

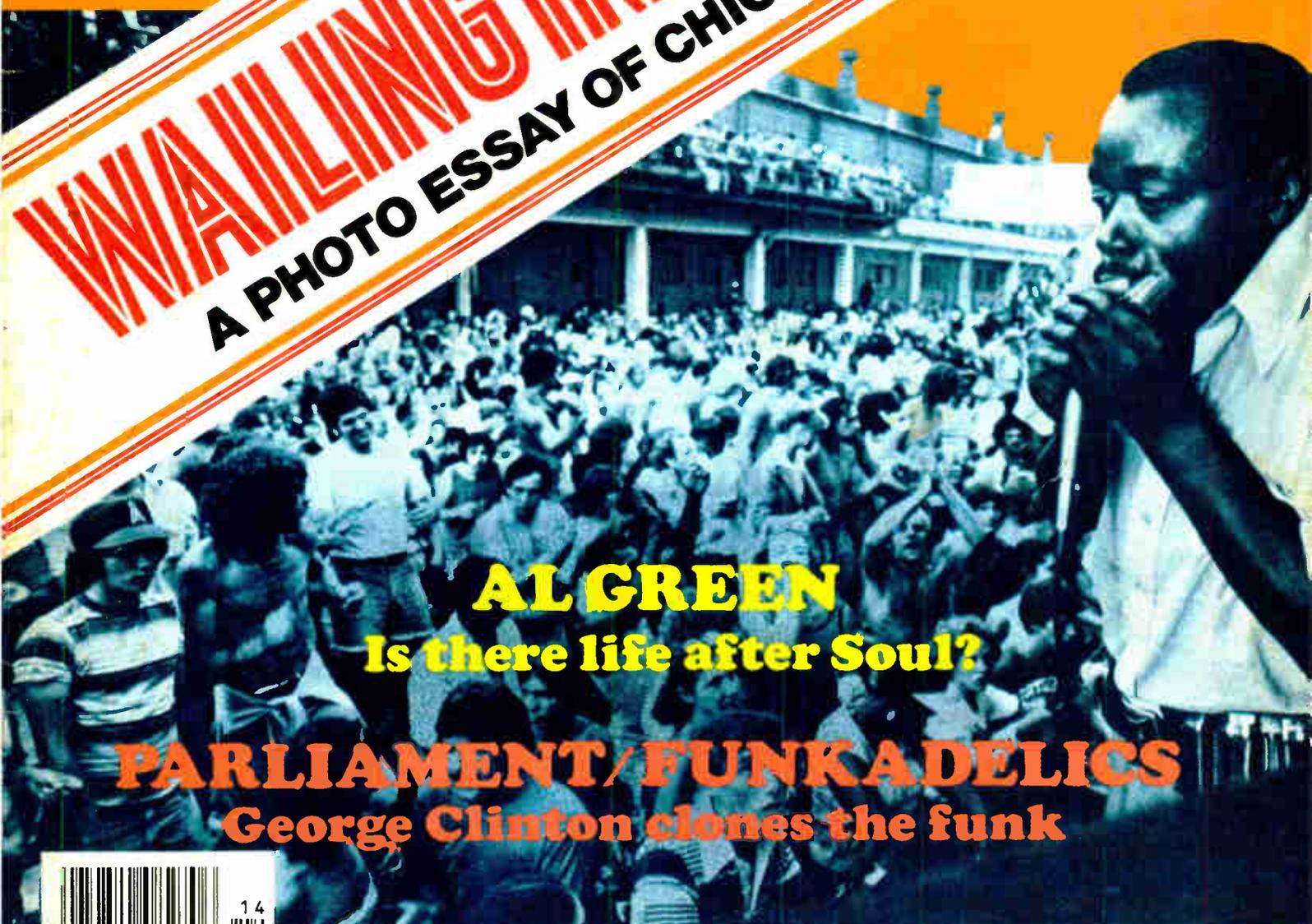
APRIL 5, 1979

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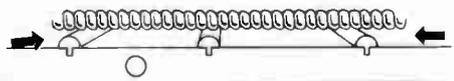


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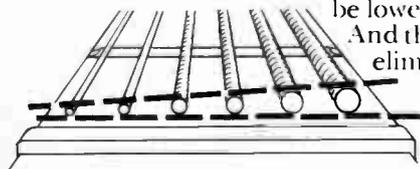
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John Carlini's current credits include:

- Co-orchestrator and composer of several sequences in film, *King of the Gypsies* (DeLaurentis/Paramount).
- Composer of five tunes on the soon-to-be released album, *Back to Back* (Kaleidoscope).
- Composer-arranger and acoustic-electric guitar player with Dom Um Romao group

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After high school, I scuffled around New York playing blue-grass banjo before I decided that the best way for me to get to Berklee was to join the navy and qualify for the G.I. bill.

While playing out my time in the Navy Show band, I took the Berklee Correspondence Course—which was great, gave me my first understanding of vertical and horizontal structure. It also whetted my appetite even more. I could have gone to almost any school on the G.I. bill, but Berklee was the only place I wanted to be.

From my first day at Berklee, I soaked up as many writing courses as I could. I especially remember the Ellington course taught by Herb Pomeroy, who also showed me, in his big band, what is expected of a guitar player.

I was in Phil Wilson's nine piece band, and remember the day that he turned out the lights in class and called a blues in F!

Gary Burton taught me small group playing. He also helped me build my own harmonic foundation and my own concept of improvisation.

Like many other guys at the school, I giggered all over the Boston area playing everything from bop to blue-grass. Learn it during the day—play it at night. I felt ready for anything.

My first real pro job was in the Boston run of *Godspell* which led to the national company of *Grease* in 99 cities. Then came Assistant Conductor for *Ice Capades* for two seasons which left me in San Francisco and my first pro writing assignment for the great American Music band. This began my working relationship with Dave Grisman who wrote the score for *King of the Gypsies*.

The more I do, the more I appreciate Berklee. The school taught me the way to go about doing things that are in your head. Taught me how to write my ideas down on paper, clearly, so they can be easily comprehended by those who play my music. What else can a writer hope for?



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the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

Blues and soul and funk—and some in-between shades—are featured in this issue by a photo/essay on blues in Chicago, and interviews with (Reverend) Al Green and George Clinton (a.k.a. Dr. Funkenstein and other cloned characters). Reading about these blues people evokes other times, other musicians.

Thomas A. Dorsey, Chicago's early connection between blues and gospel, founded the Pilgrim Baptist Church (where James Cleveland, Mahalia Jackson's paper boy, got his start). Earlier, as Georgia Tom, he wrote *Stormy Sea Blues*, one of Ma Rainey's biggest hits. (Ma Rainey, one of the first blues singers to be recorded, gave Bessie Smith, The Empress of the Blues, her start.) To Tampa Red's funky lyrics, Georgia Tom Dorsey wrote *It's Tight Like That*. In his gospel life, Dorsey has written more than 400 gospel hymns including the world-famous *Take My Hand, Precious Lord*.

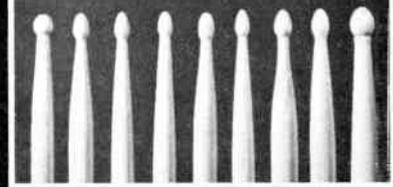
Blue notes: Blues-accented gospel singers Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Brother John Sellers, Clara Ward, and Sam Cooke . . . the late Bishop Kelsey, who, with his Washington, D.C. congregation, was a forerunner to Al Green's brand of church showmanship. . . . Sarah Vaughan, Dinah Washington and Aretha Franklin started their singing careers in church before going on to jazz, rhythm & blues and soul . . . Alberta Hunter: "To me, the blues are—well, almost religious." . . . Mahalia Jackson (from Arnold Shaw's *World of Soul*): "Blues are the songs of despair. Gospel songs are the songs of hope. When you sing gospel, you have the feeling that there is a cure for what's wrong" . . . Shaw's characterization of Ray Charles: "Soul Supreme . . . the fusion of sex and salvation, sacred and secular, the jubilation of gospel and the earthiness of the blues" . . . Anonymous: "Each Sunday Buddy Bolden went to church and that's where he got his idea of jazz music."

Speaking of sex and salvation: the unexpurgated lyrics of *The Dirty Dozens* or *Dirty Mother For You* by Lightnin' Hopkins would make an interesting theme for one of Dr. Funk's stage productions. Speaking of stage productions: Jay McNeely honking his sax while lying on his back kicking his feet in the air . . . the smooth, choreographed movements of Louis Jordan and His Tympany Five . . . dancer Alvin Ailey's choreography of the gospel theme, *Revelations* . . . the happy blues and gospel productions of James Brown . . . the bitterness of Jimi Hendrix who "used a wall of sound to envelope himself and his audience from a stinking world."

Next issue features the outspoken, commercially popular Grover Washington Jr.; Bobby Hutcherson on vibes and marimba; Spyro Gyra, a fusion group; Sonny Greenwich, Canadian guitar player; Eddie Palmieri, the salsa star, on the *Blindfold Test*; and more.

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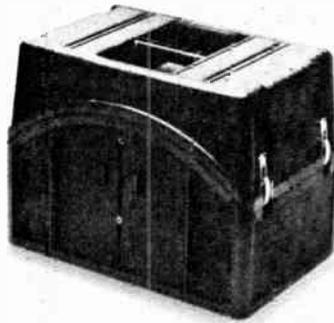
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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Pushing the Music

I got angry when the 2/8/79 issue arrived, and I found out that Don Ellis had died on December 17. Walter Cronkite et. al. were oblivious to Ellis, but they told us all about Elvis Presley. I couldn't avoid the news of his death. What is it with this country? I was lucky to see the inch on page 23 of the Omaha *World-Herald* that informed us that Charles Mingus had died.

I'm not a musician, as most of your readers seem to be, but I renew my subscription each year.

Push your jazz, db, however you wish to define it. Push music.

Mark Metcalf

Genoa, Neb.

Thanks, Phil Woods

We player/listeners to whom his music has been such a touchstone owe Phil Woods an enormous debt of thanks (db feature, 1/11/79), not only for playing, composing and arranging, but also the pride, dignity and determination toward excellence that have characterized Woods' contributions to jazz.

For us musicians who allow ourselves the relative comfort and safety of the studio situation, and do our jazz playing in the safest of ways (part time, no risk), Phil Woods offers inspiration.

For me, no musician in recent years deserves the attention and financial rewards as much as Woods does. The fact that he appears to see this attention as valuable but not more important than his continuing movement towards excellence is perhaps the best part.

Thank you, Phil Woods.

George Tidwell

Nashville

Backslaps For Bret

I've been a Sonny Rollins fan since the '50s. I've read many articles about him, but your piece by Bret Primack in the 1/25/79 issue is the best. It's funny and really paints an interesting picture of my man Newk. *More Primack, please!*

Paul Zegler

Los Angeles

Correction Correction

Regarding your review of *Tribute To Monk and Bird* (12/21/78), there is one correction to be made of the correction. *Straight, No Chaser* is scored as a canon—a textbook canon! (after the introduction, of course).

Heiner Stadler

New York City

Mr. De Muth replies:

A basic or direct canon involves strict imitation of an extended melody, with each part starting on the same pitch, a measure or more apart from each other. The Monk theme that is repeated is brief; there is a slight difference in the way it is played by each horn, and each part is in a different key. (To be fair, the notes call it a polytonal canon.) Admittedly this is being rather strict and since there are such things as inverted canons I shall defer to Mr. Stadler who, as arranger, was responsible for such an excellent album.

More Final Weather Report Letters

Thanks for the freewheeling Q&A with Weather Report. I'm glad WR flexed its muscle, glad that **db** allowed them the forum, especially in an organic, lightly edited interview. In effect, the interview was "life itself." As long as WR keeps producing the material they do, I've got to agree with them: screw the critics.

Zbigniew Kindela
Senior Editor, *Chic*

Los Angeles

I would like to add to Joe Zawinul's comments on musical criticism (**db**, 2/8/79) by quoting Jean Sibelius: "Pay no attention to what the critics say; no statue has ever been put up to a critic."

Milcho Leviev North Hollywood, Cal.

As if we needed another article on WR. Another needless, vapid interview with people—Wayne Shorter excepted—who are not only hostile, but noticeably inarticulate. Compare this with Max Roach's interview (11/2/78), which contains more depth and aesthetic insights into his art than does the ego-ridden verbal bullshit that seems to pour out of Josef Zawinul.

Regardless of the virtues or the shortcomings of *Mr. Gone*, no one in WR needs an interview to defend themselves at all—let alone in such a hostile, immature and inarticulate manner.

Dr. Michael Stephans

Los Angeles

Thanks for the informative article.

It certainly was enlightening to finally learn that there is no connection between Miles Davis' music and WR's first album, and that they're not playing anything like rock music. Man, was I wrong! It was also a revelation that Miles had almost nothing to do with *Bitches Brew*; and that Zawinul was the first person in the world to play the electric piano.

John Wojtowicz

Brooklyn

Another WR article? If only a fraction of the space could be diverted to lesser known artists!

Perhaps I'm the one with bananas in both ears. If one is to believe the pompous Zawinul, he's a shoo-in for sainthood.

William Benjamin

Wilmette, Ill.

At first I was amused by WR's reaction to the *Mr. Gone* review. I thought these guys got a lot of spunk. But as I read on I was no longer amused and became quite offended by their attitude, especially Joe Zawinul's. If the reviewer honestly thought that it was a one star record, all their spouting and shouting isn't going to change that.

Being a great musician in a great band doesn't give one the license to be rude, arrogant, and above criticism. I give their attitude 1/2 star.

Vicki Dolph

address unknown

Come on, Joe. A flop is a flop, man.

David Grenier

Riverside, Cal.

The WR article was great. WR is cocky and I love it! They deserve to be. I agree with Zawinul that the band has a unique sound—they can't be copying anything because their sound takes me places I've never been before. WR is phenomenal.

Anthony Jacobs

Yorkville, Ohio

I'm sorry if he thinks so, but Josef Zawinul is *not* the greatest keyboard player ever, and he is not God.

Brian Gingrich

Lowpoint, Ill.

No points for the *True Confessions* headline. No points for Zawinul for claiming infallibility.

Five points for Birnbaum for being able to mince and pee in print.

No points for Wayne Shorter for continually attempting profundity.

Ten points to the band for being able to play no white music with three white guys in the band.

Five more points to the band for classifying their music after skewering Birnbaum for mentioning categories.

Fifteen points to Peter Erskine for staying out of it.

It wasn't even as good as watching cell division.

Evelyn Tyler

Jacksonville, Fla.

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David Grissom

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NEWS



MICHAEL MERCANTI

Phil Woods was reunited with Gene Quill, his former alto sax partner, benefited in mid-January by Musicians' Local 661-708 to reduce neurosurgery and physical therapy bills. Quill, 51, was mugged on Memorial Day 1977; after lying in a coma for weeks, he emerged with vision in just one eye and paralysis of his right side. But over 600 tickets at \$7 per person were sold to the event organized by saxist Buzzy Renn, crowds of fans flocked to the Jockey Club, and participating musicians were enthusiastic over Gene's career as well as the resident interest in what local writer Ned Burnett called "the finest jazz show to hit Atlantic City in 25 years." (Further financial aid or good wishes for Quill can be sent care of his union office, 25 N. Albany Ave., Atlantic City, N.J. 08401.)

N.O.'s Jazz & Heritage Fest Beckons

NEW ORLEANS—The Jazz and Heritage Festival, perhaps the mellowest, most reasonably priced, widest talent-spanning gathering of musicians and fans in the country, enters its tenth year April 20, encompassing three weekends of music at the Fairgrounds racetrack and specially priced evening shows.

Ella Fitzgerald sings with Leonard Slatkin conducting the New Orleans Philharmonic on the fest's opening night; Teddy Wilson, Alberta Hunter, and the Preservation Hall Jazz Band play a ballroom date 4/25; Allen Toussaint and the Meters perform aboard the S.S. President riverboat 4/26 (two shows). On 4/27 Bobby Blue Bland, Etta James, Professor Longhair, Buddy Guy and Junior Wells blues it up on the riverboat, and 4/29 a Gospel boatride features the

Dixie Hummingbirds and the Zion Harmonizers, among others

May 2 Eubie Blake meets Earl "Fatha" Hines at the Hyatt Regency Ballroom, with the cast from the local musical revue *One Mo' Time* opening the show. Lionel Hampton's All-Star big band makes the riverboat jump 5/3, along with pianist Ellis Marsalis; Dizzy Gillespie's Quintet, Sun Ra's Myth Science Arkestra, and drummer Olatunji with his World African Orchestra will rock the ship 5/4. The Crusaders, Roy Ayers, and Chocolate Milk close the evening gigs May 5, at the Municipal Auditorium.

But the best festival features are the noon to 6 p.m. outdoor events; for one low ticket price an avid listener can run between six stage areas, two tents and impromptu gazebos, browse the crafts, and smell the good eats.

10 □ down beat

NEW RELEASES

Coming this month from Savoy, Novus and Arista: the Arista All Stars (**Brecker Brothers, Warren Bernhardt, Mike Mainieri, Steve Khan and Tony Levin**) recorded live at Montreux; solo LPs by **Oliver Lake, Henry Threadgill, John Klemmer, Bernhardt, and Michael Gregory Jackson**; *Ladies Sing The Blues*, an anthology with **Little Esther (Phillips) and Big Maybelle**, among others; another anthology, *New Music, Second Wave*, with **Archie Shepp, Paul Bley, Bill Dixon, and Marzette Watts** included; *Brothers And Other Mothers (volume two)*; the **George Wallington Quintet with Donald Byrd and Phil Woods**; **Coleman Hawkins Meets The Big Sax Section**; and **Hank Mobley with Kenny Clarke, Hard Bop. The Complete Savoy Studio Sessions of Charlie Parker** is being released as a box set of five discs with 24 pages of annotation, and **Anthony Braxton's Piece For Four Orchestras**, a three record set, awaits investigation, too.

Helen Merrill's Spicewood Enterprises, Inc., has produced an album of **Harold Arlen** songs with the **Tommy Flanagan Trio** for Japan's Trio Records. Already completed by her production company are a solo piano album by **Roland Hanna of Alec Wilder** tunes, and an **Al Haig-Jamil Nasser** set using **Jerome Kern's** music; the vocalist performs at least one tune on each LP. Ms. Merrill is contemplating offers from U.S. companies, and has her own *Something Special* reissued from Milestone by **Inner City**.

Forthcoming from veteran producer Gene Norman are reissue sets by tenor saxophonist **Wardell Gray** and trombonist **Kid Ory**, as well as new recordings by Louisiana Zydeco singer-accompanist **Clifton Chenier**, his second for GNP/Crescendo, and vocalist **Joe Williams** with **Dave Pell's Prez Conference** in a program comprising vocal classics associated with the Count Basie Orchestra.

Flying Fish Records has released the debut of the **Mandingo Griot Society**, traditional West African music electrified, with guest artist **Don Cherry** taking some trumpet breaks; also multi-instrumentalist **Ira Sullivan** with **Wilbur Campbell** on drums and **Jodie Christian**, piano.

Vinny Golia, West Coast progressive reedman, has issued his own *Spirits In Fellowship*—with clarinetist **John Carter**, bassist **Roberto Miranda**, and drummer **Alex Cline**, available from 9232 McLennen, Sepulveda, Ca. 91343.

John Voigt's Music For Contrabass Quintet, Billy Bang's Survival Ensemble's New York Collage, The Glass Orchestra, Toronto's **CCMC (volume three)**, Montreal's **Sonde En Concert**, **David Behrman's On The Other Ocean**, and **Jon Hassel's Vernal Equinox** are among the LPs now available from **New Music Distribution Service**. Hassel, who plays trumpet and synthesizer simultaneously, has recently signed with **Tomato Records**, and his initial release on that label is *Earthquake Island*.

Nashville jazzmen **George Tidwell** and **Dennis Solee** contend *The Secret's Out*, a septet recording featuring tunes by Chick Corea, Sonny Rollins and Woody Shaw on **NJP Records** (1108 17th Ave. South, Nashville, Tenn. 37212).

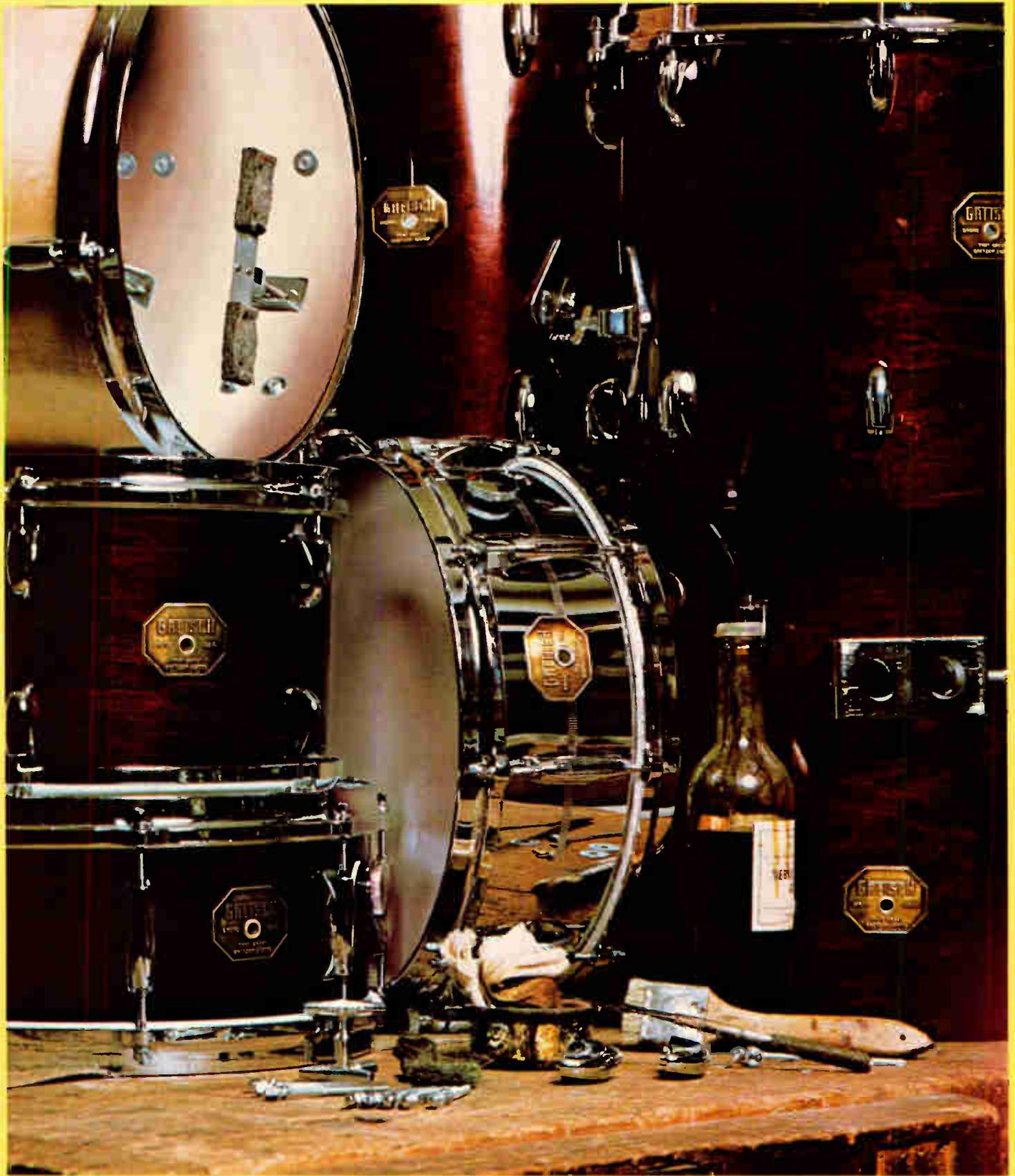
India Navigation introduces the **Anthony Davis Quartet** on *Song For The Old World*, and flutist **James Newton** debuts in the company of pianist **Davis**, cellist **Abdul Wadud** and drummer **Phillip Wilson** on *Paseo Del Mar*.

Another addition to the growing number of jazz record firms employing the direct-to-disc process is **Xanadu**. Label owner **Don Schlitten** planned to use the quality sound technique for the first time in January on flutist **Sam Most's** fourth LP for the label.

FINAL BAR

Ralph Watkins, 71, died February 13 in Chicago. A city employee at the end of his life, Watkins from the '40s through the '60s owned several New York nightclubs, including Basin Street East, the Embers, Bop City, the Royal Roost, Kelly's Stable, and Casa Cugat; he helped Nat King Cole's transition from pianist to singer, and worked with Barbra Streisand early on. He was survived by his wife, son, daughter, sister and grandchildren.

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Larry Ridley Has A Bass For Jazz Studies Thanks To Grants, Giants, Nearby New York



ALAIN BETTEX

PISCATAWAY, N.J.—Larry Ridley is a virtuoso on bass and tenure. Holding down the oft-tenuous place of jazz in academia, one attribute is no good without the other. But the chairman of the music department at Rutgers University's Livingston College branch here has greater ambitions than to hold his own.

In the seven years since he was hired as Livingston's one-man jazz program, Ridley has assembled a teaching squad worthy of the top echelon of collegiate jazz departments: pianist Kenny Barron, a regular in the Ron Carter group; guitarist Ted Dunbar; reedman Paul Jeffrey, and drummer Freddie Waits. (Ridley's own extensive credentials as a sideman start with Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk.)

And Ridley has cajoled some of the world's best jazzmen—Sonny Rollins, Teddy Wilson and Carter, among them—into performing and giving clinics at Livingston. With his fourth annual performance series underway, Ridley is on the other end of persuasion; he now turns over requests to appear to an agent for response.

In 1978 Ridley and the Jazz Professors performed at Newport, and he returned to his home town, Indianapolis, for two SRO weeks at the Hyatt-Regency hotel. He came back to school with Livingston's latest adviser—David Baker, chairman of the respected jazz department in the Indiana University School of Music. He appraises Livingston:

"Potentially this is a dynamite

program. This could be one of the top number of schools. Larry has four or five giants and who else can say that? And the proximity of New York. At Indiana we have to have people fly in or drive. Here they can take the train and be here in 45 minutes."

The department has made extensive use of grants, particularly since Ridley became head of the jazz division of the National Endowment for the Arts. Those funds help pay for guest lectures and performances and pick up the whole tab for Baker's year-long consultancy.

Ridley still must defend jazz's place in the university and he has taken to calling jazz "Afro-American classical music." The classical music program he enjoyed as a student at Indiana serves as his model for Livingston's jazz offerings.

He thinks his fellow jazz professors are "creative artists who can engage in codified rhetoric"—meaning they have stood up to tenure committees and budget cuts, though former professor James Spaulding was not tenured, and cost-cutting became evident when, during pianist Barry Harris' week-long visit in November, the college's Steinway grand needed tuning. There was no money for it, so Harris had to play on a stand-up piano better suited to a frontier saloon than a concert hall.

And there is dissension over how much anyone can learn about an eight-bar break in a classroom. "It's a totally different feeling up there on the bandstand," Ridley acknowledged. "That's where you learn. There is part of jazz which can't be taught. You have to pay dues."

He began dues paying after proving himself an accomplished classical and jazz musician on scholarship at college. One semester short of graduation, he was offered a tour with Slide Hampton's band, which he took.

Even as he gained success, Ridley decided to reenter college, at New York University. When he graduated from NYU with a degree in music education in 1971, Livingston College was being born in response to demonstrations at Rutgers' hierarchy, calling for an open admissions, non-degree college.

"That's the only way jazz arrives," said Ridley. "Livingston was open to new ideas, having that kind of—" he spreads his arms over an imaginary globe, "—innovative vision."

—sam freedman

POTPOURRI

Muddy "Mississippi" Waters goes on tour with **Eric "Slowhand" Clapton**, March 28 through April 30, and again May 25 through June 24, hitting one nighters in Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Georgia, Alabama, Virginia, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maine, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kansas, Utah, and Washington along the way.

Aspiring pop vocalists now have a kit to call their own; **Phil Moore**, voice coach for such stars as **Lena Horne**, **Johnny Mathis**, **Ray Charles**, and **Aretha Franklin**, has issued *For Singers Only*, four training packages available in two keys (high and low), with LPs or cassettes as rehearsal tracks, demonstrations of standards, orchestrations for rhythm quartet and a book of advice. The kits and further information is available from 8949 Sunset Blvd., L.A., Ca.

Pianist **Richard Beirach** has left the trio **Eon**, so **Frank Tusa** and **Eliot Zigmund** have reformed into **Triple Vision** with pianist **Chuck Marohnic**, and are touring the East Coast.

Club Med's pr folk inform us of one error in the pot item about their Guadalupe festival: saxophonist **Morty Yoss**, not trumpeter **Joe Newman**, helped organize the jazz dates with the resort's general manager **Bernie Pollack**. The sounds must be a success; there's talk of a second at another warm locale.

Guitarist and singer **Fenton Robinson** is back at junior high school as bluesman in residence for four months in Springfield, Ill. That's primary education.

Bassist **Milt Hinton** was honored at the second annual Paradise Valley Jazz Party back in January, receiving an honorary citizenship in Arizona from the state's governor and enjoying a slide show (with music by pianist **Dick Hyman**) chronicling his action-packed life. **Roland Hanna**, **Ralph Sutton**, **Major Holley**, **Ray Brown**, **Bobby Rosengarden**, **Jake Hanna**, **Shelly Manne**, **Bucky Pizzarelli**, **Clark Terry**, **Bill Watrous**, **Carl Fontana**, **Zoot Sims**, **Buddy Tate**, **Kenny Davern**, and **Bob Wilbur** swung for hours.

Mike Longo's trio has contracted as house band at **Tier 3**, a new Tribeca-located New York club with an art gallery on its second floor, disco on the third, food, jazz and drinks on ground level. On bass is **Paul West**, and on drums, **David Lee**.

Busy **Chick Corea** is writing a book about piano methods, has recorded live in Sheridan, Oregon, is building his own recording studio, and producing vocalist **Gayle Moran** for Warner Bros. release in April, aided by **David Campbell**. And Polydor issued Chick's first 45—*Central Park* from *Secret Agent*.

Scheduled for April publication by Doubleday, *To Be, Or Not . . . To Bop*, by **Dizzy Gillespie**. Our advance copy reveals these memoirs, written with the help of **Al Fraser**, are funny, informative and honest. Diz tells his story with no holds barred. The book also contains interviews with many of his friends and colleagues including: **Lorraine Gillespie** (Diz dedicates the book to his wife, "Her love, help humor and wisdom . . . Her unselfish and unerving devotion made me the man and musician I wanted to be"), **Miles Davis**, **Thelonious Monk**, **Cab Calloway**, **Benny Carter**, **Woody Herman**, **Count Basie**, **Max Roach**, and on and on. Must reading!

West Coast music lovers await the opening of **Rudy Onderwyzer's** ballyhooed **Hop Singh's**, a club scheduled to feature "every type of music and performer" in the Marina Del Rey area. Onderwyzer is the force behind Hermosa Beach's Lighthouse, and formerly managed Shelly's Mannehole.

J. B. Hutto's, a St. Louis night spot, opened in late November ('78) and has featured bluesmen **Roosevelt Sykes**, **Henry Towns-ender**, and **Tommy Bankhead** alternating with local jazz groups. Named after a Chicago guitarist-singer-bandleader, Hutto's is run by three of J. B.'s friends, who felt a barrelhouse bearing his monicker would be a fitting tribute. J. B., however, has taken up residence in Seattle, and not yet visited his namesake, which is being booked by **Mark O'Shaughnessy**, with the help of musicians **David Hines** and **Randy Holmes**.

BIG TOWN BLUES



A CHICAGO BREAKDOWN

PHOTOS BY D. SHIGLEY / TEXT BY HOWARD MANDEL

Chicago's blues are master-crafted by a colorful community of performing musicians, who confront tough city truths and create some comforting myths wherever and whenever they play, usually for modest pay. In Chicago the blues are vital to the health and welfare of a subculture spread throughout town; yet bluesmaking offers a barely basic living to a generation of players who, ironically, celebrate through verse their everyday troubles. More often than not, the blues is party music. Are blues lovers singin' or cryin'? They just have the blues.

At least, that's the myth. The truth may be approached by understanding Chicago's overwhelming obsession with *work*. The bluesmen are working—on taking their music beyond a city that routinely denies them the economic status offered to musical stars of national prominence. Another myth is that these blues stars simply *long* to sing and play, for whatever bread.

Undeniably, the blues gets next to you; it can cause excitement of all sorts at close range, though perhaps city fathers were being paranoid when they banned Chicago's indigenous art form from its open spaces after a peaceful, free, daylong summer of '69 Grant Park festival. A few raw talents kept playing for change amidst vendors of questionable merchandise on Maxwell St. (known to bluesmen as Jewtown), and, as since the late '40s, blues survived in mostly black neighborhood clubs.

But now, again, the activity is drawing comment from beyond the blues' cultish boundaries—a good thing. Last summer Chicago officially sanctioned the blues through ChicagoFest, which, in its first year, drew thousands of boogie chillun to an Olympia-sponsored lakefront stage where local heroes (Muddy Waters and Willie Dixon, among others) headlined, and the less-well-known, including harmonica man Carey Bell, gained wide exposure.

Soon after, the Rolling Stones made the scene self-conscious with their homage. Mick

Top: Carey Bell at ChicagoFest; middle, Buddy Guy; bottom, Junior Wells with guitarist Sammy Lawhorn at Theresa's tavern.





Koko Taylor



Otis Rush



Little Brother Montgomery



Eddie Shaw, saxophonist, bandleader and bar owner



Jimmy Johnson



Eddie Taylor



Eddy Clearwater

Jagger appeared with flash guitarist Lefty Dizz at a North Side club, Kingston Mines, which caters to the youngest, often suburban, white blues audience. From Southside Johnny to Foghat, rock bands at outdoor stadium shows lipped service to the Chicago blues. (As is commonplace, few locals profited directly from the due respect, though Blind John Davis fearlessly and alone at his piano opened shows for new wave rockers the Ramones, Mink DeVille and Destroyer George Thorogood. John was as comfy before restless new wave crowds as at his own boogie-birthday-barbecue party in an apartment over Ma Bea's West Side blues tavern shortly before New Year '79.)

Though it suddenly drew more attention, the blues didn't desert its regular haunts. Buddy Guy worked his Checkerboard tap late on weekend nights, apologizing for not being loaded and therefore lacking sufficient inspiration. Buddy's Afro-wigged brother Phil and Varitone tenor saxist A. C. Reed played sets including the Stones' *Miss You*, and Tyrone Davis' *Turning Point*, still a fave.

Junior Wells dependably appeared behind the bar at his adopted home, Theresa's, making his way to the cramped stage area to spill out his act, seducing all listeners over sleepy-eyed Sammy Lawhorn's country-jazz guitar and a crack rhythm section. At his place west on burned-out Roosevelt Rd., bar owner Eddie Shaw often grabbed his sax and blew until 4 a.m. (5 on Sunday mornings), leading the remainder of the late Howlin' Wolf's band.

Theresa's, the Checkerboard, and Shaw's place, all in poor black ghettos, welcomed white folks—resident aficionados as well as tourists on their pilgrimages. The musicians believe in their white fans' purchasing power.

Regularly, the North Side's bars for college-aged Chicagoans (Wise Fools Pub, Biddy Mulligan's) featured the cream of the commercial contenders. Through a cold winter hot shows came from Koko Taylor, who has produced tight Alligator records (check her ballsy *I'm A Woman on Earthshaker*) and built up her steady Midwest bookings; Otis Rush, the inarguably uneven artist, full of fire and woe on Delmark's *Cold Day In Hell*, better organized if less riveting on the live *So Many Roads*; determined, straightforward Son Seals, and still unknown Lonnie Brooks (Seals and Rush have been featured in *db*). Some bandleaders, including Mighty Joe Young, Jimmy Dawkins and Fenton Robinson, spent the season on the road. Each can capture a crowd's imagination, shift its gears and oil it to drinking and dancing distraction.

Once a great hangout, Elsewhere on Clark is now shut down, but it showcased some fascinating acts: ambitious groups just out of their hoods (Jimmy Tillman's 21st Century Rhythm and Blues Band), oldtimers and eccentrics (Floyd Jones, Homesick James), sincerely flattering apprentice combos (Tin Pan Alley, Mark Hannon and Bob Riedy's organization) aided by their learned elders (pianist Jimmy Walker, drummer-singer-pianist Mickey Martin, one time songwriter, singer and guitar star Jimmy Rogers, unpredictable harpist Big Walter Horton). Here and at Mines, Jimmy Johnson got his steamrolling band together, exacting Eddie Taylor returned to performance, oldies purveyor Eddy Clearwater revved the house. At Orphan's, Erwin Helfer, Sunnlyland Slim,



Pianist Sunnyland Slim, guitarist Lee Jackson



Big Walter Horton sits in with Muddy Waters

Blind John and, sometimes, Little Brother Montgomery maintained the piano blues (hear them jam on The Sirens Records' *Heavy Timbre*).

There are new faces (Texan Albert Collins was warmly received) and self-exiles (why do the Aces—Dave and Louis Myers, with Fred Below on drums—keep to offnights at the far South Side Grass Hut?). Inevitably, there have been acts gone unseen, though word was high on Big Twist and the Mellow Fellows, and Magic Slim. But for Chicago's blues mafia (the mostly white, largely 30-ish tavern owners, record producers, writers and photographers—most particularly *Living Blues Magazine*, Jim and Amy O'Neal's labor of love) the blues might not dare to hope for receptive ears outside its hometown. Yet without *any* promotion, the blues would undoubtedly remain Chicago's favorite bar sound. New York City is indeed jazz's Big Apple; in New Orleans the soul of r&b survives; but in Chicago the blues is as established as the Democrats, and offers better spiritual sustenance against poor pay, hard love, taxes, weird weather, sickness, violence or death. (Or is that just another myth?)

The Chicago blues' most potent image involves Mama Yancey, an aged singer whose late husband Jimmy developed a deeply felt piano style, slow, sad and meditative, at house rent parties. On one hand Mama is supported by Erwin Helfer, a pianist dedicated to the blues and boogie tradition, augmenting it with his own sensitive variations and compositions, standing staunchly opposed to pretense, inauthenticity, and purist conservatism alike. On Mama's left is S. P. Leary, a drummer of immense heart, once Muddy's regular tubman, now a freelancer fallen on some difficult times.

Mama's voice is incisively direct: when she wails *Make Me A Pallet On The Floor* or *Four O'Clock Blues* her power is transcendent. Together, the three face Chicago's challenges and form an essence of its music; from them and their peers evolve the blues. **db**

Check this issue's record reviews on *Alligator's* three LP anthology, *Living Chicago Blues*.



Tenor saxman A. C. Reed and Albert Collins



Lurrie Bell

Erwin Helfer, Mama Yancey, S. P. Leary



GEORGE CLINTON

Ultimate Liberator Of Constipated Notions

by W. A. BROWER

"If you are not a reality whose myth are you?"
—Sun Ra

"A concept can just be thrown in the air around the funk and before it hit the ground you got two albums. You know? What I am saying is that a mafunkah will shoot holes in that bad boy 'fore it hits the ground, like you do in the ghetto."

—George Clinton

George Clinton (a.k.a. the Long Haired Freaky Sucker, Star Child, Dr. Funkenstein, just plain Dr. Funk, and now Mr. Wiggles the Worm—"ultrasonic, semi-bionic clone of Dr. Funkenstein," who was specially grafted for Clinton's latest on-stage extravaganza and recording *Motor Booty Affair*, Casablanca 7125) is no one's myth. Although the lineup from his newest production, which includes Queen Freakalene, Monkey Sea and Monkey Woo, Minus Mouf, Howard Codsell, Octave Pussy, Rita Mermaid and P-Nut Booty Jellyfish sounds like a cast of renegade cartoon characters from a *Motor Bugged Out Affixation*, George Clinton is fo' real, alllllll the way, live and in 3-D. Dig—

Clinton walks around dressed like it's Halloween 365 days a year. He is Head Funken-telektual-In-Charge of P-Funk Labs from which such uncontrolled substances as the Bomb, the P. Funk, the Uncut Funk, the Pee, Supergroovalisticprosifunkstication, Flash Lights, DooDoo Chasers and Liquid Sunshine originate. Dr. Clinton told me, in an unguarded moment, that his work is dedicated to ego reduction and the eradication of mental ghettos. Clinton is also Head Referee of the Funk Mob, a voluntary association of barnstorming funkateers, who get their hard core jollies off funk'n' with folks' heads. Through the Dr.'s own funkreative mitosis, the First Family of Funk has grown to include Parliament, Funkadelic, Bootsy's Rubber Band, Brides of Funkenstein, Parlet, the Horny Horns, and Bernie Worrell's Woo. George Clinton is the main purveyor of the funk which, along with rock and disco, dominates the popular music market.

Recently, George Clinton has also become



THE DOCTOR

TOM ENGLAND/PHOTO RESERVE





THE ANTI-TOUR

a wizard of finance and a big reality in the record business. Everything he touches turns funky. The P. Funk Earth Tour made 30 million funky dollar bills in two years. A few months ago, Funkadelic's album *One Nation Under A Groove* (Warner Bros. 3209) went platinum funk.

The success of *One Nation* put Clinton in a funkified dilemma. For sure, *One Nation* was the Pee, a monstrous hit, but it came right on the heels of three years of touring with such huge productions as the Mothership Connection. The Mothership, an Apollo 15 lookalike from which the Dr. disembarked on stage, cost a stankin' quarter of a million all by its lonesome.

Clinton's problem was mounting a stage show that could outfunk the last two. His response to the situation says a bunch about how his mind funkions. "We had just come off that [major tour] one month before *One Nation* came out, which meant we had to do something. We had to go back out on the road and we couldn't go back in then: same places. And the Brides was comin' out so they had to have some place to play.

"So we said, 'We'll take a tour of small joints where we can play three or four hours and we'll call it the *anti-tour*, which will de-program our heads from that big 20,000 seats. Let all the young members see what it's really like to have to play a gig, you know, where you have to play fo' real. And they could get off on it because they can play their shit. And best of all, in going to these cities under *One Nation*, playin' small places, we could get down with the people."

"The people that get in, the *real* fans, will say, 'Them mathahfunkahhaas played three hours and turned that mathahfunkah out!' With no props, no nothing." In Washington, D.C. (which he has dubbed a Chocolate City encircled by a Vanilla Suburbia) Clinton took the anti-tour into the legendary Howard Theatre. Instead of three hours the show ran nearly five. At 1:30 a.m. 2000 militants of the funk were damn near tearin' the roof off the sucker, hyperventilating to *One Nation* for the umpteenth time.

P-Funk was mega-funk that night. The Dr. was decked out in red beret and fatigues, and looked more like Captain Zero, the Sardinista

guerrilla, than the Star Child, as he pumped the audience with stuff like: "Get funky . . . get loose . . . free your mind . . . let your ass follow . . . let your booty do its duty." The anti-tour was typical of Clinton's "anti-logic or expanded framework for logic." Instead of shooting for an even bigger production and possibly reaping a diminished return he did just the opposite and funk'd better.

The Dr. is big fun to talk to, being that he is an advanced student of mentalcourse—which is to say mindfunkin' and gamin' on ya as necessary. He studied signifying for ten years in a Plainfield, New Jersey barbershop which he ended up owning. In the process he specialized in conking heads, "... pre-Superfly . . . just scorchin' heads in the name of the cool."

When the bloods put the torch to Plainfield Ave. during the '67 riots, George Clinton's barbershop was the only thang left standing. By then Clinton had a Master's in street rhythms and consense, the highest form of game. He survived the '60s and went on to get his doctorate in poetic licentiousness from the Universal Corner . . . hanging out and eating reality sandwiches from Harvard Square to the Motor City. George Clinton is a deep dude. Dig . . .

The Dr. is from Cannapolis, North Carolina—if they've got olfactory glands strong enough to claim him. He spent his early years funk'n' up in the Chocolate City and in Chase City, Virginia, before his family settled in Plainfield. That's where he started Parliament in '55, lifting their name from a still-popular oral fixation.

"It was ego," says Clinton. "I was a little Leo. If I couldn't have a baseball team I wanted a singing group. You know, that was our only out . . . out of the ghetto . . . if you could sing, dance, or some shit." Ego is okay with the Dr. if it motorvates you to some goal beyond yourself. But, in itself, ego will "do-loop," that is to say, self-destruct. Self-destruction through dysfunctional ego rhythms is something Clinton manages to avoid by diggin' on the One.

He runs it down like so "No one person can do it. No philosophy, no religion, no scientist,

MICHAEL WEINSTEIN/PHOTO RESERVE



PHOTO STRIPS BY W. A. BROWER

no state. This shit takes a *whole* mathahfunkin' band and singers and everything. To actually get out there takes planets because they are all connected . . . magnetic . . . revolving around. All this shit is connected. So any one mafunker sayin', 'Hey, I'm going to do it myself.' You know? Let the *sun* stop shinin' on that mafunkah. He be a dull mathahfunkah and that's all it is to it. He'll need a dynamite Flash Light . . . I'll put it that way. Ain't no one mafunkah can do this shit. And no one species . . . no one state . . . no one nothin'. 'Cause it's all on the One. I mean I am not one. I am *part* of one. We are all part of one.

"All this shit put together . . . all life . . . it takes it all. I mean anybody thinking that he is deep enough to be One is truly trippin'. You know what I mean? Truly trippin'. I mean, we ego trip on stage. We got a spaceship. But we park that mafunker when it's snowing cause it ain't got no snow tires.

"But it works. It works so good a mathahfunkah will say, 'Hey! How come you ain't got no Rolls Royces or Cadillacs?' I can do it three times better with that spaceship. That mathahfunkah don't go nowhere. You know what I am saying? It's the *same* trip. I mean, any amount of groupies I want would gladly walk up that ladder. And when I feel like using it . . . when I feel like getting off on it, I'll do it. And I ain't gon' feel no guilt. I might trip . . . lie to myself for a few minutes. I still got some of that shit. But I bet you it won't take me long to wake up. May not tell anybody. Might be in the bathroom and say to myself, 'You know you full of shit' . . . and flush it." In other words the Dr. is not above taking one of his own prescriptions, a good

them foreshadowed the liberation of r&b from its song form limitations and introduced freer instrumental styles. The funk, to a large extent, represents the assimilation of Hendrix and Sly's influences into the r&b mainstream. Funk is the antithesis of its main contender in the r&b world, disco.

The Dr. has two basic brands of the funk. The number one selling funk is Parliament, which draws heavily from the James Brown style. The current edition of Parliament nods in JB's direction, featuring the Horny Horns, led by JB alumni, Fred Wesley and Maceo Parker, and their punching, brass-heavy riffs. The Funkadelic, on the other hand, is basically a guitar band bordering black rock with its own cult-like following. Funkgeetarists Gary Shider and Mike "Kid Funkadelic" Hampton lay down supercharged heavy metal in the tradition of Hendrix. Whichever way the funk is going, the Dr. calls upon two of the finest keyboard players in pop music—Bernie "DaVinci" Worrell, a Funk Mob veteran and Walter "Junie" Morrison, formerly of the Ohio Players. Clinton is a master at layering each collaborator's contribution into a series of massive crescendos aimed at *Tearin' The Roof Off The Sucker*.

Like most all of what the Dr. knows, the concept of diversifunkation was born of cold realities. When Parliament ventured to Detroit in '67 it was basically a doowop group, aspiring to success in the Motown mold. They cut a mini-hit called *I Wanna Testify* and seemed on their way to plenty of that golden chicken scratch. Then came what the Dr. likes

"We are negotiating from the point of view that we are the biggest thang ever happened . . . one planet under a groove."

DooDoo Chaser.

As aforementioned, the best place to dig the Dr.'s medicine is all the way *live* when the Funk Mob takes it to the stage. A taste of the Dr.'s confunkions is all but money back guaranteed to motorvate even the most constipated soul to either leave in disgust or get off of her/his/its ass and jamboogie. "Funk," Doc says, "is to be felt. It's to hit you in your primal area."

Believe it. If you don't feel this funk one way or the other you better get your family physician to check your bottom inside out because it just may be false, phony as play money, devoidoffunk and other et ceterasses. This is dancing music, be it the Freak, the Rock or the Wiggle. The Dr.'s funk is, first of all, plenty of feet in the bass drums and thumping ostinatos in the bass guitars. The sock cymbal is steady against them bootin' feet. The Dr.'s idea of bottom is to find a groove, even it out, and hold it dead, as they say, in the pocket. At base the funk is rhythmic, and being in the pocket is a rhythmic concept analagous to the classical idea of swing. Once time is in the pocket, the funk is ready to roll.

Funk is the rawest rhythm and blues happening today. It is minimalist gutbucket in the space age. It descends from the jump band school that spawned r&b, with doses of sock hop doowop and street corner harmonizing. It ascends directly from the sound of Papa James Brown, Godfather of Soul and precursor of funk. It incorporates the innovations of Sly Stone and Jimi Hendrix, who between 18 □ down beat

to call the "big blow."

"Dig," the Dr. says, "the label we was with, that had *I Wanna Testify* out, went out of business. And they had our name and we couldn't use it because the court wouldn't clear it. The problem was immediate. We had to survive. So the only thing to do was to take the musicians that we had and put them up front and the singers became backup. We just said that the musicians are the Funkadelic and the singers sing *with them* as opposed to *them* playing with the singers. They were friends of ours from Jersey; they came with us. The only shift we had to make was one of ego. Could we stand our brothers to be up front? It was just who's singing lead and who's not. That was easy to say because it was basically my group.

"So they couldn't stop us from doing that. In the meantime Parliament became free from that record thang. We had records out as Funkadelic by then. So we had two names because the Parliament was known. It made sense to me to get a separate deal on a separate label for them, not with any person's name on it, just the name Parliament. We had to do it for survival because a group gets shelved when it's only one group and they funk up or they don't get no hits. The companies just automatically think, 'Well, they thang ain't happenin'.' When you got two names you got a better chance. I have known that since '68. The only way to justify having two groups was to have different personalities."

With the emergence of funk as a real power in the market, Clinton began generating con-

P-FUNK ALIVE

Parliament-Funkadelic doesn't need a psychiatrist. Its split personality passes for normal in George Clinton's world.

Parliament throws a musical costume party of ghetto stereotypes (like pimpish villain Sir Nose D'Voidoffunk) and fanciful escapes (the Mothership). Funkadelic is a less-nonsense ensemble of potent, entrancing instrumentalists.

Not surprisingly, Parliament has been better-known. Its modern burlesque makes good, easy copy for writers and its comic book-like plots enlist a huge young, mostly black following.

The current Parliament show, based on *The Motor Booty Affair* album, is exemplary. Fake seaweed and fishnets festoon the stage. Singers wear fish, octopus and crustacean garb. A four-foot yellow bird hovers above Sir Nose. A two-story skull snorts smoke. Clinton commands stage and band as Dr. Wiggles, clad in top hat, bleached wig, sunglasses, green leotards and tinfoil tail. Any other time he would wear the wig, glasses and spacesuit of Dr. Funkenstein.

But P-Funk is not Kiss in blackface. A better comparison would be the Mothers of Invention. That group, too, spawned several top-notch players—Frank Zappa, Ian Underwood, George Duke—within its satiric mythology.

Clinton might have sensed a short-selling of P-Funk's musical prowess because last fall he dressed the band in military fatigues and mounted a tour of redress, playing three hour sets in small halls.

One powerful germ of a rhythm section—drummer Tyrone Lampkins, percussionist Larry Fantangelo and bassist Boogie Mosson—fevers P-Funk. In Plainfield, N.J., the band's birthplace, the locals call the bedrock style "playin' on the one." Horns, keyboards and repeated lyric taglines all ricochet off the foundation of an incessant, hypnotic beat.

The sound recalls a domestic reggae and its consistency allows P-Funk to segue songs into seamless hour-long selections. Earlier Funkadelic albums such as *Hard Core Jollies* and *America Eats Its Young* come closest to capturing the live show's magic. But one would really need a Keith Jarrett-sized album package or a video cassette to approximate its extravagant scope.

Given unflagging rhythmic support, the band is free to evoke its tangled roots. George Clinton knows his musical history, from *Amazing Grace* to outer space. Onstage, he conducts nearly 20 players to achieve the variety of sounds he has heard since his childhood in a Newark housing project.

There is a pervasive church influence. Clinton and singer-guitarist Gary Shider strut the stage's lip like preachers in full tizzy. Though their words—"If you ain't gonna get it on, take your dead ass home," for instance—do not recall the pulpit, their conviction does.

Male and female vocal quartets, inserted in the group by Clinton, are throwbacks to the streetcorner singers who formed the original Parliaments in Clinton's Plainfield barber-shop.

But while many doo-wop hands faded with the rise of acid rock, Clinton was buying his players the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper*, Cream's



AL GREEN

Soul Reborn But Sales Waste Away

by DAVID LESS

It is the second anniversary of Al Green's Full Gospel Tabernacle Church. A film crew from France's national television network is present with lights, microphones and cameras. The choir, wearing firehouse red gowns, sits elevated in the corner under a huge banner that reads "Let God Be Magnified." A band is cooking while gospel shouter Ruby Wilson, her hair perfectly coiffed, wearing a three-quarter length fur coat despite the heat from the television lights, sings *Precious Lord*.

A young girl in the choir stands clapping and dancing and suddenly falls to the floor with a violent jerking motion. Another choir member quite routinely goes over to check on her and once convinced of the younger girl's safety, re-takes her seat. The audience is a sea of hands with scattered women leaping to dance, trance-like, up and down the aisles. In the middle of all this is Reverend Al Green. Tall and muscular, wearing a white three-piece suit and waving a handkerchief, it seems inconceivable that this bespectacled young man who looks like an accountant will within a matter of minutes take complete control of the congregation. To this spectator the service is like a roller coaster ride. The Frenchmen appear totally befuddled.

By the time Reverend Green approaches the podium the congregation seems out of control. All eyes are on Green as he takes charge: "Praise Jesus. Can I get a witness?" Hands raise as the hypnotic speech patterns of Green's sermon begin to take effect.

Green's service is not unique. In a number of black (and a few white) churches across the country, rapid fire sing-song phrases, facial contortions, a dancer's moves from the pulpit, and intense involvement and interaction of the congregation are all commonplace. But the Full Gospel Tabernacle Church is different—its pastor, Al Green, is an internationally popular recording star.

The skills of the successful gospel preacher are those of an effective entertainer. Insistent, compelling rhythms of speech and song, along with an ability to sense and control the shifting moods of the audience make for smooth transitions between preaching and entertaining.

Many blues singers, popular as recording artists in the 1920s and 1930s, went on to preach. Former bluesmen Rev. Robert Wilkins and Ishman Bracey, for example, devoted their time to their congregations and gave up blues and any other form of secular music.

Reverend Clay Evans of the Fellowship Baptist Church on Chicago's South Side is just one modern-day example of the skills common to preacher and performer. Mr. Evans makes records leading his church's 200-voice choir, and can be expected to break into song during his sermon as he struts and holds a microphone that has at least a 50-foot cord.

As Green's latest album, *Truth N' Time*, testifies, popular music is still a part of the preacher's life. What do tunes like his disco version of Lulu's '60s hit, *To Sir With Love*, have to do with the Lord?

Al Green Enterprises is housed in a modern brick office building set back from Winchester Road in Memphis. It is situated behind an older house with a neon sign in front reading "Al Green Hair Port." Al Green Enterprises includes the Al Green International Fan Club, Al Green Hair Products, promotional facilities, Green's offices and a recently upgraded 16-

In 1972 he was voted Best Pop and Rhythm and Blues Vocalist by *Cashbox*, *Billboard* and *Record World* magazines. Then, too, *Rolling Stone* voted him Rock 'n' Roll Pop Star of the year. His tune, *Call Me*, was a Grammy nominee in 1973, and in 1975 he received another nomination for *L-o-v-e*. Green's most recent major award was for Best Vocalist at the Tokyo Music Festival in June, 1978. Many albums and singles have gone gold, and Green's overall record sales top 30 million units.

In 1977, Green became his own producer, and also wrote all the material for *The Belle Album*. (See this issue's *Record Reviews* for Lars Gabel's view of *Belle* and *Truth N' Time*.) Green's songwriting abilities have been recognized by other artists, and his *Take Me To The River* was recorded in 1978 by new wave rock band Talking Heads on their album *More Songs About Buildings And Food*, by ex-Band drummer and singer Levon Helm on *Levon Helm*, and by the idiosyncratic crooner Bryan Ferry on his latest opus, *The Bride Stripped Bare*.

In 1967, at 21, Green recorded his first single, *Backup Train*, written by fellow Creation Palmer James. Released by Bell Records, *Backup Train* was successful enough to put Green on the chitlin circuit.

"When you have one record people have a tendency to put a limit on you. That's all you can do," says Green. "Getting from Bell Records to Hi Records took two years. Doing that, you lose grip on your recording; you kind of go down the drain for a while. And you get used to the drain. It educated me tremendously so that when I did become hooked up with Hi Records and Willie Mitchell, I was well educated in the field."

At Hi Records, Green became part of a hit-making production package that achieved a miraculous degree of success. Working mainly with producer/musician Willie Mitchell and the late Al Jackson, Jr., legendary drummer for Booker T. & the MGs, Green had two platinum albums, *I'm Still In Love With You* and *Let's Stay Together* in 1972, two gold albums, *Living For You* and *Call Me* in 1973, and another goldie, *Al Green Explores Your Mind*, in 1974. It was back to platinum in 1975 with *Al Green Is Love and Greatest Hits II*.

The "Hi sound" of the early '70s was characterized by heavily-accented, rudimentary drumming, a muddy bass, crisp, clear high ends and fundamental soul horn riffs played by the Memphis Horns.

Although he is not credited, Al Jackson played drums on Al Green's records in unison with Howard Grimes. "Al Jackson was the most influential drummer that I have ever known. He played things that wouldn't normally be played," Green continues as he picks up his guitar. "It was a good package. Al Jackson did the rhythms. Like [strumming emphatically and singing] 'Let's, let's stay together.' Willie Mitchell would create the music and Al Green would come up with [singing] 'Let's stay together/Lovin' you forever.' Now Al Jackson's sitting there beating on tables all day but he's got no words. Willie Mitchell was playing on a piano but he had no words. Al Green came along with the words—and boom.

"And so when we had the misfortune of losing Al Jackson [murdered in his home in Memphis], it kind of dampened my spirits as far as the package was concerned because I rode on the rhythmic patterns that he played."

In 1977, armed with a new contract and a newly reorganized Hi Records (after its sale to Los Angeles based Cream Records), Al Green went into his own eight track studio to produce an album without his former co-producers. The result was *The Belle Album* which is considered a classic by some critics and fans. The sound was distinct from earlier Al Green records but the powerful, gutsy, natural tenor vocal still made the characteristic octave jumps into the contrasting falsetto. The drums were more disco but still ballsy, and the new group pushed the music while at the same time laying back enough to spotlight Green.

By this time Green had been ordained as a preacher and purchased the building that soon became the Full Gospel Tabernacle Church. He wanted to change his sound—certainly not because of lack of commercial success, but for artistic reasons.

Before Green assumed the role of producer, he says, "The music, although it changed, stayed the same in a lot of contexts. And the production pattern remained the same because the drummer is on pot nine, the guitar player is on pot five and it never did change. Once you found that formula, you kept it. Well, that formula is good for seven years but after that I think it's



RICK IVY

track recording studio worth at least half a million dollars.

From outside, it looks like any other office building. In the foyer is a large photograph of Reverend Green in his white suit sitting on a throne-like chair and smiling. The hustle and bustle of this busy office soon make it obvious that everyone on Al Green's staff is not only efficient but committed.

"Everyone here has concluded that this man is serious about what he's doing," Green explains in his office. Talking with Al Green can be a bit confusing, at least until one realizes that he may refer to himself in the third person ("this man," "Al Green"), or the royal "we," or even the first person "I."

"Now either I'm with it or I'm not. So if it's all about going to church, then let's go to church. If that's where it's at, then that's where it's at. If it's not, then let us know. But we are willing to do and follow."

At 32, Green seems to have made it. He is the pastor of a large, apparently prosperous church.

20 □ down beat

Al Green's success story begins in a familiar way.

"I was from Forrest City, Arkansas and I came up being interested in how cotton was planted, how soybeans is picked, and how vegetables grow. And listening to Sam Cooke sing spirituals on the radio," Green says while relaxing in the conference room at Al Green Enterprises.

The son of religious parents, Green was forbidden to listen to popular music as a child. "My father says, 'No pop music in the house,'" reflects Green. "That gives me a greater desire for pop music. Because of the longing for it, the idea that I know I can do that. I have this something inside that says that I can do it and that enhanced it more than anything else."

Al Green formed his first pop group, the Creations, when he was 16. Basically a vocal group, the Creations worked in Grand Rapids, Michigan and the surrounding area with a backup band that later became Jr. Walker and the All Stars.

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RECORD REVIEWS

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

LIVING CHICAGO BLUES

VOLUME I: THE JIMMY JOHNSON BLUES BAND/EDDIE SHAW AND THE WOLF GANG/LEFT HAND FRANK AND HIS BLUES BAND—Alligator 7701: *Your Turn To Cry; Serves Me Right To Suffer; Ain't That Just Like A Woman; Breaking Up Somebody's Home; It's Alright; Out Of Bad Luck; Stoop Down, Baby; Sitting On Top Of The World; My Baby's So Ugly; Come Home, Darling; Blues Won't Let Me Be; One Room Country Shack; Linda Lu.*

Personnel: (cuts 1-4) Jimmy Johnson, guitar and vocals; Larry Burton, rhythm guitar; Carl Snyder, keyboards; Ike Anderson, bass; Dino Alvarez, drums; (cuts 5-9) Eddie Shaw, tenor sax and vocals; Hubert Sumlin, guitar; Johnny "Big Moose" Walker, keyboards; Lafayette "Shorty" Gilbert, bass; Chico Chism, drums; (cuts 10-13) Frank Craig, guitar and vocals; Dimestore Fred, harmonica; Pocketwatch Paul, rhythm guitar; Bob Stroger, bass; Odie Payne, Jr., drums.

VOLUME II: CAREY BELL'S BLUES HARP BAND/MAGIC SLIM AND THE TEARDROPS/JOHNNY "BIG MOOSE" WALKER—Alligator 7702: *Too Late; Laundromat Blues; One Day; Woman In Trouble; Stranded On The Highway; Dirty Mother For You; Spider In My Stew; Don't Say No More; Would You, Baby; Worry, Worry; Sunnyland Blues; Cry, Cry Darling.*

Personnel: (cuts 1-4) Carey Bell, harmonica and vocals; Lurrie Bell, guitar; Bob Reidy, piano; Aron Burton, bass; Odie Payne, Jr., drums; (cuts 5-8) Morris "Magic Slim" Holt, guitar and vocals; Coleman "Daddy Rabbit" Pettis, guitar; Nick Holt, bass; Joel Poston, drums; (cuts 9-12) Johnny Walker, piano and vocals; Louis Myers, guitar; Bob Stroger, bass; Chris Moss, drums.

VOLUME III: LONNIE BROOKS BLUES BAND/PINETOP PERKINS/THE SONS OF THE BLUES—Alligator 7703: *Don't Answer The Door; Two Headed Man; Lonely, Lonely Nights; Move Over, Little Dog; Take It Easy, Baby; Blues After Hours; Little Angel Child; How Much More Long; Have You Ever Loved A Woman; Berlin Wall; Prisoner Of The Blues.*

Personnel: (cuts 1-4) Lonnie Brooks, guitar and vocals; Bob Levis, guitar; Rob Waters, keyboards; Harlan Terson, bass; Casey Jones, drums; (cuts 5-8) Joe Willie Perkins, piano and vocals; Sammy Lawhorn, guitar; Luther Johnson, Jr., guitar; Calvin Jones, bass; Willie Smith, drums; (cuts 9-11) Billy Branch, harmonica, vocals (10, 11); Lurrie Bell, guitar, vocals (9); Freddy Dixon, bass; Jeff Ruffin, drums.

More than a dozen years ago, Sam Charters produced *Chicago/The Blues/Today*, documenting the existence of a young generation of electrified bluesmen in the taverns of the city's South and West sides. Showcasing such undiscovered artists as Junior Wells, Otis Rush and James Cotton, the Vanguard trilogy (still in print) was among the seminal recordings of the late '60s blues revival, exposing the power and vitality of the authentic modern idiom to an audience informed mainly by earlier folk forms and pallid British imitations. White rockers were inspired to mutilate the blues beyond recognition before passing on to other interests, leaving behind a hardcore following to carry the torch during the slack period of the '70s.

Lately, however, a resurgence of interest in the blues has been noted, sparked by packed

houses and rave reviews in New York for such Chicagoans as Rush and Son Seals. Propitiously then, producer Bruce Iglauer of Alligator Records has issued this updated version of the Charters concept in a similar triple set (each volume available separately), featuring contemporary bluesmen who have gone unrecorded, or at any rate unrecognized, until now.

As expounded in the superb notes by Jim O'Neal of *Living Blues* magazine, the theme of the series, like that of its predecessor, is that the sacred flame of the blues still burns in Chicago, that dedicated musicians still buck popular trends to endure the lengthy, ill-paid, hazardous grind that is the apprenticeship of a bluesman. The once-prophesied demise of the blues is hardly imminent, at least in Chicago, where performers and venues abound, and where a younger audience is discovering a crop of bluesmen newly emerging from the obscurity of ghetto clubs and sideman gigs.

Yet while the blues may flourish in Chicago today, the breathtaking originality that marked its formative years is often lacking. After all, the musicians on these sides are of essentially the same generation as those who made their names a decade ago, and although some, like Lonnie Brooks and Carey Bell, were inexplicably overlooked, or, like Jimmy Johnson, turned to the blues later in life, both performances and material tend to be less creatively personalized than those of their precursors. As such they reflect the state of urban blues today, a fully mature genre which has seen little significant innovation in recent years.

For all that, *Living Chicago Blues* contains some powerful and moving performances, including a few that may stand as classics. If the material is long on familiar standards and thinly veiled re-writes, and if the styling adheres closely to the B. B. King/Delta synthesis that typifies Chicago, there remains a consistent spirit, strength and authenticity that imitators can never match. Moreso even than other unadulterated productions, these etchings capture the raw sound of the blues as it is really played; the dampening effect that so often creeps into the studio is nowhere in evidence.

One minor quibble is that the non-blues repertoire of many of these players has been omitted, presumably out of deference to the purity of the blues tradition. Still, it is that heritage which stands at the core of much of the music of the nation, and by extension, of the contemporary world.

The first disc sandwiches selections by new bandleaders Jimmy Johnson and Left Hand Frank around those of veteran hornman Eddie Shaw. Johnson, long involved with gospel and r&b bands, has embraced the blues in his middle years, swiftly rising to become one of the premier guitarist-vocalists in the city. With his falsetto wails and liquid string attack, he is

clearly indebted to B. B. King, yet his style remains distinctively individual. Vocals and guitar ring with feeling on the B. B.-ish *Your Turn To Cry* and the Ann Peebles/Albert King hit *Breaking Up Somebody's Home*, but his reworking of the John Lee Hooker classic *Serves Me Right To Suffer* is a masterpiece, a complete transfiguration of the original that echoes in the mind long after the music stops.

Tenorman Shaw is heard here with the remains of the Howlin' Wolf band, including the legendary Hubert Sumlin on guitar. With a bawling sax and a voice to match, Shaw puts out a rollicking sound, but his material, except for the crude but amusing *My Baby's So Ugly*, is rather shopworn, and his vibrant horn is slighted in favor of coarse vocals.

Left Hand Frank is a versatile, workman-like guitarist who has only recently stepped out from the long shadows of sideman work. Backed by white newcomers Dimestore Fred and Pocketwatch Paul on harp and guitar, Frank displays a Delta-inflected '50s-like style that suggests some long-lost uncle of Magic Sam. His gruff voice is heard to best advantage on the rocking *Linda Lu*, with its familiar repeating motif.

Volume II comprises sessions by three seasoned players who have been unjustly neglected: harpist Carey Bell, guitarist Magic Slim, and pianist Johnny "Big Moose" Walker. Bell, perhaps the finest harmonica stylist since Little Walter, made several recordings in the '60s but somehow escaped the limelight. His singing is plain but eloquent, and his all too brief instrumental fills combine Walter's rich emotive chording with Sonny Boy Williamson's pithy single-note runs. Outstanding is his deeply felt rendition of Albert King's *Laundromat Blues*, brilliantly accompanied by son Lurrie Bell on guitar.

The career of Morris Holt, a.k.a. Magic Slim, has been slow and plodding, but like the tortoise of fable he may prevail at last. No prodigy, Slim endured the scorn of other bluesmen while doggedly honing his craft, emerging finally as a successful leader with a roughhewn, mainstream-Chicago style. His stolid, resolute nature projects forcefully through the curious, brooding lyric of *Spider In My Stew*.

"Moose" Walker is well known to local fans, as much for his striking, even intimidating appearance as for his skillful and much sought-after keyboard work. Seldom heard fronting his own band, Moose is in fine fettle here, rocking the acoustic piano with a steady roll reminiscent of Otis Spann. The multi-stylistic Louis Myers all but steals the show with beautiful guitar fills, but Moose supplies the locomotion with powerful left hand rhythms, most notably on the thumping *Sunnyland Blues*.

Guitarist Lonnie Brooks, with a single obscure, out-of-print, badly produced LP to his credit, is one of the most undeservedly overlooked talents in Chicago. For years he led the hottest show-lounge review in town at a West Side club so rough even other bluesmen shied away. A deft all-around technician, he blisters some of the most searing licks of these sessions, with pungent Albert/B. B. King lines behind strong vocals and pulsating band work. *Don't Answer The Door* is an example of the sort of modern, soulful blues at which Lonnie excels, but the real killer is the sizzling *Two-Headed Man*, which lays way back into a deep funky groove and smokes there.

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Pinetop Perkins, Otis Spann's successor in the Muddy Waters band. Pinetop is joined by Muddy's great former guitarist Sammy Lawhorn in a relaxed and mellow session: Pinetop and Sammy work like a hand in a glove to simmer a savory down-home set.

If Perkins represents the blues of the past, The Sons Of The Blues are its future. The concluding tracks present Billy Branch and Lurrie Bell leading their youthful combo in an exciting performance that promises even better things to come. Lurrie's vocal and guitar are outstanding on the plaintive *Have You Ever Loved A Woman*, wringing every drop of emotion from the minorish lament. Billy plays Jr. Wells to Lurrie's Buddy Guy on *Prisoner Of The Blues*, wailing his harp in a manner recalling Big Walter Horton.

Living Chicago Blues makes its point: rock and soul musics fall prey to commerce and fashion; performers come and go with the seasons. The blues, at least in Chicago, is an institution: discriminating and appreciative audiences support the music; the high standards of tradition are maintained by the rigorous school of hard knocks. The flame burns strongly, even if it doesn't always scorch. Unfortunately, not everyone is privileged to live up the street from a blues bar, particularly fans in Europe, Japan, and more recently, Mexico, where interest in American roots music is high. In the U.S., too, the blues is making a comeback on the heels of a hard rock revival, but judging from recent articles, even sophisticated New York critics remain unaware of the plethora of talent in the Windy City today. That is where records like this come in, and one can be thankful that the producers of this beautiful package are as dedi-

cated to the blues as the musicians themselves. Iglauer and company have rendered an invaluable service in preserving the continuity of the blues on wax; in the words of Jr. Wells, may it "linger in your hearts forever."

—birnbaum

AL GREEN

THE BELLE ALBUM—Hi HLP 6004: *Belle; Loving You; Feels Like Summer; Georgia Boy; I Feel Good; All N All; Chariots Of Fire; Dream.*
Personnel: Green, vocals, guitar, production.

TRUTH N' TIME—Hi HLP 6009: *Blow Me Down; Lo And Behold; Wait Here; To Sir With Love; Truth N' Time; King Of All; Say A Little Prayer; Happy Days.*

Personnel: Green, vocals, guitar, production.

★ ½

Al Green's career in the second half of the '70s is marked by as steady a decline as the first was distinguished by an unparalleled, even flow of hits—beginning in 1971 with *Can't Get Next To You* and coming to an end, more or less, in 1975 with *L-O-V-E (Love)*. Green's eclipse coincides with the demise of the writer-producer team responsible for those remarkable recordings, the team of Willie Mitchell and Al Green. With the release in 1977 of *The Belle Album* and '78's *Truth N' Time*, it has become evident that the Mitchell-Green constellation was yet another of soul music's many magical, mutually inspiring producer-performer relationships, for the weaknesses of these two albums can be traced to a lack of the balance between performer and recording that a fruitful producer-artist combination can establish.

Produced and arranged by Green himself and recorded in his own Memphis studios, these two albums are not so much a departure

from a previous sound as an imitation of it. Green, however, is not able to bring his version up to par, let alone forge the arrangements into a uniquely personal statement as did Mitchell. Even worse, he is also unable to bring his own voice into focus.

What used to be an exciting, seductive and utterly convincing vocal style here has turned thin, mannered and so watered down with gospel tricks and swoops that one almost forgives Green his inclusion on *Belle* of three gospel pastiches for the sheer logic of such a disposition. But even the potentially strong title cut from *Belle* gets bogged down by Green's self-indulgent performance. Looking at similar material from the Mitchell-Green period, one discovers that the two were never great songwriters or tune-smiths in a traditional way: most of their hits have relatively "flat" melodies (detractors have branded them "formulaic"), but Mitchell was able to construct silky, sinewy rhythm tracks along the linear song patterns and around Al Green's fervently imploring, semi-improvised vocals, with Howard Grimes' and the late Al Jackson's drumming plus Charles Hodges' oozing organ pressing the singer gently on towards inexorable climaxes. The result was songs with not just dramatic tension and release hooks, but also with shapes, peaks and developments they lacked "on paper."

Not so with Al Green on his own. The arrangements are perfunctory, with the horns occasionally balancing dangerously close to a circus overtone. The rhythm section is no longer subtle and elastic, but busy and stomping, and there is no room nor resilience with which Al Green can build the momentum so essential to his art.



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Truth N' Time represents a further erosion of Green's material and judgment, and it is strange to reflect that since taking total control as producer and arranger, he has become more impersonal. Starting off with *Blow Me Down*, a childlike sing-along throwaway, the album continues by mismatching the vocalist with *To Sir With Love*, hustling him through disco (*Truth N' Time*), and racing him across *Say A Little Prayer* so hurriedly that one feels compelled to check the RPMs.

This is not a call for a reunion of Al Green and Willie Mitchell. Their partnership showed signs of fatigue when it ended prior to *Belle*, but as long as Al Green seems lost without his former producer and arranger, a comparison with that period is unavoidable. Turn to either of his *Greatest Hits* volumes on Hi.

—gabel

LENNIE TRISTANO

DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM—Inner City IC 6002: *Descent Into The Maelstrom*; *Dream*: Paris 1965; *Image*: Paris 1965; *Take 1—Rehearsal From A Recording Date*; *Take 2—Rehearsal From A Recording Date*; *Take 3—Rehearsal From A Recording Date*; *Sketch*; *Pastime*; *Ju-Ju*; *Con Con*.

Personnel: Tristano, piano; Sonny Dallas (cuts 7, 10), Peter Ind (8-9), bass; Nick Stabulas (7, 10), Roy Haynes (8-9), drums.

Those interested in the development of the cool school of the late '40s and, particularly, in the work of one of its founders and theoreticians, the late Lennie Tristano, aren't exactly graced with an abundance of recorded work upon which to base their studies. Although Tristano recorded for over a dozen labels, little of his recorded work remains. Prestige recently reissued *First Sessions 1949/50*; some diligent hunting may unearth the seminal *Crosscurrents* (Capitol M-11060), and perhaps *Subconscious-Lee* (Prestige PR 7250) is still floating around the cut-out bins.

Scarcity alone, then, makes an album like *Descent Into The Maelstrom* valuable, but it's also a magnificent potpourri of bits and pieces recorded from 1952 through 1966.

Side one is solo Tristano. The title cut, inspired by Poe's short story of a mariner's being driven by a hurricane into an obliterating whirlpool, is simply one of the most amazing bits of program music ever recorded. Furiously double, perhaps triple tracked, it's a relentlessly atonal crosscurrent of sound-waves. Done in 1953, long before the popularization of synthesizers and sequencers, or, for that matter, the legitimization of tape manipulation, it's a reminder not only of Tristano's liberating penchant for unorthodox experimentation but also of his rubric that music should "flow from the id." So it does.

Dream: Paris and *Image*: Paris are complementary live performances, based respectively on rather literal reworkings of *Darn That Dream* and *Imagination*. Both solos are architecturally similar. Taut, tricky double-time block chord melodic statements give way to fleet, longish, irregularly grouped right hand lines. Similarly, *Take 2* is *Lullaby Of The Leaves* and *Take 3* is *These Foolish Things*. In both, Tristano improvises double time over a contrapuntal walking bass line. As in Bach's *Inventions*, it's difficult to say which of the lines is most impressive.

Side two finds Tristano in the company of two pairings of drummers and bassists, not surprisingly a generally unhappy marriage in light of Tristano's avowed disdain for the way these instruments were played. Further, the

26 □ down beat

miking and mixing are bad, particularly on Nick Stabulas' drum kit. The result: boomy, clattery bebop drumming, an unfitting counterpoint to Tristano's intricate inventions. And yet, with the subtle accompaniment of Roy Haynes' brushes, a track like the allegedly overdubbed *Pastime* shimmers with layer upon layer of dense, successful, multi-line improvisations.

It's a melange, then, much like the debris thrown up from Poe's terrible whirlpool. And like the mariner in Poe's story, Tristano not only survives but somehow prevails. —balleras

SAL SALVADOR

STARFINGERS—Bee Hive BH 7002: *Nica's Dream*; *Darn That Dream*; *Sometime Ago*; *Zone Two*; *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*; *Blue Gnu's Blues*.

Personnel: Salvador, guitar; Eddie Bert, trombone; Nick Brignola, baritone sax; Derek Smith, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Sal Salvador is one of that legion of middle aged jazzmen who got buried under the avalanche of '60s rock.

Born in Monson, Massachusetts, in 1925, Salvador gigged in nearby Springfield with vibist Teddy Charles before being lured by the siren song of bop south to New York in the late '40s. His musical energies were quickly put to use by Terry Gibbs, Mundell Lowe, Eddie Bert, Dardanelle and even the Radio City Music Hall Orchestra. A year and half stint with Stan Kenton (1952-3) brought national fame, recording contracts and the highly regarded Birdland quartet with Eddie Costa.

In the early '60s, he formed a 15 piece band. With the onslaught of rock, however, the band worked sporadically. Since then, Salvador has divided his efforts among concerts, clinics and teaching, all in the Northeast.

Starfingers, a high-spirited, upbeat blowing session, puts Salvador's boppish swinginess back into the national spotlight. Aided and abetted by the solid professionalism of old friends, the chemistry is just about perfect.

Among the album's many assets are Salvador's crisp melodic ability, Brignola's steam-roller drive, Bert's bluesiness, Smith's supple harmonics, and the super-steady rhythms of Jones and Lewis.

The most consistently appealing tracks are *Nica's Dream* and *Sometime Ago*. The Silver line churns with the gut power of a bari/bone/guitar unison lead. The perky waltz jumps nimbly atop the trampoline stretched taut by Smith, Jones and Lewis.

While Salvador and Bert play well, the real stars are Brignola and Smith. Their exuberance, virtuosity and, most important, willingness to take chances are exemplary. —berg

JOE CHAMBERS

DOUBLE EXPOSURE—Muse MR 5165: *Hello To The Wind*; *The Ogre*; *Mind Rain*; *After The Rain*; *Message From Mars*; *Rock Pile*.

Personnel: Joe Chambers, acoustic piano, drums, cymbals, tablas; Larry Young, organ electric piano, synthesizer.

Double Exposure is a suite of related themes and moods that feature percussionist Chambers, mostly on acoustic piano, in tandem with the late organist Larry Young. It is not your typical drummer's date, but then Joe Chambers is not your typical drummer. He made his mark during the '60s as much for his tasteful composing as his drum fury. And this is a fully realized, touching work.

One cannot say enough good things about

Larry Young. His work on the first side of *Double Exposure* is largely supportive, but his embellishments are so driven and subtle that it is like being caught up in a whirlpool of rhythm and harmony—circles of sounds. His Blue Note albums and work with the Tony Williams Lifetime offered the only real alternatives to the soul-funk axis of organ players. In his later years there was a sense of Young being caught up in, rather than affecting, cross-over. *Double Exposure* is roots music for Larry Young—an excellent final gift of inspiration from a unique musical spirit.

An aura of Chambers' and Young's shared Muslim belief is evident in the compositions. *Hello To The Wind* combines gospel, blues, and Mid-Eastern colors in a way that will remind some of Ellington (and some of Jarrett). Chambers alternates churchy chords and a minor ostinato phrase to create a dreamy canvas of peace, Young behind him painting swelling watercolors.

The Ogre uses more pronounced ostinato to create a hypnotic melodic flow. The rhythm, and Chambers' use of tablas call up some sort of communal North African drum ceremony. Chambers creates long rippling lines and an ever-rising intensity in his exchanges with the organ.

Mind Rain begins as a fade-in of *The Ogre*, then introduces a gently hustling hi-hat beat and chanting chordal exchanges. Young's popping mysterious tone is a wonder to behold, as is Chambers' seamlessly integrated fabric of ethnic music.

After The Rain is a solo piano vehicle that mixes more traditional jazz voicings with distant echoes of the surging *Mind Rain*; there is an element of nostalgia for the world of Africa, it seems to me, in the dirge section.

The mood doesn't remain somber or wistful for long. Chambers takes to his drum set for two rousing duets with Young. Chambers redefines idiomatic rock beats with his own jazz sensibility. Jazzmen tend to treat the backbeat with a looser feel; Chambers uses his ride cymbals and bell tones to drive the beat, rather than the snare-hi-ha.-bass drum combinations. *Message From Mars* has the exalted martial feel of one of Young's favorite composers, Kodaly, and punchy percussive vamps. *Rock Pile* puts *Mind Rain* in a more single minded rock-Latin setting. The interplay and textural togetherness is sublime; Chambers' aggressive drum dances are body killers and Chambers and Young are breathing as one.

Attention radio programmers: this is a dynamite hook—can you dig it? Readers: Joe Chambers is a great composer and drummer, a fine pianist, and a voice that needs to be heard from some more. —stern

EBERHARD WEBER

SILENT FEET—ECM 1-1107: *Seriously Deep*; *Silent Feet*; *Eyes That Can See In The Dark*.

Personnel: Weber, bass; Rainer Bruninghaus, piano, synthesizer; Charlie Mariano, soprano saxophone, flutes; John Marshall, drums.

The characteristics that some find most annoying about the European "chamber music" approach to jazz—a dreamy, drifting, almost detached sensibility—are those very qualities that bassist-composer Weber most consciously strives toward. And evaluation of his pensive aural tone poems is difficult as attempts to explain a particularly poignant dream.

So much of what happens musically with Weber's compositions is what the listener

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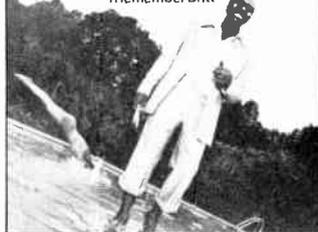
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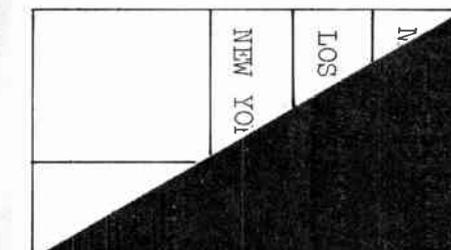


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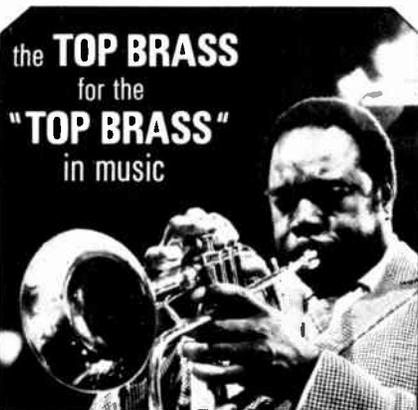
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himself brings to the experience—an auditory mirror effect. And as with dreams, the experience proves more important than any attempt to intellectualize it afterward.

The bassist's quartet of *Silent Feet* performs in a much more straightforward mode than Weber's groups on such previous albums as *Yellow Fields* or *Colours Of Chloe*. Surprisingly, the dominant voice here belongs to reedman Charlie Mariano, whose bop inflections are something of a mixed blessing in this context. While rescuing some passages from somnambulance, Mariano's frenzied free-form quests occasionally overpower the more delicate manipulations of Weber and keyboardist Rainer Bruninghaus.

The most satisfying collaboration of jazz approaches is achieved on *Seriously Deep*, a beguiling 18 minute composition, where the rich, warm saxophone textures of Mariano's more lyrical side provide a sparkling, energetic response to the subtle, shifting piano reflections laid down by Bruninghaus and the slightly more insistent rhythmic propulsion of Weber and former Soft Machine drummer John Marshall.

On the more subdued *Silent Feet*, the elements coalesce with less compelling results, although there's a superb opening duet between Weber and Bruninghaus.

Apart from Mariano's active role, the only real departure from Weber's previous musical form is the self-consciously brooding and experimental *Eyes That Can See In The Dark*, which offers little besides interesting flute work by Mariano.

Taken as a whole, Weber's latest album is perhaps his weakest. But his strong points remain constant—a swirling evocation of aural landscapes, the creation of waking dreams for newly awakened sensibilities. If Weber's music puts some listeners to sleep, they were probably tired anyway. —simon

TERRY GARTHWAITE

HAND IN GLOVE—Fantasy F-9564: *If You Can't Love Me; You Don't Know; Happiness; Some Other Spring; Bye Bye; Moondance; You're Fine; What's The Matter With Love; Here Today; Ticket To Chicago.*

Personnel: Garthwaite, vocals, guitars; Willow Wray, harmony vocals; Jay Graydon, guitars; Victor Feldman, Peggy Sem, Clark Gassman, keyboards; Mac Criddle, electric bass; George Mraz, acoustic bass; John Guerin, drums; Kenneth Nash, percussion; Jim Rothermel, Joe Farrell, Pete Christlieb, Jim Coile, saxophones and flutes; Chuck Findley, Al Aarons, Jerry Hey, Gary Barone, trumpets; Dick "Slyde" Hyde, Lew McCreary, trombones; Sheila Glover, Vicki Randle, Dee Dee Dickerson, background vocals.

★ ★ ★ ½

The first three cuts on this disc will have you thinking "more of the same slick disco-pop," the kind that has a way of diluting talents like Terry Garthwaite. However well done these popular formats are they still leave you wondering "Is there anything else?"

Well, just about when that question starts to make its rounds, Ms. Garthwaite eases into *Some Other Spring* and a fine eclecticism winks through the music and says "Sure there is more." With *Spring* the focus sharpens and the singer establishes a vocal style that is as thoroughly rooted in the jazz traditions as it is in rock and soul. Her sound has Dinah Washington's quality and perfection, and her phrasing, particularly on tunes like *Spring* and *What's The Matter With Love* pays tribute to Billie Holiday as well as Dinah. If that wasn't enough, on Van Morrison's *Moondance* Ms. Garthwaite comes up with a scat fragment

that evokes Ella Fitzgerald. Terry Garthwaite's vocal synthesis, however, is not at all concerned with being imitative; it is instead her own fresh blend.

Previously a member of the successful, women-led rock group Joy of Cooking, Ms. Garthwaite, who wrote and along with Willow Wray arranged most of this, her second top-billed album for Fantasy, has produced a broad sampling of her talents. It is firm evidence that she is one of the most interesting singers around. —nolan

POINTER SISTERS

ENERGY—Planet P-1: *Lay It On The Line; Dirty Work; Hypnotized; As I Come Of Age; Come And Get Your Love; Happiness; Fire; Angry Eyes; Echoes Of Love; Everybody Is A Star.*

Personnel: June, Ruth and Anita Pointer, vocals; Waddy Wachtel, guitars; Danny Kortchmar, guitars; Fred Tackett, guitar (cuts 2, 6, 8, 9); Randy Bachman, acoustic guitar (3); Davey Johnstone, guitar (5, 7, 9); David Paich, piano, electric piano, organ; James Newton Howard, synthesizer, Clavinet, electric piano; Steve Porcaro, electric piano (3), organ (4), synthesizer (9); Jimmy Phillips, organ and synthesizer (5), piano (8); Jai Winding, piano (7); Bryan Cumming, tenor sax (2); David Hungate, bass; Mike Porcaro, bass (4); Eddie Watkins, bass (3); Gerald Johnson, bass (7); Abe Laboriel, bass (9); Jeff Porcaro, drums; Rick Jaeger, drums (2, 7); Michael Baird, drums (8); Lenny Castro, percussion (1, 7, 9); Richard Perry, percussion (8), producer.

★ ★ ★

It would be nearsighted to fault the Pointers for going commercial on this album. They've always been entertainers first, improvisors second; even the great versions of *Salt Peanuts*, *Cloudburst* and other jazz gems can be credited largely to the productive influences of David Rubinson. While the first and second Blue Thumb records (presided over by Rubinson) scored very heavy points with db readers, their '40ish dazzle was balanced by a tasty portion of contemporary soul-country-gospel-funk-rock. And while the jazzier *That's A Plenty* may have represented the Pointers at their performing peak, thus far the mixture of styles was handled relatively well.

This new Planet label is an offshoot of Elektra/Asylum's recent plunge into crossover jazz, and it's the baby of producer Richard Perry, rock's prestige soundman. While Perry's selection of big '70's rock hits may have decided the direction for *Energy*, his "sound" is not necessarily stamped all over the Sisters. They sound less distinctive than previously perhaps, but that's a byproduct of the material and not overproduction. And the material is, as the deejays would no doubt yap, hit after hit after hit, from Steely Dan's *Dirty Work* to Bruce Springsteen's *Fire* and Sly Stone's *Everybody Is A Star*, as well as tunes by Steve Stills, Loggins and Messina, Bob Welch, Allen Toussaint, and others.

Moreover, the ten cover versions here are relatively faithful replicas of the originals, with very little vocal experimentation and certainly no jazz. It must be said that Perry and the Pointers have come up with a pretty fine album, given the straight pop-rock context. June, Ruth and Anita still sound great harmonically and as soloists, hence the three star rating. But these talented siblings have surrendered a goodly chunk of their former individuality in hopes of replacing fame with fortune. Though polished and entertaining, *Energy* just isn't in the same league with those earlier, more expressive and exciting recordings. While the girls aren't quite ready to hit the Vegas oldies circuit, the Pointer Sisters are now taking the easy route with their music. —henschen

Enrico Rava Quartet:



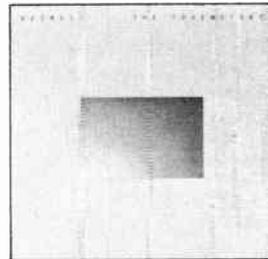
Enrico Rava (born Italy), trumpet. Played with Gato Barbieri, Steve Lacy. Two other records for ECM. "... Rava shows his daring by working unusual twists on his melodies rather than by sacrificing a warm, intimate sound." (*Boston Phoenix*). **Roswell Rudd** (born Connecticut), trombone. Work with Barbieri, Lacy, Don Cherry, Carla Bley, Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra. **J. F. Jenny-Clark** (born France), bass. **Aldo Romano** (born Italy), drums. ECM-1-1122

**Terje Rypdal
Miroslav Vitous
Jack DeJohnette:**



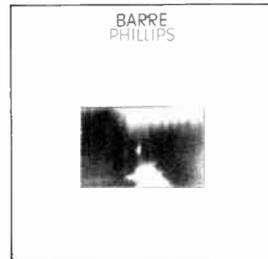
Terje Rypdal (born Norway), guitar. Work with Jan Garbarek, his own group, Odyssey. Six records on ECM, most recent *After the Rain* and *Waves*. **Miroslav Vitous** (born Czechoslovakia), bass, electric piano. Co-founder of Weather Report. Work with Miles Davis, Chick Corea. **Jack DeJohnette** (born Chicago), drums. Member of AACM, work with Charles Lloyd, Getz, Evans, Hubbard, and, for the last three years, his own group, Directions (John Abercrombie, Eddie Gomez, Lester Bowie). ECM-1-1125

**Azimuth
The Touchstone:**



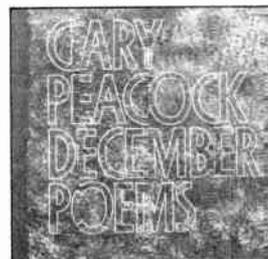
John Taylor, piano, organ. Currently performs with Jan Garbarek's band, played with Mike Gibbs, John Surman. **Norma Winstone**, vocals. *Melody Maker* poll winner. Work with Gibbs, John Dankworth, Don Cherry. **Kenny Wheeler**, trumpet. Two previous ECM LPs, *Gnu High* (German Grammy winner) and *Deer Wan*. Chamber jazz with elements of minimalism and early English liturgical music. On their first album, *Azimuth*: "... behind its flowing beauty lies a spirit of enquiry which will surely lead further." (*Melody Maker*) ECM-1-1130

**Barre Phillips
Three Day Moon:**



Barre Phillips (born U.S.), bass. Classically-trained, performed with Bernstein (N.Y. Philharmonic). Worked with Shepp, George Russell, The Trio (with John Surman and Stu Martin). Two other ECM recordings. On *Mountainscapes*: "A starting point for the shape of jazz to come." (*Melody Maker*) **Terje Rypdal** (born Norway), guitar, organ. **Dieter Feichtner** (born Germany), synthesizer. **Trilok Gurtu** (born India), tabla, percussion. ECM-1-1123

**Gary Peacock
December Poems:**



Gary Peacock, bass (Jan Garbarek, saxophone, on two selections). Legendary trios with Bill Evans and Paul Bley, work with Miles Davis, Albert Ayler. Previous record for ECM: *Tales of Another* with Keith Jarrett, Jack DeJohnette. ("The music is dynamic, reflective and inventive throughout...") (*Cash Box*) ECM-1-1119

**Double Image
Dawn:**



Dave Friedman, vibes, marimba. **David Samuels**, vibes, marimba. **Harvie Swartz**, bass. **Michael di Pasqua**, drums. "The group is completely innovative. There is no precedent for it in jazz... At their best they develop and project a feeling of intensity that held the room in a pin-drop silence..." (John Wilson, *New York Times*). Voted second most promising new jazz group (*High Fidelity* critic's poll, Jan. '79). ECM-1-1146



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BARRY HARRIS

STAY RIGHT WITH IT—Milestone M-47050:
*Premiado; One Down; It's The Talk Of The Town; My
Heart Stood Still; The Londonderry Air; Mutatrra;
Body And Soul; Sphere; I Didn't Know What Time It
Was; Anthropology; Burgundy; Mucho Dinero; Easy To
Love; Chasin' The Bird; The Breeze And I; 'Round
Midnight; Stay Right With It.*

Personnel: Harris, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Elvin
Jones, drums (cuts 1-4); Lonnie Hillyer, trumpet;
Charles McPherson, alto sax; Ernie Farrow, bass;
Clifford Jarvis, drums (10-17); Bob Cranshaw, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

This reissue of sides recorded between De-
cember 1960 and August '62 (Harris had only
done two previous dates as a leader, both in
'60) show just why so many listeners were ex-
cited when Harris, in mid 1960 at age 30, fi-
nally left Detroit.

Although one of the strongest of Bud
Powell's disciples, even on these early record-
ings Harris' style has its own distinctiveness.
He does have that warm, bright spirit of
Powell, the lightly bouncing rhythm, the
quick bursts of single notes and the rich, close
harmonies. But Harris' playing is more lyrical,
more easy going, less busy than Bud's.

Appropriately, Harris is most boppish, pil-
ing up the notes with Powell-like nervous
energy on the Gillespie-Parker bebop stand-
ard *Anthropology*, done here by a quintet that
includes fellow Detroiters and former Harris
students Hillyer and McPherson, loyal disci-
ples of Diz and Bird respectively. And Harris
heaps on the Powellisms on a trio version of
Chasin' The Bird, especially when trading lines
with drummer Jarvis.

Most of Harris' originals also are Powellish,
at least in the harmonies of their lines and the
bouncy rhythms. But unlike the many one-
handed Powell imitators, he doesn't simplify
the master. Harris doesn't neglect his left
hand. It is strong technically and musically,
playing complementary lines and chords,
bringing real interest to the five solo cuts. Art
Tatum is another influence on Harris and this
can be heard in the fancy flourishes of *Body
And Soul* and Harris' own *Mutatrra* (read it
backwards), both, appropriately, solo tracks.
Scattered throughout the two-record set are
other influences—stride, Earl Hines, Teddy
Wilson, Hank Jones and Thelonious Monk
among them.

Harris' own tribute to Monk, *Sphere*,
another appropriately solo performance, is as
much a tribute to Monk's stride roots as it is to
Thelonious Sphere, while *'Round Midnight* is
played straight and lyrical, with none of
Monk's angular dissonance.

Harris' special lyricism is, of course, most
apparent on the ballads, in this case *Talk Of
The Town* with its rich chords and delicate,
bell-like single notes in the upper register and
the gently warm *I Didn't Know What Time It
Was*. But the album's second Rodgers and
Hart tune, *My Heart Stood Still*, is taken at a
medium tempo and is filled with the bright
bursts of notes up and down the keyboard, the
lightning fast runs, the close harmonies of
Powell. In fact it is one of the most Powellish
cuts of the 17 on the album.

Stay Right With It is a fine reissue, not Har-
ris at his peak—he has grown to be one of the
top pianists around as anyone who has heard
him in recent years in New York can testify—
but he has always been a strong keyboard ar-
tist. And there is only one really weak track
here, Harris' *Mucho Dinero*, a trite Latin piece
done by the quintet.

The four quintet cuts are generally the

weakest part of the album, but Hillyer was
only 21 and McPherson 22, although the
altoist was performing with real excitement
with Charles Mingus at this time (Hillyer was
to join the bassist later). Still, they bring a
nicely refined bebop (albeit with some techni-
cally rough spots) to such an old bop war-
horse as *Anthropology*.

These 17 cuts might not be essential reissues,
but they are damn nice by any standards,
even when compared to Harris' more recent
work. —de muth

JOHN KLEMMER

CRY—ABC AA-1106: *Intimacy; Cry; Waterfalls;
Happiness; I Am; Love; Infinity; 'Round Midnight;
Ecstasy.*

Personnel: Klemmer, tenor saxophone, Echoplex,
Vocalise.

★ ★ ★ ½

Perhaps John Klemmer intends this album
as his own *A Love Supreme*, an iconoclastic
religious statement and a definite risk in the
commercial market.

Though Klemmer has made his reputation
on melodic, hard-driving ensemble playing,
this solo excursion is not a total surprise.
There is a lot in *Cry* which is reminiscent of
his *Waterfalls* album. But this time Klemmer
must endure as a soloist for an entire album,
not 24 bars at a time.

Largely, he succeeds in sustaining both
emotional and musical themes.

His mastery of the Echoplex surely adds a
mystical effectiveness to the playing. With the
echos and with overdubs on three cuts he
weaves a tapestry of sounds, from trills to
bleats and from flute-like flights to bottom-
heavy rolls which recall a bassoon.

In a few cases, notably *I Am*, Klemmer
meanders aimlessly. He wanders through
scales and runs without orbiting any central
musical idea.

More often, though, he is evocative and lis-
tenable. The opening tune, *Infinity*, showcases
his superbly fluid, snaking command of the
horn and Echoplex. He balances blurring
squeaks with loping runs for percussive, as
well as melodic and harmonic, purposes.

His use of the Vocalise succeeds less fre-
quently, though the slide into it on the title cut
is really sublime—touching, yet totally other-
worldly.

Even the most gifted soloist, though, risks
repetitious boredom through 40 minutes of im-
provisation. The quasi-religious context of
Cry (note its titles) does not ease the task.

Klemmer manages to freshen his stylings
with interjections of bluesy arabesques on
'Round Midnight and Rollins-esque honking
on *Happiness*. An airy playfulness permeates
Infinity.

So if Klemmer has decided to become a
saxophone preacher, at least he knows when
to substitute warmth and pillows for fire and
brimstone. —sam freedman

ROLAND ALEXANDER

LIVE AT THE AXIS—Kharma PK-5: *Body And
Soul; Kajo Time; Felice; Home Tones.*

Personnel: Malachi Thompson, trumpet; Alex-
ander, Kalaparusha Ara Difa (Maurice McIntyre),
tenor saxes; Rafik Raheem, piano; Hakim Jami, bass;
John Betsch, drums.

★ ★ ★

It's hard to imagine a drummer playing un-
derwater, but that's what Betsch sounds like in
Body, an oddly balanced recording. The other
three tracks sound a little better, but defini-
tely is obviously missing, and it's possible that

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

"Toughness. I'm very rough on an instrument. So it has to be designed and constructed so it'll withstand me. And the airlines. For a test, once, the President of Leblanc tossed my horn into its case, took it to the edge of a stairwell, and threw it

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my lukewarm response to especially the rhythm section derives from the engineer rather than from the band.

This is a modal-hard bop date—echoes of mid-'60s Blue Notes—and Alexander (the second tenorist on each track—soloists are not identified) has an ideal hard bop tone, big and full enough to erect gleaming skyscrapers with. His thinking runs along the lines of George Coleman-to-John Coltrane, with an instinct for structure (many-noted long lines, well-decorated) that sometimes serves in place of melodic spontaneity. For all the driving force of his playing, the sum of his music leaves a nice guy impression. Not that Alexander's conception is frivolous or weak in the least—in fact, passages near the beginnings of his *Kojo* and *Home* solos flare into instances of passion, but these are left as uninvestigated as they are unresolved. His is a thoroughly logical music otherwise, and he is almost a model of technique.

Kalaparusha's playing is far from his best, yet I find it endlessly interesting. He is as illogical, in the conventional sense, as Alexander is logical: a Kalaparusha solo begins in key, modulates abruptly into sarcastically augmented changes, breaks rhythmically with no regard at all for bar lines, and breaks tonality with completely dissonant, agitated lines and hoarse cries. In his adherence to wholly original structural notions, Kalaparusha's work is utterly firm: his line and his feeling are all-important, and indeed, requiring him to conform to hard bop standards would require an intolerable compromise of integrity. The gruff irritation of his playing in *Body*, his *Kojo* declamation, his distances and tight, pinched sound in *Felice*, and his near-anger in *Home* are the most valuable features of this concert. He remains among today's most impressive, original saxists.

Thompson's trumpet sounds like an old, battered bugle, especially in the middle registers. I like that sound, especially because it places his recollections of Freddie Hubbard in perspective. Jami and Betsch are okay, while Raheem, both as soloist and accompanist, is a very cautious player. There's no point to the *Body* vamp; Kalaparusha's *Home* theme, the most interesting writing here, has the counter-melody poorly played. The two tenors' solos are this concert's most interesting features: Alexander seems like the kind of guy you'd enjoy as a Sunday dinner guest, while Kalaparusha would surely eat the plates, glasses, and silverware, along with the food.

—litweiler

THE NEVILLE BROTHERS

THE NEVILLE BROTHERS—Capitol ST-11865: *Dancin' Jones*; *Washable Ink*; *All Nights*, *All Right*; *Audience For My Pain*; *Break Away*; *If It Takes All Night*; *I'll Take My Chances*; *Vieux Carre Rouge*; *Arianne*; *Speed Of Light*.

Personnel: Arthur Neville, Jr., keyboards and vocals; Charles Neville, horns, percussion, vocals; Aaron Neville, percussion, vocals; Cyril Neville, congas, vocals; Gerald Tillman, organ; Jimmie Ballero, guitar; Tony Berg, guitar; Casey Kelly, guitar and harmonica; Eugene Syngal, bass; Newton Moscop, Jr., drums.

★ ★ ½

The Nevilles have long been the most prominent musical family hailing from the New Orleans area. Art and Cyril were the sparks behind the Meters for that group's long and staggered existence; Aaron scored a number one hit in the '60s with the bluesy ballad *Tell It Like It Is*; and Charles has jobbed with anyone and everyone in the Crescent City

musical hierarchy. Thus their first collective effort should prove to be a disc of raw and exuberant energy.

Not so. Producer Jack Nitzsche (hail *The Lonely Surfer*) has managed to throw a damper on this set and has instead sculpted a smoothly-polished session, right down to a batch of horn and string charts. In fact, the same studio overkill that sliced the edge off recent Meters efforts has again predominated, the result resembling more of a Motown stage show than a Huey Smith shindig.

Leiber and Stoller's *Dancin' Jones* has been thoroughly washed, calculated to please the pop as well as soul charts. The same holds true for a couple of other up-tempo boogies, *Washable Ink* and *All Nights*, *All Right*. The ballads *Arianne* and *Audience For My Pain* prove downright painful as Aaron and Art's dissipated vocals are totally dissipated by an invasion of lachrymose MOR strings.

It's the triad of Charles Neville tunes that salvages this album. *Break Away* is a gutsy, voodoo-drenched growl that features superb guitar embroidery. This cut captures the Nevilles in their true light, as a fiery, impassioned soul unit capable of holding its own with the best. *Vieux Carre Rouge* and *Speed Of Light* are the other Charles goodies, the former a striking chart reminiscent of the best Stevie Wonder, the latter a six minute romp sporting more biting guitar and sharp vocal work. If the Nevilles had relied more heavily on Charles and the wealth of strong material penned by other Louisiana songsters instead of reaching out for the excesses of John Hiatt/Gerry Goffin/David Forman/et al, they just might have emerged with one of the classiest soul discs of the year.

But the end result is a little less than a .500 batting average. And though that's no disgrace in these days of the one shot soul-disco hustle, the Nevilles are capable of hitting a lot more consistently. This is one time when there should have been more bump and boogie—anything other than those rows of cloying strings and sanitized funk.

—hohman

ERICKSON/IMBRIE/ LEWIS/MORRIS/ SHAPEY/SOLLBERGER

NEW MUSIC FOR VIRTUOSOS, Vol. 2—New World NW 254: *Sunflowers* (Harvey Sollberger); *Motet On Doo-Dah* (Robert Morris); *Inflections I* (Robert Hall Lewis); *Configurations* (Ralph Shapey); *Three Sketches* (Andrew Imbrie); *General Speech* (Robert Erickson).

Personnel: Harvey and Sophie Sollberger, flutes; Claire Heldrich, vibraphone; Daniel Schulman, Robert Black, and Kevin Aanerud, piano; Bertram Turetsky, bass; Stuart Dempster, trombone.

★ ★

Contemporary classical music requires a new kind of virtuosity. Many modern works extend instruments' normal pitch ranges or call for microtones or multiphonics (several pitches at once on wind instruments). Dynamic extremes and complicated polyrhythms are commonplace, while timbral resources are often expanded by such means as singing into a wind instrument or plucking the strings of a piano.

None of these techniques, of course, makes sense unless it is used for a valid musical purpose; and that is where this album falls down. Only one of the six pieces here, Sollberger's *Sunflowers*, really succeeds in communicating any degree of emotion. Inspired by William Blake's poem of the same name, *Sunflowers* re-

quires unusual virtuosity from both the flutist and the vibist; but the "extended" techniques in this work are less important than the contrast of reedy and percussive timbres and the overall liveliness of the music.

The second best piece on the recording is Lewis' *Infections I*, a double bass solo that calls for several kinds of pizzicati, glissandi, tremolos, left-hand playing and harmonics. Although this work does not jell as a whole, Bertram Turetsky manages to make it sound convincingly dramatic.

The rest of the album is rather dismal. Robert Morris' whimsically titled *Motel On Doo-Dah* (1973) for flute, piano and bass is supposedly based on the theme of Stephen Foster's *Camptown Races*, but I cannot hear any reference to that song in it; moreover, the various instruments seem to be working at cross-purposes, like a drunk trying to coordinate his bodily movements. Shapey's serial-oriented *Configurations* for flute and piano (1964) evidences little of the individualistic character heard in his more recent works like *Praise* and the *String Quartet No. 7*. Imbrie's *Three Sketches* for trombone and piano (1967) start out on a promising note with the jolly, inventive first sketch, but the other sketches offer little of substance. And, while the trombonist's satirical remarks in Robert Erickson's *General Speech* (1967) form an apt commentary on the pomposity of General Douglas MacArthur, the work would fall flat if the listener wasn't acquainted with the extramusical subject matter. —terry

MIKE MANDEL

SKY MUSIC—Vanguard VSD-79409; *Pyramids; Just The Way You Are; Elephant & Castle; Peg; As Fine As You Are; Jupiter Finger; Another Kind Of Spring.*

Personnel: Mandel, keyboards; Dave Sanborn, alto sax; Gary Anderson, tenor sax; Darryl Thompson, Burt Jones, Steve Khan, guitars; Wilbur Bascomb, bass (cuts 2, 5, 6); John Lee, bass (1, 3, 4, 7); Christopher Parker (2, 5, 6) Gerry Brown (1, 3, 4, 7), drums; "Crusher" Bennett, congas, percussion; Chris Hills, percussion. Two backing horn sections, one featuring Jon Faddis, Lew Soloff, trumpets; George Young, Alex Foster, tenor sax; Dave Taylor, tenor sax, trombone; the other featuring Soloff; Young; Barry Rogers, trombone; Lou Marini, alto sax.

* 1/2

There's a disturbing trend shaping up at Vanguard, the tiny New York label that has almost always treated its offerings with admirable integrity. Actually, it's less a trend than a stab at the recent past. Like many of its more commercial-conscious cousins, Vanguard is attempting to turn such intrepid jazz explorers as Bunky Green and a "house band" called the Players Association (featuring Tom Harrell and Bob Mover, among others) into overnight sensations with superficial flash, cluttering arrangements, and a seeming ignorance of these musicians' real strengths.

Mike Mandel, the gifted pianist and synthesizer delver, is the trend's latest victim. Mandel distinguished himself with Larry Coryell's *Eleventh House*, partly by keeping his ears when those around him were losing theirs; *Sky Music* is distinguished only by its ability to offer a totally two-dimensional snapshot of an allegedly more versatile musician. Not even the fine supporting cast can help (look at the personnel; you know how these guys play). In fact, it would be easy to rate this one higher if Mandel and friends weren't good enough for us to justifiably expect better.

One of the album's better essays is the straightforward arrangement of *Peg* (Steeley

Dan's ballsy blues-with-a-bridge), but it still illustrates the larger drawbacks. Despite a sassy guitar-synthesizer intro and a few sparks sent up by Mandel and Sanborn, the chart is cut from the same stale cloth as Mandel's five originals: the ghost of fusion's energy, trapped in the big band sound that disco re-popularized. Looks like fuzak is right around the corner, folks.

Similarly, tenorist Anderson heats up yet another retreat of Billy Joel's *Just The Way You Are*, but it's nothing you haven't heard before or need to hear again. One of the quirkiest moments comes when *Elephant & Castle* (what does that mean?) shifts into a roadside jam and captures the spirit of the Asbury Jukes. But both you and Mandel are too good for *Sky Music*; if it's sky music you're after, the soundtrack to *Close Encounters* would be a much safer bet. —tesser

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS

SPIRAL, LIVE AT MONTREUX 1978—Arista Novus AN 3007: *D Song; String Song; Voice Song.*
Personnel: Muhal Richard Abrams, piano, piano harp, gongs and Paiste tuned sound set.

Ruthless clarity and a quality of raw unrestrained energy make this solo record a masterpiece. Muhal elicits one of the beauties of solo piano: the open timeless feeling of being in the hands of one individual. He solves one difficulty of solo piano: the need of the musician to move through many levels, that may cause the listener to fall away and wander in response.

D Song is a high energy study in crisp right hand technique, moving in an ultra fast, boppish manner. The method of attack reminds me of Tatum, an endless stream of ideas leading to the eventual bassline. Muhal's arch-like system of improvisation, both left and right hands dealing complicated chromatic bursts, exposes the mid-range of the piano to a wealth of crossing line patterns and block clusters. The result: a tidal wave of ideas progressing along the percussive systems of Bela Bartok and Cecil Taylor.

String Song explores the endless variety of sounds on the interior of the piano. The beating of the palm on bass strings, the sliding of thumb and fingers on the mid and upper range harps and the use of silence with the addition of gongs tuned to different pitches furthers the concept of the piano as a percussive instrument.

Voice Song (23 minutes long) fills the entire second side. The introduction with its Ravel like qualities conveys a kind of restless peace, like a brief pause during a storm. Since this is a live recording one is amazed at the haunting quiet of the audience. There are no cash registers ringing, glasses breaking or detached voices on the side—just an overwhelming silence and the piano. The mood again changes, Muhal building layers upon layers of line and block chord clusters, developing a tight wall of sound which finds release in endless rhythmic harmonic variations.

Muhali is definitely a two-handed piano player; note the concluding six minutes of *Voice Song* and the range of dynamics covered. There is an intense, drum-like throbbing in the left hand, intermixed with broken chords and the razor sharp lines of the right.

In comparison with numerous solo piano records over the past several years, including Oscar Peterson, Paul Bley, Hank Jones, Sun Ra and Bill Evans this is the one—not merely a re-statement of previous forms, but a new push into the future with thought and courage.

—bradley parker-sparrow

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BLINDFOLD TEST



PETE CHRISTLIEB

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The release a few months ago of an album entitled *Apogee*, (Warner Bros.) by Pete Christlieb and Warne Marsh, produced by Steely Dan, had the salutary effect of refocusing attention on two musicians whose talents, mainly as tenor saxophonists, had too long been overlooked.

The son of a still prominent studio musician (Don Christlieb, an authority on double reed instruments), Pete was born in Los Angeles in 1945, studied violin from 1951-57 and tenor sax in high school. After college he graduated into the big band world of Jerry Gray, Si Zentner and Louie Bellson, but from the late 1960s he has been mainly active as a studio musician.

Best known through his appearances as a regular on the *Tonight Show* band, Christlieb has kept up his jazz chops with occasional night club gigs, but the *Apogee* album marked his first major recorded exposure in several years as a dynamic cooker on up tempos and a sensitive interpreter of ballads.

This was his first blindfold test. He was given no information about the records played.

1. ZOOT SIMS-BILL HOLMAN. *Fillings* (from *Hawthorne Nights*, Pablo). Sims, tenor sax; Holman, arranger, conductor.

The album is *Hawthorne Nights* by Zoot Sims ... with Frank Rosolino, Nick Ceroli, Ross Tompkins and Bill Holman's charts. I thought it was a great album; I loved it. I haven't heard anything recently of Bill Holman's, and I didn't know what he was involved in, so it was nice to hear that. He came by when we were making our album, and he liked the things we were doing, too. That's when Warne Marsh and I recorded together—Bill hung out with us; it was wonderful.

An interesting thing is that Zoot Sims was one of my guiding influences when I was 12 or 13 years old, when I decided that I didn't want to play the violin any more, I wanted to play jazz saxophone, man, and improvise, because I liked the feeling of improvising music right on the spot. So one of my first influences was Zoot, with the vitality of his playing and his sound ... it was a record of Gerry Mulligan and Zoot—they were playing together quite a bit in those days.

Do you want a rating on the record? Five.

2. OLIVER NELSON. *Three Seconds* (from *Stolen Moments*, Inner City). Nelson, alto sax, composer; Bobby Bryant, trumpet, flugelhorn; Bobby Bryant Jr., tenor sax, flute.

I think that's Bobby Bryant. He gave me one of my first opportunities to really expand, giving me the vehicle to do it with, a band to play with. And it sounded quite a bit like Oliver Nelson on alto, although I don't know for sure—it could have been one of Oliver's tunes. I understand Bobby Bryant Jr. is playing, too. I've never heard him play.

From the way this was recorded, and the style, it sounded like an album made a few years ago with Oliver Nelson and Bobby Bryant. I liked it; I'd give it four stars. I can't place anybody else as far as personnel on the album, but the style of it ... I never spent a great amount of time listening to Oliver Nelson's things. I worked with him briefly—that was my first experience meeting Billy Byers.

3. ARCHIE SHEPP. *Abstract* (from *For Losers*, Impulse). Shepp, tenor sax.

I've never heard this before. It sounds like an attempt to sound like Lee Morgan's approach to *Sidewinder* and Herbie Hancock's *Watermelon*

Man. It sounds like the character the Duke Ellington band had way back ... sometimes it wasn't in tune, but there was something about it, something haunting.

In this, I didn't hear any outstanding soloists. There was nothing unique about it. I can hear nothing striving to say something profound about anything. If you're going to say something about that style of music, interject something personal, something new—other than just solos and the composition. I'd give it two stars.

4. BEN WEBSTER/COLEMAN HAWKINS. *Budd Johnson* (from *Tenor Giants*, Verve). Johnson, Webster, Hawkins, tenor saxophones; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Jimmy Jones, piano.

That sounds like a Basie all-star lineup record. I thought that I heard Coleman Hawkins in there. And there was one entrance that sounded like Ben Webster, too. It got a little ferocious toward the end, so I'm not sure. The first solo could have been Prez. That was the style I thought of. I think I was right about the Hawk, though.

Lately I've heard records of Flip Phillips and guys like that, and they have similarities, too—and Warne. I'd guess that was probably around 1959 or so. The Basie format, although I don't think that was Basie on piano.

As an instrument of learning, of jazz history, I'd say it was an excellent album. Four stars in that respect. That's all I have to say about it.

LF: Did you recognize the trumpet player? Did you like him?

PC: I've heard him before, but I can't place him. Maybe Cootie Williams.

One of the things about that album: even if it wasn't Prez or the Hawk, you could hear their influences. Some people, when they die, they still live.

5. CHARLES MINGUS. *Better Get Hit In Your Soul* (from *Three Or Four Shades of Blues*, Atlantic). Mingus, bass; Larry Coryell, Philip Catherine, guitars; Ricky Ford, tenor sax.

That was Charlie Mingus; it was one of the last things he did. My first experience with that tune—*Better Get Hit In Your Soul*—was in Woody Herman's band. And the arrangement ... I wonder if it was one of Nat's charts. When I first joined

Woody's band, I had the solo. That's great, because it gives you a lot of freedom; like you're up there preaching a sermon. Although the one thing I'm a bit skeptical about is taking material that you've done ... now, I'm contradicting myself, because that's exactly what I did on the first cut of my album. I did a solo from a tune that I did; only I made a different tune out of it. *Magna-tism* was a solo that I did with Chet Baker when I was 18 years old. I wrote that out and made a tune out of it.

Getting back to this record, with the electric guitar in there, again it's an attempt to cross boundary lines with sounds which may be directed at—this is very blunt, but I have to say it—at sales. Just because of the advent of the guitar in music today. To me, the way it's portrayed there, it's very uptight and loud. I kinda liked some of the other versions of that tune, and I felt that it would have been better left alone and to go on and do something completely new. In the sense of Stravinsky; before he died he was trying to do something new—at over 80 years old.

I'll give it three stars. I don't know who that tenor player was.

6. BILL EVANS TRIO with LEE KONITZ and WARNE MARSH. *Pensativa* (from *Crosscurrents*, Fantasy). Evans, piano; Konitz, alto sax; Marsh, tenor sax; Eddie Gomez, bass; Eliot Zigmund, drums; Clare Fischer, composer.

First of all, I'm a little familiar with the album. I don't remember the title, but the reason I'm familiar with it is because it was the one thing Warne did before we started working together.

Anyway, that's Lee Konitz, Warne Marsh, Bill Evans, and I think Eddie Gomez. I don't know who the drummer was but he certainly wasn't compatible with Bill. Ever since I can remember, Bill always required a certain thing from drummers—"Don't be clattering and banging while I'm trying to play ... do you have brushes?"

The tune is *Pensativa*, written by Clare Fischer, another of my favorite musicians, who is not heard from enough. I feel like we're in the same position, working a lot for other people, and that involvement takes us away from creating our own music.

Warne commented that he could have had a little more space to play. I think of the two styles, Lee and Warne, which are similar in that they're tied together through Tristano, I prefer Warne's, although I'm not knocking Lee. He was one of my first influences, too. When I first started playing, I remember a record that Lee was on. It was a five-saxophone thing with Gerry Mulligan, Lee Konitz, Zoot (I heard Zoot play alto for the first time), Al Cohn and somebody else.

I'd give it four stars. In listening to Bill play, it's always very relaxing, always makes you think. I think it's a fine jazz album. I just wish it had been released a year ago when it was current. It seems to me like jazz is coming out on the scene, like rations through the line in the war.

7. JOHN KLEMMER. *Love* (from *Cry*, ABC).

That's John Klemmer from his solo album. I certainly wouldn't do that myself. If I'd attempt to do that, it would be as Bill Evans did *Conversations With Myself*; that was one hell of an intelligent approach. He did quite a bit of listening back and forth with the tracks, combining them and making sure that they were musically as well as technically compatible. Playing unaccompanied; I think of when we were starting to do some of that with Louie Bellson's band ... getting off into tangents ... you're going some place and you're going alone. I always like to create the feeling of structure around me, so at least it has something to be compared to, some meaning. This not only holds interest but it gives it, I think, a validity.

And this I find very boring. I had to turn it off of the radio, it was just senseless, it was noise. And if it's supposed to be something representative of jazz, I don't think it even comes close. I like John; we've talked, and I think he's a very capable player, I've heard him play well. But I don't understand his reasoning behind this at all. Three stars is being nice. I'll give three because it was an effort, and it was his idea to do it this way.



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PROFILE

AL VIOLA

BY LEE UNDERWOOD

Guitarist Al Viola is not a flaming rock 'n' roller, nor is he a visionary innovator, pushing the boundaries of guitar technique, technology and conception beyond the limits of the known.

We have all heard his music at one time or another, however, perhaps as Frank Sinatra's accompanist in concert, or on such LP gems as *For Only The Lonely*, *Sinatra And Swinging Brass* or *Francis Albert Sinatra/Antonio Carlos Jobim*.

During his nearly 30 years in the studios, Viola has also recorded with June Christy, Julie London, Shelly Manne, Pete Rugolo and Helen Humes.

His film soundtracks include *The Godfather*, *Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf*, *West Side Story*, *Cool Hand Luke* and *Blazing Saddles*.

Al Viola has by no means limited himself exclusively to the supporting role. His most recent recording, *Salutations F.S.* (PBR International, PBR 7), features Al on electric guitar playing Sinatra hits in a trio setting, with bassist Frank De La Rosa and drummer Frank Severino. His immediately preceding LP, *Alone Again* (Legend 1002), showcases Viola unaccompanied on acoustic nylon-string guitar, playing mellow contemporary standards, including *Alone Again (Naturally)*, *Killing Me Softly*, and *If*.

Born in Brooklyn June 16, 1920, Viola began playing stringed instruments at an early age, starting with the mandolin.

"We used to have these big Italian family parties, where everybody got together to eat, drink and sing. I remember I was just a boy, and we were having one of those parties around a big oak table. I'd sit on the table, my feet on the chair, playing Italian songs on the mandolin, my brothers accompanying me on guitars.

"We were playing Italian jazz—a polka—but I was so anxious, I dropped the pick!

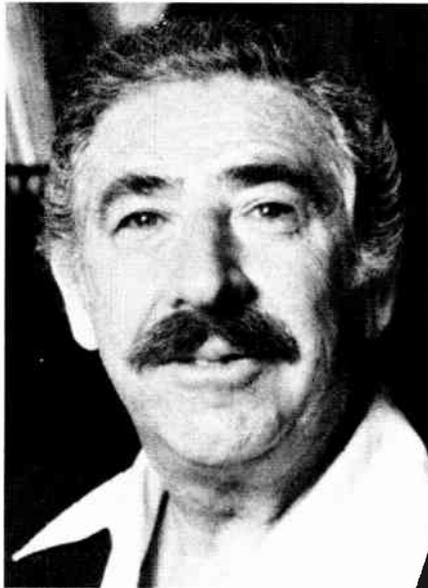
"One of my brothers saw what happened. As a joke, he handed me an apple. Well, I grabbed that apple and started strumming with it! That's when my mother smiled and said, 'Forget it—Al will never stop. Music is in his blood!'"

From 1942 to 1945, Viola played guitar (and bass drum) in the Army's Special Services. He gigged with pianist Jimmy Rowles, arranger Gil Evans, and bassist Joe Mondragon.

After the service, Al played with Page Cavanaugh, and then with the Nat "King" Cole Trio (at which time Sinatra heard him, liked him and hired him for intermittent gigs).

In 1949, Al quit the Cole trio, moved to Los Angeles, entered the studios, and gigged around town with Bobby Troup. Throughout his career, Al has appeared with Sinatra on stage and record.

Viola lists Charlie Christian, Oscar Moore, John Coltrane and Andres Segovia as his major influences.



"To hear these guys in the early '40s, I had to make myself look older to get in the clubs. So I grew a moustache, wore a fedora, and made sure I didn't drink and that I always tipped the waitresses. She'd bring me a Coke, and I'd give her two or three dollars and sit in the corner and listen. That's how I got to hear Christian.

"Christian was the first. His long lyrical lines were comparable to Lester Young's sax lines. When you heard sax lines like that in 1940-41, that was okay. But when you heard them on a guitar, it was inspiring! He was my start. After I heard Charlie Christian, I said, 'Hey—this is how I want to play!'"

"Also at that time, the piano, bass, guitar trio sound was very commercial. Nat Cole didn't need drums, because he had Oscar Moore, who didn't play chunk-chunk-chunk. Oscar had the comping, he had the lines. He fed like a horn. Beautiful. I used to hear him at Kelly's Stables in New York. Taste. With Oscar Moore, that trio had a big band sound.

"I got to listen to John Coltrane in a lot of places on the road. He was as great as a modern Lester Young. He expanded the harmonics, completely changing things melodically. He'd work and rework those melodies and harmonies. I still listen to his records.

"And I love Segovia, so I learned about 18 classical guitar pieces. But to keep them up, I had to play them continually. You can't say, 'I'll play it a few days from now,' and then do it. As soon as you stop playing any of them, you lose them.

"I was called to do a concert in Carmel. The guy said, 'Al, we want you to do some things with a group, and then do some classical things.' I said, 'Wait. You mean classical things? Bach? You'll have to get somebody else for that.' I would have been a phony to play Bach, because unlike Segovia or the Romeros, I don't keep those things up."

One of Al's sustained dreams has been to do a voice/guitar duo album with Sinatra. "It could happen, but it's entirely up to him. I think he should do an album with either just

piano or just guitar. If he does one with just a guitar, naturally I'd like to be the guitarist. We already have some 12 or 15 songs we do together, so it would be easy.

"It's fun to perform that way, but very difficult. At Albert Hall in London not long ago, they brought the lights down low, and we did *Foggy Day*. It was beautiful. And the people know there's no backup for me. They know I don't have 30 strings to come in and save me. We have an intro and an ending—in the middle, it's everybody for himself! That's the challenge, not only for me, but for Frank as well.

"Oh, Frank's pulled some out of the hat, all right. A year or so ago, we played in Garden City, N.J. Up until then, we hadn't done any guitar numbers on the road that trip. Just before the concert, there was no guitar number listed on the program either.

"Then, all of a sudden, the engineer puts a mike in front of me. There were 12,000 people out there. I said, 'What's the extra mike there for?' He said, 'You're gonna do a number with the Boss.'

"Now I had to think, what are the numbers that we do, and which one is he going to do tonight? When it came time, we did *Concentrate On You*, which is not one of those simple ditties the mailman's gonna be whistling, I'll tell you! That's how Frank does it. He assumes you're going to do the job, and we do."

And if Sinatra were to retire again? "I'd go out and form my own group. All of these years have paid off, because I've learned a lot, and I have new sounds in my head. Who says if you're over 50, you're out? It's not the age that counts, it's what's in the mind!" **db**

BECKY FRIEND

BY CHUCK BERG

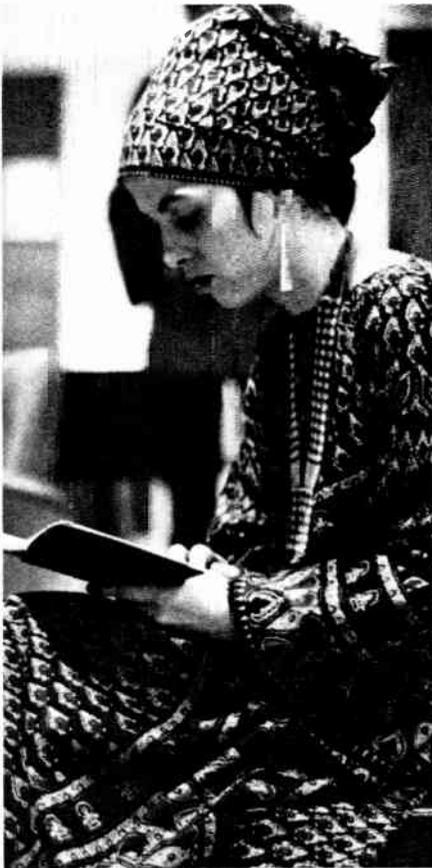
Traditionally, jazz has been an almost exclusively male province. There have been many outstanding singers and pianists, but there have been few women jazz instrumentalists.

Flutist Becky Friend's credits speak eloquently in behalf of her abilities. Some of her recording and performing associates are Leroy Jenkins, Alan Silva, Sunny Murray, Paul Motian, Gil Evans, Karl Berger, Tim Hardin and the Jazz Composers Orchestra led by Carla Bley and Mike Mantler.

Becky's roots are in Detroit where she was born on January 27, 1945. Music was a large part of her family life. Her father played banjo; her mother sang and played guitar. There also were relatives and friends who sang, played and listened to just about everything—Appalachian folk songs, Eastern European folk dances, big bands, blues, even operas.

When Becky was five, she and her brother started performing for civic and church groups; at this point, Becky sang, tap danced and played accordion, guitar and recorder. Performances with family members continued through elementary school. Then, in her first year of junior high, came band, and flute. "When I first picked the flute up, I was able to get a sound on it. Everything seemed just natural, and very easy for me."

Bands, orchestras and solo gigs where she accompanied her vocals on guitar occupied



her junior and senior high school years. Becky also worked for a Detroit talent agency that sent her to convention and country club jobs as a big band singer.

When Becky ventured into Detroit's after hours club scene, her musical world started to expand. The music of Parker, Gillespie, Coltrane, Moody, Dolphy, Lateef and Steig plus the homegrown Motown sounds all had an impact. "It was a great period in Detroit, but I felt from deep inside that I had to find out more, to develop more."

Becky turned to Chicago. Though only 19, she was soon rubbing elbows with Tommy Pounce, Paul Butterfield, Elvin Bishop, Reggie Workman, Horace Silver, Art Blakey and Ror Carter. In some of her own groups, she played with Steve McCall, Scotty Holt and the late George Eskridge. In the midst of the turbulent Chicago scene, she met Joseph Jarman.

"He was already into free improvisation. The first time I heard him play, I really freaked out! Eventually, I got to know Joseph very well. We used to improvise music with non-structured tunes. We just played. Until then, I had never played without chords and all the other structures I had been used to. But something in me was really attracted to it.

"Joseph was composing interval oriented music with a lot of space in it. Although I had been accustomed to playing very 'close' in terms of bop, I began to feel spaces. At one point, I was combining bop, space-feel, and Indian music.

"Chicago was my training ground for things to come. I studied people like Oscar Brown, Jr., and I spent some time delving into musical telepathy experiments on the job. I had begun to un-learn certain regimental approaches to playing. It was a fantastic period for me."

After Chicago, Becky headed west. She

studied airbrush painting, made a documentary film with Tim Hardin and got acquainted with the cool sounds of West Coast jazz. "After a while, I felt displaced. The weather was nice, but I was changing."

Her next port of call was New York, where she met Perry Robinson, Frank and Jay Clayton, Bob Lenox, Guiseppi Logan, Rashied Ali and a host of others. "At the time I was going through a lot of changes. I disappeared for a while. When I returned, it was April, 1965.

"Now I felt I could really get into the scene. I went to the Dom on St. Mark's Place and got to sit in with Tony Scott, Jaki Byard, Jimmy Lovelace and Charlie Haden. I was meeting people that I had only read about, and I felt I had to be part of it.

"I have to call the late '60s a training period. In '67 I met Bill Dixon, who taught me a lot about phrasing and writing in a free style. When I was living on 10th Street, I met Sunny Murray. He heard me playing blues and came up to check it out. He helped explain acoustics to me with charts that had designs.

"I also met Karl Berger when he first came over here. He was very influential. I could relate to what he was doing, and the flute was something that fit into it. Karl was responsible for getting me to Europe. The group included Karl, his wife Ingrid, Marion Brown, Jacques Thureau on drums and myself. Anyway, it was the beginning of a long line of events.

"In New York, I had a chance to play in the Jazz Composers Orchestra Association, the group organized by Carla Bley and Michael Mantler. We did many 'works in progress workshops.' I was playing flute, piccolo and alto flute with JCOA. There were so many great musicians—Dave Burrell, Lee Konitz, Sam Brown, Sue Evans, Dave Holland, Mike Lawrence, Carlos Ward, Roswell Rudd, Tyrone Washington. It was terrific. What a sound! I really learned a lot from that experience.

"In '71, I took off for Europe again to play in the International Contemporary Festival at Rouen, France. This time we had a big band with Robin Kenyatta, Anthony Braxton, Jerome Cooper, Steve Lacy and musicians from Europe and Africa; 30 insane players all coming together. The piece we did was called *Seasons*. It was a real challenge. Everything was done in motifs. Braxton and I did one motif as a duet which was a whole page long.

"When I returned to the United States, I started going to college. I was also doing a lot of writing, and I recorded *Conception Vessel* with Paul Motian. I also had a chance to play with Charlie Haden and Leroy Jenkins.

"One course I took with Yusef Lateef was called Music in World Culture. He's an excellent teacher and helped open me up to ethnomusicology. I also had Lateef for a woodwind class where I got a basic knowledge of the clarinet. I went back to theory, sight-singing, ear training and the basics of music. I also got into a lot of literature and writing courses. It was a turning point in my life, discovering and being only myself.

"During this period, I also wrote a lot of songs which were published by Sweet Music. I continued to stretch out at Queens College getting more studies that widened my range of music and communications. I got into various languages such as Portuguese, Ki-Swahili, French and Spanish. I felt it was necessary to feel from my own voice some of the linguistic expressions which I was hearing on records.

"Until I began feeling my own identity as an

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individual in the music scene, I was unaware of how much of my own style and approach was actually mine. I had learned in the oral tradition way, picking up different things from the people I worked and performed with. So now I was experiencing the birth of recognizing and being myself, and being a woman.

"I began to think about other women in my field—Ingrid Berger, Jeanne Lee, Carla Bley and others—in a totally different light. I began to see the need for men and women to play music together.

"In summer of '78, I was a participant in the four-day salute to Women in Jazz sponsored by the Universal Jazz Coalition under Cobi Narita. For the first time in my life, I saw about 70 women artists together in the same place. I performed with Jay Clayton's group. It was a tremendous experience.

"In my earliest years, the only women I ever heard about were singers—always a singer or piano player. But even with the great singers, most men didn't take them that seriously.

"In my own case, I felt a little out of place in certain circumstances because I just never saw many women horn players. However, I think this is changing. I *know* it is, especially after what I saw last summer.

"Really, I feel lucky that I've been able to work with so many supportive men. On his *For Players Only*, Leroy Jenkins featured Diedre Murray on cello, Sharon Freeman on french horn and myself on flute and piccolo. Leroy and Alan Silva have always encouraged women to do something with their music.

"I'm also grateful that Karl and Ingrid Berger have provided me a platform to expand my musical ideas. In the past few years, I have worked at the Creative Music Studio as a guiding artist. In the workshops, I have been able to develop ideas from all my past experiences.

"One course I call Human to Nature Communications. I take students through the spectrum of nature showing them how to communicate with birds, how to make compositions from that, and how to visualize music. There have never been limitations placed on me at the Studio. There's a warm human feeling there that doesn't depend on gender.

"Currently, I am centered in Passaic, New Jersey, where I'm the Musical Director of the Passaic Arts and Community Theatre. I'm creating music workshops for young adults, teaching and trying to prepare people for the future by imparting to them everything I know.

"I want to be able to work in music every day—practice, compose and perform for others. I also want to record. One strange advantage/disadvantage for me is that I sing as well as I play. Most producers seem to want one or the other. I hope, though, that I'll meet a producer who will help me put together a musical anthology, my own personal history in music which could include singing, poetry and instrumental works.

"Along with music, I'm also happy that I've found a good philosophy of life called True Buddhism. Everyone needs to put their artistic life in tune with their personal and spiritual life. Through this philosophy, I've discovered so much about myself and others so that I now realize that music is my mission to society, something that I have to share with the world.

"I feel very dedicated to this goal in spite of the hardships of the musician's life. Since the arts have been one of the few means of bringing peace to the world, I am very determined

to pursue these lines regardless of whether I become known or not.

"Everything comes in breakthroughs of some kind of another. This article is a breakthrough for me because in America, this will be the first time I have ever received any attention in print."

It seems likely we will hear more from Becky Friend. There are several recording sessions in the works, and her autobiography, *Never Let Your Deal Go Down*, will chronicle the musical and personal events of her rich and varied career. **db**

CAUGHT!

THE JEFF LORBER FUSION

JONATHAN SWIFT'S
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Personnel: Lorber, keyboards; Dennis Springer, tenor and soprano saxophones; Danny Wilson, electric bass; Dennis Bradford, drums.

Jeff Lorber is a young keyboardist/composer raised in Philadelphia and presently residing in Portland, Oregon. He received his formal music education in Boston, first as a Berklee student and later in private instruction there, with some of the finest teachers of jazz studies, among them the late, legendary Madame Chaloff. In his first return as a featured performer to the place where he learned his art, Lorber shared the bill with another of his famous former teachers in Boston, pianist Ran Blake.

By the time the Lorber Fusion arrived in this Harvard Square club they were nearing the end of a cross-country tour to further promote the successful *Soft Space* (the largest selling record in the history of the Inner City label) and to preview material for an as-yet-unrecorded album.

As the name suggests, the group plays amplified contemporary jazz with "rock" elements. Lorber goes for rich Latin and funk contexts for his sophisticated harmonies and soulful melodies. As noted in **down beat's** recent four star review of *Soft Space*, early Return to Forever is a big influence. I thought I also heard some uncanny similarities to the work of Barry Miles, but Lorber says he is not particularly familiar with the music of his counterpart in New Jersey.

The band played well with an enthusiasm reciprocated by a full house. Whereas *Soft Space* was recorded with a percussionist, guitarist and assistance from Chick Corea and Joe Farrell on two tunes each, the Lorber Fusion concertizes as a core quartet, and they get a full fusion sound with more simple intensity than one hears on the record.

Lorber's Yamaha electronic piano had a timbre close to that of an amplified acoustic. He used a Prophet 5 synthesizer to generate single-note lines with the expected tonal characteristics and also less common phase-shifted clusters of support color. He comped spaciouly and played intricate solos with convincing energy.

On soprano, Dennis Springer played the long, arabesque lines which work so well on that instrument. This sound was especially memorable on Lorber's lovely *Katherine*. Springer's angu-

lar, soulful approach to the tenor was a nice contrast, and the bigger horn sounded particularly broad and aggressive on *Lavalands*, a new piece inspired by the Pacific Northwest.

Danny Wilson played electric bass with appropriately piercing amplification. At one point he took a marvelous thumb-slapped, finger-plucked solo which met with general whooping and applause.

Aside from Lorber himself, drummer Dennis Bradford is the only player on *Soft Space* to appear with the touring band. He is a polished, hard-hitting drummer whose funk abilities are impressive. Centering on a tight snare/hi-hat combination he laid down warm, human grooves that pulsed steadily through a shifting array of percussive textures. His drumming was the first thing I locked onto as the band jumped into their opening piece, *Watersign*, an up, funky tune that will probably be the title track of the album Lorber plans to record with these players as soon as they get home. —*ralph lombreglia*

JAZZ FEST '79

CALCUTTA

After their successful Jazz Yatra held last year in Bombay, Jazz India presented their second jazz festival, January 12 to 15, in Calcutta. Though not as ambitiously programmed as last year's (which included groups from almost every European country as well as appearances by Sonny Rollins, Clark Terry and the late Don Ellis) the Calcutta event was said to be equally successful. Each of the four programs played to a capacity audience (2000 plus) and plans are now advanced for a third festival, in Bombay, in February of 1980.

Western groups were present from Poland, West Germany and Britain (all courtesy of their respective governments) and each group's program showed a different aspect of the contemporary jazz scene. The Polish tenor player Jan Wroblewski appeared with his quartet playing a mixture of originals and standards with a hard bop feeling. These were interspersed with Tony Bennett-like vocals from his drummer Andrzej Dabrowski. Though well received, the group's music seemed to many musicians in the audience to be lacking in excitement.

There was plenty of surface excitement in the presentation by the West German jazz rock group Embryo, led by drummer-vibist Christian Burchard, but little of musical value happened. They preceded their set with a workshop involving local Indian jazz musicians. Very sadly, all that came over, with one noticeable exception, was another look at the West Germans rather than a first look at the Indians. The exception was a very fine piano solo by local Calcutta musician Louis Banks on his own composition, *Song For My Lady*, but this was soon spoiled by the crashing insensitivity of Burchard's vibes playing.

My own group, a 12 piece band of British musicians, presented a program of my own works which blend improvisation and composition. We were encouragingly received but it was interesting that there was some reluctance in the local critics, because of their either-or backgrounds involving written Western music and improvised Indian music, to believe that what we were doing had in fact a very large element of improvisation. Because of the presence of manuscript paper they seemed convinced that every note had been written down!

For us Western musicians it was disappointing

not to hear more from Indian classical musicians at the festival—workshops and concerts with them were apparently a highlight of last year's Bombay scene. This year, planning difficulties and the assumed reluctance of Indian jazz audiences to sit through concerts of their own classical music were rationales for the absence.

This was highlighted when I was asked by the organizers to allow the Karnataka College of Percussion, the only such group in the festival, to play in the interval of my program. They had arrived too late, after a two and a half day train journey (!) to make their scheduled opening spot. If we left them for the end, I was told, the audience would just go home when we finished. I complied, and though many of the audience did get up and wander, those who stayed were treated to an incredible display of percussion and voice virtuosity. They are set to appear at the Newport Jazz Festival this summer and should definitely be heard.

The reception for jazz in India is astounding. Each of the groups involved in the festival went on to other cities, and in my own experience, in Bombay and Delhi, were equally well received. We always played to capacity crowds, were feted as something special (a far cry from our experiences in England) and were constantly surrounded by young Indians wanting to learn how to improve their jazz playing. Hopefully they will be encouraged in their aims and there are certainly signs, in players like Louis Banks, of fine talent being over there already.

—*graham collier*

THE WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET

PUBLIC THEATRE
NEW YORK CITY

Personnel: Julius Hemphill, soprano, alto, and tenor saxophones; Oliver Lake, soprano and alto saxophones, flute; David Murray, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; Hamiet Bluiett, baritone saxophone, clarinet.

Since starting its jazz series last year, Joseph Papp's Public Theatre has presented many exciting evenings of contemporary music. Two of the most memorable concerts were rare New York appearances by the World Saxophone Quartet.

Formed in 1976, the Quartet brings together four gifted musicians—Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, David Murray and Hamiet Bluiett—who individually stress different, yet compatible musical concepts. Together, they combine their musical talents into an imaginative, holistic conception that pervades the various solo, duo, trio and ensemble improvisations as well as thematic statements. Even their wild, cacophonous passages with four equal but different voices formed coherent musical patterns.

Despite the absence of a bass and percussion instruments, the ensemble successfully projects a strong rhythmic thrust, no matter how abstract the music becomes. A recognizable pulse is usually felt, whether directly stated or only implied. The Quartet's use of accents, inflections and other articulations lends a sharp rhythmic profile and momentum to both individual notes and the music as a whole. In one composition, for example, a four part, unison, bebop-flavored line was imbued with such vitality and passion that inclusion of any rhythm section instruments

would have been superfluous.

In addition to its fine rhythmic sensibilities, the Quartet's music embraces a wide range of textures and sounds. The four musicians play a multitude of saxophones, flutes, and clarinets, the resulting combinations providing many exciting solo and ensemble colors. The group also uses the jazz tradition as well as many unfamiliar, and often surprising sounds. Bebop and swing elements coexist with more exotic timbres. In one of his solos, Bluiett played a timeless blues. And on several occasions, the Quartet employed an infectious riff, giving them the sound and aura of a big band saxophone section.

While the Quartet's use of traditional sounds is effective, so is its employment of less familiar material. Overblowing, growls, multiphonics and microtones are an integral part of the musical fabric, rather than solely being used as cli-

maxes. Murray, for example, played an extremely energetic, unaccompanied solo—incorporating a bagpipe sounding drone, harmonics and squawks—before returning to more conventional sounds.

The World Saxophone Quartet's performance was a provocative experience for both listeners and musicians alike. Hemphill, Lake, Murray and Bluiett have fashioned a stimulating musical environment that channels their respective individual talents into new areas of ensemble musical exploration. Their efforts have already produced a body of work that makes the group one of the most creative forces of our time.

—*clifford jay safane*

A feature on the World Saxophone Quartet by Stanley Crouch is scheduled for our May 3 issue.

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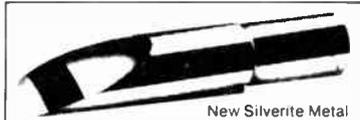
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GREEN

continued from page 20

good to experiment with the fresh, the new, the unknown."

Although Al Green's last two albums, *The Belle Album* and *Truth N' Time*, have been (for him, moderately) commercially successful, they also carry an underlying message. These are not gospel records, but many of the lyrics are designed to preach Christian doctrine.

"The album is gospel," Green asserts. "If you listen to *Happy Days* and ask yourself why? It says, 'I've found myself a brand new friend.' It says, 'I've found a new way of living/I've found a new way of giving.' And what is that? Well, just keep looking up.

"*Wait Here* is actually taken out of the Book of Job. When Job was sick and so on and so forth, he said, 'I believe I'll wait until my change comes.' Well, what does *Wait Here* say? 'I believe I'll wait here 'til my change comes.' But if you didn't know that, it would slip right by you. The lines are taken from the concept: 'All things in time.'"

Al Green seems supremely confident; unquestionably, he has been extremely successful and is unusually talented. On the nationally broadcast public television show *Soundstage*, Green was filmed both in interview and performance in Chicago. The audiences for these performances, typical of television studio crowds, are generally distant and restrained. Even blues superstars Bobby Bland and B.B. King received only polite applause in their *Soundstage* appearances.

By the end of Green's filming, the crowd was dancing in the aisles, clapping and swaying in rhythm to his infectious beat. When he approached the edge of the stage, they clamored to touch him while he threw scarves out to the audience a la Elvis Presley. How does Green feel about performing?

"I'd be so scared before I'd go out on stage to do a concert. I've never talked about this before with people, I don't know, these things—I just don't talk about them. But I'd be so scared. I'm talking about my flesh trembled, right?"

"I'd say my prayers before every show, standing there backstage behind the curtain." Green mimics an emcee's voice: "*Now, ladies and gentlemen...*"

"Well, I'm praying because I'm scared. And I want to do a good job. And some people assume, 'Well, Al Green, he's gonna do a good job. He's been doing this for ten, 12 years.' But I have the possibility of failing as well as succeeding. So I always pray for the success of things. I'd be so scared before going on the stage I'd actually be trembling—until I'd sing the first song and then I'd be okay."

Green has taken prayer much further in the last two years. When talking about his metamorphosis from soul superstar to religious leader he always speaks of himself in the third person.

Asked to explain the shift in lifestyle, Green responds, "It's called the new Al Green. You had the first Al Green and that Al Green lived from point one to point 30. The first Al Green wants to grow and come up to a point where he attains success and the exposure and the records and the great opera houses and so on. He does that. The gold records are in the office on the wall.

"But the Al Green on the inside—not the one that you see on the outside—wants something else. I've already done the theaters, the opera houses. The new Al Green is first of all quickened, converted, which means to be turned

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around—about face, if you will. He's converted and what has he converted? He's converted his ways. To be anything new, you have to be something different."

Putting away his guitar and speaking deliberately, Reverend Green continues. "There are things done by the old Al Green that the new Al Green most certainly cannot do or hesitated to do. You can't spoil the new Al Green. You got to give him a chance to grow. Give him a chance to wean himself from the bottle. He's just got here. He's fresh; he's brand new. He don't know anything. Really, he's just a kid.

"The new Al Green is a different Al Green. The new Al Green is a free expression Al Green, the believer. Al Green, the guy that wants to go by Mama and Daddy's rules, not by what I had thought of previously to go by—do my own thing, play with women and Cadillac cars. No. The new Al Green says it's not what you have. It's what's in your head. It's not in material things; we must build our hopes on things that's gonna last a little longer."

Al Green is part of a tiny group of religious leaders who have international name recognition. Popular recording stars often lend their names and talents to worthy causes but few devote their position of power totally towards a specific, personal, humanitarian purpose.

"My ministry has been given to me to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. Music speaks louder than words. I can reach many more people by singing what I want to say than talking. So I just sing what I want to say.

"The idea is to reach as many people as possible. Just gobble up nations and nations of people. We all have a responsibility to reach as many people as we possibly can. And then when you reach those people, don't shove anything down their throats. Just say, 'Here it is. Listen to it for yourself.' Let every man be persuaded by his own opinion."

Al Green is smug about his business abilities. "They say that I'm one of the best businessmen in the world," he boasts. "I think that has to do with the last contract that I negotiated while my lawyer was out of town. I think it's a good contract. I think it's a fair contract. I think it was overwhelmingly successful in reference to us, what we have to do, what was asked of us. And I think the price was fair."

But confident as he may be in his business abilities, the fact remains that his last platinum record was *Al Green Is Love*, in 1975. The promotional people associated with Green are not forthcoming with explanations for the drastic drop in record sales. Although the self-produced *The Belle Album* was the subject of many rave reviews, the buying public did not share those critics' views. Turning the precious metal trick was formerly easy for Al Green; between 1972 and 1975 he had seven gold albums, four of which went platinum through Green's alchemy. But at press time, *Truth N' Time* was mired at number 57 in *Billboard's* Soul chart.

Maybe his hair products are doing well, but Green's music is taking a commercial beating. One might yield to the temptation to say that only the hairdresser knows for sure, but if that's the case here, the hairdresser isn't talking. Perhaps it's a combination of poor distribution and lack of promotion, or maybe the singer has just traded his pop audience for a congregation.

The old Al Green reached a phenomenal peak during those four years, '72-'75. But anyone associated with the new Al Green must agree that the Reverend has a new mountain in front of him. **db**

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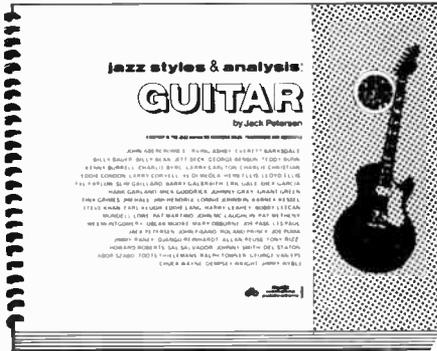
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HOW TO

MAKE VOICINGS SPEAK CLEARLY PART II

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

In its discussion of how the overtone series affects voicings, Part I of this article (db, Mar. 22) pointed out that strong overtones from a bass note sometimes clash against actual chord-notes sounding above the bass, a clash most evident in chord-inversions, a clash which enlivens the total sound. Because of the physical properties of instruments, though, overtone structures weaken as their fundamental generating-tones ascend. An inversion whose lowest note lies above the bass pitch area therefore exhibits comparatively weak clash and comparatively weak urgency for change.

The pitch-recognition range of the ear extends slightly beyond the piano-keyboard range (27.5 to 4186 cps). Frequencies below the piano bottom A sound increasingly like rumbles: those above the piano top C sound increasingly like hisses. As frequencies move outward from the piano middle register to its extreme ends, they gradually lose pitch definition, and consequently their effectiveness as harmonic components:

As a result of their estrangement from the harmonic process, extreme highs and lows often can color an existing voicing without disturbing its harmonic function:

Between the pitch extremes lie overlapping pitch-areas, each of which exhibits its own general characteristics. Ears vary, of course, and verbal descriptions can only approximate exact tonal qualities, but here's how this author hears pitch-area characteristics:

Voicings which lie entirely within any one pitch-area emphasize its characteristics:

Voicings which include more than one pitch-area exhibit more than one set of characteristics:

Voicings which spread over several pitch-areas and contain only one note in each lose cohesiveness.

But such wide voicings gain solidity when octave doublings fill the midrange area:

And the tonal effect becomes almost overpowering when all the areas, including the extremes, are filled:

Different pitch-areas adapt to different musical uses. Because, for example, notes within the middle C pitch-area readily blend with one another and with notes in directly adjacent areas, it handles basic harmony most effectively. And again because of its superior blending attributes, the middle area makes melody less distinct than do its adjacent areas. The following indicates some advantageous uses of the various pitch-areas:

The individual characteristics of instruments sometimes modify the general characteristics of a pitch-area. Since their overtone series are relatively skimpy, for instance, contra-bass clarinet tones seem less heavy than do comparable notes on an acoustic bass or on a concert grand piano. And the inherent richness of the cello A string overcomes the bland quality of the middle C pitch area. As a matter of fact, the upper registers of bass-area instruments normally over-ride that characteristic calm of the middle area—they project; they sound potent; their presence seems unmaskable: they carry the broadness and richness of the lower areas with them as they ascend. Where three flutes might sound sweet and serene in the upper part of the treble clef, three cellos can pack intensity and energy into those same notes.

The concluding Part III of this article (db, Apr. 19) will cover component doubling and deleting, intervallic structure, and non-harmonic tone location.

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tracts for members of the Mob as solo acts or groups as the major labels bid for their piece of the funk. Thus there are five female singers playing various characters and popping in and out of a Parliament-Funkadelic show. Two of them open the evening as the Brides of Funkenstein while the other three (who back them) are billed as the Bridesmaids. The Brides record for Atlantic, while the Bridesmaids have become Parlet when recording for Casablanca. To manage his funky conglomerate Clinton employs Leber and Krebs, the people who handle Aerosmith, Ted Nugent and Beatlemania . . . all biggies. Yes, the Dr. and his family are a big reality in the record business.

The Dr. has it in his head to be even bigger. Parliament-Funkadelic returned stateside in December from three months in France, Holland and Germany, and now the Dr. talks about the possibility of "one planet under a groove." Moreover, Clinton claims, "We are negotiating higher—I mean *higher*—than anything that's ever been done, black or white. We are negotiating from the point of view that we are the biggest thang ever happened. But we know we have to do it five times bigger than anybody, just to be equal."

Clinton is aiming for a distribution deal for his own label, Uncle Jam Records. He would like to take over United Sounds Studio, the original home of Motown, since he lives in Detroit and prizes the quality of the bottom tones that studio is known for producing. He plans to add a second recording facility in Miami close to the deep sea fishing scene, his main hobby. The distribution deal also involves animated cartoons and movies. *Motor Booty Affair*, in fact, is supposed to be the soundtrack for a movie which would be one of the first projects covered by the agreement.

Does the Dr. worry about the inherent personal vulnerabilities that come with that kind of power? Will he become a target? "Not really," he grins, "because again, it ain't me, you know, it's the funk, and I am careful not to let it get into *that* rhythm. It only self-destructs you when it's personality . . . dominant personality. Right now it's all flattery and amazement and shit. But that'll wear off and it'll just be the funk. I ain't gon' provoke it, it's what I am saying. And that's not a dangerous position. It's a good position to be in as long as you don't do it really out of rhythm and you can back up what you say with some good funk."

"It's the same concept that Muhammad Ali used, 'I am the baddest mafunkah around.' You know what I am saying? When you knock out enough people you can even get knocked out yourself and people still say, 'Cool.' But you got to know when to back off, when you did a thing enough, 'cause the novelty wear offa anythang."

Clinton is way ahead of the game when it comes to keepin' the novelty from wearing offa his thang. Many of the major groups in pop music augment their performances with fantastic special effects and props. Players appear and disappear in large clouds of pastel colored smoke, or play their axes suspended in air. The Dr. takes multi-media dramatization to its logical conclusion, creating his own funky operettas. Every Parliament-Funkadelic recording is programmatic in concept. His themes include: *Standing On The Verge Of Gettin It On*, *Maggot Brain*, *America Eats Its Young*, *Funkentelecky vs. The Placebo Syndrome*, *Chocolate City*, *The Mothership Connec-*

tion, *The Clones Of Dr. Funkenstein*, *Hard Core Jollies*, *One Nation Under A Groove*, and now, the *Motor Booty Affair*. On stage the First Family perform these themes with the aide of rather graphic scatological and sexual imagery, special effects, costumes and scenarios.

The Motor Booty Affair takes the funk underwater. "It's basically the same themes that we have been doing for a while," he explained. "Two meanings. One is that Sir Nose and Dr. Funkenstein is rivaling. And the other is Psychoalphanadiscobetabioquadloop, which is a rhythm that is compatible to dancing in the streets and not getting funky up. It's the same rhythm you can have under water and not get wet. That's about how deep you have to be in this world and not really get funky up."

"I go fishing all the time. I go down to the Bermuda Triangle . . . Bimini. So I been planning to do this one for a long time. Music from the deep, underwater boogie." The Dr. becomes Mr. Wiggles the worm, "slidin' through the molecules of wetness like an eel through seaweed." The Brides become Wiggles' ladies, Giggle and Squirm. One Bridesmaid becomes Octave Pussy. Another becomes Rita Mermaid, and so on.

On stage, Clinton leaves most of the singing to the five ladies, Gary Shider and the Funkateer of longest tenure, basso-profunkdo Ray Davis. Clinton's funktion is to run down the rap, the rhythm, the onomatopoeia. The Dr. cuttin' loose with the funk is poetic licentiousness on the bizarre side, and that aspect of his "rhythm and business" has caused consternation in some quarters of the black community. The Rev. Jesse Jackson, whose organization, People United to Save Humanity (PUSH) has launched a national self-improvement campaign, "Push For Excellence," among inner city youth, has raised questions about the impact of Clinton's lyrics on the impressionable, youthful segment of the audience. But the Dr. sees himself as a deprogrammer in a culture that is telling its youth, particularly black youth of the urban underclass, that they can't handle themselves, that they are dysfunctional, and that the system is their solution. Rather than exploiting sex, Clinton defetishizes, satirizing an already demeaned subject. He views his slogans (e.g., "Get off your ass and jam") as exhorting youth, in language they can clearly understand, to burn down the ghettos in their minds. Thus each production portrays blacks in an alternative reality—dealing in space, underwater, or whatever. Apparently the impetus to project alternative realities is an imperative in black culture. The analogies to be found in Sun Ra and the Nation of Islam are too uncanny to be coincidental.

"The language," Clinton says, "helps deprogram you, too—and it's marketable. It's really the rhythm. Actually, the only communication that can penetrate the semantics and the structure, the straightjacket of what's happening with the logic and language of today, is to do it the way we do it, which is the same language but with our own rhythm and a few words Xed out because certain words have emotional value. This other shit is cold and calculated and no emotion. So when you say 'shit' . . . no matter if you sayin' it to be funny, it penetrates."

It's the same attitude toward language that permits "nigger," which has its own odious history, to be a term of endearment when uttered by the proper party with the proper rhythm. The sense of double entendre which

Disraeli Gears and anything by Jimi Hendrix. And he was passing out tabs of acid.

The psychedelic influence is revealed by P-Funk's guitarists, from Eddie Hazel to the late Glen Goins to Shider and current soloist Michael Hampton. Usually working with fretting and picking hands only inches apart, Hampton resurrects acid rock's tired stylings with smoldering, bluesy jams on *Maggot Brain* and *Cosmic Slop*.

P-Funk is a true fusion band, merging black genres with each other and adding rock's guitar prominence and one-beat power. As one Funkadelic song asks in its title, "Who says a funk band can't play rock'n' roll?"

Nobody who has seen P-Funk's Saturday night cartoon.
—sam freedman

pervades Clinton's lyrics, like the various vocalisms with which they are delivered, are as old as the blues.

"So," Clinton reasons, "I try to give them something interesting, give them what they want. I just don't be up there, talkin' about, 'I'm into my music . . . I'm for peace and happiness and there is a message in my music and I hope the brothers and sisters . . .'" That one has a patent on it and people don't even hear it. But when you say 'Promentalshitbackwash-psychois Enema Squad (The Doodoo Chasers) comin' to tidy the bowl of your brain, giving you music to get your shit together by,' muthafunkahs have to say what the funk?—and just that *what* is cool. That's enough, 'cause then they have got to think about it. It's not telling you what to think. All we do is say, 'think.' We don't preach and we don't guru, other than, 'Hang loose for the night.' It's that basic motherwit shit. It's a party tonight and if they don't get nothin' else out of it but the party, that's cool. And the rest of it they talk about until they get something else out of it. It's multi-sided."

George Clinton puts his money where his motor mouth is. Dig: "When you think about it, it's another thing when groups come in the community and take out all the money and keep moving. And just to make sure we ain't gettin' absorbed into the *they*, we dedicate from now on, throughout the rest of our career, 25¢ on every ticket we sell to the United Negro College Fund. All our groups gonna do it and gonna challenge all the other groups to do it. Those people are the ones that buy our records and come to our concerts and *they* trying to phase out black colleges anyway—too much vibes and rhythm in it. We think we *should*, because the only people that's gonna be able to do anything about what is happening is the young people. And the *thang* for them to do is think. We can't tell them what to do. We don't know no answers. But giving them a chance to think is one thang that we can do."

"It's all relative, you know, 'cause I have found so much about the funk that I had no idea of. It's got such heavy meaning. In a German dictionary it's got the rhythm of life from the heartbeat, of amoebas coming out of the water. So that's a deep definition of the shit of the funk. 'Cause I had it as a good excuse after I did the best I could do. The next best thing to saying funk it. Now I done the best I could do and I ain't jumpin'. And to me that's a rhythm and I guess that's the rhythm of life. Cause if you got a funk, a good one, you ain't gon' commit suicide."

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Edison Theatre: Thomas Hamilton, electronic music (3/17 & 18); call 889-5574.

Mississippi Nights: National and local acts; call 421-3853.

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Cleveland State University: Bobby Hutcherson Quartet, presented by the Northeast Ohio Jazz Society (4/12, 8 pm, University Center Auditorium).

The Theatrical: High Energy (3/5-31); Duke Jenkins Trio (4/2-14); Glen Covington Trio (4/16-28).

Togo Suite: Local jazz acts (Tue.).

N.E. Ohio Jazz Society: For information and membership call 429-1513 between 11 am and 8 pm daily.

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LOS ANGELES

Concerts By The Sea (Redondo Beach): Mongo Santamaria (3/20-25); Dexter Gordon (3/27-4/1); Teddy Wilson (4/3-8); Woody Shaw (4/10-15); Cal Tjader (4/17-22); call 379-4998.

Jimmy Smith's Supper Club: Jimmy Smith (Thurs.-Sun.); 760-1444.

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Pharoah Sanders, Harold Land, Mose Allison and others being booked; call 372-6911.

Baked Potato (Hollywood): Don Randi (Wed.-Sat.); Larry Carlton and Greg Mathieson (Sun.); Pacific Ocean (Mon.); Karizma (Tue.); 980-1615.

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Onaje's Tea Room (1414 S. Redondo Blvd.): New music regularly; call 937-9625 or 876-2551.

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Rick's Cafe Americain: Sylvia Syms Quartet (thru 3/31); Charlie Byrd Trio (3/3-14); George Shearing Duo (4/24-5/19); 943-9200.

Wise Fools Pub: Judy Roberts Band (3/21-24 & 28-31); Lonnie Brooks Blues Band (4/4-7); Mighty Joe Young (4/11-14); Koko Taylor and her Blues Machine (4/18 & 19); Roger Pemberton Big Band (Mon.); 929-1510.

Orphans: Joe Daley Quorum (Mon.); Ears (Tue.); 929-2677.

Bulls: Rokko & the Hat Band (3/23 & 24); Stephen Geering's Latest Scheme (3/25); Julienne Marshall Quartet (3/26); Charlene Brooks (3/27); Sensitive and Mellow feat. Sam Gibson (Wed.); Ghalib Ghallab Quintet (Wed. & Thurs.); 337-6204.

Park West: Judy Collins (3/29).

Chicago Blues Line: (312) 743-5505.

Jazz Institute Hotline: (312) 666-1881.

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Sands: Tony Bennett (3/14-27); Carson Smith/Sonny King/Bob Sims Trio (lounge); call 735-9111.

Sahara Tahoe: Eddie Rabbitt (3/30-4/1); George Benson (4/20-22); call (702) 588-6211.

Tropicana: Chris Fio Rito Group (lounge); call 736-2022.

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Improvisation: Budd Friedman (Mon.); call for jazz 737-0805.

Larry's Fireside Inn: Hoyt Henry/jams; call 647-1666.

Dunes: Bob Anderson (lounge); call 734-4110.

KDWN (720 AM): Jim Flint show (6 pm).

KCEP (88.1 FM): Jazz Caviar (6-10 am).

Las Vegas Jazz Society: Call 734-8556.

DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard Lounge: Earl "Fatha" Hines Quintet (3/27-4/1); Bobby Hutcherson Quartet (4/13-15); name jazz groups; call 864-1200.

Cobb's Corner: Lyman Woodard (Thurs.-Sat., tent.); Griot Galaxy (Mon., tent.); Prismatic Band (Tue., tent.); Marcus Belgrave (Wed., tent.); call 832-7223.

Music Hall: Sarah Vaughan and Count Basie Orchestra (4/3-8); Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra (4/15, tent.); call 963-6943.

Orchestra Hall/Paradise Theatre: Jazz Composers at the Paradise with Lyman Woodard, Ron English and Leonard King (3/30); call 871-3644.

db's Club (Hyatt Regency, Dearborn): Temptations (4/9-14); Oscar Peterson/Joe Pass (4/16-21); call 593-1234.

Delta Lady (Ferndale): Dan Turner (3/30-31); Prismatic Band (4/6-7); Fabulous Buzztones (4/13-14); jam session with Harold McKinney, Wendell Harrison (Sun.); talent night (Mon.); call 545-5483.

Punch & Judy (Grosse Pointe): Taj Mahal (3/21-22); John Abercrombie Quartet with Richie Beirach (3/25); Luther Allison (3/26); The Great Guitars: Herb Ellis, Barney Kessel, Charlie Byrd (3/30); Old and New Dreams with Don Cherry, Charlie Haden (4/5); David Grisman Quartet (4/6); Terry Callier (4/7-8, tent.); James Montgomery Blues Band (4/18); call 343-0484.

Eclipse Jazz (University of Michigan, Ann Arbor): Oregon (3/24); The Crusaders (4/14); other concerts pending; call 763-1107.

The Blind Pig (Ann Arbor): Jimmy Johnson Band (3/23-24); Dave MacKenzie (3/30-31); Rebirth with Wendell Harrison (4/6-7); Steve Nardella Band (4/13-14); Boogie Woogie Red (Mon.); call 994-4780.

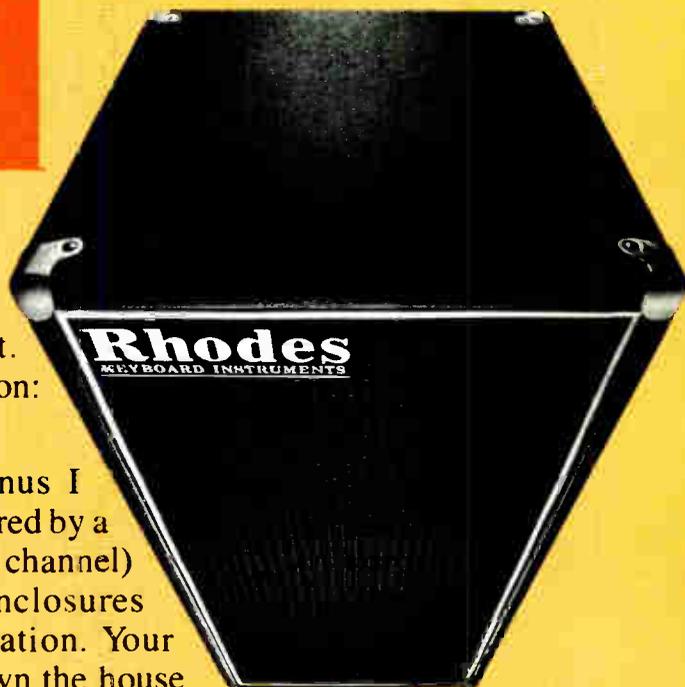
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