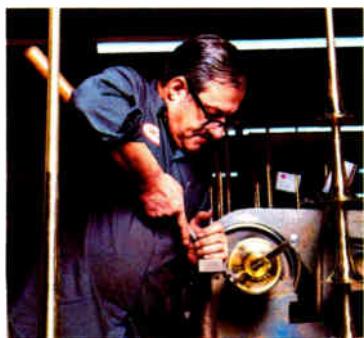
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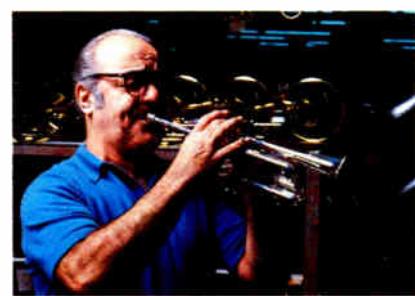


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After my second year, my brothers, John and Joe, came to Berklee to see what I'd been raving about.

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

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



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

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

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



Joe La Barbera
(currently with
Chuck Mangione):

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

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

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

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

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the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

Anybody who gives this record one star has got to be insane." This statement by Joe Zawinul refers to the db review (Jan. 11, '79) of *Mr. Gone*, the latest Weather Report album. Much of the interview in this issue with WR—Jaco Pastorius, Wayne Shorter, Peter Erskine and Joe Zawinul—is a vehement protest against this one star review in particular and about critics and the press in general. We find their criticism understandable, and in keeping with their status as stars and established creative musicians. Nevertheless, we stand with our certifiably sane reviewer: the one star review remains.

Successful performers are by definition egocentric. Their art and their performances of their art are central to their existence. Friends, relatives, audiences, and writers are tolerated and even highly valued but always in relation to the artist's center, his ego, his being. A recording not only embodies the egos of its performers, it represents untold hours of preparation and performance, mastered in the hopes of making a hit and thus reinforcing the players' professional status and their egos. So much rides on one disc. Zawinul is obviously sincere when he says, "This band has never put out a record that we didn't believe in ... we played it very well, we worked hard ..." "If we tried to make a one star album, we couldn't do it. Because it's not just in us ..."

Critics and journalists are not without egos or talent. But their concentration is not on themselves, but on the work of others. A critic evaluates another person's creativity on the evidence given by the artist's performance. In the case of a record review, the evidence is the disc on the turntable. The reviewer has to answer the question: Is this record poor (★), fair (★★), good (★★★), very good (★★★★), or excellent (★★★★★)—and why? He may make comparisons with other performances or other players, but the judgement to be printed is on *this* recorded performance.

When *down beat* prints a record review, it vouches for the honesty and knowledge of its reviewer and warrants against the cheap shot or the gratuitous hype. A one star review is rare; a one star review of a Weather Report album is unprecedented. How dare we say that a recorded performance by artists such as Pastorius, Shorter and Zawinul—all db poll winners—is poor? But how dare we say otherwise, if that is our considered judgement?

This record review is not the final statement. Weather Report and its members will go on to well-deserved glories. But Zawinul's doctrine of infallibility—"You can't give Horowitz one star or two"—is denied any mortal musician.

Next issue features guitar players John Abercrombie and Tal Farlow, and the controversial woodwind player Anthony Braxton, plus profiles of Chicago's renowned saxophonist and teacher, Joe Daley, and Eddie Moore, the drummer currently with Dewey Redman. Jimmy and Percy Heath take a joint Blindfold Test. (Reminder: Send today to this column for free Official Application for db Student Recording Awards competition for ten categories in both high school and college divisions.)



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Carl Palmer on Gretsch



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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Readers Poll Rapped

Where the hell were Pablo and Concord albums? Where was the exciting Juggernaut Band led by Nat Pierce and Frankie Capp? In this year's Readers Poll [12/21/78] commercialism wins again. Disgusting!

Dennis R. Hendley Milwaukee

As a feminist and a friend of several of the musicians, I am pleased to see that the Toshiko/Tabackin Big Band has achieved the recognition it deserves. However, I'm surprised that only Toshiko's photo is shown. Would you picture only Thad Jones or Mel Lewis if that band had captured the number one spot? Lew is co-leader of the band, as well as featured soloist, and he also placed in the tenor sax and flute categories.

It's about time deserving females got credit in the jazz world, but the absence of Lew's picture must be considered a gaffe.

Debbie Pontac Los Angeles

We deny gaffe-ing. Ms. Akiyoshi also won the arranger category. Because of space limitations, we could not run photos of all winners. There was no intent to slight any of the musicians who didn't get a mug shot.

For readers interested in Mr. Tabackin, see our 1/26/78 issue for a feature story by Leonard Feather. And it has a photo.

Infinity Equals 2 1/2

About Larry Birnbaum's review of Sonny Fortune's *Infinity Is*: granted, it is certainly not Sonny's best recording, but two-and-a-half stars? I, too, miss Charles Sullivan's trumpet and Kenny Barron's dazzling pianism. But many of us enjoy Sonny's playing and hope he sells his records so that we can hear more of his immense talent.

Come on, Larry, couldn't you have squeezed out that extra half star?

Robert Felisian Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Mr. Birnbaum replies: My appreciation of Sonny Fortune is no less than yours (see Caught! 11/2/78). I just wish he would record the music he enjoys.

Re Re-reviews

In your 12/7/78 issue, the first thing I read was a review of Richie Beirach's *Hubris*, an album I enjoy very much. Reviewer Jerry De Muth proceeded to tear the album apart, nearly calling it Muzak, and saying, "after Beirach's playing ends, one is left with an impression, but nothing of substance." He gave the album two-and-a-half stars. Then I found Chuck Berg's review of the same album in the 6/1/78 issue. Berg praised Beirach for "his deepening maturity and growing accomplishments," and said "Beirach has met the challenge of the solo project and prevailed." He gave the album five stars.

Quite a difference, huh?

Jeff Walker Silver Spring, Md.

I draw up my records-to-get list from the albums that you review favorably. Until now, this system has created no problems.

In the 6/1/78 issue, Richard Beirach's *Hubris*, ECM-1-1104, got five stars. It went on my list. Then the album was reviewed in the 12/7/78 issue and given two-and-a-half stars. Hardly enough to make my record list. At first, Beirach prevailed over the solo challenge, but the next time we are told that "... brilliant engineering is no substitute for brilliant musicianship. And although Beirach has his brilliant moments, they are not enough to form brilliant music."

Question: Which review shall I consider?
Gene Schumacher Hampton Bays, N.Y.

As mentioned in Potpourri (db 1/1), the re-review was a slip-up, not an implied editorial comment.

Perhaps the real question is: What do you think of each reviewer? Our record reviews are written by real people—different people with different tastes and standards. That's why the reviews are signed. As long as the reviews responsibly explain the reviewer's position and deal with the music, our editorial policy is to print the review and the star rating, whether or not we personally agree. In our moments of hubris, we like to call that our integrity.

If you can't determine the different approaches and built-in biases of our various reviewers, you should be reading more closely, or more often. Try finding reviewers with whom you agree, and follow their leads. And even those reviewers with a different point-of-view than yours, if you understand their orientation, can provide you with some valuable insights.

Readers Hall Of Fame

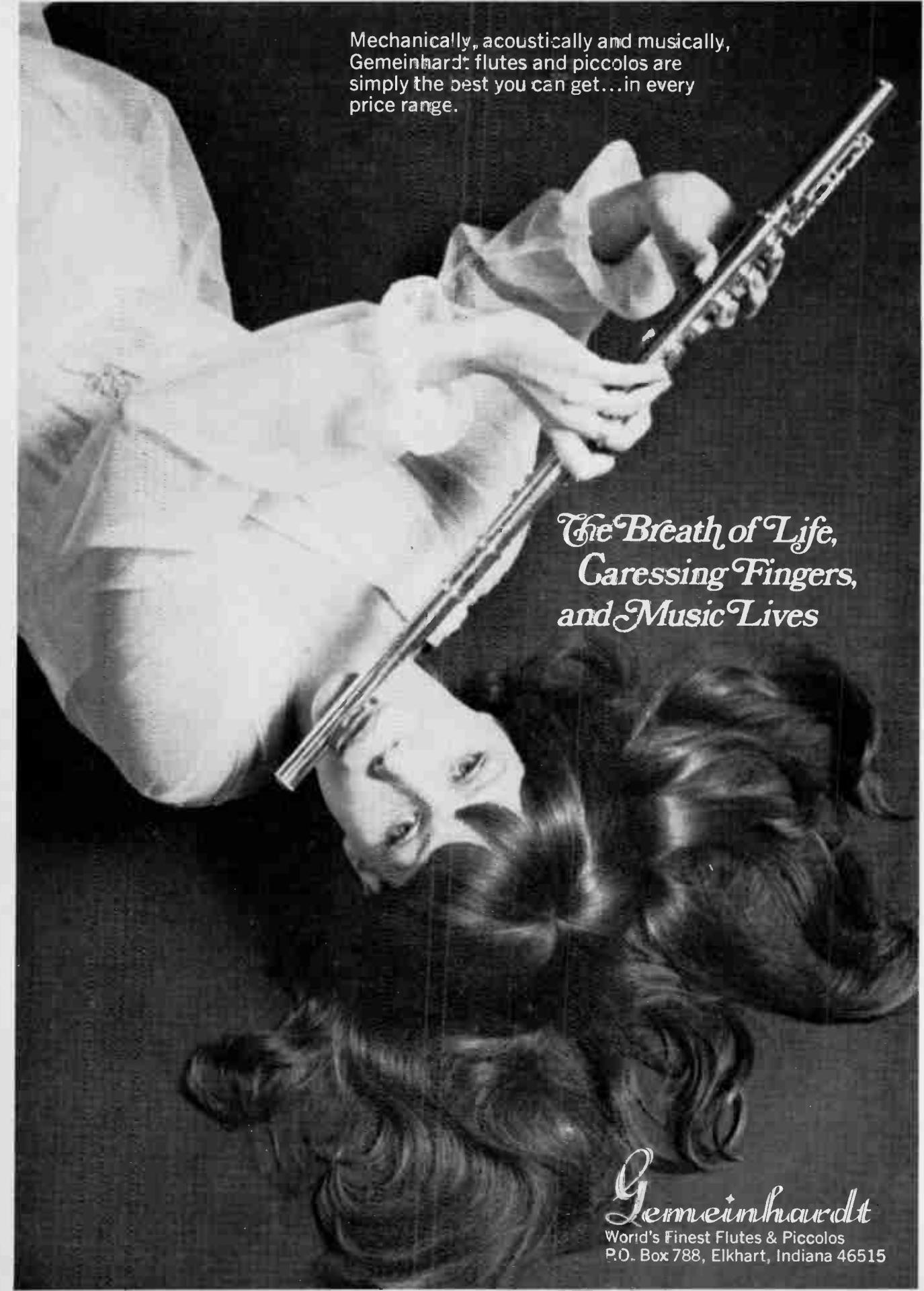
I feel crass in saying this, but I've felt for the past several years that the Readers Poll has turned the Hall Of Fame into Tribute To The Recent Dead. It's not that Joe Venuti, Paul Desmond, and others were insignificant, but when the history of jazz is written in 50 years, artists like Max Roach, Ella Fitzgerald and Dexter Gordon will be seen as very important to the development and growth of the music. Isn't that what the Hall of Fame is supposed to be about?

Rick Cornell address unknown

The advertisement features a black and white photograph of Dizzy Gillespie, the famous jazz trumpeter, sitting behind a set of conga drums. He is wearing a light-colored suit jacket and a patterned shirt. The Latin Percussion logo, consisting of the letters 'LP' inside a circle, is prominently displayed above the drums and on the side of one of the congas. The text 'DIZZY DIGS LP' is printed in large, bold letters across the top of the ad. Below the photo, there is promotional text and the Latin Percussion company information.

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NEWS

Mulligan Hooked On 14 Piece Affair

NEW YORK—Gerry Mulligan has formed a new big band ... and the look on his newly shaved face when he's in front of it is one of sublime relaxation.

The band had its "official" opening at StoryTowne, the supper club here. It's a 14 piece affair: three trumpets, three trombones, four reeds, three rhythm and the leader. The tunes are familiar from the 1960-64 edition of Mulligan's big band, but some of the charts differ. Some are expanded charts of the sextet he fronted recently, while others are from the old book even down to the fills. But it all is refreshing and alive with some of the finest sidepeople Mulligan could muster. Featured soloists include Barry Reis, trumpet, Keith O'Quinn and Dave Glenn, trombones, and Gary Keller, tenor sax. Mulligan's veteran pianist Tom Fay is aboard, as is bassist Jack Six.

It was at the insistence of trumpet player Jimmy Maxwell that Gerry regrouped his aggregation. "Jimmy kept after me, telling me that since I had all those great charts, I ought to form a rehearsal unit," Mulligan said. "It was kind of a lark and I got hooked again!" Mulligan

generally writes in between his travels. He took up a friend's offer to use the Club Med in Guadalupe to work out the arrangements' kinks there in September.

The resultant current book includes Mulligan's band charts of *Come Rain Or Come Shine*, *Bweebida Bobbida* and *Lady Chatterly's Mother*. Present are Al Cohn's *Sweet And Slow*, and Bill Holman's chart of the very first Mulligan band's rendition of Ellington's *I'm Gonna Go Fishin'*.

The sextet expansions include *Sandy At The Beach*, *Song For Strayhorn* and *Walk On The Water*. There's a fresh arrangement of *Walkin' Shoes* and brand new charts of Ellingtonia in plentiful supply.

"We've only had a total of two weeks rehearsal," Mulligan told **db**. "But we've worked the road for another three." They played Iowa, Ohio, Illinois, Mississippi, Missouri and Wisconsin before coming into New York.

"We'll be doing a tour of the West and Southwest in the near future," Mulligan offered. "But in the meantime I'm writing some more and giving our agency (Willard Alexander) a chance to get some things together for us."

GRP's Fusion Target: Japan

LOS ANGELES—Multi-talented pianist/composer/arranger/producer Dave Grusin, 43, is now president of his own company, GRP Records, distributed by Arista.

Two years ago, Dave Grusin and engineer Larry Rosen formed Grusin-Rosen Productions (GRP), and produced first albums by Earl Klugh, Noel Pointer and Yutaka Yokokura, as well as Patti Austin's second album, and co-producing Lee Ritenour's recent *Captain's Journey*.

"As GRP Records," said Grusin, "we just released two new artists. Dave Valentin is a Latin-jazz flutist from New York. Angela Bofill is a pop-oriented singer, also from New York.

"We are not bebop 'pure' jazz, but I feel we have a valid statement we're making with these artists.

"There is a need for our fusion-oriented music, not only here, where perhaps 10% of the people are interested in jazz or

crossover, but in Japan, where maybe 40 to 50% of the people are interested. As a production company and record company, we are dealing with new artists, people who have no track record, and we've been successful in getting them out there.

"We will have a stable of six to eight artists, releasing a record every nine months or so. We will also release my own records, although I don't know when."

Grusin has two solo albums available, *One Of A Kind* (Polydor) and the direct-to-disc *Discovered Again* (Sheffield). His latest film score is *Heaven Can Wait*. Other scores include *Bobby Deerfield*, *The Front*, *Three Days Of The Condor*, and *The Graduate*. His TV scores include *Baretta*, *Maude*, *Dan August*, and *It Takes A Thief*.

Grusin has worked with Al Jarreau, John Klemmer, Quincy Jones, Peggy Lee, Art Farmer, Grover Washington, Nancy Wilson, Billy Joel, and numerous others as an arranger or player.

POTPOTURRI

Rosy's, the New Orleans nightspot featuring national acts, was sold in December for an undisclosed sum to the president and vice president of N.O.'s Federal Savings and Loan Association. Former proprietor and owner **Ms. Rosalie Wilson** departed for New York after damning the "negative attitude" she found pervading the Crescent City's music scene. Her last booking was **Ray Charles**, for a \$20 cover charge (drinks were extra).

London's **Jazz Centre Society** (35 Gt. Russel St., London WC1 (01) 580 8532) is offering a four day clinic for all instruments during Easter holidays.

Brass player **Vic Knight** has a 16 piece band to promote his syndicated radio show *Seven Decades Of Sound*—which spotlights big bands, and is being heard across the country—check local listings.

The **Hong Kong Bar** in L.A.'s Century Plaza Hotel, long booking name jazz people, has abandoned its music policy because too few hotel guests were found among the clientele. So where were the musicians who played there—including **Joe Pass**, **Clark Terry**, **Benny Carter**, **Harold Land**, **Phil Woods**, **Jimmy Witherspoon**, and **Ernestine Anderson**—staying?

Top Australian trumpeter **Keith Stirling** is sponging in New York City on a grant. The 38-year-old jazzman arrived in August. The grant, for \$13,000, was provided by the Music Board of the Australian Council on the Arts. Stirling told **db**, "The purpose of the grant is for me to live in New York and be a sponge. To absorb what's happening here musically. I guess they saw fit to send me because I teach in the Jazz Program at the Sydney Conservatory of Music and I'm well known in Australia."

Stirling will study with private teachers but will not perform because he doesn't have the necessary "green card." He reports growing enthusiasm for jazz in Australia but says, "being in New York is the best."

Salome's Hit Blues Review

TORONTO—*Indigo*, a blues revue written by and starring Salome Bey, moved January 4 into the fourth month of a projected eight-month first run at the Basin Street cabaret, upstairs from the jazz club Bourbon Street. Attendance has run at about 95% of house capacity; reviews have been excellent.

Besides Bey, who sang with brother Andy and sister Geraldine as Andy and the Bey Sisters (1957-66) before starting her stage career in Toronto and appearing in several Broadway productions, the cast consists of singer Rudy Webb and dancer-actor Dennis Simpson. They are accompanied by a trio.

Of the show, Bey says "from the beginning, coming from Africa in song, moving right up to the Apollo Theatre in New York, going through speakeasies, vaudeville, jam sessions in Chicago, minstrel shows, the Savoy Ballroom, Birdland ... all the places that catered to performers of the blues, we show it by performance." Special tributes are paid to Ethel Waters, Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday.

An invitation has been extended to have *Indigo* performed at a cultural festival next summer in Bermuda. Plans call for a Canadian tour to follow, and inquiries have come from several major U.S. cities.

Western Swing Alive And Happening; McAuliffe, Johnnie Lee Wills Wax On

LOS ANGELES—One of the most gratifying musical revivals of recent years has been the resurgent interest in so-called Western Swing, the now five decade old fusion of traditional Southwestern fiddle and country dance music, popular country and western music, and the jazz-influenced swing band idiom, into which traces of a number of other disciplines have been mixed as well. One of the pioneering figures in this still popular blend was fiddler/composer/leader Bob Wills, whose Texas Playboys orchestra—developing from an earlier unit, the Lightcrust Doughboys, Wills had formed in 1931—helped to define the genre and remained its most popular and successful attraction through the 1930s and '40s, the period of its greatest popularity during which time the band grew to more than 20 pieces. Wills continued leading a band and recording until his death in 1975.

Since then, the Texas Playboys has continued as a working unit under the leadership of its well-known steel guitarist, and sometime vocalist, Leon McAuliffe, who first joined the group in 1935, remaining until shortly after World War II, when he organized his own band (the Cimarron Boys). He rejoined Wills in 1973 and, on the latter's

death two years later, took over the running of the group, which continues to perform as often as its members' busy schedules permit. (Inasmuch as most of the bandmen have other full-time professions, the Playboys, McAuliffe explained, are able to meet only a small portion of the large number of playing engagements they have been offered in recent years.)

Recordings have continued, as well. The band's last outing was a "live" set made in October, 1977, during its stand at Knott's Berry Farm in Buena Park, Ca. More recently the Playboys followed a highly acclaimed mid-November engagement at Los Angeles' Palomino Club with several days' recording for Capitol Records. The sessions, which lasted three days, resulted in 16 performances, including a number of previously unrecorded selections from the band's old book, one of which was the instrumental *Big Beaver*, named for a northwest Oklahoma dancehall where the band frequently performed in years past. Current lineup of the Texas Playboys is: McAuliffe, steel guitar, vocal; Leon Rausch, vocal; Bob Boatright, Jack Stidham, fiddles; Bob Kiser, guitar; Al Stricklin, piano; Joe Ferguson, bass, and Smokey

Dacus, drums. The leader, Stricklin and Dacus first became Playboys in 1935, and Ferguson the following year. Rausch joined in 1958, while the remaining members, all veteran players, have been Playboys only since '75 and, in Kiser's case, '77.

Johnnie Lee Wills, Bob's brother, served as banjo player in the Playboys, led his own band on the fiddle in the early '40s, merged it with the Playboys when Bob joined the Army, and stayed in Tulsa, the Western Swing capital, when the Playboys headed for California in the mid '40s. Though he disbanded his ensemble in the early '60s, Johnnie Lee has just issued *Reunion on Flying Fish*, bringing together such Tulsa Sound stalwarts as fiddlers Johnny Gimble, Joe Holley, and Curley Lewis, lead guitarist Donn Tolle, rhythm guitarist Eldon Shamblin, pianist Clarence Cagle, bassist Ted Adams, reed players Glenn Rhee and Wayne Johnson, trumpeter and arranger for the Playboys Alex Brashear. John Thomas Wills, Johnnie Lee's son and Bob's nephew, sings with the band, and the Wills' manager since the '30s and sometimes radio announcer O. W. Mayo introduces *Rag Mop* just as he did at Cain's Ballroom in Tulsa.

—pete welding

FINAL BAR

Don Ellis, trumpeter, composer and orchestra leader, died December 17 in his home in North Hollywood, Ca. of a heart attack. The 44 year old Ellis had given up his frequently experimental big band last May on doctor's orders, having suffered a heart attack in early '75, and had been free-lancing. His last completed project may have been the soundtrack to a film, *Natural Enemies*.

Los Angeles-born Ellis studied composition at Boston University and at the Lenox, Mass. School of Jazz. He performed with bands led by George Russell, Maynard Ferguson, Charlie Barnet and Ray McKinley before forming his own quartet in 1962. In the early '60s he had a rehearsal band with Lalo Schifrin, Ed Shaughnessy, Steve Swallow, Steve Lacy and Roswell Rudd and appeared as the trumpet soloist with the New York Philharmonic, the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington, D.C. and the L.A. Philharmonic. In 1964 he formed a 23 piece band in California, which became popular after a gig at the Monterey Jazz Festival of 1966 (recorded on Pacific Jazz). At that time he was also working in the Hindustani Jazz Sextet with sitarist Haru Har Rao.

"It was through Indian music that I realized that jazz has far from exhausted all the possibilities of different ways of swinging and approaching rhythms," Ellis said in a '74 *db* interview. Using complex time signatures was an Ellis orchestra trademark, but other innovations he introduced to the big band context were electric string quartets, vocal choirs as instrumental sections, quarter-tone valves built into brass, and, early on, electric pianos, Clavinetts, echoplexes, ring modulators, and phase shifters. He authored *The New Rhythm Book and Quarter Tones* (published by Harold Branch, New York), recorded six albums for Columbia, and two for MPS-BASF. His *Theme For The French Connection* won a 1973 Grammy for instrumental arrangement.

"So far as organizing pitches and sounds, we've just begun," he said in '74. "We're only beginning to see the possibilities of group-

RELEASES

Mosaic Records is the label of Britain's independent jazzman, bassist and composer **Graham Collier**. In the States during early winter to work on distribution, Collier introduced several arresting releases: his own two record set *Day Of The Dead*, with words from **Malcolm Lowry's Under The Volcano**; saxophonist **Alan Wakeman's** trio **Triton**, *Wilderness Of Glass*; the solo piano improvisations and overdubbed duets of **Howard Riley**; and **Roger Dean's Lysis Live**. Collier's book *Cleo & John (Laine)* and her husband, bandleader **Dankworth**, of course) has just been distributed by **Horizon Press**. (Mosaic Records, 80 South Ealing Rd., London W5 4QB.)

●
Muse Records has signed a longterm lease arrangement with **Wynn Wyett's Timeless** records. Wyett, a leading European promoter, has recorded such artists as **Art Blakey** and the **Jazz Messengers** and the **Woody Shaw/Louis Hayes Quintet**. The albums will be released under the Timeless/Muse label.

●
Pacific Arts offers *New Moon In Zytron*, co-led by percussionist **James Zitro** and saxist **David Liebman**.

ing, developing and creating fresh sounds and new tonalities. When I discovered this, I saw a whole plain of incredibly beautiful and unlimited vistas. I am convinced that I must explore these areas."

Ellis is survived by two sons and his parents; Tommy Vig led a band at his memorial services.

Blanche Calloway Jones, who led in the '30s a 20 piece band that her brother Cab joined, died December 16 in Baltimore. She was 76 years old.

A singer and dancer, Ms. Calloway appeared with Paul Robeson and Josephine Baker in Eubie Blake and Noble Sissle's 1921 musical *Shuffle Along*; a songwriter, she penned *I Need Loving* and her band's theme, *Growlin' Dan*; a disk jockey, she became the first woman on a radio station (Miami Beach's WMBM) in the South in the '50s. She worked in real estate during the '60s, and founded AFRAM, a cosmetics, jewelry and toiletries firm in 1968. She is survived by two sisters and three brothers.

Erskine Tate, bandleader and violinist, died in Chicago December 17 of a heart attack after a long illness.

Born in Memphis, Tenn., December 19, 1895, Tate was part of the migrating generation of trained black musicians who came north before 1914 and were inclined to view jazz as lacking in culture and refinement. Like many educated Negroes then, Tate looked upon it as something of an embarrassment to his race and felt it fed white stereotypes of the black man. In Chicago, Tate became leader of the Vendome Theater orchestra and played a mixture of light classics, popular tunes and silent film scores.

Ironically, Tate is remembered today principally for employing Louis Armstrong in the mid '20s. Armstrong was hired as a jazz soloist for the Vendome shows and recorded *Stomp Off* and *Static Strut* with Tate in 1926. The only other Tate records date from 1923 with a band including Freddie Keppard and Buster Bailey. Tate continued to lead a band into the mid '30s, and then turned to music teaching. The Vendome Theater at 3143 South State St. was demolished in 1949.

WEATHER REPORT ANSWERS ITS CRITICS

by LARRY BIRNBAUM



VERYL OAKLAND

Shorter, Erskine, Zawinul, Pastorius

"**T**his is an all-star band, man, and by its own virtue, not by putting it together. Usually they put all-star bands together—they say okay, get me this guy, that guy. But with us, three out of four regular members had first places in the Readers Poll, also in the Critics Poll, also in the European polls, also in the Japanese polls. And Peter is going to be up there too."

Josef Zawinul has never been accused of excessive modesty, but no one can gainsay the phenomenal success Weather Report has enjoyed among critics, musicians, and listeners alike since its inception in 1970. Their latest album, *Mr. Gone*, is currently near the top of the jazz charts after a mixed critical reception ranging from ecstatic raves to dismal pans, in-

cluding a one star drubbing in **down beat** that caused Zawinul no end of consternation.

"We really care, you know? Hey man, **down beat** is my favorite magazine. You know why? Because I grew up on it, it was my connection to America and it brought me into jazz music.

"But there is no way in the world that a record like this could get a one star review. I have seen many reviews of this record. People like Conrad Silvert, Len Lyons, Robert Palmer, Ken Anderson, Bob Blumenthal, all thought it was a great album. You know what one star means? It means this is a poor record. This band has never put out a record that we didn't believe in, and there's no way in the world that anybody was ever involved in a one star album. This is a heavy thing, man. I mean

even if somebody doesn't like the record, just for the compositions alone it's got to be five stars. We played it very well; we worked hard on this record. Anybody who gives this record one star has got to be insane."

Zawinul's meteoric career has been extensively documented, as has that of his renowned collaborator Wayne Shorter, one of the giants of the modern saxophone. (See **db** 6/1/78, 6/15/78 for Zawinul interviews; 7/14/77 for Shorter's story.)

The unlikely coupling of the brash, fast-talking Austrian keyboardist and the humble, soft-spoken American reedman has proved to be a most fruitful and long-lived partnership. The duo became a solid triumvirate in 1976 with the acquisition of electric bassist Jaco

Pastorius, the "Florida flash," whose extraordinary technique and flamboyant showmanship catapulted him swiftly into the ranks of stardom (dh 1/27/77*). The latest addition to the group is former Kenton drummer Peter Erskine, who, like Zawinul and Shorter, is also an alumnus of the Maynard Ferguson band. In the past, Weather Report has always included a percussionist, but with Erskine they have rounded down to a sleek quartet, yielding a less cluttered sound that spotlights Zawinul's synthesized polyphony with superior clarity.

Through eight albums, Weather Report has developed from a loose improvisational ensemble whose interwoven counterpoint lines had a spontaneous, searching quality into a tightly integrated programmatic unit given over largely to extended written arrangements. Although the material remains complex and challenging, their music has evolved from the moody gropings of their early outings through an eclectic middle period featuring funk and ethnic effects and finally to its present tuneful incarnation. With highly wrought but catchy melodies soaring buoyantly over heavy bass ostinati, Weather Report's current style is joyously celebratory to its admirers, slick and cynical to its detractors. In the process of becoming more accessible, their music has attracted adherents even as it has alienated some critics, and their sales figures have

West, all delicacy of nuance gave way to a strident, heavily percussive mix amplified to rock-concert intensity.

Shorter has been playing more tenor lately and his pungent, earthy solo was easily the highpoint of the set, contrasting markedly with the haunting soprano airs for which he has become known in recent years and demonstrating that he remains a non-parcel exponent of the big horn. Pastorius perambulated all over the stage, plucking resonant bass lines with the sustained energy that has led some album reviewers to confuse his thick tones with Zawinul's synthesizer. Jaco's solo spot combined histrionics with electronics as the bassist generated amazing feedback effects that lingered in the air until he finally quelled the throbbing instrument by leaping down on it from atop an amplifier.

In addition to these antics, the act featured a smoke machine and a fancy lighting backdrop, but music had the last word as Zawinul performed an extended electric piano encore with all of the fluid facility he once displayed with Cannonball Adderley's band.

I spoke to the band over Mexican food between shows as they prepared to head west on the last leg of their tour. Blunt and outspoken as usual, Zawinul did most of the talking, evincing not a little testiness as he fumed again at the thought of the offending review.

"There's got to be a certain profession-

Brazilian or Middle-Eastern music . . .

Zawinul: No.

Birnbaum: . . . or does that just come out naturally?

Zawinul: Yeah. I'm an international person and I've always traveled. I come from a Hungarian-Czechoslovakian family background and you know, it's just whatever comes out. I play now like I played when I was still in Austria. Stylistically, idea-wise, composition-wise, I did pretty much the same thing 20 years ago.

Birnbaum: When you were in Vienna did you listen to Gypsy music or anything like that?

Zawinul: Well, this is just something that's there and it's a part of the atmosphere. You just go out there and you play with the people and just hang out with them. I always learned more from the people than from their music. Anyway I never heard that stuff in the group at all. All of the guys that played percussion with us, for instance, even if they were from Brazil or wherever, they were really jazz musicians, jazz drummers.

Birnbaum: Hearing the band live last night I was really struck by the heavy rock feel, especially in the bass and drums.

Pastorius: Well then you got a total misconception of the music . . .

Zawinul: I think so.

Pastorius: . . . because if there's a heavy feel,

"If we tried to make a one star album we couldn't do it, because it's just not in us. We are goddamned sincere with what we are doing."

climbed to new peaks.

Despite progressive refinement in the direction of more elaborate orchestration, the underlying conceptual structure of the music has remained remarkably unchanged. Weather Report's original conglomeration of electronic and acoustic voicings over a shifting matrix of strong, regular syncopations remains unmistakably its own. Characteristic use of counterpoint to develop thematic material, as opposed to sequential soloing, brands the music with an indelible signature stamp unique in contemporary music. For all their public disavowal of rock and fusion influences, the group's sound is clearly rooted in the early electronic experiments of Miles Davis, where virtually all of the prominent names in the modern fusion school won prominence. Zawinul's *In A Silent Way* and Shorter's *Nefertiti*, each the title track from an influential Miles album, were two of the seminal compositions of the new genre, and both men contributed to such important recordings as *Bitches Brew*.

As of this writing the group is just completing an extended world tour which has taken them to Europe, Japan, and South America before culminating in a sweep of the U.S. In a late November performance at Chicago's Park

alism," he protested. "You don't give Horowitz one star or two. You just don't do it, because it's beyond. Certain things are beyond and what this band is doing is beyond anybody. If we tried to make a one star album we couldn't do it, because it's just not in us. We are goddamn sincere with what we are doing."

I queried the band about changes in their music:

Zawinul: Well, it's developed and it's grown but a human being is a human being and you really can't change that much.

Pastorius: Your personality doesn't change, it just grows.

Shorter: Your name was the same when you were a baby, too.

Birnbaum: Well, there have been different personnel in the band also.

Shorter: We have a different president of the U.S.

Zawinul: But it's the same constitution.

Birnbaum: On the new album I hear big band voicings but on stage it sounds more like a rock band. Do you try to get a different feeling in live performance than in the studio?

Zawinul: We don't try nothing, man. We're just human beings and we're just doing what we do, and it's very good. We have the best composing on this record ever, the best composing of anybody, not just of ours. Some of the tunes are incredible.

Birnbaum: What kind of music do you listen to?

Zawinul: I listen to my music.

Birnbaum: You seem to use quite a bit of different ethnic music. Do you listen to say,

*Pastorius still smarts over a misquote in his 1977 down beat feature: "They wrote that Jaco Pastorius writes Ft. Lauderdale with a 't' because this is the way the Cubans and third world people spell it. What I said was that when I was a kid my name was spelled J-o-c-k-o like Jocko Conlan, the umpire, because I was a great ballplayer. I played the hell out of baseball, man. I was into nothing but sports. Then when we moved to Florida the Cubans and all the third world people spelled it J-a-c-o because that's how you spell it phonetically in Spanish. That's what I said in the interview and it comes out that I misspell Ft. Lauderdale."

West Coast Editor Lee Underwood heard Weather Report in Santa Monica at the end of the tour. Lee catches WR in the act in our 3/8 issue, on sale 2/22.

it's r&b, not rock. There's a difference between rhythm and blues and rock 'n' roll. I grew up playing nothing but colored music all my life and that's it.

Zawinul: That's the difference, we don't play no white music, because rock 'n' roll is a white music.

Birnbaum: What about Chuck Berry?

Zawinul: That ain't no rock 'n' roll, Chuck Berry, that's r&b.

Pastorius: I don't play nothing but r&b. It ain't no rock 'n' roll.

Zawinul: English music is rock 'n' roll.

Pastorius: Yeah, if we did an album with *Penny Lane* on it you could say we were playing rock 'n' roll.

Zawinul: But even the themes we're playing are different. Maybe on one tune we play something that might sound like r&b, but all our rhythms are totally different. No r&b group plays rhythms the way we do. It has the power of r&b, but there's a difference, man.

Pastorius: We have the drive of a soul group.

Zawinul: It has that strength and power, but the rhythms we play are unique. I don't know if most people can identify what we play in the first place, but we've had some of the best copyists in the business trying to transcribe our music for publication and they cannot chart down what we're playing—it's totally different, man. I mean if you analyze the rhythms we play on the new record alone . . . have you ever heard a rhythm like *The Pursuit Of The Woman With The Feathered Hat*? I know you haven't. Check out the *River People* rhythm—it's a totally different approach, man.

Birnbaum: I find the rhythmic concept similar through the whole series of Weather Report albums, but it is unique, really. It gives the band a very distinctive sound.

Zawinul: Yeah, because it's similar people playing.

Birnbaum: You've gone through quite a few different percussionists. When you get some new, do you tell them what to play?

Zawinul: Oh yeah. You have to, man.

Birnbaum: Now with Peter in the group, will you still use different drummers in the studio?

Zawinul: The reason we used Peter on only one tune is because we met him when the record was already done.

Pastorius: We finished the record back in May and then we had to go out on tour in June

so we got Peter to go out with us to Japan to start the world tour. But he was playing so good we said let's get Peter on the record. He just happened to come in on the tail end.

Birnbaum: Do you feel comfortable now just as a quartet without the additional percussion? It sounds very clean that way.

Pastorius: Fantastic.

Zawinul: It's a little more focused. It helps the bass player.

Pastorius: There's a certain timbre in some of the percussion instruments that takes away a lot of the mid-range, mid-range and below. Joe and I might be playing and we can take

more space and not have to force our way through.

Birnbaum: (to Shorter) You're playing more tenor now.

Shorter: Yeah, because we're getting a much better mix for it now.

Birnbaum: It's a different style than your soprano work. It reminds me more of the way you used to play with Art Blakey.

Shorter: That's not surprising. It's like two different people—it's a schizoid kind of thing. One thing is that when you hold a soprano you feel more like a trumpet player. With the tenor it's down on your chest somewhere, so

continued on page 44

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Ain't He Sweet?

by RICHARD BROWN

Little has been written about Jo Jones; the master drummer has been around over 67 years and yet only short synopses of his career appear in print.

Born on October 7, 1911 in Chicago and schooled in Alabama, Jones was a multi-talented child who could sing, dance and play trumpet, piano and saxophone. He left home at an early age to perform in touring shows.

Jones made his name as Count Basie's main drummer from 1934 to '46; he was the fourth member of what came to be called the "All American Rhythm Section," with the Count on piano, Walter Page on bass and Freddy Green on guitar. Years later, many still think of him as Count Basie's drummer. He has influenced countless other percussionists.

After Basie, he went on to perform and record with a staggering number of jazz giants, including Duke Ellington, Lester Young, Billie Holiday, Gene Ammons and Johnny Hodges. He has freelanced and occasionally fronted his own band.

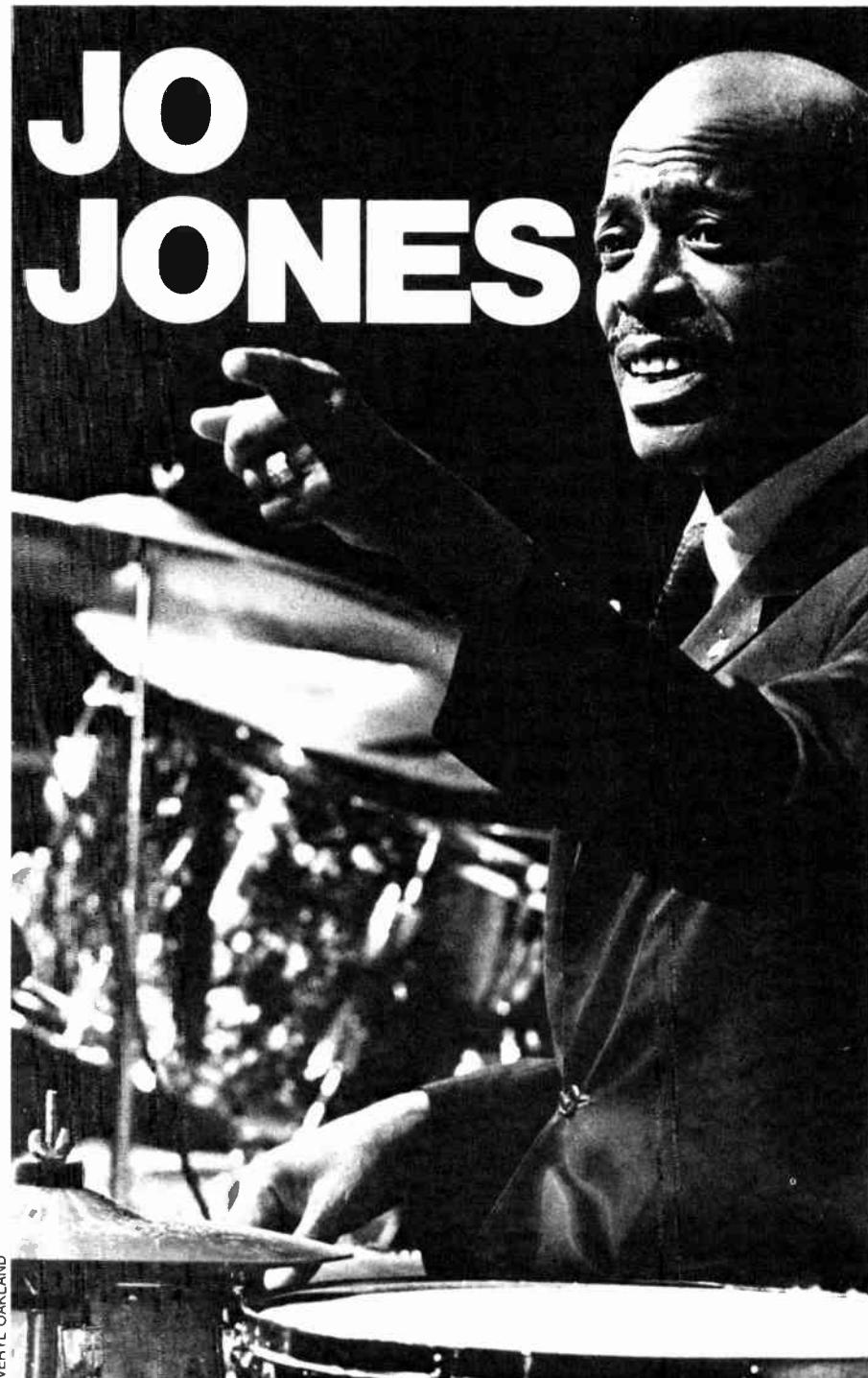
John Hammond reveals that Jones' first recording was made without a bass drum. Hammond originated the spelling of "Jo" to distinguish his favorite drummer.

But what of the man? One Boston jazzman suggested that Jones' personality has deterred writers from writing about him; another intimated there is an unwritten code to avoid this subject.

Jones is like a cold blue diamond—a priceless gem with a sharp cutting edge. Two Boston columnists ignored the taboo to expose that edge when Jones did a two-week stint at Sandy's Jazz Revival last September. Both claimed he once threw a ride cymbal at 17-year-old Charlie Parker during a jam session, and one chastized Jones' intolerance of other peoples' shortcomings and his "gracious temper tantrums."

Jones is too complex for the matter to be cut-and-dried. Certainly he has fewer inhibitions than the average person: "I'm nasty as I please," he told me. He feels that in some way his unacceptable behavior is necessary in order to stand up for his "rights." "I am very, very discriminatory. I am very, very prejudiced. I do not drink or converse with everybody; I speak, and that's only a courtesy. But I have never mistreated anybody nor have I had the time to."

The people who usually experience the brunt of his anger are those he does not know or have time for. When Jones vents his pain and frustration, the victims are faceless and the attacks impersonal. Sometimes what a person represents sets Jo off. In Jo's mind, club



VERYL OAKLAND

owners are to performers what masters are to slaves: "I don't like any night club owner."

Certain topics of conversation should be avoided. "Anybody who knows me knows two things: you don't get into my personal life and you don't get into my professional life." Nor is he to be asked about the personal lives of other musicians.

Flash bulb photos of him instantly elicit a tirade; he thinks it's only common sense that they cause blindness. At Sandy's he stopped playing when someone used a flash. Asked beforehand if it was all right to take flash pictures Jones said that it was not, but his warning went unheeded so he paid the photographer's check and had him leave the club.

Some experience only his sweet side, and many others choose to ignore what they per-

ceive as indiscriminate hostility. Many things about Jo tend to erase the effect of his anger: he has charisma, and can turn the charm on and off like a tap. At times one imagines him a genteel noble. His balletic movements and poses reinforce this image, as do his occasional Anglicisms.

Jones was in a bleak mood at the Lakeview Motor Lodge in Beverly, Mass., where he'd been staying for over a week while performing at Sandy's. He complained of isolation and claustrophobia. Although John Hammond had driven up from New York for opening night, Jones had few other visitors, and he mostly stayed in his room alone.

It was 1 p.m., but he seemed haggard. A

cold or perhaps his cigarettes made him cough. His voice was hoarse. Asked about a TV show he was to do the next day, he answered slowly, in a threatening tone. "Please. What I am in, shit, you'll never know. I am Papa Jo—you've got to learn who the hell I am. You see? You don't know me." He softened. "I thought I could come up here and get two weeks rest. I don't get no rest, man, you know. B-r-r-ring, B-r-r-ring," he imitated a phone, "that's the reason."

The only other question I asked during the interview referred to a picture of him and President Carter. He said it was more special than pictures of the President with other people. I asked why. "When I say something, don't question it," he snarled, and from then on I asked nothing more. He spoke almost non-stop for three hours.

"A lot of us ended up on instruments we didn't start on," he began. "I started on trumpet, went to the saxophone and piano, but I had a background as a singer, dancer and dramatist. I took all of that, molded it and put it on my drum. My greatest influence is piano. The reason I switched to drums is that I found out the drummer is the highest paid member in the band.

"Without a doubt, the most challenging instrument for anyone to pick up is the drum. The drummer is supposed to know more music than anybody else—he must understand musical structure and be able to apply what he knows; and he must have the stamina of a long distance runner ... in fact, he must be as athletic as any athlete.

"The drum is the heart of music. The saxophone can play and then rest, as can all of them except the drums; the drummer keeps going—he can't afford to stop.

"I command respect from anyone on the bandstand, from Benny Goodman up. They know that I am supposed to know how things go and that I have total recall. Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo, Milt Hinton, George Benson, Benny Goodman and I were doing a television tribute to John Hammond and no one knew the ending to one of the tunes we were doing. So I played the ending and said 'Is this what you guys are looking for?'

"And I know when the chord changes are wrong. We were in Ronnie Scott's; Illinois Jacquet called a tune, Milt Buckner got his organ. When we started, Jacquet was playing one tune and Milt was playing another, and they turned to me and I said 'Don't look at me. I can't get no melody out of the drums.'

"When I perform, you have to *see* it. Every night you're going to see something different. My friends—Gene Krupa, Buddy Rich, Sid Catlett and others—used to come and watch me," he said, mimicking incredulous and intent listeners. "Five shows. They'd come back about two days later and see another five shows. Every show was different. They'd say 'How do you do it?' and I'd say 'It's easy: I'm lazy.'

His tone becomes more modest. "I created a lot of things and I helped create a lot of things with the people I had to work with. But what I could do in one environment couldn't be done in another, even with the same instrumentation. Each musician has a different personality."

"Everybody who picks up a pair of drumsticks says they're a drummer. No way. I'll discuss music with you, but I will not discuss drums. I do not even discuss drums with the Alan Dawsons, the Roy Haynes, the Max Roaches. No one can tell me about the

drums—no one has my reflexes, my musical background."

"Like the drum-teaching record I made—the one that sells for \$20, if you can find it—and I got all these 'people' on there. I've given the record to the Dizzy Gillespies, the Ray Charles, and the Stevie Wonders. I gave the record to several schools and said 'Now instruct from that.' Louie Bellson, to be on the safe side, had to have two: he travels with one

have the spiritual and mental outlook we had. The Basie rhythm section never played with the band, we played with ourselves. On any given night, three of us could be down, but the one left was strong enough to pull it together. At no time were all four of us down. That's a thing that takes a lot of living—you can't describe it. It wasn't through practicing—you don't rehearse to go into a cat house: you just pick out your horse and ride."



and leaves the other home. I told my friends, 'I made two mistakes on the album, but it took me 20 years to make these mistakes; since you guys are young, though, I'll give you ten years to find these mistakes.' 'Papa Jo, you puttin' us on,' they say. The mistakes is on there—I know, because I put them there purposely to challenge myself!.

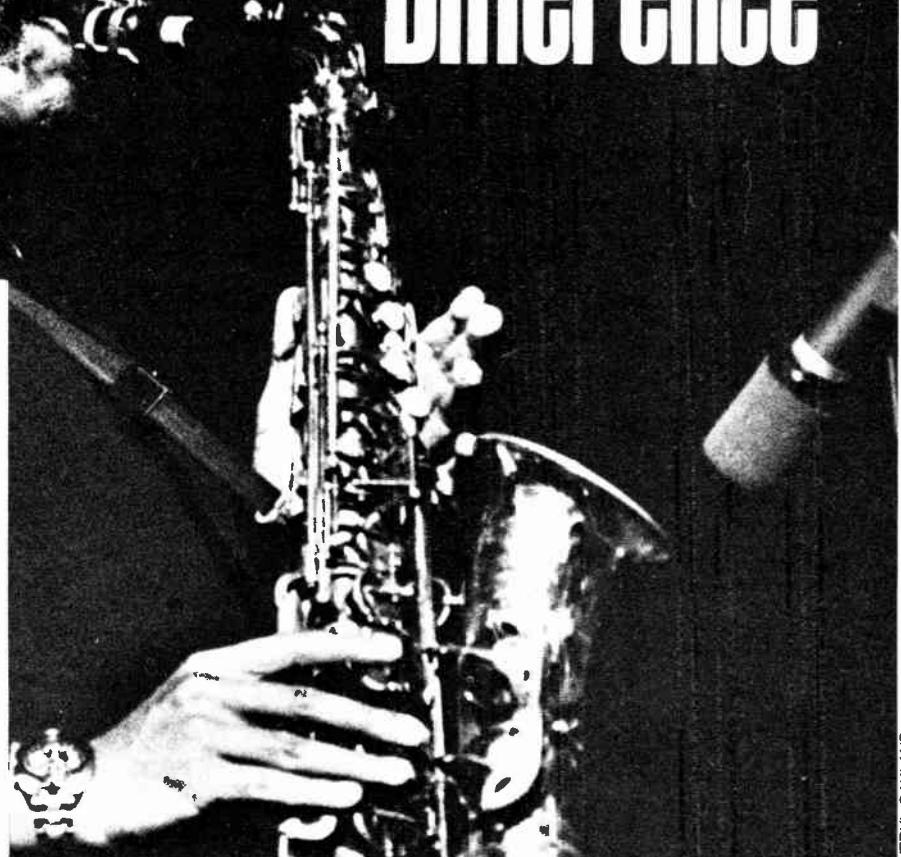
"The hardest thing for a musician to learn is how to play with people. That's what made the Basie rhythm section. Other bands had a piano, a bass, a guitar and drums, but they were going north, east, south and west. We made a *section*. That was the first time any band had a rhythm section. There were bands before us and during our time whose bassist, pianist, guitarist and drummer were far more musically equipped than we were, but that was from an academic point of view. They didn't

"I always have had music," said Jo, pointing to his cassette tape recorder. "I used to have a lot of historical records and people would say 'Jo, you've got all of these records. Play a Basie record.' I'd say 'I don't want to play a Basie record. I play with him every night.' A friend brought me a record of Shostakovich's *Fifth Symphony*. All the swing people said 'What are you playing that classical music for?' I'd say 'Cause I like it. Don't you ever go to the symphony? You've got better music at the symphony than you do at the dance hall.' I had Duke Ellington records, I had some of what they call hillbilly records and country and western records."

"I had an unusual background from being in shows and carnivals, starting when I was ten years old. Those eyes out there—you've got people looking at you. The masters used to

SONNY FORTUNE

Splits The Difference



VERYL OAKLAND

by W. A. Brower

Off the bandstand, Sonny Fortune is wary; he likes, as he puts it, "to make sure that before I move the left foot, the right one is firmly in place." Lured out from behind his cool facade, Sonny will give it up; he will tell you how it has been for him and how he sees it, but he measures you while he's doing it. His answers are usually calculated to leave little room for misinterpretation. He wants you to know what he means; not what *you* want him to mean.

After we were reasonably comfortable, I asked Fortune what he thought of John Coltrane. Coming up in Philadelphia during the '50s, Fortune surely had an acute awareness of that modern master.

"Strangely enough, I saw Trane as a messiah," he answered. "I really saw him as another kind of dude because he had seen Charlie Parker! And he came out not even sounding like Bird. And he *loved* Bird to the end. Whenever someone asks me where I come from, I say I come from the Charlie Parker/John Coltrane school."

"If you see me standing on my head, it means I come from that school, because those cats were completely different. That's what jazz is about—perseverance in one's individualism. That's what they taught me. John Coltrane confirmed it just by being wrapped up in Charlie Parker, and yet not sounding like him. He idolized Bird, but he didn't sound like Bird. That's what this music is all about. It's an art form on that level. It's not about sounding like or emulating or playing somebody else's music. I mean the art that's in jazz is one's own ability at the highest musical level."

Fortune is on the verge of his third Atlantic album, and many who follow the tradition he talked about are wondering exactly where the

39-year-old saxophonist/composer is coming from these days. He has, after all, had a rather extensive apprenticeship, working with Elvin Jones, Mongo Santamaria, Leon Thomas, McCoy Tyner, Roy Brooks, Buddy Rich and Miles Davis in the eight years that followed his arrival in New York in 1967. In June of '75, he left Davis to form his own band.

By the time Fortune signed with Atlantic a lot of ears were turned in his direction on the strength of his three releases: *Long Before Our Mothers Cried* (Strata East 7423), *Awakening* (A&M Horizon 7040) and *Waves Of Dreams* (A&M Horizon 7111). Thoughtfully programmed and beautifully executed by a circle of sidemen including trumpeter Charles Sullivan, bassists Wayne Dockery and Reggie Workman, pianists Stanley Cowell and Kenny Barron, and drummers Chip Lyle and Billy Hart, each record seemed to confirm Fortune's commitment to the straight-ahead style

with a healthy dose of provocative personality. He was emerging as a fresh voice in the music, if not an innovative one. Rather remarkable for a musician who starting at 18 found "... the whole thing kind of awkward, kind of backwards. At 18, 19, 20, 21, I was trying to figure out what comes after C in the C scale."

Fortune's initial Atlantic offerings, *Serengeti Minstrel* (SD 18225) and *Infinity Is* (SD 19187), simply did not aspire to the standards of his earlier efforts. To be fair, there are moments when Fortune unsheathes his creative edge and his supporting cast gets beyond the limits of what is thought to be commercially appealing. Most of those moments are on *Serengeti Minstrel*; *Afro-Americans* is the finest track, both for Fortune's playing and for the syncopation generated by the Jack DeJohnette-anchored rhythm section and Sonny's overdubbed handclaps. But the over-

all level is not so high. On *This Side Of Infinity* and *Make Up* from the second Atlantic album, Fortune is playing a signifying if uncompromising rock-jazz. I wondered if someone was whispering forcefully in his ear, "Now Sonny, you know . . ."

He responds firmly, but without the least trace of defensiveness. "No, I am not in the situation where someone is twisting my arm. It's compatible to what I feel, because it's all in reference to concern about financing my band. I am very concerned about trying to come up to what a cat is worth. It's got to come from somewhere. Because until this music is subsidized by the government (and later for all this other crap that exists out there), we jazz musicians have got to deal with it the best way we can."

Beyond questions of survival, maintaining a band and paying them even reasonably well can be heavy dues if one's creative expression falls outside of the commercial mainstream. Live performances and recordings are different media. At this stage of his career, Fortune is exploiting the differences to bridge the distance between a creative circumstance and today's marketplace.

"I guess it's apparent," he muses, "that I am dealing with them separately. On the bandstand, a jazz musician's whole thing is about turning it over, changing it, taking it somewhere else. Boredom can be around a lot, so I have to do something on the bandstand that I can feel like doing every night."

"The music has got to be something that has possibilities. One of my biggest complaints about commercial music . . ." After focusing his thought, he went on. "You know, everything has a title and because it has an identity it has limitations within its own identity. But the word jazz—even though it's limited, even though there is an identity there—the word has broad meaning. Commercial music doesn't necessarily have the broadness in definition that jazz has. You can only do so many things and be in commercial music. For me to play commercial music on the bandstand would be very restricting and boring. In turn, I'd be unhappy. I don't want that and neither does anyone else that's involved with me." Responding to another prod about the Atlantic situation he adds, "The record business exists to sell records. And until an artist can establish himself as one that can sell records whatever he's doing, he's caught up in it."

On the bandstand, Sonny Fortune still burns. He likes to work what's left of the jazz club circuit: the Village Gate and the Village Vanguard in New York; Blues Alley in D.C.; the Jazz Showcase in Chicago; the Lighthouse in L.A. and Keystone Korner in San Francisco. There are also new circuits to develop, like the Pacific Northwest, with spots like the Earth in Portland and the Paradise in Seattle. But of all the rooms he plays, Fortune singles out the Vanguard.

"I like the Vanguard. It just has a lot of meaning to me in terms of who has been there. The owner, Max Gordon, is a heck of a cat in terms of being sensitive to this music. He's heard it all, so there's very little you can do that will stagger him as far as newness is concerned. I just like the attitude."

"It's a hell of a vibe in the Vanguard. The spirits are all over the place, so I am always excited about going there. It's like being anywhere where you can feel comfortable. Now there are other jazz places that I feel good about being in, but not to the level of the Van-

guard. It's a smaller place. The spirits are all around you—the pictures on the walls, you can reach out and touch 'em! They are not like up in the ceiling or way off. I've never touched them, but I am just saying . . ." Sonny broke off the sentence and we both started laughing. It was like a simultaneous recognition of the association he was making. The likenesses of Coltrane, Billie Holiday, Rahsaan Roland Kirk and others that ring the audience in the Vanguard preside over the nightly proceedings with the power of ancestors whose genius still lives. No doubt they elicit a special intensity from musicians who mount the Vanguard stage, intensity that results in inspired performances and the kind of evenings that leave one drained and exhilarated.

Sonny Fortune live seems drawn to infuse everything he plays—whether it's Cole Porter's malleable *Love For Sale* or Jymie Merritt's 6/8 kicker, *Nominal*—with riveting intensity. He told me, "A lot of the times it gets there and it wasn't necessarily supposed to be there. It just gets there. The intensity is like rejoicing. When I feel good about what I am doing and about what's going on around me, it gets intense."

"It's like food. If the food looks good and it smells good and it tastes good, you can't just take a little pinch and chew it nicely and wait until that's all the way down into your stomach and then pick up another spoon or forkful. It's probably a combination of greed and rejoicing over how it feels, over the experience, man. Music has done a lot for me, believe me. And I am deeply indebted to it."

It is not surprising that a perspective which so clearly differentiates the possibilities of performance from the uses of recording would be so dedicated to the moment. Fortune affects an almost cavalier attitude toward documenting the music that he rejoices in playing. "I have a hip cassette, you know, the tape and whatever and however," he explains, "but I don't necessarily feel that way about the music. I like for it to disappear, just let it go, and then I go look for it again."

"There will be people that won't even leave

a letter behind, but that's the way it goes. I don't want to get caught up in documenting my music because it's not important for me to document it. I know where it comes from and I know what it sounds like when it comes out. If no one else caught it . . . there are a lot of things worth more, that weren't caught. A few eclipses and things like that, that just happened—no one caught them. There is an unfairness, but then there is also a reality. The realistic side is that it goes on anyway. Charlie Parker inspired me, but I would not for one minute say that Charlie Parker is the cause of me doing what I am doing today."

The motivation of Sonny Fortune came from within. Because he took up music so late, he didn't develop with his peer group in Philadelphia, which included Lee Morgan, Kenny Barron, and Reggie Workman. By the time he had decided to leave the streets of West Philly to study music seriously, potential mentors like Philly Joe Jones and Coltrane had already emerged nationally. The legendary sessions that paired Charlie Parker and Clifford Brown were part of Philly jazz lore, and both men, tragically, were dead.

By day Fortune was a music student. He began with lessons at Wurlitzer's and then Granoff's before advancing to private instruction with Roland Wiggins, a well-respected theorist in the community. If anyone can be credited with a role in his growth, Fortune says it would be Wiggins. By night, Sonny was a rhythm and blues man. His employers at the time included Carl Holmes (and the Commandos); Nate Murray (and The Top Cats); one Chico Booth, and a fellow billed as King James, a Philadelphia version of Ray Charles. There were also stints with some who later achieved a measure of fame. Billy Paul was one; the team of Gamble and Huff, then leading a group called the Romeos, was another.

At that time, Fortune recollects, "I was kind of caught between the rhythm and blues and the house rock. Now I am talking about three different things—jazz, rhythm and blues, and house rock. The organ gets down in the house. It rocks the house. I was playing with a

continued on page 50



VERY OAKLAND

RECORD REVIEWS

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

BOBBY HUTCHERSON

HIGHWAY ONE—Columbia JC 35550: *Secrets Of Love; Bouquet; Highway One; Sweet Rita Suite; Circle; Secrets Of Love (Reprise)*.

Personnel: Hutcherson, vibraphone; Hubert Laws, flutes; George Cables, piano, electric piano; James Leary, bass; Kenneth Nash, percussion; Eddie Marshall, drums; Cedar Walton, piano (track 2); Freddie Hubbard, flugelhorn (4); Jessica Cleaves, vocal (6).

★★★½

Hutcherson is arguably the finest vibist on the current scene. He combines a liquid, almost pianistic virtuosity and a limitless capacity for improvised embellishment with an impeccable sense of nuance and rhythm to generate a tonal palette unrivaled for its richness and subtlety of hue. With heavyweight assistance from composer/arranger/pianist George Cables and co-producer/pianist/arranger Cedar Walton, the California malleeteer paints a warmly impressionistic canvas with lovely pastel shadings and just the right touch of astringent sophistication to avoid any hint of bathos. Dreamy laid-back sessions are much in vogue these days but rarely do they achieve such transcendent refinement, and the sterile mood music of contemporary session grinders pales beside the genuine artistry of these candlelit ballads.

Secrets Of Love features Cables' haunting, Corea-like melody over a shimmering modal vamp while Hubert Laws weaves silken melodic strands through a richly undulating texture. Hutcherson spins filligrees over a repeating motif from Satie's *Trois Gymnopédies* to achieve an evanescent aura on his own *Bouquet*, with Walton supplying a lesson in tasteful string arrangement. Likewise for the added horns on the title track, which gathers buoyancy upon an ascending movement of parallel figures before Hutcherson and Cables flesh out the inventive theme with impeccable solo work.

Freddie Hubbard adds the understated eloquence of his flugelhorn to the delicate, sinuous lines of Cables' *Sweet Rita Suite*. *Circle*, a gentle bossa-nova, affords Cables an effluent solo in the sort of Latinate context that Hutcherson has always favored. Finally, Jessica Cleaves reprises the opening theme in a haunting vocal reading imbued with gossamer mystery.

—birnbaum

WOODY SHAW

STEPPING STONES—Columbia JC 35560: *Stepping Stone; In A Capricornian Way; It All Comes Back To You; Seventh Avenue; Theme For Maxine*.

Personnel: Shaw, cornet and flugelhorn; Carter Jefferson, tenor and soprano saxes; Onaje Allan Gumbs, piano; Clint Houston, bass; Victor Lewis, drums.

★ ★ ½

LITTLE RED'S FANTASY—Muse MR 5103: *Jean Marie; Sashanova; In Case You Haven't Heard; Little Red's Fantasy; Tomorrow's Destiny*.

Personnel: Shaw, trumpet, Frank Strozier, alto sax; Ronnie Matthews, piano; Stafford James, bass; Eddie Moore, drums.

★★★★½

These two releases by Woody Shaw point up the rigors and unpredictability of the jazz life.

Little Red's Fantasy was recorded in June, 1976. That's when Woody was an underdog, a scrappy talent deserving wider recognition, a veteran of stints with Eric Dolphy, McCoy Tyner, Art Blakey and Horace Silver. It was also a period when Woody was scuffling for a place in the sun as co-leader of a solid neobop quintet with drummer Louis Hayes.

Stepping Stones was recorded in August, 1978. In the two years between these albums, Woody Shaw had arrived. Columbia had signed him with much fanfare. And *Rosewood*, his Columbia debut, was launched with critical and popular acclaim. He was a success, regardless of the yardstick, and Columbia's obvious choice to succeed to the throne vacated by Miles Davis.

But as revealed in *Stepping Stones*, "success" apparently has not rested easily on Woody's brow. His tone seems pinched, his phrasing distracted, his emotional involvement distant. He, and his group, project an unsettling tenseness.

Shaw's new band can play, make no mistake about that. In *Stepping Stones*, however, symptoms of distress abound. The most obvious problem is in the rhythm section. Beneath the turbulent surface, the parts just never really cohere.

Surprisingly, there seems to be little active listening and support. In *It All Comes Back To You*, for example, Gumbs' overly busy comping distracts both Jefferson and Shaw.

The ensemble playing is also weak, especially for a working band. The call-response figure in *Capricornian Way* never quite falls into place. The ending is just plain awkward.

Though there are fine moments by all hands, in general the proceedings are shaky. The band never settles into the groove. Consequently, sustained flow and energy are in short supply.

Why the edginess? The stress and self-consciousness of being a "major artist?" Lack of time for rehearsing challenging new material? The pressure of recording "live?" Whatever the cause, it seems a case of everyone trying too hard.

Another problem is the engineering. The fidelity is flat, the sound tinny, the balance awry. If it had been my decision, the tapes would have been banished to the closet, the engineer fired and the session started over from scratch. That's the least Woody deserved.

Shaw was at the top of his game for the '76 Muse date. His tone is rounder, his ideas more developed, his involvement total. This is the real Woody Shaw.

Woody's foil up front is Frank Strozier, a remarkable altoist who deserves to be heard more often. In back, pianist Ronnie Matthews, bassist Stafford James and drummer

Eddie Moore listen and support with tasteful zest.

As Woody explains in Robert Palmer's useful liner notes, "It's good mainstream modal bop." It's also music brimming with invention, vigor and *joie de vivre*.

Whether a tough burner like *Tomorrow's Destiny*, a gritty bossa like *Sashanova* or a reflective outing like *Jean Marie*, the ensembles and solos here crackle with emotion, drama and virtuosity.

—berg

J. J. JOHNSON

MAD BEBOP—Savoy SJL-2232: *Jay Bird* (3 takes); *Coppin' The Bop; Jay Jay* (3 takes); *Mud Bebop; Audobon* (2 takes); *Don't Blame Me; Goof Square* (3 takes); *Bee Jay* (2 takes); *Boneology; Down Vernon's Alley; Yesterday's Riffette; What Is This Thing Called Love; Blues For Trombones; The Major; Lament; Bernie's Tune; Co-op; Blues In Two; Reflections*.

Personnel: Johnson, trombone; Cecil Payne, alto sax (cuts 1-4); Bud Powell, piano (1-4); Leonard Gaskin, bass (1-4); Max Roach, drums (1-4); Sonny Rollins, tenor sax (5-8); John Lewis, piano (5-8); Gene Ramey, bass (5-8); Shadow Wilson, drums (5-12); Leo Parker, baritone sax (9-12); Hank Jones, piano (9-12); Al Lucas, bass (9-12); Kai Winding, trombone (13-20); Billy Bauer, guitar (13-16); Charles Mingus, bass (13-20); Kenny Clarke, drums (13-20); Wally Cirillo, piano (17-20).

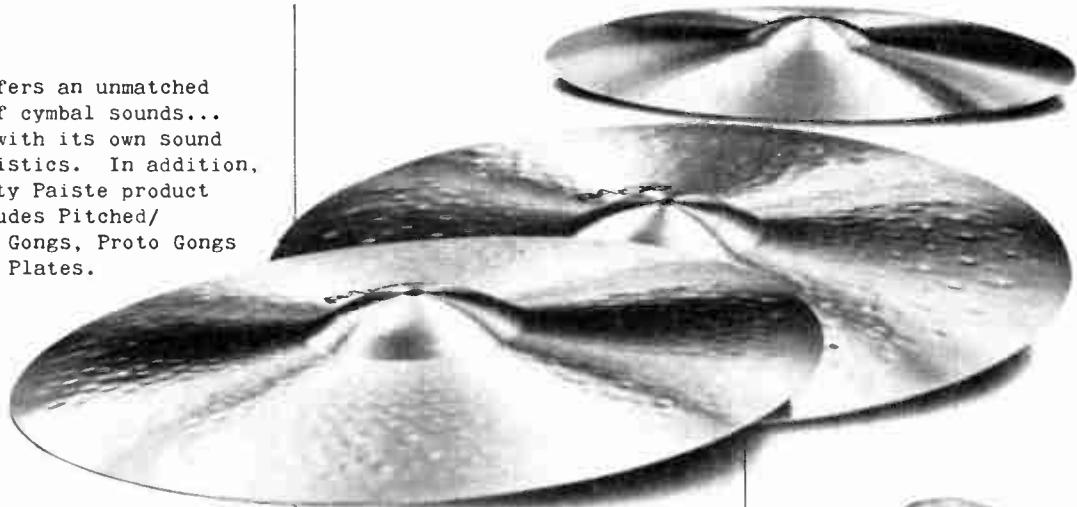
★★★★

"There's an innate clumsiness about the trombone: it's a beastly, horrid instrument to play, and particularly to play jazz on. Many times I wondered, how and why did I ever pick up this horrid instrument?" Despite J. J. Johnson's expressed frustration and self-doubt, there are few who would deny his top-ranking place among the greats of jazz trombone. It has often been remarked upon, and with not a little truth, that J. J. played as important a role in the development of his instrument as did Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker with theirs. Not that all of his predecessors were fumbling incompetents by any means, but it did take a musician as gifted and as resourceful as Johnson to translate the intricacies of bop to so forbidding a piece of plumbing as the slide trombone.

Reissued here at long last are all the Savoy sides recorded under Johnson's leadership, and an informative package it is, indeed. Complete with alternative takes, these classic bop performances reveal J. J. as a masterful spokesman of the then new language, a trifle cautious in spots, perhaps, but idiomatically very much on home ground. Even on first listening it is apparent that much forethought went into the construction of his solos, the previously unheard alternatives providing a valuable clue to the ultimate perfection of the more familiar takes. But there is much more of interest here than the admittedly superior playing of the leader, and particularly so on the dates involving Powell, Payne, Rollins, and Parker.

At the time of these recordings, Bud Powell was at some distance from the tragic mental decline that would eventually still his music. Here, in the bloom of youthful enthusiasm, his faculties intact, he invests each performance with an intensity not heard since the emergence of Earl Hines some 20 years earlier. On the same sides it is also interesting to hear Payne's style in embryo, and especially so on alto, an instrument he was shortly to forsake in favor of the less-widely played baritone. It is obvious at the outset that Payne was in a transitional period then, with studiously-cultivated bop patterns vying for domination over a more deeply-imbedded distillation of Benny Carter. Rollins', too, was a young style, but

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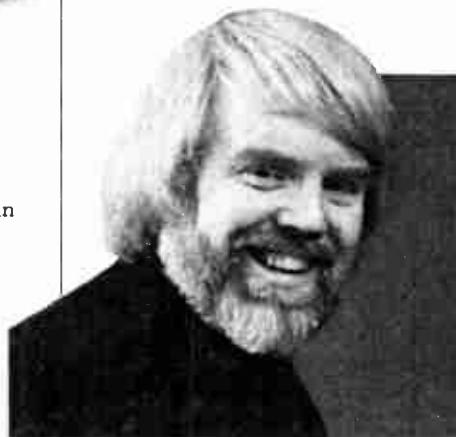


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one literally bristling with raw individuality. With a conception and sound uncompromisingly devoted to the new music, his irrepressible energy carries him through chorus after full-bodied chorus, while the revealing alternate takes only serve to compound his reputation for ceaseless invention. Leo Parker, happily, was more tasteful in J.J.'s company than he was elsewhere, his never-completely-obscured roots in Lester Young following a similar direction to that already pursued by the equally youthful Dexter Gordon.

With the Jay and Kai sides, we witness the birth of one of the most popular and influential jazz groups of the '50's. The trombonists are well-matched, with Winding's characteristic brusqueness a pleasing foil to the sometimes bland but always impeccable Johnson. There is an air of precocity about this music, though, a feeling of self-consciousness not totally mitigated by the presence of Mingus and Clarke. Undoubtedly the session would have prospered had a strong pianist been used instead of Bauer or Cirillo, but as it is, there is still much to enjoy in the artful manipulations of Messrs. Johnson and Winding.

—jack sohmer

THE JEFF LORBER FUSION

SOFT SPACE—Inner City IC 1056: *The Samba; Katherine; Black Ice; Curtains; Proteus; Soft Space; Swing Funk.*

Personnel: Lorber, acoustic piano, Rhodes electric piano, Moog 15, Oberheim four voice; Terry Layne, alto and tenor saxophones, flute; Lester McFarland, electric bass; Dennis Bradford, drums; Ron Young, percussion and congas; Dean Richert, electric and acoustic guitars; Bruce Smith, congas and percussion; Chick Corea, mini-Moog (cuts 1, 5); Joe Farrell, soprano saxophone (2), flute (3).

Given the all-pervasive bad taste and wimp of most fuzak, it is nice to dig a "jazz-rock" session that dispenses with pretensions and concentrates its attention on strong grooves and improvisation. Some people are never going to like anything in the jazz-rock genre. For those with open ears, the Jeff Lorber Fusion might prove a pleasant surprise. *Soft Space* is a bright, uncluttered, cooking album that is very funky without being cloying or condescending.

Chick Corea and Joe Farrell, talented lost souls in the stygian depths of fusion, lend their names and instruments to the proceedings, but their presence is largely superfluous. We've heard enough of Corea's bland mini-Moog to care not at all about his solo on *Samba*, and Terry Layne is too capable a reedman to be shunted off to the side by Farrell. Corea's influence runs deep in Lorber's keyboard work and writing, but it is not the tacky Chick of *Romantic Warrior*, rather the Latin based music of the original *Return To Forever* (with Flora and Airto). This can be heard most distinctively on *The Samba* and *Black Ice*, which benefit from the throbbing backbeat of drummer Dennis Bradford, percussionist Ron Young, and bassist Lester McFarland.

There also seems to be some input from the work of the Crusaders, particularly on *Curtains* and *Swing Funk*. Lorber's Moog work is appropriately cliched on *Swing Funk*, but his piano playing is rhythmic and pretty. The title selection and *Katherine* sum up the ballad moods without resorting to overbearing charts and production indulgences.

Which brings us to concern for the future. These young musicians from the Pacific Northwest are jazzmen who come more from

James Brown, Herbie Hancock, Chick, and the Crusaders, than from Bird or Ellington. They are playing a loose brand of funk that allows room for improvising, and syncopates the beats rather than employing disco mind-locks. Parts of *Soft Space*'s charm are its straightforward approach and group interplay. This is what is making *Soft Space* a very popular chart and airplay album. One can only hope that future albums will develop the group approach, instead of getting into a platinum-at-any-cost head. Platinum will come, if only Lorber's fusion is given the time to grow. —stern

CHARLES WUORINEN

PERCUSSION SYMPHONY—Nonesuch H-71353.

Personnel: New Jersey Percussion Ensemble, Charles Wuorinen, conductor.

★ ★ ★

After centuries of being relegated to the role of beat-keepers in Western music, percussion instruments have finally come into their own. Standing upon the shoulders of innovators like Stravinsky and Varèse, many contemporary composers are now turning out works that use percussion either as the equal of other kinds of instruments or as the sole instrumental category.

One byproduct of this approach is that it evades the prickly choice between writing tonal or atonal music. In a post-serial world, color, rhythm, and dramatic tension have transcended the traditional elements of melody and harmony. Percussion instruments can create a range of timbres and dynamics that includes enough contrasting and complementary sounds for a balanced composition.

Wuorinen's *Percussion Symphony* (1976) is a masterly synthesis of avant garde percussion techniques. In the first movement, for example, two kinds of contrast evolve from the various classes of percussion used. Large kettle drum strokes move at a slower rate, with a much deeper timbre than the sophisticated parts of xylophones, marimba and vibes. And in the second movement, which sometimes recalls the mythic quality of George Crumb's *Makrokosmos III*, the complementary but subtly different timbres create a shadowy, delicate web of innuendo that evokes Balinese gamelan music. The pronounced rhythmic character of the third movement yields yet another focus of dramatic tension.

The weak point of the composer's concept, it seems to me, lies in the overall structure of his work. Each of the large movements is self-contained, with little apparent continuity from one section to the next.

The only links between these movements are two "entr'actes," based on Guillaume Dufay's setting (c. 1430) of Petrarch's *Vergine Bella*. Fascinating though these ghostly interludes are, they are poor substitutes for a cyclical structure. —terry

AL JARREAU

ALL FLY HOME—Warner Brothers BSK 3229: *Thinkin' About It Too; I'm Home; Brite 'N' Sunny Babe; I Do; Fly; Wait A Little While; She's Leaving Home; All; (Sittin' On) The Dock Of The Bay.*

Personnel: Jarreau, vocals; Tom Canning, keyboards; Lynn Blessing, keyboards and vibes; Reggie McBride, bass; Joe Correro, drums; Paulinho da Costa, percussion; Freddie Hubbard, flugelhorn; Lee Ritenour, guitar; Larry Williams, additional keyboards.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

This album has grown on me. The more I listen to it, the more I enjoy it, especially side one. It's pop-jazz that works—most of the

time.

Thinkin' About It Too is a perfect pop tune with its catchy hook and disco-boogie beat. The lyrics don't always register, but that's not the point. Although there are a few good lines scattered throughout these songs, none of them really grabs you and stays with you the way a lyric by Joni Mitchell or Bruce Springsteen can. Jarreau seems to sing words more for their sound than their meaning. Take *Fly* for example, a song thick with syllables. The words fly by too fast to hold onto, but who cares? They sound good. So does Freddie Hubbard, whose work matches Jarreau's very well on this cut, and who positively saves the showy ballad *I'm Home*.

But since Jarreau plays with word sounds so well, why doesn't he scat more? Jarreau confines most of his scat singing on this album to intros and fade-outs. He scats one chorus on *Brite 'N' Sunny*, but he is inexplicably mixed down to blend with the rest of the band. It's a happy, jazzy tune, and a more prominent "wordless vocal" solo would only improve it.

A way with words is not Jarreau's only asset. He also has range, control and an excellent feeling for nuance, most obviously on *I Do*. After a gentle first half, the song begins to build. Jarreau climbs slowly through three octaves, about one octave every eight bars, and then parachutes down, skillfully.

Side two is dominated by two overly familiar pop standards, *She's Leaving* and *Dock Of The Bay*. Jarreau's talents are evident on the former, but unfortunately his approach to the song is wrong. He sings the Beatles' tune in a straightforward ballad manner and completely misses the irony of the lyrics. *Dock* doesn't work either; it begins with a get-in-the-groove intro which has little to do with the rest of the tune. When the actual song begins, it is immediately clear that the chord changes don't really fit the current pop context. Perhaps sensing this, Jarreau pretty much ignores Otis Redding's melody. Kenny and Eva Loggins' *Wait A Little While* fares better, maybe because it was written in '78, not '68.

Jarreau has a fine band behind him, (thanks to him and producer Al Schmitt for not adding strings) but for the most part, the band members stay in the background. The spotlight is on Al Jarreau, and for at least half of this album he is dynamic enough to deserve it.

—clark

STEVE KUHN

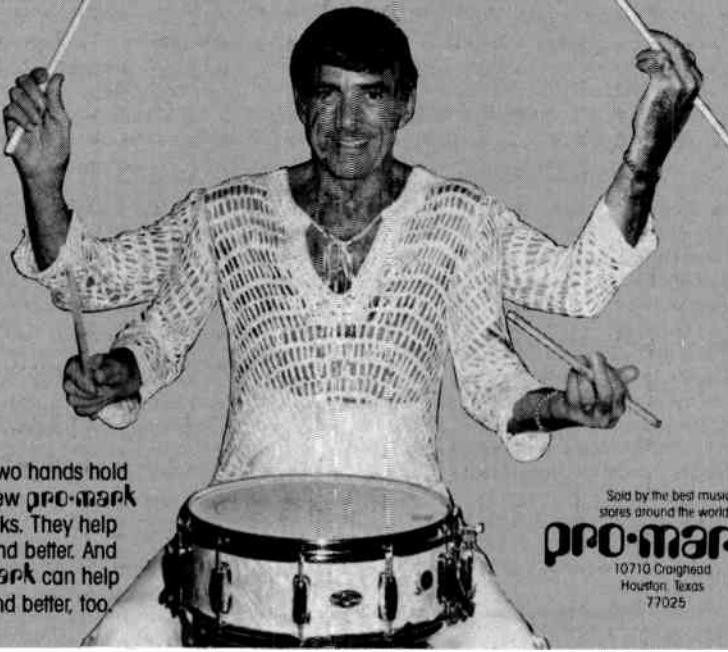
NON-FICTION—ECM 1-1124: *Firewalk*; *Random Thoughts*; *A Dance With The Wind*; *The Fruit Fly*; *Alias Dash Grape*.

Personnel: Kuhn, piano and percussion; Steve Slagle, soprano and alto saxophones, flute, percussion; Harvie Swartz, bass; Bob Moses, drums.

* * * *

Steve Kuhn wears his history well. Raised on Hawkins and Henderson at home, Mozart and Bach in the practice room, Bill Evans and the MJQ (not to mention fellow "students" Don Cherry and Ornette Coleman) at Lenox in 1959, the pianist preceded McCoy Tyner in Coltrane's early '60s quartet, and worked with Art Farmer, Stan Getz and Oliver Nelson before moving to Stockholm in 1967. Four years later he was back, and soon began an association with ECM—chapter four of which is *Non-Fiction*. Kuhn pulls freely from his musical bag of tricks, blessedly without much of the dilettantish stretching that seems to afflict many of today's pianists. In short, he makes many bags his own—always swingingly, and with frequent fire.

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Swartz's *Firewalk* opens the set, and is really a showpiece for Slagle's growing soprano work. Taking off from Shorter and ending up somewhere around Mariano, Slagle interprets the changes with expressive, well-constructed wit—an approach from which his flute-playing, especially on the thin-toned *Fruit Fly*, could benefit greatly. *Firewalk* also features an intensely swinging Kuhn, building to a peak of Tyner-esque thunder and dissonant assaults. Here as elsewhere, Swartz plays a prominent, Jaco Pastorius role, punctuating with deep, full tones. Moses is a constant killer—musical, humorous, using space to good effect.

Random Thoughts begins with consummate ECM romantic clarity, but at heart is grounded in complex, unison-read changes and loosely swinging rapport. Kuhn really opens up here in a densely melodic solo, going everywhere at once with awesome agility, and pushes Slagle to similar, occasionally Ornette-ish heights. *A Dance With The Wind* is the most overtly romantic tune on the record. It is a beautifully bittersweet, Evans-inspired trio piece, glowing with several upper register solos by Swartz.

Kuhn takes the historical approach on the long solo introduction to his *Alias Dash Grapey*, a monstrous homage to ragtime, blues, boogie woogie, on up through Tatum, Garner, Tyner, Jarrett and Taylor. Blue notes abound; there are stops and starts galore; and while the styles sometimes seem too self-consciously wrought, the overall effect is one of dazzling technique and good-natured playfulness. Indeed, like much of the rest of *Non-Fiction*.

—zipkin

FUNKADELIC

ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE—Warner Bros. BSK 3209; *One Nation Under A Groove; Groov-allegiance; Who Says A Funk Band Can't Play Rock??; Promentalshitchbackwashpsychosis Enema Squad (The Doodoo Chasers); Into You; Cholly (Funk Getting Ready To Roll); Lunchmeataphobia (Think! It Ain't Illegal Yet); P.E. Squad/Doodoo Chasers; Maggot Brain.*

Personnel: George Clinton, producer, vocals; Gary Shider, Mike Hampton, guitars; Bobby Lewis, banjo; Bernie Worrell, Walter Morrison, keyboards and synthesizers; Tyrone Lampkin, W. Bootsy Collins, Jerome Brailey, Larry Fratangelo, drums and percussion; Cordell Mosson, Rodney Curtis, Collins, bass; Raymond Davis, Lynn Mabry, Ron Ford, Dawn Silva, Debbie Wright, Shider, Jeanette Washington, Mallia Franklin, Morrison, Mosson, Clinton, Greg Thomas, vocals.

* * * 1/2

BRIDES OF FUNKENSTEIN

FUNK OR WALK—Atlantic SD 19201: *Disco To Go; War Ship Touchante; Nappy Birdie; Just Like You; When You're Gone; Amorous.*

Personnel: George Glinton, producer (with Bootsy Collins on cut 1); Lynn Mabry, Dawn Silva, lead vocals; Phelps Collins, Gary Shider, Michael Hampton, guitars; Bernard Worrell, Joel Johnson, keyboards; William Collins, Rodney Curtis, bass; Collins, Gary Cooper, Frankie Waddy, Tyrone Lampkin, drums; Larry Fratangelo, percussion; Wayman Reed, George Minger, Danny Turner, horns (Fred Wesley, Worrell, arrangements); Detroit Symphony, strings; Ron Banks, Larry Demps, background vocals.

* *

While slipping deep into a subconscious state induced by five consecutive playings of Funkadelic's *One Nation Under a Groove*, it occurs to me that a good funk band is not unlike some avant garde electronic musicians. Both trade in trance music, and achieve mesmerization through repetition.

James Brown, of course, started this long ago. George Clinton, the leader of Parliament/Funkadelic, has simply convinced the record industry that he's got a finger on that

pulse. To wit, he made the horn-toting, sweet-singing Parliament into r&b superstars with their *Mothership Connection* album, while using the same musicians and singers to record harder-edged, rockier music under the Funkadelic name on a different record label. Then, when Funkadelic hit the top of the charts with *One Nation*, he put them out on the road with an opening act called the Brides of Funkenstein, who in fact, are the two women back-up singers in Parliament/Funkadelic with their own release on Atlantic. You get the idea? Clinton sees funk as a powerful, multi-platinum pop phenomenon, and he's parcelling out his musicians and production expertise to all of the major companies.

One Nation comes as somewhat of a mellowing-out for Funkadelic, with less reliance on the lead guitar of Mike Hampton that made their last *Hardcore Jollies* album a heady dose of heavy metal funk (a single packaged with the album thankfully features a live version of *Maggot Brain*, one of Hampton's classic guitar rev-ups.) Moving towards a more mainstream emphasis on vocals and a dancing beat (closer to Parliament's approach), but maintaining a somewhat eccentric stance (some vocals sound as if they were sung from behind a canister of laughing gas), *One Nation Under A Groove* and the reggae-tinged *Groov-allegiance* are pedigree breakthroughs for the band (on its own as a single, *One Nation*, parts one and two, rates five stars, as it bridges the gap between funk and rock with extraordinary elan).

Unfortunately, much of the rest of *One Nation* is filled with funk-for-its-own-sake, a disease that similarly afflicts the Brides of Funkenstein. With cries that the "Mothership Connection is here," the Brides launch into their single *Disco To Go*, but don't really get too far on their debut album. Clinton has provided them with the usual funkified background, but one gets the sense that this is a band without a point. Parliament surrounds its funk with word play and a general sense of silliness, and Funkadelic has its very real and innovative commitment to combine elements of electric rock into the black funk context. But the Brides are at the altar without a groom. They've got two pretty voices, and as such they come across better on the ballads than on the funky stuff, but there's nothing here that I'd trade for another listen to *One Nation Under A Groove*.

—john milward

DIAHANN CARROLL / DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA

A TRIBUTE TO ETHEL WATERS—Orinda Records ORC 400: *After You've Gone; There'll Be Some Changes Made; Happiness Is Just A Thing Called Joe; My Man; Sweet Georgia Brown; St. Louis Blues; Am I Blue; When Your Lover Has Gone; Supper Time.*

Personnel: none listed.

* * *

The best thing about this thoroughly professional collection of standards is that it includes one of the minor miracles of American popular music—*Supper Time*. Here is a song by Irving Berlin, master of simple melodies, that remains so strikingly original that perhaps the greatest miracle is how completely it's been forgotten. Ethel Waters sang it in a show called *As Thousands Cheer* in 1933, and it was so unconventional then (a 32-bar, ABA format) that no one bothered to record it.

No other bridge in popular music is quite like it. It is 16 bars instead of the usual eight for one thing. It begins in a minor mode and

takes a startling turn into E natural in the seventh bar. Four changes follow climaxed by a B⁷ suspended chord which underpins an emotional modulation up a half step on the word "Lord." The chorus ends in a reprise of the first eight bars.

Ms. Carroll handles it with feeling. It takes an actress as well as a musician to control its dark power. Only Helen Forrest and Ella Fitzgerald come readily to mind as singers who have attempted it before. Ella's version remains the definitive one.

Another powerful lament is *My Man*, a favorite of girl singers from Fanny Brice through Billie Holiday and Barbra Streisand, who not only sang it but rang its neck with emotion. Ms. Carroll holds the melodrama in tasteful check. *Happiness* thrashed when Ethel Waters performed it in *Cabin In The Sky*. Here it just sings with the emphasis shifted from characterization to smooth phrasing.

The identity of the Ellington Orchestra directed by Mercer Ellington is totally swallowed up not only in the album's concept but also by the strings which have been laid over most of the arrangements. This is not a criticism, only a warning that this is not an Ellington album in any sense, despite the rather limp instrumental version of *Sweet Georgia Brown* included.

It is basically a Diahann Carroll album, and the fact that she has managed to make stars of the songs suggests that the emphasis is right where it should be in a pop album.

—mcdonough

THE ERROL PARKER EXPERIENCE

BAOBAB—Sahara 1008: *Baobab; Quartet; Jupiter; Sun Dance.*

Personnel: Parker, trap drum, acoustic piano, cowbell, claves; Monty Waters, alto and soprano saxes; Bruce Johnson, acoustic guitar; Adetobi, cuico, agogos, congas, berimbaw, shaker; James "Fish" Benjamin, electric bass.

* * *

Rhythm may be music's common denominator, but if the musical fraction has a weak or non-existent numerator of melody and harmony, the result can be less than consistently accessible.

Such is the case with these four compositions by pianist/composer Errol Parker. In his writing and playing Parker single mindedly pursues the rhythmic denominator. A native Algerian, he blends the cross rhythms of his homeland with contemporary r&b funk. The result: a complex, provocative substructure based on rhythmic vamps that start hot and stay hot, but with little sense of dynamics and musical growth. Even Parker's piano playing evidences this staticism. His single note lines alternate routinely between inside and outside tonal centers, most often pentatonic.

As for the musical superstructure, which seems added as an afterthought to these pieces' rhythmic basis, some intriguing things transpire; but, alas, they're mixed in so faintly that it takes considerable straining to unravel them. Monty Waters, a proficient reedman who's worked with Elvin and Philly Joe Jones as well as Sam Rivers, contributes some congruent, exciting solos. Incongruent, however, is guitarist Bruce Johnson, who gets off some striking chordal passages a la Charlie Byrd, especially on *Baobab* and *Quartet*. And note his snappy lines on *Sun Dance*: facile, yet somehow out of place.

When Errol Parker first came to New York he gigged around with r&b bands. It's con-

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Leblanc Duet No. 4, featuring Pete Fountain

It's prior to show time at Pete Fountain's new bistro in The Hilton on the River in New Orleans. We're relaxing at a table near the stage, and Pete's describing what he enjoys doing when he's not here.

Fountain: I love to fish. I have a small fishing boat, and go out on it a lot. Around home, my hobby is just tinkering with my cars. I have twelve antique cars, including a '36 four-door convertible like Roosevelt's. Could be his, because it has an oversize trunk, maybe for the wheelchair. I enjoy my Rolls, too. My Rolls and my Mercedes. Those two cars I run a lot. And I started collecting trucks. Have a half dozen of 'em. I'm really interested in old planes, too. The biplanes. And I love race cars. Got into motorcycles for awhile, too, and still have my Harley 1200cc. Big Harley. I kick it, and it kicks me back. It's tough.

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—balleras

DR. JOHN

CITY LIGHTS—Horizon SP-732; *Dance The Night Away With You; Street Side; Wild Honey; Rain; Snake Eyes; Fire Of Love; Sonata He's A Hero; City Lights.*

Personnel: Dr. John (Mac Rebennack), vocals, keyboards; Richard Tee, piano and organ; Plas Johnson, tenor sax; David Sanborn, alto sax; Ronnie Cuber, baritone sax; Charlie Miller, cornet; Barry Rogers, trombone; George Young, tenor sax; John Tropea, guitar; Hugh McCracken, guitar and harmonica; Buzz Feiten, guitar; Alvin Batiste, clarinet; Neil Larsen, organ; Will Lee, bass; Steve Gadd, drums; Arthur Jenkins, percussion; Ronnie Barron, Alvin Robinson, George Jones, Tammy Lynn, background vocals; Claus Ogerman, string arrangements, conductor; Dr. John and Hugh McCracken, rhythm and horn arrangements.

* * * * ½

Dr. Rebennack, where have you been hiding? Save for frequent but carefully-snipped tinkles underpinning some notable efforts by gossip-column rockers, New Orleans-born Dr. J. has exiled himself to the land of tinsel since a rather embarrassing non-epic tagged *Hollywood Be Thy Name*. But with *City Lights* Mac is indeed back, joining the roster of the restructured Horizon label.

And it doesn't take long for the rejuvenated Doc to whisk us back to those good ole days of *Gumbo*, *In The Right Place* and *Desitively Bonnaroo* (all on Atco). That idiosyncratic but thoroughly bourbonish vocal delivery leaps right out at you on *Dance The Night Away*.

with Richard Tee and the Dr. trading keyboard runs as Charlie Miller lets go with a delightfully loose horn section. The first of two cuts penned by the Dr. and Doc Pomus, the song is strong enough to slash its way through the glut of airwave junk and emerge a swinging contender. It's not another *Such A Night*, but it comes damn close.

Street Side sports a magnificent lyric which goes hand in glove with the superb musicianship. Catch McCracken's slide guitar and harmonica the first time, then listen again for the tale of a gal who hankers for "the sleazy side of life." Don't confuse the Dr. and Bobby (*See You Later, Alligator*) Charles' *Wild Honey* with the Beach Boys. This is all molasses and magnolia, certified South.

Rain could have demolished this album, what with a lush Claus Ogerman string chart. But somehow it all works, as Mac's croaking vocal meshes eerily with the poignant alto solo by Dave Sanborn. Remember guitarist Buzz Feiten from Paul Butterfield's golden days? Buzz steps out on *Snake Eyes*, a rhumba boogie that spins a tale of woe about having to exist in a world of sharpies, tipsters and tricksters, sort of a sophisticated and less apocalyptic *Babylon*. Feiten adds an extra punch to *Snake Eyes*, while Dr. John instructs that "in the end the ground and the grasses gonna gather it all/heed the tale of the snake eyes' trail."

Alvin Robinson (anybody recall *Something You Got* from the '60s?) teamed with Mac to pen *Fire Of Love*, a distinctive urban blues laced with some tenor elegance from Plas Johnson. *Sonata/He's A Hero* features more Johnson, plus the lively clarinet of Alvin Batiste. The album closes with the title cut, the

other Pomus/Rebennack effort. The contrast between Ogerman's orchestration and the laid-back keyboards of Tee and the Dr. is reminiscent of the work of Ralph Burns and Ray Charles. There's a heavy dose of soul in here and don't let those strings catch you sleeping.

In all, *City Lights* casts a fresh beam on the multi-talented Rebennack. His music is an amalgamation of American culture, all of it rendered with a style, wit and grace distinctly his own.

—hohman

JOHN EATON

SOLO PIANO—Chiaroscuro CR 137; *Isn't It Romantic; Jitterbug Waltz; S'posen; The Sunshine Of My Life; You Took Advantage Of Me; Dixie; My Blue Heaven; Michelle; While We're Young; Old McDonald; What Can I Say Dear After I Say I'm Sorry; Bridge Over Troubled Waters.*

Personnel: Eaton, piano.

* * * * ½

IT SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES—Chiaroscuro CR 174; *I'm Beginning To See The Light; Brother Can You Spare A Dime; Willie The Lion; Tishomingo Blues; Lover; Have You Met Miss Jones; If; Django; Echoes Of Spring; It Seems Like Old Times; What Is This Thing Called Love; Suicide Is Painless; Things Ain't What They Used To Be.*

Personnel: Eaton, piano.

* * * *

I played the first of these two solo piano albums by John Eaton without looking at the listing of selections so I smiled to myself when I heard the slow, rolling arpeggiated left hand chord accompanied by a leisurely, single note line . . . playing *Dixie*. That languorous mood was maintained, except for brief blues touches. The shift to an up-tempo swinger, or to a raucous outing, never occurred. This album had already turned me around and I hadn't even gotten to his brilliant version of *Old McDonald*—a piece he so reworks it sounds, at the start, closer to *Let My People Go*, with its gospel undertones. (Eaton also works in *Farmer In The Dell*, paving the way for a bit of Charlie Parker's *Now's The Time*.)

Eaton, these albums led me to discover, does the unexpected, often rethinking the pieces he plays. And he accomplishes this while playing six nights a week at piano bars and steak houses in Washington, D.C., (currently The Prime Rib), and looking more like an Oxford don (he was an English major at Yale), with horn-rimmed glasses, straight light brown hair and tiny, prim English mouth. His is not an original voice, although he does have a recognizable style. But Eaton plays with such taste, imagination and technique that that becomes an irrelevant point.

Opening with Rodgers and Hart's *Isn't It Romantic?*, he begins lushly but works in touches of James P. Johnson, Willie "The Lion" Smith, Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum—the runs and interlocking left and right hand lines of Tatum, the delicate and sparkling lines of Wilson, some Lionish phrases reminiscent of *Echoes Of Spring* and the alternating left hand chords of Johnson's stride style. It is done with understanding of all these different styles (which all come from the same roots) and understanding of the melody he first embroiders, then pushes into different directions, spinning out new inventions each time.

His *Jitterbug Waltz* contains some of the smoothest, most gorgeous melodic runs this side of Tatum as his left hand plays a one-two-three waltz figure with real lilt.

Eaton exploits *S'posen* to display his love of counterpoint, using twin lines to create the grooviest, most rollicking version of this half century old standard I've ever heard. Striding

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counterpoint in a bright up-tempo carries *You Took Advantage Of Me* to joyous heights.

He also uses his classical knowledge in *Michelle* where touches of Bach's fugues are used to create a rich mood before the piece shifts to mellow funk, with bits of stride and boogie.

The version of *Michelle* and his treatment of Stevie Wonder's *Sunshine* show he not only can make old tunes sound fresh but can do the same with over-performed contemporary pop songs. On Wonder's tune he sometimes carries two ideas in his left hand to add new depths and richness to this familiar melody.

A rolling left hand figure is used for *My Blue Heaven* which is given almost pure stride treatment, with references to jazz standards so quick and subtle they're over before you're aware of what Eaton is doing. The way he spins out a series of crescendos in *While We're Young* makes me reconsider my acceptance of Marian McPartland's version of this Alec Wilder tune as the definitive one.

The second album is less varied than the first. It's a more relaxed session, sometimes swinging with shifts into stride (such as on the opening tune) and other times wistful, such as his slow, sad version of *Spare A Dime* and a fragile *Seems Like Old Times* in which the melody and his improvisations carry a special delicacy. On another old standard, Rodgers and Hart's *Lover*, he again displays his lilting way with a waltz, remaining fresh, inventive and never slopping over into schmaltz.

Things Ain't What They Used To Be contains several rhythm-free breaks (which underline how strong Eaton's rhythm is) in a lightly swinging interpretation that goes back to some of Ellington's roots. He also makes *The Lion's Echoes Of Spring* very much his own, giving it a special subtle zip while retaining its original rhythmically strong but melodically fragile beauty. His own cheerful tribute to *The Lion* contains rollicking stride and the bright quick lines of Waller.

Suicide, the MASH theme, is a brief, sad moody ballad.

But Eaton's magic on his second album is most apparent with his brilliant reworking of John Lewis' tribute to the Belgian guitarist. He fills *Django* with beautiful rich harmonies and deep resonating chords before shifting to a swinging mood with blues and stride passages, each section developing from the other and leading into the next. It's a very distinctive treatment of Lewis' classic.

The variety of material on these albums shows that what Eaton plays does not matter. Nothing prevents him from playing fine jazz. In fact, everything ranging from *Old McDonald* to *Django* seems to stimulate him to do startling things.

—de muth

MARVIN HANNIBAL PETERSON

HANNIBAL IN ANTIBES—Inner City IC 3020: *Ro; Swing Low Sweet Chariot.*

Personnel: Peterson, trumpet; George Adams, flute, tenor saxophone; Dieder Murray, cello; Steve Neil, bass; Makaya Ntshoko, drums.

★ ★ ½

Marvin "Hannibal" Peterson is one of the best trumpet soloists currently recording. Anyone not totally convinced of this by his new LP need simply refer to Richard Davis' brilliant album titled *Epistrophy & Now's The Time* (Muse) for further proof. He combines superior technique with emotional intensity to produce a sound totally satisfying to anyone even remotely attracted to the trumpet. While this album does not showcase Peterson

at his best, it is sufficient to whet the listener's appetite for this remarkable musician.

The problems with *Hannibal In Antibes* is primarily in the production. The mix is confusing in that the bass, usually recorded at too low a volume, is in this case too loud. My assumption is that this was done after the performance because no other musician seems to be competing with the bass in terms of performance. The drums and cello seem to have no presence on the album and that is unfortunate because both sound good when they are heard. *Ro*, which begins with a drum solo, leaves one with the distinct impression that what we are hearing is merely a section of a longer piece.

Musically, the group definitely runs hot and cold. Hannibal and Adams are both superb soloists, although Adams' forte is really tenor, which he plays on *Ro*. His flute solo on *Swing Low Sweet Chariot* is very bluesy but generally less satisfying than earlier recordings made with Charles Mingus. As stated, Murray and Ntshoko are competent despite the technical problems with the mix.

Bassist Neil tends to overemphasize his ostinato vamp on *Ro*, which unfortunately is brought out too loudly on the record. His playing is predictable and consequently uninteresting. Bass ostinato like this can only be effective if the artist is rhythmically capable of subtle metric shifts. The producer unwisely chooses to leave the bassist's volume so loud as to bring out any inadequacies in his performance.

Peterson is an exciting new talent who deserves to be heard in a context more conducive to his artistry. *Hannibal In Antibes* is an example of a promising live event which did not successfully transfer to the recorded medium. —less

JOE FARRELL

NIGHT DANCING—Warner Bros. BSK 3225: *Katherine; Silver Luce; How Deep Is Your Love; Come Rain Or Come Shine; Another Star; Casa De Los Sospechos; Night Dancing; You're In My Heart.*

Personnel: Farrell, tenor and soprano sax, flute; Herbie Hancock, electric piano (tracks 1, 2 and 6); Lee Ritenour, electric guitar (tracks 1, 2, 6 and 7); Jay Graydon, electric guitar (tracks 3 and 5); Victor Feldman, electric piano (tracks 3 and 5); Michael Boddicker, synthesizer (tracks 1 and 7); Richard Greene, violins (tracks 1 and 3); Oscar Brashears, trumpet (tracks 1, 5 and 6); Chuck Findley, trumpet (tracks 1, 5 and 6); Lew McCreary, bass trombone (tracks 1, 5 and 6); Garnett Brown, trombone (tracks 1, 5 and 6); Joe Romano, tenor sax (tracks 1, 5 and 6); Quitman Dennis, baritone sax (tracks 1, 5 and 6); Chuck Rainey, bass (tracks 1 and 6); Robert W. Daugherty, bass (track 2); Abraham Laboriel, bass (tracks 3 and 5); Michael Porcaro, bass (track 7); John Guerin, drums (tracks 1, 2 and 6); Harvey Mason, drums (tracks 3 and 5); Jeff Porcaro, drums (track 7); Airto Moreira, percussion (tracks 2, 5 and 6); Paulinho da Costa, conga (tracks 3 and 5); Lynda Tucker Lawrence, Andrea Robinson, vocals (tracks 2 and 5); Bill Bedford, Alex Brown, vocals (track 5).

★ ★ ½

A capable sideman always good for a solo or two, precise in ensemble passages but rarely rewarding in more demanding settings, Joe Farrell takes rather well to this date produced by Trevor Lawrence, a soul arranger and minor saxophonist himself. Ostensibly a speculative effort, *Night Dancing* tries to cash in on the market that has been opened up lately by Gato Barbieri, Benny Golson, Stanley Turrentine, and the Crusaders, to mention a few. Where one might be skeptical towards similar attempts by improvisers of genuine stature such as Sonny Rollins, it is questionable whether players like Barbieri and Farrell (you might add Yusef Lateef) do not really feel more at home in urbane r&b surroundings like

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these where their strengths (tonal and melodic command) are called upon and where good arrangements and the right material will render their weaknesses irrelevant.

From that angle *Night Dancing* is as satisfying as anything Joe Farrell has been involved in lately. On the songs he arranged Farrell plays it relatively straight, sticking to a conventional jazz group format, whereas the pop/soul arrangements by Trevor Lawrence of the Gibbs, Wonder and Stewart hits come close to the sounds popularized by Stanley Turrentine—actually a sweetening and modernization of the old Prestige tenor-funk style.

There is nothing truly hot here, but two performances are worth singling out: Hancock's arresting solo on *Silver Lace* and Farrell's affectionate solo version of *Come Rain Or Come Shine*. The rest of *Night Dancing* belongs to the craftsmen.

—gabel

MELBA MOORE

MELBA MOORE—Epic JE 35507: *You Stepped Into My Life; There's No Other Like You; It's Hard Not To Like You; Together Forever; Pick Me Up, I'll Dance; Happy; I Promise To Love You; Where Did You Ever Go.*

Personnel: Moore, vocals; Dennis Harris, guitar; Roland Chambers, guitar; Jerry Cohen, keyboard; David Cruz, conga; Keith Benson, drums; Charles Collins, drums; James Williams, bass; Barbara Ingram, Carla Bensen, Yvette Benton, the Futures, Gene McFadden, John Whitehead, vocals.

* *

A *l-o-n-g* instrumental intro to the first tune, *You Stepped Into My Life*, is an early clue to what's in store on this one. And what a shame it is that the multiple talents of Melba Moore are, for the most part, wasted from beginning to end.

Here we have what may best be described as "elevator soul." Perhaps the fatal mistake was that of trying to satisfy all markets: *There's No Other Like You* is too bland for r&b, too beat-ridden for easy listening acceptability. Likewise, *I Promise To Love You* is a desperate attempt at disco, but even the incessant repeats fail to bring on a boogeyin' mood.

Melba does her damnedest with what's available. *Together Forever* treats us to the innocent sounding yet so-powerful high voice, the stirring strains of a classical instrument infused with lusty, soulful tonality that won deserved recognition in the play *Purlie*.

She's convincingly gentle with *Happy*, and the childlike joy she lends to an over-sweetened arrangement of *It's Hard Not To Like You* reaffirms her unique gift for interpretation. But we're yanked back to banality with production numbers like *Pick Me Up*.

This LP never gets down—and rarely gets out in a decent time interval. With the exception of *Where Did You Ever Go*, the endings seem to comprise 50% of the songs.

Melba Moore is the most gifted female artist Broadway has produced since Streisand. Too bad this album denies her the opportunity to shine like the star she is. —carol comer

DAVE BRUBECK

THE NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET LIVE AT MONTREUX—Tomato TOM 7018: *It's A Raggy Waltz; Brandenburg Gate; In Your Own Sweet Way; It Could Happen To You; God's Love; Sunnner Music.*

Personnel: Brubeck, piano; Darius Brubeck, synthesizer, keyboards; Chris Brubeck, electric bass, trombone; Dan Brubeck, drums.

* * ½

The nicest parts of a typical Dave Brubeck piano flight are the parts one is least able to identify him with. These are the light, often

swinging interludes that come seeping up through the solid stone that characterizes so much of his work. The trouble is that, pleasant though they are, they could really be played by anybody.

On the other hand, the Brubeck that everybody recognizes instantly is very often the least interesting Brubeck. His hands cave in on chord after chord, which come bounding across the rhythm section like boulders. *Raggy Waltz* and *Brandenburg Gate* run the gamut. Brubeck climaxes his solos as if volume and sweat were substitutes for swing. The former sounds like *Lulu's Back In Town* more than once. In the old days, of which he speaks fondly in his liner notes, Brubeck had ballast in Paul Desmond or Gerry Mulligan. They provided both the contrast and carbonation in a group that might have sounded flat and syrupy otherwise. They certainly made things like *Raggy Waltz* swing (see *Adventures In Time*, Columbia 30625). Here he is on his own in a straight middle-of-the-road recital. The home grown rhythm section is a generally satisfactory one (save for the club footed drumming Dan contributes on *Waltz*), but nothing comes of it that can be ranked as first rate jazz, least of all the electronic contributions of Darius.

Brubeck is especially buoyant on *Could Happen*, and Dan's brush work is agile and consistent. Brubeck's most lasting contributions will almost certainly rest on his compositions, however, which are well represented here in *Brandenburg* and *God's Love*, among others.

—mcdonough

MILT HINTON/ BOB ROSENGARDEN/ HANK JONES

THE TRIO—Chiaroscuro Records CR 188: *S'Wonderful; Queen Of Hearts; Mona's Feeling Lonely; Right Here, Right Now; I'll Remember April; Oh, What A Beautiful Morning; Lullaby Of The Leaves; Re-Union; Hank You, Thank.*

Personnel: Jones, acoustic piano; Hinton, acoustic bass; Rosengarden, drums.

* * * * *

What can you say? The Trio offers a perfect coming together of three mature masters playing exactly what they love and want to play.

This is music that while having an aura of polish and perfection, also has an undeniable exuberance and freshness. There is drama, emotion and swing.

There is also a sense of camaraderie, of mutual admiration, and of enjoyment in one another's company. In back of the grooves are smiles, nods of approval and affectionate slaps on the back.

S'Wonderful swings crisply with impeccable right-hand runs by Jones. Hinton's relaxed strolling through *Queen Of Hearts* makes the 5/4 time sound relaxed and flowing. The bassist is also featured in a lovely ballad, *Mona's Feeling Lonely*. *Right Here, Right Now* focuses on the medium tempo cooking of Jones and the tasty brush work of Rosengarden.

The pianist's talents, while integral parts of the renditions of *I'll Remember April* and *Lullaby Of The Leaves*, come fully to the fore in an incredibly sensitive solo reading of *Oh, What A Beautiful Morning*. Jones' impressionistic flow includes elements of stride, blues and uptown posh. The last tracks are bright, uptempo bouncers, *Re-Union* and *Hank You, Thank*.

In all, it's a marvelous life-affirming collection of performances that provides hope and

wonderment.
Viva la Trio!

—berg

THE ALL-STAR MARCHING BAND

NEW ORLEANS PARADE—Dixieland Jubilee 518: *Didn't He Ramble; Second Line (Joe Avery's Blues); Sweet Bye & Bye; Bourbon Street Parade; High Society; Just A Closer Walk With Thee; Second Line; Hindustan; Down By The Riverside; When The Saints Go Marching In.*

Personnel: Wendell Brunious, Jack Willis, Teddy Riley, John Fernandez, trumpets; Fred Lonzo, Waldren Joseph, trombones; Clarence Ford, clarinet; David Griller, saxophone; Jerry Green, tuba; Placide Adams, snare drum; Charles Barbarin, bass drum, cymbals.

*

However praiseworthy the intentions behind it, this attempt at reproducing the glories of the New Orleans marching band falls woefully short of its goals. While occasionally summoning up some tattered wisps of this noble tradition, the strident and indifferent music produced by this 11-piece ensemble—a number of whose members have had some experience in marching bands in the past—is much too forced and, ultimately, trivial to bear comparison with the genuine article.

Time would appear to be the chief culprit: 1978 is just too far removed from the living sources of this music to permit such attempts at exhumation anything more than limited success at best. Witness this set: the music is far closer in spirit to the pedestrian warhorse-pumping one currently heard in many of the French Quarter tourist spots—overlaid with a smattering of swing-band ensemble practice and a more than an occasional nod towards jump-band music and even rock and roll—than it is to the impassioned, elegant and often starkly beautiful music of, say, the Eureka Brass Band, various of George Lewis' ensembles and like groups which have left recordings of the authentic music. Pass this up. —welding

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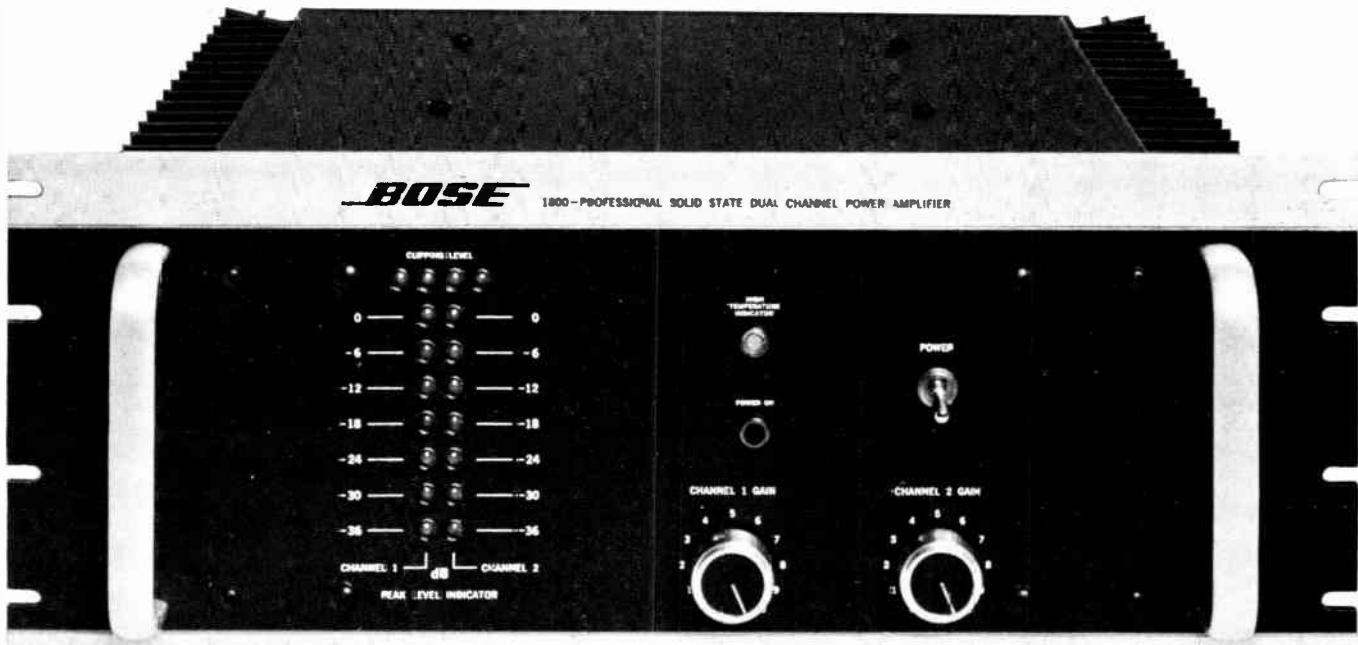
Jackie McLean: *Hipnosis*: (Blue Note LA 483-J2) ★ ★ ★ ½

Lee Morgan: *The Procrastinator*: (Blue Note LA582-J2) ★ ★ ★ ½

Chick Corea: *Circulus*: (Blue Note LA882-J2) ★ ★

Stanley Turrentine: *Jubilee Shouts* (Blue Note LA883-J2) ★ ★ ★ ½

The story bears repeating. Throughout the 1950s and '60s Alfred Lion, the leading post-war jazz record producer, had recorded his Blue Note sessions weekly at engineer Rudy Van Gelder's New Jersey studio. After Lion had left and Blue Note had moved to Los Angeles, Van Gelder placed in 1974 a long distance call to the label: "Please pick up this vault of tapes that I've been storing for you." Blue Note began a series of two-fer reissues and first-time releases of lost treasures that has been revived under the label's new owners, and these five two-LP sets consist entirely of unissued music. The album covers are now printed in slightly different colors, and the series is retitled **The Blue Note Jazz Classic Series**. In all other ways, including pro-



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gram notes and discographical detail, the production values remain as high as ever.

Why wasn't this mostly valuable music issued as originally planned? Lion's recently rediscovered logbooks tell part of the story: he or the performers rejected some performances on the spot; the recorded sound in some live dates was not up to Lion's standards; not enough or else too many titles were taped for the original LPs. But here is one of Stanley Turrentine's very finest records, his second as leader, scheduled, even advertised in the early '60s, and debuting only now. And here are two LPs of Jackie McLean, a 1967 set with wonderful alto sax, and one of his most rewarding bop quintets—recorded just before his 1962 damn-the-torpedoes leap into modes.

The 1967 quintet sounded pretty unhappy, but Jackie's form is exhilarating. We hardly think of him as an architect or sculptor of improvisation, but three solos are fastidiously designed and molded. In *Hipnosis*, long note values and held notes comprise rhythmically even phrases that are broken at times by little runs, most of them incomplete, the whole solid like a pre-Cambrian strata and made of the simplest kinds of phrases imaginable. Back

Home may be the only bop cowboy song since Rollins, opening with a dirge and continuing with Grachan Moncur's trombone urging them little doggies to git along. McLean follows, retaining the Moncur vein of humor, but amplifying it by drawing the indistinct outlines of Moncur's solo into sharp focus through the starkness of his phrases, amazingly incisive phrase timing, and note spacing.

McLean's style derives its impact from his mastery of harmony, especially: every solo is blues-drenched, and at least seems to be in a minor key. The impact of his peculiar ear and sound (Ornette: "You can play flat in-tune and sharp in-tune") and especially the frequent oddity of his phrasing are consciously exploited in *Slow Poke*. Jackie's theme is a weird set of phrases that don't belong together; the sense of juxtaposition is then amplified in his solo, with completely unpredictable zigzags and strange register leaps. That the general simplicity of his playing is a matter of choice rather than limitation is demonstrated by some of the long lines here—his style needs no more defense than Monk's—and near the end of this superb solo he indulges in some of the sound and fingering tricks that have infre-

quently spiced his music. These three solos alone raise this album to the level of his previous two-fer *Jackknife* (Blue Note LA457-H2), itself nearly the apex of his recorded art.

But the gloom that hung over the rest of that 1967 group is cast away by the 1962 date, in which *Blues for Jackie* and *Marilyn's Dilemma* offer wholly engaged McLean. Pianist Sonny Clark is in an uncommonly heavy (for him) Horace Silver bag, and the big news here is Kenny Dorham. He'd worked in many styles during his career, but in the '60s a kind of saxophone-style trumpeting began to emerge. Here he organizes solos like a 1954 Sonny Rollins, so that for all the thinness of his tone and the staccato content of his phrases, his *Blues For Jackie* swaggers with good humor as his lines unfold rhythmically. Certainly this shaping of solos is a lovely method (*Marilyn's Dilemma*; *Iddy Bitty*) that is generally sterner than most trumpet styles of the period. Acknowledging this, he takes on the post-Brown style in a Lee Morgan parody (*Blues In A Jiff*) which turns earnest without forsaking Morgan's sound and tonguing devices. To my knowledge, only *Ease It* (Muse 5053) presents this late Dorham style so well.

This, of course, was a period when Clifford Brown had trumpeters enthralled, and Tommy Turrentine was another who managed to avoid helpless gibbering approximations. This long-awaited *Stanley Turrentine* two-fer is as much brother Tommy's as it is its leader's and it raises the question of why he never made it big like Donald Byrd or Freddie Hubbard, who were hardly fit to even mooch Tommy's valve oil. A dramatic style and ever-dependable sense of melody instead of vacuous technical displays characterize Tommy's art: a simplification of Brown, it's incapable of any falsehood; though generally light-hearted, there's never a frivolous moment. On song after song, on nine of these 11 tracks, Tommy's long, singing tones add grace and warmth in a rewardingly creative way.

It occurs to me that back in 1961 and '62, when these Turrentine dates were taped, *down beat* reviewers did nothing but bitch about this kind of blowing session. I hereby sentence those reviewers to a year's solitary diet of Keith Jarrett piano solos—and *no insulin*. The remarkable feature of this album is the highly creative way all of the soloists sustain an utterly unpretentious, good-natured, funky spirit. The '61 date is one of the very finest of Stanley's career, and pianist Horace Parlan excellently captured and returned the brothers' mood. Sonny Clark in the next year's sextet was even better, an unfailingly supportive and imaginative accompanist, flowing in solo. Also in the sextet, the self-effacing guitarist Kenny Burrell is at his melodically most rewarding: to select one of six fine solos, he is the centerpiece of *Cotton Walk*, and it's a perfectly typical Burrell blues—but with just that touch of inspiration that places it above the others.

Stanley Turrentine plays outstanding tenor sax with the quintet, and almost as well with the sextet. Hear the blues riff-inspired *Thomasville*, a solo worthy of Gene Ammons, and the giddy paraphrases of *Stolen Sweets* (so perfectly complemented in Tommy's solo), or the way the light air of *Fine L'il Lass* is undermined by minor changes into a more serious statement, or the impetus he gets from the high notes on passing chords in *My Girl Is Just Enough Woman For Me*. His big sound booms the accented notes of his heavily in-

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flected lines; because his style is less concentrated in effect, and a bit older in inspiration, than Ammons', he achieves a warmth that even Ammons' best often lacked. The lack of artifice in these bands' music distinguishes the overtly soulful material of the sextet, of which only *My Ship* is unsatisfying.

This album is an almost perfect answer to anyone who questions Turrentine's temperament and value as improviser and bandleader.

One of these Art Blakey sides offers the 1954 Birdland group, with not the great Clifford Brown, but very, very good Brown. Crisp, decisive, in constant, fascinating motion, Clifford welds an iron blues solo in *Wee Dot*, and slashes into *Way You Look Tonight* absolutely assertive and unmistakably personal. His long solo in *Blues* is a masterpiece of preaching, with all the serious subject matter and logical development of a good sermon coupled with asides and pertinent commentary. On the two fast pieces valiant altoist Lou Donaldson plays a whole lot of notes, while pianist Horace Silver seems to be undergoing a series of electric shocks: short, brittle, highly charged phrases, a rumbling left hand, and dozens of superimposed chords in succession. In the slow *Blues* Silver evokes a real 3 a.m. air with ideas that suggest Peatie Wheatstraw or the diverse Big Maceo, while Donaldson's floridity anticipates Cannonball Adderley; the track ends with the alto's paraphrase of Ellington. Yes, Brown's the hero—but this is a Blakey band.

The other sides are the 1961-'62 Freddie Hubbard-Wayne Shorter-Curtis Fuller Messengers recorded six months apart. The trouble is not just that these are fresh versions of some of the greatest Messengers' works—on their own merits, these three sides are just uninspired. Trombonist Fuller plays like a Holli-

day Inn night auditor; tenor saxist Shorter, for the most part, does a poor imitation of Hank Mobley—only *Ping Pong* is in a characteristic Shorter style. Pianist Cedar Walton just bubbles with ideas, so he and Blakey (whose only solo is a real housebreaker) are the principals in the cast. Hubbard's new *Mosaic* solo is superior to his glossier original work, though he's certainly not the man to tackle *Paper Moon*. Somehow the elements of Hubbard's playing here don't quite fit together; his obvious improvising skill seems rather beside the point of these songs. His is not superficial music, but as happened so often in those years, Hubbard's structural methods are never quite reconciled with his fervent romanticism.

One of the two Lee Morgan sessions sounds as if it was made after all players had ingested a huge Thanksgiving dinner. Bobby Hutcherson, vibes, manages to sound pleasantly like a left-wing Milt Jackson in two tunes, and the surface of Morgan's trumpet style, at least, is attractive. Wayne Shorter, though, sounds far too at peace with himself, while pianist Herbie Hancock all but vanishes into a doze. Too much of this material recalls Miles Davis' '60s decline, whereas the other Morgan session has better songs and playing. George Coleman is a little more alert than Shorter, in almost the same style, while trombonist Julian Priester's message is emphatic, rewarding, and a little disorderly.

This second sextet plays a bop blues, a ballad, a waltz in six, a samba, a funk piece, a calypso, and *Untitled Boogaloo*—definitely a case of hard-sell overachievement. For that, the performances are straightforward, and Morgan's obsessed *Mr. Johnson* solo begins with little scratching licks and builds, just builds, to its little climax, with the little asides and repetitions cast away like nuisances.

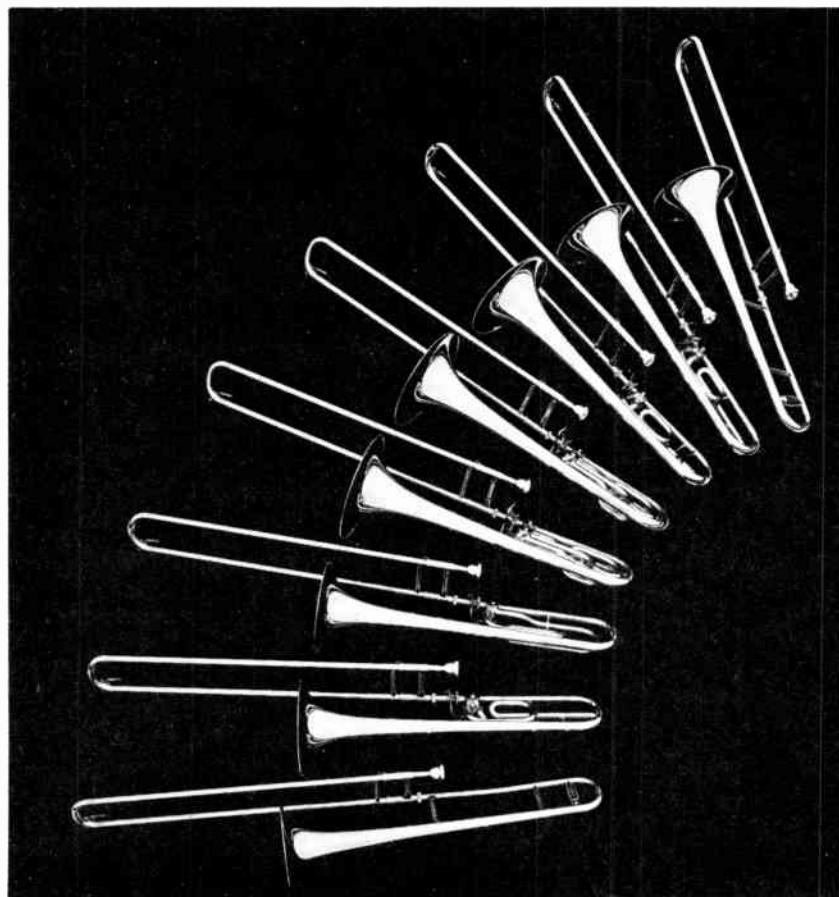
There are involved and characteristic Morgan solos in the boogaloo and *The Stroker*, too, and Morgan on this LP may, for many of us, make up for the dullness of the other LP.

This new Chick Corea collection adds 1970 Circle material to that offered in the previous two-fer *Circling In* (Blue Note 472-H2), which is both more varied and more integrated. The best moments are in Anthony Braxton's alto sax opening on side four; the percussion ensemble closer is the only track that almost succeeds as a coherent musical entity, and the weakest work, *Drone*, is a piano trio. The Circle quartet served to focus Braxton's thought after the time of travail with his own groups; most importantly, he discovered bassist David Holland, whose remarkable sensitivity, deep sense of direction, and thorough readiness were invaluable. Thus Braxton's and Holland's most productive years began, often joined by Circle's gifted drummer Barry Altschul.

Though short-lived, Circle proved an outstanding band, and in his way, Corea benefited as much from Holland's art as did Braxton. Should we regret that Corea rejected Circle's musical success along with the promise inherent in this transitional phase of his career? Much of the health of Corea's reputation derives from his work with Circle, though these four sides provide just a feeling of the group's ambitions and a glimpse of its value.

Meanwhile, the research that Van Gelder's 1974 phone call initiated continues. As yet unreleased and unscheduled is perhaps the most startling of the series' discoveries, added trio and sextet sides from Thelonious Monk's 1952 *Carolina Moon* session. Thus the flow of Blue Note treasures is bound to proceed, to the gratitude of all who revere the music's heritage.

—litweiler



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BLINDFOLD TEST



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Tom Scott

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Tom Scott's first blindfold test (*db* 4/2/70) was conducted when he was 21 years old and already a firmly established multi-reedman, leader of his own groups on ABC-Impulse and Flying Dutchman albums, and man-about the L.A. studio scene. He was tried again in *db* 6/5/75.

Not long afterward Scott became associated with a group of like-minded musicians, among them John Guerin, Max Bennett and Victor Feldman, who became the L.A. Express.

While leading this group onto the pop and jazz charts, Scott played concerts on tours with Carole King and Joni Mitchell, wrote charts for George Harrison, and became established as a composer of scores for television and movies.

Since he and L.A. Express separated he has been put with several small units; his current combo includes Russ Ferrante on keyboards, Steve Khan on guitar, Jimmy Haslip on bass and Ron Aston on drums. Amidst all his commercial success, Scott has been renewing his ties with jazz; recently he was on a Tony Williams LP for Columbia with Herbie Hancock and Stanley Clarke. His latest LP is *Intimate Strangers* (Columbia). Scott was given no information about the records played.

1. WILTON FELDER. *I Know Who I Am* (from *We All Have A Star*, ABC). Felder, tenor sax, composer.

I'm quite sure that's Ronnie Laws, because there's something about his sound that's real distinctive. I remember in 1972 I was in a sax section for a week with Quincy Jones at the Greek Theatre. The sax section was composed of Pete Christlieb, Ernie Watts, Jerome Richardson, Hubert Laws and myself; and Ronnie came in a couple of nights to sub for Ernie or Pete. Ronnie must have been only 17 or 18 at the time and he sounded great even then.

This record is very nice, a very pleasant pop record with a jazz flavor. I don't think he's trying to break any ground in terms of his jazz styling. But the record's well produced. I like the sounds of all the instruments, and the arrangement. I really congratulate him: he's made a great deal of headway and worked real, real hard. Toured extensively to help promote his career and he's done very well. My hat's off to him. I'd give the record four stars.

2. RAY PIZZI. *Angel's Crest* (from *Conception*, Pablo). Pizzi, soprano sax, composer.

I have no idea who that is, but whoever it is has one of the oddest mixtures of styles. It sounds like a combination of Guy Lombardo's lead alto player—who was that, his brother? Carmen Lombardo, I believe—and a little bit of Archie Shepp. A very, very odd mixture of elements. And there's one bar, about four bars before they go back to the melody, where he plays a real honest-to-God bebop, Charlie Parker-type lick—one, in the whole record!

I find it confusing; I don't know what to think of it. I almost thought at first that it was a put-on, it's so odd with that real wide vibrato, and some of the other elements that he's incorporated in his (or her?) playing. It's just not to my taste and I'd have to rate it about two stars.

3. PREZ CONFERENCE. *Sometimes I'm Happy* (from *Dave Pell's Prez Conference*, GNP Crescendo). Bill Holman, arranger; Frank De La Rosa, bass; Pell, Bob Cooper, Gordon Brisker, tenor saxes; Bill Hood, baritone sax; Harry "Sweets" Edison, trumpet.

It surprises me that I haven't heard that at some point. First of all, it's the Woody Herman Four

Brothers sax section instrumentation which really dominates the record—that three tenors and baritone blend. I don't know whether it actually is Woody Herman's band of that era or not. The tune is *Sometimes I'm Happy*—I used to hear Benny Goodman play that on records a lot, and that arco bass or bass and baritone or bass and tenor thing was really amazing.

I really enjoyed that record. I don't know who the trumpet player was, but he sounded great. I'd just have to give it four stars.

That's an important part of history that got us to where we are now. That arrangement—I thought, as I was listening to it that it was Bill Holman, because I've played a lot of his arrangements in the past that had that same kind of voicing and sound. But since I figured that this was a record actually recorded in the period that I associate it with, the late '40s, I ruled him out.

4. MATRIX. *Brown Boy* (from *Wizard*, Warner Bros.). John Kirchberger, tenor sax; Randy Tico, bass; John Harmon, keyboards, composer, orchestrator; Mike Murphy, drums.

I imagine that is some contemporary big band or other. As I find with a lot of big bands playing contemporary music, oftentimes the rhythm section doesn't really seem to sustain my interest. The most interesting thing about that record, I find, is the big band ensemble choruses; those big, fat, nice voicings. I find the rest to be nice, but I found myself wandering; I didn't feel a real commitment from the guys in the rhythm section much of the time; it was just plodding along.

I suppose this is an attempt at fusion music but I thought the most effective thing about it was its jazz aspects. The tenor soloist was very good, and the bass solo was good. But it lacked an overall continuity. I think it was an attempt to get into the crossover area, and in that regard I don't think it made it. Three stars.

5. PETE CHRISTLIEB-WARNE MARSH. *Magna-Tism* (from *Apogee*, Warner Bros.). Christlieb, composer, first tenor solo; Marsh, second tenor solo; Joe Roccisano, arranger; Lou Levy, piano; Nick Ceroli, drums; Jim Hughart, bass.

That record I know about. It's by two very excellent tenor players, Pete Christlieb and Warne Marsh; and it's Lou Levy on piano and Nick Ceroli on drums. I forget who the bass player is. I know about that because it was produced by two guys I worked for last year on their *Aja* album, Walter Becker and Donald Fagen, Steely Dan. I find that very interesting.

I'm hearing so many saxophones that I'm not sure whether it's overdubs, whether they took one of the saxophone tracks and put a harmonizer on it and created a parallel part underneath, or if Warne or Pete actually play two separate sections.

I've always been a big Pete Christlieb fan. I remember when I was about 12 and Pete must have been about 16 we both were involved in Ollie Mitchell's *Swinging Teenagers of America* stage band; that was one of the best young bands to play with at a time when stage bands were very, very rare. And Pete always killed me! I remember thinking at the time, 'Boy, if I ever get to the point where I can play as good as this guy.' We've since worked together many times—in fact, we worked on the *Aja* album together. I love to have him in the saxophone section if I'm arranging.

I used to play with Warne in the Clare Fischer band, and I've admired his solos very much for years, and his work with Supersax. He hasn't been quite as active lately, but it's always good to hear him. And the rhythm section sounds very good. I'd have to rate this awfully high, about four and a half stars.

I don't know the name of that tune, but it's based on the chord changes of *Just Friends* with a lot of modulating.

6. COLEMAN HAWKINS. *I Hadn't Anyone Till You* (from *The Real Thing*, Prestige). Recorded 1958. Hawkins, tenor sax; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Ray Bryant, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

I want it on the record that Tom Scott did get this tune right! *I Hadn't Anyone Till You*, is that the name of it? Well, this is either someone very young or someone very old. I was going to say Scott Hamilton; now I'm not sure, because the sound isn't quite what I remember his being. I remember that tune from, again, one of Benny Goodman's records I heard when I was seven or eight.

Anyway, that's some wonderful bebop; very, very well played, and they're all obviously having a good time. Is that Prez? No, it couldn't be; it's a modern recording, isn't it? Or is it an old recording? You won't tell me? Well, I admit I'm confused. But I bring up Scott Hamilton's name because he represents a wonderful thing that's happening in jazz; there are people who are suddenly grasping all sorts of styles from the past and making them work and have relevance today, and I think it's a wonderful and admirable development.

Whether this person is one of the originators or one of the new breed, I like it. The guitar player sounded like Mundell Lowe or Joe Pass, but I'm not sure. And the piano player: I immediately think of Ross Tompkins or someone like that.

7. L.A. EXPRESS. *It's Happening Right Now* (from *L.A. Express*, Caribou Records). Victor Feldman and Marilyn Feldman, composers; Max Bennett, bass; John Guerin, drums; Victor Feldman, keyboards; Robben Ford, guitar; David Luell, soprano sax.

First of all, this is a tune I used to play with Victor Feldman's quartet, called *It's Happening Right Now*, written by Victor and a guy named Danny Puccillo, a drummer. I kept having flashes all through: yes, it's Chuck Domanico and John Guerin, no it's not . . . it's a Fender bass, so it's more difficult for me to identify. But the arrangement is exactly like the one we played, so I would imagine that it's probably Victor. And I think I hear a guitar in the background, but very little and hard to identify. The soprano player . . . could that be the guy who played with the L.A. Express, who took my place? David Luell?

I've always loved this tune; and if it's not John and Max Bennett or John and Chuck, then it's an amazing impression of them. I'll give it four stars.

PROFILE

TED NASH

BY LEE UNDERWOOD

Throughout the Los Angeles jazz community there bubbles a pressurized underground stream of gossip, adulation, disdain, and sometimes even a legitimate fact or two. The wise writer keeps his ears closely attuned to these barstool prattlings, sleeping through most of them (with eyes open), but every once in awhile latching on to a name that surfaces not once or twice, but many times.

"You heard Ted Nash yet? You haven't? You really should, man. He's only 19, but he plays the buttons off that alto sax." Once, yawn. Twice, nod and file. Three or more times, check it out.

Born in Hollywood, December 28, 1959, and raised in Los Angeles, Ted Nash does indeed have a shot for the bright lights. Leonard Feather was quite accurate in describing Ted as "prodigious" and as "a persuasive and technically remarkable performer."

To say Ted comes from a musical family would be an understatement. His father, Dick Nash, has long been an established studio trombone player; his uncle, also named Ted Nash, played saxophone with Les Brown and other big bands in the '40s and '50s, and is also an in-demand studio musician.

"I've been exposed to music all my life," said young Ted. "Even as a very little kid, I'd hang out with my dad at recording sessions. And my mom and dad used to have parties at the house. Major jazz figures used to come, people like Sonny Criss, who used to hang out there a lot and play. I was maybe only five years old. I didn't understand everything, but it was inspiring."

His first instrument was trombone, and then piano. By the time he was 14, he had discovered the clarinet, flute, and alto saxophone.

Ted's first recognition came from Leonard Gagliardi, the music teacher at Reseda High School. "He seemed to see a talent in me. He used to take me aside and give me special little tips. He was intense, and he made me strive to work very hard."

"Then I began studying with vibist Charlie Shoemake, who teaches jazz improvisation on all instruments. He would comp changes on a tape, and I'd take the tape home, turn it up loud, and jam to it. He has some 500 transcribed solos in a file. I'd take one, analyze it, memorize it, and play it. He also taught me chords and scales, never limiting me in terms of self-expression. He allowed me to discover myself. Through him, I began to develop on my own."

"Today, Charlie tells me how frustrated and doubtful he was during the first six months of my lessons. He'd leave the room, go to his wife in the kitchen, give her a kiss, and say, 'I don't know about this Ted Nash kid. He's not making it.'

"But I worked hard, practicing at least two or three hours a day, working on the solos and the improvising. By the time I graduated from Reseda High School in 1977, I had become



one of his best students.

"I loved Charlie Parker, Sonny Rollins, Jackie McLean, and that whole '40s and '50s bebop period, Clifford Brown, Hank Mobley, Kenny Dorham, that whole era—and nothing else. I was very narrow-minded through most of high school. I wasn't open to other styles. I didn't like anything that was too stretched out or too rock-oriented. I liked music to have melody and to swing. That was it."

"The first time I heard Charlie Parker was through Charlie Shoemake. He gave me a transcription of Parker's solo on *Air Conditioning*. I can still play that solo. I got into how Parker flowed, and memorized 50 or 60 of his solos. He was incredibly melodic. At first, his music just sounded to me like a bunch of notes run together. Then I began to be able to play some of it, and I began to understand how he approached the chords and made them flow. Phenomenally musical."

"I learned all the notes, and played along with the records, but more than that, I studied his phrasing, his tonguing, his tone, his intonation, his breathing. I studied how long he would phrase and how long of a space he would leave between phrases. I'd do the same thing with Sonny Rollins, who, after I'd been widely exposed to many musies, really became my master."

"It was kind of strange in high school. I couldn't understand why other musicians weren't as turned on to this music as I was. They were so laid back about it. Why couldn't they relate to it like I did? But I was lucky that I felt the music, and that my best friend and piano player, Randy Kerber, felt it too. He was the only one I could express myself musically with. Nobody else was really serious about it. He and I stayed up until the wee hours of the morning playing and experimenting all the time."

"When I was in the tenth grade in 1975, I was the second alto player in the band. In Monterey they had auditions for the All-State High School Band. It's a big thing. I auditioned, but only so I might gain enough experience so I could maybe get a chair the following year. John Handy was the audition judge for saxophones, and he picked me for lead alto. Here I'd been playing second alto all year in school, but I was picked as lead alto

over everybody else in the state! It was that year, when I was in tenth grade, that I made my decision to become a jazz saxophone player."

Ted played a few casuals, then hit his first "Well, that's show-biz" disappointment: he auditioned for the Quincy Jones/Brothers Johnson big band, won the lead alto chair, but was dropped from the band the day before the tour began because it was discovered he was only 16.

After gigging briefly with Tommy Vig's big band, he joined Louis Bellson's big band. He recorded *Sunshine Rock* and the recent *Note Smoking* with Louie. In the summer of 1977, he toured with Don Ellis, recording *Live At Montreux* and *Star Wars And Other Galaxies* (with solos on *Go-No-Go* and *Niner Two*, on *Montreux*).

"With Louis Bellson, most of the stuff was straightahead, swinging, and harmonically bop-oriented. Don Ellis' music, based on odd time signatures and rock rhythms, was altogether different.

"It was hard for me to become accustomed to Don's odd meters. They were unnatural for me and I didn't feel them. Very difficult.

"But it was good for me being with Don. Before that, I wasn't open to rock rhythms or odd meters. With Don, I opened up.

"As far as today's fusion music is concerned, I really don't care for it that much. It's too fast, too energetic, too nervous. It doesn't leave a lot of time to be creatively expressive. It doesn't have a lot of guts, a lot of soul. So I don't listen to contemporary electric groups very often.

"But that's just the way I feel now. I'm still very young. I used to think I knew it all, and that I would never change. But I am changing, and I'm opening up, and maybe tomorrow I'll be more open to electric groups.

"At this point, I really want to get my roots together. I want to get my saxophone together and learn more about harmonies and melodies. There's a whole different approach in New York, a thing I don't hear out here. I'd like to develop in those areas.

"That's why I've decided to move to New York. I've made something of a name in certain L.A. circles, and I could easily become a studio musician. But I would lose what I really want to do: play jazz. I want to be an artist on my own, rather than a sideman serving others.

"I've seen too many other good musicians get stuck in that. Now they're in their 30s and making money, but they're unhappy. If I go to New York, I'll be able to learn a lot about jazz, old stuff, new stuff, contemporary, and I'll be able to develop as an artist.

"Change. Change can come naturally, just by what you like, or it can be forced: I'd better change. I don't think change should come by virtue of a rule, but by virtue of the changes that occur inwardly and naturally. Because I'm young, and open to new stuff, and seeing and hearing so much new stuff, I change a lot.

"I'm developing so much, in fact, that I'm not at all sure I want to have a lot of exposure right now. Should I be heard now, while I'm developing? Should I let people hear the development now? Or should I wait until I've already developed to a certain point, and then start recording? I just play it by ear, which is really all I can do, isn't it?

"I'm just happy that the response to my music has been so positive thus far, and I keep my goals clearly in mind, and I work hard. I think New York will be a tremendous help for me. After that, who knows?"

BILL MOLENHOF

BY JERRY DE MUTH



Vibist Bill Molenhof, who has been touring with the vocal duo of Jackie and Roy the past two years, was in college before he was exposed to live jazz. Then, after studying jazz at a National Stage Band Camp and at Berklee, he realized he didn't know any jazz or pop standards when he settled in New York to start a professional career.

"I knew all of Gary Burton's book but that was about it," admits Molenhof, who was 21 then and is only 24 today. "Gary Burton was my first and only teacher on vibes."

Molenhof, who earlier had been "trained by symphony orchestra musicians," studied with Burton that summer at Stage Band Camp and then for a year at Berklee, where he also studied with Steve Swallow, Burton's bassist.

After a year as a student at Berklee, Molenhof played along the Pacific Coast for eight months with a group that also included drummer Danny Gottlieb (now with Pat Metheny), guitarist Wayne Johnson (now with Manhattan Transfer) and bassist Dewey Dellay.

"We played all the tunes from Burton's band," he remembers. "Managers would say to us, 'You sure play a lot of weird stuff. I don't think people like it.' No one ever asked us back, but no one fired us either."

That band broke up shortly before Burton invited Molenhof to come and teach at Berklee. The teaching job lasted a year and a half before Molenhof split for New York where, after eight months of scuffling, including a brief stint in a terrible rock band—"I worked five nights at one club and made \$23 and was glad to get it because I needed the money"—he landed a job with the vocal duo.

Now he finds himself playing standards as old as Rodgers and Hart's *Mountain Greenery*—written in 1926, 28 years before he was born—as well as contemporary songs. And he has the opportunity to pursue his writing interests. Already he has written a book of solo pieces for his Berklee students: it is published by Kendor Music, for whom he is writing two

more books.

"I've written two songs and four vocalese pieces for Jackie and Roy so far," he says.

Working with Jackie and Roy, who won the db Critics Poll for best vocal group in 1978, has given him opportunities to both grow musically with them and away from them.

"Jackie and Roy only work about 15 weeks a year," he notes. "That's good. I don't play so much that I get stale and it forces me to continue developing my own interests. Mike Moore, the bass player, is putting together his own group and he plans on using me in that."

Molenhof and the other two musicians who back Jackie and Roy—Roy Kral also serves as pianist—also play as a trio, drawing on a book of some 40 tunes to open sets. And, away from the duo, he backed cornetist Ruby Braff at Michael's Pub in New York and on the *Today Show*. In late October, 1978, Bill presented a clinic for Deagan at the Percussive Arts Society International Convention at Tempe, Arizona; more clinics are scheduled.

Molenhof also hopes to form his own group, one which would include "three or four singers." One of the books he is working on consists of "vocal arrangements of pieces I've written."

The young vibist, whose mellow four-mallet playing still carries a Burton influence, obviously has reacted positively to the time spent with Jackie and Roy.

"I consider it the best job of its kind for a vibe player right now," he confesses. "George Shearing doesn't have a group right now. And his group was much more commercial at the end than Jackie and Roy. He didn't feature vibes all that much."

"I've learned a lot about writing for vocalists from them, paying close attention to detail. I'd never written anything before that was meant to be sung."

"I write the material specifically for Jackie and Roy, not just any singers. I know how they're going to sing a certain way, how their voices blend together. I think things go much better if you write for specific musicians and not just anybody in general."

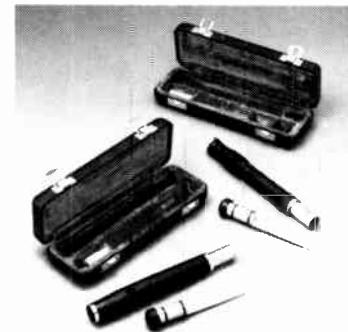
"Some vibe things I do now are more like arranged musical devices and I play the melodic line with Jackie's voice. Vibes go well with her voice. Roy usually sings counter-lines and background lines although sometimes he sings the melody."

"When I write for them I have an idea of what I want; the feeling I want to get across. And I design that to go along with what I know they can do—what sounds good and makes them sound good. Then I do the craftsmanship part. I say who's going to do what and figure out what kind of piano playing will help this: what I can do on vibes to make it sound best; what I want the rhythm section to do."

"I had backed singers before," Molenhof added, in reference to those eight months along the Pacific Coast. "But it was nothing like this. It wasn't this organized or this professional and high quality."

"Hopefully in the future, if I can in my own group situation, I'd like to utilize the skills that I've learned from doing this for three or four singers. Not with words, but just using the voice as an instrument. I really like that."

The experience with Jackie and Roy—who have been singing together for three decades and who regularly rotate the many songs that have found their way into the duo's repertory in order to keep them all fresh—also has helped him develop as a soloist, he feels.



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"I have more vocabulary now and more ease of expression," Molenhof explains. "I feel I'm more fluent and have a richer vocabulary of things to draw from."

"But the most important thing I learned from Jackie and Roy was the attitude to follow your own interests. As I mature and develop I want my personal identity to come out more and more. There's not much point in just being a copy of someone else."

Molenhof speaks in a soft voice with a slightly twangy Midwestern accent, reflecting his roots in small towns of southern Illinois. Although born in St. Louis, his family moved to Shiloh, Illinois, population 700, when he was only two. After eight years there, the Molenhofs moved to Belleville where Bill started to play drums in the school band. But he was more interested in becoming a tennis player than a musician until he traveled to Europe with the American Youth Band when he was 16.

"That really changed my attitude," he explains. "In Europe I got to see for the first time real professional artists work. It really made a strong impression on me."

"I was involved in general percussion training in high school," he further comments. "My first teacher was Bill Clark, who played percussion with the St. Louis Symphony. He was an excellent initial teacher. He instilled in me the idea of musicianship over flashiness. He had a percussion ensemble of his students and from the time I was 15 I did music that college groups are playing today."

After graduation, Molenhof went to Indiana University and its percussion department where non-mallet instruments were still his main thing, at least when it came to his formal course of study.

"I didn't play any mallets at I.U. but I had a vibe [Molenhof uses the word in its singular form] in my room and would practice constantly on that."

"With drums," he added, "the best I could do was play at the local VFW." He paused, then exclaimed, "But I didn't want to be a drummer in bad bands so I gravitated more to playing mallet instruments. Now I don't consider myself a percussionist at all. I play the vibraphone and write music."

It was after his initial year at I.U. that Molenhof went off to the National Stage Band Camp. And then, although he returned to I.U. and admits he "got to hear a lot of good music at I.U.," he knew he needed and wanted something more. So he went to Berklee, working the summer after his second and last year at I.U. cleaning up the grounds at the Blossom Music Festival near Cleveland at \$2 an hour to help pay his way. ("Cleaning up after a Pink Floyd concert, I found, is the lowest—feces, vomit, everything. That was the only thing I had ever done other than music and it made me want to be a musician on my own terms.")

But after a year as a student at Berklee, eight months backing mediocre singers and playing Burton's book, and then one-and-a-half years as a teacher at Berklee, Molenhof again found he wasn't satisfied.

"I wanted to move to New York and get into more playing," he explains. "I had had a little group of my own in Boston, and I played with Pat Metheny, but I still didn't feel like a professional musician. I was a teacher but I wanted to perform. What's the point of teaching everyone to play if you don't get out there and play. Music isn't just for music's sake. A piece that I write isn't complete until I can play it for an audience."

Molenhof's firm belief in performing for an audience has been strengthened by playing with Jackie and Roy, who adjust their performances in response to audience reaction.

"I'm not into just playing for myself. When there is communication I can feel it, and that feeling keeps me going."

Molenhof still hasn't appeared on any recordings. Jackie and Roy's latest LP was recorded only one month before he joined them and features Brian Atkinson on vibes. (The Krals previously had recorded with vibists Larry Bunker and Roy Pennington as well as with just bass and drums and full, but vibelless, orchestras.) But he expects to be on their next album and the delay could be good, for he has grown both as accompanist—able to voice smoothly and inventively with them and around them—and as a soloist. Some of his tunes, especially the rhythmically oriented *Big Town*, also should be on that next Jackie and Roy album.

"Things are going so well for me," he enthuses with youthful joy. "Things are just exploding this year." **db**

CAUGHT!

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND THE E STREET BAND

McGAW HALL
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

Personnel: Springsteen, vocals, lead guitar; Clarence Clemons, tenor and baritone saxes; Steve Van Zandt, rhythm guitar; Garry Tallent, bass; Max Weinberg, drums; Roy Bittan, piano; Danny Federici, organ.

For many observers of the pop scene, Bruce Springsteen has become both the epitome of the twin-edge of hype and an example of how a vibrant artist can transcend the heavy-handedness of the music industry in which he works. When Springsteen simultaneously landed on the cover of *Time* and *Newsweek* in the fall of '75, many were instinctively turned off, despite the fact that his galvanizing *Born To Run* album had precipitated the journalistic avalanche.

Bruce Springsteen's appeal, though, is based on the premise that such trappings don't matter, and the point was obvious as he and the E Street Band tore into their Northwestern University show with Buddy Holly's *Rave On*. If Holly's style of pristinely-honed rock epitomizes the purity of the form, Springsteen's live show is the celebration of a myriad of subsequent rock styles performed with a similar impulse, if not craving, to rave on. Such evan-

gelical fervor can offend the cynical, but to me, his concerts always evoke the passion, power and vulnerability of the best rock and roll.

Stylistic precedents drip from Springsteen as freely as the sweat from his brow. There's Elvis in the hip-swinging ballad *Fire* and the Yardbirds in the guitar solo that erupts from

Candy's Room; one also hears the brooding, urban growl that Eric Burdon and the Animals brought to their rocky blues (*Springsteen* occasionally performs the Animals' *It's My Life*). A consistent concert favorite, *She's The One*, is based on the elemental Bo Diddley beat, and Springsteen celebrates the fact by throwing a few choruses of *Mona* into a lengthy introduction that also features a tour-de-force of '50s guitar styles. The list goes on—Dylan is there in the *Blonde On Blonde*-like piano/organ combination at the heart of the E Street Band, and Mitch Ryder in Springsteen's letter-perfect second encore of *Good Golly*.



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

Miss Molly Devil With A Blue Dress—but the list is ultimately irrelevant. Springsteen doesn't clone these musicians, but rekindles them in himself: Springsteen and the E Street Band consistently put on one of the handful of truly great live shows in rock.

Each of the six E Streeters is perfectly woven into the musical framework of Springsteen's songs, but their roles have subtly changed since the *Born To Run* days as Springsteen has drifted towards a harsher lead guitar style. Consequently, the agile and accomplished Miami Steve Van Zandt has moved more into the background on rhythm guitar. And as saxophonist Clarence Clemons clings to his note-for-note duplications of previous solos, his on-stage visual role as the gargantuan black man is clear; his role as nominal musical foil for Springsteen is likewise clear. The core is what remains—the orchestrated, Phil Spector-informed drumming of Max Weinberg, supported unobtrusively by Garry Tallent's bass, and the similarly organic keyboard work of Roy Bittan on piano and Danny Federici on organ. Sturdy and consistent, this is the true vehicle of Springsteen's rock dreams.

Cars, of course, hold a pivotal position in Springsteen's world view. Cars are the means of escape, and Springsteen's songs are a constant repetition of the battle to escape the drudgery of the day-to-day working-class life and find something better—*The Promised Land*. And while his stylistic signatures are repetitive—cars, night time, and more recently, his father—they are enormously successful dramatic devices. Springsteen has taken everyday components and woven them into a songwriting style that is both epic and powerful. And his performance, whether on record

or on the stage, is a living embodiment of that struggle, with Bruce at the wheel in *Born To Run*, but with drummer Mighty Max on the throttle.

Two tunes are at the core of Springsteen's performance, *Backstreets* (from *Born To Run*) and the title tune from *Darkness On The Edge Of Town*. *Backstreets*, perhaps Springsteen's greatest song, encapsulates his myth in a wrenching boy-girl story. The song also makes the bleak observation—"Remember all the movies, Terry, we'd go see/Trying to learn how to walk like the heroes/We thought we had to be"—that is continued on *Darkness*. Here, the singer is older, maybe wiser, but still stalking the spirit in the night, and still using car racing to convey serious ideas. "Lives on the line where dreams are found and lost/I'll be there on time and I'll pay the cost"—where else is anyone taking responsibility for his actions? Who admits that for good things, you pay a cost?

Springsteen's essential seriousness of purpose is almost unique. His integrity is reflected in his concern about sound quality (futile in McGaw Hall), and his virtual guarantee that fans will get their money's worth from a show that always exceeds three hours. At a time when elemental concepts like sin have given way to mindless demands for instant gratification, who else could deliver lines (from *Adam Raised A Cain*) like, "You're born into this life paying/For the sins of somebody else's past" with such conviction?

All this is not to say that Springsteen's music contains no joy. The singer wants and gets the heart, soul and control of his audience, and clearly revels in it. But he is still praying and hoping for the faith and love to raise him above the badlands.

—John Milward



ALBERT MANGELSDORFF

THE KITCHEN CENTER,
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Mangelsdorff, solo slide trombone.

The Kitchen Center for video, music and dance presented the 50-year-old German trombonist Mangelsdorff as part of its "Imports" series of performances by artists from outside the U.S.A. It was Mangelsdorff's first concert ever in New York, and he attracted a large, attentive crowd to the lower Manhattan loft.

Mangelsdorff played primarily in the more traditional, straight-ahead jazz styles up until the late '60s, when he was attracted by "free jazz" and became associated with German saxophonist Peter Brotzman, as well as the Globe Unity Orchestra. Since then his startling command of multiphonic playing has enhanced his already established reputation as one of the best—if not the foremost—of all European jazz trombonists. In the 1978 *db* Critics Poll, he finished second in the voting to Roswell Rudd; readers gave him sixth place in their '78 poll.

By utilizing circular breathing, Mangelsdorff is able to produce chordal or multiphonic effects on his valve-less trombone. He is able to emit several tones simultaneously by playing one note, singing another, and relying on overtones for still one or two more. This sometimes sounds like what Rahsaan Roland Kirk used to do playing two horns at once, but

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Mangelsdorff achieves nearly the same result on a single trombone. Mangelsdorff does not over-emphasize this multi-tonal gift, and uses it both appropriately and effectively in his solos. It is no mere trick, but rather a helpful extension of conventional trombone range and technique.

The trombonist shyly introduced each of the tunes he performed (all but one originals), stating that some were still untitled, while others were announced in their German names or in so soft a voice as to be inaudible. His meek manner did not in any way extend to his playing, however. His tone was impeccable and clear over the full range of the horn, and when he jumped intervals his control was precise and assured. His long, dazzling legato runs were always fluid.

The tunes themselves ran the gamut, some emphasizing lower register multi-toned melodies, others founded on vocalized blues tonalities achieved with a mute. His improvisations were unpredictable but always conscious of form, possessing unfailing logic and never-flagging creativity. Mangelsdorff would sometimes cleverly build his own implied bass lines by interjecting single low honks in time throughout a solo, and almost every piece had a strong rhythmic feel despite the lack of a rhythm section. He improvised both melodically and harmonically, his catchy-motified *Bonn* being a good display of the former, *Mood Indigo* of the latter. He reharmonized the Ellington tune brilliantly, so that it sounded—with his astonishing muted overtones—like it was being played underwater. But for technical genius nothing topped his *Questions To Come*, where he held one bass note and played harmonic patterns over it—so

effortlessly done that it was easy to take for granted until realization of the incredible difficulty set in.

Mangelsdorff's playing was a total pleasure throughout the evening's two sets, whether he was coming out of a boppish, Monkish bag, improvising atonally, or throwing around soulful phrases that resembled the *Freedom Jazz Dance* theme in their melodic and rhythmic breakup. After two sets of solo trombone, it appeared that most of the audience would gladly have stayed for a third. Such is the lure of a true master.

—scott albin

OREGON

GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL SAN FRANCISCO

Personnel: Ralph Towner, six and 12 string guitar, piano, flugelhorn, french horn, percussion; Paul McCandless, oboe, english horn, bass clarinet, wood flute; Collin Walcott, tabla, sitar, clarinet, congas, percussion; Glen Moore, bass, violin.

Michael Zipkin is working on a feature interview with Oregon; the story will appear in our March 8 issue, on sale February 22.

No matter how many times one hears the quartet of virtuosi called Oregon play live, the band delivers the unexpected. One warm Saturday evening at San Francisco's Great American Music Hall—the group's favorite Stateside club—Oregon told tales old and new in the myriad dialects they so effortlessly blend into their own special musical language.

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Towner's *Along The Way* opened the set, with Ralph on six-string, then 12-string, soon engaging Moore in a finely singing dialogue that built to rhythmically dizzying heights, abundantly aided by Walcott's tabla and congas. Before long the percussionist brought out his "buzzbox," an insecticide can fashioned with plywood and metal tines into a raucous kalimba, buzzing and rocking with an infectious marketplace spirit. By this time Moore had switched to his frantic (though more coherent than ever) violin, McCandless to wood flute, and Towner had placed part of a matchbook under his strings to conspire in buzzing syncopation with Collin. The result was a sort of comically twisted cartoon music. Uninhibited fun.

Oregon can take it *out* at the slightest provocation. This time the buzzbox appeared to be the catalyst, exploring new territory that unfolds as the improvisation develops. Sometimes these flights can border on the excessive or indulgent, but this evening's extrapolations retained a melodic cohesion even in their freest, most unstructured ramblings.

Things calmed down as they segued into Towner's lovely *Yellow Bell*, from Oregon's new *Out Of The Woods* LP. This one has the kind of consummately pristine chamber lyricism Oregon first became known for, featuring fine piano/oboe unisons (as did the next tune, *Nimbus*), sparked by Walcott's cymbal colors and Moore's singing, sliding bass. Towner's piano has evolved immensely in the last few years. He was behind the keyboard as often as the fretboard this night, and he can spin delicate filigree (as he did on *Bell*) or swing into a rollicking gospel vamp. McCandless' solo here built to glorious heights, as he shot out well-polished spears from his oboe as if it were a finely crafted blow gun.

Glen Moore has always presented a self-less—though certainly a cohesively pulsing—persona on bass, but this night he really stepped out on his modified upright, taking off from LaFaro with marvelous, vocal plucking and flurries of madman bowing. Moore's showcase was Towner's *Nimbus* (that sounded suspiciously like *Rainmaker* from the *Winter Light* album).

Glen's *Deer Path*, also from *Winter Light*, was a vehicle for Collin's sitar and Moore's idiosyncratic piano, and soon evolved into one of those meandering jams full of mini-dialogues and infinite tonal, textural and rhythmic permutations featuring numerous instruments. It was interesting to note Walcott's explorative playing on sitar. The instrument's long tradition normally defines its limits, but Walcott questioned, probed, and leaped wide ranges with the freedom of Ornette or Braxton. The players easily roamed the stage, switching instruments as the spirit called. One particularly inspired pairing came as Walcott went to clarinet and McCandless to bass clarinet, resulting in humorously convoluted bop. For musicians with "serious" backgrounds—years of classical studies and tenures with various symphonies—they sure know how to have a good time. And it's almost always contagious.

One of Walcott's transcendent tabla solos led Oregon into their last tune, Towner's finely woven *Waterwheel*. Again Ralph's well-placed piano was in evidence, as was the barely contained fire of McCandless' oboe. Following a standing ovation, Oregon returned with their delicate spiritual portrait, *The Silence Of A Candle*. No one wanted to leave.

—michael zipkin

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World Radio History

WEATHER REPORT

continued from page 16

it's like changing roles.

Birnbaum: You've done some things on your own with the soprano—*Native Dancer*, the album with Milton Nascimento . . .

Shorter: And on the tenor. My new album will be a combination of both but with some big surprises and some little ones, too.

Birnbaum: Do you ever feel confined at all in the context of Weather Report?

Shorter: You mean like locked into an r&b thing or something? No, I don't feel confined in a rock thing or anything like that. But I'm very careful about thinking about something that's going to do something to me. I'm slowly just finding out that what happens to a person is that person's own doing. It's me, you know? I'm very careful about placing fault or blame outside myself. If you place fault on something outside of yourself you can't change anything because you're always just the object of another subject. But if you have the right attitude you can work with everything, you can work with the whole world. A question like "Do you feel confined?" or something like that gives me the knowledge that most people are having the experience of being confined by things themselves, therefore they question about that energy. That question is limited.

Birnbaum: Do you feel that you're under any commercial pressure?

Zawinul: No.

Pastorius: Nobody at CBS even hears the record until it's mastered. There's no pressure at all.

Birnbaum: Do you plan for a hit like *Birdland*, where a single breaks out of the album?

Zawinul: We don't plan that but when it comes along it's great. It would be great to sell a million records, you know, of some real music.

Birnbaum: But you don't sit down with the idea of writing a single.

Zawinul: Nah, you can't do that, man.

Pastorius: There's no way.

Birnbaum: What about the stage show? Do you feel that you're playing to the audience with the smoke machine and the light show?

Zawinul: I like that stuff. But we're definitely playing to the audience. There's an audience out there and you've got to play to them—goddamn, you'd better believe it.

Birnbaum: Are you playing down to them? Is that a concession?

Zawinul: There's no concession—it's fun. It fits the piece of music.

Birnbaum: Then it's just something you feel?

Zawinul: Of course.

Shorter: If you don't feel it, you've got to quit the business.

Birnbaum (to Zawinul): You get a very distinctive sound on the synthesizer. It's often said that everybody sounds alike on electronic keyboards but that's not true in your case.

Zawinul: I know it ain't true.

Birnbaum: But you do program the synthesizers in a particular way to get that sound. I mean even when you only play one note it still sounds like you.

Zawinul: Well goddamn, it's me playing. What reason would there be to play if you didn't sound like yourself? But I could always hear different sounds than electric piano, so I do set it up in a certain way, but it sounds like me no matter how I set it up.

Birnbaum (to Pastorius): What kind of bass were you playing?

44 □ down beat

Pastorius: I made my bass myself. It's just an old Fender bass, standard bass, but I took the frets out. It's a Jazz Bass, the only bass, 1962—it's the bass of doom. I had to put wood filler in it to fill in the holes where the frets used to be and that's why it looks like the frets are still there.

Erskine: That's the original wood filler and everything.

Pastorius: It's original, man. I have not touched that thing in seven or eight years. I keep sanding it down every year and I put boat epoxy on it. I still ain't through with it.

Birnbaum: When you get those feedback effects, do you set the amps in a certain way? Could you do that with any amp or have you got some special equipment rigged up?

Pastorius: I could do it with any Acoustic 360—that's the same amp I've been playing through for eight and a half years now. It's just got a little fuzz tone—you put it on and go. Most of what I'm doing to make that sound is just fundamental harmonics through that fuzz tone.

Birnbaum: Your next album will be a live LP. Were you recording last night?

Zawinul: No. We couldn't do a sound check last night. The recording will be done in California at the end of the tour. We could have recorded now, but it's a matter of equipment and all of that. It's less expensive to do it out there and you get better people.

Birnbaum: Weather Report was one of the first fusion bands . . .

Zawinul: What does that mean?

Birnbaum: Well, you use electronics and . . .

Zawinul: So electronics means fusion, eh? I've never been sure what fusion means.

Birnbaum: I thought the band had sort of a rock conception when it first came out. It had electronics and a strong beat. Even the name of the group—it was the first jazz group to have a name like a rock band. It appeals to many people who are primarily into rock music rather than jazz. But what I was getting at is that for the most part the fusion school has gone down the drain in the past few years and Weather Report keeps going strong.

Zawinul: It's because we're saying what we're saying and it goes on strong because it's real and it's genuine and there's nothing false about it. It was always real, good or bad, but it's real, man. The compositions were always great and the playing was always great and that's it.

Birnbaum: I heard Jack DeJohnette's new group with Lester Bowie and in a certain way it reminded me slightly of Weather Report.

Zawinul: Yeah? Well, that's what slowly lots of people are going to remind you of.

Birnbaum: They're also coming out of that Miles bag, more or less.

Zawinul: We ain't coming out of that.

Birnbaum: Originally I think it was Miles who first got into that electronic, percussive sort of sound.

Zawinul: I'll tell you something, man. Do you know who was the first guy to play and record on electric piano, outside of Ray Charles in 1959? It was me, man. Miles came to see me and checked it out, and then he got an electric piano for Herbie Hancock. But we were already playing new things with Cannon's band. We played *In A Silent Way* two years before I gave it to Miles to record.

Birnbaum: That was really the album that started it all.

Zawinul: Well then you know what I'm saying.

Birnbaum: To me it all seemed to take off

from what Miles was doing at that time. All of the heaviest names in so-called fusion music, people like Chick Corea and John McLaughlin, come out of the Miles band.

Zawinul: Sure, but that doesn't necessarily mean that Miles was the sole father of all that.

Birnbaum: What about the rhythms? The rhythms of Weather Report are similar to the rhythms that Miles was using then, the things that Tony Williams and Jack DeJohnette were playing.

Zawinul: But you see, man, we are all into this for a long time. Like, I was involved in Haight-Ashbury when it was really at its height, checking out Jimi Hendrix. I mean it's a long time that we are all involved in this.

Shorter: Since I was born, man.

Zawinul: Yeah, and in general, Art Blakey's band was actually a modern r&b band, when you really think about it, and so was Cannonball's band.

Birnbaum: But Miles was breaking away from the Blakey concept.

Zawinul: Well Miles was doing something different, but you've got to consider one thing, man. On this first album, *In A Silent Way*, he had a lot of bass lines added on and they were my bass lines. I put them on there, to give it a certain feeling. On *Bitches Brew*, Miles wasn't even playing much—Miles was inside the booth with Teo Macero and he just came steppin' out here and there and played a couple of notes, but mostly he just let us play. It was Chick and me playing and Wayne was back there with Bennie Maupin. We had this music, man, and we played and we rehearsed and we put things together. I mean, I too think that Miles was . . . let's say he was where everything centered toward because he was the most forward-looking and creative musician of the '60s.

Birnbaum: What about Ornette and Ayler and all those people?

Zawinul: Of course there were other directions going on, too. There were a whole lot of things going on. But I dug all that from the very beginning. I dug Ornette and I dug Archie Shepp a lot and I heard Cecil Taylor. I dug those people more than I did Coltrane for some kind of reason. But I'm an old jazz fan.

Birnbaum: It seems to me that there's really a division between the people who followed Miles and . . .

Shorter: A division? Is that what you're really talking about, how things divide?

Birnbaum: I was trying to say that there are two different schools, one represented by Miles' approach incorporating electronics and rock effects and . . .

Shorter: I tell you it's a lot of fun.

Zawinul: Everything is a lot of fun.

Shorter: It's just as much fun as watching cell division.

Zawinul: Right.

Shorter: I mean we're so used to talking about things separately in this hemisphere. We break things up, you know? But there's a whole thing that we're dealing with. The whole universe is fission and fusion, but if I'm gonna look at something that's breaking up it's going to take me that much longer to really deal with the things that I want to do.

Zawinul: There's got to be more education from the writers. The writers have got to learn about all these things so that we don't have to talk about the same shit all the time.

Pastorius: Every writer asks the same questions.

Zawinul: What I'm saying is that those things are already known by you all. But we

could talk about something much more interesting—life itself. Because we've done a lot of cover stories and we talk about the same shit we always talk about and it's getting boring, because people don't know what to write about. I mean, who gives a shit man—that Miles Davis thing is gone, his stuff is gone and he is totally somewhere else, man. There is not even a connection, absolutely none, not even close, and there's never been, man. You listen to our album, man, and then you listen to Miles' music. You listen to our first album—there's no connection. The only connection is that Miles recorded a tune we did on the second album, a tune called *Directions*, and that became a sort of theme song for him. This is the only thing remotely like Miles, I think, because we didn't record *In A Silent Way*.

The way things come out in these articles is not right. One time I said something like, "I'm going to be the next great innovator," but it was printed in such a way that it sounded like I was saying that nobody else could, that I'm the only one that could do it. I still believe in what I said, because I know what I'm gonna do.

But we don't want to hurt nobody, man, and we don't want to be put no higher than what we are—we just want to get the truth out and let the people decide. We don't want someone to just go out and take a picture of us while we're onstage and put it on the cover. We don't make a whole lot of money; our only take is to get our . . . I don't want to call it dignity, but there's a certain respect we have for what we are doing.

db

JONES

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tell me, 'There are people going to watch you when you come in the hall, they are going to watch you on that bandstand, they're going to watch you at intermission, they're going to watch you where you live, they'll watch how you eat and listen to your conversations—you give them something, and you have to govern yourself. There are certain luxuries that a performer cannot afford.'

"However, a performer doesn't need a vocabulary of over 50 words—not really. See, you don't have time to talk because of all the time and energy you spend on your musical instrument; you speak through your instrument. If you're a dancer, you speak through your feet—that's enough conversation."

"Musicians don't really live in the community—we don't keep up with what's happening. We're not interested in politics; we don't know anything about the mayor or sheriff. When we leave our community, they sometimes go through two mayors before we can get back home. Man, you're so busy trying to get some food and go to work you don't have time for that. But people assume you travel a lot and so you're a Mr. Know-It-All."

Nothing irks Jo more than if someone misspells his name or (God forbid) calls him "Philly Joe" or "Elvin." Mistakes in general disturb him, but he can see the humor in them if they regard someone else.

"That's the reason I told Leonard Feather 'You want a release?'—Buddy Rich was sitting right there. 'I'm gonna give you five minutes; print this big: *Jo Jones Joins Buddy Rich*.' He said 'Yeah?' 'I'm gonna play the hot ones while he plays the sweet ones.'

"Two years ago Leonard asked me what the thought was for the day. I said 'The trouble

with the musicians today is that too many of us are busy reading our write-ups and playing our records. But now, there are a few of us who have reversed it.' He said 'What's that?' I said 'They listen to their write-ups and read their records—they're going out backwards.'

"The people are so quick to judge. They don't give a young musician a chance to grow up. I tell a lot of kids 'When you get a write-up, it's to encourage you. When you receive praise that don't mean you stop.'

"And there are many things the youngsters don't have, because after World War II they took away the dance halls, they took away the theaters. Where are the kids gonna learn how to play? They've never played for chorus girls, singers or people dancing. There are no cheap instruments anymore and music instruction costs money: and after that, where are they

going to play? Who are they going to play with? Some of the kids are just noise makers when they come out; they're not musicians. How long a musician has been playing has nothing to do with it.

"I ask the kids what they are doing and they say they're just taking up music—nothing else. I say 'Aren't you taking up reading, writing and arithmetic? You'd better learn to count change, or you'll end up running errands for a grocery store 'cause there is not much room out here—there are not many Vegases.' They don't know how tough it is out here.

"The most astonishing thing about that bandstand is that there are so many people up there who can qualify to be in many diversified occupations. The average person thinks 'The musician, la-de-dah; a quart of whiskey and one arm on a chick every night.' That's

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why I told Feather, 'Leonard, I'm giving you an assignment: write about us. Write about the musician.' We have families, we get sick. Personally, Jo Jones, myself—I have four children, eight grandchildren and two greatgrandchildren. And I've said it hundreds of times, but someone will still ask if I'm married. People who are supposed to be astute ask me 'Does your wife travel with you?' I say 'No. I make it a point that I must drink a quart of whiskey a day and have a girl to go to bed with every night.'

"In the musical world we compliment each other, but there are certain things we don't do. If one of the artists passes away, it takes us a long time to play the tune he or she was identified with, for emotional and spiritual reasons. Would you believe that people came in after Bing Crosby died and asked for *White Christmas*? They didn't mean no harm . . . they don't know how close-knit we are."

There are at least four things people do besides make mistakes that greatly disturb Jo, and he is at his most philosophical when he discusses these subjects.

- Racial prejudice: "I've been around more environments in my life and they'll say 'Jo, you're different from the rest of them.' 'From the rest of whom?' 'Well, you know, you people.' 'You people? I'm 100% American; I ain't never been to Africa. I'm different? What makes me so special?' 'Cause you're different from the rest.'" He blew a tone on his Smirnoff bottle and laughed.

"They love to have a Lena Horne, a Sammy Davis, a Duke Ellington in their homes, but they wouldn't have the cab driver or even the doctor. There are only four people in the world: a boy, a girl, a man, a woman. I don't know who started this black/white shit . . ."

- Important people: "People always introduce me to high falutin' people at clubs. I am not impressed."

- Sex and money: "They just discovered sex and money in the last ten years. 'He or she makes a whole lot of money,' but what has that got to do with their talent? I said 'Do you want to make some money? Let's rob a bank. Why not? That don't take long. You want to make some money.' That's their highest life ambition."

The interview ended, we left for Sandy's Jazz Revival at 7:15 so he could get there an hour before the show, which is customary for him. On the way, we discussed religion.

"I have just three questions whose answers I'd like to know," he said. "Why have they been kicking the Jews in the butt for thousands of years? Why did they make slaves of the black people? And why did they kill Jesus Christ?"

Jo and his band played three sets that evening, and the outer sets were performed before an empty house. "They're probably all watching the Red Sox game," he said. The middle

set had 50 people there, tops. The last set, which ended at 1:30 a.m., was performed for four patrons and jazz pianist Jaki Byard and his wife, who had just arrived.

One wouldn't have known the house was empty, though, by watching the musicians or listening to the music. Doc Cheatham was on trumpet, Budd Johnson was on tenor sax, Major Holley was on bass, Dave Stewart, a promising young local, was on piano, Carrie Smith sang a bit, and they all raised hell. Jones stole the show: a few of the musicians felt he was grandstanding them.

It is hard for any musician to compete with Jones onstage, because he's more than an excellent performer—he's an outstanding showman, too. One can't dismiss the visual aspect from his performance any more than with a tap dancer, and despite claiming the piano is his biggest influence, he provokes a mental picture of a tap dancer whenever he plays.

Some gestures are obviously from his dancing days. He accompanies cymbal taps with graceful shoulder turns. Sometimes his left arm extends behind him while the right hand stretches forward, caressing a cymbal. Everything Jo does is elegant, and economical. Most of his rhythmic ideas could be expressed by a tap dancer: Jo strokes his sock cymbal once and then his large cymbal with a brush and one imagines the brush-brush of a shuffle step.

There's humor in Jones' drumming. He sets up a rapid rat-tat-tat pattern on his snare and stops unexpectedly after one loud strike. Jones puts on a innocent expression when he starts up again, and some of the audience laugh in appreciation.

His facial muscles accompany his drumming just as they do his conversations, but he has a constant smile while onstage, where he lets go of self-consciousness and fully enjoys himself. He pantomimes his introduction of the musicians. He quips before and during numbers. "I'll come in one way and you come in another." He swishes his brush quickly back and forth on his snare, explaining, "I'm nervous." He closes a brush on the last beat of a number.

From his old and battered drums he produces diverse colors using his sticks, brushes, mallets and hands in every way conceivable. Tone colors and rhythmic patterns change at least every 32 bars.

He played only one extended solo this evening, but that solo, approximating ABA form, was sufficient to impress upon listeners his mastery of musical organization. The A sections amplified on a bass-sock-sock waltz idea, with the drum sticks tapping on the snare alternating with rimshots. The middle section started with a tap on a tiny cymbal attached to the large cymbal's stand, and then a snare roll; it was brought to a climax with the two floor tom toms on either side of Jones (he played them in a sweeping motion, from one to the other, with the right hand stick) and rapid foot

work on the bass drum and sock cymbal pedals.

Jones' drum set looks uncomfortable to play. The snare is at a precarious angle, and the hi-hat is within an inch of the snare. It's a source of pride to Jo, though. "You know those raggedy drums I got out there are beating the daylights out of me," he boasted. "Last night Alan Dawson came by and tried to play them; I laughed. He said 'I see what you mean.' I said 'I told you that 30 years ago. Now will you be good?'"

Jones' music is mainstream jazz, and the feeling at the concert was identical to that of *The Essential Jo Jones*, a Vanguard two-album set recorded in the late 1950's. (It was produced by John Hammond and was originally released as *The Jo Jones Special*; Basie's "All American Rhythm Section" was reunited on a few of the cuts. Jo's other LP is *Main Man* on Pablo.) The program was not without its personality clashes, and Jones was the star of this show, too.

Toward the end of Jo's long solo in the second set, Sandy, the club owner, flashed Jones' spotlights on and off as the audience began to applaud. Remember his fear of flashbulbs: Jo turned to Sandy and shouted invectives, but the lights continued to flash; when the number was over, he staggered to the microphone, irate, blinking his eyes.

"Sandy, this isn't Winken, Blinken and Nod. If you blink those lights one more time while I'm onstage, you'll never smoke that pipe again." The audience, startled, laughed. Jones, stern faced, ended the set with a short tune, all the while blinking his eyes.

Jones started the third set late and his anger had yet to subside. Finding out that Jaki Byard was in the audience, Jo had him sit in. During *Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me*, Jones wanted to exchange fours with Byard and tried to get Major Holley to drop out, but the bassist didn't seem to hear.

"Stay off, Major," Jo shouted, and then turned to Johnson, saying, "he never learns." After more shouting, Major got the idea, but his smile didn't hide his contempt. When Holley came back in, he received more abuse: "Play it right, Major. Play it right."

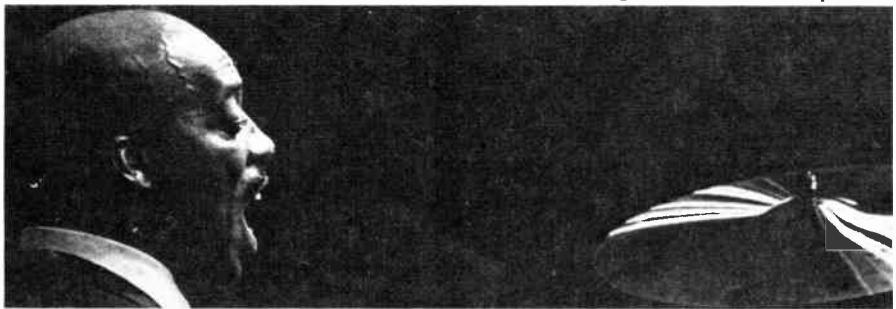
During Budd Johnson's extended solo on *Caravan*, Jones was clearly upset and tried to cut it short. "This isn't that type of gig," he shouted, but Johnson didn't acknowledge him; Johnson had his eyes closed and was blowing up a wind storm. Jones shouted insults and bashed away to get Johnson's attention; it was amusing to watch him pound his snare with all his might, shaking his head with disbelief. Finally the saxophonist turned quickly and said "Okay." When Johnson finished his solo 32 bars later, he had bitter words with Jones and stalked off the stage.

Singer Carrie Smith walked out and dedicated *Ain't He Sweet* to Jones, and everyone laughed—Jones, too. Johnson snuck back up to produce loud and raunchy out-of-tune honks at opportune moments: "Ain't that perfection (HONK) . . . I ask you very confidently, ain't he sweet (HONK)." He innocently worked the honks into obbligato licks and was outrageously funny.

Jones got the joke and when the gig ended, Budd Johnson and he were on speaking terms. They drove back to their motel together.

No one knows what feeds Jo Jones' anger; possibly it's his many experiences with prejudice. Whatever it is, Sandy's Sandy speaks for many people when he says "Yes, he's abusive, but isn't he great?"

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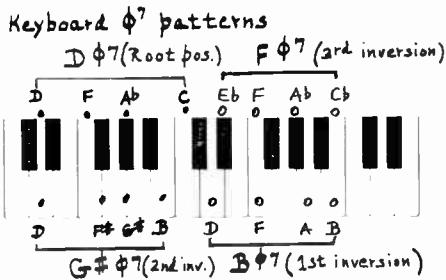
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Parallel harmonic motion relocates an exact voicing at some other pitch. The inherent chord quality therefore remains the same while fresh individual notes continually appear. Varying distances of such motion produce varying numbers of fresh notes. The following example shows how many fresh notes appear when a ϕ^7 moves by different intervals:

Minor Second Major Second Minor Third Major Third Perf. Fourth Dim. Fifth

A ϕ^7 G# ϕ^7 G ϕ^7 F# ϕ^7 F ϕ^7 E ϕ^7 D# ϕ^7
(New notes) 4 3 2 3 3 2

When the harmony parallels a melodic line, automatic chord substitution results:

C A Dm C G C
Standard chords Parallel ϕ^7 substitutes

Since the voicing never changes during any parallel ϕ^7 passage, whichever guitar fingering starts the passage can stay the same while shifting up and down the neck with the melody on the first string, in John Coltrane's *Giant Steps*, for example:

Guitar ϕ^7 Fingering: (upper four strings)

G# ϕ^7 E ϕ^7 C# ϕ^7 A ϕ^7 C ϕ^7 C# ϕ^7 B ϕ^7
(1st string fret) 14 10 7 3 6 7 5

Except in a diminished seventh outline, which moves by minor third, or in an augmented triad outline, which moves by major third, all chord-line melody moves by mixed intervals, just as *Giant Steps* does. In any chord-line passage harmonized by parallel ϕ^7 chords, though, the unexpected chord substitutions produce unexpected harmonic variety. For example:

(G γ chord-line) (A dim γ chord-line)

E ϕ^7 G# ϕ^7 B ϕ^7 D ϕ^7 B ϕ^7 D ϕ^7 F ϕ^7 A ϕ^7

The large number of standard tunes containing passages which outline one chord type or another offer many chances to use parallel ϕ^7 chords as harmonic alternatives to the original chord progressions. *Here's That Rainy Day* outlines first a major triad, then a dominant seventh; *Fascination* and *Getting Sentimental Over You* outline major sevenths; *Sophisticated Lady* and *Star-dust* outline minor sevenths; and *I Love You, Porgy* outlines a major ninth.

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lot of different groups to sustain myself because I had a family. But when I started playing with a lady named Betty Burgess it was more like a house rock-jazz thing because she was more or less a jazz organist. We wouldn't necessarily rock the house as much as we'd be playing tunes a lot of the time." Out of that period came a recording session for Prestige in the same vein but with another organist, Stan Turner. It was titled, appropriately enough, *Trip On The Strip* (PR 7458).

During this time Fortune began developing a real affinity for drummers. His two favorites at the time were Jerry Thomas and particularly Bill Roy. Through the organ scene Fortune met Billy Hart, today one of his closest musical associates. Fortune remembers, "I hadn't seen Jimmy Smith, and all the organ players were talking about Jimmy Smith. So they came to a place in Atlantic City called the Winter Gardens. I was working at the Club Harlem with Chris Columbo. So I went over to the Winter Gardens to see Smith during our intermission. I went in there with a snobbish attitude. I had heard all this talk about Jimmy Smith. I said, let me go hear this organ player that everybody is talking about. I know ain't nothing going on, but I'll go check anyway."

On the way back to the Club Harlem for his next set, it wasn't Jimmy Smith that was on his mind. "Billy Hart wiped me out," he laughs. "Boy, I walked in the door, and after about two minutes I was wiped out. I just sat there the rest of my break, came back on my next intermission and the following one, hung out during the day, the whole bit. So when I got back to Philly I told Wayne Dockery about Billy. Just by coincidence Jimmy Smith came to Philly a few months later. So I went and got Wayne and we went up to Billy's room. I introduced him and Wayne. We went downstairs and started playing." However Fortune's approach to recording may evolve, his most memorable work to date has included Dockery and Hart. The latter player he says, "is one that I am trying to walk with hand-in-hand all the way to the end, because he has such a positive element to contribute to the music."

In spite of such bright moments as his exchange with Hart, Fortune stayed with the sure money. A friend launching a coffee shop prevailed upon him to organize a quartet to back Carolyn Harris, a singer that he didn't even know and has seen little of since. The drummer was Bill Roy. Colmar Duncan was on piano. Dockery and Tyrone Brown (now with Grover Washington, Jr.) split the bass duties. "I kind of pulled off the rhythm and blues circuit to take this band," he recalls. "It was like a jazz band. We were playing tunes and whatnot. I used to tell the cats in the band, 'When this gig ends, the band ends.' Because actually I was losing bread as opposed to what I was making in the rhythm and blues thing. But when the gig ended it was kind of hard for me to go back to the rhythm and blues thing. So I decided to try my hand at New York."

That was early 1967, just months before John Coltrane's death was to rock the jazz world. Fortune was living near Coltrane's mother at the time. When he and Trane bumped into each other one day, Fortune mentioned that he was thinking of moving to New York. Coltrane gave him the kind of en-

couragement that was characteristic of his later years. He gave Fortune a piece of advice that was both practical and prophetic. Trane told him, "If I got the opportunity to work with Elvin Jones or to play with Elvin on any level I'd move on it." With a family to consider, Fortune decided to try New York as "a trial-and-error kind of thing."

Fortune evinces no traces of smugness when he describes what happened. "I'll never forget what went down," he declares. "It was on the eve of the 30th of May, a jam session at Beefsteak Charlie's on 52nd St. Because it was Memorial Day eve and nobody had to work the following day, the joint was packed. Horn players were literally lined around the wall waiting for a shot. So I had to pay to get into the joint. That was cool, I mean I am just coming in and trying to decide whether I am going to live in New York. So it was cool. But I

So I said 'Man . . . heh . . . I am ready.'"

Not a bad entree to New York for a saxophonist with a longstanding attraction to drummers. During his career Fortune has gone on to play with the best percussionists in a wide array of styles; following Jones came Santamaria, Eric Gravatt and Al Mouzon (with McCoy Tyner), Roy Brooks, Buddy Rich, Lyle, DeJohnette, and Hart.

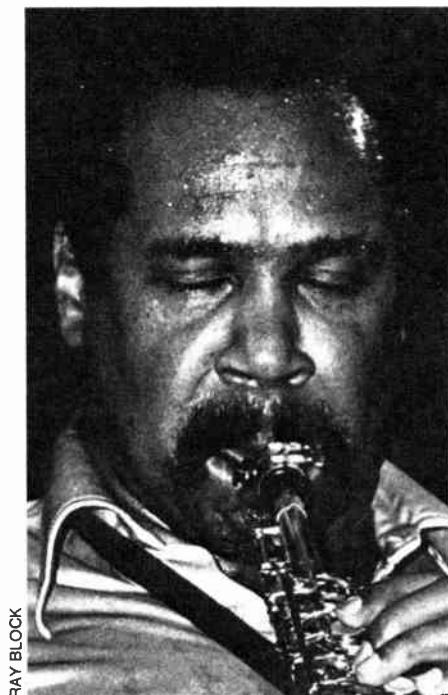
Small wonder that the essential relationship in his music is the rhythmic interplay, especially between himself and his drummers. "All of it has to be there. But I guess if I had a choice of which one would be the last to be the weakest it would probably be the drummer." Although he has played excellently on pieces whose content is primarily melodic, like his own *Tribute To A Holiday (Billie)* from the Strata-East disc and *Never Again Is Such A Long Time* (on Serengeti), it is fundamentally rhythm that shapes his musical thought. "Music is rhythm and harmony, or rhythm and melody," he concedes, "at least Western music is." He qualifies this significantly, asserting, "I don't hear melody without rhythm but I can appreciate rhythm without melody. When you strip everything off of it, I guess that's it." About his own writing he says, "I write to satisfy what it is going to feel like to me in terms of how it lays rhythmically. I don't like to write just for the sake of notes. It's got to lay a certain way."

Even so, Fortune is primarily an instrumentalist and his writing is largely confined "by necessity, to just trying to find some things that I feel would be good vehicles for me to move around on." He still considers himself a saxophonist foremost (and an altoist at that) although he hints that the challenge of the flute is growing on him.

"Right now," he smiles, "I can't decipher whether it's love or habit. I am just caught up in the saxophone, taking it where I can feel satisfied with myself on the instrument. Basically, my whole development has been in trying to satisfy myself. I haven't really gotten there but I tell you I am getting closer than I was. That's been my project for the year. I usually refer to the whole thing as closing the gap between me and the instrument. My frustration all through the years has been and even now is that there are things that I want to do that I can't do. So I have been trying to do those things on the instrument. Because it's so spontaneous, it's just more or less trying to bring myself up to being ready to respond instantly."

On the bandstand Sonny Fortune will continue his search for what he calls the "compatible thought." He prefers a situation where "we can do it most of the time because most of the time we are aiming at it. So I need a situation where we can do it most of the time. And sometimes it's difficult to do it most of the time. I mean in terms of traveling, musically, just a unit exploring the possibilities." On records he will pursue a pragmatic course: "I am going to try to do what I did on the last album. I am going to try to do something that's appealing and at the same time something that I can live with."

As always at the end, I wanted to know if there was anything on his mind that we hadn't covered. Sonny laughed again, "No, that's it. I can't say I ain't got no more to say about it. I mean, I got a million things to say. Think about creation. Just think about it . . . think about creation because that's the wonder of all this. And that's it."



RAY BLOCK

thought, 'All these horns! Wow, man, how am I going to get a chance to sit in with 8,000,000 horns right here?'

The house band for the evening was an all-star group of Freddie Hubbard, Joe Henderson, Jymie Merritt, pianist Jane Getz and Elvin Jones. Luckily, Fortune knew Merritt from Philly. He had met Getz and Hubbard on a date in Harrisburg. Merritt and Getz maneuvered it so that Sonny leapfrogged the session and joined the house band for the finale. It was a moment Fortune still savors. "After it was all over the people were applauding me. It went down so well that the cat gave me my money back at the door!"

It went down well enough for him to end up with Jones in short order. Jones was then leading a band at Pookie's Pub, across from the old Half Note in lower Manhattan. Frank Foster, the regular saxophonist, needed some time off to write music for Count Basie. "So Foster hit on me to make the gig for him. Now all this is while I am trying to figure out whether I am going to make the move to New York. And after he told me without even talking to Elvin, Elvin came up to me and said that Frank was going to have to take off and would I be interested in taking Frank's place.

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Donte's (North Hollywood): Name jazz; closed Sundays; call 769-1566.

Cellar Theatre: Les De Merle Transfusion w/ Eddie Harris & Richie Cole (Mondays); call 487-0419.

Sound Room: Lenny Breau, Ocean, Lew Tabackin, Dave Frishberg, others; call 761-3555 for schedule details.

Blind Pig (Hollywood): Mike Dosco (Mon. & Tue.); Jet Age Time Lag (Wed.); Helio (Fri.); call 462-9869.

CHICAGO

Rick's Cafe Americain: Bill Evans (thru 1/27); Johnny Hartman (1/30-2/3); for further info call 943-9200.

Jazz Showcase: Tops in jazz; call 337-1000 for schedule.

Orphan's: Joe Daley Quorum (Mon.); Ears (Tue.); call 929-2677.

WBEZ (91.5 FM): "Jazz Forum" nightly at 9 and weekend afternoons; "Jazz Alive" 7:30-9 Sat. & Wed.; times on all shows are subject to change—for current info call 641-4088.

Chicago Blues Line: (312) 743-5505.

Jazz Institute Hotline: (312) 666-1881.

BUFFALO

Traffamadore Cafe: Jazz and blues; Stan Getz (tent. 1/19 & 20); Spyro Gyra (1/26 & 27); Eddie Jefferson and Richie Cole (tent. 2/9 & 10); live broadcasts on WEBR (Fri.) and WBFO (Sat.); call 836-9678 for complete schedule.

Fillmore Room (Univ. of Buffalo): Joseph Jarman and Don Moye (tent. 2/16).

Northwest Community Center: Jazz instruction and performance sessions; 876-8108.

Holiday Inn (Delaware Ave.): Jaman Trio (Fri. & Sat.).

Anchor Bar: Johnny Gibson Trio featuring Jimmy Legge and Maurice Sinclair (Fri.-Sun.).

Central Park: Jazz jam session with guitarist James Clark (Mon.).

Vieni Su: Phil LeMacchia Quartet (Fri. & Sat.).

Jafco Marina: Dixieland jazz with Jack Bacon and the Morgan Street Stompers featuring Eli Konikoff (Fri. and Sat.).

The Stacks: Taxi (Sun.).

Taiwan Restaurant: Valhalla (Wed.).

Capricorn III: Herb Griffin Quartet (Sun.).

Hello World: Stu Weissman, solo guitar (Fri. & Sat.).

BOSTON

Sandy's Jazz Revival: Closed till spring.

Michael's: Fringe (Mon.); Mike Stern Quartet (Tue.); Jaki Byard's Apollo Stompers (Wed.); James Williams & The Memphis Band (1/26 & 27); Boots Malson/Bill Pierce Quartet (1/28).

Pooh's Pub: Menagerie (1/25); Out Of Bounds w/ Baird Hersey (1/26 & 27); Winter Nonet (Mon.); Tommy Campbell Band (1/29); The Walker Band (1/30); Centerpiece (1/31); Orpheus (2/1); Ascension (2/2-3); Fourth Sun (2/5); Life (Tue.); Channel 68 Auditions (Wed.); Maha (2/8 & 22); Excursions (2/15); Apple Pie & Mother (2/9 & 10); Live Music Band (2/16 & 17); Stan Strickland & Sundance w/ Aisha (2/22-25).

1369 & Ryle's (Inman Sq.): Jazz nightly.

Sunflower Cafe: Jazz nightly, weekend brunches.

Scotch & Sirloin: Drootin Brothers Band (Thurs.-Sat.), add Jeff Stout (cornet) and Dick LaFave (trombone) on Fridays; J. D., Billy, & Ken Goodies & Oldies Band (Sun. & Wed.).

Hyatt Regency Hotel: Maggi Scott, piano; Dick Johnson's Swing Septet (Fri. 5-9).

Parker's: Bo Winiker's Band.

Jonathan Swift's: Heavy acts afoot.

Zachary's Lounge: Lynn Stewart Quartet.

WBUR (90.9 FM): Jazz 10 pm-11 am daily.

WGBH (89.7 FM): Ron Della Chiesa's "Music America" (1-5 pm) and Eric Jackson's "Artists In The Night" (12-6 am), weekdays.

Jazzline: (617) 262-1300.

DENVER

Bentley's BBC: Local jazz and contemporary music, nightly; call 861-7877.

Blue Note: Tentatively scheduled are, Mose Allison and Phil Woods; call 443-0523.

Club Soda: Judy Roberts (2/1-20).

Clyde's Pub: Denver's 'pure' jazz showcase features name and local performers; call 425-1093.

Emerson St. Easy: Local jazz most nights; call 832-1349.

Executive Tower Inn: Ralph Sutton on piano (Tue. thru Sat.); call 571-0300.

Wallstreet Jazz Cellar: Colorado's newest jazz showcase features fine name jazz; call 442-6780.

MIAMI

Parkway Inn: Billy Marcus Quintet (Tue.-Sun.); tentative national names; call 887-2621.

Les Jardins: Joe Donato & Good Bread Alley (Tue.-Sat.); call 871-3430.

Bayshore Inn: Joe Roland & Lew Berryman (Tue.-Sun.); call 858-1431.

Bananas: Mike Gillis & Co. (Tue.-Sat.); call 446-4652.

Sheraton River House: Don Goldie & The Lords Of Dixieland (Sun., 12-3 pm); call 871-3800.

Unitarian Church: Ira Sullivan & Friends (Mon.); call 667-3697.

Bubba's (Ft. Lauderdale): Ira Sullivan & Eddie Higgins Trio (Tue.-Sat.); Paula Wayne (Fri. & Sat.); call 764-2388.

Jazz Hot Line: (305) 274-3834.

P.A.C.E. Concert Information Hot Line: (305) 856-1966.

CLEVELAND

Boarding House: Bill Gidney-Chink Stevenson Duo (Tue., Thurs., Sat.).

Cleveland State University (Main Classroom Auditorium): Sundown Jazz Festival (2/11, 4 pm); Northeast Ohio Jazz Society presents The Woody Shaw Quintet (2/13, 8 pm).

Deluxe Motel (Mentor): Special Blend (sextet) Sun. 7-Mid.).

earth by april (Clev. Hts.): Special Blend (trio) (Sun. 12:30-2:30 pm).

Peabody's Cafe (Clev. Hts.): Ernie Krivda and the Ron Godale Trio (Sun.).

Raintree (Chagrin Falls): Sam Finger's Dixieland Band (Wed. nights).

Steak and Ale (Warren): Mainstream Jazz Quintet (Thurs.-Sun.).

Theatrical: Variety of jazz acts in weekly bookings; call 241-6166 for details.

Northeast Ohio Jazz Society: Information and membership, call 429-1513.

KANSAS CITY

White Hall (Topeka): Topeka Jazz Workshop presents Thad Jones/Mel Lewis (1/28, 2 pm).

Paul Gray's Jazz Place (Lawrence): Bobby Shew (2/9 & 10).

Marple Theatre (Wichita): Local and imported jazz groups (Tue. & Wed., 7 & 10 pm).

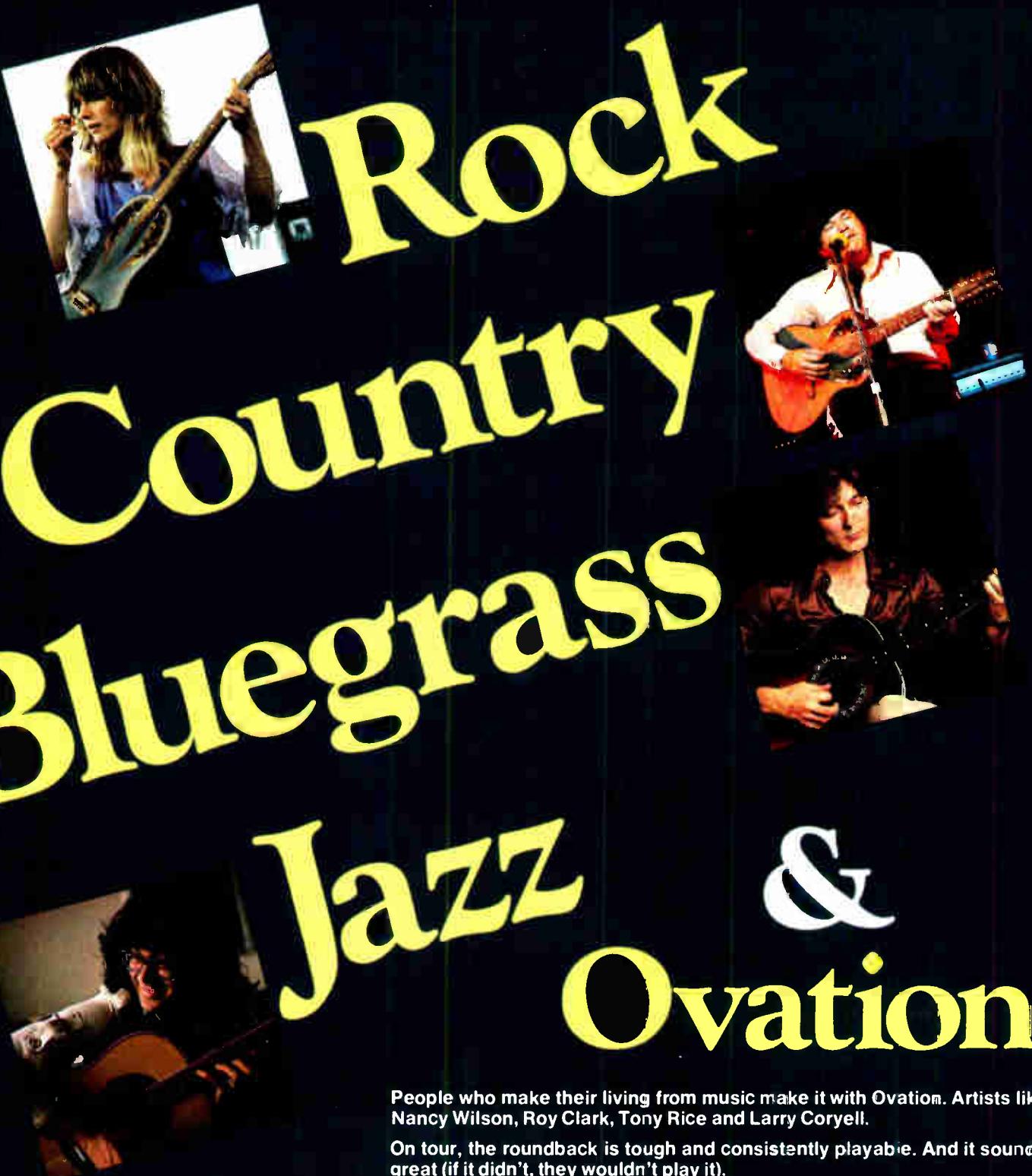
Alameda Plaza Root: John Elliot Trio (Mon. and Tue.); Steve Miller Trio w/Julie Turner (Wed.-Sat.).

Boardwalk (Seville Square): Bishop Cunningham Quintet (Sat., 1-4 pm; Sun., 7-11 pm).

Buttonwood Tree: Roy Searcy (Tue.-Sat., 7:30-11:30 pm).

Radisson Muehlebach: Charlie Byrd (sponsored by Friends of Jazz; 2/19, 7:30).

Wichita State University: Phil Woods in Feb.; call (316) 689-3500 for times.



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