

Caught: MONTREUX, NORTHSEA, PORI-JAZZ FESTS

NOVEMBER 1981 \$1.50

# down beat®

THE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC MAGAZINE

**Frank Zappa**  
Talks About a  
A Neglected Genius

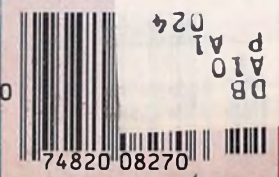
**John Klemmer**  
Wants to Calm  
the World

**Freddie  
Hubbard**  
Torn Between  
Bop and Pop

**Miles Davis:**  
New Album Reviewed  
New Sidemen Introduced  
New Solo Transcribed



DORDRECHT NETHERLANDS 475  
ACHTERHAKKERS 9  
DOM VAN OOST 118301  
5532478 248169  
DB A10 P A1 024



## FEATURES

- 17 MONEY TALKS, BEBOP WALKS**  
When Freddie Hubbard is there to play, watch out! That's the case when he's out east—it's Big Apple pop. When Hubbard is way out west, it's L.A. pop. Though with a new label, his recorded music is as commercial as ever. Steve Bloom finds the trumpeter willing to talk about both sides of his creativity.
- 21 FRANK ZAPPA ON EDGAR VARESE**  
The main Mother long ago absorbed the electrifying yet human music of Edgar Varese, Zappa recently championed the late composer's cause by presenting a special NYC concert of Varese's music, and was interviewed by John Diliberto and Kimberly Haas.
- 24 CREATIVE CALM**  
John Klemmer's recent music has been labeled muzak by jazz purists, though the prolific and popular saxist insists his music is "totally improvisational . . . bursting with feeling, heart, and passion." Creating music that offers a quiet place in a stressful world is his goal, he explains to Lee Underwood.



Frank Zappa



John Klemmer

**EXECUTIVE EDITOR**  
Jack Maher

**MANAGING EDITOR**  
Charles Doherty

**ASSOCIATE EDITOR**  
Art Lange

**EDUCATION EDITOR**  
Dr. William L. Fowler

**DESIGN AND ART DIRECTION**  
Bill Linehan

**PRODUCTION MANAGER**  
Gloria Baldwin

**CIRCULATION DIRECTOR**  
Deborah Kelly

**PUBLISHER**  
Charles Suber

**COMPTROLLER**  
Gary Edwards

**RECORD REVIEWERS:** Jon Balleras, Fred Bouchard, W. A. Brower, Francis Davis, Pat Ellis, Sam Freedman, Lars Gabel, Bob Henschen, Peter Kostakis, John Litweiler, Howard Mandel, Cliff Radcliff, Bill Shoemaker, Kirk Silsbee, Jack Sohmer, Cliff Tindler.

**CONTRIBUTORS:** Larry Birnbaum, Steve Bloom, Bob Blumenthal, Tom Copl, Collis Davis, Leonard Feather, Peter Keepnews, John McDonough, Herb Nolan, Veryl Oakland, Darryl Pitt, Tim Schneekloth, Zan Stewart, Pete Welding, Herb Wong.

**CORRESPONDENTS:** Atlanta, Dorothy Pearce; Baltimore, Fred Douglass; Boston, Fred Bouchard; Buffalo, John H. Hunt; Cleveland, C. A. Colombi; Chicago, Jim DeJong; Denver, Bob Cataloff; Detroit, David Wild; Kansas City, Carol Comer; Las Vegas, Brian Sanders; Miami/Ft. Lauderdale, Jack Sohmer; Milwaukee, Joya Caryl; Montreal, Ron Sweetman; New Orleans, Frank Nicolera; Philadelphia, Russell Woessner; Pittsburgh, David J. Fabilli; St. Louis, Gregory J. Marshall; San Francisco, John Howard; Southwest, Bob Henschen; Toronto, Mark Miller; Washington, DC, W. A. Brower; Argentina, Alisha Krynski; Brazil, Marilyn Balamici; Central Europe, Eric T. Vogel; Denmark, Birger Jorgenson; Gambia, Oko Draime; Germany, Joachim-Ernst Berendt; Great Britain, Brian Priestley; Italy, Ruggero Stiaszi; Japan, Shoichi Yul; Netherlands, Jaap Ludeke; Norway, Randi Hultin; Poland, Charles Gans; Senegal, Francis Senghor; Sweden, Lars Lystedt.

## DEPARTMENTS

**27 Record Reviews:** Steve Lacy; Idris Muhammad; Svend Asmussen; Billy Taylor; N.Y. 5; Chick Corea; Codona; Ethnic Heritage Ensemble; Miles Davis; Benny Carter; Eric Schneider; King Carasco; Zoot Sims; Globe Unity Orchestra; Vienna Art Orchestra; Woody Shaw; Sid Dawson; Warren Kime; Jim Beebe; Roger Pemberton; John McLaughlin/Al DiMeola/Paco DeLucia; Tony Dagradi; Hugh Brodie; Alphonse Mouzon; Waxing On: Solo Wind Works (Peter Van Riper, Andre Jaume, Bob Reigle, Maury Coles, Ned Rothenberg, Vinny Golia, John Tchicai, Charles Tyler, David Murray, Evan Parker, Leo Smith).

**51 Blindfold Test:** Mal Waldron, by Leonard Feather.

**52 Profile:** Bill Evans, Mike Stern, and Mino Cinelu, by Howard Mandel; Maiden Voyage, by A. James Liska.

**55 Caught:** Northsea Jazz Festival, by Lee Jeske; Montreux Jazz Festival, by Herb Wong; Pori Jazz Festival, by Gary Giddins.

**58 Pro Session:** Mike Stern Solo Transcription, by Jeff Richman; "How To Visualize Three String Augmented And Minor Triads On Guitar," by Dr. William L. Fowler; "On-Stage Monitoring, Part II," by Larry Blakely.

**69 Book Reviews:** *A Jazz Retrospect*, by John Litweiler; *The 101 Best Jazz Albums*, by Alan Axelrod.

## Miscellany

**6 The First Chorus**

**10 Chords & Discords**

**13 News**

**64 City Jazzlines**

**67 Pro Shop**

Cover photography by Mitchell Seidel, inset by Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve; design by Bill Linehan.

### EDITORIAL

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:  
**EXECUTIVE OFFICE:** 222 W. Adams St.,  
Chicago, IL 60606.

(312)346-7811

**East Coast:** Lee Jeske

(212)286-9208

**West Coast:** A. James Liska

(213)704-7336

### ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES:

**East:** Dennis S. Page, Larry Smuckler  
Jeffrey/Richard Associates, Inc. 134  
Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10016  
(212) 696-0990

**Midwest:** Charles Suber, Jack Maher  
222 W. Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606  
(312)346-7811

**West:** Frank Gartock, 458 W. Douglas  
Ave., El Cajon, CA 92020  
(714)440-1289

**down beat** (ISSN 0012-5768) is published monthly by Maher Publications, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago IL 60606. Copyright 1981 Maher Publications. All rights reserved. Trademark registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719, 407. Second Class postage paid at Lincoln, Nebraska and additional mailing offices. Subscription rates: \$13.50

for one year, \$23.00 for two years. Foreign subscriptions add \$4.00 per year.

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

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

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: **down beat**, **Up Beat**, **Up Beat Dally**, **American Music-For-Export Buyers Guide**.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Please allow four weeks for your change to become effective. When notifying us of your new address, include your current **down beat** label showing your old address.

**POSTMASTER: SEND CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO down beat**, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, IL 60606.

CABLE ADDRESS: **downbeat**  
(on sale October 15, 1981)

Members, Audit Bureau of Circulation Magazine Publishers Association



# FREDDIE HUBBARD

*money talks, bebop walks*



B Y S T E V E B L O O M

*"Give me five minutes, Bloom.  
You know we're gonna do it."*

**W**ith that, Freddie Hubbard ducks back into his dressing room—which is more like a hall closet for two—at the New York club Fat Tuesday's. It is five minutes before two in the morning, and though the music has stopped, the procession of Hubbard's long-time-no-see friends and other reasonably good-looking well-wishers marches on. Actually, there was one point this evening when I almost got my interview.

Between sets, Freddie moved upstairs to the restaurant for a quick steak platter. But then, at the exact moment I was pumping my first question, a smallish gentleman with a strong resemblance to Truman Capote materialized. It was Creed Taylor, the former president of CTI Records, for whom Hubbard recorded what are arguably his best dates of the late '60s. Later for me, it was hastily determined.

I should have been annoyed but I wasn't. Hubbard and his New York-assembled quartet—pianist Kenny Barron, bassist Buster Williams, drummer Al Foster, and saxman David Schnitter—had just offered two wonderful sets of sho' nuff

jazz—from Hubbard's *Little Sunflower* to *Body And Soul*—that had the joint jumpin'. And Freddie was burnin'. He soared from one octave to the next with the ease of a Concorde's trans-Atlantic flight. He'd reach out and grab the high C and hold onto it for what seemed the equivalent of a 40-hour work week and, after he dropped back down, faces in the audience appeared to quiver in awe. Hubbard, who seemed on a mission of sorts, pulled out all his once familiar stops. He still has the chops.

"People been sayin' 'Freddie lost his chops,'" Hubbard tells me when we finally sat down for a chat at half-past two. "I went into fusion. It didn't work. I just can't fit in. I wanna play too much. I've been through so many different styles—Slide Hampton, J.J. Johnson, Sonny [Rollins], Art [Blakey], Trane, Gunther Schuller, Ornette [Coleman]. I had to make up my mind who Freddie Hubbard was. I have my own identity now. But there was a point when I wondered if people really liked me.

"Everyone thought I was going after the money," Freddie rambles on. "I'm the type of cat that likes to venture into all kinds of music. So what if I play on Billy Joel's record? I know McCoy [Tyner] and Cecil [Taylor] have stuck straight on out with their thing, but my lifestyle is different. I wanna live good. When Columbia gave me money, I moved to L.A., bought my house, cars, a pool. But then I started acting weird, like telling jokes at concerts. I ain't Flip Wilson."

Suddenly, we notice all but one light in the now nearly deserted club has been extinguished. We get the message. On our way upstairs and out onto the New York street, Freddie explains that this week at Fat Tuesday's has been a "spiritual one" for him. "Things are too relaxed in L.A.," the 43-year-old trumpeter complains as we search for an empty cab. "People are constantly asking me, 'Why are you here?' I think I'm gonna move back to New York for awhile. You know of any apartments for rent?"

Two months later I dial Hubbard long-distance, New York to Berkeley. Freddie's in the Bay Area adding some final touches to his Fantasy debut album, *Splash*. Earlier in the year, Columbia gave Hubbard his walking papers after eight albums. Freddie strolled right over to Fantasy, his sixth record label, which he says had been itching to sign him ever since he came to terms with Columbia back in 1974. "I'm producing it," he quickly brags. "I doubt if you'll know any of the cats on it though—they don't have no names. Studio guys. Hey, are you the guy that interviewed me back in New York?"

I explain who I am and that this publication has assigned me the task of examining his musical career in print. "down beat?" he asks incredulously. "No shit. I haven't read down beat in a long time. Aren't they a rock & roll magazine now? . . . Hey, when's Miles playing?" The *Kool/Newport* Festival is scheduled to commence later in the week with Davis and his newest quintet slotted for an appearance some 10 days into the program. Of course, everyone's talking.

"He's playin' again, huh?" Hubbard asks. "That's great, man, 'cause he can play. Only thing is when you lay off the trumpet for a long time it gets kinda weird. You know who else I'm looking forward to hearing? This cat Wynton Marsalis—I've been hearing a lot about him."

Totally impromptu, Hubbard begins a discourse on the art of jazz trumpeting. "See, when you're 19 [which Marsalis is], it's very hard to swing. It takes time to learn how to swing. You can play all the notes, but, like, Lee [Morgan] was the best mutha I knew in terms of being able to swing at a young age. He had the most feeling of the young cats. I was like Clifford Brown. I was copying him right off the record. The trumpet takes time. Not too many trumpet players who can swing anyway.

"I heard him [Marsalis] in Holland," he says, once again shifting topics in his none-too-discreet way. "I was walking around the place [Northsea Jazz Festival] and I hear someone

and I say, 'Who the hell is that? It's not Woody [Shaw] . . .' I couldn't think of anybody else who can play. But I haven't really heard him. Well, when he gets through with that [his summer tour with Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, and Tony Williams] he'll be something 'cause Tony'll take him on a trip. He's kind of heavy back there. He'll get his chops together anyway."

I wonder if he would have liked to again accompany Hancock (who is producing Marsalis' debut album on Columbia) & Company like he did three years ago in the V.S.O.P. tour? "I had to get out of that," Freddie says, "'cause I felt like they were trying to get me to take Miles' place—I don't know. I'm not playing that anymore. Anyway, I've been busy. I've been running around the world. I did one date in Germany, five record dates in Italy—y'know, they just recorded each night. It was pretty good, it got me out of the hole. I went to Texas—where else did I go? A bunch of places.

"Know what I miss most about New York? The drummers. You can't find any decent drummers but in New York—most of the cats are there. Al Foster knocked me out. In a small place like that [Fat Tuesday's] you have to be very conscious about stuff like low ceilings—it was the first time I heard a drummer play with those kinds of dynamics in a long time. Billy Higgins could probably do it. And Tony. The drummers I like really actually change the way I play. They make me sound different. Like, I always loved Elvin [Jones]—that style of playing. But in California, they don't have that concept—that consistency and drive I'm accustomed to—so when I'm playing there are a lot of things I'd like to go ahead and try that doesn't make sense trying 'cause it's not gonna sound right 'cause they're not hitting.

"It's so competitive in New York," Hubbard continues. "When I first came there [from Indianapolis in 1960], it took me six weeks before I had the courage to play at a jam session. I went up to Count Basie's every Monday night. I'd just sit there scared stiff. There were so many musicians—good ones—who wanted to get up there and show they could play. The sixth week I finally took my horn out and busted in. Yeah, I wanna get back to New York. Get me a good drummer. You say the weather's not too hot, huh?"

Three days later Hubbard's back in the Apple, courtesy of George Wein. He's among the special guests who've been assembled for the "Blakey Legacy" concert, a *Kool Jazz* tribute to the granddaddy of hard bop drumming. Past and present Messengers such as Donald Byrd, Jackie McLean, Curtis Fuller, Bill Hardman, Billy Harper, Cedar Walton, Walter Davis, Bobby Watson, Billy Pierce, and Johnny Griffin, are all on hand for this Carnegie

### FREDDIE HUBBARD SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <b>as a leader</b>                                     | <b>with Billy Joel</b>                                  |
| SPLASH—Fantasy 9610                                    | 52ND STREET—Columbia FC 35609                           |
| LIVE AT THE NORTHSEA JAZZ FESTIVAL—Pablo Today 2620113 | <b>with Al Jarreau</b>                                  |
| SKAGLY—Columbia FC 36418                               | ALL FLY HOME—Warner Bros. BSK 3229                      |
| THE LOVE CONNECTION—Columbia JC 36015                  | <b>with Dizzy Gillespie/Clark Terry</b>                 |
| SUPER BLUE—Columbia JC 35386                           | TRUMPET SUMMIT MEETS OSCAR PETERSON—Pablo Today 2312114 |
| BUNDLE OF JOY—Columbia JC 34902                        | <b>with Herbie Hancock</b>                              |
| LIQUID LOVE—Columbia PC 33556                          | V.S.O.P.—Columbia PG 34688                              |
| WINDJAMMER—Columbia PC 34166                           | V.S.O.P. LIVE UNDER THE STARS—Columbia 12C-36770        |
| STRAIGHT LIFE—CTI 6007                                 | MAIDEN VOYAGE—Blue Note 84195                           |
| RED CLAY—CTI 6001                                      | <b>with John Coltrane</b>                               |
| BREAKING POINT—Blue Note 84172                         | ASCENSION—Impulse A95                                   |
| THE NIGHT OF THE COOKERS—Blue Note 84208               | <b>with Ornette Coleman</b>                             |
| <b>with McCoy Tyner</b>                                | FREE JAZZ—Atlantic 1364                                 |
| 4 X 4—Milestone M55007                                 | <b>with Eric Dolphy</b>                                 |
| TOGETHER—Milestone M 0987                              | OUT TO LUNCH—Blue Note 84163                            |



TOM COPP

Hall extravaganza. I arrive at Hubbard's Sheraton suite only moments after he has risen from a brief morning's sleep. Five hours ago he touched tarmac and then was swiftly limo-ed into town. Despite this, he's in particularly good spirits and further brightens when I show him the morning's paper which includes an article about the concert and a photo of, among others, Frederick Dewayne Hubbard.

I inquire as to whether Freddie might like to talk about some of his experiences at Columbia Records over the past eight years. "Uh-oh," he feigns. Though Hubbard suggests that he doesn't want to "get too far into it," it's not long before he finds himself knee-deep in "it." It seems obvious that he does want to talk.

"I think Columbia relied too much on Bob James to produce jazz artists," Hubbard begins, leaning forward on the couch. "He wasn't really a jazz producer. He was trying to get me away from jazz, which he did. Bob would just come in and lay down the tracks. I had to fit into what he had laid out. That was a mistake 'cause there was no looseness. Even so, *Windjammer* [1976] was a pretty good album.

"When I first went there in '73, this is what they told me: 'We're gonna make you the number one trumpet player at Columbia because Miles isn't playing.' [Bruce] Lundvall [then a Columbia executive] said, 'Look Freddie, I want you to just play.' So I felt pretty good. But then, it always ended up later on—'What's the material gonna be like?' And then when it came time for me to talk to Bruce one-to-one, he always put me over to Bob. So it ended up Bob saying, 'Let's do this, let's do that.' He was producing everybody.

"It's a funny thing. Some jazz dates I've done—even though some of them haven't been that great—I thought should've received much more airplay. *Super Blue* [1978] for sure. Those were some of my favorite musicians—Hancock, Benson, Joe Henderson, DeJohnette, Hubert Laws, Carter—I had on that record. And what'd they do with it? *Love Connection* [1979] was a whole different thing. That album was overproduced. Where would you market that record? I mean, who's gonna play it? So I was stuck. [George] Butler [executive producer] was out there with it. He couldn't get any promotion money. Still, Bruce was taking me to the 21 Club, coming to all my gigs, bringing me Beaujolais and taking pictures—all that. Then, all of a sudden, I can't find him. I said, 'Uh-oh, something's happening.' Then they bring in Butler. He says, 'Yeah, Freddie, you my man.' And I helped him get the gig!"

(For the record, Butler is completely apologetic about Hubbard being dropped, explaining: "He was a victim of circumstances—of radio, the times, what can I tell you? He's one of the great ones.")

So Hubbard, who is unquestionably one of the finest trumpet stylists in modern jazz and who once told an interviewer that "all of the music I've done before in my life and all the practicing and studying I've done will be in vain if I have to try to play the type of music that would sell," is going to use this opportunity—the label switch—to lay down some sho' nuff jazz like he did at Fat Tuesday's, right? Dead wrong.

"*Splash* is the most commercial thing I've ever done," Freddie reports. "It's the first time I've done something with some vocals. Ever hear of Jeanie Tracy? She's with Sylvester. I'm still bebopping on top of it. It's not to the point that it's so far away that I sound ridiculous. I'm still blowing. There's just not as many weird chord changes or stretching out. See what I'm saying? I think the whole movement," he adds with a knowing smile, "is getting into that fusion thing."

I can't believe what I'm hearing. Eight weeks ago, Hubbard testified the fusion blues to me in the afterglow of a very special jazz occasion in a nightclub in Manhattan. Now, with that experience neatly tucked away, Freddie is acting out his latest fantasy: he wants to be Tom Browne. "I can play 'Funkin' For Jamaica,'" he says proudly. Then, suddenly, Freddie cackles: "I was funk'in in Jamaica [the one in Queens, New York]."

Acting as his conscience, I press on with another quotation from his tumultuous past: "I switched from hard-core jazz to rock with rock cats, and they smothered me. It didn't come off 'cause I never had the feeling for the thing. I'm not gonna make that mistake again."

"This record ain't gonna be no mistake," he rises to his own defense. "They're gonna like this. I like it. A lot of other shit I was doing just to fulfill a contract. This record is playing. I spent time choosing material. It's hot."

**W**e were just a bunch of white kids sittin' around jivin'. Eleventh grade, after-school, just starting our marijuana habits. It was '69 and we were heavy into Chicago, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Traffic, and Carole King. And protesting against "the war." I don't remember who bought it or much anything else about how it actually happened, but one day we really started to jam. We were all snappin' our fingers, tappin' our toes, bangin' our hands furiously down on any level surface. See, there were these 10 notes on the electric piano that a guy named Herbie Hancock kept running over and over. The drummer, bassist, and conga player were right with him. And in what seemed very organized intervals, one instrument at a time would take solos over this incredible beat. First, we heard a trumpet that sounded mad, climbing one glorious hurdle after the next—then a sax, followed by guitar. But we kept on skipping back to the trumpet part. How could any instrument drive so swiftly into the psyche, we wondered? It was awesome. It was Freddie Hubbard. The song was *Straight Life*.

Freddie dragged our pants down and strung them up a flagpole like the traditional fraternity initiation. And when we woke the next morning, we still didn't know what had hit us. For us it was *Straight Life*, for others *Red Clay* (including Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who shortly after telling Hubbard that *Red Clay* was among his favorite records, found himself the subject of a track, *Theme For Kareem*, on *Super Blue*). Little did we know that from those sweet moments on, we'd be hooked on jazz forever.

When Hubbard moved on to Columbia in '74, his sound began to change. Record companies had suddenly started to toe the line with jazz musicians, demanding they concern themselves with a growing commercial audience that enjoyed jazz, though not necessarily in its purest form. First, he tried rock (*Liquid Love*), then crossover pop (*Windjammer*, *Bundle Of Love*). While Freddie was selling his share of albums, he found himself distraught: born and raised in the

*continued on page 59*

# FRANK ZAPPA ON EDGAR VARESE

BY JOHN  
DILIBERTO AND  
KIMBERLY HAAS

**I**f any composer has come to epitomize the neglected genius, it is Edgar Varese. Born in France in 1883, Varese was a student protege and friend of 20th century masters such as Debussy, Busoni, Richard Strauss, Ravel, Picasso, and Rodin. His quest for artistic freedom and a release from the traditions and dogmatism of the classical music hierarchy placed him on a search for the "liberation of sound" that culminated in his moving to America. This search led him to the use of new and found instruments in the form of sirens, Chinese blocks and countless other percussives, a break from traditional tonalities and structures, and eventually to the use of magnetic tape constructions—"musique concrete"—in composition and performance.

Until the last decade of his life (he died in 1965), Varese created in relative obscurity. His works were performed only as controversial premieres by the likes of Leopold Stokowski, and they never entered into the standard classical repertoire. In spite of a lack of recognition in his lifetime, Varese's influence was widely felt by those who subsequently questioned the creativity and meaning of music. Composers such as John Cage, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and George Crumb have all sought answers based at least partially on Varese's work. Charlie Parker begged to be taken on as a pupil of Varese, and in recent years his shadow has hung over Joe Zawinul, whose



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

ANNIE FISHER/PHOTO RESERVE

works, such as *Atom Heart Mother* and the studio album of *Ummagumma*, employ the use of tape constructions interpolated with real time playing ala Varese's *Deserts*.

But for many people the first knowledge of Varese's name came from a 1966 LP entitled *Freak Out* by the Mothers Of Invention, in the form of a quote attributed to Varese: "The present day composer refuses to die" (He actually said "The present day composer in America . . ."). Though he has been one of Varese's most ardent public supporters, the Varese influence is not always evident in Frank Zappa's rock songs. It turns up in his more serious music, tape constructions, and arrangements, especially on *Lumpy Gravy* and the *200 Motels* soundtrack. It is more Varese's spirit of breaking from conventions and finding your own voice that one finds in Zappa's work.

This past spring, Zappa served as master-of-ceremonies at a Varese retrospective conducted by Joel Thome with the Orchestra Of Our Time, playing to an audience for whom Zappa was the principle draw at New York City's Palladium Theatre. Zappa's obvious regard for Varese's music served him well in a role reduced to keeping the audience quiet during the performances. The day before the concert, Kimberly Haas and John Diliberto interviewed Zappa, during which he elucidated a contemporary perspective on Varese and his music.

dynamic percussion figures in *Unknown Soldier* are derived from Varese's *Ionisation*. Many artists from the AACM, such as the Art Ensemble Of Chicago and Anthony Braxton, have Varese as a precursor in the use of "little instruments" and atonal structures. In rock, Pink Floyd's earlier

**John Diliberto:** How did you first find out about Edgar Varese?

**Frank Zappa:** That's a very simple story. I read an article in *Look* magazine in the early '50s which was a feature saying what a great guy Sam Goody was because he was such an exciting merchandiser and he could sell anything, he could sell any kind of record. And to give an example of what a great merchandiser he was, it said that he was even able to sell an album called *Ionisation* which had a bunch of drums banging, and it described the album in very negative terms. When I read that, I thought it sounded exactly like the kind of album that I wanted to hear because I had been playing drums since I was 12. So I went looking for the album and I finally found it after a couple of months' search, and I took it home, put it on, and I loved it as soon as I heard it.

**JD:** What year was that?

**FZ:** '53.

**JD:** So Edgar Varese was still really active at that time?

**FZ:** Well, as a matter of fact he was just becoming active again. He stopped composing pretty much around 1940 because nobody would play his music, and he couldn't earn a living. So he was messing with various other odd jobs trying to keep himself afloat, and he just stopped writing. When I called him up in 1955, he had either just finished or was in the process of working on *Deserts*, which according to his wife Louise (I talked to her last night) he just sort of did bits and pieces on for 15 years. That was the one he started around the '40s and just didn't have any urge to complete because he knew nobody was going to play it.

**JD:** Do you think the fact that Varese was alive and relatively active during the time when you were getting into his music affected you differently than if he was an older composer?

**FZ:** He was already quite old at that time, and I just liked it because of the way it sounded. It didn't have anything to do with the splendor and charm of all the folklore that goes with being a composer. I was dealing with it just as something that I heard that provided enjoyment for me.

**JD:** Do you think that your response would be different if you were hearing it for the first time now, with the background that you have?

**FZ:** No, the only difference would be that the background I have now is probably stronger in the technical field, and I'd be able to listen to a recording, say, and make judgments about the quality of production, the quality of the pressing, the quality of the engineering, and the quality of the performance. Whereas at that time I didn't know any of those kinds of things, and I just accepted it and liked it. Today I would

## EDGAR VARESE SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

*IONISATION/HYPERPRISM/INTEGRALES/OCTANDRE/POEME ELECTRONIQUE/DENSITY 21.5/OFFRANDES/DESERTS/ARCANA* (ensemble conducted by Robert Craft)—Columbia MG-31078

*AMERIQUES/NOCTURNAL/EQUATORIAL* (Utah Symphony conducted by Maurice Abravanel)—Vanguard S-308

*ARCANA/INTEGRALES/IONISATION* (Los Angeles Philharmonic conducted by Zubin Mehta)—London 6752

*OFFRANDES/INTEGRALES/OCTANDRE/EQUATORIAL* (Contemporary Ensemble conducted by Arthur Weisberg)—Nonesuch 71269

*HYPERPRISM/OFFRANDES/IONISATION/OCTANDRE/DENSITY 21.5/INTEGRALES* (ensemble conducted by Frederick Cerha)—Candide 31028

make more critical distinctions between one performance and another and one recording and another; I have just about every record of any of his pieces that's available, and I do have my favorites among those.

**JD:** Do you think that people in general would have a different reaction if Varese's music was happening now as opposed to 70, 60 years ago?

**FZ:** People would have a different reaction to it today depending on the packaging in which it was presented. For instance, if he suddenly jumped on the scene with his fingernails painted black, shocking orange hair, some funny-looking sunglasses, maybe a skinny tie and pants that were too short, pointed shoes, and he bopped around a little bit while the thing was being performed, it would probably register as very exciting and new. But if a man who looked like Varese actually walked out and presented this to today's world, I don't think that people would be too stimulated by it.

**JD:** What aspects of his music do you think have been absorbed into contemporary music now? On one level, say, the contemporary pop level or the rock level and on another level the contemporary classical music level?

**FZ:** Anytime you watch a show on television and there's a scary scene and there's one sustained chord and one or two tiny little percussion bips in the background, you'll know that the guy who wrote that movie score, that TV score, never would have thought of it unless Varese had done it first, because percussion just wasn't used that way, and he proved that one little knock on the claves or one little boop on the temple block against a tense chord told so much about a certain topic; nobody had done anything like that before. He just said hey, this will work, and he did it and a lot of people when they hear that scary music don't know where a lot of the mechanisms of scary music came from. But he didn't write the things to be scary, I don't think, he just wrote them because he was dealing with musical raw materials in a very

individualistic way.

**JD:** I think Varese often said he wanted to liberate sound from the limitations of the keyboard. Do you think that he succeeded in doing that in his music?

**FZ:** I don't know.

**JD:** Do you think he would have succeeded more so had he had access to a current synthesizer?

**FZ:** No, not necessarily, I mean he would have written a different kind of music. But the thing that is fantastic about what he wrote for normal instruments is that he got sounds out of them that nobody had dreamed of before. For instance, *Deserts*, which is probably the starkest of the pieces in terms of the way they deal with raw material, there're special overblown chords that produce difference tones, which you wouldn't be able to get any other way—you know what I'm talking about? If you take two intervals and play them very loudly on a woodwind instrument—for instance, this one spot where two piccolos are playing either a Major second or minor second part, very high octave—when you blow it real hard you hear a third note that's not there. To know in advance what's going to come out and to plan your composition to achieve effects like that was something that people just hadn't thought of doing before.

**JD:** Do you think that Varese's work with electronics was very influential on the academic level and on the pop level?

**FZ:** No, because the things that he was doing with electronics were probably related more to sculpture than they were to electronics. The tapes that he did were collages of sound sources and not necessarily electronic music as people think of it today.

**JD:** It was musique concrete.

**FZ:** Yeah, it was musique concrete.

**JD:** But he was still breaking into new territory at the time with *Poeme Electronique* and *Deserts*.

**FZ:** Well, I don't know historically who came first—the chicken or the egg—in that realm. I know there were some other composers working in that medium at that time—I don't know who fired the first shot, so to speak—but he didn't really have good equipment to do it on. I mean some of the tapes were distorted, and I don't think that he wanted to hear that rough kind of sound. I think that some of the effects are gotten just by over-modulating input and saturating the tape. To me it's like a guy who didn't really know how a tape recorder worked and wanted this part to be really loud, and he didn't know that if you just cranked it up it wouldn't get really loud, it would just get really shitty. I mean that's what it sounds like to me, he might have had something else in mind, but the equipment that he had access to was not very



DARRYL PITTENCORE

elaborate—things were pretty crude back then.

**JD:** In Varese's biography there are times where Louise seems to indicate where Edgar, like Stravinsky, didn't like emotion in his music.

**FZ:** Well, it depends on how you're going to use the word "emotion." I think that from a scientific standpoint the way that materials are put together you wouldn't think of as an emotional procedure, but the materials have a very emotional impact when you hear them put together. And there are certain indications in the score that aren't just "play this loud, play this soft." There's one part in *Hyperprism* where the trombone player is instructed to say "ho ho ho" through his horn. That's not much of an emotion, but it's not exactly scientific either. And in either *Ameriques* or *Arcana* it has that little piccolo melody that's doubled with bells dancing along up on the top, and when he wrote that she told me that he would demonstrate it and whistle it and kind of dance around the room a little bit, and it was a cheerful thing—not all deadly serious in the sense that these are measured qualities being played against each other in order to yield this scientific result at the end of the piece. I mean, it's human music, and that's one of the reasons why I get such a good feeling from it—because it's not based on a mathematical formula. It's not like that other sterile kind of music that's really pretty hard to take. He's dealing with sound; he writes that stuff because it sounds good.

**JD:** That's one aspect that I wanted to get into, Varese's breaking away from common melodies, common rhythms, and the way he was dealing with sounds. Could you talk about that a little bit?

**FZ:** Well, a lot depends on how much you understand about ordinary music, you know, music of the so called "real world" and what people normally think of as being "acceptable" classical music and what they think of as being "quality" classical music—the good stuff that had gone before. My theory about all that runs something like this: as soon as it was discovered that a man

or anybody, even a dog, could write something down with symbols that could be decoded by another person, or dog, later to produce music, it was discovered right about that same time that you couldn't earn a living from doing this. And it was also discovered that if you wanted to do this and hear music, you had to be patronized—somebody had to pay the freight—this was either the church or a king. If the church didn't like what you wrote, they got out the red-hot tweezers and pulled out your toenails; if the king didn't like what you wrote he'd chop your head off. The kings all had syphilis and were crazy, and the church was, you know, the church. So, just because somebody is paying to have a composition done or is paying to support a composer doesn't necessarily mean that the music that is written to assuage the taste of the paying entity is good, and it doesn't mean that the taste of the guy who's paying the bill is good, but all the music that survives that we call classical music is based on the taste of either a clerical person or some crazy rich person with a crown on his head. Those norms are perpetuated by music critics who now stand in the shoes of the disgusting clerics and the crazy kings, and they keep judging the music based on these norms which shouldn't be applied, and it's unfortunate that the norms came into existence in the first place.

**JD:** So how did Varese move away from these norms?

**FZ:** He just said that this is wrong. I never spoke with him about it, but I would imagine from listening to the music that he just chucked the whole thing out the window, and said "I'm going to do it my way." It sounds like that because it doesn't depend on any of those mechanisms; it has a whole different set of mechanisms that makes it work, and it's very ingenious the way it's put together, and it's a very brave step to take.

**JD:** The one thing I notice about Varese's music is that you have to approach it with different ears so you can feel what's going on.

**FZ:** Right! I'll give you another quote that I got from talking to Louise

yesterday. She told me "I'm not a musician, I don't have any technical skill and I like his music," and she said that she asked Varese to teach her some music, and he said it's not necessary—"just be like a blotter and absorb it."

**Kimberly Haas:** In retrospect, I've seen musical historians call Varese the most influential or the most innovative composer of the 20th century. Do you think this is true?

**FZ:** Well, I would say that he's not the most influential. He was probably the most innovative in terms of one guy against the world setting out on his own and doing individualistic-type things. Probably the most influential composer in terms of how many people imitated his style, in recent years, that award would go to Webern first, for being the founder of the "boop-beep" school and also to Penderecki because of the "texture" music that a lot of people imitate. But I think that even his music grows out of some of the textural experiments that Varese did.

**KH:** What about Aaron Copland?

**FZ:** I think that Aaron Copland probably did more to foster the stereotype of American music as being any symphonic event that has a xylophone doubling the violin section. There is so much American music that has been written by the American academic branch of composition and you're going: "Hey it's an American symphony they're playing—it's a hoedown tune and there's a xylophone doubling the melody on top." I mean there're certain things that Copland has written that I really enjoy, like the *Fanfare For The Common Man* is one of the really hot tunes of the century I think, but there's something too easy about it.

**KH:** It seems like he's the mentor of many, many composers today.

**FZ:** Well, if you want to be immediately accepted all you have to do is write those American kind of tunes, put them in an orchestral setting, and then everybody will say that you are really great. Or you write fugues—well who gives a shit about that? That's not the problem anymore. I mean if you want to write a fugue, fine, but to use all of those norms to judge the quality of what's being done . . . that's a bad thing because there're people working in other fields of music looking to do other things, and as long as the music critics judge their work by those other standards, they're always going to come up losers. And with the public only being told negative things about new music, this image being perpetuated of this music being something for the few, is bad: it keeps you dumb; it keeps you mediocre. America should take pride in things that have been produced here that are exceptional, that are different, that are daring, not

*continued on page 64*



"We all know what we can expect from bands whose esthetic is derived from aggression and violence—the shock methodology, and this no longer seems original or engaging. In fact, the only really shocking things today are delicacy and beauty."

—Brian Eno to Mikal Gilmore

**T**he view from the balcony outside the glass doors of Pasquale's night club in Malibu was breathtaking. The late afternoon summer sun splashed down on the hot white sand, the golden bikini-clad bodies, and the azure waves. It was as close as you could get to the Pacific without being in or on it. The perfect club and the perfect day for jazz.

Inside, the Sunday afternoon sunshine crowd sat beneath the green plants hanging from the wood-beamed ceiling. They chatted, and listened to the waves, waiting for the set to begin. John Klemmer and pianist Milcho Leviev arranged themselves on stage and let a hush settle over the room. Closing his eyes and listening to the sound of the sea, Klemmer struck four notes on his hand-held kalimba. The notes from the African thumb piano hovered in the air. A wave splashed gently on the shore.

For the remainder of the 90-minute set, Klemmer and Leviev soared like seagulls. Klemmer's melodic lines on the tenor saxophone repeated through his Echoplex, spiraling ethereally throughout the room, sailing beyond the glass doors to the beach where sunbathers listened with their eyes closed. Leviev added lush, full-bodied harmonies, complementing, pausing, sensitively interweaving his keyboard melodies with the saxophone's. The crowd sat mesmerized, still, calm.

"I purposely selected Pasquale's to play in, because it's a small, intimate club that feels like a living room, and the ocean is right there. That's the main thing. The ocean was like the third musician in the group, and that's the way we used it.

"A few listeners might have been confused by the lack of traditional bebop foot-tappy rhythms, but that was done consciously: I wanted the whole concert to be rubato and floating. I wanted to create a musical environment that corresponded to the club's environment. I wanted to see how calm, how meditative, how lost we could get. Milcho and I created another dimension of foot-tapping. I call it heart-tapping, mind-tapping. There were people there who later told me they were completely hypnotized, completely lost, gone. Everything Milcho and I played was completely improvised. It was the height of jazz, with many elements of the free music

of the '60s, except it was very melodic."

■ ■ ■ ■

"Since my solo saxophone album, *Cry* [1978], I've redefined where I want to go musically, compositionally, and sociologically. The result has been my return to the 1975 *Touch* concept through my latest album, *Hush*. I looked at what I do best, and I've looked at the world. I asked myself, how can I be of service to the world through my art? The sociology of my music has become very important to me. We live in an age that becomes increasingly more violent, stressful, hysterical, and angry. With this extreme suffering, incredible materialism, loneliness, and alienation, our human spirit is being ripped apart at the fabric.

"In *Hush*, and at Pasquale's, I played music that helps people calm down. I'm into beauty. I'm into humanity. I'm into expression. I'm into feeling. I'm

but it is devoid of passion and feeling. What I am doing is totally improvisational, either without preconceived structures, or on top of structures which I compose myself. The music is bursting with feeling, heart, passion.

"There are those who think that calming music only takes us away from reality and weakens us. I don't think so. I don't think you ever win by forcing anything. You never win by panicking. You never win through hysteria. You never win by numbing yourself to feeling. When you numb somebody, you shut them down, shut them off. But when you calm them, that calm allows feelings to rise from the depths. It allows thoughts and feelings to emerge, where you can look at them and deal with them. Numbing is a shut-off. Calming is a turn-on.

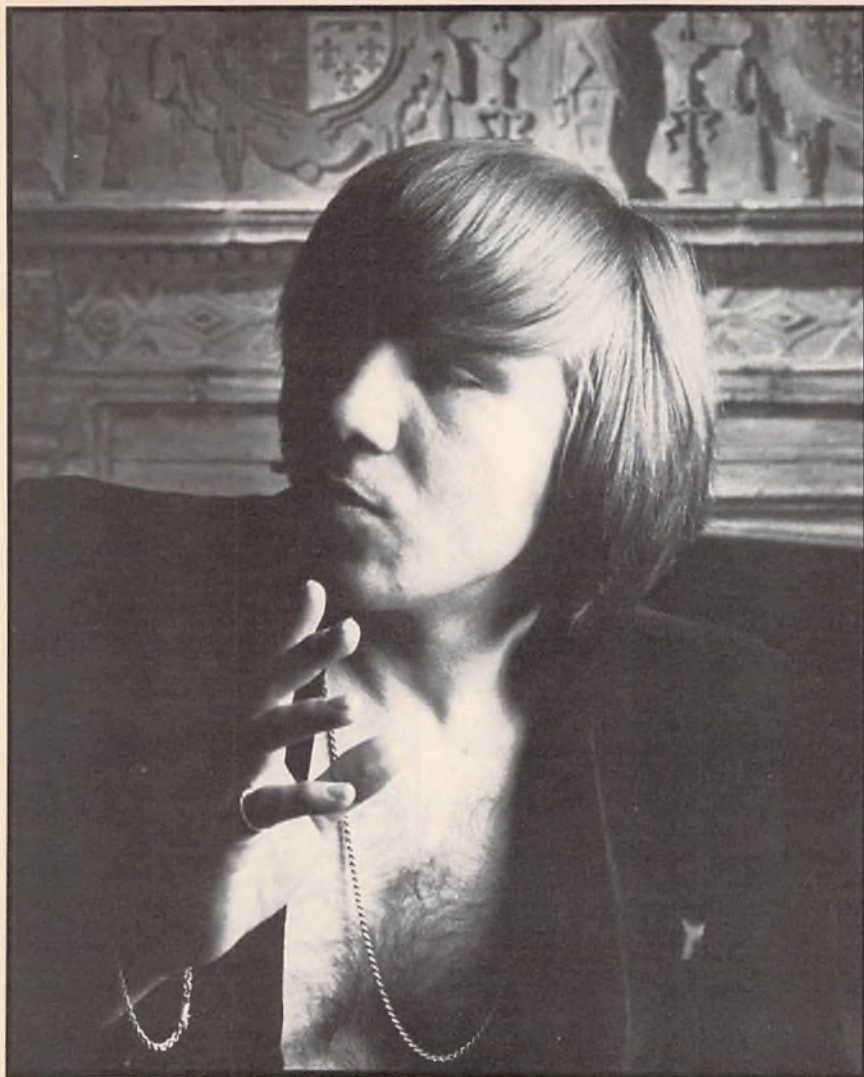
"There will be those who criticize *Hush* as a so-called 'commercial' effort. But let me say this: I often find that I

# john CREA klemm

B Y L E E U N D E R W O O D

dedicated to creating music that offers a quiet place in a world where the stress level is sometimes unbearable. Some people do not listen to my music carefully, so they think that *Hush* is like muzak because it's soft and pretty. But there is a huge difference between what I'm doing and what muzak does. Superficially, muzak is very 'pretty,'

have more freedom—more artistic freedom—in the commercial world than I do in the jazz world. In the jazz world many people try very hard to erect clear-cut boundaries, to define what is jazz and what is not jazz. In the commercial world, however, anything goes. If you have imagination and you can make it work, that is tremendous



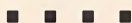
# TIVE CALM

# mer

freedom.

"It used to be that jazz was where you were free to try things out, to explore, to invent, to pursue your own personal identity. Because I do that, I'm more of a jazz musician than those other jazz musicians who continually play the same forms, the same chord changes, the same rhythms, and the same licks year after year after year. But

you can never totally win with everybody, so I just follow my heart and try to infuse my music with beauty and deep, personal, universal human feeling. Maybe that's why I've been so successful."



When John Klemmer released his debut album in May of 1967, he was only 20 years old. *Involvement* re-

ceived five stars in *down beat* and clearly reflected its times. Jazz was undergoing a massive transition from the bebop of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie to the emerging free jazz era of John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman. Klemmer absorbed both generic influences, transformed them with his own creative originality, and launched a career that has spanned 22 albums (to date), at once delighting fans and befuddling a host of critics. "I love challenges," he said. "I love to juggle concepts and create hybrids. I've never been able to be pigeonholed."

As he wrote on the back of his '77 LP *Lifestyle*:

*Am I willing to give up what I have  
In order to be what I am not yet?*

*Again:*

*Silent strength*

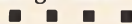
*Action*

*Dissolve the past—create the future*

*What's next*

His second album, *And We Were Lovers*, included four middle-of-the-road songs with strings, and five with jazz quartet. *Blowin' Gold*, released in 1969, preceded Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew*, and thus became perhaps the first successful blend of jazz improvisations with rock rhythms. It contained the lyricism of *My Love Has Butterfly Wings*, which featured his first recorded use of the Echoplex, included the rock-oriented *Hey Jude* and *Third Stone From The Sun*, plus the raw, unbridled avant garde power of *My Heart Sings* and *Children Of The Earth Flames*. *Blowin' Gold* also soared up the charts and became Klemmer's first hit. His next album, *All The Children Cried*, was primarily lyrical, while *Eruptions*, which followed, was more starkly jazz-oriented.

Klemmer left Cadet Records in 1970, signed with ABC, and released *Constant Throb*, *Waterfalls*, *Intensity*, and *Magic And Movement*. These LPs vividly displayed not only Klemmer's renowned lyricism, but his high-energy passion, his deep-rooted feelings for straightahead jazz, his exuberance, and his raging power. In 1974, he recorded *Fresh Feathers*, an album celebrating his funky Chicago roots.

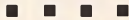


"I was born in Chicago on July 3, 1946. After Niles West High School, where I studied classical and jazz saxophone, composition, theory, harmony, arranging, and conducting, I attended junior college for two months, then left. I moved to Old Town—Chicago's answer to Greenwich Village—and I played everything there: bebop, avant garde, funk, dixieland, and big band. I listened to everybody and everything, but did not consciously model myself off of anyone. Then I got a gig at the First Quarter, and that's where Esmond Edwards of Cadet

Records heard me and signed me. I was 19 years old.

"Even back in my early days in Chicago, I was already hearing very fast passages in my head, similar to Coltrane's 'sheets of sound,' but different. Then, when I was working with the Don Ellis big band in 1968, I started to do a solo on a piece of mine called *Last Summer's Spell*. I told Don to plug me into his Echoplex just to try it out, and that was it. I went nuts on the thing. That was the sound I had been hearing in my head for so long. I've used it ever since.

"To me, the Echoplex is not a mere secondary coloration, a gimmick, or a novelty item. It extends my harmonic range by giving me a chordal tapestry to play against. It gives a beautiful fullness to my solos. To me, the Echoplex is another musical instrument, and has become an integral part of my sound."



"After I recorded *Fresh Feathers* [in 1974], I took the better part of a year off. I didn't play. I didn't record. I didn't do live gigs. I did a complete re-evaluation of my musical direction. It was a period of meditation, a period of growth. Out of that came *Touch*. It stayed on the jazz charts for a year-and-a-half. Many critics considered it the album of the '70s, and it's still popular to this day. In the earlier albums, I had been including many different kinds of things. With *Touch*, I took one concept and developed it. Many people look upon me only as a saxophonist. I am a saxophonist, but I am also a composer and a conceptualizer. *Touch* was a concept. I enjoy melodicism, modality, and plenty of space. I thoroughly enjoyed being gentle, being soft and quiet, and I've continued to develop that concept over the years with *Barefoot Ballet*, *Lifestyle*, and *Arabesque*. Since signing with Elektra in 1980, I've also recorded *Magnificent Madness* [which stayed on the charts for 40 weeks] and, most recently, *Hush*, all based on the *Touch* concept.

"Many hard-core jazz critics and fans still don't realize the depth of artistry in those albums, because the music is soft and gentle. One of the major statements is the art of simplicity, which is the hardest art of all. Not to be overlooked, at least 90 percent of the music is improvised, and that is the key element of jazz.

"I've also dealt with other concepts—the bebop concept; the avant garde concept; the funk concept; the latin concept in *Brazilia*; the unaccompanied solo saxophone concept in *Cry and Life*; the straightahead duo and trio concept in *Nexus*; the concept of writing songs and working with lyricists like David Batteau [*Walk In Love*], Adrienne Anderson [*Deja Vu*], and



TOM JANS

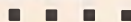
Tom Jans.

"When I came out with *Blowin' Gold*, the first jazz-rock fusion album, all the musicians and critics, the beboppers, said, 'He can't play. That ain't music.' Now some people criticize me today and say I'm repeating myself in *Hush*. In a sense, yes, I am. But to me, it's theme and development, and this repetition of the *Touch* concept is purposeful. You see how it works? With those who criticize you, you can never win. Either you change, and they say you've abandoned your art, or you explore and develop the concept further, and they say you're repeating yourself. Why can't they understand that as a player, as a composer and as a conceptualizer, I am all of these things? That's what I am.

"Maybe if I had just stuck with one thing, I might be commercially bigger than I am, but then I wouldn't have been true to myself artistically, would I? And being true to myself is the basis of what I do. The music is beautiful, it's alive, it's honest.

"There is another concept that is important to me, and that is my Age of the Artist record series. It has always been the age of the artist, and it always will be. Therefore, I've created this special series, not only for myself, but for others. I want to give established artists a chance to reveal their more intimate, esthetic sides, and give new artists of value an opportunity to be heard.

"Also, I recently played *'Round Midnight* on *5 Birds And A Monk* [Galaxy GXY-5134], with Stanley Cowell, John Heard, and Roy Haynes. That concept gave me a chance to record and be featured with other people in a different context. It's something I love to do, and I would like to do that more often with other musicians."



"We live in an incredibly shallow world, in which we are bombarded by the noise of machines—automobiles,

## JOHN KLEMMER DISCOGRAPHY

INVOLVEMENT—Chess/Cadet LPS 797  
AND WE WERE LOVERS—Chess/Cadet LPS 808  
BLOWIN' GOLD—Chess/Cadet LPS 321  
ALL THE CHILDREN CRIED—Chess/Cadet LPS 326  
ERUPTIONS—Chess/Cadet LPS 330  
CONSTANT THROB—ABC/Impulse AS-9241  
WATERFALLS—ABC/Impulse AS-9220  
INTENSITY—ABC/Impulse AS-9244  
MAGIC & MOVEMENT—ABC/Impulse AS-9269  
FRESH FEATHERS—ABC ABCD-836  
TOUCH—ABC ABCD-922  
BAREFOOT BALLET—ABC ABCD-950  
LIFESTYLE—ABC AB-1007  
ARABESQUE—ABC AA-1068  
CRY—ABC AA-1106 (Age of Artist)  
BRAZILIA—ABC AA-1116  
NEXUS—Arista/Novus AN2-3500 (Age of Artist)  
STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART—Nautilus/MCA NR-4 (Direct-to-Disc: Age of Artist)  
MOSAIC (BEST OF . . . )—MCA MCA2-8014  
MAGNIFICENT MADNESS—Elektra/Asylum 6E-284  
FINESSE—Nautilus/Elektra NR-22 (Direct-to-Disc: Age of Artist)  
HUSH—Elektra/Asylum 5E-527

## JOHN KLEMMER'S EQUIPMENT

John Klemmer plays a Selmer Mark VI tenor saxophone with a Brehardt stainless steel mouthpiece and Rico reeds, 2½. His other saxes, all Selmers, include an alto, a baritone, and curved and straight sopranos. He uses a variety of Polytone amplifiers, an old CMI Echoplex, and an old Mestro phaser. He also plays kalimba, wooden flutes, piano, and guitar.

ambulance sirens, leaf-blowers, noisy neighbors, garbage trucks, helicopters, airplanes. The lack of beauty in this world is the lack of art. That means people have to hunt and search for value. And that means it is extremely important that artists of all kinds have the opportunity to be seen and heard and read.

"As the shallowness, desperation, and noise of our world increases, so does the relevance and importance of the artist. The artist—and especially the jazz musician—is going to be looked upon more and more as a source of refuge, comfort, substance, and nourishment. In the future—it may take awhile—jazz is going to absolutely boom.

"That brings us back to *Hush*. Sometimes I feel like I'm creating a flower in the cement. It gets trampled on, misunderstood, and occasionally laughed at. But by making music that helps to calm people down and give them some beauty, I am also communicating with those people capable of responding to it. More often than not, I am understood and appreciated, which means I am connecting, and that is important to me. By making music that adds to the beauty of peoples' lives, I also hope to perform a service that makes the world a little bit safer and more beautiful for us all."

# RECORD REVIEWS

★★★★★ EXCELLENT  
★★★★ VERY GOOD  
★★★ GOOD  
★★ FAIR  
★ POOR

## STEVE LACY

**EVIDENCE**—Prestige MPP-2505: *THE MYSTERY SONG; EVIDENCE; LET'S COOL ONE; SAN FRANCISCO HOLIDAY; SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR; WHO KNOWS.*  
**Personnel:** Lacy, soprano saxophone; Don Cherry, trumpet; Carl Brown, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

★★★★★

**TROUBLES**—Black Saint BSR 0035: *TROUBLES; WASTED; THE WHAMMIES!; BLUES; NO BABY.*  
**Personnel:** Lacy, soprano saxophone; Steve Potts, alto saxophone; Irene Aebi, vocal, violin, cello; Kent Carter, bass, cello; Oliver Johnson, drums.

★★

**CAPERS**—hat Hut Fourteen 2R14: *THE CRUNCH; WE DON'T I; QUIRKS; BUD'S BROTHER I; CAPERS; WE DON'T II; KITTY MALONE; BUD'S BROTHER II.*  
**Personnel:** Lacy, soprano saxophone; Ronnie Boykins, bass; Dennis Charles, drums.

★★★★★

Steve Lacy is the most dedicated non-doubling soprano saxist in the history of jazz. His singlemindedness extends to the music he plays: he was hooked on Monk for several years in the '60s and played nothing but; nowadays he plays all originals as punchy and repetitive as Monk's, but without the bop changes. After working with Cecil Taylor (who rescued him from trad bands) and Monk himself, Lacy has seldom recorded since with piano. This lean, unchorded approach—as with Ornette Coleman and Gerry Mulligan—encourages the ear to focus on the horn's sound and blend with others. Lacy's early soprano sound was ripe, pure, pointed, making prime use of space and economy. His European evolution has carried him through compositional experiments, hypnotic drones and loops, and his sound has shifted toward a bewildering array of squawks and hisses, rattles and bleeps, that keep Lacy, for better or worse, in a class by himself. Three recent releases (the first a 1961 New Jazz reissue) show him in a taut quartet, a shambling quintet (May '79), and a ruminating trio (December '79).

Evidence finds Lacy in nettle fettle with Ornetteans—incisive, prancing, right on Monk's funny money. Every note is just ducky, each rest neatly timed, phrase after lucid phrase precisely right. Has anyone since Monk himself plumbed his quixotic logic with such unerring and trenchant wit? Cherry, too, is in wryly inspired form, his chicken-scratchings approach containing a quivering fullness vis à vis Lacy's limpid fishhorn. Brown is light and sure, Higgins a bounty of good time (check Cool accents). Ellingtonia is another plus: side one has two



GILL SMITHERMAN

familiar Monks and a rare Duke (spooky *Mystery Song*, 1932, with jungle tom-toms), and side two has two rare Monks (*Holiday* rides a wobbly cable car. *Who Knows* skims popping rimshots) and the Strayhorn soul-searcher. Even this last is taken at a bright, medium clip, though the sameness of tempo somehow only adds to the date's integrity, and Lacy, with Cherry out, extends his fearful asymmetry. Lacy's phase of preoccupation with distillations of Monk hit, for me, the peak of his checkered, often obscure career, and remains one of the freshest outpourings (include here dates like *School Days* on Emanem and *Straight Horn* on Barnaby/Candid) of the '60s.

As an exponent of Monk, Lacy is a gem, but as a perpetrator of art song, he's a bust. The frames for nearly all tracks on *Troubles* are tuneless, dreary, embittered sprechgesang, which draw a pall over the occasionally tasty solos (old pal Carter's bass pizz on *Troubles*, arco on *Baby*) and nicely-turned two-sax unisons or interplay (same tunes). Aebi is a round peg in a square hole: her strident, unpleasant vocals belong in a Weill opera, and her atonal string noodlings, relegated to background except on *Wasted*, scarcely fit with the horns. Though a few ensemble licks are fun, Lacy never gets off the ground with his usually ineffable solos: he sounds thin and edgy. *Blues*, a misnomer for a lengthy, reaching composed piece, has its moments (attractive opening pentatonic theme, brief Potts alto) but bogs down before long. The rhythm team wants to cook, but the inhibitions and tensions are too great.

Much looser is *Capers*, four 26-minute

sides dimly recorded live at the European/American Music Festival (NYC, 12/29/79), where a more playful Lacy works over repeated idea kernels as intensely (and even more horizontally) as he dissected Monk two decades earlier. Fully half of each track is given over to the "rhythm"; though Charles stays ever mindful of the themes (cf. *Crunch*) and excitingly dances on toms, and Boykins (on perhaps his final recording) exerts deep sympathy for the linearity that spins even these blowing tracks a bit thin. The new Lacy often restricts his shorthand lyricism to the curly heads, and his tone is usually drier and more rarefied (except *Kitty* and *Capers*.) If Lacy's singing is austere, his wit is still at least as nimble as his fingers, his soprano bestiary fascinates (rooster to puppy to hog on *Bud II*), and his wild, rarefied statements, now cut of a querulous loquacity rather than placid reserve, still place him sui generis on soprano. Need he remain stateside to garner his fair share of long-overdue credit? —fred bouchard

## IDRIS MUHAMMAD

**KABSHA**—Theresa TR 110: *GCCG BLUES; SOULFUL DRUMS; ST. M; KABSHA; I WANT TO TALK ABOUT YOU; LITTLE FEET.*  
**Personnel:** Muhammad, drums; Pharoah Sanders, tenor saxophone (cuts 1-3, 5); George Coleman, tenor saxophone (1, 4, 6); Ray Drummond, bass.

★★★★

As the rating indicates, this is a very good

**NEW RELEASES**



**ARNETT CODD**  
**Funky Butt**  
PRO 7054

with Derek Smith, Ronnie Bedford,  
Roy Drummond



**SONNY STITT MEETS**  
**SADIK HAKIM**  
PRO 7034

with Buster Williams, J. R. Mitchell



**JIMMY ROWLES AND**  
**GEORGE MRAZ**  
**Music's The Only Thing**  
**That's On My Mind.**  
PRO 7009

**MORE NEW RELEASES:**

- 7055 Derek Smith Trio Plays Jerome Kern
- 7040 Presenting Harold Ashby
- 7063 Flip Phillips—Flipenstein

Send for complete, latest catalog  
and information on joining our  
Jazz Collectors Club.

**PROGRESSIVE RECORDS, INC.**  
P.O. Box 500, Tifton, GA 31794  
912/382-8192

**RECORD  
REVIEWS**

album, the first among the half-dozen or so released under drummer Idris Muhammad's name to warrant serious critical attention. Muhammad also produced the LP, and his careful planning and powerful Elvin Jones-derived drumming cajoles warm solos from George Coleman and coerces meaningful ones from Pharoah Sanders. These two tenor saxophonists embody different aspects of John Coltrane's vast and not always beneficial influence upon their instrument, and Muhammad perhaps missed an opportunity when he chose to pair them off only on one track, Coleman's huckle-bucking GCCG Blues. Still, listening to the record in its entirety, it's easy enough (and natural enough) to note the similarities and differences in the styles of the two men.

Coleman's point of departure is "sheets of sound" Coltrane, the Coltrane who crammed as many chords as possible into tight containers of evenly accented, rapidly swinging 16th notes. Coleman's dexterous handling of harmonic options on his own modestly titled *Little Feet* (based on the same sequence as *Giant Steps*) suggests the great extent to which this veteran has been able to personalize Coltrane's larger-than-life achievements by sizing them down to scale. Though he is a very notey player, Coleman's ease of articulation and his lilting tone give his solos here a feeling of lightness and open air, and he tags his phrases with surprising uvular twists and turns—he's like a halfback whose second effort makes him tough to bring all the way down. Coleman's recent emergence as a leader among post-Coltrane tenors after many years of neglect may even necessitate some revision of jazz history; it seems possible now, for example, that Charles Lloyd in his prime was emulating not only Coltrane but also Coleman, whom he had heard while both (Lloyd and Coleman) were living in Memphis.

Sanders, who draws inspiration from the later, more sweepingly elegiac Coltrane (the Coltrane which Sanders himself helped shape), is not so consistently good as Coleman. His brief solo on *Drums* soon backs down from the promising tough-tenor noises he makes upon his entrance. It was surely a mistake for a tenorist as indebted to Coltrane as Sanders is to attempt a song as permanently associated with Coltrane as *I Want To Talk*. But on *St. M*, Sanders lets loose with a joyous solo which builds to a liberating scream, and on *GCCG*, where he follows Coleman, he makes shrewd use of silence and space.

Bassist Ray Drummond plays a supporting role, but he is a key factor in the record's success. Because his lines are so harmonically true, a piano is not missed (it would only have created clutter, in fact, on a piece like Muhammad's *Kabsha*, which is modal from the first drumbeat). Because Drummond's time is so steady, Muhammad is free to circle time and stir up the kinds of turbulent percussive crosscurrents in which soloists such as Coleman and Sanders like to splash. None of Muhammad's previous Afro-pop releases have even hinted at the instrumental and leadership abilities he displays so winningly here.

—francis davis

**ASMUSSEN/  
DREW/ØRSTED  
PEDERSEN/THIGPEN**

**PRIZE/WINNERS**—Matrix MTX 1001;  
*DJANGO*; *A PRETTY GIRL*; *GOLGATHA*;  
*BRIDGETOWN BABY*; *HUSH A BYE*; *DONNA*  
*LEE*; *YOU ARE THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE*;  
*EVENING IN THE PARK*; *CARELESS LOVE*.  
**Personnel:** Svend Asmussen, violin,  
tenor violin; Kenny Drew, acoustic, elec-  
tric piano; Niels-Henning Ørsted Ped-  
ersen, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums, latin  
percussion.

★ ★

**BILLY TAYLOR**

**WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?**—Concord Jazz CJ  
145: *WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?*; *NIGHT*  
*COMING TENDERLY*; *RAY'S TUNE*;  
*ANTOINETTE*; *I'M IN LOVE, WITH YOU*; *ALL*  
*ALONE*; *I THINK OF YOU*; *CAPRICIOUS*.  
**Personnel:** Taylor, piano; Joe Kennedy,  
violin; Victor Gaskin, bass; Keith Cop-  
land, drums.

★ ★ ★

**N.Y. 5**

**MUSIC FOR VIOLIN AND JAZZ**  
**QUARTET**—JAM 001: *YEAH*; *SUGAR*;  
*PRETEXT*; *HOUSE OF JADE*; *SILVER*  
*SERENADE*; *COOKIN' AT THE*  
*CONTINENTAL*; *KASHA*; *DEADLINE*.  
**Personnel:** Michal Urbaniak, violins; Ted  
Dunbar, guitar; Kenny Barron, acoustic,  
electric piano; Buster Williams, bass; Roy  
Haynes, drums.

★ ★ ★

In addition to the commonality of featuring violinists, each of these recordings represents a first, as *Prize/Winners* and *Music For Violin And Jazz Quartet* are the initial issues of their respective labels and *Where've You Been?* introduces to a wider audience the rarely recorded Joe Kennedy. As stylists, Kennedy, Svend Asmussen, and Michal Urbaniak forward the traditional esthetics of swing and elegance in different measures. These sessions find them in constant command of their instruments, though the impetus of the respective programs vary in the enhancement of their talents. *Where've You Been?*, comprised of catchy, semimemorable Billy Taylor originals, reveals Kennedy to possess an impressive amount of energy, ideas, and commitment. A solid package of Urbaniak compositions and chestnuts by Silver, Shorter, and Turrentine, *Music* finds Urbaniak wiggling free of the fusion straightjacket that has hampered his standing as an improviser. Unfortunately, the shlock-riddled fare of *Prize/Winners* puts Asmussen in a murky light.

Though Svend Asmussen, once marketed as "the fiddling Viking," is known to general audiences in Europe as a pop instrumentalist as much as a jazz musician, he has honed the influences of Venuti and, to a lesser extent, Stuff Smith with a Scandinavian propensity for uncluttered design. Given

ALABAMA  
Corder & Sons Music, Huntsville

ARIZONA

Chicago Store, Tucson

CALIFORNIA

Charles Music Ctr., Glendale  
Coast Music, Costa Mesa  
Coast Music, Fountain Valley  
Coast Music, Mission Viejo  
Downey Music, Downey  
Drum World, San Francisco  
Guitar Center, Hollywood  
Guitar Center, San Diego  
Guitar Center, San Francisco  
Guitar Center, San Jose  
Guitar Center, Santa Ana  
K&K Music, San Jose  
La Habra Music Center, La Habra  
Liers Music, San Bernardino  
Miracle Music, Stockton  
Music City, San Francisco  
Music World, Simi Valley  
Ontario Music, Ontario  
Skips Music, Sacramento  
Sound Stage, Fresno  
Union Grove Music, Santa Cruz  
Whittier Music Co., Whittier

COLORADO

Percussion Specialties, Englewood  
Pro Sound, Denver

FLORIDA

Modern Music Center, Ft. Lauderdale  
Music City, Orlando  
Paragon Music, Pinellas Park  
Paragon Music, Tampa

GEORGIA

Music Mart, Smyrna

ILLINOIS

AAA Swing City Music, Collinsville  
Franks Drum Shop, Chicago  
Guitar Center, Chicago (2 locations)  
Roselle Music, Roselle  
Windy City Music, Chicago

INDIANA

Percussion Center, Fort Wayne

LOUISIANA

Allied Music, New Orleans

MARYLAND

Drums Unlimited, Bethesda  
Gordon Miller Music, Towson  
Veneman Music, Rockville  
(Music Emporium, USA)  
Washington Music Center, Wheaton

MASSACHUSETTS

Kurlan Music, Worcester  
New Jacks Drum Shop, Boston

MICHIGAN

Wonderland Music, Dearborn

MINNESOTA

Marguerite's, Moorhead  
Schmitt Music, Brooklyn Center

MISSOURI

Big Dude's Music, Kansas City

NEBRASKA

Dietz Music, Lincoln

NEW JERSEY

Sam Ash, Paramus  
Lou Rose, Edison  
Sater School of Music, Lindenwald

NEW MEXICO

Luchetti Drum & Guitar, Albuquerque

NEW YORK

Sam Ash, Forest Hills  
Sam Ash, Hempstead  
Drome Sound, Schenectady  
Long Island Drum Center, No. Merrick  
Modern Percussion, Nyack

NORTH CAROLINA

Harvey West Music, Greensboro  
Reliable Music, Charlotte

OHIO

Akron Music, Akron  
New York Music, Boardman

OREGON

Apple Music, Portland  
Horseshoe Music, Portland

PENNSYLVANIA

Big Red Note Music, Lock Haven  
Hollywood Music, McKees Rocks  
Medley Music Mart, Bryn Mawr  
Piano & Stuff, Blawnox  
Zapf's Music, Philadelphia

TENNESSEE

Strings & Things, Memphis

TEXAS

Arnold & Morgan Music, Garland  
CBS Music, Fort Worth  
Music Den, El Paso  
Pickers Paradise, Austin  
Texas Toms, Houston  
Whittle Music, Dallas

UTAH

Guitar City, Centerville

VIRGINIA

Audio, Light & Musical, Norfolk  
Rolls Music, Falls Church

WASHINGTON

American Music, Seattle  
Bandstand East, Bellevue  
Cascade Music, Marysville  
Kennelly Keyes, Seattle

WISCONSIN

Ralph Hanzel Enterprises, W. Allis  
Ward Brodt, Madison

## RECORD REVIEWS

this background and the genesis of the quartet featured on *Prize/Winners*—representing Danish television as the first jazz group to perform in the annual European television competition—the mass market appeal of the album is not surprising. *Prize/Winners* is an instantly digestible mix of sweetly swung standards and starchy mood music. Yet, despite the few prominent failures—a louny *Sunshine*, *Bridgetown Baby* (a calypso for tourists only), and the transmogrification of *Golgatha* (a Danish hymn) with electric piano accompaniment—Asmussen, Drew, NHØP, and Thigpen hand in respectable performances. The highly sympathetic interplay between Drew and NHØP is the key factor in prompting a harder edge from Asmussen on *A Pretty Girl*, *Hush A Bye*, and *Donna Lee*. This gives Asmussen's solos—which tend to begin in the low or middle register with compact lines that are feathered to a singing resolution in a higher octave—a closer approximation of a horn's stinging resonance.

Sustaining the heft Asmussen achieves only in his brightest moments for the entirety of *Where've You Been?*, Joe Kennedy asserts himself as a voice to seriously contend with. Formerly Ahmad Jamal's arranger during the Cadet years, Kennedy has, until recent tours with his cousin Benny Carter, curbed his activities as a jazz musician in deference to his responsibilities as Supervisor of Music for the Richmond, VA public schools and as a member of the Richmond Symphony. While his administrative and symphonic background has contributed to his disciplined presence and the concision of his solos, it has not dulled his formidable skills as an improviser. The assets Kennedy brings to Taylor's customary mix of tender ballads and buoyant, uptempo tunes—mastery of the bow, richly rhapsodic solo construction, thorough avoidance of clichés—consistently prove to be the album's margin of success. *Ray's Tune*, termed by annotator Ira Gitler as “a pretty, fast bossa or a pretty fast bossa,” and *I Think Of You*, a spry walker, are two examples of how Kennedy's digging into the material prevents the compositions' minimal amount of gloss from turning into dross. Taylor's writing and playing are sharpest on the *Woody'N You* changes of the title piece, the lyrical yet driving *All Alone* (Taylor turns in an impressive two-handed solo here), and the saucy *Capricious*; with the firm support Taylor receives from Victor Gaskin and Keith Copland, the pianist is able to provide Kennedy fine vehicles on which to demonstrate his fluency and verve.

Whereas Kennedy may be credited with nudging the music on *Where've You Been?* beyond the perfunctory, it is Messers. Haynes, Barron, Williams, and Dunbar who provoke the most decidedly mainstream jazz Michal Urbaniak has yet to commit to vinyl on *Music For Violin And Jazz Quartet*. For the unsuspecting ear, Urbaniak's heated, incessantly swinging reading of Horace Silver's *Yeah* is a jolting opener. Splicing short, bursting phrases with longer, undulating passages, capped with gritty chromatic cascades, Urbaniak solos in acknowleg-

ment of the paradigm of the jazz violin: balancing the delicacies associated with the violin with the saxophone's raw mass of sound. Yet, by the end of the first half of the program, which finds Urbaniak's *Pretext*, a somber balladic aside, sandwiched by the subdued brawn of Turrentine's *Sugar* and Shorter's *House Of Jade*, it is evident that the signature support Urbaniak receives from each of his cohorts is the mainstay of the music's cogency. Given time, the economy of expression and the emotional depth of Urbaniak's solos will match his energy; but, except for Silver's *Cookin' At The Continental*, where Urbaniak displays impressive rhythmic variety and melodic substance, the violinist creates little in the second half of the program that sparks more than a passing interest. Still, with the same caliber of personnel, more incisive original compositions mixed with the type of standard blowing charts offered here, and a more seasoned ambience, Urbaniak will exert a positive influence on the development of his instrument in mainstream jazz. *Music For Violin And Jazz Quartet* is an encouraging sign.

--bill shoemaker

## CHICK COREA

THREE QUARTETS—Warner Brothers

BSK 3552: QUARTET NO. 1; QUARTET NO. 3; QUARTET NO. 2 (PART 1: DEDICATED TO DUKE ELLINGTON; PART 2: DEDICATED TO JOHN COLTRANE).

**Personnel:** Corea, piano; Michael Brecker, alto, tenor saxophone; Eddie Gomez, bass; Steve Gadd, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This is hardly the most melodic of Corea's releases. The *Quartets* feature dark, pensive lines—more functional than memorable—and exploit nuances of nearly subliminal orchestration and texture: etudes exploring the possibilities of varied instrumental groupings, shadings, and densities rather than the pure song form.

*Quartet No. 1*, for example, opens with minorish, disquieting tenor and piano figures, supported by Gadd's well-placed cymbal splashes and Gomez' unerringly accented tones. An intricate interlude leads into a piano/bass parley, which in turn gives way to a gigantic bass solo. All told, an effective study in texture, time, and timbre. *Quartet No. 3* suggests that Corea's writing is interesting as much for what he leaves out as for what he puts in. Free, floating space is punctuated by densely scored sections, all set in relief by subtly shifting moods, textures, and colors.

*Quartet No. 2*, which comprises the second side of this release, falls into two parts, tributes to Duke Ellington and John Coltrane, respectively. *Part One* well-transposes Ellington's musical thought into Corea's personal idiom. An expansive, arpeggiated piano opening, evocative of Ellington's rhapsodic moods, is joined by Brecker's high register sax lines, leading—again, almost subliminally—into yet another thoughtful solo by Gomez. Here, as throughout, Gadd is pleasingly busy, but not obtrusive.

Finally, this album's hottest piece, Corea's tribute to John Coltrane, evokes the spirit of this saxophonist without parodying him. Opening with Tynerish pedal points, Corea slides through layers of sequential patterns, slipping in a quote from *Softly As In A Morning's Sunrise*. Brecker appropriately contributes a long spiraling solo.

Is there any reason why a well-conceived album by an all-star group shouldn't receive all stars? —jon balleras

**The with the unique musical experiences:**



**MIT/KNOTEN** HH1R18  
with Felix Bopp, Alex Buess, Knut Remond, and Alfred Zimmerlin. Recorded live on Saturday June 21, 1980 in Basel

**JIMMY LYONS/SUNNY MURRAY** HH2R21  
**JUMP UP/WHAT TO DO ABOUT**  
with John Lindberg. Recorded live on Saturday Aug. 30, 1980 in Willisau



**ANTHONY BRAXTON/** PERFORMANCE 9/1/79 HH2R19  
with Ray Anderson, John Lindberg and Thurman Barker. Recorded live on Saturday Sept. 1, 1979 in Willisau

**hat Hut Records**  
Box 127, West Park N.Y. 12493/USA  
Box 461, 4106 Therwil/Switzerland

**CODONA**

**CODONA 2—ECM-1-1177: QUE FASER; GODUMADUMA; MALI NYE; DRIP-DRY; WALKING ON EGGS; AGAIN AND AGAIN, AGAIN.**

**Personnel:** Collin Walcott, sitar, tabla, sanza, timpani, voice; Don Cherry, trumpet, melodica, doussn'gouni, voice; Nana Vasconcelos, berimbau, talking drums, percussion, voice.

★ ★ ★ ★

**ETHNIC HERITAGE ENSEMBLE**

**THREE GENTLEMEN FROM CHIKAGO—Moers Music 01076: THE SEEKER; A SERIOUS PUN; MOVING OF SEASONS; BROTHER MALCOLM.**

**Personnel:** Kahil El' Zabar, earth drum, sanza (thumb piano), cymbals, gongs, bass bamboo flute, miscellaneous percussion, winds; Edward Wilkerson, tenor, alto saxophone, flute, clarinet, small instruments; Light Henry Huff, tenor, soprano, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet.

★ ★ ★ ½

Trios are truly the smallest effective units in improvisatory music. Duets, for all their give and take, seem somewhat still, neither so flexible in performance nor variable in their results as trios such as Codona and the Ethnic Heritage Ensemble, which can build structures strong but unlikely as pyramids out of melody, harmony, and rhythm. The options of three-sided play have encouraged, in recent years, innovations in instrumentation. Both triumvirates here eschew the conventional (piano, guitar, or horn plus bass and drums) to concoct the fresh and remarkable.

Codona, since its inception one ECM album back, has been a serendipitous matching of talents. Typically (as on *Que Faser*) [Co] Walcott supplies melodic counterpoint, harmonic foundation, and half the rhythmic bed for the twisting glissandi [Do] Cherry virtually vocalizes through his trumpet, while [Na] Vasconcelos chants a contrasting song and completes the percussion, coloring with earthy accents all his own. The East—Walcott's sitar and tablas—the Center—Cherry's African hunter's harp—and the Southern Hemisphere—Vasconcelos' indigenous Andean devices—are influences that mix as warmly as the three personalities.

Of course, there's no single nation where these elements naturally flourish (America?), so Codona's collaboration suggests a self-consciously Utopian World Music. The great strength of their second endeavor is the trio's fearless exploration of that land, as charted in Cherry's 12-minute composition *Mali nye*. From a sing-song pattern and folkish air Cherry plays on melodica with the sadness of a Fellini street musician, and its repetition on his ennobling brass, a little suite emerges. Walcott's timpani and sparsely plucked strings, and Nana's throaty vocal and light cymbal time-keeping announce a rag-tag carnival troupe; a conversational

hubbub suddenly climaxes in haunting, falling cries; those swooping voices are caught by the rattling berimbau, the mellow gut-string net of the hunter's harp, and the tinkling of shakers, which dominate and develop before gently ending.

Eden being the first Utopia, world music by Codona tends towards the pastoral and nostalgic rather than the space-aged or futuristic. At least as recorded so far, preciousness is part of its attraction. However, the lost-realm quality doesn't fit Ornette Coleman's immediate, urban *Drip-Drip*. Cherry and Walcott, by staying in close rapport, carry the latter's Ornette-like *Walking On Eggs* through a few brief but satisfying choruses; here Cherry's tone seems thicker, confident in mid-register. Again, Walcott's most extended piece, is atmospheric but tentative. In contrast, the string-only *Godumaduma* (which, lasting only two minutes, serves as a tantalizing introduction to *Mali nye*) seems more focused and memorable.

Like Codona, the three "Chicagoans" of the Ethnic Heritage Ensemble, members of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM), create with reference to non-Western music. Wisely programmed, this Moers Music disc discloses a bit more about the EHE on each succeeding track. The variety of textures achieved in these four songs somewhat disguises the trio's characteristic employment of pedal points. *The Seeker* opens with Kahil El' Zabar's deliberate sanza evocation of a Chinese figure, over which Light Henry Huff intones a decidedly modal soprano solo, while Edward Wilkerson blows little instruments, flute, and clarinet in quiet support while awaiting his turn on alto. *The Seeker* is appropriately restrained, even introspective.

On *Pun* we learn to distinguish between the reedmen. Wilkerson takes a lengthy, fragmentary, vibratoless foray before Huff enters and lunges into his tenor's extremities, exhibiting considerable control over false octaves, reed manipulations, and dynamics; his most forceful blowing goes out into multiphonics. But like the Art Ensemble and other "first generation" AACM groups, the Ethnic Heritage Ensemble is a cooperative, rather than a competitive, sound organization. The members make their styles work together to mutual advantage. The altoist picks phrases apart with deliberation rather than running them all into an impulsive squabble, and his nut-hard, if sometimes burry tone is Huff's perfect foil. Kahil sustains a constant rhythm simply on cymbals, and joins his cohorts on bicycle horn when they merge in hard-blowing. From Huff's farthest reaches, Wilkerson brings back the harmonized head.

The hornmen also effectively employ empathetic styles. On *Moving Of Seasons* their exchanges (Wilkerson on clarinet, Huff on bass clarinet) follow Kahil's lovely low bamboo flute passage. Gong and cymbal splashes send Huff deep, where he tenderly double-tongues the bass sonorities, while Wilkerson licks counterpoint. *Brother Malcolm* opens as a calm, sure chant and proceeds with earth drum and horn empha-

sizing the phrase underneath the other, soloing horn. Kahl's fast, light hands roll the skins before the saxes return. Wilkerson offers an over-riding counterline, then all three gentlemen lift voices, and there's a slow fade.

The Ethnic Heritage Ensemble, if memory serves, venture further in performance than on their record debut, but, like Codona, they prove trios can stretch their legs to encompass broad, well-founded points.

—howard mandel

## MILES DAVIS

**THE MAN WITH THE HORN**—Columbia FC 36790: *FAT TIME; BACK SEAT BETTY; SHOUT; AIDA; THE MAN WITH THE HORN; URSULA.*

**Personnel:** Davis, trumpet; Al Foster, drums; Sammy Figueroa, percussion; Bill Evans, soprano saxophone; Marcus Miller, electric bass; Barry Finnerty, guitar; Mike Stern, guitar (cut 1); Randy Hall, vocals, guitar, celeste, Mini-moog synthesizer (3,5); Robert Irving III, acoustic piano, Yamaha CP30 (3,5); Felton Crews, electric bass (3,5); Vincent Wilburn, drums (3,5).

★ ★ ★

Let's get this out of the way. This record gets three stars because it's Miles Davis. After all, three stars does mean good. Most players

would be considered successful if they were judged good on the first throwdown after five years out of the ring. Not Miles Davis. Whether he likes it or not, or chooses to acknowledge it or not, Miles Davis carries the weight—burden, if he chooses to see it that way—of his past achievements. Miles Davis is expected to be great upon his return. His rhythms are expected to dance like butterflies; his melodies to sting like bees. Here, they don't. There are some who rise to a standing ovation before he puckers his lips. There are others who are secretly—if not publicly—happy that Davis has produced a record like this over which his detractors can gloat. I don't belong to either camp. This record—parts of it—is pleasant. That's all. No more. No less. But one I expect more than pleasantries from is Miles Davis.

Certainly it's difficult to review Davis with a supposed critical stance and keep a straight face. Just about everyone's thing with Davis is personal on some level. Davis' music is personal, introspective. For many he is a persona—a male Greta Garbo of jazz. At this point, with 25 years of great and significant music recorded, one wonders why he came out from retirement. His musical capacities are still beyond question. It's his motivation that is puzzling. Granted that the man likes money, still one might have thought he was coming back because he had something to say. At least that was the hope. Judging from this record it is more like Davis

is back because he felt like "talking" and maybe is figuring out what to say as he goes along.

The album credits list Davis as the arranger/composer for all of the music except *The Man With The Horn* and *Shout*. Although it has been suggested in the past that he may be just as much the conductor or lightning rod for innovative ideas as the creator of them, it has never been suggested that he is the willing victim of producers, or that he played any music he didn't personally "hear." Nevertheless it's been a long time since Davis made a record as disjointed as this one.

On one hand we have music—the bulk of the record—that represents the cool funk sound that Davis' current working band—Bill Evans on sax, Mike Stern's guitar, Marcus Miller's bass, Al Foster and Mino Cinelu on drums and percussion—seems to be developing. On the other hand, it seems that the inclusion of *The Man With The Horn* and *Shout* were acts of generosity towards two young artists. Randy Hall and Robert Irving III. This sound—which had me thinking that maybe Davis decided to come back as a Herb Alpert clone and which apparently anticipated Tom Browne's urbane funkiness—may be marketable. But I find it strange to hear Davis play his haunting, reclusive trumpet on a piece that with a few changes in the vocal could be his eulogy.

*The Man With The Horn* is cool funk ala

# Shift into

# OVERDRIVE

OVERDRIVE  
OVERDRIVE  
OVERDRIVE  
OVERDRIVE  
OVERDRIVE

Slide into the driver's seat of The Rogue.

Twin oscillators with hot new overdrive circuits.

Contoured sync-sweep for screaming lead voices.

Extensive Modulation, Noise, Auto-Trigger and Sample/Hold for exciting effects.

Interfacing with other synths or computers, even an audio input for processing external signals.

The Rogue.

Loaded with power, and the lowest priced Moog® on the market.

(Sorry, air conditioning and racing stripes unavailable.)

# THE ROGUE

moog®

*We're the people who started it all!*

For further information, contact -  
Moog Music Inc., 2500 Walden Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14225  
Moog Music, Waalhaven Z.Z. 48, Rotterdam 3088 H.J.  
Holland - The Netherlands





On *The Corner* but with a more nonchalant, more simplistic attitude. Davis has always been a hipster, a commentator who said volumes with his style and his posture. Over the years his style hasn't changed so much as it has been polished, honed. With Davis the changes have been largely contextual; each rhythm, each chord, each texture, each context, if you extend it, reflects his attitude to place and time. If you don't like or can't relate to the dance music this album reaches for, it is because you have problems with Davis' attitude and the time and place in which he has ensconced himself for the moment.

But on the positive side, Davis leaves no doubt that he can still play as much jazz as he wants to. His flirtation with swing rather than rock on *Ursula* makes that point. One wonders, however, whether he will overcome the cult of personality implicit in *The Man With The Horn*. Stay tuned.

—w. a. brower

## BENNY CARTER

**SWINGIN' THE '20s**—Contemporary S7561; *THOU SWELL*; *MY BLUE HEAVEN*; *JUST IMAGINE*; *IF I COULD BE WITH YOU (ONE HOUR TONIGHT)*; *SWEET LORRAINE*; *WHO'S SORRY NOW*; *LAUGH! CLOWN! LAUGH!*; *ALL ALONE*; *MARY LOU*; *IN A LITTLE SPANISH TOWN*; *SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME*; *A MONDAY DATE*.  
**Personnel:** Carter, alto saxophone, trumpet; Earl Hines, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

★ ★ ★

## ERIC SCHNEIDER

**ERIC AND EARL**—Gatemouth 1003; *IN A MELLOW TONE*; *MEMORIES OF YOU*; *ALL OF ME*; *SECOND BALCONY JUMP*; *SHINE*; *SHERMAN SHUFFLE*; *THE NEARNESS OF YOU*; *THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU*; *STRUTTIN' WITH SOME BARBECUE*.  
**Personnel:** Schneider, alto, tenor saxophone; Earl Hines, piano; Duke Groner, bass; Burrett Deems, drums.

★ 1/2

The piano is the fountain of youth. Age will ravage a hornman's chops, but leave a pianist's touch unscathed. To support this proposition, the defense calls to the stand: Eubie Blake, age 98; Arthur Rubinstein, 94; Count Basie, 77; Vladimir Horowitz, 77; and Earl Hines, who turns 76 this December. Few, if any, of their horn-playing peers are still alive. Those who are cannot match the command these pianists retain over their instrument.

Among pianodom's aforementioned elder statesmen, "Fatha" Hines occupies the most unique position. Modern jazz piano starts with him. Ever since he went head-to-head with Louis Armstrong, proving the piano could make statements just as singular in intent as any monophonic instrument, every jazz keyboardist from Mose Allison to Joe Zawinul has owed him one. Two recent releases, *Swingin' The '20s*, a reissue originally recorded in 1958, and *Eric And Earl*,

from a 1979 session, look in on Earl Hines at ages 52 and 73. Ostensibly, each date belongs to a saxophonist. Benny Carter and Eric Schneider receive top billing on their respective albums. Nevertheless, in neither case does Hines assume the role of mere sideman.

With Carter, Hines is an equal. These contemporaries are obviously enjoying their first recording session together. The tempos are playful, so are the tones. Their fondness for the material (classics from the '20s) shows, as does a penchant for producing tidy solos that begin, grow, climax, resolve, and end. On *Swingin' The '20s*, Hines gives an exhibition of what jazz piano was, is, and will be. Remember, it is 1958. Although bop is king, Hines is still Hines, and to hear him is to hear his progeny. The light, airy right hand on *If I Could Be With You (One Hour Tonight)* is a favorite device of Ramsey Lewis. The thumping chords of *Sweet Lorraine* point to Erroll Garner. The spurts of flamboyance decorating *Who's Sorry Now* have been appropriated by Oscar Peterson. The flip stride-ish echoes in *Mary Lou's* opening cadenza recall Fats Waller.

In Schneider, a neo-swing practitioner out of the Scott Hamilton mold, Hines is working with a man who prefers style over substance. Schneider would rather sound like Johnny Hodges or Ben Webster than negotiate a phrase smoothly or create an ad-lib that didn't pander to the past. This devotion to style deafens Schneider to Hines' accompaniment. Unlike Benny Carter, he does not respond to Hines' notes of encouragement, nor does he let his solos compliment the pianist's.

Such disregard unsettles Hines. His improvisations are uncharacteristically disjointed. The phrasing is abstract. The attacks are unsure. Only on Eubie Blake's *Memories Of You* does he regain his sweet, sure touch. Unfortunately, this lasts only as long as he plays alone. When Schneider enters, masquerading as a poor man's Ben Webster, those sweet memories turn sour. —cliff radel

## KING CARRASCO

**JOE "KING" CARRASCO AND THE CROWNS**—Hannibal HNBL 1308; *HOUSTON EL MOVER*; *ONE MORE TIME*; *CACA DE VACA*; *LET'S GET PRETTY*; *BAD BAD GIRLS*; *DON'T BUG ME BABY*; *FEDERALES*; *BUENA*; *NERVOUSED OUT*; *BETTY'S WORLD*; *I GET MY KICKS ON YOU*; *PARTY DOLL*; *GIMME SODY JUDY*.  
**Personnel:** Carrasco, guitar, vocals; Kris "Hi Sailor" Cummings, organ; Brad Kizer, bass; Mike Navarro, drums.

★ ★ ★

"File under Nuevo Wavo" read the directions on the jacket of the debut album by Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns. This would seem to place the group squarely within the ranks of the new wave. But don't be fooled by a cover that also encourages you to brush your teeth with hot sauce (and offers an opportunity to win a night with Joe's sister—there are no details inside). Carrasco and the Crowns are part of a rock & roll tradition that dates back almost 20 years,

to the "Tex-Mex" Farfisa-dominated bands of the Sir Douglas Quintet, ? and the Mysticians, and Sam the Sham & the Pharaohs.

By attempting to incorporate himself with the latest trend, Carrasco is merely following the example of his mentors. All three prior bands emerged in the early '60s by masquerading as part of the "British Invasion." But no matter how hard they tried to look British (the Quintet, no doubt, were the only Houston locals given to sporting ruffled shirts and velvet frock-coats), the truth came out in their sound: staccato-beat dance party music, with a heavy dash of Spanish soul. *96 Tears* was no English pop tune.

The influence of these earlier groups dominates Carrasco's work, especially in tunes like *Buena* and *Houston El Mover* (a little homage to Sir Doug?). But the big splash of the new wave has not been lost on him either, so there are also songs such as *Caca De Vaca* (a little free-form translation is in order here) and *Nervoused Out*, which owe more to Devo and the Ramones than to Sam the Sham.

The focal point of the Crowns' sound is the perpetual Farfisa organ that propels each piece, an instrument recently come back into favor for its rapid-fire punctuational qualities, as well as its undeniably rinky-dink timbre. It is wielded here with impressive pep by Cummings; Kizer on bass and Navarro on drums provide more than adequately lively accompaniment. Carrasco's strumming and vocals are energetic and straightforward, well-suited to his material. Indeed, everything from the garish parody of the album cover to the light-hearted tunes and simple, humorous lyrics indicate Joe to be an artist of refreshingly little pretension (if someone who performs wearing an oversize crown and gold cape can be called unpretentious).

This is not music that stands up well to analytic scrutiny or repeated listening, but it's not meant to be. Their goal has been to make a good-time, junk-music party record, a danceable album that's a lot of fun with a flash of wit. In so doing, Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns have come up with the world's first-ever nuevo wavo hit. —pat ellis

## ZOOT SIMS

**THE SWINGER**—Pablo 2310 861; *THE MOON IS LOW*; *NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO DREAM OF YOU*; *ON THE ALAMO*; *DANIELLE*; *MR. J.R. BLUES*; *JEOP IS JUMPING*; *SHE'S FUNNY THAT WAY*; *DREAM OF YOU*.  
**Personnel:** Sims, tenor saxophone; Ray Sims, trombone, vocals; Jimmy Rowles, piano; John Heard, Michael Moore (cut 2) bass; Shelly Manne, John Clay (2), drums.

★ ★ 1/2

Zoot Sims' musical gestalt can be viewed as basically two distinct yet compatible streams: a sensuous lyricism and a driving swing. The latter is, at times, used to disguise the absence of the former; when ideas run short, Zoot has been known to push hard and showboat a bit. This doesn't alter the fact that Sims is a balladeer and a

Presenting Yamaha speaker components. Some have been available only in Yamaha-designed enclosures. The rest are brand new. All are designed to deliver outstanding performance, reliability and durability.

And now, with this full range of Yamaha speaker components to choose from, you have the flexibility to design a sound system that meets your specific needs.

**Low frequency drivers: JA3882 & JA3881**

The new JA3882 low frequency driver is specifically designed for high-efficiency sound systems. Its very high sensitivity level enables it to produce high SPL with less amplifier power. With large edgewound copper voice coil, durable cone assembly, and stiff compliance, the JA3882 produces clean, powerful low frequencies.

- 15" diameter cone
- 102dB SPL/1 meter/1 watt sensitivity
- 30Hz to 4kHz Frequency Range (maximum recommended crossover, 800Hz)
- 8 ohm [JA3882] and 16 ohm [JA3882(B)]

The new JA3881 is an excellent choice for use in stage monitors, keyboard speaker systems, or for 2-way systems. Its flexible suspension and lightweight edgewound aluminum coil give the JA3881 a usable response up to 5kHz.

- 15" diameter cone
- 97dB SPL/1 meter/1 watt sensitivity
- 40Hz to 5kHz Frequency Range (maximum recommended crossover, 3kHz)
- 8 ohm [JA3881] and 16 ohm [JA3881(B)]

**High frequency compression driver: JA6681B**

With high sensitivity and high frequency handling capacity, the JA6681B high frequency driver makes an excellent mid-to-high frequency reproducer for use in

2- or 3-way full-range, high-level

sound reinforcement or monitor speaker systems. Its unique S-shaped beryllium/copper suspension system and quality construction ensure long life.

- 145dB SPL reference sensitivity, 1 watt, using 1 inch plane wave tube
- 108dB SPL at 1 meter, 1 watt (using Yamaha H1230 horn)
- Nominal 800Hz-12kHz, usable down to 500Hz
- 16 ohms nominal impedance

**Combination high frequency horn & driver:**

**JA4280B/H1400** This high frequency reproducer's versatility enables it to be used as the mid and high frequency reproducer in a full-range stage monitor, keyboard monitor, or general sound reinforcement system. Or as the upper midrange reproducer in an ultra-wide-range system.

- 90° H x 40° V dispersion
- 106dB SPL at 1 meter, 1 watt
- Aluminum horn with damping
- 16 ohms nominal impedance
- Nominal 1,500Hz-16kHz, usable down to 800Hz.

**Compression tweeter: JA4281B**

This new tweeter is a high-sensitivity, integral horn/driver unit designed to handle the uppermost portion of the frequency spectrum. It is an excellent super-tweeter for use in 3-way or 4-way full-range, high-level sound reinforcement systems when used in conjunction with our JA6681B high frequency compression driver. Its superb on/off axis response and absence of diaphragm resonances also make it a fine choice for studio monitor systems.

- 120° dispersion pattern at 10kHz
- 108dB SPL at 1 meter, 1 watt
- Nominal 7kHz-20kHz
- 16 ohms nominal impedance

**High frequency radial horn and throat adaptors: H1230, AD3500 & AD3502** The new H1230 aluminum radial horn is designed to provide controlled dispersion (90° H x 40° V) of high frequencies in high-level, wide-range systems.

The AD3500 throat adaptor is used to couple the horn to the JA6681B driver to produce 108dB SPL at 1 meter with 1 watt input. Use the AD3502 throat adaptor to connect two drivers for greater output.

That's the lineup of Yamaha speaker components that leave the system design up to you. So now, with Yamaha mixers, power amps, signal processors, and separate speaker components, you've got the total flexibility you always wanted. From the people who know what music sounds like—Yamaha.

For complete information, write:  
P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622.  
(In Canada, write: 135 Milner Ave.,  
Scarb. Ont. M1S 3R1)

Because you're serious.



swinger with few, if any, living equals. It's for this reason that this album is a disappointment.

The album title is something of a misnomer, but the fault is not entirely Zoot's. Brother Ray Sims, known primarily as a section trombonist with bands like Les Brown's, just doesn't provide the vigorous foil that a Bob Brookmeyer can. In addition, Rowles often turns in subpar performances. The tempos are frequently relaxed, but even so, the pianist borders on the lethargic at times.

Norman Granz' liner notes point out the similarity of Ray's playing to that of the late

Bill Harris. The tone is strikingly reminiscent of Harris' burry-edged trombone; unfortunately, Ray has little of his inventiveness and warmth, to say nothing of improvising skills. On *The Moon*, Ray's solo is flaccid and, unless my copy has two miniscule scratches, the master of this tune has a couple of defects. Still, Ray marks time graciously as he minces around in the middle range.

Zoot's ability to ferret out now-obscure songs from the big band era is exemplified by *Now I Lay* by Andy Kirk and *Dream Of You* by Jimmie Lunceford. Zoot invests Kirk's ballad with a breathy after hours

feeling, rounding off his edges in a largely legato manner while Rowles plays a quirky accompaniment. Moore and Clay are both felt rather than heard on this, their only appearance. The Lunceford tune reveals Ray to be a singer of small import and Rowles a disinterested block chorder. Ray's best moment is his sleepy, fairly pungent chairs-on-the-tables solo on *Mr. J.R. Blues*. Rowles and Heard lull you to sleep before Zoot wakes you and says it's time to close. The closest thing to a mover is *Jeep*, with Zoot relying on hat tricks and riffing for lack of inspiration. This *Jeep* is limping and, thanks to Manne and Rowles, sometimes hopping. *Danielle* is treated with such lassitude by everyone concerned that it could be marketed as a sleeping aid that might give Somnux a run for its money. There's plenty superior examples of Zoot Sims and Jimmy Rowles on record, and the sooner this one's forgotten, the better for all. —kirk silsbee

**GLOBE UNITY  
ORCHESTRA**

**IMPROVISATIONS—JAPO 60021:**

*IMPROVISATION 1-4.*

**Personnel:** Alexander von Schlippenbach, piano; Derek Bailey, guitar; Manfred Schoof, Kenny Wheeler, trumpet; Michel Pilz, Peter Brötzmann, Evan Parker, Gerd Dudek, reeds; Buschi Niebergall, Peter Kowald, bass, tuba; Tristan Honsinger, cello; Paul Rutherford, Albert Mangelsdorff, Gunther Christmann, trombone; Paul Lovens, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**COMPOSITIONS—JAPO 60027:**

*NODAGOO; BOA; TROM-BONE-IT; FLAT FEET; REFLECTIONS; WORMS; THE FORGE.*  
**Personnel:** same as above except add Enrico Rava, trumpet; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone, piano (cut 6); Bob Stewart, tuba; delete Bailey, Brötzmann, Kowald, and Honsinger.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**VIENNA ART ORCHESTRA**

**CONCERTO PICCOLO—hat Art 1980/81:**

*CONCERTO PICCOLO; HERZOGSTRASSE 4; JELLY ROLL, BUT MINGUS ROLLS BETTER; VARIATIONS ON "AM HERMINELI Z'LIAB"; TANGO FROM OBANGO.*  
**Personnel:** Lauren Newton, voice; Karl Fian, trumpet; Herbert Joos, flugelhorn, baritone horn, double trumpet, alpenhorn; Christian Radovan, trombone; Billy Fuchs, tuba; Harry Sokal, Wolfgang Puschnig, Roman Schwaller, reeds; Uli Scherer, acoustic, Rhodes piano; Stefan Bauer, vibes; Jürgen Wuchner, bass; Wolfgang Reisinger, percussion; Joris Dudli, drums; Mathias Rüegg, leader, composer, arranger.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Formed in 1966 by German pianist Alexander von Schlippenbach, Globe Unity draws upon varying personnel of mostly European origin (see Lee Jeske's September, '80 db feature). Whatever its roster, Globe Unity



**THE  
BOTTOM LINE!**

The bottom line on great bass sound is great bass strings.  
D'Addario Half Round Series II—Brighter, Smoother, Better.

**D'Addario®**  
East Farmingdale, NY 11735 USA

more than earns the company of large free-playing American aggregations such as Sun Ra's Arkestra and the various Jazz Composers Orchestras, as it unlooses some of the most risk-taking, irrepressible sounds anywhere—from marches to Monk.

*Improvisations*, dating from 1977, snares the free-sketching orchestra at its most uncompromising. In four episodes *Improvisations* evolves an evidently spontaneous non-linear flow of musical events. The result is a pointillistic orchestral "suite" of shifting ensemble densities, textures, and timbres. Like a mighty river fed by 14 individual tributaries, this collective music naturally replenishes itself through expanding and contracting instrumental linkages. Dominant personalities or "stars" are not in evidence here. Although giving no indication of notated material, the 10-minute *Improvisation #1*—for a case in point—contains a formal "design" which can be followed nevertheless. One luminous detail succeeds another: lone trombone harmonics, the vocal cry of Michel Pilz' a cappella bass clarinet, and Paul Lovens' "junk percussion" internal-combusting with clangs and closets in collapse, are contrasted with freely discursive statements from GU en masse, until trio strings followed by orchestral exclamations conclude the piece. In their almost inexhaustible variety this and other *Improvisations* retain freshness and staying power over many listenings.

*Compositions* (1979) forms the perfect counterpart to the earlier album. Musical events reminiscent of *Improvisations* resurface suggestively within more conventional chordal frames (charts by Wheeler, Schlippenbach, Rava, Schoof, and Lacy) that throw them into new focus. Alone among the seven pieces, Günther Christmann's *Trombone-It*, with its practice room chuckles and ad libs, suggests absence of a notated format.

The multi-directional arrangements brim with ingenious touches. Wheeler's *Nodagoo* opens with a submerged funereal theme stated by unaccompanied tuba which, after polyphonic expansion, gives way to a propulsive Coltrane tenor break from Gerd Dudek over florid section work. Sounding like the aural correlative of a Poe horror film by Roger Corman, chimes and chord clusters herald the shrill harmonies of Lacy's *Worms*.

Tradition hasn't been left behind; it's been swallowed whole. Sustained soprano squiggles of near-electronic timbre from Evan Parker lend a backdrop for the pensive theme of Schoof's *Reflections*. Before the ballad closes out with a "cool" labyrinthine Lacy coda capping his previous solo, GU's mastery of "inside" orchestral colors finds display. A swaying yet disjointed boogie that Monk would love, the head from Rava's *Flat Feet* peaks in a collective wail before starting again, like a wobbly drunk who bonged a lamp post. Schlippenbach's *Boa* even recalls Don Redman's 1930s *Chant Of The Weed!*

*Globe Unity* represents only one of numerous European orchestras on the rise. Although the jacket supplies no background about Vienna Art Orchestra, Mathias Rügge's rousing pan-stylistic compositions and arrangements are the big pleaser on *Concerto Piccolo*. Through 63 minutes playing time spread over one-and-a-half discs, VAO stakes out a Dadaist mixed bag of expansive ballads (*Herzogstrasse 4*), tongue-in-cheek boppish lines (the title tune), and latin (*Tango From Obango*). The five pieces run

# ANOTHER RHODES SCHOLAR SPEAKS OUT.



Ray  
Charles

"I don't know any other keyboard that comes close to doing what the Rhodes does."

## Rhodes®

Makers of fine keyboard instruments.

### SPECIAL! MESA/BOOGIE TUBES & SPEAKERS

Is Tired Blood making your amplifier sound sluggish and weak? Are you straining for tone and still coming up short? Then why not take advantage of some of the years spent developing the legendary MESA/Boogie by upgrading your present amp with a transfusion of our special tubes and speakers. A set of MESA STR 415 type 6L6 power tubes can improve the punch and freshness of your amp like new strings can help your guitar, and may noticeably increase your amplifier's power, cleanly and safely. Each tube is built to our extra rugged and exacting specs, then subjected to a special 5 part performance evaluation (including max amp power) which it must pass at 100% to qualify as an STR 415. Therefore all tubes are fully matched; weaker ones have been rejected entirely — not "Matched" to other equally weak ones.

Having problems with noise, microphonics and excess feedback? Try a set of MESA 12AX7's for a cure. Special construction and careful individual screening make these quiet, long lasting preamp tubes.

And for vastly upgraded performance, try the MESA Black Shadow 12" speaker. Years of work and refinement were spent to produce this premium speaker value which compares closest in tone color and construction to the superlative EVM 12L — except the MESA Shadow uses an extra heavy stamped frame, not cast. It is rated at 150 watts and has just the right combination of punch, clarity, roundness and warmth to sound beautifully clear and detailed or to crank out a full balls blast of fat meatiness without straining or sounding tubby.

We guarantee your full satisfaction with all MESA products and will replace any tube or speaker which fails within six months of normal heavy duty use. The Black Shadow is \$65 + \$5 shpg (or \$72 + shpg if ordered COD). The STR 415: \$10 ea., we pay shpg on prepaid or credit card orders (\$12 + shpg if COD). The MESA 12AX7: \$6 prepaid, \$7 ea. COD. Special on Fender/Peavey upgrade kits: buy 2 Shadows & 4 STR's & we'll give you free freight on 4 12AX7. Orders by card, cash, MO or certified check shipped within 24 hrs.



Name \_\_\_\_\_ (D)  
Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
Quantity STR415 \_\_\_\_\_ Prepaid @ \$10 , COD @ \$12   
Quantity 12AX7 \_\_\_\_\_ Prepaid @ \$ 6 , COD @ \$ 7   
Quantity Black Shadows \_\_\_\_\_ Prepaid @ \$65 (+ \$5 shpg)   
COD @ \$72 (+ shpg)   
Quantity TEE SHIRTS @ \$6 \_\_\_\_\_ S M L XL  
California residents must add 6% sales tax \_\_\_\_\_  
Visa & MC accepted " \_\_\_\_\_  
Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

**MESA**  
ENGINEERING

GRAND TOTAL \_\_\_\_\_

1317 ROSS STREET • PETALUMA, CA 94952  
call (707)778-TUBE

© MESA/Boogie Ltd.

# down beat Poll Winners ON INDIA NAVIGATION RECORDS

**Arthur Blythe, Alto Sax**  
"The Grip," "Metamorphosis"

**Anthony Davis, Piano**  
"Song for the Old World,"

"Hidden Voices,"

"Lady of the Mirror"

**Jay Hoggard, Vibes**  
"Solo Vibraphone"

**James Newton, Flute**  
"Paseo Del Mar,"

"Hidden Voices,"

"Mystery School"

## NEW RELEASES

**Chico Freeman Quartet**

"The Outside Within"

with DeJohnette, McBee, and Hicks



For Ordering Info:

**INDIA NAVIGATION COMPANY**

60 Hudson St., Room 205, N.Y., N.Y. 10013

**The Best in Contemporary Music**

## NEW SOUNDS IN MODERN MUSIC

- RICIGLIANO Contemporary Songwriting Textbook \$12.50  Songwriting Workbook \$8.50  Both for \$20.
- D. RICIGLIANO Popular & Jazz Harmony \$9.95
- Y. LATEEF Repository of Scales/Patterns \$25
- J. COCKER Patterns for Jazz  Treble;  Bass \$16
- RUSS GARCIA Professional Arranger Vol. 1 \$14.95
- RUSS GARCIA Professional Arranger Vol. 2 \$14.95
- WM. RUSSO Jazz Composition/Orchestra \$11.95
- DON SUBESKY Contemporary Arranger \$35
- BAKER The Bebop Era 3 Vols  Treble  Bass \$15.
- LATEEF Flute Bk of Blues, Cplt incl #1 & 2, \$6.95
- BAKER Modal/Contemp. Patterns  Treble;  Bass \$9.95
- BAKER How to Play the Blues  Treble;  Bass \$9.95
- COCKER Cplt Improvisation Method w/cassette \$18
- OLIVER NELSON Patterns for Improvisation \$8.50
- BERKLEE KEYBOARD METHOD 4 Vols \$29.50
- BERKLEE SAXOPHONE METHOD 5 Vols \$38
- BERKLEE FLUTE METHOD 3 Vols \$27
- BERKLEE GUITAR METHOD 3 Vols \$29
- BERKLEE BASS METHOD 2 Vols \$18
- BERKLEE TRUMPET BOOKS 2 Vols \$15
- BERKLEE TROMBONE BOOKS 2 Vols \$15
- BERKLEE DRUM METHODS 3 Vols \$25
- 28 Modern Jazz Trumpet Solos Bk 1 \$5.95
- 28 Modern Jazz Trumpet Solos Bk 2 \$5.95
- HENRY MANCINI Sounds & Scores \$19.95
- GORDON DELAMONT:  Mod Arranging Tech \$15;  Mod Harmonic Tech Vol 1 \$16;  Mod Harmonic Tech Vol 2 \$22;  Mod Contrapuntal Tech \$6;  Mod Melodic Tech \$7;  Mod 12 Tone Tech \$5;  Cplt set of 6 bks \$65
- ARBAN Complete Original Trumpet Method \$9.95
- DEUTSCH Ency. of Arranging 9 bks in 1 \$9.95
- JAZZ STYLES ALTO SAX 125 Trans. Solos \$12.50
- Jazz Styles MILES DAVIS, D. Baker \$9.95
- Jazz Styles CANNONBALL, D. Baker \$9.95
- Jazz Styles J. COLTRANE, D. Baker \$9.95
- Jazz Styles S. ROLLINS, D. Baker \$9.95
- D. BERGER Contemp. Jazz Studies #1 Treble \$6.95
- D. BERGER Contemp. Jazz Studies #2 Treble \$6.95
- D. BERGER Contemp. Jazz Studies #1 Bass \$6.95
- D. BERGER Contemp. Jazz Studies #2 Bass \$6.95
- D. HAERLE Jazz Improv. Keyboard Cplt \$9.95
- BERKLEE ROCK GUITAR STYLES (NEW) \$9.50
- BRANCH CLUB DATE HANDBOOK \$7.95
- AEBERSOLD Piano Voicings (Comping) \$4.95

Send check or money order USA funds only. Visa & Master Charge customers send your # & expiration date. USA free postage for 4+ items. Add 75¢ for 1-3 items. Foreign orders add \$1.50 for 1-3 items. \$2.50 for 4+ items. Foreign airmail add 40% to price of books ordered. Print or type name & address. Free complete catalog. Over 2,000 different music books stocked, we welcome all inquiries for jazz or method books. Tel. No. 212-581-1480.

CHARLES COLIN'S NEW SOUNDS IN MODERN MUSIC  
Dept. DB, 315 West 53rd Street—New York, NY 10019

## RECORD REVIEWS

amok with punchy riffs, sudden tempo variations, backbeats, vamps, and such arranger's jokes as a tuba/piccolo duet (Tango).

The majority of solos are above par, but several deserve particular mention. Jamming on the words "art" and "avant garde" (Concerto Piccolo), Lauren Newton's scating and sprechstimme (speech melody) move with the frenzy of a tape played fast forward. On Herzogstrasse—a tour de force for Herbert Joos—his expressive flugelhorn solo is followed by duets with drums and alto, and a self-duet via "double trumpet" in which weakening tone is a minus. Joos also shines on Variations as his alpenhorn lead-in walks the line between pastoral and slapstick (the ensemble later launches into what can only be described as a reggae polka!).

In the end, Vienna Art Orchestra pleases through ever-alert quirkiness and the juggernaut energy of their conception.

—peter kostakis

## WOODY SHAW

**UNITED**—Columbia FC 37930: *UNITED; THE GREENE STREET CAPER; WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE; PRESSING THE ISSUE; KATHINA BALLERINA; BLUES FOR WOOD.*

**Personnel:** Shaw, trumpet, flugelhorn; Steve Turre, trombone; Mulgrew Miller, piano; Stafford James, bass; Tony Reedus, drums; Gary Bartz, alto saxophone (cuts 3, 6).

★ ★ ★ ½

**THE IRON MEN**—Muse MR 5160: *IRON MAN; JITTERBUG WALTZ; SYMMETRY; DIVERSION ONE; SONG OF SONGS; DIVERSION TWO.*

**Personnel:** Shaw, trumpet; Anthony Braxton, clarinet, alto, soprano saxophone (cuts 2, 3, 5); Arthur Blythe, alto saxophone (1, 5); Muhl Richard Abrams, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Joe Chambers (1, 3), Victor Lewis (2, 5), drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

There is a point at which any truly enduring jazz musician must match the immediate demands of the music itself with the necessity of fatherhood, of perpetuation. Even the finest solos, like Prospero's spirits, vanish into air—into thin air—but offspring are a hedge against mortality. Ellington, Basie, Coltrane, and Miles live as much through their stylistic children as through themselves.

Woody Shaw, in these two releases, identifies himself both as the scion of caring parents and as a progenitor on his own terms. *United* harkens to his apprenticeship with Art Blakey, the man who taught Shaw and every other Messenger that jazz must swing; *The Iron Men* evokes Shaw's important encounters with Eric Dolphy, who showed him the many definitions of swing. While *The Iron Men* places Shaw on engagingly equal footing with his peers in the avant garde, *United* presents him fronting the second completely different band of his short career as a leader.

The quintet on *United*, a mix of young

turks Tony Reedus and Mulgrew Miller and longtime Shaw colleagues Stafford James and Steve Turre, proves a match for the group Shaw led on 1978's *Stepping Stones*. One can only fault *United*, in fact, for not being a live recording, as was *Stepping Stones*. Having seen this new group in person, I contend a studio disc cannot adequately convey their magic. Turre, in particular, suffers from a tightening of solo time and a hard-to-define softening in the space he does receive. But there are gorgeous moments, particularly when guest Gary Bartz, on alto, adds an exciting third voice to the horn line. *What Is This Thing Called Love* refines the essence of Blakey-style blowing jazz, with Bartz, Turre, and Shaw bucket-brigading the melody by fours and longer breaks, and, later, helixing around a most supple rhythm section; the three horns honey again on *Blues For Wood*. Shaw's best work appears in his celestial muted solo on *The Greene Street Caper* and on a tour of spurts, pulls, bop logic, and latin influence that threads *Pressing The Issue*, but which, tellingly, lacks the primal, intuitive drive it surely would have assumed in concert.

The *Iron Men*, recorded almost four years earlier than *United*, sounds the fresher and more venturesome of the two releases. So fertile is the cross-pollination that the vanguards of mainstream and avant garde wring delicious compromises from one another. Shaw jaggedly pushes outside on two improvised pieces and implodes within the chart of *Iron Man*. And who would have expected to hear Anthony Braxton on a warhorse like *Jitterbug Waltz*, piping and loping, precisely as is his nature, but so full of life? Arthur Blythe, for his part, mewls, moans, and snake-charms through an entrancing break on *Iron Man*.

But the credit for turning what could have been a novelty date into a memorable encounter belongs to Cecil McBee on bass and, foremost, Muhl Richard Abrams on piano; the latter fills the prescription, whether for a needed unsettling scatter of notes on *Jitterbug Waltz* or full and pensive support for Shaw's freer explorations. If Shaw has reached jazz fatherhood, *The Iron Men* showcases one rather formidable men's club.

—sam freedman

## SID DAWSON/ NEW CHICAGO RHYTHM KINGS

**SUPER SWING: A DIXIELAND STATEMENT, PART ONE**—Claremont C1078: *MUSKRAT RAMBLE; BASIN STREET BLUES; BOURBON STREET PARADE; RAMPART STREET PARADE; ORIGINAL DIXIELAND ONE-STEP; TIN ROOF BLUES; I'M NOBODY'S SWEETHEART NOW; AFTER YOU'VE GONE.*

**Personnel:** Dawson, trombone, vocals; Warren Kime, trumpet; Chuck Hedges, clarinet; Bill Ussellton, tenor saxophone; Tommy Zan, piano; John DeFauw, guitar; Ron Goldman, bass; Ed Tilden, drums; Mike Schwimmer, washboard.

★ ★ ★ ★

## WARREN KIME

**JAZZ**—Claremont C778: *WHEN YOUR LOVER HAS GONE; I SURRENDER DEAR; BABY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME; I'M CONFESSIN'; WHEN IT'S SLEEPY TIME DOWN SOUTH; WHEN YOU'RE SMILING; I CAN'T GET STARTED; ALL OH NOTHING AT ALL; STARDUST; EMBRACEABLE YOU.*  
**Personnel:** Kime, cornet; Tommy Zan, piano; John DeFauw, guitar; Wilson McKindra, bass; Ed Tilden, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

## JIM BEEBE'S CHICAGO JAZZ

**SATURDAY NIGHT FUNCTION**—  
Delmark DS-218: *AIN'T GONNA GIVE NOBODY NONE OF MY JELLY ROLL; HARD HEARTED HANNAH; WININ' BOY BLUES; BOURBON STREET PARADE; SATURDAY NIGHT FUNCTION; MEMORIES OF ALBERT AMMONS; I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU; STRUTTIN' WITH SOME BARBECUE.*  
**Personnel:** Beebe, trombone; Bob Schulz, trumpet, vocal; Spanky Davis, trumpet; Charles Hooks, clarinet, vocal; Steve Behr, piano; Jack Kunchl, banjo; Duke Groner, bass, vocal; Barrett Deems, drums.

★ ★

## ROGER PEMBERTON BIG BAND/ OCTET/QUINTET

**CHICAGOJAZZ**—CPC 1001: *SEPTEMBER SON; SOULFUL ONE; NO MORE BLUES; THE FLINTSTONES' THEME; NOREEN'S NOCTURNE; RICO 3; A TIME FOR LOVE; SO HIGH (ABOVE THE CLOUDS).*  
**Personnel:** Big Band—Danny Barber, Marty Marshack, Art Davis, Doug Scharf, Warren Kime, trumpet, flugelhorn; Pemberton, Pete Grenier, Edward Petersen, Rubin Cooper Jr., Ron Kolber, saxophones; Loren Binford, Bill Dinwiddie, Harold Keen, Frank McCallum, Ralph Craig, trombone; Larry Novak, piano; Bobby Roberts, Pat Ferreri, guitar; Jim Atlas, bass; Bob Cousins, Dave Lang, drums. Octet/Quintet—Davis, trumpet, flugelhorn; Bill Porter, trombone; Pemberton, soprano, alto, tenor saxophone, flutes; Rich Corpolongo, tenor saxophone; Novak, piano; Frank Dawson, guitar; Bill Harrison, bass; Lang, drums; Gloria Morgan, vocal.

★ ★ ★

Judging from its repertoire alone, Sid Dawson's New Chicago Rhythm Kings would seem to be in the business of purposely prolonging that which most other traditionalist bands relegated to the bottom of their books decades ago. Why on earth, one may reasonably ask, would a group of such obviously competent and fluent jazzmen, each an expert on his respective instrument, wish to so deliberately mine the same ground already wrought so barren by hundreds of other similarly constituted groups? Clearly, there can be no justification offered here for such unimaginative programming or such lack of interest in provocative repertoire, but quality of performance does deserve praise, and that is exactly what

# ANOTHER RHODES SCHOLAR SPEAKS OUT.



Josef  
Zawinul

"It was there when it all started, and it's still around. That's the mark of a great instrument."

## Rhodes®

Makers of fine keyboard instruments.

## Live in the modern world— play the Rhythm Tech Tambourine.



Write for  
detailed information.

**RhythmTech**  
511-D CENTER AVE., MAMARONECK, N.Y. 10543

# 1982 deebee Awards

Applications now accepted for the 5th annual **down beat** Student Recording Awards competition. The 1982 **deebee** Awards offered in two divisions—High School\* and College—in each of 18 categories:

(\*Awards to high school ensembles on three levels: AAA—Special performing arts HSs; AA—Regular comprehensive senior HSs; and A—Jr. HSs.)

**BEST JAZZ INSTRUMENTALISTS**

1. Soloists
2. Groups\*
3. Big Bands\*
4. Studio Orchestras\*

**BEST JAZZ VOCALISTS**

5. Soloists
6. Groups\*
7. Choirs

**BEST CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTALISTS**

8. Soloists
9. Chamber Music Groups\*
10. Symphonic Bands\*
11. Orchestras\*

**BEST BLUES/POP/ROCK INSTRUMENTALISTS**

12. Soloists
13. Groups\*

**14. BEST ORIGINAL COMPOSITION**

**15. BEST JAZZ ARRANGEMENT**

**16. BEST ENGINEERED LIVE RECORDING**

**17. BEST ENGINEERED STUDIO RECORDING**

**18. SPECIAL JUDGES AWARDS**

(See **deebee** Brochure for details)

**Eligibility:** Any 10-to-20 minute performance by U.S. or Canadian high school or college students made after Jan. 1st, 1981.

**Free tape bonus!** Upon the receipt of each completed Official Application, **down beat** will mail you a free C-60 cassette tape (UD-XL II) or a 7-inch open reel tape (UD-XL-50) furnished by **Maxell**, a **deebee** award co-sponsor and one of the great names in professional recording tapes. (Performance categories receive a free cassette; engineering categories receive a free open reel.)

**Awards & Prizes:** Shure Golden Microphones, Berklee College of Music Scholarships, Studiomaster 4-track tape recorders; **deebee** plaques/pins/certificates for winning and "outstanding" performances; and school music depts., faculty advisors, and cooperating music & sound retailers.

**Deadline:** All entries must be in **down beat's** Chicago office by Feb. 15, 1982. Results published in June '82 **down beat**.

**How to enter:** Pick up **deebee** brochure and Official Application at your local music & sound retailer or use coupon below.

**down beat/deebee**

222 West Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of the 1982 **deebee** Awards brochure and Official Application. I understand that my free Maxell tape will be mailed when my completed Official Application is received by **down beat**.

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/zip \_\_\_\_\_

Your school/city \_\_\_\_\_

Your music & sound retailer: \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address \_\_\_\_\_

1234

## RECORD REVIEWS

Dawson's crew should receive.

All four hornmen are seasoned players in both ensemble and solo roles, with their various virtues seeming that much more effortless for the solid, well-balanced support offered them by the five-man rhythm section. As a leader, Dawson generously provides his sidemen with equal solo space throughout each selection, with the sole exception being clarinetist Hedges' brilliant track-long feature *After You've Gone*. Dawson, a Teagarden-inspired player of no small local renown, is easily matched, if not sometimes even outclassed, by the Goodman-esque Hedges, but mainstreamers Kime and, more so, Usselton, despite their individual excellences, occasionally seem to lack the stylistic consistency necessary in this kind of music.

Big band veteran Kime makes his solo debut on *Jazz*, an album that delivers far more than its ambiguous title would promise. Although not a verbatim imitator, Kime, like the much younger Warren Vache, has the knack of summoning up visions of various past masters during the course of well-knit improvisations. Thus, one should not be surprised to hear felicitous allusions to such grand gentlemen as Armstrong, Berigan, Hackett, and Butterfield, as well as to such lesser-known artists as Charlie Teagarden, Ruby Braff, and Don Goldie. An impeccable player himself, Kime also has the good taste to restrict his flights to only the most meaningful notes, a lesson he no doubt learned early in life, and apparently from the best-possible teachers. The rhythm section here is drawn from Dawson's, and it continues to disport itself with the same strong mainstream beat as before.

Jim Beebe's album does lean upon a more varied foundation than Dawson's in that it includes such gems as Jelly Roll Morton's *Winin' Boy Blues* and Duke Ellington's *Saturday Night Function*, but it too suffers largely from a similarly redundant program. Once more, the complaint must be aired against the prolonged insistence upon such tired warhorses as Jelly Roll, *Bourbon Street Parade*, and *Struttin' With Some Barbecue*, as well as the inclusion of bar room favorite *Hard Hearted Hannah* and the wholly irrelevant *I Only Have Eyes For You*, both of which consist primarily of dispirited, uncertain vocals. *Memories Of Albert Ammons*, however, does serve as a refreshing reminder of the limited but compelling virtues of boogie woogie. On the whole, the Beebe band is a noisy, cluttered affair with poorly balanced, disorganized ensembles, clattering rhythm, and little feel for stylistic propriety; but when playing thoughtfully, as they do on the righteous tunes—*Winin' Boy Blues* and *Saturday Night Function*—they prove that they do have a feeling for balance and style. Perhaps the problem with this record lies in its hasty production. If only more time had been devoted to programming and rehearsal, just possibly the results would have been more unified.

Roger Pemberton's band of Chicago-based pros includes only one link with the other groups discussed here, and that is the presence of trumpeter Kime. The stylistic

range here runs from swing through bop. Side one of *Chicagojazz* is devoted entirely to the big band, and among its four selections one can enjoy Pemberton's and Glen Daum's skilled writing, as well as good solos by Scharf, Novak, Marshack, Cooper, Binford, Atlas, Pemberton, Kime, Peterson, and Cousins. Side two, logically enough, presents the smaller groups within the band, albeit with a few ringers added. The octet plays Noreen, an Oscar Peterson composition, Johnny Mandel's *A Time For Love* (featuring vocalist Gloria Morgan), and Diane Snow's *So High (Above The Clouds)*—the latter a widely-voiced latin modal chart by Woody Herman's Gary Anderson. All have their various high points, particularly Noreen, but the two-tenor quintet romp through *Rico 3* (need I explain the significance of the title?) will most likely strike home to the majority of hipper listeners. Overall, the musicianship displayed by Pemberton and his fellows is of a caliber worth noting. —jack sohmer

JOHN McLAUGHLIN/  
AL DiMEOLA/  
PACO DeLUCIA

FRIDAY NIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO—

Columbia FC 37152: *MEDITERRANEAN SUNDANCE/RIO ANCHO; SHORT TALES OF THE BLACK FOREST; FREVO RASGADO; FANTASIA SUITE; GUARDIAN ANGEL.*  
**Personnel:** McLaughlin (cuts 2-5), DiMeola (1,2,4,5), DeLucia (1,3,4,5), acoustic guitar.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

It is with a virtual "Ole!" that the San Francisco audience greets the opening notes of DiMeola and DeLucia's *Mediterranean Sundance*, and the Warfield Theatre crowd continues to play an important role throughout this excellent live album. It goes without saying that Frisco is full of former and future pickers of psychedelia and punk, but guitar aficionados worldwide would have to agree that this kind of a session is an intriguing prospect. Not only are McLaughlin, DiMeola, and DeLucia three of the most renowned fretmen on the globe, but their irresistible disparity of backgrounds come together in a universal jam. There's the classicist getting into jazz, the jazz-fusion player lured by Spanish, the Englishman into raga, and each have chops to burn.

Al and Paco smoke on their opening duet, even more so than on their previous studio exchange on DiMeola's *Splendido Hotel*. Then it's McLaughlin with DiMeola for *Short Tales*, a more subdued sitting at first, but an improvisation that soon leaves Corea's melody behind as speedy runs build intensity, including a priceless moment where the two guitarists, apparently searching for another direction, stumble onto a hilarious rendition of the *Pink Panther* theme and then fall into a totally uncharacteristic blues vamp. The audience hoots, screams, whistles, stomps, and claps along.

On side two, Paco and John get their chance to duel on Egberto Gismonti's *Frevo*

Rasgado, a framework for some free, fiery soloing by each man. All three guitarists finally come together for the album's last two songs, *Fantasia Suite* by DiMeola and *Guardian Angel* (the only studio cut) by McLaughlin. The nine-minute *Fantasia Suite* starts the crowd bellowing again, but rather than disrupt (as such gesticulations generally do), these rowdy acknowledgments seem totally appropriate for the Olympian feats being performed onstage. By the way, each player has been mixed to a left, right, or middle channel and the separation and sound are good enough that crowd noises create no problems.

It might have been nice to hear the live spontaneity continue right through *Guardian Angel*, but it too is a great tune and gets a splendid treatment here. The McLaughlin, DiMeola, DeLucia tour didn't make it to my town, but I'm plenty satisfied with this *Friday Night In San Francisco*.

—bob henschen

## TONY DAGRADI

**OASIS**—Gramavision Records GR8001:

*URBAN DISTURBANCE; OASIS; JUANITA; GHANA FOLK SONG; RADIATION; ESTHER; GREEN JACKET.*

**Personnel:** Dagradi, soprano, tenor saxophone; Gary Valente, trombone; Kenny Warner (cuts 1-3,5,6), James Harvey (4,7) piano; Ed Schuller, bass; D. Sharpe, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

## HUGH BRODIE & IMPULSE

**LIVE & COOKING AT THE WILD OAT!**—

Cadence Jazz Records CJR 1004: *FALLING DREAMS; BUD'S BLUES; DOT; CHOO CHOO CHARLIE; EL TOHO; DOT.*

**Personnel:** Brodie, tenor saxophone, vocal (cut 5); Russ Scotti, flute, alto saxophone; Jay Friedman, trumpet; Larry Ham, piano; Pat O'Leary, bass; Ed Ornowski, drums.

★ ★ ★

These two albums are further proof of the variety and virility of today's mainstream jazz. Brodie, who has worked with Cal Massey and Babs Gonzales, sweeps in with that big, open (bursting with overtones) sound popular during the hard bop era of the '50s and '60s. When the music heats up, his tenor glows with the white heat of the '60s freedom days. His compositions have direct and simple melodies, toned down bop changes, and the heavy blues feel that puts the "hard" in hard bop. Yes, the Blue Note Sound lives on, fat and funky. Brodie could have used a more mature band, but at least young alto saxophonist Scotti and drummer Ornowski have lots of potential—Scotti's fours with Brodie on *Bud's Delight* is one of the highlights of the album.

Oasis, on the other hand, reflects the best of the expansive modernist wing of the new mainstream. Dagradi and his sidemen have that cutting-edge sound and approach popular among their generation of players. Yet they can still turn on the avant garde in themselves when the music calls for it (*Ghana Folk Song*). A solid segment of Carla Bley's current band—Valente, Sharpe, and Dagradi—this band seethes with all the right influences. You can hear Rollins, Coltrane, and Shepp in Dagradi; J. J. Johnson and

# ANOTHER RHODES SCHOLAR SPEAKS OUT.



Joe Sample

"The Rhodes is the Steinway of electric pianos."

## Rhodes®

Makers of fine keyboard instruments.

A Tradition of Excellence

**Wm. S. Haynes, Co. Inc.**  
12 PIEDMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. 02116  
617-482-7457

AMERICA'S OLDEST AND LARGEST EXCLUSIVE PERCUSSION CENTER



- Complete stock of famous name brand percussion instruments and accessories
- Owned and operated by Maurie Lishon

18 Years staff percussional CBS-WBBM Chicago

226 S. Wabash Ave.  
922-8761

Chicago, Ill. 60605  
922-1300

## ROY ROMAN



Roy Roman's new album is finally here! The live setting is a perfect background for the blistering heat of the wild brass sound which has not been heard since Maynard, Chase and Cat Anderson. Roy Roman's

high powered Contr. Constellation trumpet has propelled the biggest names in the business and now his triple F's and C's ignite his own big band. For your copy send check or money order for \$9.00, payable to Roy Roman, %:

**Roman Empire Productions**

429 East 52nd Street, Suite 15H  
New York, New York 10022



**FREE ALBUM**

with your  
subscription to

**down beat**

**SUBSCRIBE  
TODAY**

Choose one of  
the super albums  
listed here.

- K1 Keith Jarrett**  
*Death &  
The Flower*
- L3 Les McCann**  
*Another  
Beginning*
- L4 Sam Rivers**  
*Hues*
- K9 Wayne Shorter**  
*Native Dancer*

Get a full year of  
the world's leading  
contemporary music  
magazine—down beat  
down beat's record  
reviews keep you  
current on the best  
new recordings  
(to save you money)  
and that alone will save  
you more than the cost  
of your subscription.  
**Subscribe Now!**  
and get your  
free album.

down beat/Subs  
222 W. Adams St. • Chicago, Il. 60606  
Yes! Send me a year of down beat and  
my free album.

Circle one: CB W6 2Z CD

Payment Enclosed  New  Renew

\$13.50 1-year—U.S.A.

\$17.50 1-year—Foreign & Canada

Charge My

VISA  MASTER CHARGE

Card No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Cardholder Signature \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

MAHER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.  
(checks drawn on U.S.A. banks only)

Roswell Rudd in Valente; Tyner in both Harvey and Warner; Mingus in Harvey's compositions *Ghana* and *Jacket*; free-bop in Dagradi's *Urban*; and linear modal structures in his title tune and *Juanita*. Yet, the band is original enough to avoid the synthetic sound of too many of our jazz education victims. Dagradi, Sharpe, and Valente have particularly distinctive and mature conceptions, but I augur strong futures for each band-member.

The mainstream certainly hasn't dried up. It's just branched out over the years and still offers clean, refreshing waters. —cliff tinder

**ALPHONSE MOUZON**

**VIRTUE**—Pausa Records PR 7054: *MASTER FUNK; BAKER'S DAUGHTER; COME INTO MY LIFE; NYCTOPHOBIA; VIRTUE; POOBLI; THE MOUZON DRUM SUITE.*

**Personnel:** Mouzon, drums, timpani, percussion, electric keyboards, vocals; Gary Bartz, alto, soprano saxophone; Stu Goldberg, electric, acoustic keyboards; Welton Hite, electric bass.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

**BY ALL MEANS**—Pausa Records PR 7078: *DO I HAVE TO?; SPACE INVADERS; THE NEXT TIME WE LOVE; THE JOGGER; BY ALL MEANS.*

**Personnel:** Mouzon, drums, percussion, electric keyboards, vocals; Herbie Hancock, electric, acoustic piano; Lee Ritenour, Paul Jackson Jr., electric guitar; Scott Edwards, electric bass; Jerry Hey, flugelhorn, trumpet; Kim Hutchcroft, flute, alto saxophone; Larry Williams, flute, tenor saxophone (cuts 1, 4, 5); Freddie Hubbard, flugelhorn (5); Larry Tim, oboe (3).

★ ★ ½

No longer the pet peeve of highbrows or smart trend for hip players, fusion jazz has given way primarily to a laidback, soul-tinged pop jazz in the search for best-selling albums. *Virtue* from 1977 and *By All Means* from 1980 represent this little-noticed, yet, from an economic point of view, logical shift. They also illustrate two other equally quiet, natural developments: first, recorded for German MPS but now co-released under license to the virtually exploding Pausa Records label, they demonstrate that European jazz record companies on occasion will sacrifice their praised role as pure providers of esoterica and, like their "ugly" American counterparts, release chart-eager music; second, they show that this hybrid, like other categories, can be inspired and stimulating one moment, and superficial and forgettable the next.

*Virtue* benefits from some of the elements that made the Coryell/Mouzon-led 11th House one of the best early fusion constellations: a charged atmosphere, strikingly original compositions, intricate arrangements, inspired solos, and very possibly the greatest fusion drumming around. Again, Mouzon's hard, clean, and resilient playing retains a dancing pulse, and he never sounds busy or bombastic (like Billy Cobham). His eight-and-a-half minute *Drum Suite* stands as one

of the most impressive and musical drum solos recorded in the '70s. Mouzon is matched by three great performances peaking with Gary Bartz' emotional solo on *Come Into My Life*, Stu Goldberg's haunting synthesizer on the beautiful *Poobli*, and Weldon Hite's economical lines and effective patterns throughout.

*Virtue*, then, is that classic: a solid quartet effort based on a uniform and spontaneous creativity. Unfortunately, *By All Means* poses in the opposite corner, peddling made-to-order funk muzak laced with standard strutting by the drafted solo horses. Even Mouzon is defused and plays like a metronome. Only Herbie Hancock delivers with an electric piano solo on *Do I Have To?* that is a model of rhythmic improvisation.

Mouzon's talents as a composer, arranger, and drummer are far too considerable to be wasted on banal session recordings. Let us hope that he decides once more to form a personal group of committed and mutually invigorating musicians. —lars gabel

**WAXING**  
00.....

**Solo Wind Works**

- PETER VAN RIPER: ROOM SPACE (VRBLU 13) ★ ½**
- ANDRÉ JAUME: SAXANIMALIER (hat Hut R) ★ ★ ½**
- BOB REIGLE: SOLO SAXOPHONE (Aardwoof 2) ★ ★ ★**
- MAURY COLES: SOLO SAXOPHONE RECORD (Onari 003) ★ ★ ★**
- NED ROTHENBERG: TRIALS OF THE ARGO (Lumina L-001) ★ ★ ★**
- VINNY GOLIA: SOLO (Nine Winds 0104) ★ ★ ½**
- JOHN TCHICAI: SOLO (FMP SAJ-12) ★ ★ ½**
- CHARLES TYLER: SIXTY MINUTE MAN (Adelphi 5011) ★ ★ ★**
- DAVID MURRAY: SOLO LIVE VOL. I (CECMA 1001) ★ ★ ★**
- DAVID MURRAY: SOLO LIVE VOL. II (CECMA 1002) ★ ★ ★**
- EVAN PARKER: SAXOPHONE SOLOS (Incus 19) ★ ★ ★ ★**
- LEO SMITH: SOLO MUSIC AKHREANVENTION (Kabell 4) ★ ★ ★ ★ ½**

Two decades ago, at the end of the other Golden Age of jazz LP recording, musicians' self-produced LPs were almost as rare as Mingus-sized talents. But of this crop of 12 albums, apparently at least five were produced by the musicians themselves, and all of the others are sold by small labels that specialize in 1980s chamber jazz. Now that technology and commerce have made high quality recording equipment widely available, most of these are high quality productions, too, important especially when a performance is as exposed as unaccom-

panied wind instrument solos. Surely recordings such as these labors of love are signs of an affluent era.

Somehow, after the Chicagoans invented the solo improvisation as an idiom in the '60s, the idea arose that modernist musicians should dare to be this self-sufficient—and this open and honest: alone, solely responsible for your performance, you can't expect ensemble support for your conceptions. And if your music has the least weakness, it stands as exposed as acne. One side of Peter Van Riper's disc has no sax at all, but first, vari-pitched cowbells ringing pleasantly in a pasture, then a water heater dripping for 24 minutes. The other side slowly develops a simple soprano/sopranino sax composition in four different environments, to demonstrate (but not use) echoes and their overtones. The other albums here are more overtly jazz, each addressing the issue of performance responsibility, each in its way valuable for its intimacy and revelations; only Leo Smith's is not a woodwind set, though he does play two pieces on Chanain flutes.

There are some consistent features in the woodwind LPs. John Coltrane's manner of developing motives through extensive re-examination finds resonance in the work of Tchicai and Golia. The multiple techniques of sound variation and distortion introduced by Ayler and developed by the Chicagoans—overtones, multiphonics, false fingerings, dynamic variations, the entire world of "outside" sounds—are now a universal mode of communication, indeed almost the whole method of Reigle, Coles, Jaume, and Murray, and wholly Parker's way. Was it inevitable that such virtuosity would become so commonplace? Or that most of these musicians would gather such a wide range of musical materials from the '60s waves of outside musicians? The remarkable feature of these albums is that they're not remarkable: by and large they represent the mainstream of current avant garde thought.

André Jaume is simply amazing. His album opens with an explosive bass clarinet side, while his tenor sax side features a sound as huge as Ayler's (and, in the title track, a rocking Ayler figure developed in a rocking Ayler way). He deals almost completely in free association, and with a sense of sound as extreme as his, the music emerges as a long series of juxtapositions. I like the "animal" in the title: it reveals Jaume's kind of high spirits, for his continual sense of play makes this music appealing. His delight in his great talents substitutes for continuity, for activity is constant, and his facility of unrelated ideas is paralleled in the "chance" approaches of some other Europeans such as trombonist Paul Rutherford. Yet such a music demands a depth of spontaneous inspiration that isn't quite evident here, and the surface intensity of these performances doesn't quite sustain me: listeners can't remain fixed at one level of amazement for an entire LP's length.

Bob Reigle is amazing in much the same way, and he also offers embryonic ideas of structuring his extravagant tenor sax solos. In *Conceptual*, there are multiphonics in which the top notes move while the lower notes remain static; the gradual fade of sound at the end, incidentally, is another technique of improvisation characteristic only of post-Ayler jazz. Paul's Poam begins big and blustery, and progresses through

# ANOTHER RHODES SCHOLAR SPEAKS OUT.



Jeff  
Lorber

"It's the ideal studio keyboard. Its harmonic characteristics produce a warm background that doesn't get in the way."

**Rhodes®**

*Makers of fine keyboard instruments.*



**Totewear for the  
Active Percussionist.**

Distinctively Styled ... Ruggedly Built

Trust the leader.

**LATIN PERCUSSION**

160 Belmont Avenue, Dept. DB, Garfield, N.J. 07026  
Send \$2.00 for Catalog and Poster



impulsive antics to quiet passages that are a relaxed contrast to the more disassociated, frantic sections. The other track, *M & M's*, is all of side two, and might have been a bit dry except that Reigle overdubbed alto sax lines atop for complement and counterpoint. His urge to organize solos in very general ways is reminiscent of Julius Hemphill's attitude toward improvisation. Bob Reigle is a player from whom we'll surely hear much more in years to come.

Altoman Maury Coles, a Canadian, has obviously listened closely to the Chicago saxophonists, especially Anthony Braxton.

He loves a pretty and sweet, almost classical sound; even more, he loves outside sounds, over which he exerts consummate control, so that in the strangest overtone passages, split tones, and fast runs, his note definition is exceptionally precise. Hear the vibrato in the forte passages that begin *Prepared Plastic* and how soft, almost sub-tones swell to become real tones in *Hats Off*. *Tip Top Pop* consists of slapping sax keys to get a marimba sound on an Oriental scale. The accelerando and heated phrasing of *Goats Hill Road* sound plotted, not spontaneous; this and *Yonge Street Traveler* are each

based on the drawn-out reworking of a handful of motives. Probably *Prepared Plastic* is the fullest gallery of Coles' range of sound materials. In general his ideas of structure and phrasing are far less striking than his sensitivity to and mastery of sax sounds, but his precision and his urge to discover personal lyricism in all of his ways of producing sound are unique qualities.

Ned Rothenberg is more specific about his Chicago sources. His *Continuo After The Inuit* side is a solo alto piece, based on Inuit Eskimo music, most of it played in one long breath, which applies the many sounds of Roscoe Mitchell's *S II Examples* to the world of Anthony Braxton's *Kelvin* pieces, with episodes of repetition that move through motivic alteration and interjection. There's plenty of attractive playing here, and the best is the sub-tone melody that opens the piece. Rothenberg's *Trials Of The Argo* side has an alto sax as the most mobile element of an over-dubbed woodwind choir. This piece also has static episodes alternating with more mobile ones with active inner parts, and if a Mitchellish low pedal is the most distinctive structural element (at first a choir of breath tones, later multiple bass clarinets), the lengthy climax assembles quite a collection of consonant sounds (drones/slap-tonguing/trills/liquid warbles moving to a Nonaah-like mechanism of motives). Again the movement is slow, and if the weight of sound densities at times threatens to become ponderous, the variety of activity within the reassembled choirs is in contradiction. Multiphonics, overtones, and "prepared" sounds are the material of *Trials*, with the occasional alto break that sounds like a slowed Braxton. I have mixed emotions about this LP. There are passages in *Trials* that sound academic, yet in general it reveals a love of woodwind sounds and the natural beauty of harmonics—a quality to appreciate. Perhaps the influences of Mitchell and Braxton have become inescapable. Rothenberg's music is certainly appetizing, but which sound explorers will discover new, personal ways to organize and develop their ideas?

In his preceding albums and a Tim Berne disc, Vinny Golia fared well in outstanding company; in particular, bassist Roberto Miranda and drummer Alex Cline seemed to stimulate his performances. Alone, Golia retains a healthy sense of presence. His pastoral clarinet in *The Cave* is appealing, and *The Navanock*, on baritone sax, at least begins with a honking explosion and gigantic over-tone cries—big smiles here—before subsiding eventually into rather stagey r&b lines. Two bamboo flute pieces show these instruments' limitations: the second part of *For The Dancers* (bass sax) begs for the added vigor of fine accompanists, while a tenor and two soprano sax pieces are bathed in pretty sounds. The objective on this LP was for Golia to extend his lyric qualities; typically, he has devised separate styles for each instrument, so the different kinds of pieces here find varied treatments, and of course the full, clean sound that he loves to return to. Yet skill and will are more engaged than emotion this time: there's a lack of intensity near the heart of this album that's

**MARCO RECORDS** presents:

**JAZZ**

**"FESTIVAL" by Mat Marucci**

**A True Festival of Music**

**A Modern Approach To Straight-Ahead Jazz.**

**Features:**  
Llew Matthews  
Louie Spears  
Tom Adcock  
Doug Richardson



(MC-112)

At your local Record Store

**MARCO RECORDS**

11020 Ventura Blvd., Suite 252, Studio City, Ca. 91604 (213) 464-0300

**Other Albums by Mat Marucci:**

**"WHO-DO-VOOD-DO"**  
MC-101

*Billboard*: Recommended L.P.

*Record Review Magazine*:  
Rated A

**"LIFELINE"**

MC-111

*Billboard*: Recommended L.P.

*Down Beat*: ★ ★ ★ ★

**LEATHER**  
for your **TROMBONE**

Reunion Blues produces professional leather gig bags for bass and tenor 'bones. All have double padding, no-scratch zippers, and padded shoulder strap.

We also make leather bags for trumpets, saxophones, and many more instruments.

For our complete catalogue and the name of your local music store, send \$3.00 to:

**Reunion  
Blues**

475 Valencia St  
San Francisco,  
CA 94103



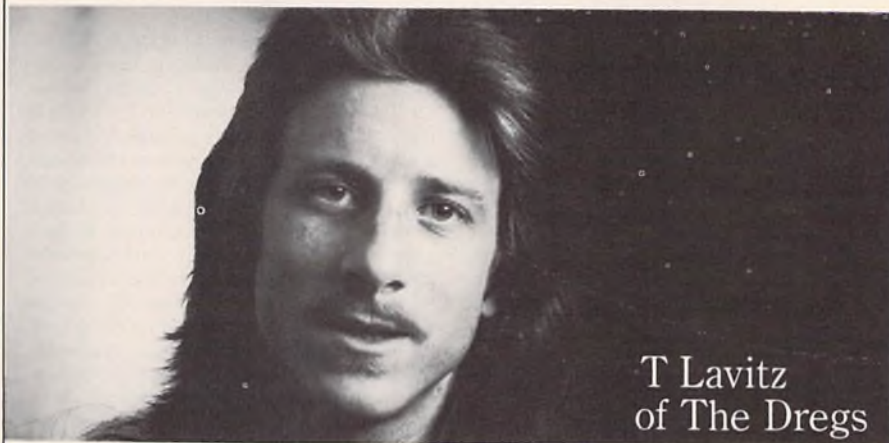
not compensated for by Golia's superb technique and busyness.

The Danish **John Tchicai's** alto sax was an element of stubborn sobriety in his '60s work with Coltrane, the NY Contemporary 5, and the New York Art Quartet—all of these Americans seemed intoxicated by their discoveries in the New Music. Tchicai also plays flute and soprano on this LP, but sound, far from a major interest, tends to shades of gray. His soloing is based on nagging reiteration and fussy evolution/variation of phrases, with fleeting interjections. Structure and contrast prove insufficient for inner motion: his lack of tension is the real problem here. *På Tirsdag* (soprano) and *Snakebite* (wood flute) both offer Eastern scales and suites of independent sections devoted to phrase re-examination; the second long section of *Snakebite* consists of toe-tapping, slow variations of a vamp, a four meter developing into three. Trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff joins for *One Soft-One Hard*, the one track in which Tchicai strives for a livelier alto sound, but Mangelsdorff is the more interesting both for sound variety and liberality of phrasing. For Tchicai, the term "free jazz" is only defined in terms of harmony here.

What's missing in all of these albums? You find out just moments into the **Charles Tyler** set, which springs from the blues and swings unashamedly (who needs a rhythm section to swing?). Three of the four tracks are his baritone sax, and the title piece, *60 Minute Man*, is an old Billy Ward hit, with Tyler's solo featuring heavily syncopated sections and jaunty do-wop rhythms. The shortest track is a set piece that quotes *Red Top* and a Charlie Parker blues, among others. *Tale Of Bari Red* is a spontaneously structured delight—the solo flows with the rhythms of classic jazz; for all its excitement the music sounds as natural as breathing, and the sound of high register contrasts against some slow trills is marvelous. I'm partial to Tyler's alto, so *Midwestern Drifter* is my favorite. It has a folklike theme, and with the bent notes the listener becomes tangled in a long line that twists freely through all the ranges of his sax and all his rhythmic moves, speeding, dropping. Though he's not sonically extravagant like Jaume, Reigle, or Coles, sound character becomes more dramatic in Tyler because he uses it as a structural force to initiate straightahead lines. This piece is an endless blues; Charles Tyler's story is direct and immediate. In the mid-'60s Tyler was part of the Ayler groups' sonic hurricane, and though his style has altered several times since then, he has retained that earlier, exciting attitude to sound while adding melodic and emotional resources. Tracks like *Red Bari* and *Drifter* are the best possible medium for his freewheeling lines, striking the right balance between programmed setting and spontaneity. For all his varied directions over the years, Tyler's music has grown, an uncommon sureness of technique and excitement following emotion—a rewarding art in an uncertain period.

Three sides of tenorist **David Murray's** albums come from a May, 1980 concert, and the fourth from a studio date two months later. The studio recordings reveal an indefinite eclecticism; so while the music is exciting, it's also disturbing. *Body And Soul* is a vehicle for some wild outside free

# ANOTHER RHODES SCHOLAR SPEAKS OUT.



T Lavitz  
of The Dregs

"It's as essential to my music as electricity."

## Rhodes®

Makers of fine keyboard instruments.



A New Year's Intensive Dec. 29 - Jan. 7

10 days of study and performance with

Jack Dave Pat  
DeJohnette Holland Metheny

CREATIVE MUSIC STUDIO

P.O. BOX 671, WOODSTOCK, NY 12498, (914) 338-7640

### THIS YEAR SURPRISE YOUR AUDIENCE

Give Them More Than They Expect

BILL WATROUS & HIS  
REFUGE WEST BIG BAND  
OR QUARTET

Fall, Winter & Spring Tour  
Concert & Clinics



For Information:

Scorpio Productions  
BOX 402  
DUBUQUE, IOWA 52001  
(319) 588-4595

### DAYBREAK EXPRESS RECORDS 1981 MASTER CATALOGUE

Largest JAZZ catalogue ever! 88 pages of listings featuring over 300 labels of JAZZ imports, small labels, and standard JAZZ catalogues. Fast UPS Service, Visa and MasterCard. Send \$2.00 to Daybreak Express Records, Dept. DB, P.O. Box 250, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215. Foreign customers welcome.

Yes, please rush me the 1981 Master Catalogue.  
Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

associations, but then a Monk song which features many delightful passages also implies Murray's constraint next to Monk's magical way of stretching or compressing phrases: *Untitled*, then, is a completely outside piece with ever-fascinating tenor sound. But Murray is much more decisive about what he wants to communicate in the concert tracks: they're aimed at an Albert Ayler idiom, or would be if Ayler had done solo sets. Themes tend to be simple licks or catchy little rhythmic figures—*Flowers For Albert* is taken from a line that Ayler once took from who knows where—though a line like *Rag Tag* is a raggy novelty. Murray comes on like gangbusters, swinging from the first note, then leaping into frantic, zooming free association blowing, all with the gigantic Ayler sound. In all of these pieces, including the cartoon humor of *B.C.*, played on bass clarinet, his opening improvisations are intense and strong. But then he stops to interject songlike passages or simple riffing, before returning to outside improvisation. Tension dissipates; his embodiment of an Ayler group in these performances is not sustained.

In the decade since Ayler's death, popular taste has made his innovations in sound common material, but Ayler's incredible idiom remains unfashionable, a mystery for far too many moderns; maybe Murray's revival strains the limits of their acceptance. Reviving Ayler is difficult without Ayler's extreme flair, impossible without the great man's eccentricities. Murray offers the shock and visceral excitement, but the surface of the revival is so close that it has an atmosphere of formula, the opposite of eccentricity. If Murray's phrasing seems much more surreal than Ayler's, it's because given Ayler's premises, his music was logical and flowing, not freely associated. The

other bass clarinet track is also in Vol. 1—*Sweet Lovely*, which breaks the mold to dwell on ballad optimism, and in the integration of lines is the beginning of a personal voice. In any case, Murray certainly is a hell of a saxophonist.

I was quite unprepared for *Evan Parker's* soprano Saxophone Solos, a three movement sonata with a brief coda movement, the whole titled *Aerobatics 1-4*. His work has always been not only original, but full of a master musician's confidence. His sound, on tenor and soprano, is so unique, with those little bristly notes, that the very idea of a straight sax sound seems never to have occurred to him. Not only do his phrases emerge in fast, coarse, many-noted chips off whatever form he's sculpting—the precise delineation of every note in every fragment, no matter how fast, is inhuman. Unusually, for an artist so masterly with space (the ever-fluid medium in which phrases flow) Parker operates at a constant extreme pitch of intensity. Like the Chicagoans, with whom he has little in common, *Evan Parker* is a major step beyond the discoveries of Ayler.

Granted Parker's exacerbated, harrowing idiom in all his work, *Aerobatics* is the furthest extreme that I've heard. From beginning to end, this *Sonny Rollins* from hell offers not a moment of respite from the relentless cruelty of his vision. In general his lines emerge as little, nasty phrases, pulverized into fragments by brute force. The tension is demonic; each movement is a finely controlled structure. *Fear* is the power that sustains *Aerobatics 1*, revolving around a held note of fear (circular breathing—in fact, it wavers through several tones) which turns to attack with the regular repetition of a momentary splintered tone, against which the nerves shudder in frozen horror. Then 2 has sounds emerging out of slap-tongued

near-silence; turbulence finally yields to savaged, isolated phrases yelping in terror. All of this violent underworld accumulates in 3: now the breaks between little phrases vanish, the brutal slashing is utterly continuous, and when the held note trap of fear returns, a dance of death emerges from the rhythm of overtone trills alternating with lower tones. The conclusion heaps on fantastic power in an unbroken, eternal cadence of damnation. Finally, the brief 4 adds bone-chilling new sounds to a reprise of some of these vicious visions. Has there ever been a more thoroughly malevolent jazz performance? Abstract and sensational as it is, *Aerobatics* is also a major improvisation, and the album should be heard.

There can be no greater contrast to Parker than the serenity of *Leo Smith*. Overt lyricism is the material of the two flute pieces, *Kashala* featuring little dancing figures. *Life Sequence I* grows out of meditation: a small bell rings six times, a deeper bell sounds softly, quiet percussion sounds for a moment. His trumpet then plays unforced but intricate phrases, rubato, long tones and isolated staccato notes marking transitions between passages. *Aura* is in two parts, the first with relatively fast phrases and closed spaces, the second beginning with a very long tone, moving to, finally, inchoate flugelhorn sounds out of which rudiments and then a full tone emerge. *Love Is A Rare Beauty* is on four trumpets, in five parts. In the first, space becomes a lyrical force as tones appear alone, united only by the force of silence. The second part has less space; phrases now appear. The third part is a continuous line, again with his marvelously varied note values; eventually a crucial elaboration of phrase occurs, rhythmic values simplify to a degree, and the line moves toward direct evocation. Muted and open passages alternate in the last two parts, which return in a circle to the point at which the work began.

The surface of Smith's music is so calm that the listener overlooks the real rhythmic complexity of his phrasing. Beyond the realms of speed, surprise, exaggeration, and experimentation is this fine, unruffled art, secure in its beauty and its power to engage us. Side 2 (*Aura, Love*) is especially satisfying, dealing as it does with the motions of sound in space. These are forces of nature, like the drops of water that become a trickle, then a pool, and eventually alter the landscape. At its most rewarding the solo wind medium offers music as intimate as this album. And in an especially creative period for *Leo Smith*, some of these solos are among his very finest performances.

FMP records are distributed through Rick Ballard Imports, P.O. Box 5063, Berkeley, CA 94705. Kabell, Nine Winds, Lumina, VRBLU, and Aardwoof are offered by New Music Distribution Service, 500 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. CECMA albums come from Francesco Maino, Via Ricasoli 27, 50122 Florence, Italy, and the Incus label is based at 87 Third Cross Road, Twickenham, Middx., England. Onari, hat Hut, and Adelphi can be obtained from Daybreak Express, 169 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11215.

—john litweiler

**Bobby  
DUKOFF**

NEW!

"HAND CRAFTED"  
SUPER POWER CHAMBER  
SAX MOUTHPIECES

**250%  
more**

NEW!



THE "SUPER POWER" CHAMBERS  
—SILVERITE METAL



SOPR. D 5 M  
ALTO D  
ALTO M  
TENOR T  
TENOR D  
TENOR H  
TENOR S  
BARI D 5 M

—PREFERRED BY PLAYERS AROUND THE WORLD—

**NOW # 1**

WORLDWIDE INQUIRES INVITED

SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER  
OR WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE  
BOBBY DUKOFF MOUTHPIECES  
P.O. Box 561002  
Kendall, Florida 33156  
(305) 238-0553

# 19★NEW★81 RELEASES

## PABLO

Joe Pass/Jimmy Rowles, two steadfast accompanists join for a tasteful duo conversation, CHECKMATE. Oscar Peterson, composed and solos in an orchestral program dedicated to HRH and Lady Di, A ROYAL WEDDING SUITE. Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, altoist and blues shouter cooks up an '81 stew, I WANT A LITTLE GIRL.

## TIMELESS

Art Blakey, plus an 11-piece Messengers big band recorded on an '80 tour, LIVE AT MONTREUX AND NORTHSEA. George Adams/Don Pullen, sly and hard driving quartet with Dannie Richmond's drums, Cameron Brown's bass, EARTH BEAMS. Dannie Richmond, with the "last Mingus band," PLAYS CHARLES MINGUS. David Liebman, reedist leads a quintet including Terumasa Hino's trumpet and John Scofield's guitar, dedicated to critics, IF ONLY THEY KNEW. Eastern Rebellion, tough boopish quintet—Cedar Walton, Curtis Fuller, Bob Berg, Sam Jones, Billy Higgins—with a '79 offering, THREE. Harry Happel/Daan Gaillard/Fred Krens, piano trio from Holland present their INTRODUCTION.

## COLUMBIA

Arthur Blythe, adventurous altoist in four instrumental settings, from chamber jazz to the Sanctified Church, BLYTHE SPIRIT. Bob James, six originals from pop-jazz composer, with horns, strings, and vocals, SIGN OF THE TIMES.

## BLACK SAINT/SOUL NOTE

Bill Dixon, new music pioneer in intimate small group settings, IN ITALY VOL. 2. John Carter, canny clarinetist in sensitive and wicked quintet pieces from '80, NIGHT FIRE. Air, AACM trio in a set of three dedications to friends and influences, AIR MAIL. George Russell, developer of the Lydian Chromatic Concept of Tonal Organization offers an orchestral example, VERTICAL FORM VI. String Trio of New York, violinist Billy Bang, guitarist James Emery, and bassist John Lindberg in mild and wild settings, AREA CODE 212.

World Saxophone Quartet, bopping and sailing through reed heaven, w.s.q. Andrew Cyrille, chiaroscurally textured drummer with his quartet Maono, SPECIAL PEOPLE. Leroy Jenkins/Muhai Richard Abrams, two AACM stalwarts in violin/piano duets caught live in '77, LIFELONG AMBITIONS. Tom Varner, french horn'er flutters through five originals in a QUARTET. Barry Altschul, pianist Anthony Davis and bassist Rick Rozie join the variegated drummer and cohort trombonist Ray Anderson, FOR STU.

## PROGRESSIVE

Sonny Stitt, '78 set of swingers, plus the return of a legendary bebop pianist, MEETS SADIK HAKIM. Arnett Cobb, w/pianist Derek Smith, drummer Ronnie Bedford, bassist Ray Drummond, the intense tenorist plays FUNKY BUTT.

## MILESTONE/PRESTIGE

Thelonious Monk, Paris portion of a quartet concert first released as *Two Hours With Thelonious on Riverside*, APRIL IN PARIS/LIVE. Cannonball Adderley, reissue combines John Benson Brooks' *Alabama Concerto* w/a big band African Waltz session, ALABAMA/AFRICA. Max Roach, two Debut albums—*Deeds*, *Not Words* and *Speak, Brother, Speak*—revisited, CONVERSATIONS. Gene Ammons, two jam sessions including the only known Trane on alto, THE BIG SOUND. Sonny Rollins, his first waxings as leader, from '51-54, VINTAGE SESSIONS.

Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis/Johnny Griffin, two double-tenor sets from '61, caught LIVE AT MINTON'S. Charles Mingus, the historic Chazz appearance w/extended ensemble, from '64, MINGUS AT MONTEREY. J. J. Johnson/Kai Winding/Bennie Green/Willie Dennis, four trombones bop and slide, THE DEBUT RECORDINGS. McCoy Tyner, anthology collected from various Milestone dates from the '60s, REFLECTIONS.

continued on page 50

## New ...



**VOL 22—STANDARDS** 13 songs, 2 LP's. Long awaited set of standards for all instruments. Set includes these songs: *Easy Living*, *I Remember You*, *If I Should Lose You*, *Lover* (2 versions), *My Ideal*, *My Old Flame*, *Soon*, *The Nearness of You*, *Stella by Starlight*, *Tangerine*, *Out of Nowhere*, *Wives & Lovers*, & *It Could Happen to You*. Rhythm section is Dan Haerle, Ed Soph & Todd Coolman. (Book & 2 LP's) \$12.95

**JAZZ STYLES** books by David Baker.  MILES DAVIS,  JOHN COLTRANE,  SONNY ROLLINS,  C. ADDERLEY. Contains solos too! Each \$8.95

**NEW GUITAR BOOKS** by BARRY GALBRAITH. 3 new books and LP record  #1 Logical fingering.  #2 Daily exercises.  #3 Bach two-part inventions.  #4 Bach play along record with Barry. Each book is \$4.95. LP Record is \$6.95

**THE JAZZ LANGUAGE** by Don Haerle. Outstanding new theory text for individual or group jazz study. For improvisation or composition. \$8.95

**MUSIC AS THE BRIDGE** by Shirley Winston. Based on the Edgar Cayce readings. \$2.95

**HANDBOOK FOR EDUCATION IN THE NEW AGE** by Walene James. Guidebook for education based on the wisdom of the Edgar Cayce readings. Much needed in this time. \$2.50

**ART TATUM PIANO SOLOS**—23 solos by the master \$5.95

**RUFUS REID BASS LINES** transcribed off records Vol. 1 and 3 of play-a-long series. Exactly as recorded with chord symbols. Modal tunes. Blues, Cycle, II/V/I and many other progressions. \$4.95

## New ...



**VOL 23—ONE DOZEN STANDARDS** Book & 2 LP's. Lyrics and melodies transposed for all instruments. Set includes these songs: *Angel Eyes*, *But Beautiful*, *Everything Happens to Me*, *Here's That Rainy Day*, *I Should Care*, *Imagination*, *Like Someone In Love*, *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, *Violets For Your Furs*, *Will You Still Be Mine*, *You Say You Care*, and *Personality*. Rhythm section is Michael Weiss, piano; John Goldsby, bass; Jonathan Higgins, drums. (Book & 2 LP's) \$12.95

**BEBOP JAZZ SOLOS** by David Baker. Correlated with J. Abersold's play-a-long records Vol. 10 & 13. Great way to improve sight-reading and learn the language of jazz. Use with or without LP's.  Concert,  Bb,  Eb,  Bass. Each book \$4.95

**SONNY ROLLINS SOLOS**. 9 solos off record.  Treble,  Bb. Each \$5.95

**BENNY GOODMAN SOLOS**. 30 solos off record.  Treble,  Bb. Each \$5.95

**BASICALLY BAKER** \*\*\* New album by David Baker on cello w/string ensemble and rhythm section. Exciting record—four stars! \$6.95

**CIRCULAR BREATHING** for all wind players. \$3.95

**BASIC BEATS** for the working drummers. \$3.95

**BARRY GALBRAITH Vol. 3 "GUITAR COMPING"**. Transcribed guitar comping w/bass lines in treble clef. Milt Hinton on bass w/Barry on guitar. Book & LP set. \$11.90

**FLEXIBILITY & IMPROV. PATTERNS** by Rich Matteson & Jack Petersen.  Treble,  Bass. Each \$7.00

## New ...



**VOL 25—17 ALL-TIME STANDARDS** Book & 2 LP's. Lyrics and melodies transposed for all instruments. This is an excellent set! Includes these songs: *Sunmeritime*, *Speak Low*, *September Song*, *Old Devil Moon*, *The Party's Over*, *My Funny Valentine*, *My Favorite Things*, *Love Is Here To Stay*, *I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face*, *It Might As Well Be Spring*, *I Love You*, *I Could Write a Book*, *I Can't Get Started*, *Have You Met Miss Jones*, *Foolish Heart*, *Come Rain or Come Shine*, and *A Foggy Day*. Rhythm section is Hal Galper, piano; Steve Gilmore, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums. (Book & 2 LP's) \$12.95

**THE JAZZ ENSEMBLE: GUIDE TO TECHNIQUE**, R. Henry. \$7.95

**RAVI SHANKAR: LEARNING INDIAN MUSIC** (Book & 3 cassettes) \$29.95

**JAZZ GUITAR WORKBOOK** by M. Crum. \$3.95

**TRANSCRIBED PIANO VOICINGS** by Jamey Abersold. FIRST OF ITS KIND. Comping to the volume 1 record! As played by J. Abersold. 40 minutes of accompaniment with both hands, chord symbols and other markings. Can be used by ALL MUSICIANS who want to learn about chords and voicings on piano. \$4.95

**MILES DAVIS SOLOS** with Original Recordings! 10 solos by Miles with a LP record of Miles playing the solos. Book and LP set. Hear & see Miles' solos together! \$9.95

**A COMPLETE METHOD FOR JAZZ IMPROVISATION** by Jerry Coker. New book by the master teacher. Play-a-long cassette too. \$20.00

TO ORDER: Send check or money order. Postage and handling charge 95¢ for 1 to 3 items. Free postage for 4 items or more. Canada & Foreign add \$3.25 for one BK/LP set; \$1.10 each additional set. Foreign book rate add \$1.50 first 2 bks, 30¢ for additional book. NO C.O.D. ... USA FUNDS ONLY. VISA & MASTER CHARGE welcome MINIMUM \$15 charge. Dealer inquiries welcome. SEND TO:



JAMEY AEBERSOLD  
1211-D AEBERSOLD DR.  
NEW ALBANY, IN 47150

## MUSE

Willis Jackson/Von Freeman, two tenors honkin', wailin', and carryin' on, LOCKIN' HORNS. Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, Texas altoist and singer w/guests Arnett Cobb and Buddy Tate, LIVE AT SANDY'S. David "Fathead" Newman, altoist adds other axes to his arsenal, enjoys a RESURGENCE! Walt Barr, guitarist from Philly offers his third album, with a quintet, ARTFUL DANCER. Kenny Burrell, graceful guitar trio, via a '78 Village Vanguard date, IN NEW YORK.

## MCA

Spyro Gyra, electric sextet with guests, FREETIME. Jump Street Band, easy jazz sounds for rug cutters, JUMP STREET BAND.

## PAUSA

Count Basie, 1970 big band session of pop standards, HIGH VOLTAGE. Martial Solal/Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen, French pianist and Danish bassist dueting with MOVABILITY. Art Van Damme, '70 performances finds the accordionist in a quintet featuring Joe Pass, KEEP GOING. Rob McConnell/Boss Brass, hard working big band waxes a new set, TRIBUTE.

## INDEPENDENTS

(available from NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012, or contact db)  
Red Norvo, legendary vibist leads a '57 quintet in a first-time release from Reference Records, THE FORWARD LOOK. Jack

Sheldon, trumpeter/raconteur leads his "late-show all-stars" in a digital waxing from RealTime Records, PLAYIN' IT STRAIGHT. Joe Marino, the ultimate cocktail lounge pianist in Carmichael, Gershwin, Rodgers, and Ellington medleys, also digital from RealTime, PLAYS 28 ALL-TIME GREAT HITS VOL. 1. Boots Mussulli, saxophonist in two '54 quartet dates, reissued by Affinity Records from the old Capitol "Kenton Presents" series, LITTLE MAN. Sal Salvador, bop guitarist in another "Kenton Presents" production from Affinity, BOO BOO BE DOOP. Bob Cooper/Bill Holman, separate sextet/octet '54 perfs from West Coast leaders, via Kenton and Affinity again, GROUP ACTIVITY.

Red Allen, the trumpeter leading seven titles from an old Jazz Showcase LP, plus previously unreleased TV and live numbers, from Phoenix Jazz, NICE! Turk Mauro, baritone saxist from Buddy Rich's band w/Rich cohorts, also Phoenix Jazz, HEAVYWEIGHT. Ray Collins, Bay Area reedist with Japanese, African, and NYC inspiration, from KRC Enterprises, OF BLUES, MYSELF & I. Beaver Harris, drummer leads the 360° Musical Experience in a live concert, from Cadence Jazz Records, NEG-CAUMONGUS. Alvin Queen, another drummer-led Blakey-like quintet, from Nilva Records, IN EUROPE.

Bobby Naughton, new music vibist with trumpeter Leo Smith and clarinetist Perry Robinson, a reissue from Otic Records, THE HAUNT. Andy Narell, steel drummer and keyboarder, leads a quartet from HipPocket Records, STICKMAN. Peter Leitch, guitarist kicks a quintet in mainstream-styled numbers, from Jazz House Productions, JUMP STREET. Mars Everywhere, electronic space music-funk-rock-jazz-etc., from Random Radar Records, INDUSTRIAL SABOTAGE. Craig Leon, synthesizer perfs bouncy and spaced-out, from Takoma Records, NOMMOS.

Tim Berne, young saxist leads sextet in new and old original music, via Empire Productions, SPECTRES. George Lewis, AACM trombonist/synthesist/composer proposes an intense environment for reeds and electronics, from Lovely Music/Vital Records, CHICAGO SLOW DANCE. Regan Ryzuk, pianist in three difference styles on three LPs from Happening Records—straightahead, TRIO COMPROVISATIONS; electric jazz-rock, FUSION QUARTET COMPROVISATIONS; and free, DUOLOGUES FOR PIANO AND DRUMS. Amiri Baraka, reciting his high-voltage poetry backed by David Murray and Steve McCall, from India Navigation Records, NEW MUSIC-NEW POETRY. Paul Winter, two LPs of ensemble sounds inspired by sea mammals, from Living Music Records distributed by Gramavision, CALLINGS.

Johnny Copeland, blues belter w/ help from jazzers George Adams, Arthur Blythe, and Byard Lancaster among others, from Rounder Records, COPELAND SPECIAL. Lee Scott, South Florida club pianist plays eight chestnuts, from Blue Heron Records, VOL. 1. Sheila Landis, sings nine originals, from SheLan Records, JAZZ RENDEZVOUS. Judy Willing, sings 13 standards, from Lavenham Records, JUDY WILLING. Ambiance, funk-styled dance grooves led by Nigerian Daoud Abubakar Balewa, from DaMon Records, TIGHT & TIDY. db



# POLYTONE

repeatedly, the best performer has

## THE "EDGE"

With It's All New, Powerful, Lightweight

# MINI-STUDIO SERIES

Bass and Lead Amplifiers

An important development at POLYTONE is our introduction of a complete new line of Studio amplifiers we call the *MINI-STUDIO SERIES*. And, yes, POLYTONE has the "EDGE" (two little horns) self-contained in these new amps. Look for our *MODULATOR* and newly improved *OCTAVE DIVIDER*, with new Channel Switching featured, all remotely controlled.

We are first again ELECTRONICALLY with more PROTECTION CIRCUITS than ever to insure that musicians have a long-lasting dependable product. And we're proud to say that POLYTONE is American-made.

Oh, by the way all Polytone amps have a new coat: a 28oz. weight material called "BOL-TAFLEX" which is made to last for hard on-the-road use and is easy to clean.

OOPS, I almost forgot. *MINI-BRUTE HAD A BABY!* You've got to see the unbelievable 70 watt RMS *BABY-BRUTE*.



Send for a full line brochure:  
POLYTONE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, INC.  
6865 Vineland Ave., N. Hollywood, CA 91605

# Blindfold Test:

MAL WALDRON

BY  
**LEONARD  
FEATHER**

THOUGH HE IS PROBABLY better known in Japan (he visits there almost every year) and in Europe (where he has lived since 1965), Mal Waldron's reputation as pianist and composer has been kept alive in the U.S. by

the various LPs on which he is represented, several of them on Inner City, plus a number of Prestige reissues (where he was musical director and house pianist during the '50s).

His pre-expatriation credentials consist mainly of a stint with Charles Mingus, followed by two years as Billie Holiday's last accompanist. In 1961-62 he

played in a memorable combo co-led by Eric Dolphy and Booker Little.

After living in Paris, Bologna, and Rome, he settled in Munich in 1967. The demands for his services keep him busy on his international rounds almost continuously. This was his first Blindfold Test; he was given no information about the records.



GIUSEPPE G. PINO

## 1. **JOANNE BRACKEEN. LET ME KNOW** (from *KEYED IN*, Tappan Zee). Brackeen, piano, composer; Eddie Gomez, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

I felt the whole thing was very relaxed, beautiful mood playing. Excellent technique on the pianist's part—faultless actually. It had the Bill Evans and Herbie Hancock influences—I'm not sure which one. It was free sounding, even though based on recurring harmonic bases.

The bass is also high caliber technique; he reminded me of Miroslav Vitous. And the drummer was beautiful, too. He blended in so beautifully, I didn't even really notice him. I'd give that four-and-a-half stars.

## 2. **HERBIE NICHOLS. THE THIRD WORLD** (from *THE THIRD WORLD*, Blue Note Reissue Series). Nichols, piano, composer; Al McKibbin, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

That was definitely a Monk-influenced pianist. I think what happened here is that he didn't really pay attention to Monk's real lesson, and that's the use of space. He played too many notes for my feeling, and it kind of got crowded up for me.

The piece was very interestingly constructed, so I'd give it four for the piece.

LF: You don't know who it was?

MW: No, who was it?

LF: That was somebody I think you admired very much—Herbie Nichols.

MW: Oh, yes, Herbie, I knew him, but I hadn't heard this piece before.

LF: Do you think he did some more interesting things than this?

MW: Yes, I think so.

## 3. **BILL EVANS. PERI'S SCOPE** (from *WE WILL MEET AGAIN*, Warner Brothers). Evans, piano, composer; Tom Harrell, trumpet; Larry Schneider, tenor saxophone; Marc Johnson, bass; Joe LaBarbera, drums.

That was a nice bop-type tune with nice changes. The trumpet sounded very good, very relaxed; the tenor too. Everybody swung on that one pretty well. This type of music doesn't really thrill me any more, because it's been done so much. So I'd give

that three stars for the music; four for the musicianship.

The pianist had a good feeling and he probably arranged the tune.

LF: Does it suggest anybody to you?

MW: I've been out of the country too long; I can't place any of these people.

LF: That was Bill Evans.

MW: Well, Bill changed his style; at first he was playing piano very softly with no dynamics. Later on he changed over. I'm not really aware when he made that change. I haven't heard too much since he changed, because I'd already left the country.

## 4. **GEORGE CABLES. INNER GLOW** (from *CABLES VISION*, Contemporary). Cables, keyboards; Freddie Hubbard, flugelhorn; Ernie Watts, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Tony Dumas, bass; Peter Erskine, drums; Vince Charles, percussion.

That must be some fusion music, right? Well, it's very nice, very interesting, very relaxed-sounding. But to me it doesn't really have the bite I like to hear in jazz. I feel that jazz is a much more exciting, more vivid expression of life, than the fusion gets.

The pianist was very good, though. All the musicians were very good, actually. They could play jazz, really, if they wanted to, but apparently they've chosen not to. I'd give it three stars.

(Later) Freddie has always been a beautiful musician, that's why I don't know why he's playing this fusion—I think he should just play jazz.

## 5. **CHICK COREA. QUARTET No. 3** (from *THREE QUARTETS*, Warner Bros.). Corea, piano, composer; Michael Brecker, tenor saxophone; Eddie Gomez, bass.

That's much more in the direction I like to hear music, so I'd give that four-and-a-half stars. It's much more free, a much more individual-type music. Most of the music I hear around America sounds very commercialized, like they're trying their best to sell it to a public that's not ready for it. This music sounds like it's more introspective; it's

much more concerned with the musicians themselves than the outside public that might be listening to them.

I thought the tenor player was Joe Henderson, but it might be Jan Garbarek. And the pianist could be Herbie Hancock—he has big ears, he can hear everything. He probably has perfect pitch, and that lends itself well to this type of playing. You don't have to guess where everybody is, you can just fill in. It holds the whole thing together beautifully.

The bass player is beautiful; he walks fantastically, and has a good strong feeling with a push to it. The feeling of the piece, with the relaxation and then into uptempo and then back to relaxation, changing, changing, that's beautiful.

I really like that kind of playing. I feel that's really part of jazz. That's a part of jazz that's become jazz through what people like Ornette Coleman started, and Charlie Mingus, with the free music. That's a good part of jazz.

LF: Did you start getting into that when you were with Mingus?

MW: I did; but I got more into it when I was with Eric Dolphy and Booker Little.

## 6. **OSCAR PETERSON. GRAY'S BLUES** (from *THE HISTORY OF AN ARTIST*, Pablo). Peterson, piano; George Mraz, bass; Bobby Durham, drums.

Beautiful feeling. Good old-time fashioned swinging. The bass player is very good, a little lighter than I usually like to hear bass. Drummer was very good too. I think the pianist was Oscar Peterson. And I think the bassist was George Mraz. Can't think who the drummer was. I'd give it four stars.

LF: Do you like that kind of playing in general?

MW: Yes, it's always good to go back to that, I always like to swing some tunes during the evening too. You can't get away from your childhood.

LF: As a final afterthought, who has impressed you that has come up during the past few years that you've heard?

MW: Archie Shepp has impressed me quite a lot with his change from "out" to "in" music. He plays ballads beautifully; he has an identifiable sound. On piano . . . McCoy Tyner has really impressed me the most.



# Profile:

## Bill Evans, Mike Stern, and Mino Cinelu

BY HOWARD MANDEL

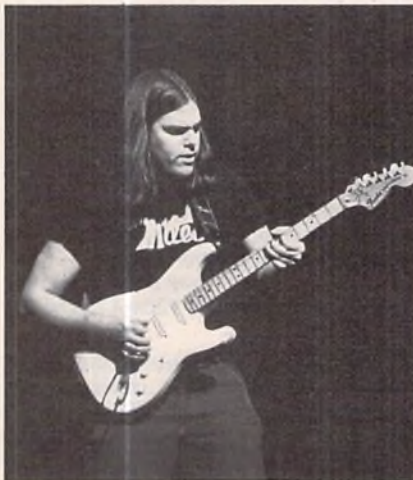
**S**uddenly, they are stars: saxophonist Bill Evans, guitarist Mike Stern, and percussionist Mino Cinelu, who share the front line with Miles Davis in the trumpeter's latest band. Not to forget drummer Al Foster—though avid listeners know all about his contributions through the '70s and into the new decade—or bassist Marcus Miller, who stands in the shadows but has been laying down the solid grounding for a score of funky studio productions (Aretha Franklin's



Bill Evans

same name whom Miles Davis introduced on his classic *Kind Of Blue*. "I started on clarinet in seventh grade, went on to the saxophone in eighth grade, played tenor all through high school, and studied with Bunky Green and Joe Daley, both for about six months. But mainly I bought a million records. I listened to Sonny Stitt, Charlie Parker, old Jack McDuff sides—everything—and that's how I got it together.

"For me, there was no choice. I had an inner drive, and I was always gonna play; it's what I wanted to do. I went to North Texas State University for a while, but decided I had to be in New York, 'cause I had to hear musicians live. That's how I learned the most. Oh, I enrolled in William Paterson College in New Jersey, and after two years I got a degree in jazz performance, but I was commuting all the time, and dedicating



Mike Stern

before he began hanging out with Davis, seeing him every other day. The straight axe sounded right for the songs they were doing, and has become an onstage rival to Evans' first choice, the tenor. Both horns are Selmers, and Evans blows through Otto Link and Selmer metal mouthpieces, using medium hard reeds. Bill performed at the Kool Jazz Festival with Gil Evans (also no relation), but counts his work with Miles as the occasion for several firsts.

"It's my first time on the road," he enumerates, "my first record, my first time being an important part of the band along with big names. This is, I would say, something major. And I like it—I like it a lot."

It was Evans who brought guitarist Stern to Miles' attention. "I first met Mike in January ['81], when we played together in Boston at Michael's Pub. In order to recommend a guitar player to Miles," Evans explains, "you've got to think about what Miles wants to hear. He likes Jimi Hendrix and hot lines. A straight bebop guitarist wouldn't do it. Mike is a real good guy. He looks different, he thinks different, and he plays different; he has real good tech-



Mino Cinelu

latest among them).

In the September, 1980 *down beat* I reported on Miles Davis' Chicago-bred quartet, and indeed, guitarist Randy Hall, keyboard player Robert Irving, bassist Felton Crews, and drummer Vince Wilburn are featured in the new Davis album *The Man With The Horn*. But it's Evans, Stern, and Cinelu who are touring with the Man, and coping with the newness of backstage visitors asking lots of questions. Their answers reveal well-trained, serious young players, trying to make the most of a good opportunity, and generating a welcomed excitement in concert by continually stretching their chops and using their potential.

"I'm 23," says Evans, raised in Hinsdale, outside of Chicago, and no relation to the late, great pianist of the

myself to sitting in, somewhere, every weekend. I got to play with Thad Jones, with Joanne Brackeen and Clint Houston in piano/bass bars, at the Village Vanguard with Art Blakey, and that's how I met young musicians. Plus, I knew people from Jamey Aebersold summer clinics—that's where the most serious players always went—and that's how I ran into Dave Liebman and Steve Grossman, who both showed me some things."

Evans must have learned fast; when Davis called Liebman in April, 1980 for a recommendation, Bill Evans was the name he was given. "Miles likes a constant influx of new players, so that's how I got started," the saxist says. "He doesn't like to go back to people he's played with before." Evans started practicing his soprano about a month

and can handle the bebop bridges, where Miles swings. What else could you want?"

Stern may be most comfortable dealing the comped chords over which Miles improvises, but he's equally capable of squeezing out the newly developed psychedelicisms that Miles' direction demands. Also in his mid-20s, Stern was born and raised in Washington, DC, and lived in Boston for 10 years. There he went to school at Berkeley, studied with Pat Metheny, played around, and even hooked some gigs.

"I was with Blood, Sweat & Tears for a couple of years," he reports, "and made their album *Brand New Day*. I was with Billy Cobham briefly—that's where Miles first saw me. But for me, playing with Miles is by far the best gig ever. I've always been a Miles fan, but

photos by NOEL NEUBURGER

never expected to play with him. And he's real supportive.

"Like on the album, on my solo for *Fat Time* [see *Pro Session*, page 58], that was the last thing recorded. I'd been brought in to replace Barry Finnerty. I thought the track we cut was an outtake. I didn't have my amp set right, and I was real depressed by the solo. But Miles really dug it. We get together now, and listen to tapes we've made, and I'm never sure . . . but Miles is totally knocked out, and into it. He makes me do things I wonder about, but he's always right."

Stern says of his own playing, "I'm always critical of what I do. I like the comping; it's fun for me. And dynamically, this band can get real loud or go so soft it's a whisper. I'll play bebop kinds of lines—I've played hundreds of bop gigs, but that's not what Miles wants—looking for the horn sound on my electric guitar. Playing after horns, which I've been doing for several years now, that's what I tend to do. It's not Wes Montgomery or Jim Hall, though I try to do all of that, 'cause I'm into that. But I throw it all together, and think, think about constructing solos, about putting both Bill's and Miles' ideas together, and just hope it works. It's weird, but it's kind of big fun."

Miles discovered Mino Cinelu at Mikell's (in NYC), playing percussion behind an "Ashford and Simpson-type band. I play so many different kinds of music," claims Cinelu, who has a folkloric trio with his brothers, in which he plays guitar. He maintains personal feelings for Martinique, from which his father came, that way; he knows, also, to mix in r&b and jazz, as he learned in Paris, where he grew up. With Miles, he concentrates on coloristic use of hand percussion, and occasionally stops the show with a solo in the center of the stage, where he rolls, naked shoulders gleaming, banging his bongos. With Miles, all the young musicians get to prove just how many different kinds of music they play, and what they can create from what they learn and hear. ♪

## Maiden Voyage

BY A. JAMES LISKA

**T**here was a time when an impresario's dream could be made to come true by the appearance of an all-girl orchestra in his office anteroom. After all, such a commodity was considered enough of a novelty (and vice versa) to attract the attention of booking agents while serving the

prurient interests of at least one segment of the public (and vice versa).

To a certain extent, the novelty of such bands persists, hand-in-hand with a deep-rooted prejudice that has even the best women musicians (unless they are singers or pianists) relegated to a contemptibly inferior level. Ann Patterson, who leads the all-female Maiden Voyage in Los Angeles, is well aware of both situations and is learning to live with them. She will not, however, accept either. "It's okay that people hire us because of the fact that we're an all-girl band," she says, adding that a victory for the band and its music—as well as one over prejudice—is secured when "we don't disappoint anyone musically."

That, of course, is the key to the success Maiden Voyage has enjoyed since its inception almost two years ago. The big band was formed by Patterson and drummer Bonnie Janofsky. Though differences of opinion concerning the music, direction, and business resulted in Patterson and Janofsky severing their relationship, the band has continued. In its relatively short history, Maiden Voyage has secured critical accolades and public acceptance from its countless area club dates, and national exposure through a performance on the *Tonight Show*. It has also performed at the Kansas City Women's Jazz Festival and this summer opened the *Playboy Jazz Festival*. In each instance, the 17 maidens sitting in three rows have convinced their audiences that they can cook as well with their instruments as they are expected to with kitchen utensils.

Patterson, a 34-year-old alto saxophonist with an accent telling of her Snyder, Texas upbringing, is rightfully proud of the band she leads. Though she wants the band to continue working and to succeed financially, her stated goals have more to do with a woman's place in music, generally, than her band, specifically. "There are three purposes of this band," she says, lighting a cigarette and taking a long drag as she organizes her thoughts. "First, it gives women who are potentially top-flight musicians the experience they've had difficulty getting elsewhere. Second, it showcases women musicians and exposes their abilities so they might get other work and get better known. The third thing is to give women some work."

The calls for the band to work are beginning to increase and, though no label deal has yet been secured, the band has been in the studio to record. Club and concert dates are the mainstay of the group's income, and Patterson looks to the college circuit as a potential market. "Another big market for us is women's concerts," Patterson

# Maynard's Little Big Horn with the soft-jazz bore.

"I designed this trumpet to offer the player an instrument that's exactly the same as my MF Horn except for the bore. The MF's is large — .468. This one's just a tad smaller — .465. I like this for the softer jazz things because it isn't quite as demanding as far as air power goes.

"Also, not everyone uses my size mouthpiece. A player might prefer a huge one. With this trumpet, we're giving him a bore that'll offset his mouthpiece better. Plus all the features that've made the MF so popular.



"Fast valves. I want to press a valve and see it come up fast. I've used hundreds of trumpets, and these are the valves that work the best.

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

"A live bell. Holton and I experimented with smaller bells, bigger bells, less flare, more flare. And we hit on the one that has a live sound. It rings!"

**Maynard Ferguson's Little Big Horn. The Holton MF4. It's included in a full-color 32-page catalogue of Holton brass and woodwinds. For a copy, just send two dollars to Leblanc, 7019 Thirtieth Avenue, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53141.**

# HOLTON



Maiden Voyage

says. "More and more women's concerts are happening all over the country, and, naturally, we fit in with those."

Though Patterson is hesitant to label Maiden Voyage as a feminist group, she recognizes that factor as being a part of the band's collective psyche. "We're feminists in the respect that we're trying to change attitudes about women musicians," she says. "It's funny, but a male musician is just assumed good until proven otherwise. For women, it's the other way around."

On the super-active Los Angeles music scene, women are not holding down the best jobs. Patterson describes herself as a "not very busy studio player—though I'd like to be," and says that many of the women in Maiden Voyage share that situation. For the most part however, the members of the band have day jobs, are homemakers, or go to school. "It's really difficult to get work as a musician in this town if you're a woman. But where it helps to be a woman is that other musicians remember you if you're good. When I was trying to put the band together," she says, "I was asking everybody to keep his eyes open for players. If I just needed a guitar player, nobody would particularly remember anyone. But if somebody had heard a woman guitar player, they'd remember."

Women players have been heard and referred to Maiden Voyage en masse. Several personnel changes have taken place and today the band stands as one of the better bands in Los Angeles—for reasons of quality music, not the novelty. Sporting a hefty book of handsome arrangements by Don Menza, Tommy Newsom, Bobby Shew, Bob Enevoldsen, and Brad Dechter among others, Maiden Voyage has shown itself to be a swinging unit whose greatest asset is its cohesive ensemble playing. Not every member of the band is a qualified soloist, but there is little doubt that with time each will be. Besides Patterson, the band has some fine soloists in flugelhornist Anne Petereit, trumpeters Louise Berk and Stacy Rowles, trombonist Betty O'Hara (who also sings with the band and plays a double-belled euphonium and trumpet), and saxists Carol Chaiken and Leslie Dechter.

But the band is the thing, and Maiden Voyage is an impressive ensemble that is already beyond the novelty stage. db

Cymbals with a striking difference

They're from Camber. And the difference will be obvious the moment you strike them. Camber Brass, Nickel-Silver and Bronze Cymbals are a little brighter, a little crisper and create better tone quality that Cuts Through even in a crowd of sound. Each Camber Cymbal has a unique Nomar finish that prevents finger and strike marks from marring its natural beauty.

Enjoy the feeling of total percussion control. Whatever your cymbal requirements . . . rock, fusion jazz, new wave or symphonic . . . remember Camber Cuts Through. Send for your free booklet "How to Choose A Cymbal" along with our catalog of Camber Cymbals and Accessories.

DB1181

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Music Store \_\_\_\_\_

CAMBER CYMBAL

101 Horton Ave., Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

**Maiden Voyage Personnel:** Louise Berk, Stacy Rowles, Anne Petereit, Martyne Awkerman, trumpet; Beth Carver, Betty O'Hara, Lynne Morrison, Sherry Wright, trombone; Ann Patterson, Carol Chaiken, Leslie Dechter, Barbara Watts, Jamie MacEwing, reeds; Debbie Katz, drums; Janet Jones, piano; Carrie Barton, bass; Judy Chilnick, percussion.

things that pretend to be artistic, things that pretend to be different, or things that pretend to be daring. America should opt for the real shit. But they don't because they never get exposed to it. The really dangerous stuff never gets on the radio, and you never hear about it. Because everything you hear about the so-called musical life in the United States is told to you in newspapers and magazines by people who are not qualified to speak of it, because they can't tell a good composition from a bad one, and they can't tell the difference between a great composition that has been badly performed or a mediocre composition that got the big *molto vibrato* treatment by a major American orchestra. There's no taste involved there.

**KH:** I've never seen any of Varese's music performed in concert. Is it captured well on record, compared to the performance?

**FZ:** It's two different experiences. In the performance you can see what the people have to go through in order to play it, and that's exciting; remember that when you go to a concert, easily 50 percent of what you experience is visual. But on record I would say that I've heard a couple of the pieces that I

thought got real good performances. But not all of them have been performed greatly, yet. You know they're just sort of mediocre performances, because nobody spends the amount of time to perfect the recording. You hear of groups like Fleetwood Mac spending \$1,300,000 over 13 months in the studio to record *Tusk*, and they don't spend anywhere near that to get a good performance of orchestral music because the records don't sell, and the companies that put the records out don't want to invest a disproportionate amount of money on something that's not going to bring them a return.

**KH:** It was the last couple of years of his life, during the early '60s, when Varese finally got some acclaim here. The way it's always described, it's like he got his first recognition from Columbia Records, and then all of a sudden everybody was applauding him.

**FZ:** I think that in order for him to make it, he had to get on Columbia Records so that the pieces could be heard, so that there could be some distribution of the pieces. I know that if Columbia hadn't recorded the music and done a certain amount of promotion for the release of those albums, then his royalties during the last years of his life wouldn't have been what they were. He actually managed to make \$6,000.

**KH:** Do you think Varese might have

achieved his acclaim earlier, or that his career might have gone differently, if he had stayed in Europe?

**FZ:** If he had stayed in Germany, I don't know, it's hard for me to speculate about that because I am not familiar with that part of his career. He did go to Europe for a while and achieved more success in France during the '30s than he had experienced in the United States. Even the critics that didn't like his music didn't dismiss him as a buffoon. You know, he was written about in the United States like he was some kind of quack who didn't know what he was doing, but even the people who didn't really care for the pieces in Paris still admitted the fact that he was a genius and he was definitely doing something that nobody had attempted to do before. Americans don't give you that break; everything in America is designed to be mediocre—everybody craves mediocrity here—and it's the wrong way to do it. Life is more fun with a few things that are excellent, that can be appreciated, you know. Life doesn't get better if everybody is the same; that's boring. You want that, move to Russia. Put on a grey suit and everybody do the same thing, work the same job. Being in a land that is supposed to provide opportunities to do things that are personal and individual—they're punished here. That's the temper of the times. You do something that is really daring, and you take your life in your hands. Everybody goes for the mediocre stuff. **♫**

## The Saxophone Shop, Ltd.



Classical & jazz mouthpieces  
Expert, guaranteed repair  
New & used saxophones  
Music & accessories


918 Noyes, Evanston, Illinois 60201 • (312) 491-0075

Send for our **FREE CATALOG!**

Hours: **Mon.-Tues.-Fri.**, 11:30 a.m.-6:00 p.m./**Thurs.**, 11:30 a.m.-8:00 p.m.  
**Sat.**, 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m. • Closed Wed.

# MUSIC SPEED READING

Quickly increase your speed and accuracy in music sight reading. **NEW & EASY** method shows students and professionals how to train the eye in reading music. Developed by one of America's outstanding performers, David R. Hickman. Currently in use at many schools from Juilliard to North Texas State to Oregon State. **MUSIC SPEED READING \$9.95.** We pay shipping. **FREE MUSIC CATALOG** with every book. Order yours today.

 **WIMBLEDON MUSIC INC.** Dept. 29  
1888 Century Park East/Century City, CA 90067/(213) 556-3000

## CITY JAZZLINES

- ATLANTA: Jazz Forum (404) 758-2422
- BALTIMORE: Left Bank Jazz Society Jazzline (301) 945-2266
- BOSTON: Jazzline (617) 262-1300
- CHICAGO: Jazz Institute of Chicago Hotline (312) 666-1881
- CLEVELAND: Jazz Society (216) 752-0155
- DALLAS: Jazz Society (214) 744-2267
- DETROIT: Jazz Center (313) 962-4124
- LAS VEGAS: Jazz Society (702) 734-8556
- LOS ANGELES: Hotline (213) 879-5540
- MIAMI: Jazz Hot Line (305) 382-3938
- MILWAUKEE: Jazzline (414) 964-3690
- MINNEAPOLIS/ST. PAUL: Music Dateline (612) 546-2022; Twin Cities Jazz Society (612) 292-3222
- NEW YORK: Jazzline (212) 423-0488
- OTTAWA, CANADA: Jazz Line (613) 232-7755
- PHILADELPHIA: Jazz Society (215) 328-1619
- PHOENIX: Hotline (602) 255-7100
- SAN FRANCISCO: Jazz Line (415) 521-9336; Jazz Foundation (415) 540-6345; Bay Area Loft Jazz (415) 861-2255
- WASHINGTON, DC: Trad Line (202) 532-8723