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down beat®

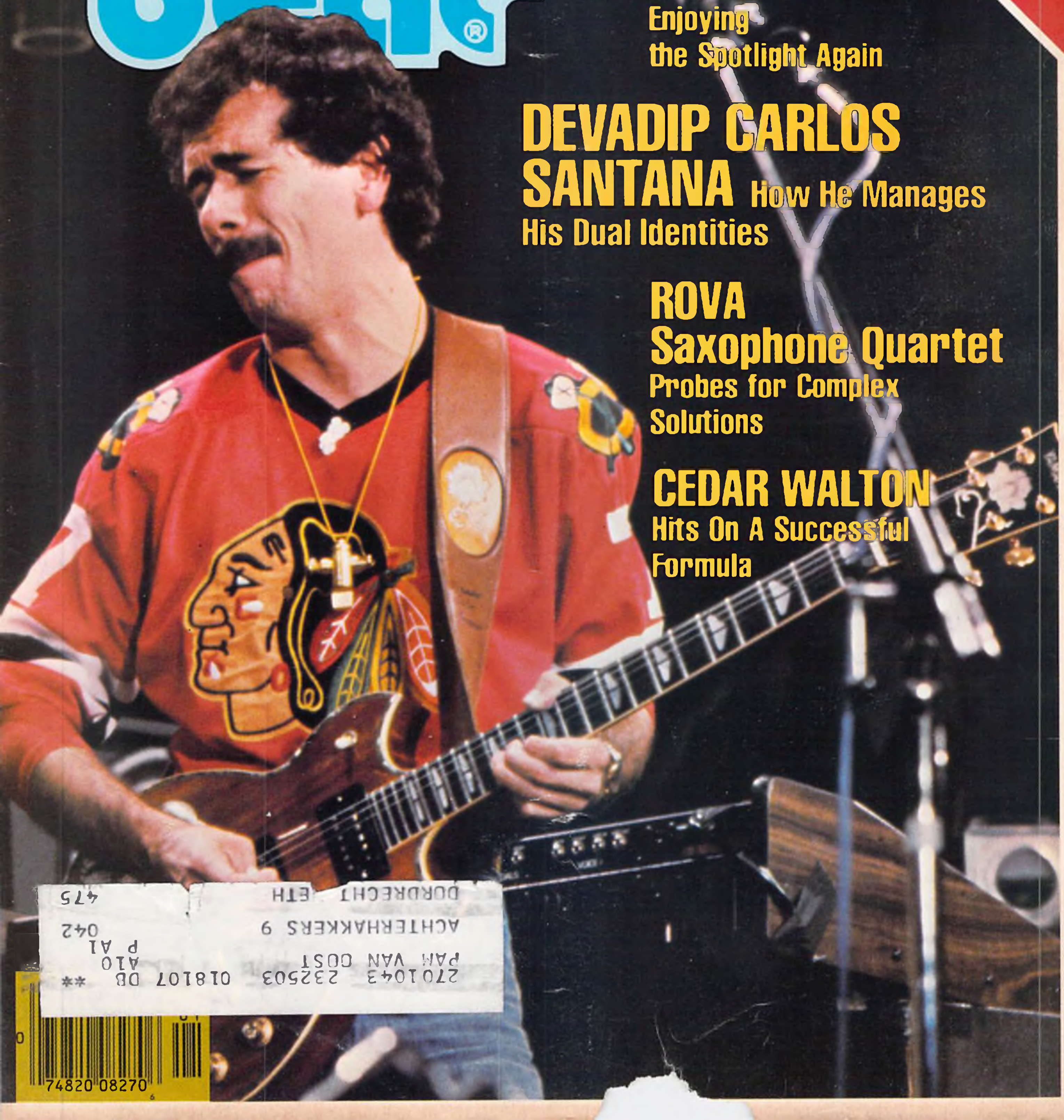
THE COURT MARTIAL OF LESTER YOUNG
EXCLUSIVE REPORT!

JAY McSHANN
Enjoying the Spotlight Again

DEVADIP CARLOS SANTANA
How He Manages His Dual Identities

ROVA Saxophone Quartet
Probes for Complex Solutions

CEDAR WALTON
Hits On A Successful Formula



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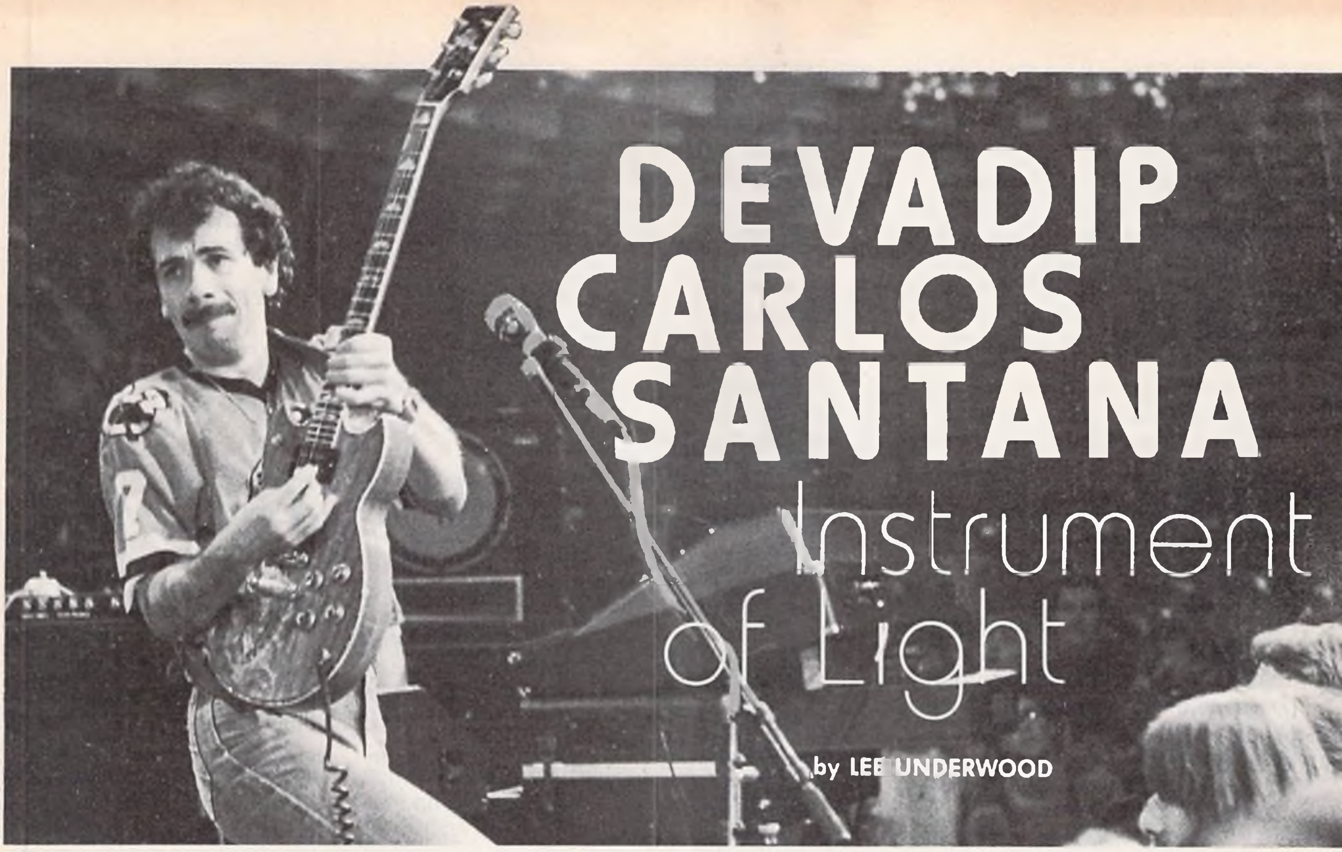


DARRYL PITT/ENCORE

DEVADIP CARLOS SANTANA
Instrument of Light

by LEE UNDERWOOD

The dishwasher rinsed the last plate and slammed it into the rack, hung up his apron, grabbed his paltry paycheck on the way out of the Tic Toc Restaurant, and rushed home to his crowded Mission District apartment. "Gotta hurry, Ma," he said, handing her the check, dressing quickly. "Miles Davis is on tonight." "Miles who?" "*Davis,* Ma. Bye." Out the door.

He smoked his last joint and downed the last shot of wine from his bottle on the way to the Fillmore. Broke, he hit on hippie kids standing in line. "Just a buck, man. You can spare it, can't you? That's all you got? Thanks." Still not enough. Inside, Miles' band started running the voodoo down. "Damn!"

He ran around the side of the building into the alley, and slammed a wooden orange crate up against the wall beneath the restroom window. Prying the window open further, he wedged his head inside, his shoulders . . .

"Hey! Whatta you doin'!" hollered Bill Graham himself, grabbing him by the collar and hauling him inside. "You again?" yelled the Fillmore impresario. "You're *always* hangin' around here. Whatsa matter with you? Where's your money? You too lazy to work?"

"I *do* work. I gave all the money to my mom for rent. Besides, my band ain't got a gig yet."

"You got a band?"

"We're the Bluesband. You remember me. I jammed with Paul Butterfield, Mike Bloomfield and Elvin Bishop last month. People loved us. You remember?"

"Yeah. I remember."

"Another guitar player, Tom Frazier, he heard me, too. He liked me, so we put together the Bluesband."

"This Bluesband of yours, any good?"

"The best. How 'bout a shot?"

"Audition next Tuesday. Be there."

"Thanks, Mr. Graham! Can I go inside?"

"Go on. Next time, you pay!" Graham hollered after him.

On stage at the audition, whanging out B. B. King and Chuck Berry licks, he was proud of himself. He remembered his poverty stricken childhood, first in Autlan de Jalisco, Mexico, where he was born July 20, 1947, then in sleazy Tijuana, where he was raised. He remembered his fruitless efforts to learn classical violin from his well meaning mariachi father. He remembered his three years as a Tijuana strip joint Top 40/blues guitarist (only a boy, 11, 12, 13 years old); his whole family of 12 moving to San Francisco; his runaway return to Tijuana; his older brother literally kidnapping him back—drunk, stoned, lost, lonely . . . Now, on the same boards where Miles Davis played, here he stood with his own band, yowling blues by Muddy Waters, Little Richard, Ray Charles, down home, gut wrench, chitlin boogie taco rock.

"Okay, okay!" Graham hollered from the darkness beyond the spotlights. "Enough! Howlin' Wolf and Steve Miller play here next month. You open for them."

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Graham!"

"Bill! The name's Bill! Get the hell outta here!"

Two years later, at Bill Graham's urging, Carlos Santana started playing a tougher, more biting combination of Latin fire, urban blues and good ol' rock 'n' roll.

Wearing a velvet, burgundy colored jacket and gleaming snakeskin boots, Santana sat engulfed in a green easy chair, his eyes glazed. Guitarist Larry Coryell excitedly yammered about meditation and this guy in the picture, Sri Chinmoy. Carlos looked at the picture and shuddered. Fear. The picture had so much light in it, so bright, so pure. He shifted uncomfortably in his chair, lit another joint. "Take it away. I don't want anything to do with him." He felt exposed for all to see. The only light he wanted was the spotlight at the Fillmore, where he now played on a regular basis, heading the bill in December of 1968, the first unrecorded band ever to do so, *Evil Ways* bringing the house down every time.

With organist Gregg Rolie and bassist David Brown from the first group, percussionists Mike Carabello and Chepito Areas and drummer Mike Shrieve, still unrecorded Santana took the stage at Woodstock in August, 1969. They were a smash. Soon after, they appeared on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Columbia signed them. Recorded in October, 1969, *Santana* sold over 2,000,000 copies. There wasn't a juke box in town that didn't play *Evil Ways* and *Jingo*.

Now, when they gigged the Fillmore East in New York, Miles Davis sat in the front row nearly every night, talked with them backstage, called the studio every day to see how the fiery *Abraxas* LP was coming along. It was coming along fine: the rhythms blood lust primitive; Santana's melodic lyricism fuller, bolder, stronger; *Black Magic Woman, Oye Como Va, Samba Pa Ti* hit bound in the can; Miles loving *Incident At Neshabur* most of all, the first half conga fire, the second half mesmerizing in its free flight lyricism. *Abraxas* exploded on the rock scene like a shimmering red orange acid dream. Santana, the man and the band, was a superstar.

"Then we entered into one of the worst periods of my life. Success was getting to be too much. We were trying to make *Santana III,* but overindulgence in everything available to a successful rock 'n' roller was becoming a problem. I started catching my friends shooting up in the bathroom.

"I myself was not happy. I began to experience an incredible amount of loneliness and emptiness. The experience of drugs had become very, very boring, and very hazy. I never used smack, but there was no more joy in wine, grass or mescaline either, only a tremendous sense of emptiness.

"We did manage to finish the album, then the band fell apart. I put together another group to go down to Lima, Peru. The communist students rioted against the USA. For our own protection, we were shuttled out of the country. Rock 'n' roll madness at its peak."

"I just can't work with you guys anymore," he told his band. "You still want straightahead rock 'n' roll. I have a different vision. I want to embrace everything that appeals to me. Listen to this—Gabor Szabo, John Coltrane, Wes Montgomery. You hear these guys? Listen to Miles. You hear him? I got to expand. I got to be *serious* about the music, serious about the rehearsals, serious about the hours we play, the motivation, the clarity of mind, serious about the inspiration infusing the music."

There was that word: *inspiration*.

In 1973, Carlos Santana became a disciple of Indian guru Sri Chinmoy, rejected the "earth music" of hot crotch rock 'n' roll, joyfully embraced the "universal music" of the Divine Spirit, and recorded *Caravanserai*.

"John Coltrane most of all. He made me stop in my tracks. Through him, I realized there *is* a Supreme Creator waiting to embrace me, a Creator who would give me the tools I needed to be happy and to make the world happy, to make the world a better place than it was when I came here. It was John Coltrane's tremendous spiritual commitment that inspired me to seek my own, which led to Sri Chinmoy. Without Sri Chinmoy, I would be doomed.

"I have come to the realization that, at least to me, every man, either cleverly, slowly, surely or stupidly, is geared to self destruction by overindulgence or through insecurity or whatever. There are many reasons.

"If you don't embrace the spiritual path, you become a victim of whims . . . a victim, just a victim. Bob Dylan embraced the Christ. Herbie Hancock and Wayne Shorter embraced Buddhism. I have embraced a path which enables the inner pilot to take charge of my life. If I hadn't embraced some sort of spiritual path, I might have become just another one of those winos on the Bowery. That's really scary to me.

In the lap of the
unknown
Is the river of smile.

Sri Chinmoy

"I need a teacher who will teach me *music*. Money, power, name, fame—these are toys to me. Even the occult powers are toys. Because of Sri Chinmoy, I have been able to put the toys away. Sometimes I may fool around with them or trip with them, but I am not possessed and obsessed by them, so they will not destroy my life. The Universe is one Divine Organization. The ultimate chief, the ultimate boss, is the Supreme. Here on Earth, Sri Chinmoy floods me with Divine Light. From him, through me, my immediate family, the band, the audience receive it.

"Because of Sri Chinmoy, I have been able to see that, first and foremost, I am an instrument. I can be an instrument of Light, or I can be an instrument of Darkness. An instrument of Light is infinitely more significant for the world, for my parents, for my country, for my Lord, for myself."

SANTANA'S EQUIPMENT

"Ninety-nine percent of the time I use a Yamaha guitar, but with humbucking pickups. I use three amps. For most of my playing, especially soloing, I use a Boogie amp; for that 'wall of China' solo sound, I play through a Marshall. For rhythm, and for that Pat Metheny sound, I use a Roland amp with Yamaha bottom speakers. I have an old Vox wah-wah pedal and a new Roland echo. My strings are Yamahas: .008, .011, .014, .024, .036, .042."

DEVADIP CARLOS SANTANA DISCOGRAPHY

SWING OF DELIGHT—Columbia C2-36590 (1980)
MARATHON—Columbia FC 36154 (1980)
ONENESS—Columbia JC 35686 (1979)
INNER SECRETS—Columbia FC 35600 (1978)
MOONFLOWER—Columbia C2-34914 (1977)
FESTIVAL—Columbia PC 34423 (1976)
AMIGOS—Columbia PC 33576 (1976)
BORBOLETTA—Columbia PC 33135 (1974)
GREATEST HITS—Columbia PC 33050 (1974)
ILLUMINATIONS—Columbia C32900 (1974)
WELCOME—Columbia 69040 (1973)
LOVE, DEVOTION, SURRENDER—Columbia C 32034 (1973)
LOTUS—Columbia 66325 (recorded in Japan, July, 1973; released Dec., 1975)
CARAVANSERAI—Columbia PC 31610 (1972)
LIVE—Columbia 65142 (1972)
SANTANA III—Columbia 30595 (1971)
ABRAXAS—Columbia 64087 (1970)
SANTANA—Columbia PC 9781 (1969)

With *Caravanserai,* and then with *Lotus* (recorded live in Japan); *Love, Devotion, Surrender* (with Mahavishnu John McLaughlin); *Welcome* (with Tom Coster); *Illuminations* (with Alice Coltrane), and *Borboletta* (with Airto, Flora Purim, Stanley Clarke), Devadip Carlos Santana stretched his soul and imagination further than he had ever dreamed possible. The forms were long and extended, the harmonies lush and tranquil, the jams between himself and McLaughlin, Alice Coltrane, pianist Coster and jazz saxophonist Jules Broussard often ethereal, often complex, virile, even ferocious, always imbued with the inner light of spiritual transcendence.

Throughout these records the music appealed, not to the listener's dancing, sweat drenched pelvis, but to his or her sense of aspiration, creativity, harmony, brotherhood, personal love, human love, Divine love. The power of Light. Once rejected, Sri Chinmoy's picture now became Devadip's constant companion on stage, in the motel rooms, at home.

In April of 1973, he married Urmila, who founded the Dipti Nivas Health Food Restaurant in San Francisco. When she is not on the road with Devadip, she still operates the business as "a form of fulfillment, a divine enterprise dedicated to serving humanity."

Her father, Sanders King, is a prominent Bay Area guitarist, well known for his work with the late, great Billie Holiday. Miles Davis speaks highly of him, as does B. B. King (no relation) who ranks Sanders among his favorite top three guitarists. Devadip's father in law also performs a strong and superbly sensitive solo vocal on the *Oneness* album *(Silver Dreams Golden Smiles).*

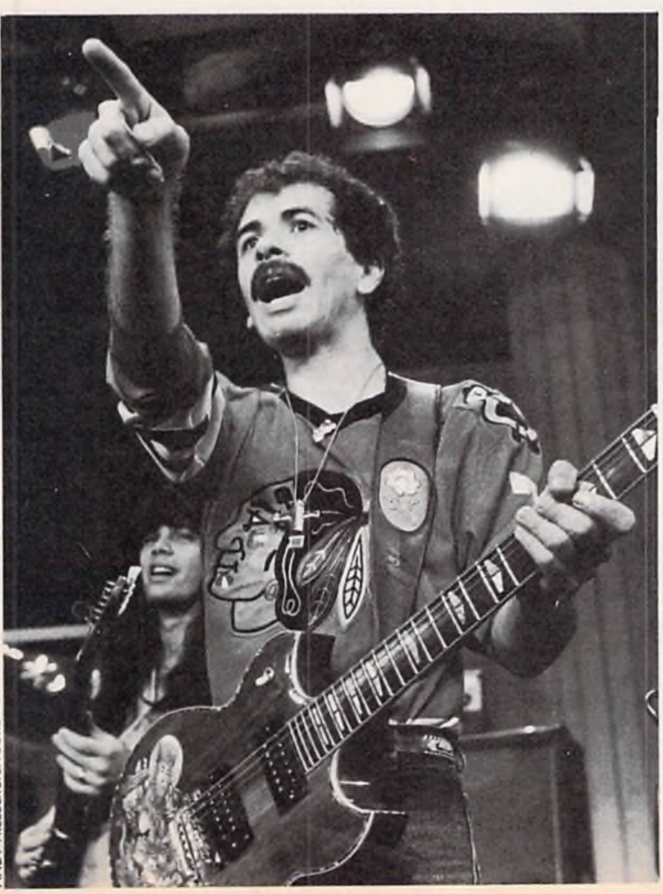
By August of 1973, when he formally became Devadip ("Lamp of God, Light of God, Eye of God") Carlos Santana, the 26 year old guitarist had indeed changed his "evil ways."

Music now flowed into his world from all sides: from his distant Mexican roots and the soulful violin of his mariachi father; from the songs and guitar of father in law King; from the eyes of his loving and radiantly beautiful wife Urmila; from the melodies, poems and songs of guru Sri Chinmoy. In a phrase, Santana had *gotten it together*.

"I now feel as my wife does. 'We don't like to trip anymore,' she says. 'We like to *deal* with life, face on, transforming it, illuminating it, changing it.' Crawling around stoned and acting weird isn't for me. I like to play my music and be in control of myself.

"When I turned over a new musical leaf and recorded *Caravanserai*, I felt insecure. I was moving into the unknown. I didn't read music. I was working with advanced musicians like saxophonist Hadley Caliman, guitarists Neal Schon and Doug Rauch, percussionists Chepito Areas, Mingo Lewis and drummer Mike Shrieve, who were well into jazz. I was trying to stretch myself beyond rock 'n' roll.

"When I recently recorded *Swing Of Delight* with Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter, Tony Williams and the other guys, I did not feel so insecure. I call these musicians 'The Himalayas of American Music,' because they are so high, you know? But I did not feel so insecure, because I have learned a great deal through the years.


ANDY FREEBERG/ENCORE

"Back when Miles used to come hear us every night at the Fillmore East, I began to realize that maybe—just maybe—we had something important to say. Then Mahavishnu John McLaughlin and I recorded *Love, Devotion, Surrender*. Along with Django Reinhardt, he is one of the greatest guitarists there has ever been, so that gave me more confidence in myself.

"Since that time, I have learned even more, not only about music, but about myself. I am a musician, not an entertainer, and therefore I am no longer insecure about playing.

"To me, an entertainer plays the same role as a bear on a motorcycle in a circus. He impresses people. He makes them laugh and go 'Ahhh!'

"A musician, however, is somebody who floods the listener's heart with inspiration, hope, faith, light, joy, harmony—all the nutritious qualities that an entertainer will not be able to deliver.

"I still do not read music, but I know how to compose music and make melodies come alive. Every time I see Wayne Shorter, Joe Zawinul or Herbie Hancock, they say, 'Hey, Melody Man!' I have learned how to improvise, and have also learned you do not have to be superfast or supercomplex in order to improvise well." He might have pointed to *Golden Dawn* on *Oneness*: unaccompanied nylon string guitar, simply plucked and strummed on two chords only: nothing flashy, just a little somethin', marvelously musical.

"Through Miles Davis, I learned about the use of space between the phrases. Miles and Wayne Shorter taught me a lot about that. Silence gives people time to absorb the music. Otherwise, you just sound like a machine gun.

"When I was younger, I was very narrow minded. I was into straightahead black blues. I thought jazz was just boring cocktail music. Then I discovered Gabor Szabo. He is a spellbinder. He has been a tremendous inspiration to me, so melodic, so spacial and intimate. The day I heard Gabor was the day I put away my B. B. King records. Gabor opened my ears to the other musics—Miles Davis, Wes Montgomery, many others. He expanded both my listening and my playing. I wrote *Gardenia* on *Swing Of Delight* for Gabor, and I look forward to recording an album with him someday.

"*Swing Of Delight*, and *Oneness* before that, both expand different kinds of musical muscles for me. I don't like to call the music 'jazz,' because I don't think of it as jazz. It's more of a fluidity of imagination that Herbie and Wayne have been into for awhile. It doesn't have to do so much with structures as it does with emotions and moods.

"In being with these great musicians, I felt my own imagination stretch and expand. It helped me lose whatever insecurities I might have had. Now, after playing with them, I look forward to going into the studio someday with McCoy Tyner, Keith Jarrett, Elvin Jones. I know now that such a thing is not impossible."

Caravanserai, Illuminations, Borboletta: daring, inspired, bursting with passion and evolving abilities, containing all of the Tabasco sauce of whiplash congas and throbbing bass lines, but infused with expanded consciousness, emotions of depth, height and substance—visionary music that in the marketplace, unfortunately, wasn't worth a plate of refried beans.

In mid 1975, Carlos and manager Bill Graham had a little talk. Graham, a professionally pushy loudmouth, didn't like Santana's "refinement." A long time salsa freak and former waiter in a New York Latin club, Graham urged him to return to that "ethnic, sweaty, street tar quality everybody liked."

Amigos was the result. Featuring the upbeat *Dance, Sister, Dance* and the stunning melodism of *Europa*, *Amigos* became Carlos' first LP to reach the Top 10 since *Santana III* in 1971. Columbia was ecstatic. *Amigos* once again captured that Latin/blues/rock magic which had made the earlier *Evil Ways*, *Black Magic Woman* and *Oye Como Va* such commercial whoppers. Significantly, one of the many animals on the cover

continued on page 56

FROM THE FILES of the U.S. ARMY

THE COURT MARTIAL OF LESTER YOUNG

by JOHN McDONOUGH

SGT. JOE HINOJOS/FORT ORD PANORAMA

Privates Lester Young and Jo Jones pose for the cover of the Fort Ord base magazine (though they didn't play together at this time). Shortly after this photo session, Young was under military arrest.

Drafted off of a nightclub bandstand, busted in basic training, imprisoned for ten months in a Georgia stockade, Lester Young had a sensational and almost non-existent military career. A few years earlier, Bessie Smith's death had come to represent racial bigotry after John Hammond reported the story in the November, 1937 **down beat**. Young's story, too, became a cause celebre, a certain demonstration of the Army's racism in the wartime years. At the time, the music press offered little news about the imprisonment of the great tenor saxophonist. But in the years to come, fragmented details began to appear—and to be fantastically distorted.

Were the original charges trumped up? Was Lester Young running an illegal still on the Army base? Did a perverted southern white officer instigate the whole sickening affair out of fury at seeing Young's billfold photo of his white wife? There were other stories—that Young was psychologically tortured at Fort Gordon, Georgia, even a completely preposterous yarn that he'd been involved in a murder—and indeed, some writers who hear deterioration and decline in his postwar performances find a cause in his Army prison experience.

In the decades since the event, the story of Lester Young's Army period has been a matter of rumor, speculation and educated guesswork. Until now, the distinguishing feature of the case has been its lack of documented facts.

Early in 1980, while Richard M. Sudhalter and I were preparing the booklet for Time-Life's *Lester Young Giants Of Jazz* album box, I began looking beneath the rumors. Even the chronology of Lester's induction and service was hazy, so I suggested that Ann Holler of the Time-Life research department request from the Pentagon, under the Freedom of Information Act, documents relating to Young's Army experience. Holler came back with a complete transcript of Lester Young's general court martial plus a number of related documents. *Giants Of Jazz: Lester Young* has now been released, and the basic facts of the case are spelled out in the Time-Life booklet. Now, **down beat** makes available—for the first time—all significant aspects of the U.S. Army's records of the court martial of Lester Young.

In late September, 1944, only days after Young completed filming the famous short film *Jammin' The Blues* at Warner Bros., the Army finally caught up with Lester, who had been ignoring draft notices for over a year, at Los Angeles' Plantation Club with Count Basie's band. An FBI agent, posing as a jazz fan, personally served papers to Young and drummer Jo Jones there in the club.

Few who knew him expected Young to pass the physical, medical and psychological tests. To no avail, Milt Ebbens, Basie's manager, and Norman Granz, then a Los Angeles area concert promoter, appealed the draft notice. Young may have believed that his reliance on alcohol and soft drugs would keep him out of the service. A medical exam revealed that Young was syphilitic at the time of his induction, and Young told authorities at his induction interview that he had used marijuana continuously for 11 years. But the Army was accustomed to hearing tall tales from draft-shy inductees. On September 30, 1944 (not '43, as the Time-Life booklet's first printing claims in a typographical error), the 33 year old Lester became Private Young, serial number 39729502.

Private Young was sent to Ft. MacArthur in northern California for five weeks of basic training, and passed through two other bases before finally reaching Ft. McClellan in Alabama on December 1. There, his troubles began. Young was assigned to Company E of the second training battalion of the first training regiment, commanded by Captain William Stevenson. On January 1, 1945, Young was injured while running an obstacle course and was sent to the base hospital, where he underwent minor rectal surgery and received regular doses of pain killing drugs while recovering. On January 24 he was released from the hospital and put back on active duty. While Young was in the hospital, Dr. Luis Perelman, Ft. McClellan chief of neuropsychology, diagnosed him as being in a "constitutional psychopathic state manifested by drug addiction (marijuana, barbiturates), chronic alcoholism, and nomadism." Yet Dr. Perelman felt Lester Young had "a purely disciplinary problem and that disposition should be effected through administrative channels."

On February 1, Young was arrested for wrongful "possession of habit forming drugs, to wit, about one ounce of marijuana and about one ounce of barbiturates." A military court convened on February 16. Meanwhile, Lester had been examined by Army psychiatrist Lawrence J. Radice, who diagnosed Young as a "constitutional psychopath" who drank "excessively" and used marijuana and barbiturates. Also mentioning Young's common law wife, Dr. Radice wrote, "In view of his undesirable traits and inadequate personality, he is unlikely to become a satisfactory soldier."

Lester's appointed counsel, Major Glen Grimke, entered a plea of not guilty. Waiving its opening statement, the prosecution called Young's commanding officer, Capt. Stevenson.

Q. Was [Lester Young] a member of your command on the 30th of January 1945?

A. He was, sir.

Q. Did you have a conversation . . . with him on that date?

A. I did, sir.

Q. Will you relate the circumstances to the court?

A. He was detailed on assignment to battalion headquarters, and looking over the detail I noticed a man who didn't seem to be in very good condition. I questioned him as to what was wrong . . . and he said that he was "high" and [I] asked him to elaborate on that and asked him if he had any drugs and he said that he had and I asked him if he had any on him—any more of what he had taken—and he handed me a few pills. Then I had the company executive officer, Lt. Hutton, go with me. We searched Private Young's clothing and his possessions . . . I found several small white pills, smaller than an aspirin and a little harder formed than an aspirin and three red capsules and some marijuana cigarettes, homemade marijuana cigarettes. Two of them had been smoked, had been burned and butted . . . There were [also] two bottles of pink liquid . . . One with a very raw smell—well, like a sensation . . . like smelling alcohol—irritating to your nostrils . . . They were number three prescription bottles and they were full.


TED WILLIAMS

Stevenson said he had turned all the material over to investigating officer Lt. Joe Humphreys. Grimke then cross examined.

Q. And when did you first become aware . . . that [Lester Young] was under the influence of something like narcotics?

A. I had suspicioned it when he first came in the company.

Q. Did you ever say anything to him about it?

A. No, sir. The man had good control of himself . . .

Q. What made you suspect?

A. Well, his color, sir, and the fact that his eyes seemed bloodshot and he didn't react to training as he should.

After Stevenson left the witness stand, Lt. Humphreys was called. He testified that Stevenson had given him the cigarettes, pills and pink liquid taken from Young's quarters, and that he, in turn, had delivered them to Scott Holman, a chemist for the U.S. Government Narcotics Division. Holman later returned the evidence with a written analysis of the materials, Humphreys said. The prosecutor then asked the investigator about his interrogation of Lester Young.

A. . . . He started off by telling me that he had been using—I believe he used the word dope—for 11 years and smoking marijuana for ten and he was a tenor saxophone player in Count Basie's band for the past ten years and as a musician he resorted to the use of marijuana smoking and called them "sticks" and on that occasion that he had gotten these barbiturates. I know that he referred to the marijuana, and that he intended to hide it, and I guess he got to feeling too good and he forgot to hide it before Capt. Stevenson got it. . . . He stated further that although some doctors had given him drugs, that he had no prescription from any Army doctor to get it and stated that at Ft. McClellan, Alabama, you could get it if you had the money to buy it. . . . He stated that he had never harmed anyone. He told the authorities before coming in [the Army] about [his use of drugs]. He never harmed anyone.

Grimke, in his cross examination, asked Humphreys what Young meant by telling the authorities.

A. Well . . . that he never made any denial of having used drugs or smoking marijuana. . . He related [his drug use] to the induction authorities before they ever took him into the Army . . .

At this point in the court martial, prosecution and defense agreed that investigator Holman's report described the evidence as one and a half marijuana cigarettes and three capsules and 11 tablets which contained barbiturates. It was also stipulated that barbiturates were habit forming drugs. The prosecution's case was closed.

The only witness for the defense was Pvt. Lester Young himself, who admitted virtually everything. He was a cooperative, if bewildered, witness on his own behalf. He was a man of music now caught in a rigid system of discipline he could not begin to understand—and the Army was no less puzzled by him. Whether they were trying, the representatives of two cultures showed no mutual understanding. Defense counsel Grimke asked the questions:

Q. How old are you, Young?

A. I am 35, sir.

Q. You are a musician by profession?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Had you played in a band or orchestra in California?

A. Count Basie. I played with him for ten years.

Q. Had you been taking narcotics for some time?

A. For ten years. This is my 11th year.

Q. Why did you start taking them?

A. Well, sir, playing in the band we would play a lot of one nighters. I would stay up and play another dance and leave and that is the only way I could keep up.

Q. Any other . . . musicians take them.

A. Yes, all that I know.

. . .

Q. Did [the draft board] know you had this habit . . .?

A. Well, I'm pretty sure they did, sir, because before I went to join the Army I had to take a spinal and I didn't want to take it. When I went down I was very high and they put me in jail and I was so high they took the whiskey away from me and put me in a padded cell, and they searched my clothes while I was in the cell. . . .

Q. You say you were pretty high. What do you mean by that? Do you mean because of the whiskey?

A. The whiskey and the marijuana and the barbiturates.

Q. What I want to know is, did the board that inducted you have any reason to believe that they knew you took habit forming drugs? . . . Did you tell them you took it?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Now, since you have been at Ft. McClellan, Alabama, have you been in the hospital?

A. Well, in training on the obstacle course I hurt myself and I went to the dispensary, and they ordered me to go to the hospital. While there, they found out about it. . . . The doctor was giving me the same pills you have there. He gave me one at nine o'clock in the morning and one in the afternoon and five and nine at night.

Q. How long were you in the hospital here?

A. From the first of January to about the 22nd or 23rd.

. . .

Q. What did you do when you came out of the hospital—go to bed?

A. Sent me out on the field.

Q. Carry a full pack?

A. I don't know . . . It was a pack and a rifle.

Q. And that is when you immediately returned from the hospital?

A. Yes, sir.

. . .

Q. Did you ever have any conversation with [Capt. Stevenson] about drugs?

A. Yes, sir. One morning when I was sitting in the dayroom . . . he asked me it and said that he knew I was very high.

Q. When you refer to being high, would you explain that?

A. Well, that is the only way I know how to explain myself.

. . .

Q. It is not whiskey alone that makes you high when you refer to being high?

A. No, sir.

Q. Now if you do not take these drugs, smoke these things, does it affect you in any way physically?

A. Yes, sir, it does. I don't want to do anything. I don't care to blow my horn and I don't care to be around anybody.

Q. Affects you badly?

A. Just nervous.

Q. Could you do this training here if you left them alone?

A. No, sir. Because I tried, sir. I tried it truthfully.

Q. Have you had any of these drugs . . . in the last few days?

A. Haven't . . . not since I have been in the stockade now.

Q. Feel pretty nervous now?

A. I think about it all the time.

That ended the defense case. In a brief cross examination, Young testified that he had obtained the barbiturates without a doctor's prescription. Final arguments followed, and the court martial of Lester Young was over; the whole proceeding lasted an hour and 35 minutes. The five judge panel promptly found Young guilty and sentenced him immediately: dishonorable discharge from the service, forfeit of all his $50 a month pay (except a $7.60 deduction for government insurance and $22 a month for dependents). Worst, before his discharge, Lester Young was sentenced to a year in the U.S. disciplinary barracks at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.

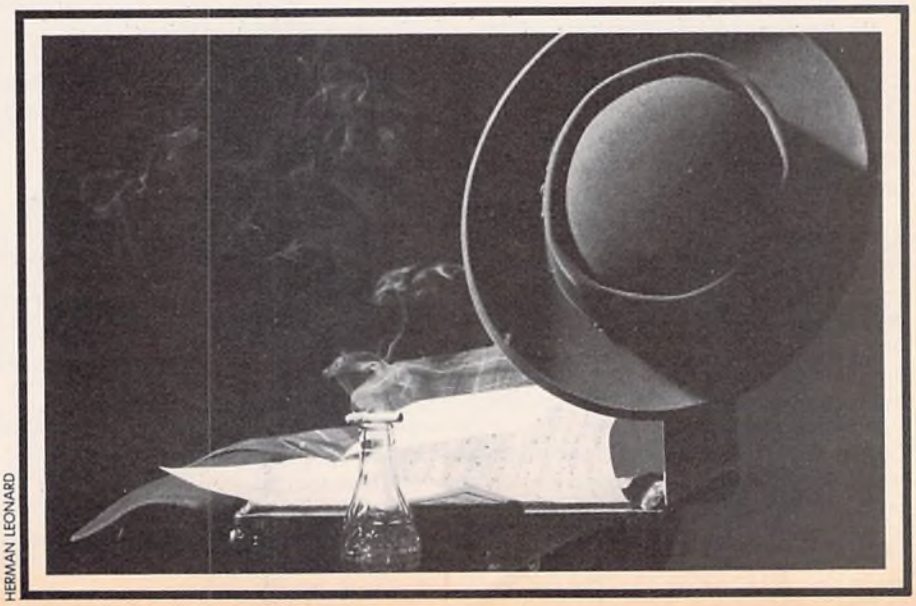
First Lt. William Moffet, of the judge advocate's staff, reviewed the case, but found no irregularities to upset the verdict. A few comments by Moffet are worth noting: "Testimony of the accused indicates he used drugs during the past ten years, that the draft board knew it at the time of his induction, and further that he cannot get along without them. . . . The record of accused both civilian and military shows that he is not a good soldier. His age as well as the nature and duration of his undesirable traits indicate he can be of no value to the service without proper treatment and severe disciplinary training . . . The sentence . . . is both legal and appropriate."

Young served his sentence—actually ten months—at Ft. Gordon, Georgia instead of Leavenworth. After his release in the first week of December, 1945, he resumed his real career.

The court martial record says nothing about Young's ten months at Ft. Gordon. It is known, however, that he played music regularly while confined. Every Sunday, there was a dance for the noncoms on the base, and Lester would be let out to play. Fred Lacy, who became Young's regular guitarist in the postwar years, was also a prisoner there, and played in the little group. Sitting in most of the time on piano was Sergeant Gil Evans, who was assigned to Oliver General Hospital ten miles away in Augusta. On his way to Ft. Gordon every Sunday, Evans would pick up a few bottles of whiskey and perhaps some other gifts, which he made sure found their way discreetly to Lester.

Lester Young was unfit for military service and the Army knew it when it inducted him. If Young is to be held accountable for his behavior, then the Army is no less responsible for inducting a man who was medically and emotionally unsuited to be a soldier. That act of bureaucratic ineptitude served neither the Army nor the public interest. The Army's system of screening and classification clearly and tragically failed. Once the military procedures were begun, there was no way to set the error right. Defense counsel Grimke's efforts to make Young's original induction an issue in the court martial were disallowed; the tribunal would only consider Young's case on the evidence of the charge itself.

He had coped with prejudice all his life, but wartime military discipline was probably the worst thing that could have happened to a sensitive individual like Lester Young. db



HERMAN LEONARD

MITCHELL SEIDEL

Jay McShann

PIANO MAN FROM MUSKOGEE

by LEE JESKE

"When I was around 14 or 15 I started fooling around on the piano. My folks didn't like the way I'd play; they'd always tell me, 'Get off of that piano, boy, cut that out.' They heard a little blue note in there and thought that was the devil's music. The only thing I could play around the house was church songs. So whatever I was playing, I made it sound like a church song.

"I used to pretend to be sick on Sundays when everybody would go to church so I'd get a chance to just play for myself. I'd play sick and get into bed before they left. But one Sunday some old lady came by the house when everybody was coming home from church. She said, 'Hello, Sister Mac, did you all go to church today?'

"'Oh yeah, everybody went except the boy. The boy was sick, you know, said he was feeling bad. Something's wrong with his stomach.'

"She said, 'Yeah, then who was that playing the piano when I came by, because I came by and somebody was playing them wheels?'

"Man, I knew I was done for then—they caught up with me. After that I had to go to church *every* Sunday, sick or not sick." As he finishes the story, Jay McShann doubles up with staccato laughter and his pillow sized jowls open to frame a gold rimmed front tooth.

McShann was born in Muskogee, Oklahoma (71 years ago if you believe the reference works of Leonard Feather or John Chilton, 64 years ago if you believe McShann) and retains an Oklahoma drawl. Recognized as a great blues pianist, McShann is one of the loveliest, most easygoing people in the business. His blues are somehow joyful, rocking blues which produce far more grins than tears.

"At home we only had one record of blues. It must have been by either Bessie Smith or Clara Smith and it was *Backwater Blues*. That was the only blues I heard when I was coming up and the old man got that by mistake—he thought he was getting other kinds of records like *My Blue Heaven*. We had one of those old record players with the horn going out and they banned me from playing that blues in the house, so the only way I could listen to it was when everybody was out.

"I was really exposed to the blues after I came to Kansas City, in 1937. Pete Johnson could play those blues on piano—he could keep a steady beat for hours. Joe Turner would get up there and sing for hours, and I had never seen anything like it. A lot of nights Joe was just making up his words as he sang. They only did about one number a set, but that number would last 45 minutes to an hour. And the musicians could come in and blow with them—man, I couldn't get on the street fast enough.

"I didn't originally intend to be a piano player. When I went away to school, I decided to play football. But there were a lot of guys playing football, and I didn't do too good. The first day out, they were looking for somebody to play for a party. One guy said, 'I know a guy I see around the band room playing the piano.'

"I said that I only knew two or three songs, and I didn't play them very good. The guy just said, 'Play those two or three songs over and over 'til the party's over.' And that's what I did. They paid me probably a dollar or a dollar and a half. That made me think, 'Well, I better learn some songs.' And that started it."

The gridiron's loss was jazz' gain. Just such unexpected encouragement landed McShann in Kansas City in the first place.

"I was on my way to Omaha to visit some relatives and I had about an hour and a half layover in Kansas City changing buses. So I figured I'd go around to the Reno Club where Basie had been playing before he had left for New York. Buster Moten had a group there, and I knew some of the guys in the band. I told Bill Hadnott, the bass player, 'I'm going to Omaha.' He said, 'Man, you don't want to go to Omaha. Get your things; this is where it's at, in Kansas City. You can stay at my pad and I'll get you a gig in the next two or three days.' So that's what I did—I got my things at the bus station, and in about three or

SELECTED JAY McSHANN DISCOGRAPHY

NEW YORK—1208 MILES (feat. Charlie Parker)—Decca DL 79236
THE MAN FROM MUSKOGEE (w. Claude Williams)—Sackville 3005
CRAZY LEGS AND FRIDAY STRUT (w. Buddy Tate)—Sackville 3011
A TRIBUTE TO FATS WALLER—Sackville 3019
KANSAS CITY HUSTLE—Sackville 3021
THE LAST OF THE BLUE DEVILS—Atlantic SD 8800
THE BIG APPLE BASH—Atlantic SD 8804
THE LAST OF THE WHOREHOUSE PIANISTS VOL. I&II (w/Ralph Sutton)—Chaz Jazz CJ 103&104
GOING TO KANSAS CITY—Master Jazz 8113
with Claude Williams:
FIDDLER'S DREAM—Classic Jazz CJ135
with Helen Humes:
LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL—Classic Jazz CJ 120
with Charlie Parker:
FIRST RECORDINGS, 1940—Onyx 221

ANDY FREEBERG/ENCORE

four days I had a gig with Elmo Hopkins. He was an old time drummer in Kansas City.

"When I came into Kansas City, all the youngs cats that were new in town had to be initiated at the Spinning Wheel. I'd be sitting at the piano, and they'd give me a huge thing of beer. But it had some alcohol in it—gin or something. It was a hot summer and I thought, 'Shit, I can put away some of this, it's only beer.' So I gulped it down and asked for another. Before you know it . . . So they said I got 'hooted.' Then they just started saying, 'Hey, did you hear that new guy in town—that "Hootie" guy?' And that was it."

McShann had a new sobriquet and Kansas City had a new piano player. Kansas City, Missouri was then a hotbed of illicit activity, thanks to the corrupt political machinery of Tom Pendergast. While the rest of the nation was crippled by the terrible Depression, Kansas City hosted all night parties of wine, women and song. Especially song. By the time McShann slipped into town, many of the name bands had traveled east—Basie, Andy Kirk and His Clouds of Joy and others were settling into the Apple, so there were several gigs to fill.

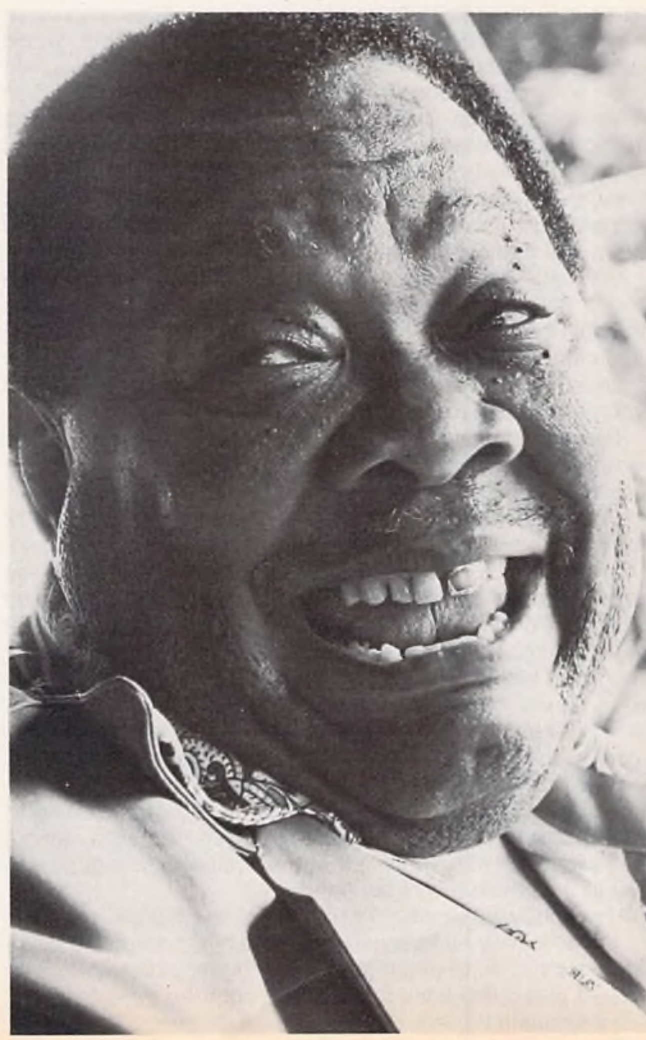
"I had a small band working at the Plaza. The next job offered to me was for a big band to play at a great big arena. I just went headlong and took the job. Then I had to get some men together. So I talked to Walter Bales [a businessman who was partly responsible for funding the Basie band] and he said, 'Where are you going to get the men from?' I said, 'I'll get what I can here in Kansas City and then I'll run up to Omaha.' There were about three or four big bands in Omaha. He gave me the money to go up there. I went to Omaha and, you know, you have to let everybody know you're in town, so you become a big spender at the bar, buying the musicians drinks. They said, 'Man, some cat's in town spending money like *mad*.' That's how I got the musicians. I got a lot of guys from Nat Towles' band and we took off to Kansas City. In fact, we worked the first night we got into town.

"We were playing at a walk-a-thon—that's where they walk around this big arena with one partner sleeping on the other [last couple standing won a prize]. So the way I'd rehearse the band was, if the reed section had to rehearse I'd keep the brass on the stand with the rhythm, then when the reeds finished I'd send the brass to rehearse, and bring the reeds back on the bandstand. People liked it; we kept busy for about three or four months. That's how we got the book together. They'd also broadcast this on the radio, and people began hearing about the band. So that's what started the whole thing."

The band was modeled after the Basie band, with a four man rhythm section consisting of Gene Ramey's bass, Lucky Enois' guitar, Gus Johnson's drums and, of course, McShann's piano. The singer was a fellow Oklahoman with a reedy blues drawl, Walter Brown, and there was a local kid playing alto and doing some of the arranging, named Charlie Parker.

"I tell you, I thought I had heard all the musicians in Kansas City. But one night I was coming through the street and I heard an alto saxophone, you know how they used to pipe the music out in the streets. I went to see who it was—it was Bird. I said, 'Say, man, I haven't met you. Are you new in town?' He says, 'No, I live in Kansas City, but I've been with George Lee's band, out in the Ozarks.' He went down there to do some woodshedding, because musicians didn't like to go down to the Ozarks where there wasn't too much happening. I told him, 'Man, you sound different from anybody around Kansas City.' That's where our friendship started.

"I knew I liked his playing. There were many people that didn't pick up on Bird, but not around Kansas City. Everybody liked Bird. He always had his horn with him, ready to blow, in a sack under his arm. When Bird came around you could get a session together in no time, because cats liked to blow with him. A lot of people thought he got himself together after he left there, but he had himself together when he was in Kansas City. There was a certain society of people who understood what Bird was doing in Kansas City and they'd follow him all



MITCHELL SEIDEL

Jay McShann (standing far left) and his Orchestra: Charlie Parker, second sax from left.

around just to hear him whenever he decided to blow. They knew."

Charlie Parker's first trip east was with the Jay McShann Orchestra. In early 1941 the band brought its specialties, including *Confessin' The Blues, Hootie Blues* and *Swingmatism,* to New York City's Savoy Ballroom for an engagement opposite Lucky Millinder. The band was a sensation, but the dancers at the Savoy were not always moved by the young Charlie Parker.

"When we were at the Savoy," remembers McShann, "Bird would play everything there was to play on *Body And Soul*, then Jimmy Forrest, who was sitting right behind him, would jump up and tear the house up. They never even applauded when Bird got through. The crowd would just go crazy when Jimmy got through playing. Jimmy could blow, but it was no comparison to what Bird was doing. But the people weren't ready for it; this is just one of those things that happen in life. Bird understood it; he used to tell me, 'Yeah, Hootie, it don't bug me, man. Glad to see the cat get them hands.' Yeah, Bird was a real modest cat."

Although Parker wasn't to remain with McShann much longer, he was to insure McShann's fame as the man who brought Charlie Parker from Kansas City, often overshadowing McShann's own enormous pianistic talents. Yet Jay is proud of Charlie Parker. He wasn't surprised at the way Bird's life progressed—musically or socially.

"Bird used to say, 'Wait 'til we get to New York. I'm going to see your old fat head laying on the keys, you old, big fatheaded rascal.' He used to kid me.

"I think that he wanted to live life fast and gay—he had a lot of living to do. And he was in a hurry, so those things happen.

"When we'd be playing theaters, I'd see cats come in the side door backstage and I'd say, 'Uh-oh.' I'd rush out there and tell the cat on the door, 'Man, don't let those cats in, don't let them *in*. I know they're just trouble.' He didn't let them in, but when Bird would come off the stand after the last tune, Bird would go out. He knew if we didn't let them through, they'd be hanging around backstage somewhere. There wasn't anything I could do because it was a young band and everybody was wild." Bird's visitors weren't exactly church-goers.

The Jay McShann Orchestra, which was just beginning to get rolling when the first bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, became a casualty of the war. The call to arms dealt a blow that proved fatal to the whole era of big bands.

"Everybody got drafted; that's when all the musicians went in the service. They had been trying to catch up with me because I was doing a lot of one nighters. Finally they caught up with me as I was going back to New York from the West Coast.

"I stopped in Kansas City for a one night stand. We took an intermission and these guys came over to me twice and said, 'Look, we've got to see you right away.' I said, 'I'm very sorry, but we're getting ready to go back up on the stand.' And they said, 'We're very sorry, but we've got to take you to Leavenworth.' And I said, 'What?'

"They said, 'We understand sometimes you miss your papers and so forth. You'll get this straightened out after you get up there.' I went up there, and when they closed the doors, that was it.

"I was in the service for about 11 months. When I got out I wanted to form a big band, but they kept trying to explain to me that the big bands were gone because they were too expensive. And they told me they made bowling alleys out of most of the dance halls. They said that I might as well get a small group together, but I said, 'No, I want a big band.' Boy, I found out when those expenses began to hit me right and left. So I shut it off."

Like so many other big band leaders, McShann had to content himself at the helm of small groups. He also began his career as a vocalist. Having had Walter Brown, Al Hibbler and Jimmy Witherspoon vocalizing with his big bands, McShann hadn't used his sweet, high voice. It is a perfect foil for his rafter rattling piano technique.

"After the war I moved around a little. I spent a little time out on the West Coast. I had a little five piece group. That's when I started hanging around with Art Tatum. We just had a ball. We'd go out and always wind up at some after hours spot. When we'd get there we'd both be having a little taste and Tatum'd say, 'Hey, go play the blues.' So I'd go up and play the blues on the piano and, after a while, when Tatum gets just right where he wants to be, he'd come up.

"A lot of people never knew that Tatum was one of the greatest blues players. The *greatest* I ever heard. What's a funny thing, he only liked to play the blues in the wee hours of the morning. If you got him up in the day he wouldn't play no blues. But in the wee hours of the morning he'd go into another bag. I guess it was relaxing to him.

"I remember we would go to catch different groups in Los Angeles and his wife would tell me, 'Now you get Art in here at least by one o'clock, not later than two.' We'd come in at nine o'clock in the morning. I'd put him on the porch, park his car and take off, and leave him there to suffer. I knew she was going to raise Cain."

McShann soon returned to Kansas City, where he still lives. "You see, I stayed around Kansas City because my kids were in school. When they finished school I started to get back out, but before that I just played bars and whatnot. I traveled a little, but not too far—just within six or 700 miles of Kansas City."

A tour to Europe in the early '70s put Jay McShann back in

continued on page 57

ROVA SAXOPHONE QUARTET Wants You To WAKE UP

ANNA BECKER

by MICHAEL GOLDBERG

Out of tune chicken squawks or the New Frontier of the jazz avant garde? A single encounter with San Francisco's ROVA Saxophone Quartet—be it through one of their five albums, or a concert performance—provides no easy answer.

As the four young men who comprise ROVA mount a stage and begin what appears to be a random freakout on a variety of saxophones and clarinets, it's all one can do to keep from running out of the room in search of peace. Making sense of this band of determined experimentalists demands intense intellectual *and* emotional commitment from the listener.

As ROVA's leader, Larry Ochs, explained following a performance, "I'm very interested in keeping the audience off balance. I want them to go to unexpected places. They can't sit back and talk or fall asleep. If they're gonna be there, they've gotta listen, 'cause it's not the kind of stuff they can have as background—they're gonna want it to go away."

ROVA's tense, at times atonal, challenging music invites controversy wherever it is heard. When ROVA shared a bill at the Keystone Korner (S.F.'s leading jazz club) with Air last year, the jazz critics from San Francisco's two daily newspapers were in the audience. The *Chronicle's* critic raved about the very same set that the *Examiner* critic panned.

And while ROVA often plays to as few as 40 people in their home town, they performed before 5000 jazz enthusiasts at the Moers New Jazz Festival in West Germany last year and the audience *flipped out*! One critic wrote of Moers for *Jazz Forum*, "Artistic director Burkhard Hennen deserves special thanks for presenting the ROVA Saxophone Quartet from San Francisco."

Why such conflicting responses?

For one thing, it's hard to put the band neatly into any category. Are they a contemporary jazz band, improvising in some post-Ayler, post-Braxton vanguard style? Or are they conceptualists, close cousins to Steve Reich and John Cage?

According to members of the quartet—Bruce Ackley, Larry Ochs, Andrew Voigt and Jon Raskin—ROVA is neither jazz nor contemporary classical "new music."

"Jazz musicians are basically involved in improvising off a traditional harmonic structure. We don't do that," says founder Bruce Ackley, 31, sitting in the kitchen of his low rent apartment with the other members of ROVA.

Ackley, a self taught musician who counts blues, world folk music, classical, punk rock and the entire spectrum of jazz among his myriad influences, continues: "New music people are steeped in Western classical musical training. We're very far from that. Also, the new music scene is fraught with conceptual approaches. We're somewhat more conceptual than a jazz group, but unlike most new music ensembles, we're more interested in substance than form."

Well, yes and no. Even among members of ROVA, there is some disagreement as to how "conceptual" the group is.

"I would say the uniqueness of ROVA is that we are, in some respects, non-musical," offers Andrew Voigt, a tall, lean 24 year old with straight light brown hair hanging down his back. Before joining ROVA, Voigt studied with both John Handy and Roscoe Mitchell. "I mean, we deal with musical sounds and music, but we deal with it in a conceptual way."

"The difference between this group and a jazz group," says Larry Ochs, at 31 looking like a '60s radical crossed with a crazed medieval alchemist with his wire framed glasses and a head of long, frizzy hair, "is that the jazz form, since at least bop, has come to be a vehicle for the soloist."

Adds Ackley, "Most jazz musicians are *only* dealing with solo capabilities: 'This is what *I* can do with my horn.'"

"And that's really different from other forms of Western music, where a composer makes a piece and the musicians fulfill the composer's ideas," continues Ochs. "So what we're doing is extending a very traditional kind of music in a contemporary way. We're taking ideas that have been suggested by European music—orchestral ideas—and making a group music. The soloists are fulfilling the function of making the pieces work."

ROVA's integration of new chamber music formalism with jazz-inspired improvisation results in a distinctive sound. In concert, ROVA isolates its audience in a jagged landscape of sound as alien as the moon's craters, then provides an oasis of serenity, before raining upon them another stormy barrage of white noise. They paint such abstracts from a palette that includes alto, baritone, soprano and sopranino saxophones, B flat clarinets and a flute (played by Voigt). They present atonal and unmelodic solos and duets in stark contrast to complex sections which feature three musicians playing in harmony while a fourth creates anxiety by soloing against the melodic grain of his partners. At times it sounds like the four are playing autonomously in a wild cacophony that, somehow, all fits together.

"I would say that there are three things we do as a group," explains Ackley. "First, we freely improvise—just pick up our instruments and go and play anything we want on any instrument. We don't say anything to each other about what we're going to do. All we want to do is play music that works. Second, we play improvisation in which we work out specific structures that we have to work in as a group. We'll delineate an area of sound—a section of the scale for instance—that we each have to work within. Thirdly, we work with composition: one member of the group organizes most of the material including traditionally notated things, as well as graphic scores and ideas."

Using these approaches, ROVA has created a large body of work in a relatively brief time span. Formed in San Francisco in late 1977, ROVA has released five albums—three on Metalanguage (a label that Ochs formed with guitarist/producer Henry Kaiser in 1978), one on Ictus and one on Moers—since then.

ROVA's first performance together inspired Ochs to co-found Metalanguage. "The first concert we did," he recalls, "I listened to the tape and thought, 'Man, it's already something I haven't heard before. Let's get it more together, and in a few months put out a record.'"

Berkeley-based Metalanguage, which has since established itself as an independent label specializing in avant garde sounds, has released 15 albums.

According to Ochs, both the founding of Metalanguage and his involvement in ROVA is as much a political as a musical commitment. "For political reasons, I wanted to get involved with this kind of music and have a record label that could begin to relate to other people who are doing this kind of music.

"In the '60s I was politically active. I was in SDS, going to Washington to march against the war, being generally aggravated," says Ochs. "And that really carries over into my music. If things aren't right and you're not happy with how they are, you can't go out and expect the world to change, but *you* can do things yourself in a different way. The world is the way it is, or this country anyway, because most people accept it. And they live in a style that makes this country the way it is, because if nobody did, it wouldn't be this way.

"In my own small way, by making a label that is true to itself and that suggests alternatives to the music that is accepted music in this society, I'm creating an alternative that doesn't just fit in to the way things are."

"Making a political statement," adds Jon Raskin.

Political idealism aside, there were practical reasons for forming a label so ROVA could make records. "How we managed to go from playing for 40 people at the Hotel Utah [a performance room in San Francisco] to Europe [where the group received favorable responses wherever they played] is that we *totally* skirted big business," says Voigt. "The major labels weren't going to have anything to do with us—we just accepted that. We set up alternatives and just put out our own records and remain totally apart from the million dollar music business."

"That wasn't even an option," says Ackley. "We wouldn't even be on records

BARBARA LENNIC

Voigt, Ackley, Raskin, Ochs.

ROVA'S EQUIPMENT

Larry Ochs
35 year old Selmer tenor sax, Brilhart Level Air (B.L.A.) 8 mouthpiece, Rico reed #3
Selmer alto, B.L.A. 7, Vandoren reed
Selmer sopranino, Selmer E mouthpiece, Omega 2½ reed

Bruce Ackley
Selmer alto, B.L.A. 5, #3 Vandoren reed
Selmer soprano, Selmer H mouthpiece, 2½ Omega reed
Selmer clarinet, Crystal Clarion mouthpiece, Vandoren reed #4

Jon Raskin
S.M.L. clarinet, Rico mouthpiece, Vandoren reed
S.M.L. soprano sax, Selmer H mouthpiece, Omega reed
Buffet Alto, B.L.A. mouthpiece, Vandoren reed
Couf baritone, B.L.A. mouthpiece, Rico Royal reed

Andrew Voigt
Selmer sopranino, Selmer G mouthpiece, Omega reed
Bellaire B flat curved soprano, Selmer F mouthpiece, Omega reed
S.M.L. Alto, B.L.A. mouthpiece, #5 Charpin reed
Armstrong flute, handmade ebony mouthpiece
E flat soprano Artley flute

if we didn't do it ourselves. Let's face it."

Metalanguage is an unusual company. The success ROVA and guitarist Kaiser have had due to the exposure of their own, good quality productions can be a lesson to all esoteric and experimental musicians. According to Ochs, Metalanguage can release 1000 copies of an album for around $2000, which includes recording costs, pressing, mixing, mastering and black and white jackets. "At this point, the only qualification as to whether we let someone put out a record on Metalanguage is an esthetic one. It's very subjective. If someone sends us a tape and they have $2000 and we like it, we'll put it out." All Metalanguage artists pay all production costs for their albums.

"We're into this to get the music out," says Ochs emphatically. "There's no money to be made. And if people don't understand that from the outset, then we don't want them and they don't want us."

Though ROVA keeps up an active performing and recording schedule (they've lately returned from their second European tour), their hard core fans in the Bay Area are not sufficient to support the group. All of the members work part time jobs to pay the rent. Though they would like to make a living just from their music, a day gig is preferable to "selling out."

"In this country, for many people, music is an entertainment business," says Ackley. "But I'm sorry. Music is *not* a business for me; I'm not in the entertainment business.

"There are too many people who have very original artistic feelings that they ignore because they want to get over on a popular level. I couldn't live with myself if I went out and tried to do that. I play music because it feels good to play melodies and to sing and interact with other musicians and improvise and then take it to an audience. It feels great! And that's enough. I don't need a fancy car.

"Besides, there are so many people putting so much energy into making it commercially, and they're not making any money. They're just wasting their time! So where is that at? The funny thing is that a group like ROVA is probably going to be more successful than 90% of the people who are trying to make commercial music. In spite of ourselves."

Ackley moved to San Francisco from Detroit in 1971. Though he only began playing the saxophone a year earlier, he says, "I had been listening real intensely to improvised music. I was such an avid listener that it was like I was already a player."

Why saxophone? "I guess because I heard Coltrane in high school and loved his playing. I just had an affinity for the soprano sax."

Ochs, who composes many of ROVA's pieces, arrived from New York in 1971. "I had played trumpet as a kid and I hated it," he says. "I hated playing music because I had to play band music and orchestra music. It never occurred to me that I could play music that I *liked* on a musical instrument."

ROVA SAX QUARTET DISCOGRAPHY

CINEMA ROVATE—Metalanguage ML 101
DAREDEVILS—Metalanguage ML 105 (with Henry Kaiser)
THE REMOVAL OF SECRECY—Metalanguage ML 106
THE BAY—Ictus 0019 (with Andrea Centazzo)
"THIS THIS THIS THIS. . . ."—Moers Music (to be released)

While in college, Ochs was a d.j. on a college station. "I'd play a blues piece and then I'd play Cecil Taylor and then a blues piece and then Miles Davis . . ." Ochs arrived in the Bay Area after a radio job at a Seattle station fell through. "I was waiting for a job in Austin to open up," he recalls. "I was listening to Otis Redding and since I liked the horn section on his records, I thought I'd get a saxophone. So I got a sax and started playing, and immediately it was there." He snaps his fingers. "I went to this wild and crazy San Francisco party and people were coming up to me and saying, 'Hey, that's great! Who do you play with?'"

At age 26, Raskin is the most formally trained of the foursome. His father was a music teacher and Raskin began playing clarinet while in elementary school. He arrived in San Francisco in 1974. "I was going to school in southern California and playing some improvised music with a trumpet player and a drummer. We were sitting around complaining that there wasn't any jazz. We all wanted to learn more about jazz, so I figured I'd find a jazz saxophonist to study with. I moved to S.F., called John Handy, asked if I could have lessons, and he said sure. So I did." Raskin also studied at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and "played with the New Music Ensemble and explored whatever that area [new music] is."

Voigt was born in Kentucky and grew up in Salt Lake City. His father was a small time jazz drummer. ("When I go visit him, we have bop jams in the basement.") Voigt took private classical lessons on the clarinet at his father's urging, but by the time he was a teenager, he'd had it with classical music. "I started to hear jazz, and reacted against my classical training."

Inspired by Dolphy and Coltrane, Voigt picked up the saxophone. Arriving in San Francisco in 1974, he met Raskin at the Conservatory of Music and went on to study with Handy. But in 1975, he headed east. "I went in search of Roscoe Mitchell," says Voigt. "I called up Roscoe, who said, 'If you're serious, come on out.' This was after studying with Handy, who had hundreds of students. I expected to find the same scene around Roscoe. But when I got there I found I was the only saxophone student. It was like an apprenticeship program."

Despite their diverse backgrounds, the members of ROVA are all committed to making an authentic, new and difficult music—a music with political impact. Ochs explains, "The common definition for a political music is a music with a clear—usually vocalized—message, as in rock and folk tunes. Music that preaches. Obviously, our music is not political in this way. And at this time, such music has lost all impact anyway. My own personal political feeling in 1980 is that there is a real need for people to come up with creative, innovative answers to very complex problems, problems that have such complex causes that it will take complex solutions to turn things around. It's not as simple as 'us' and 'them.'

"Instead, when the world situation is worsening at an accelerating rate, when we need people to be dealing with all kinds of problems, we find Americans seeking out the '40s, the '50s, the past 'when things were great'—as if they were.

"Everyone is feeling frustrated and overwhelmed. And rather than facing up to the fact that the system doesn't work and dealing with some terrible problems, they're passing Proposition 13s [California's conservative tax initiative], essentially saying, 'Just please leave me alone and I'll be OK.' Which is, of course, totally incorrect.

"So ROVA's music is intentionally dense," says Ochs intently. "We're throwing layers of information, of music, at the listener. And if they are able to enjoy this music, to hear it and make sense out of it, then maybe we are helping the listener to deal with all the layers of information that are being thrown at him or her in daily life. If people are sensitized rather than desensitized—t.v., drugs, alcohol, daily newspapers are all desensitizing instruments—then they won't be willing to put up with all the bullshit, and change will occur. It's time for people to dig more, not less. And this is how I see our music as political."

Well and good in the abstract, but how does ROVA's music actually affect people?

"Listen," says Ochs, leaning forward in his seat. "The best compliment I ever had after a concert was a guy who came up to me—he said he was a conceptual artist, a sculptor—and he said, 'I've been having a real problem with one of my pieces and I listened to this piece of yours and I had a tremendous breakthrough.' That is what this music is all about. It's about waking people up or helping them to solve problems for themselves in the context of their own lives. It's not about being a messiah or being the greatest music of all time. I think that's shit! Affect people in a way that helps them be more creative with their own lives." **db**

The hierarchy that exists among jazz musicians is a lot like that of baseball players. Regardless of how much money a third baseman or pianist makes, it is his accomplishments and how well they stand the test of time by which colleagues will ultimately judge him.

Roughly speaking, the system divides players into three categories: at the top are the superstars—those individuals that earn considerably more than a paragraph in the record or history books. The greats, the innovators. Babe Ruth. Louis Armstrong. Willie Mays. Duke Ellington. Walter Johnson. Charlie Parker.

At the bottom are the guys that may be shuffled from one minor league to another or create an occasional stir at local jam sessions, yet, inevitably, end up making a living selling insurance or plumbing supplies. Probably not playing baseball or jazz.

But in the middle, by far the broadest part of the spectrum, are the people who, despite a somewhat less than spectacular approach to position or instrument, perform consistently well, night after night, game after game. Here lies the heart of any good team or group. And although these guys may not bat in the clean-up spot or command a Smithsonian reissue of their own, it is through their artistry that we can come close to experiencing the magic so often attributed only to "greats."

VERYL OAKLAND

One such player is pianist Cedar Walton. Since the late '50s, he has steadily carved a niche for himself in the jazz community as one of the most reliable, consistently creative journeyman players around. His resumé reads like a *Who's Who In Jazz*, including names like J. J. Johnson, Art Farmer, Abbey Lincoln, Dexter Gordon, Milt Jackson and, most notably, Art Blakey. It was with the Messengers that his reputation as a solid, sincere accompanist and authoritative soloist became firmly established. Now, at 46, Walton is one of the most prolifically recorded jazz artists in the world.

One need only investigate a few of his recent recordings as a leader and sideman to get some feeling for the wealth of his abilities. On bassist Ray Brown's *Something For Lester* (Contemporary), he is the commanding soloist, punching and prodding the ensemble with his solid left hand and confident, resourceful right. Although there is little in Walton's playing on the date that could be interpreted as "innovative," the fact remains that he is one of the most convincing Bud Powell disciples playing today. As a leader on *Eastern Rebellion I* (Timeless-Muse), his compositional and accompaniment abilities are in full bloom as he stimulates tenor saxophonist George Coleman through rich, vibrant exercises in harmonic/melodic movement. His penchant for organization and carefully constructed chord sequences is similar to the Horace Silver concept of what a tune and a group should sound like.

But Walton's name is hardly a household word; the majority of jazz fans (the ones that buy the records and go to the clubs) live in the major urban/cultural areas of the country. After all, records like *Eastern Rebellion* aren't the most popular items these days in Kearney, Nebraska or Gila Bend, Arizona. But Walton does feel a genuine urge to spread his music to the airwaves and turntables of middle America. So, in addition to leading the *Rebellion* quartet, he has ventured into that vast hemisphere of commercial entertainment that record company executives and artists consider "profitable." Two albums within the past year for Columbia, *Animation* and *Soundscapes*, feature some of the *Eastern Rebellion* players, but are sophisticated attempts at combining the rhythmic elements of r&b with the harmonic qualities usually attributed to jazz playing. Walton's acoustic piano is supplemented with electric piano, and strings are added sparingly. On *Soundscapes* he adds singer Leon Thomas, to lend an even wider accessibility to the music.

"I've come to find out that music is really capitalized by people who sing; it is very difficult to get a message across instrumentally, and jazz is essentially instrumental," Walton told me during his recent engagement at San Francisco's Keystone Korner with the *Soundscapes* group. In a sense, he was right. Thomas' mesmerizing excursions into the realm of jazz yodeling and his mystically eloquent way of delivering lyrics seemed to elicit the most reaction from the standing room only audience that night. But their attention was just as focused during the more jazz oriented segments of the program, such as Walton's soulful solo on *I Didn't Know What Time It Was* and tenorman Bob Berg's searing *Night In Tunisia* statement. Trombonist Steve Turre blew chorus after chorus on *Straight, No Chaser*, and sustained interest, too.

Walton looks a little bit out of place in his three piece suit and no nonsense, non-theatrical approach to leading the ensemble through a few Latin/funk tunes, the ones people expect to hear after buying the record. But it's all part of meeting the audience halfway, in a

CEDAR WALTON'S MAJOR LEAGUE PLAY

by Arthur Moorhead

sense. And with *Soundscapes*, he feels he's come up with a formula that is a more creative alternative to the funk up, two chord drone format that seems to dominate so many pop-jazz presentations these days.

"It's not the same kind of material that I do on *Eastern Rebellion*. It's not as involved harmonically—the structures are very short. But at least they're not just one harmony—they move a little bit."

As a jazz player, he freely admits that endless one and two chord vamps are intimidating.

"I have problems with the reduced harmonies—the ones that don't go anywhere. They're deceptively difficult. With my particular ability, the less harmony you've got, the harder it is to sustain interest. It's more difficult than playing on changes because you have to come up with all kinds of illusions to make it seem interesting. People do it, but I don't see how."

Being under contract with a major record company, the excitement of going on the road with a new group and getting his newest "hit" record played on radio stations throughout the country is not all Walton cares to talk about. There are many facets to his musical concept, and he believes there is "a collage of experiences that you go through that give you the touch of jazz." He loves to talk about the people and events that have shaped his musical outlook.

As a youngster in Dallas, he was afforded the luxury of having a full time piano teacher at home—his mother. She and his father were jazz fans, and Cedar reflects on his first great influence, Duke Ellington. The orchestra came through town every year.

"I remember vividly, in the days of the '40s, before the Jim Crow thing was lifted in Texas, accommodations for a black band the size of Ellington's were an important factor. People like my mother and father had to donate a room for the evening for one of the sidemen. I know alto saxophonist Willie Smith stayed at my house a couple of times, and other people stayed at other houses. Quite often, they would gather later and I would hear them talking and planning—a real gaiety sort of thing. I was really impressed with this, even though I was supposed to be in bed."

Walton played his first professional jobs while in high school with local r&b bands, including a few gigs with David "Fathead" Newman, a mainstay of the Dallas music scene at the time. Later, while attending Dillard University in New Orleans, he fell under the influence of tenor saxophonist Plas Johnson, and for the first time became convinced it was possible to make a living playing music. But when it came to playing piano, Walton emphatically acknowledges the role of Bud Powell.

"He almost singlehandedly revolutionized the solo style. I heard from people that were in touch with his evolution that he had the most ideas of everybody, compared to, say Charlie Parker and Dizzy and Miles. He could play the longest and with the most variation, and I wasn't even there when he was at his peak.

"After I found out how good he was as a soloist, I started taking note of his accompaniment, which was quite outstanding, quite definitive. He had a certain style of punctuation that I wanted to utilize. I saw something in that style I could use to good advantage. Sure enough, when I got to New York (in 1955), I had occasion to play with Lou Donaldson one night, and he mentioned that my comp reminded him of Bud Powell. I was very happy with that evaluation because I had really consciously been trying to emulate his comping style."

Other "greats" have had a more indirect influence on Walton. "I listened to a lot of Art Tatum. After I discovered him, I realized that he had few peers—his solo style, even today, stands out to me as definitive in that style. His playing with a rhythm section always left me without the same level of excitement as his solo playing; he always seemed to run away from them.

"Later on I really started to listen to Ahmad Jamal—definitely a virtuoso. I never heard Ahmad even come close to playing anything without a great deal of technique, taste and timing. When he goes across the piano, he just doesn't ever miss a note—there's never any question. For me, that's still a great thrill, just to hear somebody do that."

Walton was drafted in '56, and spent the next two years overseas listening to Miles Davis records (*"If I Were A Bell*—that's when I really started to appreciate Philly Joe"). After being discharged, he headed back to New York, paid some dues and ended up playing with J. J. Johnson's quintet, and eventually, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. His experiences with both groups—playing, writing and arranging—would eventually form the basis for his own foray into the role of leading an ensemble. But with Blakey, in addition to writing and arranging, he was faced with the difficult task of being heard in a band that, traditionally, played and swung hard.

"The pianist, at least when I was with him, really had to be strong; you had to time your playing to be heard over his powerful style. It was when I joined Blakey that I started gaining power and strength.

"It was really a great time for us [Walton and fellow sidemen Freddie Hubbard, Wayne Shorter and Curtis Fuller]. We were encouraged to learn how to be leaders, and Art was a good model for us. He was good at programming the pieces we played, and he was good with audiences. And I think we all inherited that."

If Buhaina provided Walton with this proper creative spirit, then J. J. Johnson gave him some insight into the practical aspects of leading a group. "I was always in awe of his performances. His concept, attack and breathing and tone were so different, yet so natural. But there were certain keys he stayed away from because they weren't conducive to the best performance on trombone. I mean, he probably could have played them, but that illustrated to me that in a band situation, you should not deliberately make things hard; I didn't become aware of this until later.

"You should stick to things that you do well—you owe that much to the people who are paying to see you. I find myself telling that to some of the younger players who probably haven't thought of it yet. People don't really want to hear you practice. Play something that you really know well when you solo—it's not a crime to repeat things, not lacking in good taste.

"Of course, I'm also very sympathetic to the concept that you should be capable of total improvisation, too. But you have to decide whether you're a virtuoso or not, and I think that's a big step toward maturity. If you're not, you should tune into that; that's all it takes. Nobody demands that you be a virtuoso; nobody would ever know that you're not unless you just attempt in vain to be one all the time."

During the tenure with Blakey, Walton began to get calls for studio work. In addition to a string of successful recordings with the Messengers on Blue Note, he also recorded with other leaders on the label such as Donald Byrd, Lee

Morgan, Jackie McLean, Freddie Hubbard and Joe Henderson.

"The Blue Note label had a very definite sequence that they used on every session, which included rehearsals on Mondays through Thursdays for three or four hours, whatever was needed. So you'd be prepared; the music was really worked out, solo orders, times and so forth. Then when we went out to New Jersey [Englewood Cliffs, where engineer Rudy Van Gelder's studio was located] on Fridays, it was just a matter of getting a good take.

"Sometimes they did sessions where all they had to do were first takes. That was quite a relief, to do a session of mostly first and second takes, because in those days the amount of money didn't vary that much with the amount of time you stayed out there."

In the late '60s, Walton became affiliated with Prestige, a label similar to Blue Note, first as a sideman and later as the house pianist. Although he was given the opportunity to record his first session as a leader there, in retrospect he has some misgivings about that period.

"I think that sequence, that distinct routine is why Blue Note had so much success. At Prestige, things were a little looser. We were encouraged to do the session in one day, which wasn't so bad on Blue Note since you'd been playing together every day anyways.

"I was actually in the unfortunate position of needing a payday on the Prestige dates, so I would go ahead and finish them whether they were ready or not; quite often, the quality suffered. If I had more foresight and been in less need of a payday, I would have taken my time.

VERYL OAKLAND

"Some of the things I did on Prestige I wouldn't even have released."

Walton's current "paydays" come from touring and recording with both his *Eastern Rebellion* quartet and *Soundscapes* groups, and occasional studio work. In addition to acoustic piano, he has been playing electric piano quite often lately, but has no aspirations for other electronic keyboards.

"I'm not un-fascinated by synthesizers; they sound great to me. But I just don't have an immediate need to concern myself with them because I'm writing for horns, which is what synthesizers are emulating most of the time.

"With electric piano I have more colors to deal with. But I wouldn't want to have to play it exclusively on any given performance. Perhaps a record session, but not if it was my own."

The *Soundscapes* group has a very distinctive sound for a contemporary group, and Walton feels it's due in part to the sonority achieved by combining Berg's tenor with Turre's trombone. "I really like the sound. I guess I was influenced by J.J. first, then the Crusaders of a few seasons back. It also affords the keyboard a chance to be heard easily.

"Horace Silver has more or less closed the book on the concept of trumpet and tenor with piano featured. I'm trying to get into an area that gives me more of a chance at originality in terms of sound and concept."

He also believes in getting away from the standard jazz format—head-solos-head, in other words. Instead, Walton approaches composition and performance with a strict sense of structure. Change things around, provide some variety from tune to tune.

"I've gotten accustomed to the reaction it gets, which is really a rewarding thing because I've seen it work on many occasions. I want to refine it even more. We're trying some things now with the tune *Naturally*: take a simple chord structure, put some riffs in certain places. Build, take it back down; maybe go into a straight beat. All these things are becoming possible through this concept, although the drummer really has to be sharp.

"I would really like to present my music at a level where more people will have access to it, because I think I'm on to something here; I've developed a style that has some validity, and after all, mine is a profession that is the opposite of non-profit. I've got to operate in the black, if you'll pardon the expression.

"I received a considerable budget for this *Soundscapes* album, and it has paid off. The album hasn't gone gold or anything, but it's sold more than I've ever sold in the past."

For a jazz artist to find an avenue of expression that successfully combines artistic satisfaction with his record company's ability to turn a profit is the exception; most jazz musicians who try to turn popular artist fail. Cedar Walton feels he's found the right formula. His ability as a pianist is without question; his feasibility as an accessible artist is now his primary interest. "If you'd asked me what were my long range goals 20 years ago, I would have said it was to do what I'm doing now—playing engagements at the top jazz clubs in the nation, the world for that matter. I want to continue that. For me, I have to go out, and that's what makes it continually fascinating. I guess that just comes from one of my earliest influences—Duke Ellington. He always went out with his music—he was always involved somewhere."

At press time, **down beat** *learned that Cedar Walton's contract with CBS Records had expired and would not be renewed.* **db**

SELECTED WALTON DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader
EASTERN REBELLION 1 (with George Coleman)—Timeless Muse TI 306
EASTERN REBELLION 2 (with Bob Berg)—Timeless Muse TI 318
THE PENTAGON (with Clifford Jordan)—Inner City 6009
ANIMATION—Columbia JC 35572
SOUNDSCAPES—Columbia JC 36285
NIGHT AT BOOMER'S VOL. 1 (with Clifford Jordan)—Muse 5010
NIGHT AT BOOMER'S VOL. 2 (with Jordan) Muse 5022
FIRM ROOTS—Muse 5059
CEDAR (with Kenny Dorham and Junior Cook)—Prestige 7519
SPECTRUM—Prestige 7591
BREAKTHROUGH (with Hank Mobley)—Muse 5132

with Art Blakey
FREE FOR ALL—Blue Note 84170
MOSAIC—Blue Note 84090
BUHAINA'S DELIGHT—Blue Note 84104
LIVE MESSENGERS 2—Blue Note LA 473-J2
THERMO 2—Milestone 47008
CARAVAN—Riverside 6074
BUHAINA—Prestige 10067
ANTHENAGIN—Prestige 10076

as a sideman
SOMETHING FOR LESTER (Ray Brown)—Contemporary S7641
ON STAGE VOL. 1 (Clifford Jordan)—SteepleChase SCS 1071
SONIC BOOM (Lee Morgan)—Blue Note LT 987
SLOW DRAG (Donald Byrd)—Blue Note 84292
THINKING OF HOME (Hank Mobley)—Blue Note LT 1045
MODE FOR JOE (Joe Henderson)—Blue Note 84227
JAMES SPAULDING—Storyville SLP 4034
HOMECOMING (Art Farmer)—Mainstream MRL 332
TO DUKE WITH LOVE (Farmer)—Inner City 6014
THE SUMMER KNOWS (Farmer)—Inner City 6004
FAST COMPANY (Jimmy Heath)—Milestone M 47025
NIGHT OF THE MARK 7 (Clifford Jordan)—Muse MR 5076
REMEMBERING ME-ME (Jordan)—Muse MR 5105
NOW'S THE TIME (Idrees Sulieman)—SteepleChase SCS 1052 (impcrt)
SOMETHING IN COMMON (Sam Jones)—Muse MR 5149
THE BIG HORN (Houston Person)—Muse MR 5136
AT THE KOSEI NENKIN (Dexter Gordon)—Prestige 10069

RECORD REVIEWS

DEVADIP CARLOS SANTANA

THE SWING OF DELIGHT—Columbia C2 36590: *Swapan Tari; Love Theme From "Spartacus"; Phuler Matan; Song For My Brother; Jharna Kala; Gardenia; La Llave; Golden Hours; Shere Khan, The Tiger.*

Personnel: Santana, electric, acoustic, and 12 string guitars, percussion, vocals; Herbie Hancock, acoustic piano, Rhodes electric piano, Clavinet, Clavitar, Prophet 5, Yamaha CS-80 and Oberheim 8 voice synthesizers, brass and string synthesis; Wayne Shorter, soprano sax (cuts 2,6,9), tenor sax (3,9); Ron Carter, bass (2,3,6,7,9); Tony Williams, drums (1,3,6); Harvey Mason, drums (2,4,7,9); Russell Tubbs, flute (8), soprano sax (1,3), tenor sax (4,5); David Margen, bass (1,4,5,8); Graham Lear, drums (5,8); Armando Peraza, congas, bongos, percussion; Raul Rekow, congas, percussion, vocals; Orestes Vilato, timbales, percussion, vocals; Alex Ligertwood, vocals (7); Francisco Aguabella, congas (7).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Throughout a consistently strong career, Devadip Carlos Santana has been chameleon-like in adapting to different musical surroundings. This is not to say that he has ever left behind the biting and clear guitar sound, the arching and straining notes, magnificent sustain and timely percussive bursts that brought his Latin-rock to the world's attention ten years ago. He has instead so mastered his craft as to be universally musical, and in so striving has always brought out the best in his sidepeople.

The Swing Of Delight features Santana in his jazziest company since *Illuminations* (with Alice Coltrane, Dave Holland, Jack DeJohnette) and *Love, Devotion, Surrender* (John McLaughlin, Larry Young, Billy Cobham). It is also the first major collaboration of Santana and Herbie Hancock, although the two did a scarcely released album called *Giants* on MCA over a year ago. *Swing* was recorded digitally at David Rubinson's Automatt in San Francisco, and the material is spread onto four brief sides.

Three songs here are compositions of Santana's guru Sri Chinmoy, arranged for western ensemble work by Devadip and reedman Russell Tubbs. The opener, *Swapan Tari*, features Santana introducing the striking melody with a hard edge, then soloing over a blues shuffle rhythm and the flam barrages of Tony Williams. The band changes the rhythm to include a measure of 3/4 at the end of the four bar phrase, and keeps cooking right along as Tubbs launches into a well paced soprano sax solo.

Love Theme From "Spartacus" is arranged by Hancock and Santana, and begins with the two of them interplaying in whispers, speaking softly but clearly. Tempo is established with Ron Carter's acoustic bass sliding and growling, before Wayne Shorter's brief but pointed soprano solo.

The Chinmoy composition *Phuler Matan* is also introduced by Santana, first on acoustic, then electric guitar. Enter a dancing Hancock on acoustic piano, Carter solid on bass, and a polyrhythmic and again flam-buoyant Tony Williams, who plays in triplet feeling. This band lives up to its potential with brilliant dynamic changes and notable empathy.

Santana's ability as a melody-maker is further heard on his tune *Song For My Brother*. After a characteristic Santana rhythm breakdown mid-song, Hancock breaks into a funky electric piano solo, with drummer Mason providing a strong and playful groove. The sound is like Hancock's *Headhunter* days, until an emoting Santana re-introduces the melody and takes a devastating solo of his own.

Jharna Kala features the substantial chops of the present Santana band's drummer, Graham Lear, and bassist, David Margen. The tune is up-tempo from beginning to end, and the rhythm section never falters. The Santana percussion section, Armando Peraza, Raul Rekow and Orestes Vilato, sizzles throughout the album, and makes the most of solo space on the lone vocal cut, *La Llave*.

The song that comes closest to today's "commercial jazz" sound is the Santana composition *Golden Hours*. Tubbs' flute doubles the bright melody with the guitar; Hancock (now on his Clavitar) and Santana have some obvious fun trading solos.

Shorter's *Shere Khan* closes the album, and is a masterpiece of spaciousness and stark beauty. Santana plays the gorgeous melody along with Shorter on soprano, while Carter provides the sparce but steady underpinnings on bass. Hancock is very colorful on synthesizers in this reserved Weather Report-ish setting, and Mason makes little issue of the tempo, laying out a steady breeze of cymbals, pushing the song onward.

Super sessions like this are often disappointing and ego-laden affairs, but not so here. *The Swing Of Delight* is remarkable in showcasing the continued growth of Devadip Carlos Santana, the guitarist, songwriter and arranger. The contributions of the other musicians, particularly Hancock's vast efforts, are equally rewarding. But perhaps it is the honest respect felt between these players, more than anything else, that makes *The Swing Of Delight* the uplifting package it is.

—tolleson

MEL TORME

A NEW ALBUM—Gryphon G 796: *All In Love Is Fair; The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face; New York State Of Mind; Stars; Send In The Clowns; Ordinary Fool; When The World Was Young; Yesterday When I Was Young; Bye Bye Blackbird.*

Personnel: Torme, vocals; Phil Woods, alto sax; Gorden Beck, Barry Miles, keyboards; Vic Juris, guitar; Brian Hodges, electric bass; Chris Lawrence, acoustic bass; Terry Silverlight, drums; orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

If Mel Torme's fine 1975 album *Live At The Maisonette* got a Grammy Award nomination, then *A New Album* ought to be in line for a Nobel Prize. It's a winner, with few serious weaknesses and at least one track that's a masterpiece of lyric, arrangement and performance.

Torme is to the contemporary pop tune what a Brooks Brothers suit is to the college graduate. He brings a pedigree of quality and seasoned maturity to that which is fresh, good, but untested by time.

Here he takes on Billy Joel (*NY State*), Janis Ian, Stevie Wonder *(All In Love)* and Paul Williams *(Ordinary)*, bringing out the qualities in their work that are likely to survive the zeitgeist of their own era. And because he does, they are all that much closer to comparison within the ranks of Kern, Gershwin, Berlin and other masters. There are some remarkably good lyrics here, and Torme doesn't let a syllable slip by that isn't well thought out. Janis Ian's *Stars* is an extraordinary achievement, a sort of *No Business Like Show Business* for the '70s. Chris Gunning's arrangement, with its soft strings and woodwinds, brings a profundity to the words that's equal to the finest work Gordon Jenkins ever did for Sinatra. And Torme handles the whole piece not only with impeccable craftsmanship, but with a moving emotional resonance which should duly lay to rest any thought that he is nothing more than an excellent technician. There is an authority to his words that is convincing.

The words aren't quite up to this standard on some of the other selections. *The First Time*, for example, for all its haunting profundity of melody, speaks mostly in rather ordinary celestial similes of the sun-moon-and-stars variety. But Torme handles the long, flat notes with superb control; in many ways it's the truest test of his vocal instrument. *Clowns* is taken fast and perhaps a little too hiply. The lyric tends to get tossed away. But other singers have made us hear the words already; none has made them swing for us. It's a noble experiment, with a bow to Basie at the end. *New York* is a good tune—not quite a great one—and Torme sings it with subtle, funky inflections.

Weaving in and out of it all is the alto sax of Phil Woods. Nowhere is he finer than on *Bye Bye*, where he and Torme share the first chorus. In a way, it is the exact reverse of *Clowns*—a normally mid-tempo tune is slowed down to ballad time and suddenly the lyric becomes meaningful. It's an excellent performance. And *A New Album* is very good—indeed, among Torme's best work.

—mcdonough

CLIFFORD JORDAN

THE ADVENTURER—Muse MR 5163: *Quasimodo; No More; He's A Hero; Blues For Muse; Adventurer; I'll Be Around.*

Personnel: Jordan, tenor and alto saxophones, flute; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Bill Lee, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

ON STAGE, VOLUME 1—Steeplechase SCS-1071: *Pinocchio; That Old Devil Moon; The Maestro; The Highest Mountain.*

Personnel: Jordan, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

★ ★ ★

At a time when the major record corporations are finding little interest or enough profit in underwriting fresh, authentic bebop records, it's encouraging for purists that so many are actually being released. Usually, they're courtesy of independent labels, where enthusiasm for these projects is most often fueled by a genuine love for music and not excessive financial return. Still, out of every dozen of these current straightahead dates, only two or three are actually as memorable as so many of the "classic" sessions recorded for Blue Note, Prestige and others starting some 25 years ago.

The Adventurer is one that is. Here's a record that stands up to close scrutiny and repeated listening no matter how jaded on modern recreations of the past you may have become. Jordan is in top form; his solos are superbly constructed, going from one point to another logically, effortlessly and in the space of only two or three choruses. His sound has remained basically intact throughout his career, and he seems to have regained some of the control over his horn that I've found him lacking in the past several years. His flute and alto work *(Blues For Muse)* is less convincing.

As an interpreter of melody, Jordan is among the finest. He goes beyond reading a line—he plays it. Certainly, we hear the influences of Lester Young (rhythm) and, to a lesser extent, Coleman Hawkins (sound), but Jordan is more than just another disciple. On *I'll Be Around* (another gorgeous Alec Wilder tune) he alternates between lagging behind and jumping ahead of the melody; the chilling, haunting dips into the lower register he uses *ring* with emotion.

Flanagan, in a somewhat limited role, shines as usual. His accompaniment is first rate (especially on *I'll Be Around* and *No More*), and his solos are brief but interesting. Grady Tate is one of the most consistently exciting drummers around—it's so nice to hear a drummer use even the simplest of contrasting devices—brushes during a bass solo—as on *Quasimodo*. Lee, an underrecorded bassist if there ever was one, is solid and tasteful on every tune. (Note: there is some confusion in the liner notes. It is on *He's A Hero* that Jordan uses a march beat in the introduction, not *Quasimodo*, as Zan Stewart states. Further, the tune sequence listed on the album jacket is different than the record label; the latter is correct.)

The quality of Jordan's playing with his band the Magic Triangle, recorded in 1975 at the BIM House in Amsterdam, falls considerably short of the Muse LP. His sound is gloomy, less sentimental and much of the subtle inflection he is capable of is missing. There also seems to be a certain amount of hesitation when it comes to interacting with the rhythm section. Walton, Higgins and Jones really smoke on *Pinocchio* and *Old Devil Moon*, but Jordan seems unorganized and reluctant in his solos, too often prone to screeching and pushing the horn beyond his range. On *The Highest Mountain* there's more cohesion in his playing, but again, the rhythm section steals the show. (This album succeeds more as a Cedar Walton trio record than anything else. The pianist retained his rhythm mates on his *Eastern Rebellion* waxings.) To top things off, Jordan is poorly miked, and Walton's piano sounds as if it's in the other room. Probably just an off night. For a better representation of this group, try *The Pentagon* (Inner City 6009). *—moorhead*

PAT METHENY

80/81—ECM-2-1180: *Two Folk Songs (1st and 2nd); 80/81; The Bat; Turnaround; Open; Pretty Scattered; Every Day (I Thank You); Goin' Ahead.*

Personnel: Metheny, guitar; Charlie Haden, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums; Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone (cuts 2,3,5,6); Mike Brecker, tenor saxophone (1,3,5-7).

★ ★ ★ ★

Pat Metheny's first two-record set, *80/81*, is a fount of exhilarating jazz music. We've known for some time that the guitarist was a precociously advanced technician (his style derives from giants Miles, Ornette and Wes Montgomery), but his recent fusion escapades (*Pat Metheny Group, American Garage*) and the heavy-eyed "folk" extrapolation (*New Chautauqua*) weren't convincing musical and emotional presentations. Only on an earlier ECM headliner (*Bright Size Life*) had he clearly affirmed an incisive understanding of melody and harmony, and the ability to go beyond technique—cohorts Bob Moses and Jaco Pastorius seemed to be the spark he needed. So when we read the names Charlie Haden, Jack DeJohnette, Dewey Redman and Mike Brecker on *80/81*'s cover, we can expect fireworks. And we get them.

But *80/81* was almost the two-fer that wasn't; producer Manfred Eicher reportedly entertained the idea of releasing the results of the four-day Oslo recording sessions in two volumes, one presumably given to 100 proof jazz and the other to progressive pop and marginal jazz. Putting that scheme aside, he still had the problem of sequencing stylistically dissimilar material. Some people are going to put their cash down for an album they believe continues the guitarist's pop inclinations—a supposition fueled by the FM airplay being enjoyed by *Every Day* (in abbreviated form) and *Goin' Ahead*. Other buyers may believe they are in store for four sides of the guitarist with the great Fort Worth tenorman Dewey Redman. Well . . .

The new release opens with *Two Folk Songs*, a sidelong homage to the indigenous music of Metheny and Haden's home territory, Missouri. Metheny holds the rhythm—his guitar's sound sparkling like sun on a river—while Brecker first pampers then splinters the melody, going "outside" with terrific bleats and shrieks—vocalizing very much in Redman's style. The ever amazing DeJohnette keeps busy, his actions the impetus behind a quartet performance that slackens only when Haden pensively addresses a new theme. The final section is a guitar canter (after a long gallop) that encapsulates several folk strains. All told, the side is a triumph, a stirring blend of the traditional and the contemporary.

Metheny, Redman, Haden and DeJohnette spread their empathic energy all over the boppish title track. After the guitarist and the saxophonist together descant the theme, Metheny vents a spate of lines which are the tremor before Redman's solo eruption. All the while, the other two rumble like there's no tomorrow. *Pretty Scattered*, with Brecker added, is also a flare-up of ardent blowing, the clear-headed contributions of Metheny being especially pleasing. With Ornette Coleman's less than complex *Turnaround*, Metheny proves he can wring pure honest feeling out of the blues, thus dispelling the thought in some circles that his playing lacks soul. Haden meanwhile offers a characteristically imaginative solo and DeJohnette is right there with muscleman polyrhythmic exclamations. Someone (Metheny?) cries out at the piece's conclusion: "Wooohooo, boy, Jack DeJohnette, man!" Absolutely correct. And *Open*, primarily a themeless free-for-all for the quintet, deserves affirmative howls because of the high level of musicianship. It may shock some Metheny fans, but please listeners who like to hear Redman and DeJohnette stretch out. A rich Metheny melody appears only at the close.

Three tracks focus on Metheny's warmly expressive playing. *The Bat*, named for his girlfriend, not a Lugosi playmate, benefits from the winning delicacies of his companions, especially those tender moments from Redman. *Every Day* has a luscious theme, underlining Metheny's incisive understanding of melody, and Brecker makes it touching without being flowery—forgive him now his Arista atrocities. *Goin'*, a solo guitar spot, floats along like another cloud in the sky over those 19th century Chautauqua musicians. And that's about it for the "mellow" enthusiasts, unless they're ready for *Two Folk Songs*—and why shouldn't they be?

80/81 is a bravura performance. It's also a vindication. —*hadley*

JACK TEAGARDEN

GIANTS OF JAZZ—Time-Life STL-J08: *She's A Great, Great Girl; Makin' Friends; Digga Digga Doo; Bugle Call Rag; I'm Gonna Stomp Mr. Henry Lee; That's A Serious Thing* (two takes); *My Kinda Love; It's Tight Like That; Makin' Friends; It's So Good; Basin Street Blues; Tailspin Blues; Never Had A Reason To Believe In You; After You've Gone; If I Could Be With You; The Sheik Of Araby; Beale Street Blues; That's What I Like About You; Chances Are; I Got The Ritz From The One I Love; Someday Sweetheart; I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues; Texas Tea Party; A Hundred Years From Today; Moon Glow; Lord I Give You My Children; Stars Fell On Alabama; I Hope Gabriel Likes My Music; I'm An Old Cowhand; Diane; Serenade To A Shylock; Downhearted Blues; The Blues; Jack Hits The Road; After Awhile; Big Eight Blues; St. James Infirmary; Jack Armstrong Blues; Lover.*

Personnel: Teagarden, trombone, vocals, with various groups comprising Jimmy McPartland, Manny Klein, Red Nichols, Charlie Teagarden, Bobby Hackett, Charlie Spivak, Harry James, Bunny Berrigan, Louis Armstrong, Rex Stewart, cornets and trumpets; Mezz Mezzrow, Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Pee Wee Russell, Barney Bigard, Peanuts Hucko, Matty Matlock, Johnny Mince, clarinets; Glen Miller, Tommy Dorsey, trombones; Gil Rodin, Larry Binyon, Bud Freeman, Babe Russin, Adrian Rollini, Frank Trumbauer, Ben Webster, saxophones; Eddie Lang, Eddie Condon, Dick McDonough, guitars; Joe Venuti, Matty Malneck, violins; Arthur Shutt, Joe Sullivan, Fats Waller, Jess Stacy, Frank Froeba, Teddy Wilson, piano; Vic Berton, Ben Pollack, Ray Bauduc, Dave Tough, George Wettling, Gene Krupa, drums; Irving Mills, Red McKenzie, Pollack, Waller, Armstrong, Johnny Mercer, Teddy Grace, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The problem with this set—and it's a pleasant albeit annoying one which is inherent in all of the Time-Life anthologies issued to date—is that the producers have been forced to select excerpts, bits and pieces, from the life's work of men who truly *are* the Giants of Jazz. Thus the first question facing the selection committee is one of potential audience. Is this anthology to be tailored toward the collector (meaning the inclusion of rare, alternate and unissued takes, with sheer musical quality of only secondary importance) or the novice (who needs a general introduction to the excellences of the artist's work, necessitating the re-repackaging of acknowledged, occasionally shopworn, and often readily available "classics")? In either case, there will be sins of omission and commission, and no one will be completely satisfied.

In the selection of performances by the great trombonist and vocalist Jack Teagarden, Time-Life consultants John S. Wilson, Michael Brooks, Stanley Dance, Richard Spottswood and George T. Simon have opted for a middle position, in an attempt to alienate no one and to entertain all. They have largely succeeded. To woo the long time fan, they have dug up four performances which have never appeared on LP in America before (new takes of *Great, Great Girl* by Roger Wolfe Kahn and Orchestra from 1928 and the 1929 *My Kinda Love* by Ben Pollack and his Park Central Orchestra; Johnny Mercer's *Lord I Give* from 1934; and a 1938 *Downhearted Blues* sung by Teddy Grace) along with one cut previously unissued in any form (*I Got The Ritz*, originally recorded under Teagarden's name in 1931).

Beyond their rarity, however, these cuts are notable only as curiosities; Mercer's is an out-and-out novelty number, while the Pollack features the leader's suave and syrupy vocal—which Teagarden fortunately redeems with a bluesy vengence in his instrumental backing—in a style which Jack punctured forever in his *Sheik Of Araby* satire with Red Nichols and the Five Pennies in 1930. Ms. Grace's blues belting, meanwhile, is Bessie Smith-inspired, but annotator Wilson is apparently unaware that Teagarden recorded with the genuine article.

Elsewhere, however, the programming is at the very least interesting and often instructive. There are two widely varied versions of *Makin' Friends* (a 1928 septet outing by Condon's Footwarmers and an expanded arrangement by the ten man Kentucky Grasshoppers a year later), and two takes of *Serious Thing* by another Condon-led ensemble which are all but identical save for the trombonist's brand new solo second thoughts. *That's What I Like About You, I Got The Ritz* and *Chances Are* (no, not the Johnny Mathis hit) were all recorded on October 14, 1931 by the same band, yet the first two pieces are under Teagarden's name while the third is listed as by Roy Carroll (sic) and his Sands Point Orchestra. Since the latter is an especially "sweet" performance, it was apparently aimed at a more popular market, hence the name change. Nevertheless, all three cuts are inferior to *You Rascal You*, also recorded that day, which is not included but which features more substantial musical content and an equally ebullient vocal exchange between Teagarden and Fats Waller as on *That's What I Like*.

Nearly all of the "greatest hits" are here—*I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues, Beale Street Blues, Stars Fell On Alabama, Basin Street Blues*—though, provocatively, not all in their best known clothes. *Basin Street Blues*, for example, is a very early (1929) performance by the Louisiana Rhythm Kings, led by Red Nichols, recorded before Jack and Glenn Miller wrote the famous "Won't you come along with me" lyrics. Missing completely are Teagarden backing Bessie Smith in her last recording session and Billie Holiday in her first (which took place, surprisingly, the same week in November 1933), and the vastly underrated, ill fated, swing oriented Teagarden Orchestra of 1939.

Unfortunately, in order to provide such extensive examples of his exciting early work, short shrift has been given to Teagarden's later output. Admittedly, much of this is easier to find on LP, but it nevertheless deserves recognition in such an anthology, and to offer only three numbers from the last 24 years of Teagarden's ever viable activity seems rather severe. The inclusion of the *Big Eight Blues* does allow us to see Teagarden within an ensemble of a decidedly Ellingtonian hue, but it is not as intriguing or as musically worthwhile as any of the other performances which could have been taken from that same 1940 session, where Ben Webster adapts marvelously to three dixieland standards. Moreover, there is only one too-brief sample of the interaction between Teagarden and his foremost employer of those years, Louis Armstrong, and a version of their classic *Rockin' Chair* might have mitigated some of this neglect and better balanced some of those early years' sweetness.

Of course, in the case of *I'm An Old Cowhand, A Hundred Years From Today* and *Stars Fell On Alabama*, Teagarden was able to transcend the corn content and create a touching statement through the sheer strength and honesty of his interpretive powers. Those powers consisted of an alternately rapid fire or mellifluously languid trombone attack matched to altogether seamless phrasing, far from the often overblown dixie tailgaiting which was the 1920s norm, and a vocal style of simplicity, restraint and bluesy conviction. They are present on the earliest examples of Teagarden's art: the March 1928 Kahn Orchestra piece, where he replaced an oversleeping Miff Mole on a moment's notice, and the various Condons of the same year, where his rhythmic flow is much more sophisticated than that of his cohorts—even the subsequently reliable Mezz Mezzrow sounds unduly wooden in comparison, and the rhythm section is embarrassingly stodgy, something the trombonist would have to put up with until Krupa and Dave Tough loosened his accompaniments in the 1930s. It was the same power which created the refined yet winsome perfection of *Jack Hits The Road*, or the gripping, tense, imperishable improvisation on *St. James Infirmary* recorded live in 1947—both masterpieces in the jazz canon.

Teagarden's recorded output was astonishingly large—he waxed 116 sides in 1929 alone, and his career lasted 36 very full, well documented years—but the vast majority of his work was as a sideman, mainly with friends who came together to record the music they loved to play. Throughout his life Teagarden sought out musicians who would inspire him, and these 40 performances further document some outstanding moments from such frequent Teagarden collaborators as cornetist McPartland, pianist Sullivan, violinist Venuti, clarinetist nonpareil Pee Wee Russell and Benny Goodman, whose gruffer 1920s voicings seem Russell-influenced. At other times in this collection, however, Teagarden is the sole attractive feature, and it is more than his virtuosity—or his refutation of same—which appeals to us; it is his charisma, his warm personality which is revealed in his music and which continues to seduce us whenever needle hits vinyl such as this. *—lange*

TOMMY FLANAGAN

BALLADS & BLUES—Inner City IC 3029: *Blue Twenty; Scrapple From The Apple; With Malice Towards None; Blues For Sarka; Star Eyes; They Say It's Spring; Birk's Works.*
Personnel: Flanagan, piano; George Mraz, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

Of the two original "blues" that open both sides of Tommy Flanagan's first duo album, one is a stretched form (8-8-4) by the pianist and the other is a solemn, haunting 32 bar song, set for its composer's bass. Of the "ballads," there are the perennial *Star Eyes*, Bob Haymes' long-forgotten *Spring* and Tom McIntosh's stately *Malice*, remembered from Flanagan's years with neighbor Tom's New York Jazz Sextet (late '60s) all taken at moderate clips. The "true" blues are Dizzy's *Works* and Bird's *Apple*, whipped silky and lyrical with plentiful bop references ineffably infused.

It's no surprise that Flanagan takes the blues beyond bop; his Detroit upbringing (occurring chronologically between lyrical genii Hank Jones and Roland Hanna, who are both similarly enjoying a recording revival) seems ever to have stuck in him the delicate balance between the funky and the flowery, the swinging and the singing. Only one so thoroughly versed on the pop and bop vernaculars as Flanagan could so effortlessly insert Parker's *Marmaduke* into his *Scrapple*, and Cole Porter's *Piccolino* into *Spring*.

As lines require more support than a triangle, duos sag without mutual empathy. Mraz met Flanagan during the former's 1972 tour with Oscar Peterson and they first played during his subsequent brief replacement of Keter Betts in Ella Fitzgerald's trio. Their lines have been long drawn and interwoven from extensive explorations at Bradley's and other New York rooms, and their collaborations have been documented before on *Eclypso* (another Enja side licensed by Inner City) in a trio filled out by Elvin Jones.

Flanagan and Mraz go head to head nicely; they trade support evenly, share the singing, and channel some driving groovers. They show they don't really need the kit, not even Elvin's deft and supple brushwork, to move along with resilience and fervor. They might have varied the pacing a bit more, however; nearly every tune slips into a medium tempo, more or less. Best tracks by me are *Sarka*, Mraz' buzzy arco framing a warm, lingering version more intimate and wistful than the New York Jazz Quartet's, and *Spring*, one of those rare tunes whose title you can hear right in the melody. *—bouchard*

JONI MITCHELL

SHADOWS AND LIGHT—Asylum BB-704: *Introduction; In France They Kiss On Main Street; Edith And The Kingpin; Coyote; Goodbye Pork Pie Hat; The Dry Cleaner From Des Moines; Amelia; Pat's Solo; Hejira; Black Crow; Don's Solo; Dreamland; Free Man In Paris; Band Introduction; Furry Sings The Blues; Why Do Fools Fall In Love; Shadows And Light; God Must Be A Boogie Man; Woodstock.*
Personnel: Mitchell, electric guitar, vocals; Pat Metheny, lead guitar; Jaco Pastorius, bass guitar; Don Alias, drums and percussion; Lyle Mays, keyboards; Michael Brecker, saxophone; The Persuasions, vocals (cuts 16-18).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Last year's *Mingus* album was fairly conclusive proof that Joni Mitchell has decided to stick with her new audience, with whom she first flirted on *Hejira* and openly courted on *Don Juan's Reckless Daughter*. Those not sparked by *Mingus* probably won't be moved by this album either, but then, those who accuse Joni of attempting to graft jazz onto her folk 'n' roll have missed the point anyway. *Shadows And Light* is full where *Mingus* was sometimes too sparse, and the performance dimension adds to the odd amalgam that is Mitchell's music. The lady is more of a poet than guitarist, but she sure knows how to put together a band, now more than ever.

Mitchell is probably the closest thing we have in this country to a Milton Nascimento. What both share (besides a proclivity toward the upper voice registers) is a willingness to take chances in their eclecticism, hoping, presumably, that the audience won't rule them out of bounds on technicalities. There is romance within their abstractions; where simplicity prevails, it comes off as deliberate choice rather than lack of imagination. The tunes take unexpected melodic and harmonic turns that go elsewhere, but nicely. This is *intelligent* fusion, not the jazz-rock shotgun wedding sound as prevalent today as disposable razors. It is joyous in its listenability, and lends an optimistic counterpoint to Mitchell's lyrics. Much other modern poetry would be better with this sort of accompaniment.

What makes *Shadows* better than Mitchell's previous recent efforts is that she has struck a balance among those diverse elements which might be termed egocentrifugal in nature. The bonds between lyrics and music are stronger, and while there are no new songs here, Mitchell has chosen wisely from her repertoire. The adaptations from studio to stage leave plenty of room for this band to show its stuff, and the band members have plenty of stuff to strut in this context.

Jaco Pastorius isn't the show stealer he is with Weather Report, but his contributions are no less essential to the group sound. As Mitchell's longest standing co-conspirator, he has a more empathetic understanding of her music than the others here. Fortunately, the rest appropriately follow *him* as he paces *her*.

Pat Metheny sounds better in Mitchell's band than he has leading his own. His formidable talents as a player are given a needed direction by her music, not because Mitchell's compositions are really that much more complex or interesting than the pleasant ditties of *American Garage*, but because Metheny's flawless renderings are much more credible as *part of* the band sound than they are as a focal point.

The same can be said of keyboardist Lyle Mays, usually a member of Metheny's quartet. He has chops to spare and here, finally, he is given somewhere to go with them. The Zawinul influence is evident, but, unlike his mentor, Mays adds an orchestral depth to the group sound without dominating it.

Don Alias is Mitchell's best drummer to date; he blends the Brazilian eccentricity of Airto with the drive of Tony Williams, and his ability to handle a variety of dynamics makes him especially valuable for a live recording. Michael Brecker plays such a good Wayne Shorter imitation that he sounds almost out of character when he slips back into his usual New York slick-session sound.

The Persuasions are the only element which could be termed musically disparate, but the performance environment seems to have taken care of that at the scene, even if it might not sound *quite* right on record. Mitchell does serve notice that the audience is going to be "rock and rolled," though that's not really what the Persuasions are up to. At any rate, their harmonies are as perfect as ever, and are confined to *Why Do Fools* and the title cut.

Disregarding the forgettable collaged intro (a la Jefferson Airplane's 1969 *Pointed Head* album), the performances are all exuberant, save one: *Woodstock*. Ex-rockers who have entered the post acid era will probably always maintain that Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young did the authoritative version of that workhorse tune, just as folkie survivors likely curse CSN&Y for bastardizing Joni's original pristine version. The song (and the soul revue number) don't lend themselves well to the sound of this band.

Woodstock, actually, is Mitchell's only pre-*Hissing Of Summer Lawns* song on the album. If you respect Mitchell for remembering her roots, then you won't mind it. Besides, being the last thing on side four, it's easy enough to avoid.

Shadows And Light is a much more substantial album than Mitchell's 1975 double disc live outing, *Miles Of Aisles*, not only because this band is more compelling than the L.A. Express, but also because her compositions have come a *long* way. This is probably due as much to the musical company she has been keeping as to the development of her personal playing. She has transcended the pop star's confusion of style with fashion by expanding beyond what she could have gotten by with had she not chosen to continue her non-academic (and thus more realistic) musical education. She sounds much more convinced about her direction, and thus, more convincing.

Mingus was undeniably strong as concept, but this album is a more complete realization for Mitchell's music. It's a shame the WEA conglomerate didn't see fit to use plastic inner sleeves as they did for *Mingus*, because, even at twice the cost, this album is worth it.

—hinely

PHAROAH SANDERS

JOURNEY TO THE ONE—Theresa Records TR 108/109: *Greeting To Idris; Doktor Pitt; Kazuko (Peace Child); After The Rain; Soledad; You've Got To Have Freedom; Yemenja; Easy To Remember; Think About The One; Bedria.*

Personnel: Sanders, tenor sax, tambura, sleigh bells, production; Eddie Henderson, flugelhorn (cuts 2,6); John Hicks, piano (1,2,6-8,10); Joe Bonner, piano (4,9); Yoko Ito Gates, koto (3); Paul Arslanian, harmonium, wind chimes (3); Bedria Sanders, harmonium (5); Mark Isham, synthesizer (9); Carl Lockett, guitar (1,7,9); Chris Hayes, guitar (10); James Pomerantz, sitar (5); Ray Drummond, bass (1,2,6-8,10); Joy Julks, bass (9); Idris Muhammad, drums (1,2,6-8,10); Randy Merritt, drums (9); Phil Ford, tabla (5); Babatunde, congas, shekere (9); Claudette Allen, lead vocal (9); Vickie Randle, Ngoh Spencer, Donna (Dee Dee) Dickerson, Bobby McFerrin, vocals (6 and 9).

★ ★ ★ ★

It is not Sanders' first release since his departure from Impulse in 1974—he has appeared as sideman for Norman Connors and Ed Kelly and as leader on a couple of (unjustly) forgotten dates—but *Journey To The One* is the come back we have been waiting for: powerful, lyrical and emotionally arresting.

That, of course, is good news. During the troubled period for jazz in the late '60s, Sanders' New York gigs with Sonny Sharrock and Leon Thomas became legendary, and his records had a direction and musical authority that saw him pronounced Coltrane's heir and the very future of jazz. Today we know different, and in addition to being a complete recovery—indeed because it so vividly brings back albums like *Tauhid*, *Karma* and *Elevation*—*Journey* also raises some fundamental questions about the nature of Sanders' music, questions that have been dormant since the saxophonist stopped recording and performing regularly, but which now must be addressed before a second phase of his career can be fully launched.

For one thing, it now seems doubtful whether Sanders was ever the avant garde player he was made out to be 15 years ago. The new jazz of the '70s developed in opposition to Sanders and his followers: on one side he was eclipsed by the structuralists in Chicago and the southern midwest, on the other by Miles Davis fusion spin-offs in New York and Los Angeles. Rather, one supposes, Sanders was and is a supreme instrumentalist, of rhythm and blues background, with mystical and romantic leanings and an expressionistic style ranging from Dionysian furor on the "outside" of his instrument to intensely lyrical, tranquil moments of *karma* on the "inside."

The confusion over the real nature of Sanders' music stems from his partnership with John Coltrane (either he or Coltrane kept the wrong company!?) and from the musical trenches dug in the late '60s between the "New Thing" and traditional styles. Sanders is not to blame, obviously, for embodying two or more genres, but one cannot help wondering if Sanders' self-imposed cultural exile in the latter part of the '70s was caused by his own failure to identify his true position in jazz. Such a lack of awareness would explain, for example, Sanders' alleged discontent with being cast by Norman Connors—quite appropriately and with empathy—in a pop vein on the perfectly pleasing little effort *Love Will Find A Way* (Arista, 1978).

Journey, then, confirms that Pharoah Sanders continues to command one of the richest, loveliest and fiercest tenor sax sounds in all of jazz. The immediacy and almost tactile intimacy of his tone and intonation again are stunningly employed to serve the awesome emotional power that is Sanders' ultimate contribution. *Journey* also confirms, however, the static nature of the saxophonist's musical concept built on religious mysticism and his somewhat banal sense of dynamics, which constantly balances fervor against lyricism.

As a whole, this double album represents a more traditionalist approach for Sanders. Most compositions are relatively tightly arranged and performed, with a few (*Greetings*, *Freedom* and *Bedria*) displaying that "rollicking" jam session quality that used to inform Sanders' uptempo pieces. Others go even further back: *Doktor Pitt* is straight bebop, and *After The Rain* and *Easy To Remember* are virtual Coltrane ballad impersonations with a possible difference noticeable between Sanders' romanticism and Coltrane's melancholy.

Too grateful at having a strongly playing Sanders back, one will easily forgive the conservativeness of the material, but it is harder to overlook the saxophonist's continued use of religious invocations and chants of peace, etc. Those extra-musical elements were always somewhat problematic, but by now they are downright anachronistic, no matter how genuinely felt or stated. Choice of personnel is also questionable. Neither Joe Bonner, an embellishing, embroidering pianist, nor John Hicks offer Sanders any temperamental counterpoint which could have opened the music up, and the faithful presence of the heavy, simplistic Idris Muhammad only adds to the album's general emotional thickness.

The absolute highlight of *Journey* is the orientally flavored *Kazuko* whose stark and stagnant setting provides the saxophonist with a lean, crisp backdrop for a dramatic tonal improvisation. Also introducing refreshing new constellations is the synthesizer accompaniment to Sanders on *Think About The One*. These moments, pointing to a number of unexplored directions for Sanders, give hope that the saxophonist still has a lot to say, and that it does not have to be in the language of pop or '60s "New Thing." *—gabel*

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND HIS MAGIC BAND

DOC AT THE RADAR STATION—Virgin VA 13148: *Hot Head; Ashtray Heart; A Carrot Is As Close As A Rabbit Gets To A Diamond; Run Paint Run Run; Sue Egypt; Brickbats; Dirty Blue Gene; Best Batch Yet; Telephone; Flavor Bud Living; Sheriff Of Hong Kong; Making Love To A Vampire With A Monkey On My Knee.*
Personnel: Don Van Vliet (C.B.), vocals, Chinese gongs, harmonica, soprano saxophone, bass clarinet; Jeff Tepper, guitars; Eric Feldman, keyboards, bass; Robert Williams, drums; Bruce Fowler, trombone; John French (Drumbo), guitars, marimba, bass, drums; Gary Lucas, french horn, guitar (cut 10).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Of all musicians loosely considered rockers, Captain Beefheart is the most original. Because his music is a genre unto itself, it's particularly difficult to describe. Analogy, the efficient critic's tool, gets nowhere near the heart of Beefheart's creations.

Beefheart's late '60s work was virtually all self composed, and he taught it note by note, beat by beat, to his Magic Bands. This is probably still true; on *Run Paint* hear Bruce Fowler, occasional db Pro Session writer, whinny on trombone like a rabid equine. In the beginning, Beefheart relied heavily on blues forms and his own intense, rasping vocals—the closest known voice is Howlin' Wolf's. Beefheart also dabbled in pop, soul and folk forms, adding jazzlike reed parts, electronic studio effects and odd meters. His innovative earlier work hasn't become MOR, but sounds far less peculiar to 1980 ears.

The Captain has continued forward, and still makes all other rock music seem tame. He's beyond merely modifying the blues and even scorns the work of the new wave rockers who claim him as an influence ("Why should I look through my own vomit?" he asked Lester Bangs in the *Village Voice*). Though his vocals retain blues mannerisms and his lyrics employ a wacky (yet still traditional) blues hyperbole, *Doc At The Radar Station* displays throughout Beefheart's own voice: a coarse, incredibly intense speak-singing.

This album may be the most successful utilization of the harmolodic ideas articulated by Ornette Coleman. The Captain's working method is different from Coleman's; instead of seeking ideas from sidemen, Beefheart claims to dictatorially control his Magic Bandmembers. In description, the music reads like jazz, though. Rhythms are carried by the singer and by all instruments—most often by electric guitars. Drums and percussion usually create subordinate, overlapping patterns. Conventional melody and harmony aren't prime features, but what exists is played by all the musicians. For most tunes here, Beefheart writes catchy ostinatos which, since several are played simultaneously, seem to undermine each other. As these lines persist, they become more compatible, sometimes resolving into jagged unisons. On the most successful tunes, like *Sheriff Of Hong Kong*, listeners can't help stomping.

Dirty Blue Gene is one of the highest evolutions yet of composer-arranger Beefheart's technique. The opening frantic guitar chording soon gives way to blister fingered single note runs—separate lines by two players. At times, the drummer tightly supports a soloist; at others, he seems to be ignoring the band completely. Controlled feedback shrieks from nowhere; rhythms shift and stop altogether, to be reintroduced by guitar power chords; churning slide guitar drives the tune toward its end. Over it all, Beefheart sings one of the great love songs, about a woman who's "not bad . . . just genetically mean." The Captain's howls of suffering and the brutality of the woman "swingin' a sponge on the end of a string" are hilarious and somehow, simultaneously, heartfelt. This tune (and others here) will remain on my playlist for at least the short decade until I'm as old (39) as the Captain.

Doc is thoughtfully programmed. *Hot Head*, even with its highly percussive guitars, is structured like a Top 40 tune. *Ashtray Heart* features guitar-drum "unison," and, like all the tunes, off the wall lyrics that are funny or empathetic, depending on the listener's mood. Two brief instrumental numbers function mostly to relieve the tension of the Captain's strange *sprechesang*.

Beefheart is least successful where music and words aren't well integrated; *Sue Egypt* and *Brickbats* come off as poetry recitations with musical backgrounds, although each element has its interest. Every tune contains nuggets, and in spite of its initial density, repeated listenings prove that this album wears well.

Most db reviewers are too liberal with stars, especially for rockers. Since journeymen like the Clash garnered five stars *(London Calling)* and won the Readers Poll for best rock album, and since I've awarded four and five stars to passionate tunesmith Elvis Costello, four and a half stars to *Doc* may seem insulting. It's not. The U.S. government can't control its inflation, but we can control ours. Next week, when London has stopped calling, hear the Captain howl. *—carman*

JOE FARRELL

SONIC TEST—Contemporary 14002: *Sonic Text; When You're Awake; The Jazz Crunch; If I Knew Where You're At; Sweet Rita Suite (Part 1); Her Spirit; Malibu.*
Personnel: Farrell, flute, tenor and soprano saxes; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet and flugelhorn; George Cables, electric and acoustic pianos; Tony Dumas, electric and acoustic bass; Peter Erskine, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

SKATE BOARD PARK—Xanadu 174: *Skate Board Park; Cliche Romance; High Wire—The Aerialist; Speak Low; You Go To My Head; Bara-Bara.*
Personnel: Farrell, tenor sax; Chick Corea, electric and acoustic pianos; Bob Magnusson, bass; Lawrence Marable, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

It's truly inspiring to hear such powerful, uncompromising jazz bubbling forth from sources like Farrell, Hubbard and Corea. Even more encouraging when you realize that they are among an ever increasing number of solid jazz musicians emerging from their self-inflicted '70s fusion exiles and piecing jazz careers back together—or at least better reconciling a separation between their jazz and commercial lives. As Farrell puts it, "I now am into a more jazz oriented period of my life, a period of really playing and improvising."

While *Skate Board Park* is clearly a showcase for Farrell's crisp tenor playing, *Sonic Texts* reads more accurately as a Hubbard date. Because Hubbard steals the show, the album sounds so reminiscent of his late '60s recordings that it could easily be mistaken for a recently discovered tape found sandwiched between the masters of *Red Clay* and *Keep Your Soul Together* in the CTI vaults. In the spirit of the hard driving, bluesy funk of those albums, the group here digs in from the start, rendering Farrell's uptempo blues title tune a cooking success. With ten choruses of sublime trumpet work, Hubbard immediately establishes the fact that he is back! And probably in his best form since the early '70s. All the virtues of superior Hubbard solos are here: surefooted propulsive drive, uncanny rhythmic displacements, total control of his horn (he tosses off doubletimed triplets at high tempos effortlessly), patented, convoluted pentatonic and diminished runs that float so dramatically, dynamic solo constructions, even some Gillespielike bop phrases. The rhythm section creates burning backdrops for the horns, and Cables delivers a number of tasty solos and contributes a nicely crafted tune. Farrell shares the solo spotlight commendably, weaving very articulate lines and structures into more poignantly emotional improvisations than I've come to expect from him in recent years. He has emerged from "the valley of the shadow of Corea" undaunted. His tenor on *Malibu* and his flute on *Sweet Rita* are particularly engaging, while his handling of the preponderance of composing chores shows real maturity and sensitivity as a writer. The more relaxed *When You're Awake* and *If I Knew Where You're At* are beguiling beauties.

Skate Board Park impressively affirms Farrell's metamorphosis into a tenorman with taste and expression to compare with his enormous chops. But we don't get to the real meat of the album until the last cut of side one. At this point the compositions and improvisations work together with unquestioned integrity. Corea abandons his tendency to recycle his own all too familiar licks, and instead builds a solo on *High Wire* that utilizes a powerful two handed technique replete with lushly voiced chords and dramatic rhythmic and dynamic punctuations. Farrell really shines with brooding intensity on the standard *Speak Low*, and with rich, subtoned emotion on the ebony ballad rendition of *You Go To My Head*. These two pieces contain some of the most convincing playing ever heard from this reedman.

Welcome back, gentlemen! *—tinder*

RUSSELL HISASHI BABA

RUSSELL HISASHI BABA—ruba records, RR-001: *Country Square; Ancestral Space; Spirit Sphere; Continuation.*
Personnel: Baba, alto, soprano sax, fue (Japanese bamboo flute), Tibetan drum, bell; Raymond Cheng, violin; Heshima Mark Williams, bass; Mark Izu, bass; Jeanne Aiko Mercer, shime taiko (Japanese drum); Gordon Watanabe, guitar.

★ ★ ★ ★

This is the first recording effort by Russell Baba, a strong Japanese American jazz musician who in playing his own compositions is playing himself. The instrumentation on the album is relatively spare, lending a certain purity to its music, while the sound quality itself is clean and well produced.

On *Country Square*, the first selection, Baba performs gliding alto solos reminiscent of Ornette Coleman. Cheng (with uncommon restraint) contributes something resembling tasty country fiddling, while Williams plays a nice counterpoint to this airy tune.

Ancestral Space features Baba on fue (Japanese bamboo flute), Tibetan drum and bell, Jeanne Aiko Mercer on shime taiko (Japanese drum) and Mark Izu on bass. This is an eerie, uncompromising, almost frightening piece, full of swooping, piercing whistles, trills, breath-rushes, even bird sounds, such as Eric Dolphy liked to imitate. Mercer plays tones *and* rhythms on the taiko drums, while Izu's plucked, bowed bass provides an underpinning to the ascendant motion of the music. In its instrumentation and feeling, *Space* has much to do with traditional Japanese music (Baba and Mercer have both been associated with the San Francisco Taiko Dojo, a Japanese drumming group), but in its spontaneity, perhaps, possesses even greater intensity of feeling. The music is a wailing outcry, summons ghosts of ancestors and slides into some lyric playing, before the single, vibrating ring of a Tibetan bell closes the powerful piece.

Spirit Sphere opens with the wavering, near-Eastern drone of Baba's alto, and Cheng's anarchic tendencies are displayed in his high, shrill, atonal bowing. After very fast interplay between Baba, Cheng and Williams, there's an Albert Ayler-ish gospel charge led by Baba and more fast, fluid runs (reminiscent of Ornette). In this piece, elegant statements are made of high, keening, jagged whistles along with Cheng's tentative bowed stops and starts, which are often quite humorous. His playing resembles a series of clownish gestures attempted, then abandoned and resolved with a long, uttered sigh. The charge is repeated, becomes a carnival theme, then more feverish runs, which have the quality of a collective babble of voices.

On *Continuation*, the final cut, Watanabe plays fine, flamenco-like guitar, precise yet singing, along with Baba's rich, mellow soprano. It is a slow, beautiful, pastoral ballad and a lovely piece to close the album, which, throughout, projects a fierce, uncompromising integrity. (It's distributed from San Francisco, and by NYC's New Music Distribution Service). —*oyama*

DAVID FRIESEN/ JOHN STOWELL

OTHER MANSIONS—Inner City, IC 1086: *Trilogy; Rooftops; Tomorrow's Dream; My Soul Shall Weep In Secret Places; Other Mansions; All That Has Breath And Life; Bretheren Ascending; Land Of The Living.*

Personnel: Friesen, acoustic bass, bamboo flute, percussion, piano; Stowell, six string and 12 string guitars, mandolin, African thumb piano, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

The concept of the recorded duo performance has been gaining in popularity. This is not a new procedure by any means, having been employed by such compatibles as Joe Venuti and Eddie Lang way back when. However, this recent trend will often not sound like just the two human beings involved, due to modern technology allowing overdubbing.

In *Other Mansions*, (Friesen's fourth and Stowell's second Inner City album), a great deal of love has gone into the project. Love, that strange emotion which most of us don't know what to do with even when we receive it, is most artfully translated into music by these practitioners who know how to recognize a feeling, and its source.

This, then, is a devotional offering, using the jazz idiom (mostly) to demonstrate the artists' God-given talents. "Mostly" because there is much more here than the jazz idiom: Friesen's acoustic bass, especially in the bowed passages, most assuredly reflects some classical training; Stowell's 12-string guitar has the pungency of elderly folk players and bluesmen; Oriental and African spices are added by the bamboo flute and thumb piano.

The classical element is best displayed on *All That Has Breath*, in which Friesen has recorded four bowed bass parts, overdubbed upon an otherwise unaccompanied solo, and then again in *My Soul Shall Weep*, wherein Friesen takes over with his bass and piano, expressing something extremely personal.

However the jazz essence abounds, for example, in the title track. In the liner notes, Friesen cites favorites such as Scott LaFaro and Niels Pedersen, both of whose influences can be detected. Light percussion work is in evidence on *Other Mansions* as an embellishment rather than a show of technical expertise. It's almost a stage setting for the solo bass.

In *Land*, the closing tune, all the instruments are brought in, commencing with a haunting introduction on bamboo flute accompanied simply by bells. Overdubbing is employed to set bass alongside flute, the whole sounding as though it might be emanating from a Tibetan temple. Then as the thumb piano and marimba make their entrance, the listener may be transported to the Caribbean, or possibly feel that he is privy to an African bush party . . . returning once again to Tibet as the bells, flute and sonorous tones of the bass—bowed and pizziccato both—close out the opus.

It is obvious that Friesen and Stowell are highly spiritual people, bringing a gentle message through the medium of their respective instruments. The title *Other Mansions* was taken from Chapter 14, Book of John in the Bible, and Friesen told W. Patrick Hinely, the album's annotator: "My music is a celebration of life. God is a loving Creator and I'm glad he is there."

It certainly doesn't hurt to have the Creator of it all in you corner when producing a record album for the commercial market. In listening to the music of Friesen and Stowell, one might find it an even more rewarding experience to tune into the innate feelings of the performers, allowing the desire of sharing their joy to enter your own being. —*nemko-graham*

BILLY BANG

DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE—Hat Hut Four (1R04): *Improvisation On Sweet Space; Loweski; Part Of A Distinction Without A Difference; Theme For Masters; Sometime Later; Skip To My Lou.*

Personnel: Bang, violin.

★ ★ ★ ★

DAVE BURRELL

WINDWARD PASSAGES—Hat Hut Five (2R05): *Overture: Windward Passages; Punaluu Peter; Stepping Out (or Monday Night Death Rehearsal); On A Saturday Night; Sarah's Lament; Menehune Messages/Heritage Carnival; Teardrops For Jimmy; I Want To See You Everyday Of Your Life; Black Robert; My Dog Has Fleas/Polynesian Dreams/Popolo Paniolo/Embraceable You; AM Rag.*

Personnel: Burrell, piano.

★ ★ ★ ½

These two solo recitals, recorded live at 1979 concerts in New York and Basel, Switzerland, respectively, by the enterprising and ever surprising Hat Hut label, share certain sensibilities. Both Bang and Burrell are steeped in the jazz tradition while simultaneously employing many of the myriad evolutionary directions which the music has taken during the last decade. Bang, for instance, makes use of a wit and bite in his phrase construction which is often reminiscent of Ray Nance, while Burrell's compositional conceptions draw heavily on multi-sectional episodes having a structural similarity to Jelly Roll Morton and even earlier, to Joplin and the ragtimers. Moreover, both reveal a heavy debt to Western European classical music in their instrumental phrasing, thematic development and compositional designs. And both take full advantage of the freedom inherent in solo playing through an especially expansive relationship to their given material, utilizing much rhythmic rubato, spontaneous tempo and dynamic alterations, and an improvisatory breadth difficult to sustain in ensembles.

Of the two, violinist Bang is more the modernist. His technique draws on the textural density and timbral diversity employed by Leroy Jenkins (and originated by Ornette Coleman) as well as a purer classical emphasis. His stylistic synthesis is most obvious on the short *Part Of* (an excerpt from a longer piece?) where the intervals, including expressive use of microtones, are decidedly Bartokian, and on *Improvisation*, which is ripe with double stops and features a wide melodic tessitura interrupted by flailing gypsy cadenzas; though *Theme For Masters* and *Sometime Later* are both built upon short motifs which are given weight and propulsion through repetition and ornamentation—a thoroughly classical maneuver. *Loweski*, meanwhile, is jazzier, with an infectious Grapelli swing complicated by unexpected note substitutions, uneven accents, pauses and tempo variation. *Skip To My Lou* is nothing but fun, a fireworks cadenza for a hoedown that never materializes.

Pianist Burrell's technique is just as formidable as Bang's; his dexterity is of Erroll Garner proportions, multiplied by the strength of a Don Pullen and the all-over-the-keyboard abandon of a Jaki Byard. Like Byard, too, Burrell is a walking compendium of jazz styles and voicings; unfortunately, he is too often too anxious to include too many styles in a single composition. Thus in the *Overture, Punaluu Peter, Saturday Night* and *Teardrops*, to name a few, he regales with lush romantic ballad statements segueing into jaunty stride passages segueing into florid chromatic runs and back again. At times, as in *Teardrops* (which begins with neo cocktail noodling and slides effortlessly into atonal pointillism just as our attention starts to wander) and *Saturday Night* (a solid blues which encompasses a barbequed r&b bass line, then Ammonsish boogie, then Taylor-like thunderclaps in the bass before it finishes), this approach works well; elsewhere we lose patience with the episodic nature of Burrell's conception.

Burrell's use of classical music takes a 19th century bent; for example, *I Want To See You* begins with a stormy Lisztian introduction; *Sarah's Lament* is a heavily arpeggiated etude in the style of Chopin, though adding some Scriabinesque harmonic touches and Debussian colors, and *Stepping Out* wears its dour Rachmaninoff mood less than lightly. For all of his instrumental facility and jazz-history-at-his-fingertips digressions, Burrell's compositions exhibit songlike contours and distinctive harmonic and rhythmic nuances. It is unfortunate that, even alone at the piano, he has a tendency to over-orchestrate. *—lange*

DANNIE RICHMOND QUARTET

ODE TO MINGUS—Soul Note SN 1005: *Ode To Mingus; Olduvai Gorge; Love Bird; If You Could See Me Now; Drum Some, Some Drum.*
Personnel: Richmond, drums, vocal; Bill Saxton, tenor saxophone; Danny Mixon, piano; Mike Richmond, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

GEORGE ADAMS/ DANNIE RICHMOND

HAND TO HAND—Soul Note SN 1007: *The Cloocker; Yamani's Passion; For Dee J.; Joobubie.*
Personnel: Adams, tenor saxophone, flute; Richmond, drums; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Hugh Lawson, piano; Mike Richmond, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

GEORGE ADAMS/ DON PULLEN

DON'T LOSE CONTROL—Soul Note SN 1004: *Autumn Song; Don't Lose Control; Remember?; Double Arc Jake; Places & Faces.*
Personnel: Adams, tenor saxophone, flute, vocal; Pullen, piano; Cameron Brown, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dannie Richmond didn't place among the established drummers in the 1980 **down beat** International Critics Poll. He finished but 13th in the Talent Deserving Wider Recognition category for the instrument. After Richmond's 20-plus years in jazz, 15 of them in the drum chair for Charles Mingus, it's hard to say which is the sharper serpent's tooth: not being considered "established" after two decades, or not even rating well among relative rookies.

Worse for Richmond, Mingus, of course, has died. The last time Richmond was cut adrift from his mentor, due to Mingus' health problems in the mid '70s, he washed up in a rock band and attracted all the notice of Robinson Crusoe.

These three albums, however, eloquently state the case of a post-Mingus Richmond. A bounty of good music awaits those willing to search for the import Soul Note label (an affiliate of Italian Black Saint records, available from Rounder Records in Somerville, MA). And before considering the albums as wholes, we do well to savor Richmond's role in each. *Ode To Mingus, Hand To Hand* and *Don't Lose Control* provide a catalogue of his range: from dominant creative leader to humble sideman, from Mingus muse to melodic soloist to Blakey-like overseer. Richmond works two albums apiece with George Adams and Mike Richmond, and each encounter elicits a different facet of his gifts. With Adams, he plays the steady supporter, tracking the hornman's range from grumbles to flight; with his namesake in a rhythm section, he breathes molten, turbulent energy into each selection, without losing a basic groove.

As a soloist, Richmond has said, he treats his drums as an instrument of melody. The proof is on *Hand To Hand's The Cloocker*, when he makes the skins sing like Billie Holiday, accenting the off beat repeatedly until he is soloing behind the same tempo he's keeping for everyone else. The demonic-looking drummer again reveals his sensitivity on the same album's *For Dee J.* There, in a duet with Mike Richmond, Dannie touches so lightly on his toms he passes them off as congas; his cymbal work, meanwhile, drapes a metallic fringe around the bassist's chords.

Of the three albums, *Ode To Mingus* most clearly is Richmond's. The disc both rises and falls on the breadth—and limits—of his leadership. The set starts powerfully with the title song, a hypnotic, fittingly mystic eulogy for the man whose ashes were scattered on the sacred Ganges. Slow, processional, dirge-like passages, each anchored by the tandem heartbeat of Richmond's bass drum and Danny Mixon's piano, give way first to meandering, mournful overlays by bassist Richmond with bow and Bill Saxton snaking upward in his tenor's range. Then the death march bursts into a parade, a swinging blues with Saxton arching to the cracks atop his range, plummeting into mid-register with a blur of notes, and daring the swirling rhythm section to match his drive. The up-down, dirge-fast blues dichotomy is repeated twice, and with the repetition comes an affirmation of the lasting life of Mingus' music. This is a well spent 18 minutes. The excellence continues on *Olduvai Gorge*, a solo vehicle for Richmond, and *Love Bird*, his kinetic, electric, seductive samba. Then the bubble bursts. With his vocal on *If You Could See Me Now*—strained, nearly atonal, long on elocution but short on conviction—and an overlong, drum based piece, *Drum Some*, Richmond's ambition outstrips his talents. But he still comes out far ahead on the album.

The lesson of taming one's talents pays off in *Hand To Hand*, the best album of these three if also the least adventuresome. This blowing session captures Mingus alumni Richmond, Adams and Jimmy Knepper during the Mingus Dynasty tour; the results are understandably polished.

Yamani's Passion, in particular, recalls both the inscrutability and the swing of Mingus. Adams' composition is an outside ballad, traditional almost to the point of parody in its blocky unison passages, yet open to much dissonance in solos. Adams and Knepper swap breaks as if they were singing a round, one gaining on the other and finally displacing him. And while Adams attacks the ballad with throaty gruffness, Knepper brings an almost torchy quality to it with his distinct phrasing and deliberate pace. The contrast and the composition both delight. Elsewhere, Richmond contributes a Blakey-esque samba, *For Dee J.*, and Lawson offers both the mainstream *Cloocker* and the more intriguing *Joobubie*. The latter is a layered song, viscous with percussive sounds from every instrument: unison horn riffs, piano chords, drumming so compact one can almost picture Richmond efficiently punching out cymbal and snare accents. Like every song on *Hand To Hand*, *Joobubie* gathers force as it evolves, which finally dissipates in the denouement of Adams' flute.

Where Adams leaves off on *Hand To Hand*, he literally picks up on *Don't Lose Control*, opening and closing the album with ethereal flute-oriented pieces. In between them, however, pianist Pullen takes control. He gives the album its centerpiece in *Double Arc Jake*, a shrieking, screeching, compelling 15 minutes. With bassist Cameron Brown and Richmond laying a supple, durable foundation, Pullen roams the keyboard with jaggedly paced, scattershot accents—like a frantic parent searching for a lost child. Pullen's other composition, *Remember?*, reveals this stormy musician's quiet side. Dealing in chords rather than single notes, Pullen alternately strings out couplets barely shaded by accents, then, with pedal or volume, shoves each chord at the listener.

Pullen and Adams do steal the limelight from Richmond here, but his restraint isn't entirely a bad sign. Richmond has made a career of being so supportive—with Mingus, so nearly telepathic—as to invite anonymity. Fortunately, Soul Note's triple-dip of Richmond does provide enough center stage for this established talent who deserves wider recognition. *—freedman*

COUNT BASIE

AT THE FAMOUS DOOR 1938-1939—Jazz Archives 41: *Indiana; Nagasaki; Doggin' Around; I Haven't Changed A Thing; Out The Window; Ta Ta; Love Of My Life; John's Idea; King Porter Stomp; Yeah Man; Jump For Me; Moten Swing; Darktown Strutter's Ball; Rock-A-Bye Basie; Indiana.*

Personnel: Basie, piano; Walter Page, bass; Freddie Green, guitar; Jo Jones, drums; Ed Lewis, Buck Clayton, Harry Edison, trumpets; Dan Minor, Benny Morton, Dicky Wells, trombones; Earle Warren, alto sax; Lester Young, tenor sax; Jack Washington, baritone, alto saxes; (cuts 1-10) Herschel Evans; 11-15: Buddy Tate, tenor sax; Shad Collins, trumpet; 4,7: Helen Humes, vocal.

★ ★ ★ ★

LESTER YOUNG

MEAN TO ME—Verve VE2-2538: *Somebody Loves Me; Come Rain Or Come Shine; Rose Room; Another Mambo; Kiss Me Again; It Don't Mean A Thing (If It Ain't Got That Swing); I'm In The Mood For Love; Big Top Blues; Mean To Me; Red Boy Blues; Pennies From Heaven; That's All; One O'Clock Jump; She's Funny That Way.*

Personnel: Young, tenor sax; cuts 1-8: Jesse Drakes, trumpet; Gildo Mahones, piano; John Ore, bass; Connie Kay, drums. 9-14: Harry Edison, trumpet; Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Buddy Rich, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

PRES/IN WASHINGTON D.C. 1956/AT OLIVIA DAVIS' PATIO LOUNGE—Pablo 2308 219: *A Foggy Day; When You're Smiling; I Can't Get Started; Fast B Flat Blues; D.B. Blues; Tea For Two; Jeepers Creepers.*

Personnel: Young, tenor sax; Bill Potts, piano; Norman "Willie" Williams, bass; Jim Lucht, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The death of Herschel Evans in February, 1939 was, according to Lester Young, a turning point in his life. He said that he felt the need to compensate for Evans' absence in his own music, and indeed, listeners can detect the beginnings of Young's latter day evolution as early as some 1940 performances—particularly his vein of melancholy, so unlike either Evans or earlier Young, that became so pronounced in later works. Certainly most of his greatest work was done in 1936-39, when his lyric impulses and Romantic attitudes were as compelling as those of Parker, Gillespie and Powell a few years later. Unlike them, Young became dissatisfied with a purely lyrical art, and his final two decades demonstrate a difficult, often brilliantly successful, search for a deeper, more emotionally complex range of expression.

The back cover of the Basie broadcast LP shows the band with the handsome young Lester, at the end of the sax section, cocking his head and signalling "perfection" to the soloing Evans. In this collection, the space for the two tenors is about evenly divided, and Evans and Young were Basie's two principal players. Evans has the nerve to quote Young's famous recorded solo in *Doggin'*, and in *King Porter* and most of *Nagasaki* he applies his big, rolling sound and Texas heartiness to Young phrasing. Only in *Ta Ta*, the one track on which both solo, does Evans offer a more classic approach. He definitely embodies a *style* to rival, in concert, Young's great creativity—did any other band offer such a contrast between its stars? And in three of the five concluding tracks, in which Young is silent, the rough hewn Tate creates in the style of Evans, his predecessor, with particular success in *Rock-A-Bye*.

Young's bubbling solos and the occasionally unleashed Wells provide most of the rest of the album's high points. For all the vaunted Basie style and swing, the weakness at the basis of Basie's band conception appears in his borrowing two Fletcher Henderson charts, *Yeah Man* and *King Porter*, while unimaginative material such as *John's* in particular foreshadows the gloom that eventually overtook the band in the next decade. Sixteen bars each from Young rescue the stocks of the two Humes vocals, and outstanding charts such as *Doggin'* and *Jump For Me* are the exceptions in this collection. Basie could not survive as a creative bandleader without his four or five major soloists, though at least some sense of ensemble personality eventually emerged in his '50s Swing Machine. This album includes valuable liner notes by Frank Driggs, and the musical delights include a very rare melodic Basie piano solo to open *Moten*. But readers new to Basie broadcast albums are urged to begin with the 1937 Chatterbox set, the previous Jazz Archives (JA-16).

The most dramatic change in Young's art came between his bouyant 1944 jump band sides and the resignation, both sorrowing and sardonic, of his Aladdin date the next year. Along with the blues element that now dominated his solos, Young deliberately began to reorganize his methods of solo construction, experimenting again and again. By the time of the *Mean To Me* sessions, the flow of his line is often erratic; in general, phrases are shorter, longer rests add suspense, his tone is softer and thinner, entire choruses appear in his lower registers, and in place of his former high rhythmic activity he often plays long phrases comprised of half notes as a dramatic device. Compared to his early style, the phrasing in these later solos often seems dislocated, even stark—structural consciousness replaces some degree of spontaneity, and thematic improvisation rears its head. It was in his last 15 years that he became a profound ballad player and a blues riff 'n ride star.

The first disc of the Verve reissue is by Young's 1955 quintet, the kind of almost bop group that he preferred to lead away from the recording studio and concert circuit. Young's colleagues here are transitional players, none more so than Drakes, who is a real anthologist of swing and bop styles, preferring Eldridge, Hackett, Brown and Gillespie. Some *Mambo* moments suggest that Drakes' incongruous approach included rhythmic sophistication despite his inclination to regularize bop accenting. His garish intensity makes an enjoyable contrast to the more expansive Young, and without the urgent need to project to a crowd, the group gains an attractive intimacy.

In fact, in *Somebody*, the very first song, Young's a cappella intro sounds for all the world like Lee Konitz on alto, and the swing Young then generates drives the ensemble, too. Both ballads, *Come Rain* and *Mood*, have beautiful passages, and grace notes and finely modified held tones now acquire special importance in his style. *Big Top* and *Mambo* are both fine blues, but *Kiss* is the only Young solo with significant riffing and repetition, and *It Don't* has one of those ambitious conceptions that he often attempted in combo recordings. His Romantic structure seems to threaten the 32 bar format, as great ideas, full of suggestion, flash out. It's all too much to develop, but the solo infuses the ambitions of his later days with the creative impulses of his great period, and—this is unusual—suggests the maturity of his dashing youth with Basie.

The album's second LP, recorded a year later, has *She's Funny*, with Oscar Peterson introducing a Charlie Shavers solo or a sarcastic Billie Holiday vocal, but not Lester Young who *is* on the date. Peterson's accompaniments pound away at *one* like the guy who committed suicide by banging his head with a brick, and his bumpity bump swing, with the attending fascist thump of bass, guitar and drums, has nothing in the world to do with Young's sophisticated, fluid ease. Harry Edison plays a very good solo in *Jump*, and otherwise his mindlessness is stupefying. Seldom in his career was Lester Young more completely alone.

Twice the relentless pianist thwarts impressive, very personal sax conceptions, so while Young's two *She's Funny* solos are certainly imaginative, they also juxtapose strong and weak ideas in the extreme. And in *Red Boy,* he begins with a deep blues in which phrases are wrung out of his horn, until the malevolent garrulity of his surroundings breaks up his solo; the song's ending has him riding one note in sheer terror while the mechanical men whang away. Young is certainly bright in *Pennies,* revising the theme of *That's All* to create beauty out of dull material. *Jump* is Young magic, the phrases starting on "wrong" beats to give a laid back illusion. *Mean* is this disc's gem, a Young harmonic adventure that recalls melancholy as he spins out a phrase in descension, but exults in the end.

Collectors who were amazed at *These Foolish Things, Jumpin' With Symphony Sid* and *Three Little Words* on a mysterious Lester Young Queen-Disc LP will be delighted to hear this entire Pablo album from the same 1956 night club sessions. The last great works of Young's life came from 1956-57, when he also recorded the Jazz Giants masterpiece and when, for a change, he was in good health and, as a result, in complete command of his art. This rhythm section is highly active, capturing Young's high spirits without intruding, thereby fulfilling one of his own ideals—indeed, there's a special atmosphere of relaxed intensity, confident mastery and straightforward creation about the entire date, and bassist Williams deserves particular credit for inspiring the band's high level of swing. The result is the kind of inner excitement, so different from bombast or high volume, that distinguishes the best jazz combo records.

All of the promise of so many works like the Verve's *Mean, She's Funny, It Don't* came true for Young in this period, when his music projected a new authority and the multiple strands of his subtle revelations were joined in bold, moving statements. His exuberance in the original Billie Holiday *When You're Smiling* is softened in this new version, as long lines initiate his improvisation, a new, hard tone appears, and even a momentary element of structured pathos enters—hearing him stretch out, the listener certainly appreciates the expansion of Young's perspective. Compare this *D.B.* to the famous 1945 original, with its resignation in downward lines: here, the phrases curl upward and the difference is stunning. Seldom in the '50s did he attempt a fast solo as intricate as this *Tea,* and nowhere more successfully: hear the long tones, in time or arhythmic, float over the driving rhythm. Apart from the ballad *I Can't,* up tempos predominate; hear how, with each chorus, Young's *Foggy Day* solo accumulates power and detail. This is a sly solo, again with that laid back illusion, and the song's built in perils don't affect Pres at all.

There's much action and detail in the mounting tension of Young's *B Flat* solo. His riffing is high spirited, but behind the whimsy and freedom is the triumph of a master artist at the height of his powers. *Jeepers* simply disappears in his discourse, and his optimism is a symbolic criticism of pop emotion that would never have occurred in his youth: the tragedy of his life has turned into joy in the act of creation, and gentle humor abounds. This album is unique among all jazz albums in its lack of harshness or edginess—instead, warmth and a compelling graciousness pervade Young's music. Two weeks before his death, he was certainly right when he spoke of the immensity of his musical changes. This session and the Jazz Giants date (reissued as Verve 2527) are the most satisfying of the last 15 years of his life.

—litweiler

WOMEN'S BLUES

MEAN MOTHERS/INDEPENDENT WOMEN'S BLUES, VOL. 1—Rosetta Records RR 1300: *Good Time Mama; Ain't Much Good In The Best Of Men Nowadays; You Ain't Gonna Feed In My Pasture Now; Oh Yeah; Long Tall Mama; How Much Can I Stand; You Can't Sleep In My Bed; Move It On Out Of Here; Can't Be Bothered With No Sheik; Keep Your Nose Out Of Mama's Business; Or Leave Me Alone; I Don't Dig You Jack; Come Easy, Go Easy; One Hour Mama; Why Don't You Do Right; Baby Get Lost.*

Personnel: (cut 1) Martha Copeland, vocal; Bob Fuller, clarinet; Porter Grainger, piano; (2) Bessie Brown, vocal; Tom Morris, clarinet; Charlie Irvis, trombone; Ben Whittet, clarinet; Clarence Williams, piano; Buddy Christian, banjo; (3) Maggie Jones, vocal; Louis Metcalf, cornet; Cliff Jackson, piano; Jake Frazier, trombone; (4) Susie Edwards, Butterbeans, vocal; Tosh Hammond, fiddle; Eddie Heywood, piano; (5) Bernice Edwards, vocal, piano; (6) Gladys Bentley, vocal; Eddie Lang, guitar; (7) Mary Dixon, vocal; Ed Allen, cornet; J. C. Johnson, piano; (8) Bertha Idaho, vocal; Ed Allen, cornet; Clarence Williams, piano; (9) Rosa Henderson, vocal; James P. Johnson, piano; (10) Harlem Hannah, vocal; Leonard Joy, bandmaster; (11) Lil Armstrong, vocal; Chu Berry, tenor sax; Joe Thomas, trumpet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Teddy Cole, piano; Huey Long, guitar; John Frazier, bass; (12) Blue Lou Barker, vocal; Henry "Red" Allen, trumpet; Sammy Price, piano; Danny Barker, guitar; Wellman Braud, bass; (13) Rosetta Howard, vocal; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Lil Armstrong, piano; Ulysses Livingston, guitar; Wellman Braud, bass; O'Neil Spencer, drums; (14) Ida Cox, vocal; Hot Lips Page, trumpet; James P. Johnson, piano; J. C. Higginbottom, trombone; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Charlie Christian, guitar; Artie Bernstein, bass; Lionel Hampton, drums; (15) Lil Green, vocal; Big Bill Broonzy, guitar; Ransom Knowling, bass; Simeon Henry, piano; (16) Billie Holiday, vocal; Buster Harding's Orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

SORRY BUT I CAN'T TAKE YOU/WOMEN'S RAILROAD BLUES—Rosetta Records RR 1301: *Freight Train Blues; Freight Train Blues; Chicago Bound Blues; Choo Choo Blues; Railroad Blues; The L&N Blues; Panama Limited Blues; Panama Limited Blues; Mail Train Blues; Mr. Brakeman Let Me Ride Your Train; TN&O Blues; I Hate That Train Called The M&O; He Caught That B&O; This Train; Cannon Ball.*

Personnel: (cut 1) Trixie Smith, vocal; Sidney Bechet, clarinet; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Sammy Price, piano; Teddy Bunn, guitar; Richard Fullbright, bass; O'Neill Spencer, drums; (2) Clara Smith, vocal; Don Redman, Cecil Scott, clarinets; Porter Grainger, piano; (3) Bessie Smith, vocal; Don Redman, clarinet; Fletcher Henderson, piano; (4) Trixie Smith, vocal; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Howard Chambers, cornet; Charlie Green, trombone; Fletcher Henderson, piano; (5) Trixie Smith, vocal; Louis Armstrong, cornet; Charlie Green, trombone; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Fletcher Henderson, piano; Charlie Dixon, banjo; (6) Clara Smith, vocal; Lemuel Fowler, piano; (7) Bertha "Chippie" Hill, vocal; Shirley Clay, cornet; Preston Jackson, trombone; Artie Starks, clarinet; Johnny St. Cyr, banjo; Cliff Jones, drums; (8) Ada Brown, vocal; Barney Bigard, tenor sax; Luis Russell, piano; Albert Nicholas, clarinet; Johnny St. Cyr, banjo; (9) Sippie Wallace, vocal; Louis Armstrong, cornet; Hersal Thomas, piano; (10) Martha Copeland, vocal; Ernest Elliott, Bob Fuller, clarinets; Porter Grainger, piano; (11) Bessie Jackson, vocal; Walter Roland, piano; (12) Lucile Bogan, vocals; unkn. guitars; (13) Blue Lou Barker, vocal; Henry "Red" Allen, trumpet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Sammy Price, piano; Danny Barker, guitar; Wellman Braud, bass; (14) Sister Rosetta Tharpe, vocal, guitar; (15) Nora Lee King, vocal; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Pete Brown, alto sax; Sammy Price, piano; Charlie Drayton, bass; Roy Nathan, drums.

★ ★ ★

Blues artists, when they are not ignored, are apt to be exploited, as often as not by well meaning white enthusiasts determined to enlist them as cannon fodder in some ideological war they never chose to fight. Twenty years ago folk "purists" required bluesmen to abandon their accustomed electric guitars; a decade later the same musicians were dubbed "godfathers of rock 'n' roll" and smothered in electronic noise.

At this year's Newport festival, 81 year old Sippie Wallace was reportedly forbidden to sing her best-known song, *I'm A Mighty Tight Woman,* in the fest's "Blues Is A Woman" concert. It seems that a new movement is afoot, spearheaded by producer Rosetta Reitz, to portray blueswomen, past and present, as "foremothers" of radical feminism. Reitz, who dictated the repertoire at Newport, has assembled a collection of classic women's blues of the '20s and '30s, culling from that large and variegated genre only such material as could be construed, however awkwardly, to fit her thesis. *Mean Mothers* is an anthology of throw-the-bum-out tunes which includes many excellent performances; *Sorry But I Can't Take You* is a series of railroad songs that is overly repetitious and not especially distinguished. Both albums suffer from Reitz's tendentious and misleading liner notes—the singers themselves are more than sufficiently eloquent without patronizing boosters putting words into their mouths.

On *Mean Mothers,* Reitz focuses on what she calls "independent women's blues" which she claims "have been neglected in favor of the victim variety blues." Even if one discounts the male authorship of many selections and the omission of submissive and dependent songs by the same performers, it remains as inappropriate for Reitz to enshrine her blues "matriarchs" as contemporary role models as it would be to do the same for their male counterparts, who were forever threatening to cut or shoot their "evil hearted" women.

Indeed, with such few exceptions as Bessie Brown's *Ain't Much Good In The Best Of Men Nowadays* or Harlem Hannah's *Keep Your Nose Out Of Mama's Business,* the lyrics here have little in common with modern feminist notions of independence. The blueswoman may tell her unfaithful freeloader to hit the road, but rarely before she has found another man; and such recurringly mercenary sentiments as Martha Copeland's "Men who ain't holdin' nothin', that's the kind of men I just can't use," or Lil Green's "Get out of here and get me some money, too," hardly challenge the traditional male financial provider role. Ida Cox demands the services of a bedroom superman on *One Hour Mama*—"I may want love for an hour, then decide to make it two . . . maybe three before I'm through"; Mary Dixon's "man" in *You Can't Sleep In My Bed,* interpreted by Reitz as an ode to sexual hygiene, turns out literally to be a dog.

Musically, *Mean Mothers* is delightful, although the majority of tunes are not genuine blues but vaudeville-style cabaret ballads, with vocals far more genteel than those of country bluesmen. The accompanying musicians include such greats as Red Allen, Chu Berry, Big Bill Broonzy, James P. Johnson and Hot Lips Page, providing many passages of brilliant interplay between singer and instrumentalist as well as outstanding solo spots. Among the many highlights are Susie Edwards' affectionately hostile duet with partner Butterbeans on *Oh Yeah* and Rosetta Howard's remarkably dusky voice on *Come Easy, Go Easy.* Billie Holiday is featured on *Baby Get Lost,* previously unreleased on LP, but her fine rendition is marred by a shrill band chart. Perhaps *Mean Mothers'* most striking moment is Gladys Bentley's vocalized trumpet imitation, which Reitz, in cart-horse fashion, identifies as the ancestor of the jazz trumpet.

Sorry But I Can't Take You dwells, as the title suggests, on the theme of abandonment, with singer after singer lamenting that the railroad took away her man. Reitz again labors the point, both verbally and in her tedious reduplication of the same couple of songs in endless minor variations. The mournful subject matter lends itself to a great deal of moaning, both vocal and instrumental, as well as every manner of train-sound effect. The instrumentals here frequently overshadow the vocals, as Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman, Barney Bigard, Albert Nicholas and others turn in exemplary performances. Bessie Smith's *Chicago Bound Blues* is far from her best work, but Martha Copeland injects some welcome levity on *Mr. Brakeman Let Me Ride Your Train* and Nora Lee King livens it up with the jump-tempo *Cannon Ball*.

Reitz deserves credit for making these rare sides available, but her distorted presentation may repel as many listeners as it attracts. Fortunately, the music speaks for itself, and the humanity of its creators will shine long after the storms of rhetoric subside.

—birnbaum

GEORGE WINSTON

AUTUMN—Windham Hill C-1012: *Colors/Dance; Woods; Longing/Love; Road; Moon; Sea; Stars.*
Personnel: Winston, piano.

★ ★ ★ ½

In an urban world of hacking automobiles, snarling dump trucks, screaming ambulances and other peoples' radios, acoustic solo pianist George Winston dares to play original compositions entitled *Woods, Moon, Sea, Stars, Longing/Love, Colors/Dance* and *Road*. By attuning his emotions to the serenity, order and power of nature, rather than to the violently frenetic tones of our contemporary cityscape, Winston provides us with a perfect aural and psychological antidote to the surrounding urban madness.

In so doing, he also joins that increasing number of independent artists who do not fit into the economically determined and emotionally exploited jazz/rock/country "bags" of big gun industry-musics.

Winston does not set out to overwhelm us with technical bombast. His strength lies in the effectiveness of his simplicity. In *Colors/Dance, Moon* and *Sea*, for example, he plays arpeggiated patterns with his left hand the way Keith Jarrett has been known to do, dulcet melodies with his right; a similar approach is used in *Woods*, where he opens with a descending right hand melodic pattern, soon introducing ascending left hand patterns. The pattern approach is reminiscent of a number of guitar players by whom Winston has been influenced, including producer Ackerman and Alex De Grassi (both Windham Hill artists; see **db** Profile 10/79) and John Fahey. In fact, temperamentally and technically, Montana-born Winston might respectfully be dubbed "folk pianist."

In the opening of *Longing/Love*, he holds the pedal down, repeating an aching, spatial, bell-like melody high in the right hand, letting the overtones ring, then progressing on to mid register left hand patterns, interspersing Satie-like transitional chords throughout. Shifting fluidly between Cm9 (sus 4) and C maj7 chords, *Road* moves into a slow Scott Joplin stride, calling to mind a pensive walk in the country. *Stars*, one of the highlights of the album, opens with an ascending Dm11 melodic arpeggio over a Tyneresque bass drone, utilizing Debussy/Ravel reminiscent harmonies along the way; at the end, Winston "flutters" his melodies, almost programatically suggesting a multitude of stars suspended in space. In fact, when Winston plays *Woods, Sea, Moon* or *Stars*, we "see" the trees, the water, the moon, the stars; that is one of the major accomplishments of this LP.

His only other album to date, *Piano Solos* (Takoma), produced by Fahey in 1973, was a mixture of bouncy blues, fast rags and extended lyrical compositions, a kind of musical chef's salad which, for all of its strengths, lacked cohesion and clarity of identity.

Winston let seven years pass after recording *Piano Solos*, to delve into himself. Now, at age 31, he has re-emerged with *Autumn* (side one subtitled *September*, side two, *October*), which has the strengths of *Piano Solos* without its faults.

With *Autumn*, Winston consciously eliminated the concept of mixed moods, choosing instead to sustain the sensuous, tranquil elements of harmonious bliss throughout. In the hands of a lesser creator, his music would be merely sentimental. During his seven years' break, however, Winston condensed, sharpened, purified, focused and intensified his musical identity. As a result, *Autumn's* individual compositions are esthetically uncluttered, strong in their understated pride, powerful in their simple (but not simplistic) muscularity.

There *are* limitations. Winston tends to approach each piece in technically similar ways, and there is a lack of compositional, harmonic and melodic variety as well. If Winston could sustain his moods but provide a variety of external approaches to them, their impact might be enhanced.

In keeping with other Windham Hill releases, the cover of *Autumn*, a stunning nature scene photographed by Ron May, is in exquisite taste. It's available directly from Box 9388, Stanford, CA 94305. *—underwood*

ALFREDO de la FE

ALFREDO—Criollo C-473: *Toca Alfredo Toca; El Casabe; Charangueando; Que Rico Bailo Yo; Hot To Trot; My Favorite Things; Canto Del Corazon.*

Personnel: side one: de la Fe, strings, percussion, bombo; Hector "Tempo" Alomar, vocal (cut 7), chorus; Felo Barrio, vocals, chorus, guiro, clave; Sal Cuevas, bass; Angel "Cachete" Maldonado, congas; Elio Osacar, piano, chorus; John Rodriguez Jr., guiro, conga; Roger Squitero, Brazilian percussion; Nestor Torres, flute; Orestes Vilato, timbales; side two: de la Fe, strings, percussion, synthesizer, vocal (5); Adrienne Alberto, vocals; Alomar, batas; Mary Sue Berry, vocals; Cuevas, bass; Jorge Dalto, electric piano; Paul Kimbarow, drums; Maldonado, congas, shekere, batas; Nicky Marrero, timbales, syndrum; Rodriguez, congas; Luis Rodriguez, congas; Squitero, Brazilian percussion, shekere; George Wadenius, guitar; Francisco Zumaque, piano (7).

★ ★ ★ ½

De la Fe is a young Cuban-American violinist best known for his tenure with the popular salsa orchestra Tipica '73. Here on his solo debut, he presents an update on the well worn New York charanga sound. The flute and fiddle charanga had its heyday in the Cuba of the '50s and enjoyed a revival during the NYC salsa boom of the mid '70s, where heavier percussion and gimmicky effects were added to spice up the old recipe. Recent recordings by Cuba's venerable Orquesta Aragon indicate that evolutionary developments continue apace on the island even as Stateside enthusiasm slackens. Alfredo evidently means to keep a foot in both camps, with neo-Cuban rhythm blends as well as synthesizer tricks and interpolations from rock, funk and disco.

The A side features a typical modern charanga lineup swinging smoothly through a set of brightly sophisticated arrangements. Nestor Torres' flute work lacks punch, but the string obbligatos, with de la Fe dubbing all the parts, are as slick as greased glass. Alfredo's virtuosic solos occasionally partake of classical or rock influences, and his ability to invest the violin with the biting, bluesy edge of an electric guitar should make pop-oriented fiddlers sit up and take notice. Montage like segues and thickly layered percussion bespeak an attempt to transcend traditional forms, with Cuban arranger Humberto Perera supplying perhaps the most inventive chart on *Que Rico Bailo Yo*, combining Cuban and Brazilian rhythms.

On the flip side de la Fe dispenses with tradition altogether with an electrified ensemble and anglicised repertoire. *Hot To Trot* is an agreeably live-sounding disco track flavored with synthesizer squeals and Afro-Cuban bata drums that recall Eddie Palmieri's "conga-bata" hybrid. Similar trappings cannot rescue *My Favorite Things* from syrupy blandness, but *Canto Del Corazon* aspires to the eclecticism of such Cuban progressives as Irakere with a pastiche that ranges from classical atonality to funk.

Pleasant listening though it may be, *Alfredo* suffers from a lack of focus, as de la Fe's skill in various styles obscures a more personal sense of vision. *—birnbaum*

THE BRECKER BROTHERS

DETENTE—Arista AB 4272: *You Ga (Ta Give It); Not Tonight; Don't Get Funny With My Money; Tee'd Off; You Left Something Behind; Squish; Dream Theme; Baffled; I Don't Know Either.*

Personnel: Michael Brecker, tenor sax, flute; Randy Brecker, trumpet, flugelhorn, vocals; George Duke, keyboards, vocals; Don Grolnick, keyboards; Mark Gray, keyboards; Hiram Bullock, guitar; Jeff Mironov, guitar; David Spinozza, guitar; Neil Jason, bass; Marcus Miller, bass; Steve Gadd, drums; Steve Jordan, drums; Airto, percussion; Ralph MacDonald, percussion; Paulinho Da Costa, percussion; D. J. Rogers, vocals; Carl Carlwell, vocals.

★ / ★ ★ ★ ½

Just guessing, one might speculate that a title like *Detente* was chosen because of the Breckers' attempt to negotiate some common ground between their conflicting musical directions. I give them one star for the musical statements on side one; it can be a cold war even for players as hot as those here.

Dumb funk is the cause for consternation on side one. Despite tight horn segments and all star support, cuts like *You Ga* and *Don't Get Funny* are levelled by the kind of boring, rhyming chants that are no longer cute. There's only one thing worse than this kind of overt trendiness, and that's clutching on to a trend that is now totally out of it.

Lord knows we'd never want to see Mike and Randy abandon their hip, sophisticated brand of soulfulness. Side one's reprieve in this vein, *Tee'd Off*, is a briefly satisfying contrast to the surrounding material. Michael's tenor teems with insinuations and feeling. Fortunately, there's more of this non-vocal fusion style on side two, with interesting tunes in *Squish, Baffled* and two more.

George Duke's production hand seems less pronounced on the stronger stuff. Not that Duke hasn't been clever, even hilarious, when trifling with funk forms in the past. And he's not the writer of these unfunny tunes, just the producer. But his studiotronics don't help transcend the mundane here, either.

While 50 per cent of *Detente* is solid enough Brecker Brothers, that percentage doesn't represent a quorum at today's prices. Even if half of their fans want simplistic funk, and others want *Blue Montreux* style fusion, *Detente* doesn't work. By trying to please everybody with one side of this and another of that, albums like this alienate everybody.

If the Breckers have two different sides to their sibling musical personality, they ought to give vent to those irreconcilable differences on separate albums and tell everybody up front (with a label sticker or some such) exactly what kind of material they're going to be getting for their hard earned $8. One or the other, not *Detente*. *—henschen*

WAXING ON . . . .

CAN THIRD STREAM WORK?

Allyn Ferguson: *Pictures At An Exhibition* (Discovery DS-810) ★ ★ ★ ★
Shelly Manne Jazz Quartet: *Interpretations* (Trend TR-525) ★ ★ ★ ★
Patrick Williams: *An American Concerto* (Columbia NJC-36318 ★ ★ ★
Patrick Williams: *Theme* (PA/USA PR 7060) ★
Charles Schwartz: *Mother——! Mother——!!* (Pablo 2312-115) ★ ½
David Amram: *Triple Concerto* (Flying Fish GRO-751) ★ ★ ★ ★ ½
Michel Legrand: *Le Jazz Grand* (Gryphon 786-0798) ★ ★ ★ ½
Michael McFrederick: *Four Instrumental Compositions* (Golden Age 10-15) ★ ★ ½
John Williams: *Plays Patrick Gowers* (Columbia M35866) ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Composers are still struggling to create Third Stream music that can capture, and deepen, the excitement present in both jazz and classical musics. These recent efforts show the same old pitfalls: string playing that (partly because of large section size) doesn't swing and that due to the shortage of instruments below the treble clef, lacks both variety and the deep mellow sounds necessary for a jazz feeling. Also here are dry woodwinds; solos that don't take off because of lack of ease and unfamiliarity with jazz (pianist/composer McFrederick); discomfort in the idiom so that solos are too removed from their context (Paul Horn in *Pictures*); lack of creative imagination (Legrand as small group pianist). Then there are problems in working with a large form, e.g. Williams' *Concerto* and Schwartz' *Mother.*

Generally, most of these works by jazz-oriented composers looks to older classical forms and material, while the classical composers use contemporary classical styles (McFrederick) or contemporary instruments as well as styles (Gowers).

Allyn Ferguson isn't the first to orchestrate Moussorgsky's *Pictures*, which was written for solo piano but is best known in the Ravel orchestration. Nor is Ferguson's the first jazz orchestration of a classical piece—Ellington, Lunceford, Melba Liston, Gil Evans and others precede him. But Ferguson, unlike many others, seeks to be faithful to the original, capturing anew the subjects of the ten pictures—most successfully with the rolling rhythm of *The Ox Cart*, least successfully in the jabberings of *The Rich And The Poor* (*Goldenburg And Schmuyle*).

Ferguson's jazz version always swings. He makes good use of a 21 piece, stringless orchestra. The deep, full sound is both bright and mellow with a broad range of instruments that include bass trumpet, three bass trombones, alto, tenor, baritone and bass saxes as well as B flat, bass and contrabass clarinets, and flutes ranging from piccolo to bass.

The solos are by Paul Horn, an alto sax and occasionally piccolo or bass flute (although two other strong names, Bud Shank and Bill Perkins, are also in the reed section), and his approach to each picture is too similar in feeling and shading. He takes them as opportunities to blow on, rather than reflecting the feelings Moussorgsky tried to capture and Ferguson retain.

Shelly Manne, with *Interpretations*, also reworks the classics—Bach on one side, Mozart on the other—but in a quartet context that uses the themes as take-off points.

Bach adapts better to small group jazz than does Mozart (whom annotator Harvey Siders erroneously refers to as baroque). Baroque music's closeness to jazz (aside from the size of its performance groups) lies in its continuo or thorough bass line, which with its rhythmic repetition beneath the melody is similar to a repeated pizzicato bass figure in jazz. On these quartet versions of Bach's E major violin concerto and *Air On The G String* (from *Suite No. 3 In D Major*), the continuo role is filled by the highly talented Chuck Domanico (especially lovely on *Air*). Pianist Mike Wofford and Gary Foster on flute and soprano and alto sax also can swing Bach's delightful melodies lightly but with spirit. Manne delicately keeps it all moving.

The jazz interpretations of Mozart—*Divertimento In D Major K 136 (125a)* and the *Andante From Piano Concerto No. 21 In C Major K 467 (Elvira Madigan)*—are warm improvisations on pleasant melodies, but are devoid of any special character, their roots wiped out. They are handled more freely than the Bach works—the divertimento's presto theme is even done with a Latin beat—but the result is just another recording of swinging, pretty jazz.

Mozart often cut the romanticism of andante movements with sad-tinged bass lines. That touch is missing here. Thus the piano trio version of the divertimento's andante, although lovely, becomes too romantic at times, while the plaintiveness of the concerto's andante movement is absent.

Patrick Williams' three movement *An American Concerto* is an ambitious piece with Phil Woods (alto), Dave Grusin (keyboards), Grady Tate (drums) and Domanico, plus 78 members of the London Symphony Orchestra who *can* swing. But the material itself is a mishmash of Stravinsky, Bernstein, Ellington, Ives, funk cliches, movie schmaltz, and just about everything else, none of which ever jells. The orchestrations lack even flow. All too often a thick orchestral segment suddenly drops out for a bit of the jazz quartet (with electric keyboard and electric bass). It creates a schizophrenic effect, with overly sweet violins adding another undesirable mood.

The quartet, especially Woods, can't be faulted. Woods (I wish he were on *Pictures* rather than here), is the best thing about these 38 minutes. The extent to which they hang together is due to his flowing but varied playing.

There are some fine segments, such as the opening, with pulsating, rising brass and winds beneath Woods' wailing alto, and a misty, floating mood in the second movement. But such material is never fully developed, reworked for later appearances or integrated into a totality.

Williams can't even creatively handle smaller, simpler forms when given large forces as on *Theme*. These are essentially disco versions of t.v. themes performed by a big band that is sometimes supplemented by a string section (eight violins plus only two violas and two cellos) and a vocal group. Sometimes, with a powerful trombone section, these tunes can be driving, but there is often a dependence on cliche unison trumpet lines to carry a melody.

There is no orchestral color to save Williams. There is some fire in Jerome Richardson's alto solo on *Lou Grant*, and Toots Thielemans plays harmonica with bright warmth and gorgeous inflection on the superficially romantic *And We Will Love Again*. But Williams can neither take advantage of the fine soloists at his disposal—Lew Soloff, Bill Watrous, Ron Cuber, Gerry Niewood and Steve Khan, who when they do solo are devoid of inspiration—or the large forces to add distinction to his themes.

Charles Schwartz, composer and arranger of *Mother* as a showpiece for Clark Terry, also can't handle larger forces and forms. Much of the same material appears again and again, and when he attempts humor it becomes especially tiring. The same trumpet fanfare, soprano scat line and other touches occur all too often. While Zoot Sims plays soprano and tenor with imagination, heat and light, Terry's work on muted trumpet and open flugelhorn lacks any kind of excitement. And his idea of scat singing lacks any musical content: the entire seven minute third movement is nothing but his unmusical mumbling of nonsense syllables.

Although the accompanying Contemporary Chamber Ensemble (flute, clarinet, violin, cello, bass, keyboard and percussion sometimes playing interweaving lines) has a nice sound and feel, only in parts of the final movement do they play any propulsive lines beneath the solos. What little musical material is here, Schwartz stretches out for 37 minutes.

Of all the musicians involved as composers and arrangers on these nine albums, **David Amram** has the most solid roots in both jazz and classical music—he has performed in both symphony and jazz groups as well as composed in these and other fields—and his *Triple Concerto* is the most successful of all the works under review. He not only uses a jazz quintet with full symphony, but also woodwind and brass quintets, from the orchestra, which link the purely jazz group to the large ensemble. Further, the full complement of strings swing in faster passages and play with a rhythmic pulse in slower parts. Their sound can turn dark or be bright without being sweet.

Amram's is a laid back work that doesn't push hard to make an artistic statement, and thus does just that in a well knit manner. Only the final movement partly fails within its context, introducing another culture—Middle Eastern—through a Pakistani flute solo by Amram and Eastern sounds in the strings. The jazz soloists—including Pepper Adams, Jerry Dodgion, and Amram on piano and french horn—display a feeling that relates to both the jazz and classical aspects of the work, playing for the most part notated solos.

The 14 minute *Elegy For Violin And Orchestra* which fills out the album is more a mix of classical (ranging from American romanticism to serial) and Eastern, Old English, Welsh and American folk, with the violin solo growing out of these ideas. Still, there are touches of jazz, such as a trumpet solo and the use of percussion. It's an ingratiating piece, well performed by the Rochester Philharmonic and violinist Howard Weiss, except for the breaks in the violin's held note which ends the work.

Michel Legrand's *Southern Routes* on *Le Jazz Grand* is a suite based on his soundtrack for the film *Les Routes de la Sud*—a work of evolving lines and shifting moods with fine solos by Phil Woods, Gerry Mulligan and Jon Faddis backed by a 16 piece band whose sounds range from driving brass to delicate harp. Sometimes harp strings are stroked in a series of breaks during blazing trumpet, alto and baritone solos. Legrand's orchestrations make effective use of his forces, from a single instrument to a full brass section.

Alas, a less talented aspect of Legrand is heard on the second side's four short septet pieces that serve as soloists' showcases. While Legrand is a real talent as composer and arranger, as a jazz pianist he relies on dragging out cliches, rather than playing fresh ideas that relate to the written music and what the soloists are doing—Woods and Mulligan burning at fast tempos, and Faddis playing a slow blues, alternately bright and sad. But even these three are less inventive here than on side one, perhaps because of Legrand's playing and the weaker material.

Side one of pianist/composer **Michael McFrederick's** album is taken up by a trio piece and a solo piano work. The former has a nice overall feel—ranging from relaxed, quiet bluesiness to nervous swing—but eventually it goes nowhere, except to dryly recorded and dully played electric bass and drum solos. The six minute *Rhapsody For Solo Piano* is a florid ballad statement in search of a melody.

Sextet For Woodwinds, Strings And Piano and the *Duo For Alto Flute And Piano* which comprise side two, suffer not only from McFrederick's lack of themes, but also from tonally dry playing and even dryer recorded sound. Without strong flowing themes, the "genuine lyrical impulse" the album notes refer to is barely discernible. And while the pieces for piano are strongly jazz influenced, there is no jazz influence at all in the woodwinds works.

Patrick Gowers' efforts for classical guitarist **John Williams** are basically classical, gaining a jazz feel from their contrapuntal lines, from guitar and violin voicings reminiscent of Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli, from bass guitar and drums in the *Chamber Concerto For Guitar,* and from electric instruments in this work and the *Rhapsody For Guitar, Electric Guitars And Electric Organ.*

The *Chamber Concerto's* instrumentation (acoustic guitar, alto sax doubling flute, violin, viola, cello, bass guitar, organ and drums) is an exciting combination in Gowers' hands, with various instruments in addition to Williams' guitar emerging from the ensemble for brief solos. It's a propulsive work, sometimes with a jazz rhythm, other times with a more steady, evenly divided classical beat. The 28 minute work is in a single movement, although divisions occur as the moods change, sometimes slowly and fluidly, other times abruptly.

The *Rhapsody* features three guitar tracks (one acoustic, two electric, all played by Williams generally as quick, single note lines) plus 16 organ tracks played by Gowers. All these tracks are not heavily used. The work is mostly relaxed and airy, only occasionally becoming dense, loud and hectic.

In these two works, it strikes one that Gowers is less concerned with writing in or combining individual styles than he is in making effective use of certain instrumental combinations that feature or include Williams' guitar. These works are a far cry from the ultra conservative Third Stream works Claude Bolling has written for specific instruments or soloists. While most Third Stream efforts use large forces, these two pieces successfully use small groups.

The variety of these releases shows how the concept of Third Stream is broadening. In fact, that term really should be avoided, since it connotes a forcing together, rather than a natural blend. In the best efforts considered here, jazz and classical, plus occasionally other musics, meld into works that stand on their own feet, rather than resting precariously on uneven props. —*de muth*

BLINDFOLD TEST

MANFRED THORMEYER

HARRY SWEETS EDISON

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Since he began playing professionally almost a half century ago (in 1933 he was touring with the legendary Jeter Pillars band), trumpeter Harry Sweets Edison has touched all the bases.

His multifaceted career has taken him from name bands (most notably his long incumbency with Count Basie, 1937-50, and numerous subsequent reunions) to the Hollywood studios, where he broadened his fame through a series of memorable obbligatos on Frank Sinatra sessions, and to such jobs as his frequent partnership with Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, tours as musical director for Redd Foxx, and many gigs at home and abroad with Benny Carter.

He plays a K Modified Selmer, with a Holton #2 mouthpiece, a Heim model. He claims he has had the mouthpiece ever since he started playing—"they don't even make 'em any more."

Sweets was previously Blindfolded 4/22/76. He was given no information about the records played.

1. DIZZY GILLESPIE. *Free Ride* (from *The Best Of Dizzy Gillespie*, Pablo). Gillespie, trumpet; Lalo Schifrin, composer, electronic keyboards; Wilton Felder, bass

That sounded like Dizzy on trumpet. Whoever it is has been influenced by Dizzy quite a bit, but I'd say it was Dizzy. I'll give it three and a half stars.

It's a good record. The composition is semi-, not very, hard rock; but it has the instrumentation of the rock 'n' roll groups—the Fender bass, which is very prominent in all rock 'n' roll groups, and the rhythm section which makes it rock 'n' roll. It's very well played; it's a fantastic melody, which could be slowed down to another tempo. I like it. If it is Dizzy, it sounded like they were selling the rhythm section instead of selling Dizzy. But I like it.

2. JOE FARRELL. *Sonic Text* (from *Sonic Text*, Contemporary). Farrell, composer, tenor sax; Tony Dumas, bass; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet.

That's a good record. I don't know who that is; I wouldn't have the slightest idea. The bass player impressed me very much. It was all very well played.

The trumpet . . . as you know, we came up in an era where most soloists were identifiable. They had a definite style, you could tell Pops, you could tell Roy Eldridge, Dizzy, Rex Stewart, Bunny Berigan, Buck Clayton—you could always define a trumpet player by his sound, his style. But I haven't been able to distinguish too many trumpet players in the latter years.

Naturally, Dizzy has been quite an influence on most of the young trumpet players, and I can't define one from the other. I can tell Freddie Hubbard now, because he has a few little tricks that he does on his horn which nobody does but him. I can identify him by those little cliches he does, which is fantastic—he's a fantastic trumpeter. But this trumpet player I wouldn't know . . . nor the tenor player.

The tenor player was good, I like him. But tenor players nowadays, all of them were influenced by Coltrane. Now if it was Zoot or Stan or Jacquet or Jaws or one of the older tenor players, then I could say that was so-and-so . . . but I can't define this one.

I liked the line; a little hard for me to play, because I don't play those many notes, but it was a good composition. It was well played. This I would give three stars.

3. MAYNARD FERGUSON. *You Can Have Me Any Time* (from *It's My Time*, Columbia). Boz Scaggs and David Foster, composers; Nick Lane, arranger; Ferguson, trumpet; Mike Migliore, alto sax.

That's a fantastic arrangement, the melody is beautiful, and I would guess—a few trumpet players have chops like that—it would be Maynard Ferguson. There's only a few that can play all the way through like that, with the notes as pronounced . . . Cat Anderson, Bobby Bryant, Snooky Young. It's a fantastic trumpet player, and I'm so glad that, if it is Maynard Ferguson, that he's got a chance to show his artistry off.

I'd give it three and a half stars. And the alto player, it sounded like Phil Woods there for a moment, but I know it isn't Phil. It must be one of Maynard's sidemen. That's a good record.

LF: Do you always like Maynard, or do you just like him when he does certain things?

HE: I like him when he does certain things. He's a beautiful trumpet player, and a good musician. He plays one instrument, which is baritone, as well as he does the other, and he plays trombone. He's the only one that I know of that can play them all in one arrangement, and then pick up his trumpet and play an unlimited amount of choruses on the end . . . his chops just never give out.

4. JON FADDIS. *Lester Leaps In* (from *Oscar Peterson & Jon Faddis*, Pablo). Faddis, trumpet; Peterson, piano.

That's another one who has phenomenal chops. That melody will go on and on forever. The guy who wrote that tune, he used to be my roommate when I first joined Count Basie's band: Lester Young, Prez, that's *Lester Leaps In*. And that was Oscar, I know, 'cause there's nobody else can play piano like that.

It sounded like Dizzy, but I would guess—with those chops and the sound of Dizzy—that it's got to be that little Dizzy . . . he does all the work in New York, he's a fantastic trumpet player, reads well. Jon Faddis, that's his name. That's a Pablo record. Norman did a whole series of trumpet players with Oscar—I did one of them.

LF: Is it harder to identify a muted trumpet than it is to identify an open soloist?

HE: No, especially when he started playing the Dizzy cliches. I'd give that record three stars. If Oscar was alone, this would have to be four stars, because he's absolutely the greatest piano player there is today. But since he has someone playing with him, he had to limit himself, being an accompanist. He is one of the few piano players that you can play with in a duet, because he plays such a fantastic left hand. That's unheard of nowadays.

When I made my album with Oscar, before the record date I was wondering what I was going to play, because there's nothing that you can play after he gets through. I always wanted to make a record with Art Tatum—gee, that was one of my ambitions. When I had the chance, I was lost . . . I was listening to him instead of playing. He played everything that you could play on trumpet: tenor saxophone, the strings . . . he was the whole band.

So on this album, because Oscar was with Jon Faddis, he was limited to the point where he had to accompany Jon, and that's why I give it three stars.

5. ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO. *Barnyard Scuffel Shuffel* (from *Fanfare For The Warriors*, Atlantic).

I don't like to be critical of music, because I know everyone is trying their best to do their best on their instruments, and I've never been one to be critical of any type of music that's being played. I think you're supposed to have an open mind to whatever a musician is trying to do, because we have quite a problem trying to create something new.

I haven't the least idea who that is. It might be something they're trying to do that might become popular one of these days, but I can't understand it. Whatever they're trying to do, I hope they're very successful . . . It's a very moody album. You've got a semi-classic thing going in the beginning; the pianist is trying to create something, and they come in with full force. I think they were trying to play a semi-classical thing. That's about the only comment that I could make. I appreciate the effort that they are putting forth there. I would give it two stars.

The only rhythm that comes out is the old boogie woogie type of drums in there—which is becoming very popular right now. That's the only part that I really understood.

6. BOBBY SHEW. *Kyss Abyss* (from *Outstanding In His Field*, Inner City). Shew, trumpet, composer.

That's a well done record, very well played. The melody is complicated, but they do it fantastically. I wouldn't know who it is.

LF: Do you think this trumpeter is an original soloist, has some creative ideas of his own?

HE: Yes, I think so. But as I said before, I used to be able to tell musicians by their sound, but most of them now, they almost sound alike. Every now and then one of them will come through as an individualist, which hasn't happened in quite a long time. But that is a fantastic record—the broken rhythm . . . that's a hard melody to play, but they play the hell out of it. I couldn't even guess individually who's on that. I would give it three stars.

LF: That was Bobby Shew. Haven't you worked with him?

HE: Many, many times; he's a great trumpet player. I would be able to tell his playing probably had he been playing with Louie Bellson or with the Juggernaut, as a soloist. Those are the bands in which I worked with him.

7. WOODY SHAW. *Why?* (from *For Sure!*, Columbia). Judi Singh, vocal; Woody Shaw, trumpet; Victor Lewis, composer, drums.

That's very well done. Whoever is singing has a fantastic ear, the harmony was great, especially with the voice and the trumpet. The rhythm was fantastic. They have a funny time—sounded like it was 12/8 there for a while, but I realized it was 4/4, just a different type of rhythm. Brazilian rhythm, wasn't it?

Great melody—and the voice, I don't know whether it was a girl or somebody singing off center, but it was very well done. I wouldn't have the slightest idea who it was. I'd give that three stars.

(Afterthoughts:) I'd give five stars to anything by Tatum, Oscar Peterson, Basie, Armstrong, Dizzy. Five for Miles' *Sketches Of Spain*. And five for any of the great individualists—tenor players like Zoot, Jaws, Coleman, Ben, Don Byas, and the most influential tenor player who ever lived, Prez. I like a lot of Stan Getz, too. And I'd give five to Benny Carter, Clark Terry, Teddy Wilson—there's so many giants, I hope I haven't left out too many.

PROFILE

BYARD LANCASTER

BY LEE JESKE

"I've been working with ten different bands this year: with J. R. Mitchell, Garrett List, Ronald Shannon Jackson and the Decoding Society, David Eyges, the Music Staff (run by Jerome Hunter), New Dawn, Broadway Local, the Erroll Parker Experience, the Grant Reed Septet and the Yousef Yancy-Byard Lancaster Ensemble."

Ten bands. One might think that living in New York City, working with ten bands, a 38 year old veteran who plays alto, tenor and soprano saxophones, bass clarinet, and flute—and sings—would have a large bankroll and live the high life. But the music is jazz, so think again. Byard Lancaster's work in those ten outfits does not tally up to a hill of beans.

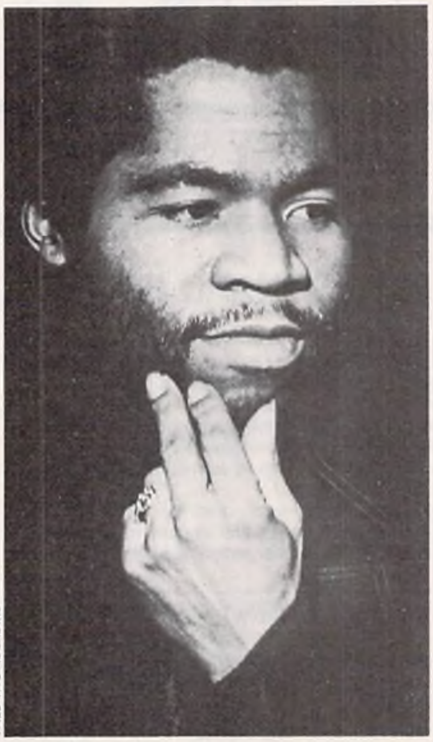
"I have a great deal of trouble making a living. I have no trouble surviving, 'cause I think I've learned how from hustling with Sunny Murray. Yes, I have trouble because I have seven children, I like to travel and we have a couple of cars here, the rent is high and I like to have clean clothing, so I'm having trouble making a living. Some days I paint, some days I drive people in my automobile, some days I'm teaching—to make some money. But I also realize that Ornette Coleman, among others, didn't have any money 'til 38, 39, 40, and if it takes me 'til I'm 49, I can understand that 'cause I'm a little slower. Yeah, I have trouble making a living and I have children who are asking for new shoes and suits and private schools, and I can't do it. And there's no way at all of telling them I'm sorry, 'cause they don't understand it. Yes, I have trouble making a living. A great deal of it."

Byard Lancaster comes from Philadelphia. He began playing piano at five and switched to saxophone at five and a half. "There were a lot of jazz musicians in our city, like Lee Morgan, Bobby Timmons, Jimmie Vass. I started out listening to Bill Doggett and James Brown, then my older brothers introduced me to Sonny Stitt, which led me to Paul Desmond and Jackie McLean. J. R. Mitchell, who was in my neighborhood, had a number of records and Jackie McLean was on most of them, the Blue Note records.

"In ninth grade my first jazz band was the Kenny Barron Trio. I was offered a position. I didn't stay very long, but we played frequently at his junior high and high school. My first job, when I was 14, was playing in the YWCA in Germantown, Philadelphia. We played the first set and when the intermission came they paid the band and sent us home. We were playing what *we* thought was bop—what we had heard on the records."

Eventually, Byard found himself in Boston, putting in time both at Berklee and the Boston Conservatory.

"My first year in school I tried to work on a sound between Jackie McLean and Ornette Coleman. I think I was playing out before I



THEE THUNDERBIRD

even heard Ornette. The first time I went to see him was his Town Hall concert in New York—I was on my way from Boston to Philadelphia and I stopped over. Later, I introduced myself and told him I was one of his disciples and had a group like his at school. There were a number of great musicians in school who really introduced me to the information. In my class were Dave Burrell, Sonny Sharrock, Gary Burton, Keith Jarrett, Mike Mantler, the list goes on. Sam Rivers and Tony Williams weren't in the school, but were at the school all the time. It was a fantastic scene up there.

"I left school to play. I went back to Philly and started a group with Sonny Sharrock and Jerome Hunter. After that group there was one with Stanley Clarke and Darryl Brown. Stanley was playing piano, but he also played a little bass. Upright bass.

"After about six months I moved to New York, on the lower east side. I moved in with Dave Burrell and we had a 24 hour playing rule. We lived down on the Bowery, and Archie Shepp, Elvin Jones, Grachan Moncur, Marion Brown and many others came by because we had the playing space. This was in 1965.

"I sort of worked all the time. I wasn't making much money, but I was doing rather well working in ten bands at the same time. I had an association with Bill Dixon, Burton Greene, Sunny Murray and Dave Burrell, I had my own group, I worked with a percussionist named Lawrence Cook and one or two others."

Byard Lancaster does not stay in groups very long. He restlessly tries different things—like new music and new instruments. He has put in short stints with Sun Ra, Sam Rivers, Norman Connors and McCoy Tyner.

"I have a great friend, Eric Gravatt, who asked McCoy to give me an audition, and I stayed with him for three and a half months. One time in Detroit, I felt like Coltrane was on the stage—there was a spirit in there. I went on to improvise on top of McCoy's improvisation, and then we discussed it one night at Slug's. I said, 'McCoy, I came to you to get the information about John, because I've seen him play a number of times, but you have to be verbal.' And he gave as much as he could. That's why I was so glad to play with McCoy. He taught me a lot of things without saying anything."

Lancaster is also interested in teaching; he feels that there is much to learn from those who have played with the John Coltranes, Ornette Colemans and Cecil Taylors.

"Last year I set up a workshop because it's important to inform people about some of the things they're going to have to get into in learning music. I've been working with Yousef Yancy on a book called *Artistic Concepts*: I've spent a number of years just knocking my head against the wall—like taking a step and still being on the same stair, or falling down and going on a tangent for two years. My whole concept was taken on a tangent by John Coltrane, because I can remember when my favorite musicians were Harry Belafonte and Nat Cole."

Byard is currently trying to finish a work in progress called *Sweet Evil Miss*, a 40 minute opera which, when finished, will incorporate a 120 piece symphony, a rock group, a blues band, a number of percussionists, voices and dancers. And, of course, there are those ten bands to worry about. The groups range from rock to free form duets with cellist David Eyges to the free funk of the Decoding Society. And, when time allows, he plays on the streets of New York.

"I enjoy playing on the streets the most, because I can make $50 or $60 a day, and I can come and leave when I want. I haven't done it for a while, but I'd like to start it again next week. It's also good for business and advertising."

Byard has recently begun playing baritone sax and has acquired an English chanter and an oboe. Currently he is heard to best advantage on his solo LP *Exodus*, on the Philly Jazz label.

"I think the music should always go to the audience. There are people who've never heard of me, but once I play for them, they like the music. The other people follow the name when they see it advertised. But I like to play for all types of situations. Therefore I have to go to the people."

Byard Lancaster brings his earthy, folksy stylings to the people in a dozen different situations. If the people don't get hip, it's only their own fault. **db**

MONNETTE SUDLER

BY RANDALL F. GRASS

Monnette Sudler gets noticed because she sometimes seems to be the only female jazz guitarist. After that initial notice, though, she will be *listened to* as one of the most interesting guitarists to come on the scene in many years.

At Philadelphia's Grendel's Lair on last Christmas Eve she led an aggregation including Jymie Merrit, everyone's bassist for the past 30 years, and Sunny Murray, instigator of free form drumming for the last 20. Her now fluid, now jagged solo bursts easily bridged their divergent styles.

Sudler's three LP's—*Time For A Change, Brighter Days For You And Me* and *Live In Europe*—mostly feature her own compositions which jump from Brazilian grooves to impressionistic, atonal collages. Such adaptability has enabled her, at 28, to play with such diverse musicians as Hugh Masekela, Sam Rivers, Murray, Philly Joe Jones, Don Pullen and Cecil McBee.

"I think I have a different style," she says when asked how she has gained attention. "It's not a style I've heard too much. If I had the same style as everybody else, I wouldn't get as much exposure. Being a woman brings some attention, but then again I *can* play! I deal with my own material and it's a little different."

A keynote of her style is exploration of the tonal possibilities of the electric guitar, without resorting to an array of electronic gadgets. She doesn't feel, however, that this results from her growing up in the post Hendrix era.

"I listened to mostly acoustic music in the beginning. Some say I get an acoustic sound; others say it's a very electric sound. At different times it comes out different. I do try to project a warm sound but also a harshness—a balance. I try to stir the emotions. You either hate it or get off on it. But there's usually a reaction to it."

Perhaps the key to the individuality in her playing comes from her musical training, which is eclectic. She began at 15 with a folk instructor, then moved on to classical and jazz teachers. Short stints at the Berklee School of Music and Philadelphia's Combs College were interspersed with study under various jazz teachers.

"I moved around quite a bit. I would go to one teacher for awhile and then feel I needed a break to get into myself. Then I would go to someone else and get a different point of view. I felt if I went to one person too long, I would have been a carbon copy of that person."

Sudler's professional career began in 1970 in a band led by vibraharpist Khan Jamal and reedman Byard Lancaster, both Philadelphians. After recording with them, she appeared on Sunny Murray's Untouchable Factor *Apple Cores* LP, trumpeter Cullen Knight's *Looking Up* and an unreleased recording by Sam Rivers (made during her year long stint with his big band). She also was a part of the two stunning 1978 concerts by the all Philadelphian Change of the Century Orchestra, an aggregation featuring Philly Joe Jones, Archie Shepp, Murray, Jamal, Lancaster, Odean Pope and many others.

Until recently, Sudler led a fairly stable group including pianist Oliver Collins, drummer Newman Baker (a veteran of Kenny Barron, Charlie Rouse and Joe Henderson groups) and Kenny Kellum on bass, all of whom appear on her recordings. They joined her for several European performances including the Donigen Jazz Festival in Switzerland and the appearance at Copenhagen's famed Montmarte club which resulted in her *Live In Europe* recording (featuring two Oliver Collins compositions, *Congo* and *Libra Rising*). Sudler's latest high visibility appearance was last spring with bassist Fred Hopkins and drummer Newman Baker at New York City's Women's Jazz Festival.

"I look for openminded musicians," she says. "Some musicians can't relate to my music. They say it doesn't follow the pattern. That is, the pattern they're used to reading! I like to have a certain looseness. I don't like the drummer or bass player to keep the time so strictly that they never go away from the time. I like the rhythm section to move with the soloists . . . just like your clothes move when you move."

Open minded musicians who are musically

BOB BARRETT

flexible tend to be the most accepting of a young woman musician as a leader and instrumental peer.

"One of the problems of being a younger musician is that some of the older musicians may say, 'How does she get all this play?' But there's nothing I can do about that. I'm not gonna beat myself over the head!

"As far as being a woman, I've run into that 'Where is she coming from? What problems is she gonna cause?' Or some might not like the extra attention you get 'cause you *do* stand out. But musically, man or woman, you have to prove yourself. It doesn't make any difference when you play.

"A funny thing, in one band I worked with. When we had two or three jobs to play in one day, they said, 'Well, we don't want to put you through this,' as if they thought, 'We want to treat her like a lady, don't want to work her too hard.' But I think that causes bad vibes. If you get in a business, you're gonna work or you're not. Plus, I want to make the money too!"

Monnette Sudler does not wish to be treated as a novelty. Her search for a predecessor female jazz guitarist turned up only one—Midwesterner Mary Osborne, who recorded with Mary Lou Williams and Coleman Hawkins in the '40s. Inner City Records included Sudler's *Time For A Change* LP in their Women In Jazz promotion.

But this approach really didn't do justice to her multifaceted talents. Her singing, for instance, adds a dimension to her performances and recordings. Usually she sings a self penned ballad in her warm, unadorned contralto. Her vocal style is simple, direct and, according to her, not jazz singing.

"I like my singing but I don't think I could make it just as a singer. It's just another possibility. The voice is the first instrument and you communicate more directly with the people. It takes me out of just being a jazz guitarist."

The horizons seem wide open for Monnette Sudler with some early recognition and a solid relationship with Europe's SteepleChase Records. As she noted, not many guitarists have shown the ability to function in a "free" context. Thus Monnette Sudler, in her playing and composing, looks to expand the possibilities of the instrument. db

LORNE LOFSKY

BY MARK MILLER

He's just 26; his hair is a little longer than the fashion of the day; his guitar is a Gibson Les Paul. Ah yes, another hot-wired guitar player on his way somewhere in a hurry.

But no. When Lorne Lofsky sits down to play, he sets the Les Paul's tone between burnished and glowing, and he might call *Nancy With The Laughing Face* or *It Could Happen To You*. In conversation, by way of explaining his direction in jazz, he'll say, "You've got to bow to the cats who came before you, and realize that we wouldn't be playing the way we're playing if it weren't for them, wherever we're at individually. Whether you want to pursue that direction, or any other direction, having a good grounding in the tradition is going to help your playing in the long run, because if you can't play in the tradition, I don't think you can play."

Of course Lofsky, who began his career in Toronto rock bands during his teens, can play as hot wired a guitar as anyone; at the moment he can be heard in a hot wired style with the bands of flutist/singer Kathryn Moses and fusion keyboardist/composer Ted Moses, as well as in the heavier, freer context of the Michael Stuart-Keith Blackley Quintet.

On the other hand, it was his work in turn with two of Toronto's veteran beboppers, alto saxist Jerry Toth and trombonist Butch Watanabe, that brought him face to face with Oscar Peterson. And it was Peterson who arranged for and eventually produced the guitarist's first record, a trio date due out soon from Pablo. Among the eight tunes recorded by Lofsky, bassist Kieran Overs and drummer Joe Bendsza were *Nancy With The Laughing Face* and *It Could Happen To You*, as well as *Body And Soul* (a guitar duet) and *Giant Steps*. That's a bit of tradition, especially for a musician who moved into jazz from rock only seven years ago.

He says of his rock days, "I was getting tired of playing on 12 bar blues, of playing four or five conventional blues licks, of playing really loud. Even then I knew I wanted to be a professional musician, but I knew I didn't want to make it on the rock circuit. For one thing, I don't have the personality for it; I'm not very outgoing. For another, I didn't enjoy it."

Miles Davis' *Kind Of Blue* turned Lofsky's ear to jazz. "I didn't have the slightest idea what they were doing, but I knew I liked it—I got a good feeling from it." Lofsky summarizes his subsequent development quite simply: "I lifted a few things off records, did a lot of sessions, and basically taught myself how to play. I have a certain aptitude for being able to imitate. That can be hazardous but, for starting out, I think it's very positive. I figured a good way to start would be to look at a couple of people whose playing styles I really like, take something from them, and try to develop it."

The guitarist acknowledges as his influences Jim Hall and, from Toronto, Ed Bickert, Lenny Breau and Sonny Greenwich. Bickert's style is now central to the playing of many younger guitarists in Toronto, and Lofsky was one of the first to realize the value and then assimilate the intricacies of the veteran's technique and harmonic concept. The revelation came in the form of another record, *Pure Desmond*, made by the late Paul Desmond with Bickert and others in 1974.

"I'd been hip to Ed before," Lofsky says, "but on the album you can actually hear his style of playing, not in a noisy club, but isolated for the first time." Lofsky then made a study of Bickert's work on *Pure Desmond*, "just to get the feeling, to get that sound in my head, that approach of attacking the strings in a relaxed manner and trying to get a full sound out of every note.

"I'm fascinated with what you can do harmonically on the guitar and at how many different sounds you can get—not just in terms of tone settings but also with different string formations, using certain open strings, unison notes, clusters. You can get so many nice textures and colors, and I'm just starting to realize that now.

"I really love the sound of chords and I try to approach the guitar from that viewpoint. I've never played piano, and I never will, but I'm a frustrated piano player. I would love to do things on the guitar that are more pianistic."

It's not surprising that Bill Evans is a personal favorite as well as another significant influence. "I like listening to things that are of a romantic nature, like Bill Evans. I love listening to Ed and singers like Johnny Hartman and

MARK MILLER

Sarah Vaughan, people who really bring things out in a tune and make it not sound like any other. So many have the same chord changes and melody sequences. What you play on a tune brings out its certain mood that makes it stand by itself.

"One thing I've noticed," Lofsky adds, speaking critically of his own playing. "I've got to start editing out more things again—without becoming too safe. When you're playing, you have to have some kind of thought process going on. Somewhere there's got to be some compositional sense. You've got to be aware of what you just played and where you're going next. Not that it's premeditated, but that kind of sophisticated process has to happen if you want to make a logical, musical solo."

Such philosophies of music make Lofsky seem an uncommonly thoughtful young musician—and indeed he is—but they are in no way preparation for the aggressive performer who blazes through *Giant Steps* or *Oleo*. That's the other and more immediately impressive aspect of his playing.

And yet, he is talking now of the possibility of working just with a bass player. "I really like playing quietly; I like the sound that I get and the subtler things that can happen." **db**

CAUGHT!

PAT METHENY & FRIENDS

RYLE'S
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Personnel: Metheny, guitar; Julius Hemphill, reeds; Charlie Haden, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Pat Metheny relaxes from touring by setting up invitational jams. Scarcely off the plane, he calls musician friends, often from New York City, to Cambridge. The venue is this club's upstairs listening room, which has had a jazz policy since it opened three years ago. Metheny's guests have come in trios: Nick Brignola, Steve Swallow and Bob Moses; Dave Liebman, Eddie Gomez and Paul Motian; Mike Brecker, Rufus Reid and Dan Gottlieb. The pattern has been short notice, early weeknights, high cover charges, solid attendance and rewarding, ear stretching sessions. (Sometimes, Pat jams in this room with his trumpeter brother Michael's quartet, which plays here frequently.)

The jam under consideration here took some organizing: Haden flew in from L.A. and Motian from Europe, while Hemphill had a few days off between World Sax Quartet gigs in Switzerland and France. And although his cheery grin belied the pressure, Metheny was just back from Brazil and was scheduled in Oslo at week's end. Despite all this, none of the music sounded underrehearsed.

Some of the empathy among the musicians might be attributed to their Midwestern roots (all but Motian). The keynote tune for both sets I heard on consecutive evenings was Ornette Coleman's 1959 12 bar blues with a twist, *Turnaround*. Each night the three Missouri products took long, convincing solos. Hemphill conjured up Ornette one night and Charlie Parker the next. Haden, who was sometimes hard to pinpoint in the ensemble, soloed with deadeye virtuosity, unfolding one melodic idea after another. He might hint at the melody, then edge away from it, bring back the tune's rhythm, displace it by a beat or two—is there a more intimate, musical bassist now playing?

Metheny played very up country voicings, reminding me of Herb Ellis and a friend of Johnny Smith and Chet Atkins. On the first night, Pat's solo built to a rich fabric of moving chords, with held leading tone, and he tagged the phrase ends of the melody with graced octaves.

A beautiful, poignant new Hemphill ballad, *What I Know Now*, held the audience rapt. The tune brought lovely solos from Julius and Pat. Motian contributed two fine pieces, a rollicking reggae tune, *Mandeville*, and a haunting ballad, *Folk Song For Rosie*. The latter lent itself to transformations more ghostly and metaphysical (especially from Haden) than either the ECM recording or the previous version here with Liebman and Gomez. Motian and Haden, in this band, played straighter time than on latter day Keith Jarret recordings. Charlie and Pat grooved beautifully together, belying my reservations about Pat's use of reverb and delay action. Julius, erect and spiritual, sailed ethereally over everything.

Metheny's open minded experiments are a tonic for him and for his devoted following. Questioned about these gigs, he said, "I always play just what I feel like playing . . . always have, always do." —*fred bouchard*

AHMAD JAMAL

CONCERTS BY THE SEA
REDONDO BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Personnel: Jamal, electric and acoustic piano; Sabu Adegola, bass; Payton Crossley, drums; Efrain Toro, percussion.

"Anybody can play loudly," said pianist Ahmad Jamal backstage. "It is much more difficult to play softly while swinging at that same level of intensity you can get playing fortissimo. To swing hard while playing quietly is one of the signs of a true artist."

As a stylist, composer and improviser, Jamal is indeed a "true artist," one who, over a 30 year span, has moved and impressed Art Tatum, Miles Davis, critics and thousands of fans. His September date at Concerts was another triumph, and he didn't have to play his 1958 hit, *Poinciana*, to pull it off.

In the ballad *I've Never Been In Love Before*, Jamal opened with a series of spacey bell tones underpinned by the fine, fat bottom lines of Adegola, his bassist for seven months, formerly with Abbey Lincoln. Ahmad extended the shimmering mood, startled the full house with a rapid two handed series of ascending clusters, then bam! back to silence. He mixed sparse, single note melodies with fleet fingered chromatic runs, and smashing chords with whispered tinkles.

Throughout *One*, a bright, two beat number filled with tricky stoptime interludes, drummer Payton Crossley matched the pianist lick for lick. L.A. percussionist Efrain Toro filled the holes, not with egotistical clutter, but with quiet knuckles ringing on a cymbal or a single sweep of chimes. Jamal utilized both the acoustic piano and the electric, creating pleasure-pain intensity with his shifts of dynamics.

Night Song, the title piece from his latest album, was full of surprises—crisp, lean melodic twists, sudden bombastic stoptime breaks, whirling glissandi, soft cushions of electric piano chords ebbing beneath winking three note melodies.

He turned the opening of *Black Cow* (from *One*) over to bassist Sabu, who kept the bottom riff rolling in time with drummer Crossley, while percussionist Efrain Toro showed his fancy stuff on the congas. When Jamal entered, he did so with an understated funk line, suggestive, teasing and sensuous, eroticism without vulgarity, indeed one of Jamal's outstanding trademarks.

It is not too much to say Jamal is a master of restraint, intelligence, classicism and good taste. Like an architect, he compresses volatile emotions into economical statements, saying as much with silence as he did with sound. His supporting musicians played with equal control, deftly and empathetically shifting with tempo change and mood. A first rate set by first rate musicians, refreshingly undated and alive, devoid of cliches, a pleasure to hear. —*lee underwood*

MOLDE JAZZ FESTIVAL

MOLDE, NORWAY

Molde is an idyllic coastal town at the foot of the mountains and on the shore of a fjord. Nineteen eighty is the 20th year for this Norwegian festival, although its low profile has kept it a bit secret in international terms. In fact, Sam Rivers is the only artist to have an album issued from this event, a rarity in the current fever of festival recording.

Like a handful of festivals, Molde is structured in such a way that a daily main concert is supplemented by numerous smaller recitals and club engagements, spanning a week. This year, the club dates were of equal importance.

The highlight of the concert series was a spectacular and wide-ranging performance by the Steve Kuhn-Sheila Jordan quartet with bassist Harvie Swartz and drummer Bobby Moses. The sterility and lack of verve that plagued their first album collaboration must have been cured by their five week European tour which ended on this night. Moses and Swartz cooked with fire and humor, and the drummer's solos were musical and interesting. The quartet's repertoire was injected with pieces from Jordan's and Kuhn's past. Sheila sang a stunning *Baltimore Oriole*, accompanied only by Swartz. Kuhn ran through a technically amazing and humorous exploration of *Body And Soul*, touching upon more than a few styles in the evolution of jazz. His trio performance of *Mr. P.C.* segueing into *Airegin* was powerful and unrelenting in its flow of ideas.

Also on various days in the main concert hall, which is actually a cinema with unexpectedly fine acoustics, were the Archie Shepp quartet, Arthur Blythe's In The Tradition, the Bill Evans Trio, the Charlie Haden-Egberto Gismonti-Jan Garbarek trio and a versatile, intriguing set by the Don Pullen-George Adams quartet with bassist Cameron Brown and drummer Dannie Richmond. This band is now permanent. Their sound and presentation is truly dynamic, and their scope is limited to no one idiom. All of the musicians allow their personalities to come through, not only with their music, but with their raps and stage presence, and it works. Despite the fact that the music is so broad, these four men are already forging a sound of their own.

Two nightclubs ran concurrently through the week, each offering bands for three day runs. At Kro was the ambitious octet of Swedish trombonist Eje Thelin, whose music has a contagious drive and a thick but interesting texture. Thelin is a facile and imaginative trombonist with a propelling rhythmic drive. It would be impossible to describe this music as hard bop or fusion or modal rhythm vamps. It had a bit of all of that, and the result was a different and cohesive sound. Billy Harper's quintet moved into the club for the next three days with some solid, straightahead music, spiced by Harper's clever originals. Harper was impassioned and offered fresh ideas with each solo. Pianist Armen Donellian has also developed into a strong and interesting soloist. And if there were moments where ideas were not taking shape, Harper kept the music cooking to the extent that it didn't matter.

Perhaps the hit of the festival took place at another club where the Teddy Edwards Quartet took residency for the first three days. With Jack Wilson on piano, Leroy Vinnegar on bass and Billy Higgins on drums, Edwards was playing perhaps better than he ever has in his 35 year career. Edwards' tenor tone was strong and assured, and although he tends to use more notes than might be needed, his solos were inspired, impeccable and imaginative. It was clear that these men love to make music together. Hopefully, they will be recorded at some point. A frequent sitter-in on these nights was Jimmy Witherspoon, also in top form. He performed in concert with Higgins, Vinnegar, pianist Dill Jones, alto saxophonist Earle Warren and the great trombonist Dickie Wells. Despite some great solo moments from Wells, it was clear that Spoon should have been backed up by Edwards and company.

Aside from Garbarek, local Norwegian music was represented by the trad jazz of the Royal Garden Jazz Band and an engaging group called the Westland Sextet, a gathering of six musicians from various towns on the country's west coast who share an interest in the cool and hard bop music of the '50s and execute their own interpretation of it cleanly, often infusing melodies and structures of their native folk music, much of which is in the Lydian mode. And like Jan Garbarek, many of them studied with George Russell during his Scandinavian residency.

Molde generates a true festival spirit, kicking off with a traditional street parade and spicing the week with various jam sessions, jazz film showings and gallery exhibits and offering a spectrum of styles in a variety of venues. Their programming shows individuality and thought, thereby contributing a great deal more to the music than the scores of festivals that buy groups like cattle off the grueling circuits of a handful of agents. Now if we can only get Teddy Edwards' group on the road in the States. —*michael cuscuna*

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sits in a tree in the upper right hand corner, holding a copy of the very first *Santana* album.

CBS re-signed Carlos to a five year, seven album contract, guaranteeing him more than $400,000 per album, an ascending scale of guarantees and high royalty rates. Hot on the heels of *Amigos* (1976) came *Festival* (1976), *Moonflower* (1977) and *Inner Secrets* (1978), mostly song oriented, respectfully, tastefully and energetically designed to reach a mass audience.

The critics sharpened their knives and had a party. In the early days they had dismissed Santana as rock 'n' roll; in the spiritual days they had dismissed him as pretentious; with *Amigos* and the others, they carved him up as a sellout.

"Before recording *Amigos* and the following albums, I realized I had gotten too far away from my own roots. Here was Devadip, but where was Santana? I was lost. Musically, it became supremely important for me to reestablish that marriage between dynamism, soulfulness, simplicity, rock, blues and Latin music.

"Those were the musical reasons. There were business reasons as well. It was important to reestablish Santana, myself and the band, in the public's eye so that CBS or any other company would grant me the space, money and time to record Devadip albums.

"Neither I nor any other musician can play jazz and expand his horizons without having a hit. John McLaughlin, Tony Williams and a lot of others are no longer with CBS. You gotta have a hit. Once you get a hit, a recording company will give you enough hours in the studio for you to accomplish another kind of beauty.

"When I write for Devadip, I deal with moods and extended forms. When I write for Santana, I deal more with songs. For that reason, some people have criticized the Santana albums as being 'commercial.'

"But it's much more challenging to write songs. Ask Stevie Wonder. Writing a three minute, 15 second song which is appealing to the masses is tremendously challenging, no matter what anybody says. When a real musician can amalgamate dignity, simplicity, sincerity and imagination, and sell albums, too, that is an achievement.

"It is easier for me to do the music of Devadip than it is to write songs for the group. I play Devadip music 24 hours a day. Therefore it is not so frightening to me to think of doing albums with McCoy Tyner, Keith Jarrett, Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter or Gabor Szabo.

"I need Santana, too. Santana enables me to do projects as Devadip. I also need Devadip. As soon as I complete a Devadip album, I can hardly wait to get back to Santana and play rock and Afro blues and Latin. Both musics are extremely important to me.

"You see, just as there is Muhammad Ali and Cassius Clay, Kareem Abdul Jabbar and Lew Alcindor, so there is Devadip and Carlos. Sri Chinmoy and others are teaching me not to reject Carlos so much, and I am learning how to do this. It is all becoming one now."

Coinciding with the September, 1980 release of *Swing Of Delight,* the sold out concert at the Universal Amphitheater in Los Angeles fulfilled every hope. Under an unusually clear black night sky sprayed with diamond blue stars, 5000 cheering people watched Devadip Carlos Santana sway in place with his guitar. His eyes closed, his face to the heavens, he rode the crest of a thundering rhythmic wave, spinning out the long, floating, fullbodied melodies with which he has enraptured audiences the world over.

Underneath, bassist David Margen heaved the beat and pumped it hard. Gleaming with sweat, percussionists Armando Peraza, Raul Rekow and Orestes Vilato ripped off lick after lick in tandem with drummer Graham Lear. Pianist/synthesist Richard Baker sustained undulating tapestries of rainbow colored chords, appropriately incorporated Tom Coster's former lines, then joined Santana in spiraling improvised solo/duo lines that cast a smokey-blue dream spell.

Back and forth, the music traversed smoothly between blistering activity *(Incident At Neshabur, Black Magic Woman, Toussaint L'Overture)* and suspended bliss *(Europa, Concierto De Aranjuez, Theme From "Spartacus")*. Old tunes spun into new tunes. When Herbie Hancock joined the band for the fourth encore, the crowd went nuts and danced in the aisles.

Indeed, after 18 albums and almost one too many visits to bottomland Darkness, the evolution of this 33 year old artist seemed almost complete. Devadip and Carlos were one.

All the elements were there, blended, intertwined, harmonious—the Tijuana, striptease, honky tonk blues of his desperate childhood; the hard, harsh, light, bright rhythms of Mexico; the slashing rock of the San Francisco '60s; the spacial tranquility of Gabor Szabo; the dark urgency of Miles Davis; the urban funk of the disco '70s—and through it all, like waves of yellow sunshine, the joyful, benign, serene, ubiquitous presence of Sri Chinmoy.

Once lost, now found, little drunken dreamer-boy discovered Light and came home to Manhood, home to where the Heart is. **db**

McSHANN

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the spotlight. His output in the past five years has been astonishing. He leads a quartet with the remarkable Kansas City fiddler Claude Williams. He has recorded solo albums and albums with the likes of Buddy Tate, Herbie Mann, Dicky Wells, Eddie Gomez, Gerry Mulligan and John Scofield. He has appeared on two breathtaking two piano albums with Ralph Sutton. He has been appearing at clubs and festivals all over the world, and is one of the featured stars of Bruce Ricker's exciting film documentary of the Kansas City era, *Last Of The Blue Devils*.

Jay is proud of that movie, which reunites him with other KC stalwarts like Joe Turner, Count Basie and his original rhythm section, Gene Ramey and Gus Johnson.

On a recent trip to New York City, McShann was found playing at Hanratty's, an upper East Side saloon which features solo pianists with its, shall we say, diverse menu (houmos, guacomole, Chinese dumplings and French onion soup constitute the appetizer selection).

Hootie's opening set proves he's not just a blues pianist. *September Song* and *As Long As He Needs Me* are played in medley, Jay's rolling treble punctuating the melodies. *'Deed I Do* follows with a light, striding bass and triplets and grace notes in the treble. The set begins to pop and boil, like a kettle of Kansas City barbecue sauce—a vocal *Sweet Lorraine* segues into a rumbling *Exactly Like You*. And, of course there are the blues—*Drink Muddy Water, Doo-Wah* (a 14 bar blues original), *Hootie's Blues* and *Georgia*—all treated with McShann's distinct compendium of boogie woogie, stride and swing.

When McShann plays the piano he shuts his eyes, cocks his head as if he was purposely pointing his left ear at the keys, and shakes his massive jowls. He seems to drift off back to 18th and Vine. George Brett isn't the only hard swinger in the heartland.

"Kansas City is rock and roll, country and western. There's a little jazz there, but jazz doesn't flourish like it did during those Pendergast days, so most of the time we're on the road. We live there, but we don't get a chance to spend too much time there."

Those Pendergast days were filled with booze, gambling, loose women and all night jazz clubs. They were also filled with the sounds of Lester Young, Ben Webster, Mary Lou Williams, Joe Turner, Charlie Parker, Dick Wilson, Pete Johnson and Jay McShann. Too bad *all* political corruption doesn't breed such musical harvests or *this* would be the swingingest time of all. **db**