APRIL 1982 $1.50

down beat

THE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC MAGAZINE

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

"FREEDOM IS NECESSARY FOR MY SANITY"

JAMAALADEEN TACUMA

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

SADIK HAKIM

FORGER OF THE BEBOP REVOLUTION

ARCHIE SHEPP

LIVING TRADITION

Bluesman Johnny Copeland Profiled

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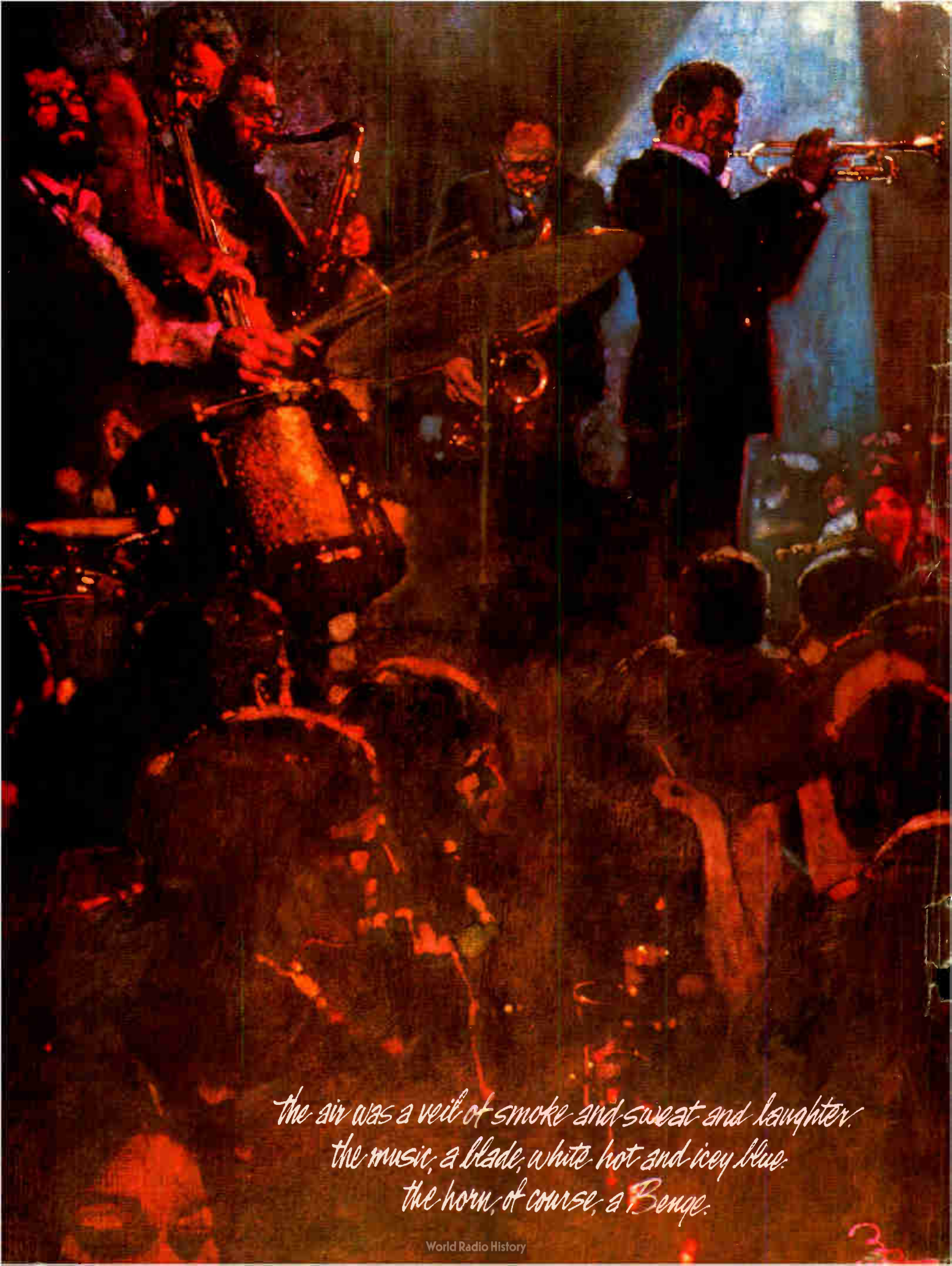

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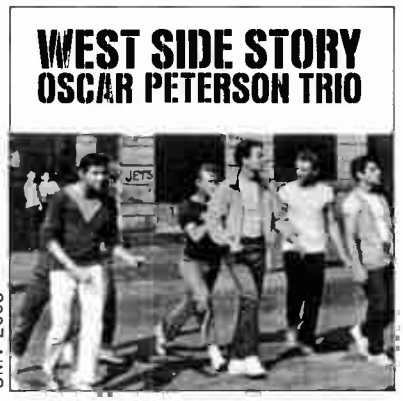

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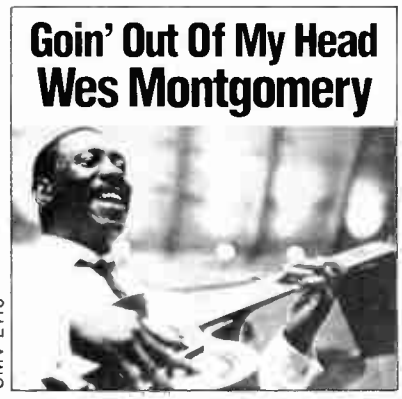

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down beat

APRIL
VOLUME 49
NO. 4 1982

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THE FIRST CHORUS

BY CHARLES SUBER

Archie Shepp: "Jazz is the music I feel is an endangered species. Today all the guys are like myself, getting bald. The guys who were young titans are now billed as veterans. Like the dinosaur, you become a relic." Shepp, who is only 44, is concerned that jazz might not survive the passing of his generation, and that jazz' historical elements—"the spiritual, the blues form, the cry, the holler"—will be lost or forgotten. He is also afraid that jazz is being treated as "a museum piece instead of a living, dynamic music."

Jazz fans and critics and, to a slightly lesser extent, jazz musicians believe that the only true jazz is the one they discovered when they were young and searching for Truth. And when some weird music comes along that one presumes to call "jazz," the original Truth, the "real jazz" is thought to be in extremis. But the reality is that jazz players die, the music survives their passing.

Jazz has survived and thrived despite repeated death notices. "Real jazz" has been killed by dixieland, by big band swing, by bop, by the cool and intellectual, by the far out and the too in.

Jazz has survived and thrived despite its name. Many jazz players have abhored the word and its negative social and moral connotations. Many, many black and white Americans believe jazz to be wicked, sinful, and vulgar. (Others like it for the same reasons.)

Jazz has survived and thrived despite years of Jim Crow and Crow Jim.

Jazz education has survived and thrived despite emphasis on big bands, lack of a core curriculum, overburdened teachers, and lip-serviced improvisation.

Jazz has survived and thrived despite its treatment by the mass media: virtually no air play on commercial radio, ditto commercial TV, shamefully little coverage in newspapers and news magazines, and premature reports of its demise in youth culture media.

Jazz has survived and thrived despite being used in and by more popular musical forms: r&b, soul, rock, musical theater, and "serious" (classical) music.

Jazz has survived and thrived despite being both an art music and a street music. As an art music it deserves repertory performance and the honors given European classical music. As a living, always evolving music it cannot avoid being naive, vulgar, ambitious, and sublime.

Jazz has survived and thrived because the Archie Shepps will not let it die. They work, they teach, they exhort, they sacrifice time, family, and money for the Music and the Heritage. And so do the next generation: John Abercrombie, Billy Bang, Carla Bley, Anthony Davis, Peter Erskine, Chico Freeman, Steve Gadd, George Lewis, Wynton Marsalis, James A. Williams. . . .

Next issue: tenor bossman Sonny Rollins, definitive diva Sarah Vaughan, electrifying violinist Michal Urbaniak, and composer/teacher/author/conductor Bill Russo.

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

On the right track

Congratulations on a super January, 1982 issue. This seems like the first issue in a number of years where you have actually devoted more space to jazz than to rock. Could this be a start of a trend? I certainly hope so.

I particularly liked the article on George Duvivier. Here's a fellow who's been slugging it out in the trenches for years and, unfortunately, remains largely ignored. Your Mr. Seidel is correct when he states that Duvivier doesn't solo much, but if he is on a record, he usually does get to have a few bars all to himself, and those few bars never fail to delight. He is easily the equal of many of his better known fellow bassists.

He, Hank Jones, and Tal Farlow should start up a working trio together. Now, *that's* my idea of a trio.

Ken Huggins Elmont, NY

Licorice shtick

Thanks for the update on the career of Jimmy Giuffre (**db**, Dec. '81). I discovered his sensitive yet rhythmically fluent musicianship while in high school in the '60s, through such now classic albums as *Western Suite*, *Free Fall*, *Ad Lib*, etc. His recordings were always thoughtful, probing insights. They stimulated mental activity in the listener without overpowering or straying from musicality. One of my biggest disappointments of later years was when the fellow to whom I had loaned the *Music Inn Concert* LP (which paired Giuffre with Pee Wee Russell) moved away, taking it with him.

I find myself in agreement with Phil Woods (**db**, Jan. '82). It is wonderful that today's young jazzman is so into projecting his personal imprint on the genre through composition, but to be limited to one's own compositions seems counter-productive. Mr. Woods is right—there has to be a common language. The jam session idea is not just important historically. Jazz is a small word for such a diverse music, yet there aren't that many of us that we can afford to all be off playing by and for ourselves.

It was good to read of Woods picking up a clarinet again. I have an early record or two which indicate that he could have rivaled Buddy DeFranco on that instrument, had he chosen to keep it up. I'm not advocating his giving up the alto—he's the best around on that axe—but he seems the type not to be satisfied with that, always seeking new areas for growth. Here's hoping his clarinet comes up a strong second.

D. J. Carleton Lansing, MI

Red herring?

Having caught the Red Norvo/Tal Farlow trio this summer at the New York Kool fest, I suggest Mr. Farlow practice what he preaches. He cites the need for "a great deal of organization" (**db**, Jan. '82), but the only organizing principal I observed in their quite banal performance was: Norvo plays head, Norvo solos, Farlow solos, Novosel takes two (count 'em) choruses, head, out. This formula held true throughout, excepting two numbers, one of which was the fine rendition of *My Romance*. A little rehearsal goes a long way with players of such ability. . . .

James J. Dugan Kingston, PA

Oops pah-pah

I would like to clear up a misunderstanding in your article on Jaco Pastorius in the Dec. '81 issue. Conrad Silvert quoted Jaco as saying "Tuba player Tommy Johnson . . . played on [the soundtrack for the film] *Close Encounters*." It is true that he was one of three tuba players who played the background music, but the famous tuba solo "the voice of the mother ship" was played by another Hollywood studio musician, Jim Self.

Thank you for your concern, and for your fine publication.

Jamie Fouda Culver City, CA

Miles in the sky?

After receiving my copy of **down beat** with Merle Haggard on the cover and the words "Country Jazz" written (May '80), I had honestly given up on your publication a while back.

Just recently I picked up an issue of **db** and was very impressed. I could find no country-rock, punk, or new wave music reviews or articles. Needless to say, I was tickled pink (being an avid jazz fan). I finally see that your magazine has hopefully returned to the high caliber that it once held before.

Personally, I am a Miles Davis *freak*. I have some 65 records of his and am still digging him more than ever. Thank God he's returned. I will always look forward to an interview with him in your publication, but know that Miles is not one to jump into interviews with haste. Hopefully he is back to stay and further influence us who think of him as a "god."

Thanks for your time and congratulations on returning your magazine to the fine publication it once was.

Bill Paul Grand Forks, ND

For an update on the future of country-jazz via Miles, check out the news photo on page 10.—Ed.

Foreign fest fan

I have been reading **down beat** for over two years, and it is a wealth of information about the contemporary music world. I especially enjoy the reports from the festivals around the world, which have inspired me to save some money and start planning a trip to Montreux this summer.

Philip A. Pandolfi Bloomington, IN

But we can't spell drums . . .

Thanks to Gary Giddins for his report on the superbly organized Pori Jazz Festival (**db**, Nov. '81) and for getting most of those difficult names spelled right. At the moment Finland contains quite a few talented and dedicated jazz musicians working under adverse conditions who deserve to see their names in print more often. One small point: Edward Vesala plays drums, not bass as reported.

Roger Freundlich Espoo, Finland

Whither a smile?

I am a classical musician who finds jazz musicians an enviable breed. I admit to more than a little jealousy that the word "improvise" inspires some to such creative expression when it inspires me to finger-frozen panic. But I would like to enjoy jazz; I would like to be the appreciative audience that jazz musicians keep telling me is so lacking. So I buy tickets, pay cover charges, and try very hard to understand, or at least enjoy, jazz. I listen carefully, I applaud particularly sensitive and creative solos, and I frequently (although, happily, not always) feel like I've just crashed an intimate party.

My tentative enthusiasm has not been encouraged; indeed, it has often been ignored. Is there something unique about performing jazz that negates the courtesy of acknowledging applause? Or acknowledging one's audience at all? I'm not big on grinning, pink-sequined performers who banter endlessly with their fans, but I do find it pleasing to be greeted with a smile and a nod by a performer. I am most confused by the continuing cry that jazz attracts a comparatively small audience, when it seems that so little is done by the performers themselves to encourage the audiences they do get.

I wonder how many other potential jazz enthusiasts are turned away feeling if not unwanted, certainly not appreciated. Wouldn't it be lovely if brilliant creativity alone paid the rent? Most artists need an audience. Many are quite grateful for it. At the very least, they acknowledge its presence.

Is there anyone out there who would be willing to exchange a smile for a new fan?

Sandra Lovell Exeter, NH

News

CBS Cable offers a jazz alternative

NEW YORK—Tired of *Laverne & Shirley* reruns? If you're one of the lucky three million subscribers with access to CBS Cable TV, you have a jazzy alternative.

CBS Cable is in the midst of an ambitious five-year entertainment series, *American Jazz*, that will present 25 programs tracing the growth and development of modern jazz. A two-hour Count Basie special from his March '81 Carnegie Hall performance, and a one-hour Betty Carter program are currently offered.

Unfortunately, *Count Basie At Carnegie Hall* is a little tedious; the half-hour intro bio lacked cohesion and the fine orchestral performance was marred by cumbersome, overly mechanical camera work that bore no relation to the music. Carnegie was SRO (which may have helped limit camera placement) with an enthusiastic crowd, drawn by the all-star guest roster: Tony Bennett, George Benson, Sarah Vaughan, and Joe Williams. Each turned in fine individual performances, but the four-way scat finale was sadly ragged. More Count would have been a plus. This show also suffers in comparison with the fine PBS *Kennedy Center Tonight* Count Basie salute that featured a concise, informative Basie bio and a rousing orchestra (sans the Count, who sat it out in the audience).

HERB NOLAN

Betty Carter

CBS Cable's back on the track with *Call Me Betty Carter*. Taking advantage of the comfortable, controlled studio setting (thinly disguised as a night club), the sound, camera work, and editing were superb, and so was the music. Betty was backed by a red-hot band of pianist John Hicks, tenor saxist Ricky Ford, flugeler Charles Sullivan, bassist Curtis Lundy, and drummer Michael Carvin—with Sonny Stitt guesting. Interspersed between tunes were clips of Carter sharing her personal history, footage of Betty with Lionel Hampton, and rare films of Charlie Parker. The show was a delight throughout.

Judging from the quality of their second effort, shows three through 25 of *American Jazz* should provide some swinging TV over the next half-decade.

—e. *condon whatey* □

Vis-á-video

CHICAGO—CBS Cable's *Jazz America* producers might check out the lively videotape of the Art Ensemble of Chicago, caught in the act during their '81 Halloween weekend gig at Joe Segal's Jazz Showcase. Over 700 Jazz Institute of Chicago Fair-goers recently did, and most were astonished. Even Delmark Records' Bob Koester (a diehard jazz film buff who was unreeling his wares in the next room) was seduced by the visual and aural extravaganza—"My gawd, that's as good as film!"

The AEC was in excellent form throughout—hotter than in any Windy City performance in recent memory. And they seemed to put a little extra into the show for the cameras; in addition to their usual arsenal of reeds handled by Joseph Jarman and Roscoe Mitchell, the quintet brought with them their entire collection of percussion instruments—enough to fill a small warehouse—and the visual stimulation of the countless beaters, shakers, rattles, drums, hanging bells, gongs, and cymbals (along with the group's ritual face painting and costumes) embellished the musical experience.

The tape was prepared by the Media Production Center and the Music Department of the U. of IL-Chicago Circle, through a grant from the Illinois Arts Council. The show is available to educational and not-for-profit organizations at duplicating costs.

For particulars contact Susan Markle, Media Production Center/OIRD, or Richard Wang, Director of Jazz Studies/Music Department, UICC, Box 4348, Chicago 60680; or you can call Prof. Markle at (312) 996-4800 or Prof. Wang at 996-2368/2977. —*jim dejong* □

LEE FESKE

EIGHTEEN-WHEELIN' MILES: *Often in the forefront of crossover music, Miles Davis (left) was caught hobnobbin' with Willie Nelson backstage at Caesars Palace during the latter's recent gig in Las Vegas. Rumor has it they penned a tune called* Expect Me Around. *Miles sported a Willie Nelson hat on his recent tours, recorded a cut* Willie Nelson *on his* Directions *LP, and both are Columbia artists, so can a country-jazz duo album be in the cards?*

BIG CITY BEAT

ATLANTA

Our own **Jean Carn** returns to the Fox Theater with Stanley Turrentine on 3/21 during their second annual Jazz Tour concert; for info (404) 892-5685 . . . up at **e.j.'s** are Mike Nock (3/31-4/4), Mose Allison (4/14-25), and Gary Burton (4/26) . . .

BOSTON

Tinker's, the first successful black-owned jazz club to open here in a decade, has a fine spring season lined up, including Dizzy Gillespie, Freddie Hubbard, Les McCann, Betty Carter, Esther Phillips, Dexter Gordon, and Ramsey Lewis . . .

CHICAGO

The "word of mouth" in town is that **Jaco Pastorius**' 16-piece band (all locals but for tourmates Don Alias, Randy Brecker, Peter Erskine, and Bobby Mintzer) tore it up at the Park West, and afterward at a Near North Side after-hours jam; The Mouth Of The South himself reportedly was knocked out by the Windy City sidemen and the city itself . . . Jam Productions continues to book jazz in the **Park West**: Chuck Mangione 3/19-20, Jeff Lorber Fusion 4/4 . . . UICC Prof Sandra Lieb's bio of **Ma Rainey**, *Mother Of The Blues* (U. MA Press), was toasted at a Jazz Record Mart fest . . . AECer **Joseph Jarman** focused on *Poetry & Jazz/Multi-Arts* in the Public Library's Cultural Center with his poetry and music complemented by dancing and slides . . . the tapings for NPR's *Windy City Jazz* series conclude this month with the **Colson Unity Troupe** at Benchley's on 4/3 followed by Alejo Poveda's **Cheveré** at On Broadway on 4/8 . . .

CINCINNATI

The **Blue Wisp Jazz Club** has initiated a working agreement with Concord Jazz to book as many Concord artists as possible in '82; thus far Cal Collins, Warren Vache, Scott Hamilton, Al Cohn, Bud Shank, and Tal Farlow have been spotlighted . . .

DENVER

KFML-AM's new jazz policy (albeit heavy on fusion and crossover) helps fill the void left by KADX-FM's recent shift from 24-hour jazz to c&w . . . a KADX "wake" was held at the **Bombay Club** . . .

DETROIT

Chill-chaser: the Detroit Symphony Orchestra joined with the **Larry Nozero Quartet** to premier *Cityscapes*, composed by James Hartway (chairman of theory and composition at Wayne St. U.). Saxist Nozero brought bassist Ned Mann and drummer Joe Peretz in for the performances . . .

KANSAS CITY

Joe Williams joins forces with the **Clark Terry Quintet** 4/14-15 at Lincoln U., Jefferson City, MO; contact Steven Houser (314) 751-2325 ext. 445 or 333 for info . . .

LOS ANGELES

Count Basie was honored by the L.A. County Library System as part of Black History Month; Sarah Vaughan and Lamar Burton were on hand to say "thanks" and pay homage . . . guitarist **Emily Remler** landed the *Sophisticated Ladies* gig at the Shubert Theatre, but took a night off for a concert appearance at McCabe's in Santa Monica . . .

MILWAUKEE

The 4th Annual UW-Milwaukee **Jazz Festival** will be held 4/1-3 on campus; this year features Bill Watrous and Steve Gadd in workshops and in concert with the UW-M Jazz Ensemble (Frank Puzzullo, director), plus other guests . . .

MINNEAPOLIS

Mayor Don Fraser has proclaimed 3/19-20 to be Persimmon Productions' first annual **Jazz Weekend**. The Orpheum Theatre will feature local and national female artists: on the 19th, Betty Carter, Shirley Witherspoon, and the Sojourner group; the 20th, Marian McPartland, Linda Tillery, Mary Watkins, and Jeanne Arland Peterson . . . the **Jazz Place/Orchestra Hall** has Ramsey Lewis on 3/20, Jeff Lorber Fusion 3/31, Oscar Peterson 4/15 . . .

STEVE KAGAN

RAZZLE DAZZLE: Trombonist Jim Beebe continues to pack 'em in Tue.-Sat. at the recently opened Razzles club in Chicago's Lake Shore Hotel. Helping Jim out are: Charlie Hooks, clarinet; Steve Jensen, trumpet; Dick Borden, drums; and (not pictured) Joe Johnson on piano and Duke Groner on bass.

NASHVILLE

Vanderbilt U.'s 10th annual **Rites Of Spring Jazz Fest** climaxes a week of action with Arthur Blythe and Betty Carter on the Alumni Lawn (4/3 at noon); all are welcome to the freebee . . .

NEW ORLEANS

Xenia foundation director **Jonathan Rome** is producing his fourth concert series in the intimate setting of the Faubourg Restaurant. Featured are: Mike Nock, 3/25-27; Randy Brecker, 4/1-3; Mose Allison, 4/9-10; John Scofield, 4/15-17; Dave Liebman and Richard Beirach, 4/21-22; and Lee Konitz, 5/1 . . . Konitz' appearance is in conjunction with the 13th annual **Jazz & Heritage** fest scheduled for 4/30-5/9; write Box 2530, New Orleans, LA 70176 for more info . . .

NEW YORK

Lionel Hampton, who has received more awards than he can count, was given the *Sidewalks Of New York* award by the Big Brothers/Big Sisters of America . . . it's not too early to sign on for the **Creative Music Studio**'s Summer World Music program—a six-week intensive, 6/14-7/25; (914) 338-7640 for info . . . **WVNJ-FM**, 100.2 on the dial, features live broadcasts from Soho spot, Greene Street; Fathead Newman, Hank Crawford, Dakota Staton, Mike Mainieri, and others have been featured to date. Keep an ear out for more . . .

PHILADELPHIA

The Jazz Society here has launched its '82 series with the **Bobby Watson Quintet**, featuring trombonist Robin Eubanks (Jazz Messenger vets both) at the Water Works Cafe 3/26 . . .

RENO

Sammy Davis Jr. and **Count Basie** will be at it again at Harrah's on Lake Tahoe from 4/16-29 . . .

SAN DIEGO

Jeff Jeffries, Jazz Director at City College, plans his annual jazz fest for 4/2-3, hoping for 50 entries in elementary through college divisions; call him at the school's all-jazz radio station KSDS if interested, (714) 234-1062 . . .

SAN FRANCISCO

The **Hyatt Union Square** is experimenting with a jazz policy; Stan Getz opened the Reflections for a two-week stay . . .

WASHINGTON, DC

The **Smithsonian Institution** is celebrating the 10th anniversary of its jazz concert series with four weekend programs;

continued on page 64

Woody fetes Diz

LAURINBURG, NC—"This concert began as a vision," said trumpeter Woody Shaw, during a brief backstage conversation before his quintet's performance in the first benefit concert for the Dizzy Gillespie Jazz Hall of Fame, late last year.

"I was approached after an appearance in Winston-Salem (NC) by Frank Bishop McDuffie, an official at the Laurinburg Institute, and asked about coming here to perform. I told him that I thought it was an idea whose time was long overdue, especially since so many of our famous jazz musicians have roots in this state. John Coltrane was born 20 miles down the road. Thelonious Monk, Max Roach, Grachan Moncur, and Percy Heath were all born in North Carolina. Dizzy Gillespie went to school right here at the Laurinburg Institute. I was born here! I considered it an honor to be asked to come."

McDuffie explained that the Woody Shaw benefit concert was just the start of a $2.5 million effort to construct a Jazz Hall of Fame on a campus that the *Wall Street Journal* has called "the only all-black private high school in the nation."

McDuffie also said that Dizzy is scheduled to perform an upcoming fund-raiser in Los Angeles. He added that it would be an international endeavor, that he was excited about the whole project, and glad that an area native like Shaw was going to kick things off.

Shaw proved to be a mare than apt choice for the 250 Laurinburgers seated in the spacious Scotland High School auditorium. Offering a program of standards and originals, Shaw was accompanied by pianist Mulgrew Miller, trombonist Steve Turre, bassist Stafford James, and Tony Reedus on drums.

During the intermission, Woody was presented The Order Of The Long Leaf Pine by Alexander Killens, an assistant to the governor of the state. Also recognized was Terry Ratliff, a local high school junior and trumpeter in the school's marching band, who had recently been awarded a position in the McDonald's All-American Band. —*larry reni thomas* □

FINAL BAR

RICHARD MERRILL

Vido Musso, tenor saxophonist with a number of big bands throughout the '30s, '40s, and '50s, died Jan. 9 in Los Angeles. He was 68. Born in Sicily, Musso made a number of attempts throughout the years to get his own big band off the ground, but was best known for his work with such leaders as Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Harry James, Woody Herman, and Stan Kenton—in this role he won the **db** Readers Poll as best tenorman in 1943, '46, and '47.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Tommy Bryant, bassist and singer for the past 10 years with the Ink Spots, died Jan. 3 in Philadelphia. He was 51. Older brother of pianist Ray Bryant, he played with a number of bands before joining the vocal group, including those of Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Elmer Snowden, Jo Jones, and Charlie Shavers.

Trane's widow sues church

SAN FRANCISCO—John Coltrane virtually dominated the jazz scene in the 1960s. Many call him the greatest tenor saxophonist ever, but no one ever called him "God"—at least not during his lifetime.

Alice Coltrane, widow of the late virtuoso and a jazz pianist of some note before she semi-retired and founded a non-sectarian meditation center in Los Angeles in 1974, claims a San Francisco church is worshiping her husband and desecrating his name. She has filed a $7.5 million lawsuit in a San Francisco court, claiming the One Mind Temple Evolutionary Transitional Church of Christ is unlawfully using the Coltrane name for profit.

Bishop Ramakrishna King Haqq, 37, who founded the church after he heard Coltrane play in 1965, denies he and his small congregation worship Coltrane. "We believe in redemption by the blood of Jesus Christ," Haqq said. "Coltrane is a manifestation of the eternal spirit of truth. John Coltrane went to hell and came back with copies of the master key for everyone. We like to say he is light manifested in sound."

ROBERT BRUCE

The Coltrane grotto in the One Mind Temple.

A Sunday service at the One Mind Temple centers on singing, with a combo playing Coltrane's music, and on testimonials of how the faithful found the Holy Spirit by being "baptized" in the "sound." Culmination of the service is a chanting of the record jacket notes from his 1964 album *A Love Supreme*.

A disc jockey at local radio station KJAZ said the storefront church does considerable good by passing out free clothes and serving hot vegetarian meals to neighborhood people in need. Haqq said the church feeds as many as 200 people the last Sunday of the month before benefit checks arrive. The One Mind Temple also features weeknight Coltrane "Listening Clinics" and "Musical Body Awareness Classes."

Alice said she was first invited over to the church when she was playing in San Francisco in 1974. "They showed an interest in our family then," she said, "but in recent days it has reached the proportion of exploitation. The boys dislike it very much." (Coltrane had two children by his first wife, Naima. He and Alice were married in 1964, and had three sons before he died in 1967. All are budding jazz musicians.)

Both sides are reluctant to discuss just how close the relationship was between Alice Coltrane and the One Mind Temple due to the pending lawsuit, which may take years to come to trial. Meanwhile, Haqq and company plan to continue selling "prayer cloths" (Coltrane T-shirts) to raise money to feed poor people. As far as they're concerned, it's not illegal. Said Haqq, paraphrasing a remark attributed to Coltrane, "It's hard to copyright something that comes from the founding fathers."

—robert bruce □

POTPOURRI

It's a fact: Island Records has launched its jazz series on the **Antilles** label; first on the shelves should be *Of Human Feelings*, Ornette Coleman and Prime Time's long-awaited LP; Anthony Braxton, Air, JoAnne Brackeen, the Heath Bros., and Phil Woods have also struck deals with the label . . . reedman **Dewey Redman** fulfilled his five-year hope of recording with ECM under his *own name* early this year at a NY date supervised by Robert Hurwitz; on the session was Dewey's '82 touring unit—pianist Charles Eubanks, bassist Mark Helias, and drummer Ed Blackwell replacing John Betsch (who made the out-of-the-Apple gigs) . . . composer **John Williams** chose Ray Pizzi to stretch out on bassoon on the former's soundtrack to the new *Stars Wars* flick, the *Revenge Of The Jedi* . . . **Pizzi** *de résistance*: the bassoonist presented his own epic work at the recent NAMM confab in L.A., backed by a 40-trombone choir . . . award winners: **Jaco Pastorius**' *Word Of Mouth* copped *Swing Journal*'s 15th annual jazz recording Gold Medal prize in Tokyo . . . composer/saxist **Bernd Konrad** (who teaches at the Stuttgart State Conservatory) picked up 10,000 marks while winning the first Sudwestfunk-Jazzpreis, the new German jazz award established by Sudwestfunk (SW German Radio and TV Network) and the German federal state of Rheinland-Pfalz . . . right next door: **Musik Hoch Schule** in Cologne is the only four-year accredited jazz school in Germany; trombonist Jiggs Whigham directs a 14-member staff, and a new semester begins this month . . . across the border: the **International Songwriting Contest** of Montreux, Switzerland offers cash prizes to both pros and amateurs; the finals are on 8/16-21, but the entry deadline is 5/21; write SISCOM, CP 315, 1227 Carouge, Geneva for the poop . . . behind the curtain: the first International Jazz Federation jazz competition finals will take place at the end of the month during the **Jazz Nad Odra** fest in Wroclaw, Poland . . . from the eastern front: the **Billy Taylor Trio** recently returned from a six-week tour of India, Pakistan, Yemen, and Saudi Arabia (sponsored by the U.S. International Communications Agency) . . . back in the Midwest: the **Wichita Jazz Festival "11"** will be held 4/23-25 with the likes of Chick Corea, Art Pepper, Spyro Gyra, and the high-flying Billy Taylor Trio; call (316) 683-2284 for info . . . edible addendum: $11 will get you ***Horn Of Plenty*** from the WJF folks (1737 South Mission Rd., Wichita, KS 67207), a collection of 500 different recipes collected from the jazz greats themselves—Gerry Mulligan stew? Bobby Shewfly pie? Clark Terry-aki? But hopefully no lockjaw from Eddie Davis . . . go west for a longer weekend (4/22-25) to catch the **UNC/Greely** (CO) **Jazz Festival** with Rare Silk, Dave Liebman and Richie Beirach, Clark Terry, the Glenn Miller Orchestra, and more; info's at (303) 351-2577 . . . stuck down south that weekend? Then check out **A Night In Old Savannah** (GA) from 4/22-24; the three-day outdoor fest celebrates more than 15 ethnic cultures, always with a taste of jazz; call (912) 236-1571 for the facts . . . more **db**ers on the racks: Italian Correspondent **Ruggero Stiassi** recently published the informative record collectors guide, *The Basic Record Library Of Jazz* (1917-1978), which includes both current and out-of-print classics. Five bucks American from Music World Co. Ltd., 3, Via Putti, 40136 Bologna, Italy . . . Detroit Correspondent **David Wild** offers Issue #2 of *disc'ribe*, a journal of discographical information that keeps jazz reference works current; $1.50 an iss, or $5 for a subscription of four, from Wildmusic, P.O. Box 2138, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 . . . Jamey Aebersold's **Double-Time Jazz** offers good buys on current, classic, and out-of-print LPs; write 1211B Aebersold Dr., New Albany, IN 47150 for a catalog . . . northwoods bop: **The Joynt** in Eau Claire, WI continues to book name jazz acts—Flora Purim on 4/4 and Red & Ira on 4/8; check it out at (715) 832-9476 . . . also the **Holiday Acres Resort** (Rhinelander, WI) frequently imports jazz acts from the Windy City (recently the Chuck Hedges/Don DeMicheal Swingtet) with an occasional national name thrown in (Buddy Rich tentative for June); for the latest lowdown call James F. Zambon at (715) 369-1500 . . .

Raiders of the lost art?

Never ones to let a smoldering fire die when we can fan the flames, the **db** *editors have invited John McDonough,* **db** *contributor and two-time Grammy nominee (liner notes), and Larry Kart, former* **db** *assistant editor and currently music and entertainment critic for the Chicago* Tribune, *to engage in the following dialog involving the controversy that surrounds some current young musicians whose styles more closely identify with masters of the '30s and '40s than with more contemporary artists.*

by John McDonough

THERE ARE ALL kinds of ghettos in jazz, and apparently one of them involves age. Young players, the rules say, cannot be taken seriously unless they perform like other young players, unless they express themselves through the language of their own time. Let one of them discover one of the giants of the pre-Coltrane, pre-fusion, or worse, pre-Parker era, and there are those who would label them as nothing more than copycats.

MITCHELL SEIDEL

Warren Vache

JAMES LEE SOFFER

Scott Hamilton

A case in point is Cliff Radel, who took on Eric Schneider in a **down beat** review (Nov. 1981). "A neo-swing practitioner," he wrote, who "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." Another is Larry Kart, who in the Chicago *Tribune* recently wrote of Scott Hamilton and Warren Vache that they "misunderstand and cheapen the style they profess to admire." There was more: "The techniques that Hamilton and Vache apply in such a haphazard fashion were part of a specific musical/emotional language. To hear that language being trifled with is both musically and morally disturbing."

I mention all this because Hamilton, Vache, and Schneider are not the only contemporary artists who've found workable ideas in the past. There are others, and they aren't necessarily jazz musicians. This is a contemporary phenomenon along a broad front of popular culture. Carly Simon has staked an impressive claim on such masterworks of the '30s as *Body And Soul* in her recent album, *Torch*. More important, it's found an audience among her generation without the addition of guitars, synthesizers, and other contemporary window dressing. By the way, have you been to the movies lately? George Lucas, Stephen Spielberg, and Lawrence Kasdan have scored mammoth commercial and artistic successes by watching old movies and tapping the traditions of '30s light comedy and adventure (*Continental Divide, Raiders Of The Lost Ark*) and '40s film noir (*Body Heat*).

Hamilton, Vache, and Schneider apparently spent their early years listening to a lot of old records. It seems to me this is an honorable tradition in jazz. Roy Eldridge and Ruby Braff first heard Louis Armstrong on records. Phil Woods listened to his first Bird on records. And Bobby Hackett never heard Bix on anything *but* records. Yet Radel and Kart seem suspicious of their subjects' artistic underpinnings. They were not, they say, part of the zeitgeist of the original music. They are to real swing as Fritos are to grits.

The irony of it, of course, is that both the critics and the musicians in this case are all under 40 and in essentially the same boat. So Kart and Radel are not only intellectually arrogant, they are also in the paradoxical position of being a part of what they are attacking. For if Hamilton, Vache, and Schneider have learned by listening to old records, so have Kart and Radel. The very thing that disqualifies these young players from serious consideration apparently seems to qualify—by some logic—the young critic to offer musical and "moral" judgments about the past and present.

All this is pretty academic, though, when I remember how I first heard about Scott Hamilton. I saw Buck Clayton at a party in Kansas City, and he could talk about nothing else but this fantastic tenor player from Providence, RI. A few weeks later Roy Eldridge was saying the same thing. I was introduced to Warren Vache a few years before when I heard him in a septet with Benny Goodman, who felt strongly enough about his playing to use him consistently for five years. Meanwhile jazz critics like Leonard Feather and Stanley Dance, who were present at the creation in the '30s and '40s, were praising these renaissance musicians who were only in their early 20s. As for Eric Schneider, he has been filling the shoes of Budd Johnson for the last several years at the invitation of no less than Earl Hines, a fact that speaks for itself.

So what are we to think when, in the face of endorsements such as these, Mr. Kart comes along and tells us that Hamilton and Vache "misunderstand and cheapen the style they profess to admire"? Does Kart possess insights into the swing era which have eluded its creators? Or perhaps Clayton, Eldridge, and Goodman have simply been misunderstanding and cheapening themselves since 1935. Sad!

I don't mean to suggest that Hamilton, Schneider, Vache, or any other young player who's allied himself with an older era deserves automatic ranking alongside Chu Berry, Hawkins, Prez, Berigan, or anyone else in that pantheon. I am suggesting that they deserve better than they're getting from critics who worship the giants of the past by putting down their disciples. Some pretty impressive work has been accomplished by disciples, from Aristotle and St. Peter to the present.

But I think what it really comes down to is this: these men are all unquestionably good players who believe in what they are playing. If they don't, I can't imagine why they've committed their careers and reputations to a style that's at odds with everything that's trendy and fashionable. Either they believe in it, or they're damn fools.

Today about 60 years of jazz history has been accumulated on record. The layers of sounds, styles, forms, and feelings are remarkably diverse, largely because the records themselves have accelerated the rate of cultural absorbtion from centuries to years. The upshot is that the serious young jazz musicians of the '80s stand on the shoulders of many heroes, all of whom are still accessible. So let them take inspiration where they find it, work with it, and not be intimidated by those who would restrict them to the fashions of the present. That's the producer's job! □

Larry Kart replies:

IF WE WERE building the ideal jazz musician, we would probably want to make him an innovator. But innovation is not the question here. Instead it is the degree of honesty and understanding with which specific players deal with the music's past.

First a distinction should be made between those jazz artists who have been inspired by their predecessors (Louis Armstrong's swing-era disciples and the host of Lester Young acolytes of the 1940s would be good examples) and, on the other hand, those players whose approach to the jazz past is essentially revivalistic—as the music of Scott Hamilton, Warren Vache, and many of their contemporaries seems to be. No matter how humbled he may be by his model, the disciple of the first sort doesn't wish to recreate the music of Armstrong or Young. Rather he hears something in the inspiring artist that speaks to something in him—a musical/emotional message that the disciple wishes (and needs) to expand upon and, as much as possible, make his own.

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JOHNNY McLAUGHLIN

BY LEE JESKE

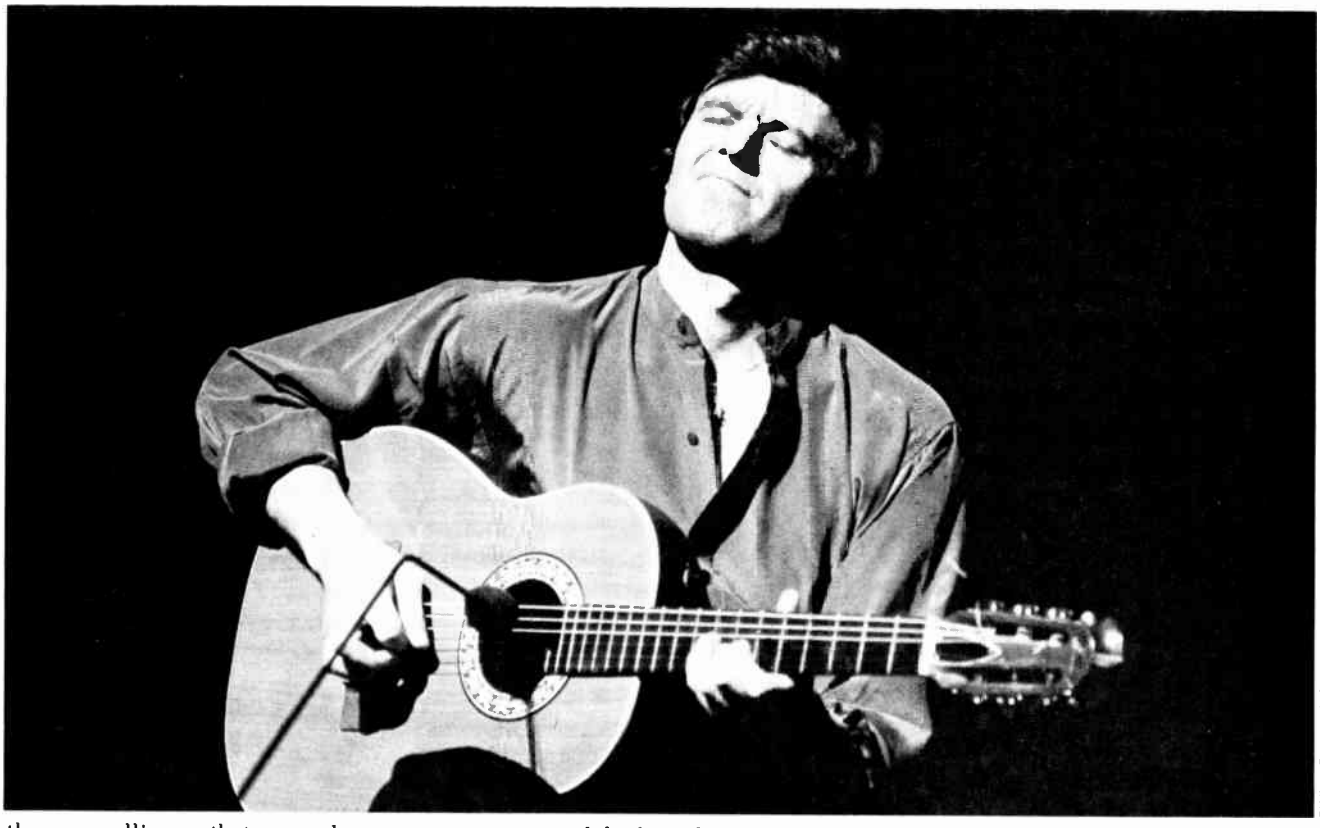
Thousands of pages and gallons of ink have been spent on the discussion of the form of jazz called, for better or worse, fusion. The smoke has yet to clear from the battlefield, but it is fairly obvious that, here in 1982, many of the more inventive purveyors of the form—Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Larry Coryell, Jean-Luc Ponty—have gone on to other things. Oh sure, they still dabble in electronics, and there are dozens of others who still turn out plugged-in head-thumpers, but any creative musician can't be expected to sit still and churn out the same old thing for very long.

John McLaughlin was there at fusion's beginning. His work with Miles Davis, Tony Williams' Lifetime, and his own Mahavishnu Orchestra helped forge the music. In fact, McLaughlin had an astounding impact on the guitarists of the '70s—his dazzling speed and faultless control set the standard for jazz-rock plectrists. The original Mahavishnu Orchestra—Jan Hammer, Jerry Goodman, Rick Laird, and Billy Cobham—reached a plateau for electric interplay and depth of feeling that has, to these ears, never been equaled.

"It was a great band," says John McLaughlin in a deserted conference room at Warner Brothers' New York offices. "I tried to put it back together for one benefit concert a few years ago. There is a lot of bullshit that's been said and written about that band, and I wanted to demonstrate that, in fact, the bullshit wasn't in existence. I asked everyone to participate for no money—it would have been a benefit concert—they would just have had to do it for love. But I couldn't get everyone to agree to do it."

John McLaughlin cut quite a different figure in those days—stern, short-haired, white-pajamed, humorless. He was a disciple of the Eastern philosophies of Sri Chinmoy

Photo by Andy Freeberg



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

then, an alliance that caused some resentment and bad feelings amongst the members of the band. "I still don't fully understand what happened," says McLaughlin. "I confronted the parties concerned at one point to just get it out in the open. But that didn't work, so it continued and I realized that it was actually harmful to the music. A couple of the people stopped talking to me and refused to resolve the problem. Unfortunately, that got carried on-stage, and that's bad for the music, because the music was talking about *love*. Maybe it was an ego problem, or maybe we just had success too soon. Of course, problems may have come at some later date, but perhaps they would have been able to resolve themselves.

"I don't have any regrets, I feel happy that the band was much loved by a lot of people. It was a great band with a great spirit—while it lasted. In fact, it was against financial reasons to break it up, because we were really starting to make a lot of money. It was a great band and I would have liked to play a benefit concert in New York and just *played*, just one more time. It's a pity that acrimony can last so long."

McLaughlin is, clearly, a different person today. His thick black hair touches his shoulders, he is dressed, on this occasion, in a striking red velour shirt accented by a red scarf, and he keeps a pack of cigarettes by his side. His current relationship with Sri Chinmoy is, he says, "one of affection. I don't consider myself a disciple of his, but I'm extremely grateful for the time I spent with him. Those five years were immensely enriching and helpful in the clarification of some very difficult existential problems. The essential principal of my search, shall we say, has changed now. My teenage years were a search for myself: 'Who am I? What am I?' I am now of a different mind. I don't want to find myself, I just want to be lost. I want to be totally lost in music or golf or tennis or whatever I'm doing.

"The fundamental difference between now and then is the fact that I cannot impose upon myself any kind of classification in the spiritual sense. That's one thing, I feel now, that causes a lot of problems. The simple fact is that between a Christian and a Moslem, you can have two men looking at each other who don't see two men: they see a Moslem and they see a Christian. And there's an inherent evil in that to me. What I want is for two men to see themselves as two men, two human beings. That's one good thing about music: it's transcendental. It's trans-cultural and, in a sense, music is higher than religion."

Another obvious difference between the John McLaughlin of the early '70s and the John McLaughlin of the early '80s is his choice of instruments. Not only does he no longer approach the stage armed with a double-necked monster of an electric guitar, he hasn't even touched anything but an acous-

JOHN McLAUGHLIN'S EQUIPMENT

John McLaughlin currently uses acoustic guitars custom-built by Richard Schneider, Abraham Wechter, and Gibson.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

BELO HORIZONTE—Warner Bros. BSK 3619
ELECTRIC DREAMS—Columbia JC 35785
JOHNNY McLAUGHLIN, ELECTRIC GUITARIST—JC 35326
BEST OF—Columbia JC 36355
MY GOAL'S BEYOND—Elektra Musician El-60031
DEVOTION—Douglas 4
EXTRAPOLATION—Polydor PD 1-6074
WHERE FORTUNE SMILES—Pye 12103

with Di Meola/De Lucia

FRIDAY NIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO—Columbia FC 37152

with Miles Davis

IN A SILENT WAY—Columbia CS 9875
BITCHES BREW—Columbia GP 26
JACK JOHNSON—Columbia S30495
LIVE-EVIL—Columbia G 30954
BIG FUN—Columbia PG 32866
GET UP WITH IT—Columbia KG 33236
DIRECTIONS—Columbia KC2 36472

with the Mahavishnu Orchestra

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BIRDS OF FIRE—Columbia PC 31996
BETWEEN NOTHINGNESS AND ETERNITY—Columbia C 32766
APOCALYPSE—Columbia C 32957
VISIONS OF THE EMERALD BEYOND—Columbia PC 33411
INNER WORLDS—Columbia PC 33968

with Shakti

SHAKTI—Columbia PC 34162
A HANDFUL OF BEAUTY—Columbia PC 34372
NATURAL ELEMENTS—Columbia JC 34980

with Carlos Santana

LOVE DEVOTION SURRENDER—Columbia C 32034

with Tony Williams Lifetime

EMERGENCY—Polydor 25-3001
TURN IT OVER—Polydor 24-4021

with Carla Bley

ESCALATOR OVER THE HILL—JCOA 3LP EOTH

tic guitar for years. In fact, his insistence on playing an unplugged instrument caused his well-publicized rift with Columbia Records. They wanted electronic records, he wanted to play acoustic. Both parties claimed breach of contract and, after a lengthy legal battle, McLaughlin landed at Warner Bros.

"It was a flat-out rejection," says McLaughlin. "In the contract I had any number of acoustic albums which could be made and four electric albums—four. Two had been done and I wanted to make an acoustic album; I was just rejected out-and-out, and I can't live with that.

"When Warner Bros. approached me, my first reaction was, 'What is the prevailing attitude of the directors regarding this misnomer, this misunderstanding of electric vs. acoustic music? What kind of attitude would they have towards me?' I need to be completely free, I need it for my sanity. But, happily, they've given me the freedom to do whatever I want. And, of course, out of recognition of that very dignified gesture towards me, I want to justify their belief. We have a contract now that will cover about six albums." The first product of that union is his self-produced *Belo Horizonte*, a set of pyrotechnic acoustic guitar explorations over a slick electronic background.

John McLaughlin was born 40 years ago—though his boyish appearance doesn't let on—in Yorkshire, England. After receiving his first guitar, he moved through various listening and playing phases: blues, Django Reinhardt, flamenco, Tal Farlow. His early professional experience came in London with such British leaders as Graham Bond, Brian Auger, and Georgie Fame, leaders who combined elements of rock, jazz, and blues in their presentations. In the late '60s McLaughlin found himself hanging around with Dave Holland and John Surman, playing an early form of fusion. The fairy tale portion of the story is well known: Tony Williams hears a tape of McLaughlin, invites him to join his about-to-be-formed Lifetime and, two days after his arrival Stateside, John McLaughlin is in the studio with Miles Davis cutting *In A Silent Way*. He recorded and performed with Lifetime and recorded (with Miles) such albums as *Live-Evil*, *Jack Johnson*, *Big Fun*, and the seminal *Bitches Brew*, which includes a Davis original titled *John McLaughlin*. ("That was the biggest surprise to me," says McLaughlin somewhat sheepishly. "I mean, I saw it on the record. I was shocked, really shocked.")

The players Miles surrounded himself with during that period were to set the pace for the next decade: Wayne Shorter, Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams, Ron Carter, George Benson, Billy Cobham, Joe Zawinul, Keith Jarrett, Airto Moreira. There have been rumors that Miles had little input into many of the compositions that bear his name; that, in fact, they were composed and arranged by Zawinul or Corea or other members of the ensemble.

"Yeah," says McLaughlin, "but Miles directed. And without that, it wouldn't be what it is, that's for sure. It happened to me too with certain things—you make a suggestion and then it's just rearranged in form. But I can only give credit to Miles because he puts a print on it that's particularly him and particularly whole. I don't know how else to describe it. He has a genius in bringing out in musicians what they want to do which corresponds to what he wants. *In A Silent Way* is a perfect example. When Joe Zawinul brought it in originally, there were many more chords. What Miles did was to throw out the entire chord sheet. He took Joe's melody and turned it into something that was far from what we'd been rehearsing in the studio. He made that piece into something of lasting beauty."

Miles, at one point, even asked McLaughlin to leave Lifetime and tour with his band, but McLaughlin reluctantly turned him down. "I had too much music invested in Lifetime," he remembers. "I had a freedom there that was irreplaceable. But when I started chafing at the bit in Lifetime, it was Miles who suggested that I put my own band together."

That band was the first version of the Mahavishnu Orchestra. After that group dissolved, amidst ill feelings, there was the second Mahavishnu Orchestra, featuring Jean-Luc Ponty. It was while that unit was in existence that McLaughlin tried a fusion of a different sort—adding his acoustic jazz guitar to a setting of Indian classical music, specifically Carnatic music of South India, which is based on modal improvisation and ensemble interplay and has, as one of its mainstays, the violin, an instrument that McLaughlin was quite comfortable with, and an instrument that has been married to the jazz guitar since the days of Eddie Lang and Joe Venuti, and Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli.

"There were two movements paralleling each other," says McLaughlin. "There was the electric music and there was Shakti. I began realizing, in 1975, that Shakti would have to be given more and more importance because, musically, it was too important to ignore. I was in a position where I couldn't divide myself anymore. By the end of '75, the Mahavishnu Orchestra ceased to exist, and Shakti began on a permanent basis."

The combination of acoustic guitar, violin, tablas, and mrindagam was intriguing and delightful. It also helped L. Shankar, the violinist, to broaden his audience; he and Shakti's tablaist, Zakir Hussain, have recently released an album of Carnatic variations on ECM Records. Shakti lasted for two years before the guitarist decided to return, briefly, to the electric guitar and a jazz setting.

"Shakti broke up because I'm a Western musician and harmony is my roots. Shakti's music is non-harmonic and I need, for total satisfaction, harmony. In a sense, the music began to permeate its way through me, into my consciousness, and become more and more harmonic to the point that I realized that I had to do something about it. I couldn't ignore the harmonic music coming out and forming pieces and compositions and things like that. I also had certain desires to improvise in a harmonic context, in a harmonic environment. I have to follow the music; I'm kind of led by the nose." (During the week that we spoke, McLaughlin was in the middle of rehearsing with L. Shankar for a regrouping of Shakti to tour India.)

After Shakti splintered, McLaughlin recorded his swansong Columbia LP (*Johnny McLaughlin, Electric Guitarist*), before turning his attentions back to the acoustic guitar, which, he says, "is the instrument I loved from the beginning. It's a beautiful sound.

"I approach the instruments differently in that the style of playing demands it. One of the fundamental differences is that, with the acoustic guitar, the notes die out very quickly. This is a more tragic sound, it's more poignant in a beautiful sense. So, that in itself compels the player to modify, in some far-reaching ways, what he'll play."

McLaughlin's appetite for the acoustic guitar was further enhanced by a chance encounter with Spanish flamenco guitarist Paco De Lucia, whom McLaughlin first heard on a French radio station (McLaughlin, a self-styled "Francophile," currently resides in Paris).

"I heard him and said, 'This guitar player is really extraordinary.' I really wanted to play with him—guitarist to guitarist—but I wanted to work with him, not just record one cut. I've liked flamenco music ever since I was 13, and I'd seen a number of [flamenco] guitarists and dancers. I wanted to get closer to this culture, Paco in particular. For me, he's the greatest flamenco guitar player alive. So I called him and he came by to see me in Paris, from his home in Madrid. I told him not to bring his guitar; I said, 'We won't play, we'll just talk and eat a nice meal and drink some wine and just get to know each other.' But in 30 minutes, we were in the other room with the guitars, and we just kept playing for the next two hours. I immediately felt a rapport with Paco, and he was just as enthusiastic. So we arranged a tour of Europe with Larry Coryell; it was such a great success that we just kept

continued on page 63

Maynard's tools.

Maynard Ferguson: These are my instruments for eking out a living.

My MF Horn, the trumpet I play most of the time for that big sound in the upper register.

My Little Big Horn, which I like to use for the more delicate things. It's similar to the MF Horn in sound and timbre, but requires less power because it has slightly smaller bore.

My Superbone, a combination valve-slide trombone. Lets you change the key of the slide by pressing a valve, or change the key of the valves by moving the slide. You can get automatic quarter-tone effects. You don't play one or the other — slide or valves. Both work at once, so you have both super quickness and the sensuous quality of sliding in and out of tonalities.

And last, my Firebird, combination valve-slide *trumpet*. It also offers both the quickness and sensuousness. Incidentally, the tilt of the bell isn't just for style. It's so the slide can get past the bell.

These four instruments are a combination of my designs and Holton's great brass workmanship. Worthwhile musical tools, made very well by a company that I have a lot of respect for.

For details on the MF Horn, Little Big Horn, Superbone, and Firebird, just jot your name and address on this page, and send it to Leblanc, 7019 Thirtieth Avenue, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53141.

HOLTON

MF Horn
Holton ST-302

Little Big Horn
Holton ST-304

Superbone
Holton TR-395

Firebird
Holton ST-303

JAMAALADEEN TACUMA
ELECTRIC BASS in the HARMOLODIC POCKET

BY CLIFF TINDER

Photo by Homer Guerra

Slyly scheduled to coincide with the onslaught of last summer's Kool Jazz orgy, the return of Ornette Coleman's Prime Time to the concert hall (New York's Public Theatre) was almost as anxiously anticipated as the re-entry of Miles Davis into the active jazz world. While Miles clearly had the edge on public notoriety, Ornette majestically stole the show with an ineluctably brilliant musical performance. The harmolodic density of Prime Time and the haunting, piercing beauty of Coleman's abstractly blue alto were awesome. But in many ways, what propelled the music was the revolutionary bass work of Jamaaladeen Tacuma. His lines seemed to float above the churning sea of polyphony created by Coleman's electric double quartet, dancing, racing, and singing with a clarity unequaled in the realm of bass guitar. Reflecting a healthy dose of Ornette's freely associated sequential concepts of melodic construction, Jamaaladeen punctuated and flavored even the most abstract musical expressions with an indigenous funk more closely tied to r&b than jazz.

Thought by many to be the most distinctive bassist to come along in nearly a decade (and voted Talent Deserving Wider Recognition in the past two **down beat** critics polls), Tacuma's career has been one of pushing his style to the limits of contemporary bass playing. From his prescient debut on Coleman's *Dancing In Your Head* to his work with James "Blood" Ulmer and a stirring recent performance with saxophonist Julius Hemphill and drummer Michael Carvin at the Public, Tacuma has progressively transformed his bass into a melodic, lunging lead instrument able to do battle with horns and guitars alike. Then again, Coleman has always had an ear for the most distinctive and talented bassists available, including Charlie Haden, David Izenzon, and Jimmy Garrison; it's little wonder Ornette found Tacuma. Listening to a tape of Coleman's much acclaimed, soon-to-be-released digital album (*Of Human Feelings*), I was amazed at just how prominently Jamaaladeen's bass was featured, and how perfectly he complemented the master saxophonist.

"Ornette got me in a raw stage, and what he did was just create a monster."

Coming from North Philadelphia, Tacuma first worked in local r&b bands, studied electric bass with Tyrone Brown (Grover Washington Jr.'s former bassist) and acoustic bass with Eligio Rossi (with the Philadelphia Orchestra). He recorded with Philadelphia's underground legend, vibraphonist Walt Dickerson, and was recruited by Coleman while still in high school.

As performed by a band Tacuma is putting together in Philly, his own compositions reflect the complex vertical structures of Prime Time, but are more firmly "in the pocket." His music is delightfully accessible, yet with plenty of content. The potential for reaching large and diverse audiences with this music is very high (all you producers out there, he's looking for a record label).

Brimming with energy and enthusiasm, Jamaaladeen spoke with me in the relaxed atmosphere of painter Homer Guerra's Murray Hill (NYC) apartment.

Cliff Tinder: What were some of your early musical experiences in North Philadelphia?

Jamaaladeen Tacuma: I grew up playing in a regular r&b band—a lot of the things I'm doing now is a reflection of that. I grew up listening to r&b artists.

There's a place in Philly called the Uptown Theatre, which is equal to the Apollo in New York, with a lot of Motown people coming in to perform. I'd go down there to hear that music. So, when I began playing music, I sort of found myself up against a wall, because that was my background and I've always played it. But as I was introduced to more progressive music, I had to figure out which I really wanted to play. It was only last year when I finally got to the point where I decided what I really wanted to do musically. I play so many different styles—and I'm not being egotistical—but I really can play all them well. It's just that I didn't know how to actually execute what I had in my heart and what I had in my mind musically, and fully express what I wanted to do. But then I met Ornette . . . I joined the band in a very raw stage. I mean, I could play the hell out of the bass, but Ornette got me in a raw stage, and what he did was just create a monster.

CT: How did you meet Ornette, Mr. Monster?

JT: Ha! Well, through a guitarist named Reggie Lucas, who was with Miles Davis, and James Mtume—they are some strange guys. You see, I was playing at these local clubs in Philadelphia, they'd always come there and look at me. And I'd be saying, "Who are *these* guys?" You know, it used to blow my mind because Reggie's hair was so big and so was Mtume's, and I'd just say, "Who *are* these guys staring at me?" So finally Reggie introduced himself and said that he was with Miles Davis and wanted to get together to play with me. Actually, what they were doing was setting up what they are doing now—searching around for different people—but we never did get a chance to play; we just talked.

Then I remember that I was doing something in New York and I was so broke. I had just gotten back home, I was in high school and living with my mother, and she said that somebody just called from New York. I just said, "Who's *that*? Who could *this* be now?" At this point I was just fed up with the whole thing, and I was just 18 years old. My mother said that it was some guy named Ornette Coleman. Ornette?! Well, that sounded nice. So, I called Ornette, and you know how he talks [mimicking Ornette with a high-pitched nasal voice], "I'm going to have a rehearsal; can you make it?" I said, "Sure, but how'd you find out about me?" He said, "Well, Reggie Lucas told me about you." Aw, that Reggie, he's incredible. But he just works like that, he's a mysterious person; I guess he got it from Miles.

JAMAALADEEN TACUMA SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

with Ornette Coleman

DANCING IN YOUR HEAD—A&M/Horizon SP722

BODY META—Artists House AH1

OF HUMAN FEELINGS—Antilles ABG 1003

with James "Blood" Ulmer

TALES OF CAPTAIN BLACK—Artists House AH7

with Walt Dickerson

SERENDIPITY—SteepleChase SCS-1070

with Kip Hanrahan

COUP DE TETE—American Clave 1007

So I went to my girlfriend, who's now my wife, Jamila, for some money to fly right back to New York. We rehearsed for about three or four weeks, and he really polished up the band. Then we went to Europe and we were supposed to stay for two weeks and we stayed for four months. Only now can I see what Ornette was doing, because he took that length of time to rehearse the band—musically, there were certain things he wanted to hear.

I was really fortunate to be able to play with Ornette, because he's such a teacher, and in his age, he's got a lot of wisdom.

CT: How was that first rehearsal? Did things click pretty well right off?

JT: Yeah, but I think that it was only because of my just being open to his music. I must have had something inside of me even then. There was something I wanted to let out. Ornette paved a new way for me to play and not get in his way or anyone else's way, and still express what I wanted to communicate and still be a part of the organization.

But it's 1982 now and I just hope what I'm doing on the bass is what Ornette has done on the sax, what Blood's doing on the guitar, what Denardo [Coleman] is feeling his way on the drums. I've been with Ornette for seven years, and only lately have I been really able to understand and grasp musically what can be done on the bass. Before, I was really playing, but I couldn't really grasp it totally. But to totally express yourself is really some*thing*, and it can be done on any instrument.

For example, when you eat food you don't stop and think about what you have to do physically to eat, it's a natural process. The same is true with creating a melody—it has to run through your mind one second before you actually play it, but you have to be advanced enough to let it out at that second. You don't find this too much in Western music, you find it more in Eastern music. There, the music just comes out like *that* [snaps his fingers].

CT: Western musicians in general are not trained to be creative musicians, but to be conduits of expression for a composer. I'm sure Ornette stresses the abil-

ity to express yourself spontaneously within a piece as a composer yourself.

JT: Yeah, it's funny, we'd often be in a frame of mind where we would try to play in a certain way to please him, but on the breaks we'd be playing other things we knew, and he'd say, "Why don't you guys play like that when we play?"

CT: How does Ornette structure his tunes?

JT: Basically what we do is compositional improvising in which each person acts like a soloist. We work from a melody in a tonal point, and anything that you play has to be equal to the melody or better. If you play anything less than the melody, you have to go to the doghouse [laugh]. The rhythmic pattern, the melodic structure of it, anything you improvise, has to be stronger than the original melody.

CT: Listening to the development of your style in the time between *Dancing In Your Head* and now, it's amazing how much of Ornette you've incorporated into your playing, especially the kind of sequential patterns you use.

JT: Ornette says, "Jamaal is the master of the sequence." Sequence is so important because it builds the melody, and from the melody many things are derived, like rhythmic patterns and chordal structures.

CT: How incidental or coincidental are the harmonies in Ornette's music, with each bandmember fulfilling his proper harmolodic function?

JT: There is a certain melody that is played. We might play it in harmony or individually. From the melody we go into a compositional structure. We set up bridges constantly, and we actually go through the whole maze of chordal structure in music, period. Ornette might have one person play I-V, a C to a G, and have another person play C, Eb, and B, which can still hook up musically. He shows us different ways chords can hook up; it's incredible, he's like a wizard because he'll show you so many ways to combine chords.

Every 10 years or so the music goes through a major change, and it's now time for something else. I think that Prime Time is leading in that direction. With Prime Time, Ornette is able to express what he really wanted to do with Haden, Cherry, and Redman, but the instruments got in the way—they didn't allow them to get around the way we're getting around now.

CT: It seems like music is going into a new phase that's very African—polyrhythmic and layered vertically, just like Prime Time.

JT: Really. If you want to play music and not a classification of music, let it be known that music is comprised of pure sound and pure rhythm. If you want to play pure music, you should be free to play any particular melodic idea or

BETSY KIDDER

Ornette says: "Jamaal is the master of the sequence."

chordal structure, or play any rhythmic pattern at any given time. What we play is beyond category, it's music all kinds of people can get something out of.

CT: The way Prime Time is set up now, you have two bassists and two drummers. How does that work?

JT: It works very well. It's like an orchestra.

CT: Does it give you more freedom to have another bassist to hold up the bottom for you?

JT: That was actually Ornette's plan, to make me freer. He could see that he had created a monster and that I'm not going to be satisfied unless he opened other doors for me. So, the other bassist was added.

Each individual has his own style in the band. Like Bern [guitarist Nix], he's from the old school, while Ornette and I are in-between; Albert [bassist McDowell] is coming from an r&b feel, and Charlie [guitarist Ellerbee] is coming from Saturn or somewhere; Denardo, he mixes it up a lot.

CT: His playing was the hardest for me to understand.

JT: Yeah [laughing], I know, I know. It's strange. When we play with someone else, I like to look at the expression on their face when Denardo plays. He'll keep a certain pattern and then he doesn't [voice cracking with laughter]. It sounds almost spastic.

CT: One of the most distinctive aspects of your technique is your use of chords on the bass.

JT: I use a lot of chords because I've found a way to play some really melodic chords on the bass guitar. I don't play piano, so when I compose I do it from the bass. I've actually turned the bass into a very melodic instrument. I play so melodically that it got to a point that the bass was no longer of any use to me, so I had Ned Steinberger design one of his graphite basses with a fifth string. I can now get more notes in other ranges, and play more chords. The fifth string is tuned to high C instead of low B. And I use La Bella strings on all my basses—they have a "live" stage presence that allows my sound to come through crystal clear.

CT: How did you run across the Steinberger bass?

JT: Chip Stern, the writer, suggested it. The Steinberger people wanted me to play it for them, but at the same time I fell in love with it. I don't even play the Rickenbacker anymore. The Steinberger is the perfect bass for me. It's clear as a bell and it's very strong. Each bass player I know who plays it falls in love with it.

CT: You use an Acoustic amp most of the time.

JT: I like the Acoustic 270 with the reflex speakers.

CT: But you don't use any effects.

JT: No effects. But just today, I walked into this music store in New York just to see what kind of effects there were. One of the gentlemen who worked there started telling me, "Well, Jaco [Pastorius] uses this effect, and [King Crimson's] Tony Levin uses this, and the guy with Ornette Coleman, now he uses everything. That's how he gets that sound." I looked at him and said, "That's strange, because I play with Ornette and I don't use any of those things." And the guy says, "Come on, you're kidding. It sounds like you're using a condenser and a digital delay and all this stuff." It's crazy [laughter] because I just try to get my sound naturally.

CT: What kinds of influences did you have when you were developing your

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Archie Shepp

Embracing the jazz ritual

BY SAM FREEDMAN

His grandmother's name was Rosa Shepp, but to five-year-old Archie she was "Mama Rose." He was her favorite, by default and design. The next closest grandchild was 11 years older, and Archie's parents had moved to Philadelphia, leaving the boy in the care of his grandmother and aunt in Fort Lauderdale, FL.

There must have been the sweaty and faintly naughty pursuits of boyhood, but Archie spent hours and days tugging at the hem of the pious Mama Rose's existence. Each Sunday she walked her scrubbed charge to the Piney Grove Baptist Church, down 5th Street from her home in Fort Lauderdale's "Coloredtown." Saturday meant a visit to Benton's Funeral Home, where Archie's great-uncle was the embalmer. Weeknights brought the prayer meetings; Archie was the little boy among octogenarians, moved without understanding exactly why, blurting out his piping prayers and hearing the crones reply, "Yeah, that's right, son. Tell the truth."

Archie rejoined his parents in Philadelphia the next year, 1943, but Mama Rose's visits reunited them for more trips to different churches. Sometimes the attraction was the honeyed oratory of Father Divine; sometimes it was a "Battle of Song" between gospel groups. It was at about this time Mama Rose started Archie on piano, his first instrument.

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At 44, Archie Shepp is home again. The "angry young tenor" of the 1960s, the chronicler in dissonance of drug addiction and racism, has emerged as an embodiment of jazz' living tradition. The rage and social conscience are not dead, any more than the younger Shepp was amnesic, but in deliberate and explicit ways—notably three consecutive SteepleChase albums reinterpreting spirituals, blues, and the bebop of Charlie Parker—Shepp is retracing his own path, and jazz'.

"We have to make sense out of our world as black people," he says. "We are different, whether we want to be or not. And so our music is different, our books are different. There *is* such a thing as a Negro writer; there *is* such a thing as black music. But what is it? What are its essential qualities? There's got to be something valuable enough to keep around.

"Our music is not easy; that's part of the problem. The cultural matrix from which it flows, which I feel is rather tortured and inexplicable, doesn't explain itself to its own components. But we must recreate those historical elements—the spiritual, the blues form, the cry, the holler—in our own playing. We must pay more than superficial tribute [to the heritage]. As it stands now, it's a museum piece that we think is set. But it's something I see as very dynamic."

The notion of Shepp as proselytizer for the past would have seemed unlikely—inconceiveable—at his emergence 20 years ago. For one who

Photos by James F. Quinn

chose a career in music only after college—the decisive step being his introduction by bassist Buell Neidlinger to pianist/composer Cecil Taylor, Shepp's most important employer to date—he hastened to the front battlements of political and musical radicalism in jazz. His style seemed a conscious "rebellion against bop" to one critic; Shepp himself credited Taylor with "liberating" him from the chordal approach of John Coltrane. And Shepp lanced an immense boil of frustration for his subject matter and emotional imperatives. His work was informed not only by the generalities of racism and dope, but a storehouse of personal images: remembering a penniless Jimmy Heath wailing on a horn he had to borrow; recalling his own years on welfare, spending precious dimes calling Impulse Records for a recording contract that only Coltrane's intervention ultimately achieved.

Immediacy and anger in the hands of a maturing artist made for an often jarring listen. One critic dismissed Shepp as a "Johnny One-Mood . . . a bitter, angry, frustrated man." Pianist Marian McPartland, reviewing *New Thing At Newport* in a '66 issue of **down beat**, pondered Shepp's "Kafka-like preoccupation with the grotesque." Even the sympathetic felt eroded by unending rage. John Litweiler called 1967's *Live At Donaueschigen* "a tour de force . . . though his tour de forces have by now become quite like each other." Shepp's Aunt Bobbie asked him of the same record, "When are you going to make something I can like?"

Yet Shepp, even then, paid constant and consistent attention to the musical and historical roots of jazz. Long before releasing his recent SteepleChase discs, Shepp had spoken of hearing echoes of bluesman Lightnin' Hopkins in Coltrane and traces of an African melody in the spiritual *Motherless Child*; he placed himself within a continuum of black music embracing Stevie Wonder, James Brown, and Big Bill Broonzy. Perceptive critics noticed. Amiri Baraka (then Leroi Jones) in the mid-'60s wrote of Shepp's broad foundations: "He is a musician whose emotional registrations are so broad that he is able to make reference of anybody's 'style,' even though finally all the ideas and images that make up his playing are completely his own." Nat Hentoff, in commenting on Scag (1965), hailed Shepp's ability to make larger social statements through his music: "Music is not sociology, but when a man can transmute what he has seen in the life of the streets into a musical form and substance, the result is art of particularly penetrating and shaking relevance."

Seen through the foresight of Baraka and Hentoff, Shepp was moving toward his past all along, and developing an artistic arsenal as capable of evoking history as current events. Shepp came to redefine jazz as "Diasporic music" and to embark on the search for its family tree. Like most jazzmen of his generation, Shepp began with the natural, subliminal knowledge of earlier forms, especially blues and gospel; he knew where the bones were buried, and the cognizance was less a matter of learning than osmosis. But he also possessed the intellectual curiosity and the academic lifestyle and research facilities (as a professor at the University of Massachusetts) to further explore and comprehend, to marry cerebral process to instinct.

"Like most struggling musicians," Shepp says. "for a long time I didn't have time to do anything but hustle a gig. It was only when I began teaching that I began to have the time. I was forced to think of the verifications of music, the history, the techniques. I began to collect materials and recordings, to read books—things I hadn't done since I'd been in college. I reflected on the condition of my people. And I garnered some ideas and perhaps they're original. They're my ideas."

Thought became action in 1977, when SteepleChase producer Nils Winther suggested Shepp record an

album of spirituals and paired him with pianist Horace Parlan for the project. Although Shepp and Parlan hadn't collaborated often since the late 1950s, all they needed was one take on most selections. Something strong, sad, and intuitive took over.

"I remember the strain, the spiritual weight of the moment," Shepp says. "This was the first chance I'd had to really record spirituals, to make any kind of serious statement about them. And when I started to play, at first I filled up so much I started crying. And I was afraid for a moment I wouldn't be able to make the recording, because I felt so full, so full of tears.

"I felt I represented everybody who'd ever sang those songs, and to make the meaning of those songs clear was up to me at that point. They should be truthful, they should have the same authenticity as when they were sung, because that's the nature of this type of folk song. They were created by people who were in deep sorrow; they're slave songs. And so it challenged my own ability as modern Negro black man to traverse that historical plain. Could I do that? And I felt I could, and the tears were proof of it—that perhaps my condition hadn't changed so completely that I can't still feel what they felt."

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*His father's name was Johnnie Shepp, and he played the blues. Through his own 20s, the time of Archie's boyhood, Johnnie played the four-string banjo in the pickup groups of "Coloredtown." Sometimes the bands ventured to the juke joints of neighboring counties, where their standards—*Muddy Water, St. Louis Blues, Key To The Highway—*were understood as the Esperanto, the common tongue, of blackness.*

Johnnie Shepp put aside the banjo when he moved north. But the radio was tuned to the blues station every afternoon, and Johnnie remembered enough of his instrument to teach Archie the rudiments of The Charleston. *"Dad didn't have a lot of patience; he'd show me for a half-hour and expect me to get it," Archie recalls. "But he was a teacher in perhaps the profoundest sense of the word, because he taught me an appreciation of the music he loved."*

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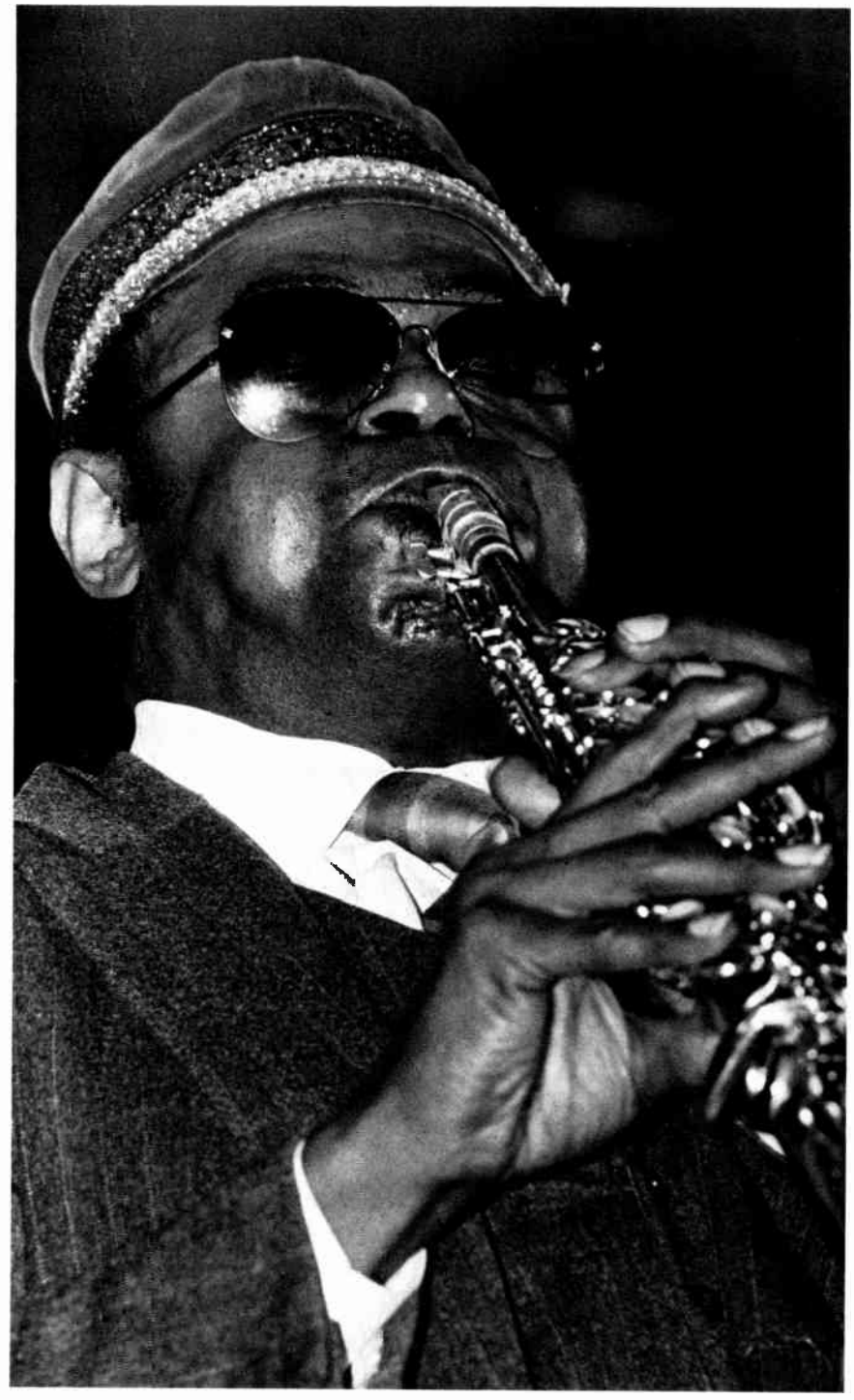
Archie Shepp loved the blues and after he loved them, or as he did, he began to think about them and try to understand them, just as an infatuation may mature into a knowing friendship. If spirituals, to Shepp, provided the ethereal soul of jazz, the possibility of deliverance and redemption, then the blues was its flesh.

On one hand, Shepp remained sure of the blues, finding its genetic coding in the offspring of disparate genres. Donna

Summer, Stevie Wonder, Chubby Checker, Aretha Franklin—he heard the blues in them all, no less so than in Blind Willie McTell, only differently. The blues, he says, "are alive and well," "always there," "subconscious."

He felt less certain of the lineage in his own family, jazz. "A lot of people don't understand blues," Shepp maintains. "They think the blues is just using the flatted third or seventh. Now, when you hear Von Freeman play, Von Freeman plays the blues. It could be partly a matter of generation. Wes Montgomery could play the blues. Miles Davis is a very consummate blues player. I don't



mean what he's playing now; what he's playing now impresses me as something very antithetical to the blues. It depresses me when I hear formerly good blues players in a certain context merely pandering their artifacts for money's sake, for commerciality, because they cheapen the genuine product."

The search for authenticity led Shepp, first, to the rural origins of the blues, and then to the preeminent blues interpreters in jazz. He had listened often—never really stopped listening—to Ben Webster, Don Byas, Lester Young; but now his ears fastened on each man's diction within the basic language of blues. "These people become important," Shepp says, "because they don't play bad notes, or they play so few. The notes they do play, they play with such conviction and sound and authority. You strive for that." Under the renewed sway of these giants, Shepp strove for a sparer sound, one marked by editing as well as creation, and one well suited to the skeletal chords of rural blues.

Shepp's ruminations, on both the blues and his own style, took the form of *Trouble In Mind*, recorded in early 1980. The album reunited *Goin' Home*'s team of Shepp, producer Winther, and pianist Parlan on 10 early, often obscure blues. Although Winther chose and Parlan arranged many of the selections, the triumph of the stark and moving album seemed, finally, Shepp's. If critical confirmation meant anything to his exploration of history, he now possessed it: *Trouble In Mind* was voted 1980 Record of the Year in the **down beat** International Critics Poll. The decision confirmed the promise of Shepp's only other **db** honor—as tenor saxophonist deserving wider recognition in 1965.

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The neighbor's name was Mr. Meyers. He rented the downstairs of the Shepp home on Collom Street in Philadelphia's Brickyard neighborhood, and he took a particular shine to teenaged Archie.

On his janitorial rounds of LaSalle College one evening, Meyers found a dictionary on a classroom floor; it became the first one Archie, then in 10th grade, owned. Meyers also introduced Shepp to the music he had heard in a segregated Army unit in World War II; his favorite, Lester Young's Up And At 'Em, was the first single Archie bought. Records by Sonny Stitt followed and, ultimately, came the unsettling and galvanizing sound of Charlie Parker.

Johnnie Shepp accused Archie of defecting from the blues, but Mrs. Shepp defended the boy's taste. Archie himself had no doubts, particularly after he saw Parker perform. "Even if

there was confusion," he recalls, "I knew it was great. It was almost ritual."

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Centuries of time and hundreds of musical evolutions separate spirituals and early blues from the bebop of Charlie Parker. But it was neither haphazard nor impetuous that Shepp followed *Goin' Home* and *Trouble In Mind* with *Looking At Bird*, his homage to and reinterpretation of Parker. Parker represents to Shepp both the ripening of blues in an urban black society and the transplantation of religious authority into the secular, artistic sphere. Parker, was, in short, the river into which the streams emptied. As if to underscore the point, he recorded *Looking At Bird* within days of *Trouble In Mind*. (He had made two other discs of Parker—*Lady Bird* on Denon and *Bird Fire* on Impro—in late 1978 and early 1979, the period between his spiritual and blues releases.)

"Perhaps Parker's main influence is his reinterpretation of a music which could relate to Negroes who worked in factories, not on farms," Shepp says. "If there is a meaning to this music, bebop, it's that it represents an artistic synthesis of folk music and a slick, urbanized music, of the intuitive and the written note.

"Parker represented a further unfolding of the idea of the preacher of the sermon. Essentially, these horn players were preachers and drummers. They changed the music stylistically by changing the rhythm, but they were able to keep certain elements of the language dynamic and constant. I think Coltrane was important because he made a very vital spiritual connection, he extended Parker and that whole movement, the so-called bebop movement. He took it out of a purely secular realm and back into a quasi-religious form."

So the circle comes complete—for Shepp, for jazz. The music returns to its wellspring in the hymn, the trance, the fervor of possession; the musician returns to Coltrane, the artist he once called a "guru," the friend who shepherded his contract with Impulse, the influence who had to be shed if Shepp ever were to explore from whence he, and Coltrane, came.

Yesterday's firebrand, at the end of his pilgrimage to the past, worries about the future. Much of what passes for blues in jazz sounds "vapid" to Shepp. He wonders if urban life hasn't mutated the spiritual tradition into a "Coca-Cola gospel, something a little Jim Jones about it, slightly macabre." It is to the point that he found himself surprised, albeit delighted, that young saxophonist Chico Freeman could spontaneously add the words to a gospel song being played on piano during a National Endowment of the Arts meeting.

"Jazz is the music I feel is an endangered species," Shepp says. "Today, all the guys are like myself, getting bald. The guys who were young titans are now billed as veterans. It's kaleidoscopic and retrospective. You begin to see the same things happening to you that were happening to people in other periods. Like the dinosaur, you become a relic."

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The graduate student's name was Clyde Criner. He asked Prof. Archie Shepp how you learn to play fast, and Shepp responded, "Sonny Stitt told me, 'First you learn to play slow.'" **db**

ARCHIE SHEPP'S EQUIPMENT

Archie Shepp plays a Selmer tenor saxophone with a 5* Otto Link mouthpiece and a Selmer soprano saxophone with a Selmer E metal mouthpiece. "Reeds don't matter," he explains, "because I cut them down, anyway."

ARCHIE SHEPP SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

LOOKING AT BIRD—SteepleChase 1149
TROUBLE IN MIND—SteepleChase 1139
GOIN' HOME—SteepleChase 1079
ATTICA BLUES BIG BAND LIVE—Blue Marge 1001
BIRD FIRE—Improv 05
TRAY OF SILVER—Denon 7806
LADY BIRD—Denon 7543
LIVE IN TOKYO—Denon 7538
ON GREEN DOLPHIN STREET—Denon 7524
THE TRADITION—Horo 13-14
BODY AND SOUL—Horo 10
BALLADS FOR TRANE—Denon 7567
STEAM—Inner City 3002
SEA OF FACES—Black Saint 0002
MONTREUX ONE—Arista 1027
MONTREUX TWO—Arista 1034
THERE'S A TRUMPET IN MY SOUL—Arista 1016
THE CRY OF MY PEOPLE—Impulse 9231
ATTICA BLUES—Impulse 9222
DOODLIN'—Inner City 1001
FOR LOSERS—Impulse 9188
THE WAY AHEAD—Impulse 9170
THE MAGIC OF JU-JU—Impulse 9154
MAMA TOO TIGHT—Impulse 9134
FURTHER FIRE MUSIC—Impulse 9357
FOUR FOR TRANE—Impulse 71

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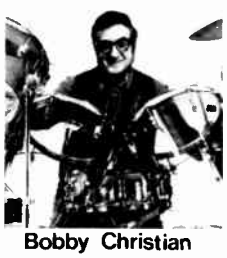
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BY JEFF LEVENSON

SADIK ◇ HAKIM

One of the unsung veterans who helped forge the bebop revolution, pianist Sadik Hakim sheds some light on a few of his famous past collaborators including Bird and Prez, and muses about his current musical life.

"I don't know," Sadik Hakim ponders from the living room of his lower Manhattan apartment. "Probably, I wasn't in the right place at the right time. Or maybe people don't like the way I play. Everyone can't be a star.

"But don't get me wrong," he continues, "I've done alright. I've been fortunate that I've been able to play jazz my whole life. I've played on records that they're going to put in a time capsule some day, and I was lucky enough to play with Ben, Bird, and Prez—three of the greatest saxophone players who ever lived. What else could I want?"

Hakim sounds assertive and almost convincing, but the occasional glint of sadness in his eyes betrays him. Recognition has been slow in coming to the 62-year-old jazzman from Duluth, Minnesota, yet he has proven himself an accomplished bebop pianist whose roots and affinity for the genre are in evidence each time he touches a keyboard. Overseas in Europe and Japan, Hakim is highly respected as a jazz artist and revered for his seminal work on the classic recordings *Koko* with Charlie Parker and *Jumpin' With Symphony Sid* alongside Lester Young. Ironically, few people in the U.S.—jazz enthusiasts among them—know who he is; those who do are less knowledgeable of his early contributions to bop than of his reputation as a legendary figure, seemingly long removed from the jazz scene.

The fact is that Hakim periodically works in small restaurant bars around New York, plying his craft purposefully and without fanfare. His sound is somewhat rounder and warmer than his recordings of 40 years ago indicate, yet he continues to create spirited music. Amidst the din of his surroundings, he is an unobtrusive figure—steady, undistracted, and consumed by the singular purpose of making music. Observing him work the piano, he awakens images of the veteran outfielder who knows the batters, knows the parks, and covers his turf with thoughtfully chosen

Photo by Darryl Pitt/Encore

steps and economy of motion. Hakim is a seasoned pro who knows what he is doing, though few fans acknowledge his talent. "Sometimes people come up and ask me if I'm the guy who played with Bird," he notes, "but mostly, they want to hear *The Sting* or some Billy Joel stuff. I discourage requests because I like to play my music. It's the music I love."

In some ways Hakim's situation exemplifies the classic contradiction faced by American jazz artists. Traditionally, players have been neglected and unacknowledged by a largely unknowing public in the States, yet overseas they are heralded and warmly welcomed. Jazz history offers many instances of expatriates who have found artistic recognition on newly adopted homelands. While America has long resisted the view that jazz is a legitimate art form, other, more appreciative countries have not. Visiting players have often been received with open arms. "In Japan," Hakim says, "they understand the art that jazz is; they listen. When I've played clubs or concerts there, people were always coming in with my records and asking for autographs. The last gig I played they gave me roses. They've made me feel like a star."

Hakim is hardly jazz' most influential figure, yet, given the need to accrue historical perspective concerning the genesis of bop and the musicians who played it, it is a wonder why he has been overlooked. He is a shy and unassuming man, committed more to music than to self-promotion, but he offers a couple of theories: "For about 10 years I cut out to live in Canada and then travel to Europe. I wasn't into hanging out and being part of the scene here. Maybe during that time a lot of people forgot about me.

"Also, I went through my name change in 1947. When I started out in music I was Argonne Thornton, and then I became a Muslim. I think that turned people off. In fact, right after I converted, hardly anybody called me by my new name; they continued to call me Argonne just to rile me up. Funny though, the only guy who never gave me any grief was Bird. When I told him that I had a new name, he was right there with me. From that point on, it was never anything but Sadik."

Hakim's eyes shine when he talks about Charlie Parker. It is apparent that Bird gave him more than the mutual respect other peers refused him. During the time they shared an apartment on 117th Street and Manhattan Avenue in Harlem, Bird drew folks like Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, Dexter Gordon, and Billie Holiday up to the eight-room pad. In that setting Hakim established new friendships, rekindled old ones, and reinforced his special relationship with Bird. "The man was just beautiful," he fondly remembers. "I first met him in Chicago around the end of '42. I was playing in Jesse Miller's band at a club called Joe Hughes' Deluxe on 63rd and Cottage Grove. A. K. Atkinson was on alto; he's the guy who turned me on to becoming a Muslim. At this club all the entertainers were female impersonators except the chorus girls.

"We were playing *Stompin' At The Savoy*, and these girls were dancing up a storm, lined up in front of us. All of a sudden we heard this alto coming in from the other side of the room. The guy sounded like a bitch. A. K. said that it had to be Charlie Parker. I looked up and there was Bird, blowing his horn, walking right through those girls. I had never heard or seen anything like that." Hakim smiles broadly, remembering the moment and continues: "He had this old, raggedy horn that was held together with rubber bands and tape. It was all beat up and I couldn't figure how he got a sound out of that thing. He was doing alright though, because after he played with us he got a gig at the Rum Boogie. He never went to rehearsal. He'd come in two or three minutes before show time, glance at his part, and when the curtain went up, he played the music like he owned it.

"One night Jimmy Dorsey came in to check him out. Dorsey was playing at the Sherman Hotel that week, and he had his horn with him. When Bird's bandleader saw Dorsey at the table, he called for *Cherokee*, which Bird loved to play. Bird ripped through the tune on that wretched horn of his. After the set Dorsey came back to the dressing room, introduced himself and said, 'Here man, you need this more than I do.' He gave Bird the brand new Selmer saxophone he was holding. The next day Bird went and pawned it. I begged him not to, but he did anyway. Brand new."

The early days in Chicago represented an exciting time for Hakim. He arrived there in 1940 by way of Peoria, IL, where he had landed his first professional gig. Before that he had attended the University of Minnesota for a year. Throughout Hakim's childhood it was his grandfather, a classically trained violinist, composer, and conductor, who taught and encouraged him to play music. The elder virtuoso was very much a classicist, and he expressed displeasure with his grandson's decision to play jazz. Nevertheless, Hakim gravitated to Chicago where he met other players whose collective creativity and enthusiasm ushered in the new music. He gigged steadily at the Downbeat Club, and he experienced his first big break when Ben Webster dropped in one night.

"Ben came down and liked what he heard," Hakim recalls. "He dug our entire rhythm section, so we started playing with him on a radio show one hour a night, six nights a week. When he returned to New York, he asked us to join him at the Onyx Club on 52nd Street. We thought he was kidding but, sure enough, he sent us the tickets and we headed east. That was in '44 and at the time Ben was paying us $125 a week. Very heavy bread indeed." The 15 months that Hakim spent with Webster proved to be invaluable, a springboard for his career. He learned from and grew with the best players in New York, and during that time he recorded his first sides (now reissued on Savoy), working with Dexter Gordon. His solos on those recordings advance harmonic ideas similar to those of Monk's, and although Hakim's technique was not yet on a par with his conception, it was an impressive debut.

Less than a month later, in November '45, Hakim accompanied Bird on the Koko session. It was a date which, in subsequent years, aroused controversy because a number of masterworks were created and no one could agree on the exact personnel in the studio. The uncertainty, as it relates to Hakim, stemmed from John Mehegan's liner notes that appeared on a Savoy LP, issued in the late '50s. The record collected the various tunes from that date—Bird's first session as a leader—and Mehegan incorrectly cited Bud Powell as the pianist. To confuse matters even more, the original release of Koko listed the piano player as Hen Gates. Hakim, who participated on the date but was not officially credited by Savoy, recounts the story: "I wasn't supposed to be there. I woke up that morning and saw a telegram that [producer] Teddy Reig had sent Bird. The session was set for 11 o'clock. Bud Powell was scheduled to work but he

SADIK HAKIM SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

EAST MEETS WEST—Charlie Parker Records SP 805

LONDON SUITE—Radio Canada International RCI 378

SADIK HAKIM PLAYS DUKE ELLINGTON—Radio Canada International RCI 379

PIANO CONCEPTION—Progressive KUX42-G

RESURGENCE—Progressive KUX41-G

WITCHES, GOBLINS, ETC.—SteepleChase SCS-1091

MEMORIES—Progressive KUX83-G

A BIT OF MONK—Progressive KUX134-G

with Dexter Gordon

LONG TALL DEXTER—Savoy SJL 2211

with Charlie Parker

THE COMPLETE SAVOY STUDIO SESSIONS—Savoy 5500

with Lester Young

THE ALADDIN SESSIONS—Blue Note BN-LA456-H2

with James Moody

THE MOODY STORY—Trip TLP-5521

with Sonny Stitt

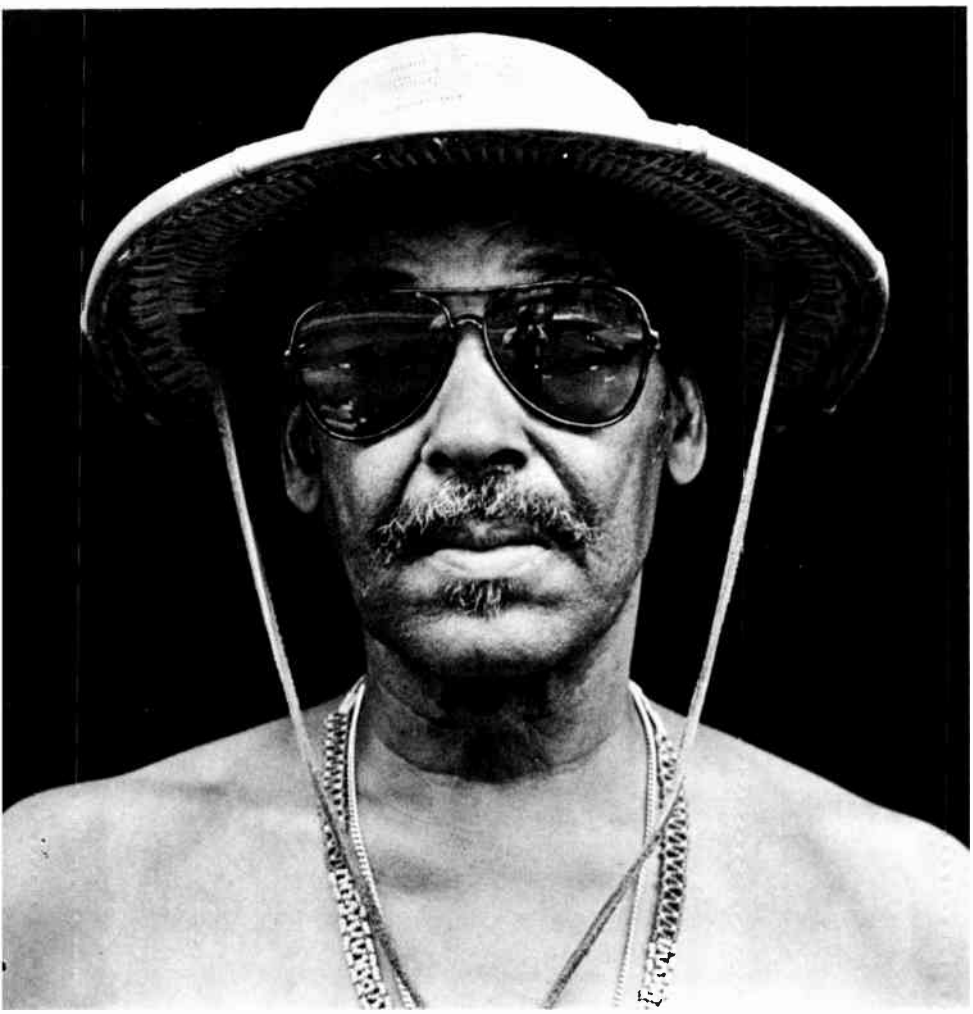
SONNY STITT MEETS SADIK HAKIM—Progressive 7034

with various artists

I REMEMBER BEBOP—Columbia C2 35381

had gone to his mother's house in Willow Grove [PA], and he didn't come back in time. Bird asked me if I wanted to play. Before we left the apartment that morning Bird had written the two blues—*Now's The Time* and *Billie's Bounce*—and *Koko*, which was based on the chords to *Cherokee*.

"When we got to the studio, the union man came around to check out our cards. There were five of us—Max [Roach], Curly Russell, Miles, Bird, and me. They were all cool but I didn't have a card because I was on transfer, so the union man said I couldn't play. As soon as he left, Bird told me to sit in anyway.



DARRYL PITT/ENCORE

While we were setting up, Dizzy came by. He was recording in the next studio with Don Byas, and he wanted to play with us. When we started working on *Koko*, Miles didn't know the intro or ending so Dizzy took it. I started to comp and during the parts when Dizzy wasn't blowing, he sat down and shared the piano with me. He and I played the only piano at that session.

"Dizzy was under contract to another company so he couldn't use his name. Savoy told me that they couldn't use my name and that they couldn't pay me either, because I wasn't in the local union. When the record was released, Dizzy made up the name Hen Gates. I never argued with Savoy about the credit because at that time I was just thrilled to be working on the date."

Although the personnel issue was unclear and problematic, the momentum of that session carried Hakim through a recording date with Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis. It also led him into the burgeoning activity on 52nd Street. It is a misconception to think that all the musicians and customers who hung out on the Street appreciated the new music. Bop made few concessions to public taste, and it was the revolutionaries like Bird and Dizzy who spearheaded the emerging style and commanded a small, but highly devoted following. Hakim was happy being a part of it.

He was even happier when he aroused the interest of Lester Young, newly working with his own group at the Spotlight Club after a stint in the army. "Prez had just come from L.A.," explains Hakim. "He had done time in D.B.—that's the army's disciplinary barracks, thus the tune *D.B. Blues*—and when he got out he was working as a leader with his own combo. Then he decided to revamp the group and take it on the road. He heard me play and I got the gig." (For a detailed look at Prez' army career, see *The Court Martial Of Lester Young*, **db**, Jan. '81.)

Touring with Prez in '46 was as prestigious a career opportunity as one could hope for. At the time though, Hakim thought less about his overall career strategy than, simply, about playing with the greatest tenorman around. He was on the road with Prez for two years in a group comprised of swing-era veterans and beboppers, and during that time they recorded some memorable sides for Aladdin Records. Hakim's keyboard work was solid, as evidenced by his intro to *S.M. Blues*, and his solo on *No Eyes Blues*. But by far, the best known result of the sessions was *Jumpin' With Symphony Sid*. It was a simple blues figure named for the hip-talking disc jockey from New York, Symphony Sid Torin, who had been an early champion of the modernists.

Hakim recalls that "we did the date in Chicago. As we warmed up, a studio guy came in and asked us to do something for Sid. It seemed like a good idea because we were scheduled to head back to the Three Deuces on 52nd Street, and at the time he had his radio show from there. I started playing this blues melody off the top of my head, and Prez dug it immediately. He said, 'Let's play that,' and we did it in just one take." The tune subsequently became Symphony Sid's radio theme, and it gained recognition as a jazz standard. The significance of playing on that record was not lost on Hakim or most of his cohorts. One person in particular, however, couldn't appreciate the achievement. "My grandfather didn't want to hear anything about jazz," Hakim remembers with a laugh. "When I came home in '47, I was excited about the things I was doing. I brought the record home for him, and all he said was, 'You're still playing that goddamn ragtime, aren't you?'"

Hakim's tour with Prez ended in 1948, and things slowly wound down, although he continued to work. He joined Slam Stewart's quartet briefly, and then picked up with James Moody whom he played and recorded with until the mid '50s. While in that group he toured behind Ella Fitzgerald. He next worked in Buddy Tate's band, and the setting was somewhat of a departure from those that he was used to. "It was a commercial band," he explains, "but I never had any problem with it. In fact, it was fun. We'd be playing up a storm and the people would be dancing and groovin' all around us. We had a ball."

In 1961, after leaving Tate, Hakim made his first record as a leader. The disc was entitled *East Meets West* and was done in conjunction with Duke Jordan. Hakim, who was dubbed "East" for the occasion, recorded one side of the album and Jordan, his "West" counterpart, handled the other. The record was fine as far as it went, but it fell short

continued on page 71

The sound is resonant. Powerful.
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Yamaha drums.

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RECORD REVIEWS

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

CECIL TAYLOR

FLY! FLY! FLY! FLY! FLY!—Pausa 7108: *T (Beautiful Young'n); Astar; Ensalayi; I (Sister Young'n); Corn In Sun + T (Moon); The Stele Stolen And Broken Is Reclaimed; N + R (Love Is Friends); Rocks Sub Amba.*
Personnel: *Taylor, piano.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

IT IS IN THE BREWING LUMINOUS—hat Hut 2R16: *Sides A-D.*
Personnel: *Taylor, piano, voice; Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Ramsey Ameen, violin; Alan Silva, bass, cello; Jerome Cooper, drums, African balafon; Sunny Murray, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

ONE TOO MANY SALTY SWIFT AND NOT GOODBYE—hat Hut 3R02: *Sides A-F.*
Personnel: *Taylor, piano; Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Raphe Malik, trumpet; Ramsey Ameen, violin; Sirone, bass; Ronald Shannon Jackson, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LA'RIC HEITZMAN

Cecil Taylor wants to *break through*. Will he destroy the piano? Give him an instrument designed for grand passion. Can a club, a stage, an album contain him? Encourage his 40-minute solos, produce his hour-plus sets, three-hour concerts, and multi-disc packages. Will he damage our eardrums? Prepare for an exhausting listening experience—he'll mess your mind, but bring you home. Will he smash the black American, Afro-European musical tradition? Yes—he means to recast music whole.

Taylor is out to annihilate silence, and exile cliche. He has created his own vocabulary, available only to musicians who pledge full energy and know no gap between intent and ability. To that end, he's trained rigorously—his own intellect and physique, as well as several ready colleagues who understand the contest and its stakes. Silence, after all, fights to the death.

As demonstrated by his earlier solo efforts, *Air Above Mountains* and *Spring Of Two Blue J's*, it is easiest to study Taylor's method and fine madness by approaching his moments alone at the piano. Joachim-Ernst Berendt, in *Fly!*, documents Taylor in beautiful fidelity at a well-tempered Bösendorfer piano. Musing softly as though in privacy, Taylor establishes a fully voiced, marvelously detailed theme within the 53 seconds of *T*, modulating it like a blues. The rest of two sides he spends extrapolating that material, twisting the keyboard—an ivory string of ascending pitches—and the tone row—its ultimate product in 20th century composition—into a knotted Möbius strip.

Taylor toys with his *T*, lining up amazingly swift, two-hand parallel runs, spinning swirling clusters up high, laying new boogie strides down low, and grounding it all in an obsessive rocking. Performed at a pensive pace that stirs occasionally to chase and catch the moment's inspiration (and then escalates its dynamic in a bound), Taylor's music beguiles the listener into believing it refers to the complex structures of the mind, and so sheds insight into self-comprehension. Actually, the listener has become absorbed in Taylor's complex thought, and lost to the rest of the world.

Gather Taylor's disciples, and the activity makes of itself a spectacle. Multiply the music's density, compound it with furious motion that seems to burst from a nuclear core in every conceivable direction—now try to grasp its craft and content. You must *want* to understand; Taylor's Unit doesn't seduce or persuade, but confronts through explosion. Simple offhand notes open hat Hut's *Brewing*, and immediately Taylor is met by his saxist, string players, and the pair of free pulsing drummers, and the quiet air thickens. Lyons' alto—righteous, plaintive, demanding, reasoned—and Ameen's violin—frantic and wraithlike—meet above Taylor's storm-on-a-thousand-fronts, while Cooper and Murray (here poorly recorded) build a bottom of body blows, and Silva bows, probing ever lower. Dug in so dramatically, at 70 minutes' end Taylor, alone, sings a few strangled phonemes as if to assert: "We came this far; the vocal song remains, an essence."

One Too Many goes further, creating something monumental from a collective energy that resists comprehension. The finale to a six-week European tour that, as Spencer Richards' liner notes report, comprised much frustration and ultimately ended this arrangement of the Unit, the performance is a more than two-hour tour de force, spread over six sides. Following a call to assembly from the horns, Taylor, bassist Sirone, and drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson forge a power trio that confounds, evades, and defies time. Taylor sprouts extra hands—all the attacks he displays in solo commence at once, as he's compelled to push harder, faster, beyond the full strength and speed he's practiced. His goal seems to be inhabiting the instant with action-ideas; the piano's wound wires echo from his hammering.

Jackson covers Taylor, driving forth with every step and stroke, finding his talents expand as he responds to the pianist's moves, bringing all his devices and rhythmic knowledge together with no time for contrivance. Sirone appears, is gone, returns, planting deeply solid pivots to support the two. The trio's hour passes in a blink; sound boils in the grooves. Later, Lyons expounds, angrily and at length, on sad truth; much briefer, Malik's trumpet is brave and clear; Ameen joins Taylor with tragic keening in passages that reform the violin's role and range. Sirone and Jackson continue through most of this, sensitively fierce or delicate—and at several points, the Unit nearly breaks through.

Even so, some of the most moving music issues from Taylor alone, while the others take respite. In these minutes he's revealed as an ultra-Romantic, whose lyricism is extreme. His brilliant imagination, unfailing stamina and reflexes must occasionally leave his collaborators shaken. Certainly the awed

listener trembles, intoxicated by the fury and freedom suffusing Cecil Taylor's being.

—howard mandel

RICKY FORD

TENOR FOR THE TIMES—Muse MR 5250: *This Our Love (Esse Nosso Amor); Christmas Cheer; Hour Samba; Saxaceous Serenade; Portrait Of Love; Orb; Arcadian Eclipse.*

Personnel: Ford, tenor saxophone; *Albert Dailey, piano; Rufus Reid, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums; Jack Walrath, trumpet (cut 5).*

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The plaudits forming an aura of glory around tenor saxophonist Ricky Ford are well-founded. Someone unfamiliar with his music might find the critical flattery misleading—a smoke screen set up to pass off moderately talented young players as something more, thereby filling the void left by aging and deceased masters—but listening to Ford should convince the doubter. A few years shy of 30, Ford, with his brawny tone and possessing technical prowess to the fore, will be proselytizing for some time to come.

All seven tracks of Tenor For The Times are Ford compositions predicated on his conception of jazz as popular music. His demotic intention is realized in a high-minded manner: meticulous care has been given to making the songs melodically and harmonically winsome while staying true to jazz' spirit with probing solos, passionately sensitive accompaniment, and ingenious compositional quirks. He's very much his own man, though his writing honors Ellington and Mingus (with whom he worked), and his playing encompasses the history of the jazz tenor saxophone from Hawkins on.

Maybe Ford, an original talent, can widen interest in acoustic jazz. Three of the new record's songs are bossa novas, suggesting that while his use of Brazilian song form is rooted in aesthetic motives, he's aware of the music's public appeal. (Recall *Desafinado* and the cyclical nature of the masses' taste.) *This Our Love* deserves airplay and sales from St. Paul to São Paulo; it sports a melody so stunningly lovely that when Ford applies his amatory sound, like a Ben Webster, the song becomes a metaphor for the trueness of love. *Hour Samba* and *Orb* are merely pretty because Ford sometimes skitters over the notes, robbing the songs of some of their humanness. Even when he suffers lapses though, the rhythm team of pianist Dailey, bassist Reid, and drummer Cobb stays spirited and compassionate.

There is nary a moment of superficiality in the other songs. The ballad *Portrait Of Love* is both a tender tribute to his wife and an example of his warm regard for his comrades. Allowing Walrath, on muted trumpet, and the rhythm team to help carry the composition's emotional weight through both individual solos and prominent support is a grand gesture. Whether Ford wears his heart on sleeve for the dreamy *Christmas Cheer* or takes a fiery improvisation on *Saxaceous Serenade*, he shows a wisdom beyond his years. Envision a time when a recorded performance so honest, so life-giving, can be heard on many radio stations, distributed to every record store, and go gold.

—frank-john hadley

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

BELO HORIZONTE—Warner Brothers BSK3619: *Belo Horizonte; La Baleine; Very Early (Homage To Bill Evans); One Melody; Stardust On Your Sleeve; Waltz For Katia; Zamfir; Manitas D'Oro (For Paco De Lucia).*

Personnel: *McLaughlin, guitar; Katia LaBeque, acoustic piano, synthesizers; Francois Courturier, electric piano, synthesizers; Jean Paul Celea, acoustic bass; Tommy Campbell, drums; Francois Jeanneau, soprano, tenor saxophone; Jean Pierre Drouet, Steve Sheman, percussion; Augustin Dumay, violin; Paco De Lucia, guitar.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Anyone disturbed when CBS dropped John McLaughlin a couple of years back will be heartened by this new Warner Bros. release. McLaughlin, one of the pioneers in electric jazz-rock circles, has also spent a lot of time in acoustic projects, including the Indo/rock of Shakti, and concerts with fellow guitarists Paco De Lucia and Al Di Meola. On *Belo Horizonte*, his acoustic guitar sings out from a band that combines electric and acoustic elements.

Belo was recorded in Paris during the summer of 1981, and features a new McLaughlin band composed mainly of outstanding French musicians. On the title track, Katia LaBeque's flute-like synthesizer doubles the acoustic guitar, and the melody takes on a whimsical, near-baroque quality. Tommy Campbell's drumming drives the band with wild energy, and percussionists Drouet and Sheman serve up bright flourishes that lend themselves well to the Mediterranean timbre of McLaughlin's leads.

One Melody is a more free-form piece, in which huge synthesizer orchestrations appear without warning, only to drop out of the picture just as suddenly, a la Weather Report. Violin and guitar lines weave through the irregular comping patterns, reminiscent of McLaughlin's One Truth Band. Francois Jeanneau's soprano tones on *Stardust On Your Sleeve* bring Wayne Shorter to mind. Jeanneau and McLaughlin show great patience during their solos, and great care in shaping the beautiful melody. Jean Paul Celea's work on acoustic bass ties the album together from start to finish. Celea is a strong player who can be brash or subtle, and is a perfect foil for McLaughlin and Campbell, dueling imaginatively or laying back inside a soft ECMish groove.

There are few of the excesses (musical or spiritual) for which some have criticized McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra. In fact, *Belo Horizonte* could be the guitarist's most listenable record to date, because of its spacious, airy feeling. McLaughlin offers truly inspired playing here, riffing faster than seems possible, but always with purpose and emotion. Certainly, few guitarists make the transition from electric to acoustic while maintaining such a high degree of expression. McLaughlin has incorporated rock, blues, jazz, and flamenco influences into his unique style, and though often imitated, he remains an innovator.

—robin tolleson

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI/ LEW TABACKIN BIG BAND

TANUKI'S NIGHT OUT—JAM 006: *Tanuki's Night Out; Falling Petal; Yet Another Tear; A Bit Byas'd; Lament For Sonny; Lew's Theme (Let The Tape Roll).*

Personnel: *Akiyoshi, piano; Buddy Childers, Steven Huffsteter, Larry Ford, Mike Price, Rich Cooper (cut 6), trumpet; Jim Sawyer, Hart Smith, Bruce Fowler, trombone; Phil Teele, bass trombone; Dan Higgins, Bob Sheppard, Gary Foster, Lew Tabackin, John Gross, Bill Byrne, reeds; Ed Bennett, bass; Steve Houghton, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Where will it all end? Will Toshiko and Lew ever make a wrong move? Never, according to their recording track record thus far. *Tanuki's Night Out*, the band's second on the new Jazz America Marketing label, is another in a long line of superb albums by this consistently award-winning orchestra.

This most recent work, however, is somewhat of a departure from the band's norm, in that all the music was written by Lew Tabackin, then arranged by Toshiko (all previous albums have been written *and* arranged by the pianist). The whole thing, nevertheless, has the distinctive stamp attributed to this unique ensemble. In awarding five stars, I feel compelled to stress this is a technically brilliant album; however, it is necessary to add that there's so much heart and soul shining through each track, the technique is simply noticed. For example, on *A Bit Byas'd* (a tribute to one of Tabackin's obvious tenor mentors, Don Byas), the ensemble passages are gems of unbroken, breathless, long lines; and yet it's the deep reverence for this past master that is most obvious in the music. Also, on this track, there's a beautiful, lyrical solo by Steve Huffsteter, one of the unsung heroes of the trumpet.

In addition to the Byas tribute, there are two other accolades to departed brothers: *Lament For Sonny*, penned after saxophonist Sonny Criss died, is a splendid blues, with Lew's tenor reminiscent of the late saxist. *Yet Another Tear* has Toshiko in an Ellingtonian mood introducing this lovely theme written in remembrance of Ben Webster, with Lew's tenor prominent once again.

The title track depicts Tanuki, who is a friendly little badger possessing mystical powers (but who drinks too much). The piece opens with percussion, leading into a lumbering, humorous passage by the brass and woodwinds (you can almost see this slightly tipsy badger partying). Tabackin sits this one out, handing over the tenor part to John Gross, and there are also superb solos by Bill Byrne on baritone and Bruce Fowler on trombone. *Falling Petal* is a showcase for the empathy between Toshiko and Lew, wherein the piano and flute intertwine, separate, and

RECORD REVIEWS

come back together again, all the while backed by the subtlest of accompaniment from the full orchestra. For *Lew's Theme*, Toshiko modestly said in the liner notes, "It has a pure swing to it, so I just left it alone and kept it simple. . . . "

—*frankie nemko-graham*

RICHARD BEIRACH/ GEORGE MRAZ

RENDEZVOUS—IPI 1001: *Rendezvous; Distant Dream; Natural Selection; Inborn; Rectilinear; Wisteria; The Last Rhapsody.*

Personnel: *Beirach, piano; Mraz, bass.*

★ ★ ★ ★

JIMMY ROWLES/ GEORGE MRAZ

MUSIC'S THE ONLY THING THAT'S ON MY MIND—Progressive 7009: *Music's The Only Thing That's On My Mind; Miyako; The Lady In The Corner; Tom Thumb; Pretty Eyes; You Started Something/I Never Loved Anyone; Remember When; Running Brook.*

Personnel: *Rowles, piano, vocals; Mraz, bass.*

★ ★ ★

Bassist George Mraz is the backbone of these two very different duet albums. The Richard Beirach album is a dark, moody collection of original compositions that reflect the pianist's strong classical background. The Jimmy Rowles album is at the other end of the jazz spectrum—a light, swinging mixture of new and old tunes that includes three vocals by the pianist. Mraz, with his European conservatory training and extensive small-group experience, is the perfect complement for these disparate pianists.

In an interview that is included with *Rendezvous*, Beirach cites his classical background—"the romantic music of Chopin and Liszt and the densely chromatic music of Schönberg, Webern, and Berg"—and speaks of his desire to integrate it with his knowledge of jazz improvisation. The music on the album represents a quite successful melding of the two. Overall, it sounds more classical than jazz and, for the most part, reflects the earlier, more romantic influences, which is probably a good thing; although some of the music is quite dissonant and abstract, strong tonal centers are usually obvious, and the playing has the strong emotionality of good romantic music.

Nothing swings here, although there is a light swing implied on *Natural Selection*, the jazziest tune. (The album is dedicated to Bill Evans, and this tune sounds quite a bit like an Evans composition.) Furthermore, *Rendezvous* is enhanced by the beauty of the recorded sound. It was recorded live, with a minimum of equipment, in the Van Wezel Concert Hall in Sarasota, Florida. There is a strong sense of room ambience, and both instruments sound unusually full. IPI deserves commendation for this technique, which is an admirable alternative to standard studio recording.

For all its moody seriousness, the Beirach album is more wistful than melancholic. It is eminently suited to a rainy evening. The Rowles album, on the other hand, should be heard on a sunny afternoon.

Jimmy Rowles' smooth, subtle piano playing has drawn praise from many quarters through the years. Like Tommy Flanagan (another frequent partner of bassist Mraz), he is a superb accompanist with a distinctive, fluent style that blossoms in the spotlight. Rowles has backed most of the great jazz singers, and on this album he backs his own vocals. He sings the title tune (a Rowles original), plus *Pretty Eyes* and a medley of *You Started Something* and *I Never Loved Anyone*.

Although Jimmy's vocals have a certain gruff charm, his voice is a pretty limited instrument—which his piano is not. Consequently, the vocal tunes come off as little more than novelty items when juxtaposed with the sublime playing of Rowles and Mraz elsewhere. The instrumentals are all played with a light, polished touch—a smooth sophistication that is best heard on the three Wayne Shorter tunes: *Miyako*, *Tom Thumb*, and *Running Brook*. These are fine modern compositions, and Rowles and Mraz play them with obvious admiration for their harmonic possibilities, which they thoroughly explore. A whole album of similar material would have been more substantial. As it is, the vocal tunes will be fun for Rowles freaks, but the record is something of a mixed bag.

—*jim roberts*

GEORGE RUSSELL

ELECTRONIC SONATA FOR SOULS LOVED BY NATURE—Soul Note SN 1009: *Events I-XV.*

Personnel: *Russell, piano, organ; Lew Soloff, trumpet; Robert Moore, soprano, tenor saxophone; Victor Comer, guitar; J. F. Jenny-Clark, bass; Keith Copeland, percussion.*

★ ★ ★ ★

VERTICAL FORM VI—Soul Note SN 1019: *Events I-V.*

Personnel: *Russell, Carl Atkins, conductor; Arne Domnerus, Ian Uling, Lennart Aberg, Erik Nilsson, Bernet Rosengren, reeds; Americo Bellotto, Bertril Lovgren, Haken Nyquist, Jan Allan, Ivar Olsen, trumpet, flugelhorn, french horn; Lars Olofsson, Bengt Edvarsson, Jorgen Johansson, trombone; Sven Larsson, bass trombone, tuba; Rune Gustafsson, guitar; Stefan Brolund, electric bass; Bronislav Suchanek, Lars-Urban Helje, acoustic bass; Bjorn Lind, Vlodek Gulgowski, Monica Dominique, keyboards; Lars Beijbon, Leroy Lowe, drums; Sabu Martinez, congas.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Ever since the bebop explosion of the mid-'40s, George Russell has been breaking and redefining musical barriers with his Lydian Chromatic Concept of Tonal Organization and Vertical Forms—theories of composition and improvisation which have governed most of his work. His groups have

included a social register of jazz' most fervent creators including Eric Dolphy, Don Ellis, Paul Bley, Jon Hendricks, John Coltrane, Sheila Jordan, Bill Evans, and Phil Woods. His records are mostly out-of-print, though, and he hadn't recorded anything new since the early '70s, until the recent release of two new Russell recordings, which reveal a fresh approach to an older composition and the latest evolution in his conceptual development.

Electronic Sonata For Souls Loved By Nature was originally recorded in 1969 with Jan Garbarek, Terje Rypdal, and others, and was later redone in a massive big band version released on the two-record European set *The Essence Of George Russell* (Sonet SLP 1411/1412). This new recording finds Russell joining a quintet again with the only change being the addition of organ.

Electronic Sonata merges futurism and primitivism, the mystical and the earthy. It's based around a prepared tape—electronic sounds and electronically altered music ranging from time-warped organ distortions to African percussion and tribal chanting—that underlays the entire 50-minute performance. In the first *Event*, a propulsive ostinato bass line surges through a sheet of electronic sound, punctuated by Russell's Sun Ra-like organ layered vertically over the horn charts. The *Event* churns to a crescendo around Robert Moore's throaty tenor solo, climaxing just a little too early in the movement. Russell's kinetic dervish melts into an electronic landscape in which the ensemble gropes for each other through a dense fog with tentative bleats and rumbles and Moore's lonely tenor soliloquy. Pounding boogie woogie piano chords bring the ensemble rushing in for a Middle Eastern foray with a rumbling undercurrent of bass, electronics, and Soloff's muted trumpet solo.

The piece continually moves in and out of phase with ensemble passages emerging out of the electronic atmospheres. The electronic tape opens up portals to the real time playing of the ensemble and flings open doors to ancient cultures, seeming to make time concurrent rather than linear. *Event VIII* opens with tuned African percussion that drummer Copeland transmutes into a contemporary rock beat, as cascading organ and searing tenor work from Moore plays off Victor Comer's hard-edged guitar. Some of this rocking out is a bit stilted, however, and Comer's guitar, especially on the reprise of the opening theme, is too self-consciously based in rock cliches.

Vertical Form VI continues Russell's interest in pan-cultural music and concurrent music structures in a more understated manner. Recorded in 1976, it employs a 24-member Swedish orchestra with full reed, horn, and rhythm sections along with electric keyboards, guitars, and basses. Russell proves that music can swing even when it's totally composed. His conversational writing style and built-in reactions and counter-reactions make the music seem spontaneously generated. *Event I* sets the tone with an ominous, stalking bass and clavinet line that anchors passing tones from the horn sections. The piece plummets in and out of free-form blowing segments (all composed) that coalesce around the insistent rhythm. *Event II* is the most satisfying in terms of continuous momentum with a hypnotic ritual rhythm that becomes layered in counter-rhythms with reeds on the left and horns on

the right forming a vaguely Middle Eastern call-and-response.

This composition is less overt in its references than *Electronic Sonata*, and indicates that Russell's music is moving into even less time-bound areas than before. The earthiness of *Electronic Sonata* and the visceral energy of such previous works as *Living Time* and *Lydia And Her Friends* is being replaced by a more cerebral and introspective music that requires players of interpretive abilities rather than hot improvisers. The one movement of improvisation on *Vertical Forms*, featuring Vlodek Gulgowski on piano and Bertril Lovgren on trumpet, is also the most delicately balanced performance on the album.

George Russell is one of those musicians whom people call "ahead of his time." As he moves into the '80s, his newer compositions, in addition to older ones like *Electronic Sonata*, sound as fresh as ever, and it is evident that Russell's music is beyond time.

—*john diliberto*

ARCHIE SHEPP/ NIELS-HENNING ØRSTED PEDERSEN

LOOKING AT BIRD—SteepleChase SCS 1149: *Moose The Mooche; Embraceable You; Ornithology; Billie's Bounce; Yardbird Suite; Blues For Alice; How Deep Is The Ocean; Confirmation.*
Personnel: *Shepp, tenor, soprano saxophone; Ørsted Pedersen, bass.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Like most Archie Shepp LPs from the last decade or so, this one offers a meditation on the jazz past rather than a prognosis of the future. But this program of six Charlie Parker tunes and two Parker-associated standards isn't the retrograde exercise it might appear to be at first glance. Coming on the heels of *Goin' Home* and *Trouble In Mind* (portfolios of spirituals and blues respectively, both duets with pianist Horace Parlan), *Looking At Bird* feels like the resolution of a trilogy. In trying to locate a continuity of values which would link Parker's experience to his (and link both of them to the more pious and the more profane of their distant ancestors), Shepp is taking a leap of faith—and no leap of faith was ever a conservative act.

Shepp "looks" at Bird analytically, molecularly, with something of the same intensity and clarity of focus that Steve Lacy brings to his scrutiny of Thelonious Monk, and Parker emerges from the microscope fully intact but transformed. The duet setting—with no pianist blocking out chords, no drummer dropping bombs, and no parade of horn soloists running the changes, just two players thematically developing Parker's material—enables us to hear more forcefully in the present tense Parker the sublime melodist and visionary composer who anticipated modality in *Yardbird Suite*, bitonality in *Moose The Mooche*, and extended form in *Confirmation*.

Given Parker's harmonic sophistication, the substitution of the facile Ørsted Pedersen for the soulful pianist Parlan was a wise decision. The bassist is Shepp's equal in this venture; it is he who sets compass on these difficult tempos and keeps Shepp moving forward on an even keel. But Parker's music, in the purified form in which it is presented here, is essentially music for saxophone, and credit for the success of this record must ultimately go to Shepp, who, aside from an absent-minded interpolation here and there, has rarely played better and has not since his "free" days played with such total concentration of energy. The two ballad readings here are among the most moving he has ever done, particularly *Embraceable You* (on which he is more faithful to the letter of Gershwin's melody, ironically, than Parker was on the most famous ballad recording in modern jazz). And none of his previous outings on soprano quite prepared me for the full tone he sprightly displays on that instrument on two titles here.

If there is any fault to be found with this album, it is an irrelevant one—it draws only on the improvisatory aspect of Shepp's talent. He is too vital a composer and orchestrator to permit those skills to atrophy.

—*francis davis*

DAVID GRISMAN

MONDO MANDO—Warner Bros. BSK 3618: *Cedar Hill; Dawg Funk; Japan (Op. 23); Fanny Hill; Anouman; Caliente; Albuquerque Turkey; Mondo Mando.*
Personnel: *Grisman, mandolin, mandola; Darol Anger, violin, violectra (cuts 1-6); Mark O'Connor, violin (4, 7); Tony Rice, guitar (1, 4); Mike Marshall, guitar (2, 3, 5-8), mandolin (1, 4); Rob Wasserman, bass; Joanne Sakai, koto (3); David Harrington, John Sherba, violin (8); Hank Dutt, viola (8); Joan Jeanrenaud, cello (8).*

★ ★ ★ ★

David Grisman's self-proclaimed "dawg music" owes a huge debt to the kind of free form backporch jamming that country folk take a liking to. It's full of fast pickin' mandolins, fiddles, guitars, techniques spawned by the likes of Bill Monroe, and the spirit of rural jug band music. And yet Grisman hails from Hackensack, New Jersey, and there's enough jazz savvy on *Mondo Mando* to keep many a city boy happy, too. This is Grisman's fifth album since emerging as a group leader in 1977, having spent the previous decade as a mandolin-toting sidekick to Maria Muldaur, John Sebastian, Judy Collins, fiddler Richard Greene, and a host of others. *Hot Dawg* (Horizon SP-731) and subsequent Warner Bros. albums have been noteworthy for their fusion of bluegrass with jazz, as well as highly accomplished musicianship and collaborations with the likes of violinist Stephane Grappelli and bassist Eddie Gomez.

One's first impression of *Mondo Mando* is derived from the meticulously bizarre cover artwork depicting a fantastical jam session starring semi-surreal characters in a swampy, twilight setting. Even more so than Leo Kottke, Grisman surrounds himself with talent and ideas that interact to create an aura

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extending beyond a strictly instrumental approach to become a larger experience. To enter Grisman's musical world of *Mondo Mando* is to inhabit a creative hollow that seems at once intimate, self-contained, slightly daft, yet always stimulating.

You would expect to hear fast-moving bluegrass cuts like *Cedar Hill* and *Albuquerque Turkey* on an album fronted by a mandolinist, but Grisman also aims for new ground and atmospheric diversity. In this case, *Japan* is a carefree, jazzy travelog, *Caliente* stretches improvisatory areas, and *Dawg Funk* extends Grisman's personal metaphor for fusion. *Anouman*, with its haunting blue balladry and gypsy feel—the only non-original on the album—is a Django Reinhardt composition that Grisman executes beautifully. Darol Anger, playing the original Grappelli violin part on violectra here, deserves special mention as an up-and-coming musician who, like Mark O'Connor and Tony Rice, is currently recording on his own with Rounder Records.

The title track is nine minutes long and even more expansive than *Caliente* in terms of covering varied terrain. The piece starts slow and funky with Grisman alone, then surges into a series of rushing group episodes which alternate with thematic flashbacks carried out by the Kronos String Quartet. It's a see-saw between exuberance and reverie, as well as between dawg-led mandolin music and the chamber ensemble format.

Not every cut is as stunning and ambitious, but, top to bottom, *Mondo Mando* is a thoroughly professional piece of integrated art with some marvelous moments. Even with instrumentation limited strictly to strings, Grisman and his cohorts are capable of pulse and panache. —*bob henschen*

DAVE McKENNA/DICK JOHNSON

PIANO MOVER—Concord Jazz CJ-146: *Nobody Else But Me; Cottontail; Your Eyes Dance With Love; Star Eyes; Morning; A Spider Sat Down Beside Her; In Love In Vain; I Concentrate On You.*

Personnel: *McKenna, piano; Johnson, clarinet, alto saxophone, flute; Bob Maize, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

DICK JOHNSON

SWING SHIFT—Concord Jazz CJ-167: *Jones; It Never Entered My Mind; The Night Has A Thousand Eyes; Perdido; Satin Doll; A Child Is Born; How Are Things In Arborea.*

Personnel: *Johnson, alto, tenor, soprano saxophone, clarinet, flute; Jimmy Derba, baritone, tenor saxophone, clarinet, flute; Ken Wenzel, trombone, flugelhorn; Rick Hammett, trumpet, flugelhorn; John DeMasi, trombone (cuts 2, 3-6); Paul Schmeling, piano; Paul Del Nero, bass; Gary Johnson, drums.*

★ ★ ★

Piano Mover prominently exhibits the persuasive alto saxophone playing of Dick Johnson, who is to Massachusetts' mainstream jazz what Henry Cabot Lodge is to Bay State politics: the paragon of professionalism and integrity. The amiable ex-sailor may be an established—and ubiquitous—performer in the greater Boston area, but he's a talent deserving wider attention elsewhere. (Big band buffs should remember his days with the organizations of Goodman, Hefti, Morrow, Rich, and Spivak.) He seldom records; before Concord Jazz's *Dick Johnson Plays* (waxed with Cape Cod friend McKenna in 1979), his previous disc was a 1957 session for Riverside—*Most Likely* with McKenna, Philly Joe Jones, and the late Wilbur Ware. So it's pleasing that Johnson has found a home-away-from-home with Carl Jefferson's label, thus pushing his attractive sound beyond the domain of the Celtics.

Johnson and McKenna revel in refurbishing the music of Tin Pan Alley, Broadway, and Hollywood, producing incandescence in material which would be drab and musty in less reverential hands. McKenna's opening chorus of Jerome Kern's golden *Nobody Else But Me* courts sentimentality—an easy occurence with a melody so lush—but Johnson's spiralling alto launches the frolic. His agile soloing is teased by the pianist's jabs till his partner takes charge with flurries of clean, bright notes from the upper keyboard. They spar magnificently before Johnson predicates a gripping emotional involvement, closing with an a cappella improvisational flight that is unexaggerated drama. Bassist Bob Maize and drummer Jake Hanna add resolute understanding. On Kern's blue *In Love In Vain*, the alto is alert, questioning with a hint of assurance, while the piano is more wistful than resigned. Their shared ardor for Cole Porter's *I Concentrate On You* is obvious, from Johnson's skittish albeit graceful working of the melody to McKenna's rippling lines.

Johnson's emotionalism, steady swinging, and technical expertise suggest Johnny Hodges, yet there is another alto giant in his musical ancestry—Charlie Parker. He often follows Bird's innovative thinking, most effectively with *Star Eyes* here, but Bird's influence, like Hodges', is subsumed in a pleasing alto style, one wholly sui generis. Johnson is a talented multi-instrumentalist, though the flute numbers (Clare Fischer's *Morning*, the self-penned *Eyes Dance*) and the long clarinet showcase (his *Spider*) are merely well-played trifles alongside the aforementioned freshly polished jewels.

The debut recording of Johnson's Swing Shift, his working septet, comes with a touch of sadness; bandsman Jimmy Derba died while Concord readied the session for release. Still, there's no denying the refined jollity prevailing here. *Jones*, a Clark Terry number arranged by Hal Crook, steams ahead with pointed ensemble precision and tenor solos either controlled (Derba's) or restive (Johnson's). On Crook's driving *How Are Things In Arborea* the group sashays through the time changes with poise and vigor. Standbys *Perdido* and *Satin Doll*, hardly bold song selections, are well-played and pleasing to the ear.

Swing Shift winningly expresses its conviviality on the uptempo charts, but the thoughtful ballad *It Never Entered My Mind* is the record's highlight. Johnson's gentle/sad tenor, Paul Schmeling's pianistic elegance, and the horns' palette of tonal colors combine in a tender mood. Derba's single held note on baritone, as obbligato to Johnson's closing line, exemplifies the strong feeling behind his playing. Too bad *Swing Shift* and Herb Pomeroy's *Pramlatta's Hips* (on Shiah) are the only recordings Derba contributed to in his quarter of a century as first-class jazzman.

—*frank-john hadley*

EDDIE PALMIERI

EDDIE PALMIERI—Barbaro B 205: *El Dia Que Me Quieras; Ritmo Alegre; Paginas De Mujer; No Me Hagas Sufrir Ven Ven.*

Personnel: *Palmieri, piano; Victor Paz, trumpet; Barry Rogers, trombone; Cheo Feliciano (cuts 1-3), Ismael Quintana (4, 5), vocals; others uncredited.*

★ ★ ★ ★

TOTICO Y SUS RUMBEROS

TOTICO Y SUS RUMBEROS—Montuno MLP-515: *Mil Gracias; Oferere; What's Your Name?; Arere; A Una Mamita; Noche Cubana; Oye Mis Cantares; La Comunidad; Con Tres Tambores Bata Un Quinto Y Un Tumbador.*

Personnel: *Eugenio "Totico" Arango, leader, vocals, quinto drum, cajon; Orlando "Puntilla" Rios, musical director, vocals, Iya drum, quinto drum, cajon; Encarncion Perez, vocals; Fran Alcaso, Okonkolo drum (cut 2); Pedro "Buchichi" Bruzon, percussion, vocals; Gene Golden, Iya drum, claves; Andy Gonzalez, bass, vocals; Jerry Gonzalez, quinto drum, tres golpes drum, vocals; Hector "Flaco" Hernandez, Itotele drum, los palos, shekere; Carlos Sanchez, Okonkolo drum, vocals; Rene Lopez II, quinto drum, cajon; Carlos "Compadrito" Mestre, tumbador drum; Lozaro Parrado "Popo" Diaz, tres golpes drum; Abraham Rodriquez, Ricardo "Umba" Ugarte, Zunny Lopez, vocals.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

With the collapse of the salsa crossover push, latin musicians have all but abandoned rock and disco forays in favor of more typically Hispanic sounds. Paralleling the retrospective tendencies so prevalent in current jazz and rock, *salseros* today seem more intent on consolidating and renewing their heritage than on anticipating the future.

Pianist and bandleader Eddie Palmieri has been one of the leading forces in latin music since the early '60s, when his conjunto La Perfecta flavored Cuban roots music with progressive jazz to create a sleek and dynamic New York sound that became known, a decade later, as salsa. Ever innovative, he has experimented restlessly with novel rhythms and instrumentations, exploring virtually the full spectrum of Caribbean and South American styles, as well as funk, rock, and even free jazz. The fountainhead of his inspiration, however, has always been the Cuban popular dance tradition and its African antecedents; for his current release, titled simply *Eddie*

Palmieri, he has returned once again to that well.

With his compromised Epic LP and prolonged squabbles with Coco Records behind him, Eddie is in full control on this Barbaro production. Like many Palmieri albums, it is divided between relatively straightahead dance tunes and more venturesome material. In this case, though, Eddie's latest excursion is no leap into the ozone but rather a nostalgic plunge into the orchestrations of the late Rene Hernandez, whose big band charts for Machito, Tito Rodriguez, and others set the pace for the mambo era of the '50s. The two Hernandez arrangements, *El Dia Que Me Quieras* and *Ritmo Alegre*, are each elaborate composites that embrace varied forms like the tango, rumba, danzon, and mambo within lush, Ravel-influenced scores that feature oboes, cellos, french horns, and a plethora of brassy fanfares. The result is a mite fulsome, but between spacey pianistics and bravura rhythms, Eddie breathes his personal brand of contemporary fire into every bar. The popular Cheo Feliciano, an appropriately smooth and pliant vocalist, is overshadowed here by the top-notch instrumentalists, particularly the unnamed percussion team.

Less grandiose, but more to the point, are the three flip-side charts by Francisco Zumaque, who showcases Eddie in the muscular, no-nonsense groove that has sustained the pianist's faithful fans for 20 years. Sparked by the insistent chorus of "Oye mi canto!" (Hear my song!), *Paginas De Mujer* is an instant classic, with brilliant solos by returning alumni Victor Paz on trumpet and Barry Rogers on trombone. When former La Perfecta vocalist Ismael Quintana replaces Feliciano on the final tracks, the occasion becomes a festive reunion that builds to the climactic *Ven Ven*, an irresistibly torrid rumba.

As Eddie Palmieri is almost obsessively aware, modern salsa derives from the ritual music of escaped Cuban slaves, who preserved the religious liturgies of African tribes, principally the Yoruba of Nigeria. Among the present-day heirs of the Lucumi, as the Cuban Yorubas call themselves, is a lanky artisan named Eugenio Arango, a.k.a. Totico, who carves the wooden idols used in Santeria, a syncretistic cult that identifies Catholic saints with Yoruba gods. He is also a renowned "street singer" in the traditional Afro-Cuban style, best known for his mid-'60s collaboration with conga master Carlos "Patato" Valdez. Featuring stellar sidemen like bassist Israel "Cachao" Lopez and even the legendary godfather of Cuban salsa, Arsenio Rodriguez, the *Patato & Totico* LP was a landmark for latin purists.

After some 15 years Totico has returned to the studio, accompanied this time by a younger generation of culturally conscious musicians of both Cuban and Puerto Rican descent, including veterans of the pioneering Grupo Folklorico y Experimental Nuevayorquino. In a continuation of the Grupo Folklorico's ethnological quest, *Totico Y Sus Rumberos* adopts a narrower focus to examine the rumba and its variations in depth, adding a new dimension through the incorporation of the sacred, double-headed bata drums into secular dance forms.

Totico's raw and powerful vocals capture the funky essence of the folk rumba as it developed in the poor black barrios of Havana and Matancas. He demonstrates the

resilience of the rumba, with its Iberian-styled ballad introduction and Afro-chanted finale, in three languages: Spanish, Yoruba, and even English—the latter in a heavily accented but remarkably faithful "do-wop bata rumba" version of Don and Juan's golden oldie, *What's Your Name?*

In its spirited treatment of rumba variants like the yambu and guaguanco, the diverse ensemble achieves the unity and authenticity of famed Cuban folkloric troups like the Conjunto Guaguanco Matancero and Los Papines, thanks largely to a superb rhythm section anchored by Carlos "Compadrito" Mestre. Expanding on recent hybrid ventures in Cuba and the U.S., the Rumberos create a kind of super-traditional music, stressing its African elements with the sanctified batas and a chorus that could pass for the Congolese choir of *Missa Luba*.

It may be a long way from West Africa to Broadway, but Totico's incantations and Eddie Palmieri's rhapsodies throb to the same heartbeat. The rhythms that survived slavery and exile will surely survive disco and, as the growing European salsa market suggests, latin music may ultimately prove more universally appealing in unadulterated form.

—larry birnbaum

SONNY STITT

MEETS SADIK HAKIM—Progressive 7034: *Christopher Street Jump; Little Girl Blue; Easy To Love; You Are The Sunshine Of My Life; South Georgia Blues; All God's Children Got Rhythm; 'Round Midnight; Fine And Dandy.*

Personnel: *Stitt, tenor, alto saxophone; Hakim, piano; Buster Williams, bass; J. R. Mitchell, drums.*

★ ★

SONNY'S BACK—Muse MR 5204: *Canadian Sunset; Sonny's Bounce; Soon; Dodge City; It Might As Well Be Spring; Constellation; Street Of Dreams.*

Personnel: *Stitt, tenor, alto saxophone; Ricky Ford, tenor saxophone (cuts 2, 4, 6); Barry Harris, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Leroy Williams, drums.*

★ ★ ½

Sonny Stitt is no Greta Garbo; he'd prefer not to be alone. Given the choice of hogging the spotlight or sharing it with another tenorman, he invariably leans toward the latter. That's all because of his reputation as a duelist. Stitt shone in the 1950s on a series of tenor battles with Gene Ammons. Subsequent duets with such saxists as Zoot Sims, Red Holloway and, on three cuts from *Sonny's Back*, Ricky Ford, have merely solidified his position as the saxophonist most likely to go one-on-one.

The years of playing "Dueling Tenors" have been good to Stitt—too good, in fact, for he has acquired some bad habits. The most noticeable of these surfaces in his solo performances. On *Sonny Stitt Meets Sadik Hakim* and *Sonny's Back*, when it is just Stitt's tenor backed by a rhythm section, his efforts sound unfulfilled. All the macho machinations that typify his tenor-to-tenor battles are there—the popped notes, the glissandos with the Niagara Falls roar, the honks, the swashbuckling runs, the lunging attacks—but to what purpose? No one is there to return the challenge. Such is the plight of the antiphonal player who goes it alone.

When Stitt has some competition—in the form of Ricky Ford on *Sonny's Bounce, Dodge City*, and *Constellation*—he is in his element. The chance to bounce off another tenorman stirs his ad-libs. His lines are sharp and his touch, which wanders on the duelless tenor cuts, is sure. Ford, unfortunately, is no match for Stitt. His tone here is muffled and his phrases are disjointed. If these three selections were a cutting contest, Ford would look like he just fell into a Cuisinart.

Ironically, Stitt's unadulterated solo voice only comes through the alto. Using a forceful, but never brazen tone, Stitt takes his time with the instrument. But it's not his technique that slows down, it's the music's pace. He has trouble getting this message across on *Round Midnight*. Stitt wants to bathe in the soothing warmth of Monk's masterpiece. His rhythm section—Sadik Hakim on piano, J. R. Mitchell on drums, and Buster Williams on bass—has other ideas. While Stitt soaks, they bang on the bathhouse door and shout, "Hurry up," in three different tempos.

Stitt's alto receives better treatment on *Sonny's Back*. The rhythm section of veteran bassist George Duvivier, pianist Barry Harris, and his favorite drummer Leroy Williams, is firmly behind him. No one is trying to top him. They are there to support, not overwhelm. This is most obvious during *It Might As Well Be Spring*. The arrangement places Stitt in an unusual duet setting. He is on alto. Duvivier is on bass. Everyone else is on leave. Stitt uses this opportunity to dispell any notions he is a Charlie Parker clone. His alto shies away from sheer virtuosity and instead takes a romantic approach where a freely stated melody and fanciful, improvised flights coexist with the bassman's dutiful accompaniment.

—cliff radel

TOM VERLAINE

DREAMTIME—Warner Brothers BSK 3539: *There's A Reason; Penetration; Always; The Blue Robe; Without A Word; Mr. Blur; Fragile; A Future In Noise; Down On The Farm; Mary Marie.*

Personnel: *Verlaine, guitar, vocals, bass (cut 2); Ritchie Fliegler, guitar (1, 3-10); Donald Nossov (3, 4, 7, 8, 10), Fred Smith (1, 5, 6, 9), bass; Rich Teeter (3, 4, 7, 8, 10), Jay Dee Daugherty (1, 2, 5, 6, 9), drums; Bruce Brody (2, 3, 10), keyboards.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Right from the start, Television, a rock band led by guitarist/songwriter/vocalist Tom Verlaine, was an anomaly. Though lumped with the original New York punk bands (Ramones, Blondie, Talking Heads, Mink DeVille), they could really *play*, as their exceptional, critically acclaimed 1977 debut, *Marquee Moon*, aptly demonstrated. It seemed that all Television actually had in common with punk was that they played at CBGB's, New York's first punk club. As for their music, it always reminded me of a Picasso painting, full of mysterious angles and edges. There was a bit of the early Country Joe and the Fish to their music. Verlaine liked to improvise, and his solos avoided the cliches of much blues-based rock guitar, exploring modal scales. The lyrics, too, were not the headline haiku of punk. Let the Sex Pistols sing about anarchy. Let the Ramones sing about the 7-11. Television's lyrics were surrealist fragments that attempted to shed light on such heady subjects as Good and Evil, Truth and Beauty.

Though Television was never very popular, they influenced a number of English bands including U2, Echo and the Bunnymen, and the Teardrop Explodes. They broke up after recording *Adventure*, their not-so-hot second album.

Dreamtime is Tom Verlaine's second solo album, and it's a wonderful record that fulfills the promise of his best work with Television. Verlaine plays a brand of hard-edged rock that at times recalls a twisted version of the Rolling Stones fronted by a pre-born again Bob Dylan. Yet no one could actually confuse him with either the Stones or Dylan; not when, by the middle of the first track, *There's A Reason*, he manages to include an Ornette Coleman-as-rock-guitarist solo that, at really high volume, threatens to do damage to you and your loved ones.

Steeped in both jazz and rock, Tom Verlaine's tense, jagged, always shimmering guitar playing is both hypnotic and revelatory. His songs are built on simple rock rhythms, which allow his often-overdubbed guitars to fill in *all* the details. His style is to repeat short riffs over and over, then abruptly shift to another short riff, and repeat the process. By contrasting shrill, piercing phrases with bassy clusters of notes, Verlaine creates the emotionally charged tension that ignites nearly all his songs. Though he works with traditional song structures (verse, chorus, verse, chorus), Verlaine's guitar riffs constantly jab and jut out of the formal structures that frame each song. But if this album is full of riffs, it also contains plenty of exquisite, glistening solos—check out the lone instrumental, *The Blue Robe*, as well as the middle section of *Down On The Farm*.

Tom Verlaine is concerned with sound and the emotional resonances that one can create with it. Unlike Dylan, who always seems intent on ramming home his lyrics, Verlaine uses mood to convey his message. On *Dreamtime*, he focuses on romance and sex, alienation and hypocrisy, ecstasy and betrayal, fear and redemption. But it's not so much the lyrics (though they're often quite telling: "Walking slowly into romance/Lions roaring by the entrance," sings Verlaine in *There's A Reason*) as the atmospheric music that communicates Verlaine's ideas and feelings.

There's not a weak cut on this record. A few highlights: *Penetration*, a dirge about the awkwardness of sex ("You say 'okay please get me what I need'/Well I'm sorry, I can't find it, please don't hate me") riding on a grating, quasi-heavy metal riff, perfectly articulating the uptightness of the scenario. *A Future In Noise* is kind of an '80s update of Dylan's *Ballad Of A Thin Man*—"You're a graduate of

the Reemco School of Numbness," sings Verlaine, " . . . I gotta keep about a mile from you/Arm's length just won't do." Also stunning is *Always*, in which Verlaine's solo ascends like a rocket, then snaps back to create a chiming arpeggio that sounds like angels calling, as he sings in a tortured, desperate voice that doesn't even pretend to conform to anyone's idea of "good" singing: "Oooooo darling/Mysteries come and go/ But love remains the best kept secret in town."

Dreamtime, like Verlaine's other albums, contains timeless music, removed from both current trends and commercial considerations. In *Without A Word*, he sings: "I've been given a fortune/A fortune in lies." But what Verlaine is doing here is playing a music that attempts (and succeeds) at stripping away the lies, to reveal a little Truth.

—*michael goldberg*

ANTHONY DAVIS

EPISTEME—Gramavision GR8101: *Wayang No. II (Shadow Dance); Wayang No. IV (Under The Double Moon): Section 1: Opening—Dance; Section 2: Sustained Tones; Section 3: a) Variations; b) Pulse; c) Trombone Solo; d) Flute Interlude; e) Kecak (Repeated Clusters); f) Return); A Walk Through The Shadow.*

Personnel: *Davis, piano; Shem Guibbory, violin; Abdul Wadud, cello; Rick Rozie, bass; Dwight Andrews, flute, piccolo, bass clarinet; George Lewis, trombone; Jay Hoggard, vibraphone, marimba, glockenspiel; Warren Smith, marimba, xylophone, glockenspiel, vibraphone, timpani, bass drum, Chinese gongs, cymbals; Pheeroan Ak Laff, drums, gongs, cymbals; Mark Helias, conductor.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In his *Village Voice* review of Anthony Davis' solo piano album *Lady Of The Mirrors* (India Navigation IN 1047), Gary Giddins forwards a perspective of the pianist's relationship to Cecil Taylor with reference to Thelonious Monk's stylistic pruning of Art Tatum. The analogy can be furthered if the revisions of Monk and Davis share a model in Duke Ellington's symbiosis of composition and improvisation. Monk and Davis articulated their respective languages when, in varying degrees, the improviser exerted unbridled influence in new frontiers of convention. Whereas Monk was inclined to compose—as was Ellington—to provoke the improviser beyond the perfunctory, *Episteme* reveals Davis' Ducal ambition to make the ensemble his instrument. Taylor, in concept and practice, has transformed the piano into 88 tuned bongos (or 92 when he can use his favored Bösendorfer piano); Davis has translated his emergent sensibility to a striking setting of strings, percussion, and winds.

In Davis' ongoing *Wayang* series, the specificity of tonality, timbre, rhythm, and overall shape and design grants the improviser an additive role. The use of permuting polyrhythmic figures inspired by Balinese Gamelan music bears a surface resemblance to the mislabeled minimalist school, particularly in the hypnotic *Wayang II*. Yet, the friction between melody and accompaniment, the functional sectioning of the ensemble, and the emotional thrust of timbral highlighting have antecedents in the entire

black big band tradition. Davis' increased finesse with programmatic and formal issues, as characterized by the ritualistic beginnings of *Wayang IV, Section 1* and the two independent sets of variations that open *Section 3*, stems from seamless rhythmic and dynamic development.

Davis' background as an improviser has a great bearing on the music's cogency. Whether suggesting visceral force—as with the slow surging counter-melody introduced by Lewis, Andrews, and Rozie on *Wayang II*—or psalmic insight—which *A Walk Through The Shadow*, Davis' composed solo conclusion to the album, achieves with skeletal, drone-based phrases—there is an acute sensitivity to the activating role of the performer. Like a late Beethoven quartet or a George Russell composition, the integrity of *Wayang IV* is reduced into a collection of heterogeneous events critically dependent on the ensemble's self-identity, familiarity with each other's playing, and stylistic empathy.

The performances benefit from the working relationships of Davis, the members of the ensemble, and conductor Mark Helias in settings that emphasize group improvisation. Except for Lewis' textural exposition pivoting the third section of *Wayang IV*, there are no extended solo-plus-accompaniment-type improvisations. Even *Flute Interlude* is somewhat misnamed, as violinist Guibbory and cellist Wadud contribute comparably to flutist Andrews. Other collective statements employing improvisation range from the chiaroscuro of piano and strings in the second section of *Wayang IV* to Lewis and Andrews' heated call-and-response in *Kecak*.

Still, this is inexorably Davis' music, its autonomous voice being its most direct link to Davis' masterful predecessors.

—bill shoemaker

STONE ALLIANCE

HEADS UP—P.M. Records PMR-020: *Georgia O'; Pedra Da Lua; Aunt Remus; Tribute To Afreeka; Uncle Jemima; Kimmy And Donnie; Trampoline; Para Los Papinos (Para Que Negas?).*

Personnel: *Bob Mintzer, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet, flute; Kenny Kirkland, keyboards; Gene Perla, bass, acoustic piano, vocal; Don Alias, percussion, drums, guitar, vocal; Michael Brecker, tenor saxophone (cut 1); David Liebman, soprano saxophone (6); Randy Brecker, flugelhorn (3); Alan Rubin, cornet (3); Jim Pugh, Bob Smith, trombone (3); Jan Hammer, keyboards (1, 3, 4); Robert Piltch, guitar, (3, 7); Alex Acuna, drums (1).*

★ ★ ★ ★

When you talk about New York jazz musicians, you don't ordinarily picture country cats taking their time about "making it" and waiting for good things to slowly, but surely, come to them. And yet, Stone Alliance is thriving in rural upstate New York, working at a pace they obviously relish, and putting out albums that show you don't necessarily have to feed day-in/day-out off a big city melting pot for far-reaching musical ideas.

Heads Up, nevertheless, is probably the most commercial Stone Alliance effort yet, whether they intended it or not. Not "commercial" in the sense that Chuck Mangione is commercial—more like a unique brand of fusion that represents one phase of this band's development. *Heads Up* will be accessible to many ears, but there is little evidence of Mssrs. Perla and Alias having had to compromise their artistic ideals. This album is quite an about-face from their previous LPs, where Southern Hemisphere rhythm influences mixed with Steve Grossman's heady jazz sax. The surviving original members of Stone Alliance, Perla and Alias, have added steady compadres Mintzer and Kirkland to the group, along with big name special guests Michael Brecker, Dave Liebman, and Jan Hammer. The resultant scenario is for a session that can bridge the jazz-rock gap without abandoning true improvisation.

Georgia O', written by Alias for painter Georgia O'Keefe, is a case in point. Hammer's mini-overture on synthesizer sets the scene, while Brecker's tenor keeps pausing to repeat an irresistibly funky head. As Alex Acuna, Alias, and Perla push the hot pace, Hammer wails on synthesizer like a Jean-Luc Ponty, and Brecker develops a very impressive solo. Side two's *Uncle Jemima* has similar fusion appeal.

The eight cuts here are consistently strong and offer plenty of diversity. *Pedra Da Lua* by Toninho Horta is a sumptuous ballad led by Perla's dark, beautiful bass melody Eberhard Weber-style, and Mintzer's subtle overblowings on tenor are a highlight. Liebman's soprano work on an increasingly breezy *Kimmy And Donnie* is really excellent, and Mintzer' bass clarinet digs into the contagious funk groove of *Trampoline*. Alias' percussive roots jut to the surface on the more ethnic *Tribute To Afreeka*, and there's a romantic latin tune to end the LP, *Para Los Papinos* by Orlando Lopez.

Even if Stone Alliance isn't toppling walls with this new release, they have turned out an impressive, mass appeal album without sacrificing artistic dignity. Now, if you could only hear it on the radio. . . .*—bob henschen*

RAINER BRÜNINGHAUS

FREIGEWEHT—ECM 1-1187: *Steps; Elbow Room; Wheel Marks; Upstream; Air Illusion; Set Free By The Wind.*

Personnel: *Brüninghaus, piano, synthesizer; Kenny Wheeler, flugelhorn; Jon Christensen, drums; Brynjar Hoff, oboe, english horn.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Video discs have no future as long as Manfred Eicher is around. His ECM records are rich with cinematic images. And they can be seen without buying any special hardware. All you need is a well-tuned imagination.

One of Eicher's recent productions is *Freigeweht* (translation: *Set Free By The Wind*), starring Rainer Brüninghaus. This is Brüninghaus' first role as a leading man. Normally, he plays keyboards in the cast of Eberhard Weber's Colours. Brüninghaus has a

very graphic ear. What he hears is what you see. The compositions on *Freigeweht* could easily be titled *Six Pieces In Search Of A European Movie With English Subtitles*. *Steps* presents a sunny opening with undercurrents of danger. *Elbow Room* introduces our hero walking lonely streets freshly painted with a new coat of rain. *Wheel Marks* is a little traveling music. The tune takes the autobahn at 85-90-95 . . . the heck with the speedometer.

The mood changes with side two and *Upstream*. The ride is over. The hero is in enemy territory. Danger is everywhere. Nothing is as it seems. Night falls. Morning rises with *Air Illusion*. An oboe pierces the dawn. All is not well with the world. The big finish arrives with *Set Free By The Wind*. A recirculating synthesizer riff and erudite solos make this piece a thinking man's *Tubular Bells*.

As a pianist, Brüninghaus comes from the Keith Jarrett school (with a minor in Mozart). Like Jarrett, he is an acrobat of the right hand. Melodic pirouettes, the older player's trademark, pose no problem to him. In the left hand, instead of a shouting gospel bass line, he prefers a whispering counterpoint.

Freigeweht could be dismissed as a highly programmatic soundtrack to a nonexistent movie if not for the superior quality of Brüninghaus' compositions, Eicher's production, and the exquisite performances of the composer and his troupe—Kenny Wheeler on flugelhorn, drummer Jon Christensen, and Brynjar Hoff on oboe and english horn. Through these complementary entities the album stands on its own. Brüninghaus' songs, fully formed works with developed themes, are enhanced by Eicher's attention to dynamics—diminuendos do not simply fade, they vanish into thin air. —*cliff radel*

LIONEL HAMPTON

50TH ANNIVERSARY CONCERT LIVE AT CARNEGIE HALL—Sutra 1198: *Sunny Side Of The Street; Hamp's The Champ; Stompin' At The Savoy; Flying Home; Hamp's Boogie Woogie; Tea For Two; I'm Confessin'; Misty; Avalon; More Than You Know; Runnin' Wild.* ***Personnel:*** *Hampton, vibes, vocals; Cat Anderson, Doc Cheatham, Joe Newman, Jimmy Maxwell, trumpets; Eddie Bert, John Gordon, Benny Powell, trombone; Charles McPherson, Earle Warren, Arnett Cobb, Paul Moen, Pepper Adams, Bob Wilber, reeds; Ray Bryant, Teddy Wilson, piano; Billy Mackel, guitar; Chubby Jackson, bass; Panama Francis, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ½

A 50th anniversary concert is not so much an occasion for memorable music as it is simply a celebration of survival. Seen in this perspective, this is a pretty good album, and Lionel Hampton has survived well indeed, as both instrumentalist and cheerleader. So if we don't hear all that much of the leader's vibes (it is, after all, what he does best, but he plays on only four tracks), there's still enough good jazz here to make this a welcome find among the generally dismal LPs Hampton has offered up in the last decade or so.

Here he presides over an outstanding all-star band which is never called upon to do much more than huff and puff familiar riffs. But that's all Hampton's bands have ever had to do, and this one honors Hamptonian tradition with lusty enthusiasm. The rhythm section is unsparing in its high torque power, and Jackson especially generates some excruciating tension with his hammering single notes in 4/4 time. Then come the soloists.

Hampton's shouting big band style has always required a tenor with big claws. Here the role is well-filled by Arnett Cobb, who gets off some feverish blowing on *Sunny Side*, *Confessin'* and, of course, *Flying Home*. On the latter, however, it's Pepper Adams and Teddy Wilson who take the solo honors. (Teddy is plagued throughout by an annoying lag in the left channel created by a house speaker that is constantly a beat or two behind.)

The solos fly thick and fast on *Champ*, a stir-em-up jam session, once we get through Billy Mackel's inept, unswinging guitar work. Jimmy Maxwell, Doc Cheatham, and each of the three trombones solo before Newman and Anderson take off on a series of

bloody chase choruses. A relaxed *Stompin' At The Savoy* follows featuring (probably) Cheatham and Hamp's first vibes work of the concert. We also hear the leader's two-finger piano routine (firmly anchored by Ray Bryant's rock-solid bass line) on *Boogie Woogie*. Finally Teddy Wilson and Bob Wilber join Hamp for some small group numbers in the Benny Goodman quartet manner. There are solo pieces by Teddy (*Tea For Two*) and Lionel (*Misty*), and then the group on *Avalon*. Hamp builds a fine series of choruses and, in one of the album's few real performances, demonstrates he's still serious about his playing. *Runnin' Wild*, however, runs badly aground, albeit wildly. The tempo is definitely too fast for Hampton, perhaps for anybody. His ideas are occasionally incoherent in the rush to keep up. And then just as everything should be coming together, it falls apart. Wilber takes off on the first rideout chorus; Hamp does a boogie woogie vamp behind him. Just as Wilber tears into a second chorus at high speed, Hamp pulls the plug, leaving the rest of the group dangling from seven or eight incomplete bars of an unresolved chorus. A show-stopper that stumbles just before the finish line—rather like the album, in a way. —*john mcdonough*

JIMMY SMITH

SECOND COMING—Mojo MJ-12830: *Reunion; Second Coming; (When I Lost My Baby) I Almost Lost My Mind; It's All Right With Me; Well, You Needn't; Organ Grinder's Swing; Yesterday I Heard The Rain.*

Personnel: *Smith, organ, electric piano (cut 5); Kenny Burrell, guitar; Grady Tate, drums; Richard Davis, bass (cut 5).*

★ ★ ★

JIMMY McGRIFF

MOVIN' UPSIDE THE BLUES—Jazz America Marketing JAM 005: *Moonlight Serenade; All Day Long; Could Be; Free And Foxy; Movin' Upside The Blues.*

Personnel: *McGriff, organ; Jimmy Ponder, guitar; Arnold Sterling (cuts 1, 3-5), Bill Easley (2), alto saxophone; Harold Vick, tenor saxophone (2, 4, 5); Bill Hardman (4, 5), Danny Moore (2), trumpet; Vance James (1, 3-5), Victor Jones (2), drums; Richard Byrd, conga (2).*

★ ★ ★ ½

CHARLES EARLAND

PLEASANT AFTERNOON—Muse MR 5201: *Murilley; A Prayer; Organic Blues; Pleasant Afternoon; Three Blind Mice.*

Personnel: *Earland, organ, vocal (cut 1); Melvin Sparks, guitar; Houston Person, tenor saxophone; Bill Hardman, trumpet; Grady Tate, drums; Ralph Dorsey, percussion.*

★ ★ ★

Following Jimmy Smith's debut album in 1956, jazz became saturated with organ groups. The musical ambiance of America's black churches and neighborhood bars prevailed. The Coltrane revolution of the 1960s and the electronic experiments of the '70s advanced a new spirituality—mid-Eastern, incantatory, droning. The organ's down-home gospel was solidly entrenched by then. The new mode seemed alien, except in the hands of Larry Young and perhaps a few others.

The last couple of years have witnessed a resurgence of the funk/blues/soul organ sound, either through nostalgia, economics, new audiences, or a slowing down of the precedence of The Next Thing. These records represent the status quo of modern jazz organ playing. Closely akin, they could have appeared 20 years ago without upsetting any trends—which in no way diminishes their musical or historical impact. They convey, simply, a still viable, necessary, and enjoyable jazz tradition.

Smith's album is a jam session, a reunion of the players that goosed the organist's Verve albums of the early 1960s. (For two excellent essays on the importance of Smith's innovations, check out Leonard Feather's liner notes to Smith's *Confirmation* [Blue Note LT-992] and Feather's "The Organ In Jazz" [**db**, Aug. 24, 1963].) Side one offers three views of 12-bar blues. Most noticeable are the pacing skills and complementary interaction of each player. Side two begins with *It's All Right With Me*, which becomes a stomping performance after some initial technical problems with dynamics. *Well, You Needn't* finds Smith on electric piano—no great revelation here, just clean, cooking single lines—and Davis added on bass. *Yesterday I Heard The Rain* is the single ballad reading, and a good one. *Organ Grinder* is short and rifling. Burrell's guitar tone (a gray, November afternoon) and funky intervals smoke. Tate's time dances.

On *Movin' Upside The Blues*, McGriff displays a Smith influence in the use of similar stops, triplet-tumbling runs, and rhythmic kicks. *Could Be*, with shades of Milt Buckner in McGriff's solo, and the title track establish a fine Basie groove in the ensembles. Ponder's rhythm guitar is particularly effective. The guitarist's springboarding solo linearity recalls Burrell and Wes Montgomery. Altoist Arnold Sterling digs in on *Free And Foxy*, *Moonlight*, and *Could Be* in a bluesy bop manner. Hardman, Vick, and Moore seem to wander a bit in their solos, neither getting off nor rooting sufficiently in the ground. Easley has a Stitt-like turn on *All Day Long*.

Like Smith and McGriff, Earland is from Philadelphia. Unlike them, he has dipped extensively into other electronic keyboards, but not on this record. Earland, more than the other two, prefers a sustained, wailing sound. He also indulges in more chromatic sideslipping—to borrow Jerry Coker's term—but he can play the blues with the best of them.

Again, Tate is telepathic and ever-right, especially in consort with Dorsey on the title cut. Hardman graces Earland's ballad *A Prayer* with a warm tone and vibrato. Producer Person and guitarist Sparks maintain a proper blues attitude throughout, but none of these soloists leap out and grab you in the

manner of a Lee Morgan, a Stanley Turrentine, or a Wes Montgomery.

The ratings are a play-off against headmaster Smith's definitive Blue Note and Verve releases, some of which boasted Oliver Nelson's big band charts, others of which featured unpretentious get-togethers of all-star players. —owen cordle

NELS CLINE/ ERIC VON ESSEN

ELEGIES—Nine Winds 0105: *Talynis; Two Improvisations; Dedication To Charlie Haden; Harlequin; Love Song; Darabsha Road.*

Personnel: Cline, acoustic six-, 12-string guitar, bass recorder, voice; von Essen, bass.

★ ★ ★ ½

QUARTET MUSIC—Nine Winds 0106: *Morning Raga; The Mad Goat; Bill Evans; Two Sevens; The Tightrope Walkers (For N.V.E.).*

Personnel: Cline, acoustic guitars, mandolin; von Essen, bass; Jeff Gauthier, violin; Alex Cline, percussion.

★ ★ ★

Nels Cline and Eric von Essen are a pair of young, ambitious, and attractively experimental Californians who have been actively gigging at various L.A. clubs during the past three years. *Elegies* is the first recorded effort by the two, and reflects a laudable attempt at conveying intelligent, introspective, yet assertive improvisatory music in a non-electric setting. A loose form of tonality, interspersed with free modulatory excursions, permeates most tracks. Guitarist Cline has an impressively mature approach to his instrument. Despite a prodigious technique, he escapes the perpetual machine-gunning and bombast that so many professional fretmen his age (mid-20s) have been overwhelmed by in favor of a judicious musical empathy with his performing cohort. Von Essen plays more than a subsidiary role, but without being overbearing. In addition, the "pure" tone he often elicits (dispensing vibrato only as an ornament, rather than routinely) makes for a charming organic foundation to this music.

Dedication To Charlie Haden initiates a somberly relaxed chordal theme on guitar over droning arco bass. After a short bridge the theme is repeated, this time over pizzicato bass. An intensity begins to burgeon as the two ensue with their own freely inventive tapestries, weaving in and out together in affectionate, climactic counterpoint until the bassist keenly returns to his bow to nurture Cline's delicately resolving arpeggiations. *Improvisation A* is an enchanting and meditative dialog between bass recorder and string bass in a Gregorian Chant-like mold, prompting visions of a relaxed stroll through the blissful English countryside until unanswered dissonances creep in to achieve an intuitive, contemporary resolution to the piece.

Unfortunately, the bulk of side two doesn't quite mirror the same vision. *Harlequin* and *Love Song* are marked with rather airy, harmonically weak chordal sequences on 12-string guitar that are spun to a monotonous length (15 minutes), over which, ironically, lie attractive solos by the pair. However the repetitious and perpetually consonant supportive harmony does little to complement the dexterous linear activity. Still, *Elegies* for the greatest part demonstrates integrity, imagination, and a praiseworthy attempt at creating substantial and original contemporary art music.

Violinist Jeff Gauthier and percussionist Alex Cline are added on *Quartet Music* (see Profile, **db**, July '81), which is more complex in form, but sacrifices some of the attractive spontaneity that marks the duo LP. As on *Elegies*, most of this music is loosely tonal and eclectic in style, yet more sectionalized in design. On occasion, as in *The Mad Goat*, a principal theme will alternate with assorted episodic passages in an extended, but rigid rondo. Due to the swift juxtaposition of musical material, the thematic content is not given enough room to develop and results in a somewhat starchy overall effect.

The group is at much better advantage when they cultivate, at some length, a short motif or ostinato, as they do in *Two Sevens*

and *The Tightrope Walkers*. Percussionist Alex Cline serves an ornamental rather than rhythmic function in these proceedings, and despite a massive trap kit (including gongs, glockenspiel, bells, Chinese cymbals, etc.), he is never overpowering. Gauthier takes on a soloing role as well as doubling choruses with the guitarist; however, the young violinist's intonation in upper registers does fall mildly off-mark. Nevertheless, ensemble work is taut and well-rehearsed, and the maturely empathetic and delicate interplay among the four is the most impressive, but least exploited quality of this disc.

—stephen mamula

SCOTT HAMILTON

APPLES AND ORANGES—Concord CJ 165: *So Little Time; Royal Orchid Blues; With Every Breath I Take; Silk Stockings; Do I Love You; My Silent Love; Ham Fat; Tenderly.*
Personnel: *Hamilton, tenor saxophone; Dave McKenna, Jimmy Rowles, piano; Bob Maize, George Mraz, bass; Jake Hanna, Joe LaBarbera, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ½

ERIC SCHNEIDER

ERIC'S ALLEY—Gatemouth 1005: *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You; In A Sentimental Mood; Bernie's Tune; Have You Met Miss Jones; Chega De Saudade; Nature Boy; Big Buck's Blues; Dream Dancing; Eric's Alley.*
Personnel: *Schneider, tenor, alto saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Kelly Sill, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ½

If *Apples And Oranges* is indicative of Scott Hamilton's current directions, he seems on his way to becoming the most elegant balladeer in jazz. This at least is the dominant note struck in this collection of two sessions that teams Scott with different rhythm sections. It is generally not an exciting album, but it's still compelling in an intimate sort of way, especially when Jimmy Rowles tickles Hamilton with those clever, unexpected sprigs of keyboard dissonance that are his special trademark. *Ham Fat*, a riff on *I Got Rhythm*, stands out with its power and the galloping might of Dave McKenna's piano. By and large Hamilton gives us no surprises, just another session of fine, warm, lyrical tenor full of elegant, well-turned ideas. He's more likely to surprise us, and perhaps himself, when he's confronted with another horn. Carl Jefferson might take note that Bud Freeman is now a resident of Van Nuys, and that he and Scott made a hell of a match recently in a private living room session in Chicago.

Eric's Alley is a good, solid blowing session, in which leader Eric Schneider plays well throughout—particularly on the title tune. Schneider is a more harsh, aggressive player than Hamilton. His tone often has the hard, steely grit of mid-'40s Coleman Hawkins, and he can play rip-snorting solos that are a nice blend of late swing and first-wave bebop. In his first album, Barrett Deems' drums and Earl Hines' piano gave him strong ballast, and let him do his thing. I would have given it five stars, not just for Schneider but for the most energetic Hines on record in a long time. Here, however, Eric is more restrained. Mel Lewis offers elegance where Deems provided sheer power. That's fine, but Barry Harris is something of a disappointment. His piano playing is polite, unobtrusive, uneventful, and unfortunately somewhat under-recorded. Schneider hasn't been heard yet by a lot of the people who should hear him. All he'd have to do is spend a month in New York—then watch out.

—john mcdonough

JIMMY LYONS/ SUNNY MURRAY

JUMP UP/WHAT TO DO ABOUT—hat Hut Twenty-one (2R21): *Jump Up; Riffs #1; What To Do About #1; What To Do About #2; Sea Treas; Riffs #5.*
Personnel: *Lyons, alto saxophone; Murray, drums; John Lindberg, bass.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Sunny Murray and Jimmy Lyons are in their mid-40s, which certainly isn't old by anyone's standards, but both are playing music today that they pioneered when each was barely into his 20s. Ponder for a moment that accomplishment—the challenge to remain young in spirit after a thousand nights of going to an emotional well which must remain full and brimming—for this music particularly places its demands on that quality by which it is perceived to be at its most expressive. The sheer exuberance here is enough to cause celebration for anyone in the arts entering into their middle age, who may ask themselves if this time of their life is still open to the muse, rather than an age where technique and finesse might be more appropriate.

The 75 minutes on this double album were recorded live at the Jazz Festival Willisau in a trio setting that includes the solid bassist John Lindberg. The pacing and development of this performance suggest that the sides are programmed as they took place. This greatly adds to the affair by letting us get a feel of the three musicians and the speed at which each breaks away from certain bothersome improvisational redundancies during the first minutes of *Jump Up*.

Lyons' audience should be familiar with his characteristic style—a dry, even brittle tone that somehow conveys warmth. By controlling his emotional range he has seemed to some of his critics to be restricting himself from a wider variety of expressiveness. During the theme of *Jump Up*, he displays his penchant for staccato phrases and returns often during its exposition to restructure ideas much in the same way an artist can put something on a canvas, paint it out, and return again with a similar, more incisive gesture. This approach in a lesser musician can be extremely boring for even the most ardent listener. In Lyons' hands it is fascinating.

The longest selection, *Riffs #1*, is driven by Sunny Murray's indeterminate time signatures. Sunny's time now indeed! It starts out as a moody reflective piece punctuated by Jimmy's jabbing riffs whose search explodes into a fierce splashing solo by the drummer. Lindberg contributes a bowed solo that reveals his technical limitations but also gives us a sure sign of a confident musical intuition. *What To Do About* is Sunny's tune, and here he turns out his best solo, exemplifying a clarity that is lacking in so many others' drum solos. Sunny knows where the music is going and brings it out intelligently, joined by Jimmy and John at the song's end for a haunting ensemble lament.

Sea Treas and *Riffs #5* take up the last side and are the burners of the set. Jimmy abandons the alto's middle range and explores the upper and lower registers with a vengeance. This side is the most rewarding for the adventurous playing it contains.

Not mentioning the obvious—each participants' past collaborations in other bands—has been intentional, to allow the reader to approach the music on its own merits rather than draw out comparisons that could appear to compromise the beauty of the music herein.

—jim brinsfield

During a firecracker career lasting just over three years, **Clifford Brown** rejuvenated modern jazz. The emergence of a second-wave bopper as young and as extravagantly gifted as Brown proved that the rebels at Minton's had only written the forward to modern jazz, not the final chapter. But the trumpeter's enduring appeal may owe more to the boyish exuberance and the Billy Budd purity of character he projected unselfconsciously through his horn than to his status as an important consolidator. I've never met a jazz listener who didn't feel an affection bordering on love for Clifford Brown.

The angelic side of Brown's nature is strikingly evident on *Clifford Brown With Strings* (EmArcy EXPR-1011), recorded January 18-20, 1955 and just recently reissued. It's tempting to say that Neal Hefti's smoochy string arrangements have dated badly, but they were probably dated even in 1955. What does it matter? Even if he never completely transcends his surroundings, as Charlie Parker was able to transcend similarly confining ones a few years earlier, there are moments on these shopworn ballads when Brown literally soars, particularly on the verse and bridge of *Stardust*.

The full measure of Brown's talent can best be taken from the epochal quintet recordings he co-led with drummer Max Roach. Two of them have recently been restored to circulation. *Brown And Roach Incorporated*

(EmArcy EXPR-1010), recorded at four sessions in August, 1954, captures the rush of like minds coming together. There's an electric crackle, an invigorating looseness, to the Brown/Roach duet passage on *Mildama* and to the pop standards, the blues riffs, and the ballad features which make up the rest of the album.

Better original material, better selection and presentation of jazz standards, and a more cohesive group identity make *Study In Brown* (EmArcy EXPR-1008), from February 23-25, 1955, an even better record. *Land's End* (highlighted by composer Harold Land's preaching tenor) and *Sandu* (on which Brown is in an especially coltish mood) anticipate the funky, sanctified cadences that were to dominate jazz a few years later. Brown's choruses on *Cherokee* bear comparison to Parker's on *Koko*—it's exhilarating to hear a trumpeter double-timing and triple-tonguing at this delirious a tempo. Brown's swing and good feelings are contagious on both records, and the more saturnine Land complements him perfectly. Pianist Richie Powell, while not a very interesting soloist, is an unselfish team player—a good feeder—as is bassist George Morrow. Max Roach, of course, drives these players mercilessly, and his solos have as much dramatic presence and lyrical continuity as those of either of the horns—indeed, as much as those of any horn. This group was one of the central jazz bands of the mid-'50s, and the substitution of the sharper-edged and more charismatic Sonny Rollins for Land would soon make it one of the most important small groups in jazz history.

Brown is also spotlighted on a pair of EmArcy blowing dates. He has long but well-sustained solos on the two titles (a feverish *Caravan* and a pretty *Autumn In New York*) which make up the August, 1954 *Clifford Brown All-Stars* (EXPR-1007). The record offers, in addition, impassioned solos by the nearly forgotten altoists Herb Geller and Joe Maini, competent if unexciting work by tenor Walter Benton, and a Kenny Drew/Curtis Counce/Max Roach rhythm section which moves things along painlessly.

By comparison, the October 14, 1954 *Jam Session* (EXPR-1012), pitting Brown against Clark Terry and Maynard Ferguson, is a shambles. Brown's solos are quite spectacular, but one has to wait too long for them and to endure too much afterwards—Ferguson is especially grating on the gang-bang ballad medley, and Terry is far below form. The record's only saving graces, aside from Brown, are a thrilling Dinah Washington vocal and a tender Harold Land intro on *Darn That Dream*.

Clifford Brown isn't the only great trumpeter memorialized by recent reissues. **Kenny Dorham** never attained star status with the public, even though fellow musicians considered him the equal of Brown, Navarro, Davis, or Gillespie. The perennial heir apparent during the early days of bop, Dorham was never so much underrated as he was taken for granted later in his career; two very good 1960 sessions now on Bainbridge, both drawn from the catalog of the short-lived independent Time Records, might win him the posthumous recognition which now, sadly, is his just due. Dorham's singing tone and cranky logic (odd combination!) are well displayed on *Kenny Dorham* (BT-1048), a February date featuring the trumpeter's working quintet of the time—a group which

incubated the brusque Rollinsesque baritonist Charles Davis, the lighthanded pianist Steve Kuhn, the soon-to-join-Coltrane bassist Jimmy Garrison, and the somewhat choppy drummer Buddy Enlow.

The architecture of Dorham's solos is even more impressive on *Showboat* (BT-1043), recorded in December of the same year. Although this was one of those "jazz versions of the Broadway show" LPs so ubiquitous at the time, it does not sound at all contrived today. These generous and too-rarely heard Jerome Kern melodies allow Dorham to dramatize his feelings, to ration his gestures the way a good actor might, and when the mood strikes him—as on *Make Believe* or *Nobody Else But Me*—to ham it up and steal the show. His supporting cast here includes the then Coltrane-infatuated Jimmy Heath and a superb rhythm section of Kenny Drew, Garrison, and Art Taylor. Not everyone may agree that this is one of the most important reissues of the year, but everyone who hears it will agree, I think, that it is one of the most delightful.

Dorham's leaps and jabs, his broadening and flattening of timbre and vibrato, his linear melodic development of themes all suggest affinities with Sonny Rollins, of course. The style of trumpeter **Booker Little** was similarly saxophone-based, at least in part, although his swaying legato lines and overflow of notes suggest John Coltrane, not Rollins. Some of the most stirring playing Little ever put on record, and some of the most affecting, is on the just-reissued *Booker Little* (Bainbridge BT-1041), a quartet date from April 13 and 15, 1960, with Scott LaFaro, bass; Roy Haynes, drums; and Tommy Flanagan and Wynton Kelly alternating on piano. It's especially revealing to hear Little with LaFaro. Prodigiously gifted young musicians whose training and instinct tied them to chord changes, each, in his own way, was bravely trying to break free of conventional harmonies and regular meter, and each had just over a year to live. They work together beautifully. Who knows what Booker Little might have accomplished had he lived past the age of 23?

The Time label was most hospitable to trumpeters, for in addition to Dorham and Little, they also recorded **Tommy Turrentine**. Bainbridge BT-1047 is a 1960 date placing Turrentine and his better-known brother Stanley (still a promisingly beefy tenor then; he had not yet donned a leisure suit and climbed atop the auction block) in the company of trombonist Julian Priester, pianist Horace Parlan, bassist Bob Boswell, and the redoubtable drummer Max Roach. Not a classic record by any means, it is nonetheless a gracefully swinging, extremely attractive one, and the leader's no-nonsense playing and writing is good enough to make me wonder why he has never been given another chance to record under his own name.

No survey of recent trumpet reissues would be complete without mention of **Lee Morgan**'s *Take 12*, a long out-of-print and much sought-after Jazzland LP which is available once again as Prestige MPP-2510. There were hundreds of semiformal blowing dates like this one from January 24, 1962 released on Blue Note, Prestige, and Riverside in the late '50s and early '60s, and it's surprising how fresh many of them now sound. What gives *Take 12* an extra edge are its varied and well-paced originals, sinewy tenor from Clifford Jordan, intelligent support from the rhythm team of Barry Harris, Bob Cranshaw, and Louis Hayes and, best of all, gratifying sneers, snarls, and tongue twisters from Morgan, Clifford Brown's spiritual heir.

One last word—the "bottles" here are of the same vintage as the wine. The EmArcy reissues duplicate the original jackets front and back, and the Bainbridges and the Prestige preserve original liner copy, although the front cover photography is new. It's a nice feeling to have a clean pressing in an original cover, but what's the point of reprinting 25-year-old liner notes? I'd like to think that anything I might write about a contemporary musician in 1982 will still make sense 25 years from now, but for my sake, and for the sake of the musicians about whom I write, I would hope that in 25 years there would be something to add. Reissues should be newly annotated—no exceptions. —*francis davis*

★ NEW RELEASES ★

(Record Companies: For listing in the monthly New Releases column and review consideration, send two copies of each new release to Art Lange, **db**, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, IL 60606.)

CHAZ JAZZ

Ralph Sutton, pianist with stellar cohorts (Bud Freeman, Kenny Davern, Ruby Braff, etc.) at live '81 jam, AND THE JAZZBAND. **Ralph Sutton**, '81 quartet with clarinetist Peanuts Hucko, also live, THE BIG NOISE FROM WAYZATA. **Ralph Sutton**, strides through Waller-esque duet w/ bassist Jack Lesberg, LIVE AT HANRATTY'S. **Ralph Sutton**, another Hanratty's live set duet w/ tenor Eddie Miller, WE'VE GOT RHYTHM. **Dick Wellstood**, double-disc offering of solo piano chops caught where else? LIVE AT HANRATTY'S. **Kenny Davern/Dick Wellstood/Bobby Rosengarden**, clarinet/piano/drums trio play Jelly Roll Morton and Monk among others, THE BLUE THREE.

INNER CITY

Dan Siegel, keyboarder/vocalist hits the fusion trail in search of an OASIS. **Helen Merrill**, '80 date by the vocalist with a latin tinge, charts by Torrie Zito, CASA FORTE.

PRESTIGE/MILESTONE/GALAXY

John Coltrane, two '57 sessions with Pepper Adams, Cecil Payne, Bobby Jaspar among the guests, DAKAR. **Bill Evans**, five previously unreleased '62 solo tracks and his first Riverside waxings reissued, CONCEPTION. **Johnny Hodges**, '47-51 small-group Ellington and Strayhorn All-Stars riff numbers originally on Mercer Records,

CARAVAN. **Kenny Burrell/Coleman Hawkins**, guitar/tenor stylings from '58 and '62 backed by solid rhythm sections, MOONGLOW. **Yusef Lateef**, flute, tenor, oboe, and argol (?) sounds from '57-61, YUSEF'S BAG. **Various Artists**, Gene Ammons, Rusty Bryant, Johnny Griffin, Willis Jackson, Houston Person, Sonny Stitt, Stanley Turrentine anthologized as GIANTS OF THE FUNK TENOR SAX. **Various Artists**, Arnett Cobb, King Curtis, Lockjaw Davis, Jimmy Forrest, Frank Foster, Coleman Hawkins, Illinois Jacquet, Oliver Nelson, Al Sears, Hal Singer, Buddy Tate anthologized as GIANTS OF THE BLUES TENOR SAX. **Art Pepper/John Klemmer/Johnny Griffin/Joe Henderson**, separate tracks, same strong rhythm team, play BALLADS BY FOUR.

CRI

Yizhak Schotten, violist plus pianist Katherine Collier perform Bloch's SUITE FOR VIOLA AND PIANO and Hindemith's SONATA FOR VIOLA AND PIANO. **Carolyn Heafner**, sings works by Amy Beach, Jack Beeson, Hugo Weisgall, Lee Hoiby, and Ernst Bacon, AMERICAN SONGS. **Da Capo Players**, chamber ensemble plays music by Philip Glass, Charles Wuorinen, George Perle, Joseph Schwantner, Shulamit Ran, and Joan Tower, 10TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION. **Orchestra Of The 20th Century**, perform Jacob Druckman's Pulitzer Prize-winning WINDOWS and accompany pianist Wanda Maximilien in Robert Moevs' CONCERTO GROSSO FOR PIANO, PERCUSSION, AND ORCHESTRA.

MUSE

Cedar Walton, '80 date w/ Bob Berg's tenor, Billy Higgins' drums, and vocalist Abbey Lincoln on four tracks, THE MAESTRO. **Red Rodney/Ira Sullivan**, bop's odd couple in a sizzling '81 session, NIGHT AND DAY. **Albert Dailey**, pianist in mostly trio setting playing mostly originals, TEXTURES. **David Friesen**, bassist leads Oregon-ish instrumentation in six originals, STORYTELLER. **Morgana King**, vocalist is reunited w/ arranger Torrie Zito, LOOKING THROUGH THE EYES OF LOVE.

BLACK SAINT

Roscoe Mitchell, Art Ensemble reed master with his Sound Ensemble in four '81 originals, 3 x 4 EYE. **Joseph Jarman/Famoudou Don Moye**, reeds and drums, plus Craig Harris' trombone, Rafael Don Garrett's bass, EARTH PASSAGE/DENSITY. **Giorgio Gaslini**, Italian pianist reconstructs classic pieces as he PLAYS MONK. **George Russell**, reissue of Lydian theorist/composer's OTHELLO BALLET SUITE and ELECTRONIC ORGAN SONATA NO. 1. **Enrico Pieranunzi**, pianist leads Italian quintet (w/ ringer Art Farmer) in boppers, ISIS.

COLUMBIA

Wynton Marsalis, vinyl debut as leader from precocious trumpeter, w/ Hancock, Ron Carter, Tony Williams on tap, WYNTON MARSALIS. **Al DiMeola**, buzzsaw guitarist assisted by Jan Hammer, Steve Gadd, Anthony Jackson, et al., ELECTRIC RENDEZVOUS.

WARNER BROS.

Ernie Watts, reedman back from Stones tour plays music arr. by Quincy Jones from film CHARIOTS OF FIRE. **Larry Carlton**, guitarist leads cast of thousands in all-original program, SLEEPWALK. **Full Moon**, vocal/instrumental band inc. Neil Larsen & Buzz Feiten, FULL MOON. **Irene Cara**, of *Fame* fame, sings hot pop, as ANYONE CAN SEE. **Michael Franks**, nine originals by the song stylist, OBJECTS OF DESIRE.

INDEPENDENTS

(Available from NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012, or contact **db**)

John Tchicai, two separate albums documenting the saxist's Grecian tour, both from Praxis Records, one solo, LIVE IN ATHENS, and one with percussionist Hartmut Geerken, CONTINENT. **Gerry Hemingway**, from Auricle Records, the drummer dedicates to Baby Dodds four SOLO WORKS.

Zbigniew Seifert, anthology of late violinist in various settings w/ Mariano, Mangelsdorff, Beirach, Hammer, etc, from Mood Records, WE'LL REMEMBER ZBIGGY. **Nucleus**, trumpeter Ian Carr leads English fusion quintet also from Mood, AWAKENING. **Sagmeister Trio**, acoustic & electric guitars/bass/percussion from Germany via Mood Records, GANSHY. **John Lee/Gerry Brown/Eef Albers/Darryl Thompson**, two-guitar electric quartet from Mood, BROTHERS. **Anne Haigis**, new German vocalist does pop and jazz tunes, from Mood, FOR HERE WHERE THE LIFE IS.

continued on page 50

Ronald Shannon Jackson, and his eight-piece Decoding Society, via Moers Music, play it hot and NASTY. **Rick Rosie/Lee Rosie/Rashied Ali**, bass/reeds/and ex-Coltrane drummer in an '80 set from Moers, AFRO ALGONQUIN. **Rova Saxophone Quartet**, four wind-y pieces from '79 San Francisco also via Moers, THIS, THIS, THIS, THIS. **Maarten Altena/Gunter Christmann**, bass, trombone, guitar, percussion, and voice spontaneous improvisations from Moers, VARIO II. **David Pate**, seven solo tenor pieces, from Patetoe Productions, SOLILOQUIES.

Michel Petrucciani, intro to 19-year-old pianist in trio, via Owl Records, MICHEL PETRUCCIANI. **Curtis Clark**, craggy solo piano (plus a pair of David Murray guest spots) from Anima Productions, NEW YORK CITY WILDLIFE. **Jack Reilly**, reissue of the pianist's '68 trio date on Revelation Records, TOGETHER (AGAIN) FOR THE FIRST TIME. **Jean Marc Vella**, piano and prepared piano pieces plus three duets with Pierre Dørge's guitar, from Mobile Records, INSIDE. **Joel Futterman**, two sidelong duets for piano and drums, distributed by Tidewater Jazz, THE END IS THE BEGINNING.

Warren Kime/Larry Novak, lyrical trumpet/piano duets, from Claremont Records, SONGS FOR A SOPHISTICATED LADY. **Dave LeFebvre**, reedman leads septet in seven originals, from Jazz Hounds Records, MARBLE DUST. **Bobby Shew**, trumpeter and West Coast sextet, from Jazz Hounds, PLAY SONG. **Michael Smith**, reedman leads quintet in mellow and funky charts, from Shmo Records, LUMINESCENCE. **Jimmy Mulidore**, reedist plays ballads with string section, from Bainbridge Records, INVITATION. **Chris Massey**, six originals from a drummer-led quartet, from Willow Records, ATMOSPHERE.

Chuck Rainey, studio bassist supreme in various instrumental settings, from Hammer'n Nails Records, BORN AGAIN. **Ray Barretto**, percussionist plus Steve Gadd, Joe Farrell, Tito Puente, and others, from CTI Records, LA CUNA. **Rob Carroll**, Canadian guitarist leads quintet, from Umbrella Records, ENSTASIS. **Dennis Gonzalez**, Texas free form music in different combinations, from Daagnim Records, KUKKIA. **Terri Lyne Carrington**, 16-year-old drummer boots George Coleman, Kenny Barron, and Buster Williams, from CEI Records, TLC AND FRIENDS.

Steve Wilkerson/Andrea Baker, reedman and vocalist share a program of standards, from Skyline Records, TOGETHER. **Meredith**, 18 examples of classic songwriting by Alex Wilder and others by the vocalist/pianist, from Shiah Records, ANOTHER TIME. **Mary Ellen Bell**, sings eight standards, from Viscosity Records, MARY ELLEN. **Bob Hall/Dave Peabody**, party music from members of r&b's Rocket 88, from Appaloosa Records, DOWN THE ROAD APIECE. **Dan Perz**, guitar trio in a boppish program, from Dasp Records, ALWAYS NEAR. **Bucky Pizzarelli**, seven-string guitar solos, from Stash Records, LOVE SONGS. db

Blindfold Test: RICHIE COLE

VERYL OAKLAND

BY LEONARD FEATHER

RICHIE COLE IN A SENSE IS a third generation bebopper; he is to Phil Woods, with whom he studied, what Woods was to Charlie Parker.

Featured in the Oct. '80 **db**, Cole described his studies at Berklee in Boston, which he attended after winning a **down beat** scholarship competition. Big band work followed: two-and-a-half years with Buddy Rich, later six months with Lionel Hampton in 1972, after which Cole developed his Alto Madness combo.

He has since built up a substantial discography, with a dozen albums as a leader, and at least as many as sideman.

At the time of the Blindfold Test (his first), Cole stated that he has two main ambitions. "I want to get in touch with Aaron Copland and have him write a classical piece, *Concerto For Alto Madness And Orchestra*. On the other side of the spectrum, I want to do an album with Boots Randolph; Boots is like the Phil Woods of country music."

Cole was given no information about the records played.

1. BENNY CARTER. *When Lights Are Low (from Opening Blues, Prestige). Carter, alto saxophone; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Shorty Sherock, trumpet; Leroy Vinnegar, bass.*

Lots of cats on that album . . . lot of guys on that one song. I believe I heard Ben Webster and Benny Carter in there on saxophones. And it could have been Sweets or Roy Eldridge on trumpet. A swinging tune—Squeeze Me? It was a good, straightahead jazz number. I'd give that one five stars.

The alto solo was very well constructed; he just didn't stop blowing, he told a story when he played, as most of the guys from that era—and some of the guys in this era—continue to do.

That tune . . . I've played it but I never know the names of them. I've played it with Clark Terry. I liked the bass player. Major Holley used to play that tune, and I've played it with him, too. He would use that as a bass feature. It's one of my favorites.

2. CHARLIE PARKER. *Blues For Alice (from The Verve Years [1950-51], Verve). Parker, alto saxophone, composer; Red Rodney, trumpet.*

I always find listening to Bird play Blues For *Alice* very relaxing and encouraging. Of course, Charlie Parker is one of my examples—as he is to many other musicians; sax players, trumpet players, whatever you play, Charlie Parker is a model for all of us who are dealing with the pure jazz. Naturally, five stars all the way around.

I don't know who the trumpet player was, maybe Red? But whenever I'm depressed, alone, or forlorn, I put Charlie Parker on, and it brings me right back to reality.

3. ARTHUR BLYTHE. *Jitterbug Waltz (from In The Tradition, Columbia). Blythe, alto saxophone; Stanley Cowell, piano; Fred Hopkins, bass; Steve McCall, drums.*

What are you doing to me, Leonard? (laughs) What to say?

L.F. What was the problem?

R.C. The sound, man. That's Black Arthur Blythe playing *Jitterbug Waltz*. I've heard Arthur Blythe in person several times, and I've always liked him. And I've heard this record, but I can't understand how, through no fault of Blythe's, the record company got such an irritating, horrible sound on the alto. It sounds like a kazoo playing *Jitterbug Waltz*. It's the worst alto sound recording I've ever heard; I can't believe they put that out like that.

I've got to say again that I like Arthur Blythe very much; I think he's a fine saxophone player, very creative musician, and a nice man. So I put the blame on the engineer or the producer. I didn't care for the rhythm section at all. I really hate giving stars to people, 'cause I hate getting stars. But I've got to give Arthur five for being Arthur; and I'm not going to give anything to anybody else. (I'll give the engineer minus five!) Actually, I'd like to revise my score. I'll give Arthur three stars.

4. PAQUITO D'RIVERA. *On Green Dolphin Street (from Paquito Blowin', Columbia). D'Rivera, alto saxophone; Hilton Ruiz, acoustic piano; Russell Blake, Fender bass; Ignacio Berroa, drums; Daniel Ponce, congas.*

First of all, I'm glad you turned me on to this one; this alto player is hysterical! I liked him very much. He's obviously studied his trade, he knows about bebop. He does what I try to do, and a lot of other people try to, and that's to further develop bebop in their own way. That's what he's doing, because he's playing bebop but it doesn't sound like he's trying to imitate the guys from the '50s. He's doing it in his own way.

Bebop is still a brand new art form; it needs a lot more development. It's got a long way to go before it can be fused into anything else. But I liked the saxophone player very much. It sounded to me like the group wasn't from the United States. I've no idea who it is. The bongo solo was unnecessary, but I liked the energy; the alto player had a lot of good ideas, very good energy, that's what I listen for. The alto player had the right attitude; it kept me laughing through the whole thing. I'd give that four stars.

5. PHIL WOODS. *Paul (from I Remember . . . , Gryphon). Woods, alto saxophone, composer, orchestrator.*

Phil Woods is the greatest living alto saxophonist of our day, with no competition. I don't know what else to say. I've known him for a long time. He's a very good friend of mine. When I first met Phil I was playing polkas. And Phil just basically got me thinking in the right direction, and just more or less left it up to me to follow that direction.

I can't say enough good things about Phil Woods. Thank God for Phil Woods; he's setting a great example for many saxophone players, *all* saxophone players. Unfortunately, I hear a lot of players who try to imitate him, which is not good.

I've always been aware in my life of the fact that I don't want to be a Phil Woods imitator, because I think trying to imitate anyone is lowering yourself. The whole idea in jazz is to express yourself in your own personal way. To imitate someone is like playing at a Holiday Inn lounge. . . .

That album had beautiful string writing. I don't know who that was. The string writing interests me particularly, these days, because I'm getting ready to get into some orchestral pieces myself. That's 10 stars, of course!

6. ORNETTE COLEMAN. *Joy Of A Toy (from Twins, Atlantic). Coleman, alto saxophone; Don Cherry, trumpet; Charlie Haden, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.*

Yeah . . . I like that very much. That was Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry. Ornette Coleman has come up through rhythm & blues, and bebop, so he knows about the tradition of jazz. I've got a very high respect for him and his music. I find his music, personally, to be very humorous; it makes me laugh. These guys take it very seriously, which I can understand; I take it seriously, also. But when I listen to it, it makes me laugh. I don't know whether that's good or bad, because a lot of strange things make you laugh (laughs).

This music is very good. Coleman went out on a limb when he made these kind of things during his time. He was very much a trendsetter, when everyone else was either playing the traditional bebop or trying to do something commercial, he went into a whole other direction. He just did what he believed, and time has shown that it is a very valid form of music.

It's very progressive. It's out of tune and it's loose, but that doesn't matter to me. The basic music comes through all that. I'll give that a definite five. **db**

Profile:

Johnny Copeland

BY CLIFF TINDER

"Everybody in the place had the same blank expression on their faces: no smile, no expression at all. They just stood there and looked at me. The ones who ain't down into it good, they'd clap a little bit, but the ones really off into the punk thing, they just stand there and try to psych you out—all the way out. I didn't know what they be thinkin'. They might be thinkin' about shootin' me or somethin'." Chapter One of *Texas Bluesman Meets The New Wave At The Mudd Club*. "But they don't fool me," Johnny Copeland chuckles, "because I know they're just actin'. I just come straight on at 'em no matter what."

Coming straight on at them with a razor-edged guitar, a powerful, raspy voice, and a smoldering band that cuts right to your dance impulse, the current sensation of the blues scene won the standoff in convincing style. By the time Copeland returned a few weeks later for round two, he had the punkers packed in the Soho club, shakin' their butts all around the dance floor.

"Somebody's got to put the fire back into this music and get people buying it again," Copeland says humbly. But if anybody's cut out for the job of vitalizing contemporary urban blues, Copeland's the man. A local favorite in his home town of Houston for decades, Copeland's real break onto the national scene didn't come until last year's release of his first full album as a leader, *Copeland Special* (Rounder 2025). And although he has been a hot item at Harlem spots like the Top Club since moving to New York in the mid-'70s, downtown society knew little of his punchy blues. *Copeland Special* changed all that. All of a sudden, music critics were foaming at the mouth, and Copeland became one of the hotter acts on the blues circuit almost overnight. His thoroughly authentic yet contemporary urban blues style began winning converts from the ranks of young white college crowds, jaded new wavers, and even a bus load of German tourists that happened by the Top Club one night. It became obvious that Copeland's blues could penetrate the soul of almost anyone who came in contact with it.

"The blues is like the Bible, because it talks directly to you. And it can scare people to death," Copeland says in between mouthfuls of a special (a Copeland Special?) turkey hero made to exacting specifications at his favorite mid-town Blimpies. "In a lot of ways, being a blues singer is like being an actor, because you project what you see around you. Every song can't be just about your own personal experiences. Hell, if an actor was really the dude he'd be playin', boy would he be in big trouble, and I'd have a one-way ticket to get drunk, being a blues singer. But you know that ain't the way it is with me. I don't want to be just a person, I want to be a productive person. I want to make an impact on this world and enjoy myself in the process."

Copeland is certainly on the way. *Copeland Special* has been recognized as one of the most important blues albums to be released in years, and won the W.C. Handy award for best blues album of 1981. But Copeland's music is even more powerful, more inspiring when heard in the intimacy of a night club. With bassist Michael Merritt (son of the great Jymie Merritt), guitarist John Leibman, and drummer Julian Vaughn tenaciously laying down the bottom, Ken Vangel handling the keyboards and arrangements, and John Pratt and Joe Rigby punching out horn parts, Copeland sings and plays pure fire. His voice becomes a hot amalgam of full-blooded richness and gutsy power. The inflections he uses are deeply rooted in the traditions of the blues but have a distinctive, clearly original flavor, and his energy and forcefulness is among the most potent of any living blues artist. Rounding out this exceptionally complete bluesman is a hard, trebly guitar sound, emotion-packed licks, and formidable songwriting chops. Songs like *Everybody Wants A Piece Of Me*, *Copeland Special*, and *Third Party* demonstrate Copeland's ability to take solid blues aesthetics and translate them into infectious contemporary settings.

"Right now, all the young kids uptown are listenin' to that rap music, but it's just a matter of minutes before that'll be in the past. When the real music is ready to go, it has to dig back to the roots before it can move forward. But now, some of the young kids are discoverin' my music. I had some young people come up to me the other day and ask me what kind of *new* music it is that I'm playing," Copeland says as he cracks into hardy laughter. "They never even heard of the blues before, they thought it was somethin' completely new."

Born in Homer, Louisiana 44 years ago, Copeland first became "possessed" by the blues after his family moved to Houston. "My daddy played guitar and sang the blues as a sideline." And by the time a guitar was passed down to Johnny, he "really started to get into learnin' that instrument. At about 15 or 16 it looked like I was possessed by the thing, man. When I'd get up in the morning, I'd run straight for that guitar. I couldn't get into nothin' else."

Texas, at that time, was exceptionally fertile soil for a young blues aspirant, and Johnny didn't have to look far for inspiration and camaraderie. "My little band of young musicians would be walkin' around with guitars entertainin' the whole neighborhood—like, 24 hours a day. We were listenin' to doowop, T-Bone Walker, and Gatemouth Brown. But our idol was Widemouth

CLIFF TINDER

Brown [Gatemouth's younger brother] because he was the local guy really doin' it around town. If we'd just get a chance to hear Widemouth Brown, we'd be happy. We'd also listen to guys like Albert Collins, Cory Carter, and Lester Williams."

Texas was not only full of blues guitarists and singers, but it was also home for an indigenous species of hard-blowing, gutsy tenor players. Just a glance at the liner notes to *Copeland Special* indicates that Copeland hasn't lost a bit of his Texas-bred taste for hot saxophonists. Included are some of the best sax talents available—George Adams, Arthur Blythe, Joe Rigby, and Byard Lancaster. "George has got the blues better than me, it looks like. Dig his playin' on *Third Party*—that's some shit! And Arthur got it too. Both of them got the real roots of the music to 'em."

Adams so enjoyed playing with Copeland that it's not unusual to find him sitting in with Johnny's band. "I've always used great horn players. I like a real good, hard tenor sound with feeling," Copeland states emphatically. "Arnett Cobb and Cleanhead [Vinson] would come by and play with my band all the time in Houston." While a young Hubert Laws would sit in with Johnny from time to time, such luminaries as Don Wilkerson, L.A. Hill, and Wilton Felder were regular bandmembers.

"Wilton Felder was workin' with my band when the Crusaders decided to move out to California. He sure could play that honk music. The bass player in my band was also with the Crusaders, so I really tried to talk those guys out of leaving Texas. I did do a record with Joe Sample and that whole bunch out in California in 1970. At that time they weren't workin' too much—just sittin' around catchin' the chestnuts and stuff. But now they are millionaires," he chuckles, slaps me on the shoulder and demonstrates his impressive ability to put the hardships of the blues world, as well as its joys, into perfect perspective—an attribute that I suspect has greatly contributed to the absence of wear and tear in his face, the lean boxer's body he has maintained since his days as an itinerate prizefighter, and the constant sparkle in his eye.

"If you know how it feels when the door gets slammed shut in your face, you'll know how to treat it when it finally gets opened. Like, I always thought that I could do the blues, and do them well. But I still felt as good about myself five years ago, when I just came to New York and nobody knew my name, as I do now that all the doors are startin' to open for me. If you don't *love* what you're doing, you ain't got no business doing it," Johnny concludes, laughs a little laugh at himself, and takes the last bite of his Copeland Special sandwich. db

Larry Harlow

BY LARRY BIRNBAUM

For 16 years Larry Harlow has led one of the most enduringly successful modern latin big bands. With its sophisticated brass arrangements and driving Afro-Cuban rhythms, Orquesta Harlow was one of the groups that set the pace in the salsa boom of the '70s, and it remains a popular favorite today. In its long history the ensemble has spawned a seemingly endless succession of top-flight players and vocalists, maintaining its distinctive flair through numerous personnel changes.

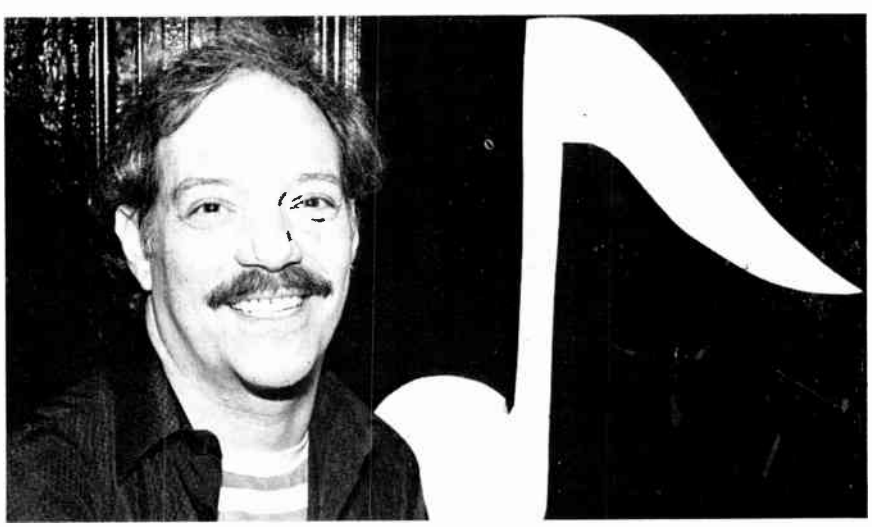
Not the least talented of Orquesta Harlow's instrumental stars is Harlow himself, a thoroughly accomplished keyboardist with a percussive touch that propels his band as it anchors his fleet and supple solo work. In the years when the Fania All-Stars were spearheading the latin crusade, Harlow was one of its most conspicuous members, proudly sporting the music's new sobriquet—*salsa*—on T-shirts, baseball jackets, and even one boldly emblazoned fur-lined suede topcoat. He also produced more than a hundred of his own and other bands' albums for the Fania label, and although he has since switched to Coco Records, he appeared with the All-Stars once again last summer at their 10th anniversary concert in Madison Square Garden.

His music is imbued with traditional latin flavor, but Harlow takes no pains to conceal that he is an ethnic anomaly in the Hispanic world: he is generally introduced to his cheering fans as "el Judio maravilloso"—the marvelous Jew. Born Lawrence Ira Kahn in Brooklyn in 1939, he acquired both his stage moniker and vocation from his late father, who led the relief orchestra at the Latin Quarter for some two decades under the name Buddy Harlow. "My father had what they called a 'continental band,'" Larry explains. "If somebody from Vienna walked in, he'd play a waltz; if somebody from Cuba walked in, he'd play a mambo; if somebody from Texas came in, he'd play some country song. But there weren't any latin bands at the Latin Quarter. The Latin Quarter was like a Las Vegas kind of showgirl thing, with top-name entertainment."

Larry began his piano studies at the age of five; by the time he entered New York City's elite High School of Music and Art, he was already a budding bebopper with a taste for Miles Davis and Charlie Byrd. His school was situated in the teaming midst of Spanish Harlem; there he first heard the sounds of salsa pouring from shops and tenements. "I really wanted to be a jazz player," he admits, "but so many things happened in the '50s that I leaned toward the latin bands, because they were accepting me faster than the jazz circles."

The first band he worked with was a black group that was trying to play the Cuban style and was looking for a good reading pianist. To capture the proper feeling, he bought some popular mambo records and copied the solos. He began to frequent the Palladium Ballroom, where the orchestras of Machito, Tito Puente, and Tito Rodriguez were enjoying their heyday. The latin beat had spread beyond the barrios to the borscht belt, where Jewish bandleaders like "Alfredito" (Al Levy) and "Arvito" (Harvey Averne) held forth. Harlow performed at some of Manhattan's better hotels, then joined Averne (now president of Coco Records) in 1957; meanwhile he pursued his music degree at Brooklyn College.

One Christmas he vacationed in Cuba and was so impressed by what he heard that he later returned for nearly three years, perfecting his Spanish as he researched the island's music and culture. Upon his return, just before the Castro takeover, Larry temporarily turned aside from music to earn a masters



ANDY FREEBERG

degree in philosophy, and briefly taught school while moonlighting as a *salsero*. Nineteen sixty-five found him working with flutist Johnny Pacheco, one of the founding partners of Fania Records; when Harlow quit his teaching job to found his own *orquesta* the following year, he was the first artist to be signed with the fledgling label.

Harlow's debut coincided with the boogaloo craze that followed in the wake of the mambo era. Young bandleaders were experimenting with latin-soul and rock hybrids, replacing the elaborate orchestrations of their predecessors with a looser, funkier combo sound. Harlow was considered an avant gardist, complete with electric piano, long hair, and even a psychedelic light show; but from the beginning, he evinced a strong predilection for the Cuban "roots" music of masters like Arsenio Rodriguez, to whose songs he devoted an entire album.

Fania mushroomed in the '70s with the rise of latin consciousness and the resurgence of *tipica* music under the salsa banner; and Harlow, with his sneering insouciance and his novel trumpet-and-trombone charts, became one of the pillars of the new movement. He staged and recorded the first "salsa opera," *Hommy* (the story of a deaf, dumb, and blind boy who learns to play percussion), at Carnegie Hall; he helped to popularize the *charanga* (flute and fiddle) style; he produced the first latin LP in the ill-fated quadraphonic mode; he successfully lobbied to have latin music recognized in the Grammy awards. He spun off a succession of flashy vocalists, like Ismael Miranda and Junior Gonzalez, who became headliners in their own right, as well as instrumental stars like percussionist Nicky Marrero, bassist Eddie "Gua Gua" Rivera, and not least, his old friend Louis Kahn (no relation), a former Juilliard student who doubles brilliantly on trombone and violin.

Harlow completed his cultural assimilation by undergoing a formal initiation—shaven scalp, animal sacrifices, and all—into the Afro-Cuban cult of Santeria, in which West African deities are worshipped in the guise of Catholic saints. His new faith did not preclude further commercial ventures, like Latin Fever, an all-girl band he sponsored, or his ambitious plan to cash in on the disco market, which foundered in the record industry slump of 1979.

As he had when his '60s crossover bid, the latin-rock band Ambergris, came to naught, Harlow "went back to the roots again and turned it all around." Today, Orquesta Harlow has a youthful look—"I'm the only antique left," says Larry—that spotlights Gary Carrion, a dynamic 19-year-old singer from Mayaguez, Puerto Rico. "He's just a wonderful, talented kid who I signed to my own production company and who I'm going to keep developing," Harlow adds.

Between road tours and studio sessions, Harlow is still a local hero on the New York club scene. Recently, the Village Gate hosted a Monday night "Salsa Meets Jazz" encounter between Harlow and young multi-instrumentalist Arthur Rhames. Harlow's band had the dancers in a sweat by the time Rhames nervously mounted the stage with his tenor sax. With a barely concealed smirk, Larry began pumping out a tricky Columbian cumbia rhythm that Rhames could hardly follow, but on the subsequent rhumba, Rhames found his groove over the vamping *montuño* section and rocked the house with a Rollinsy Caribbean lilt.

Latin-jazz is nothing new for Harlow—not long ago he played a week-long engagement at Fat Tuesday's with a jazz sextet—but salsa remains his forte. "Salsa will always be salsa," he says. "It has its built-in following. The sound changes—new songs, different messages, more progressive harmonies, a jazzier feeling—but basically, it's still Afro-Cuban rhythms with a little New York slickness to it." With that final phrase, El Judio Maravilloso begins to chuckle. db

Caught:

DAVID MURRAY OCTET/ JAMES NEWTON FLUTE QUARTET

THE PUBLIC THEATRE
NEW YORK CITY

David Murray and James Newton are two of the shining lights on the contemporary jazz scene; 26 and 28 years old, respectively, tenorman Murray and flutist Newton have proven themselves to be talented not only as instrumentalists—and their credentials on their chosen instruments are well established—but as composers and arrangers as well. It was in those two capacities that the two had a chance to shine on successive weekends at the Public Theatre.

MITCHELL SEIDEL

David Murray

Murray assembled an octet to perform pieces from his highly acclaimed Black Saint LP, *Ming*, and it's soon-to-be-released sequel, *Home*. The personnel for the performances was identical to the albums with two exceptions: Jimmy Lyons replaced Henry Threadgill as alto saxophonist, and Dick Griffin sat in George Lewis' trombone chair. The rest of the band featured: Anthony Davis, piano; Wilbur Morris, drums; Butch Morris, cornet; Steve McCall, drums; Olu Dara, trumpet; and, of course, leader Murray on tenor and a smidgen of bass clarinet.

The qualities of *Ming* were evident from note one: the rich, bright voicings, the sensational drop-anchor rhythm, the astonishing variety each player brings to the charts. One could point to trombonist Griffin's deep, guttural brogue and breathy whisper on *Ming*; Lyons' compelling, sheet-of-sound explosions; Dara's dirt-under-the-fingernail trumpet solos that included a touch of brass band and a taste of carnival; Butch Morris' soft, feathery, heartbreaking cornet forays; Davis' incisive updating of Bud Powell on *Last Of The Hip Men*; the leader's long, full-bodied lines augmented by jolting honks; and the razor-sharp rhythm of Wilbur Morris and the astonishing Steve McCall. But the stars of the night, not surprisingly, were the charts. From the sentimental beauty of *Home* to the stomp-along, romping qualities of *Dewey's Circle*, Murray is proving himself to be a jazz composer whose tunes stick in the mind. There hasn't been such fine writing and arranging for a small ensemble since Charles Mingus put together the music which formed his two *Changes* albums in the mid-'70s.

Despite the unqualified musical success of the *Ming* album and the fact that this one-nighter easily sold out, it's hard, in the lean '80s, to keep any group together, let alone

ANDY FREEBERG

James Newton

eight pieces. Let's hope that David Murray can keep this octet (or some version of it) together.

James Newton, aside from his astonishing capabilities as a flutist—indeed, he is portending to bring that instrument to new heights—has a restive mind with regards to how to showcase his talents. Aside from the usual flute-plus-rhythm configuration, Newton has recorded a solo flute album and an album with a woodwind quintet. The Public Theatre gig found him in his most beguiling setting yet: a flute quartet. What made the ensemble most intriguing was the quality of the flutists Newton chose to surround himself: Frank Wess (his acknowledged major influence on the instrument), Henry Threadgill, and Lloyd McNeil. (Those four men happen to be four of the top five placers in last year's Talent Deserving Wider Recognition category of the **db** Critics Poll.)

Newton's music is less jazz-based than David Murray's, but more a synthesis of jazz and classical elements. Thus, the general tone of the evening was more reminiscent of a chamber music recital than a jazz concert. In the same regard it was also slightly stiff and confined—the music, which the players were reading, seemed to be difficult and less-than-familiar to them. However, Newton's compositions displayed a fragile beauty—particularly the intricate *Paseo Del Mar*.

The differences in the four flutists' styles were quite apparent during their featured spots. McNeil opened the evening with a rubato *Amazing Grace*, including one chorus that sounded vaguely like an Irish reel. McNeil employs a soft, gentle tone and has an elegant, reserved attack which is in direct contrast to the highly aggressive, more piercing tone of Newton, who also likes to employ a humming technique. Newton pulled out all the stops for a virtuosic solo piece which featured several seamless breakneck passages, sort of a hip *Flight Of The Bumblebee*. Threadgill, whose full, rich sound was showcased on his original, *Number Five*, has an approach that falls somewhere between NcNeil's sweetness and Newton's harder edge. Frank Wess, who chose to forego a solo spot, has a thick, bluesy, legato quality to his playing.

Basically, however, it was an evening for ensemble pieces, and the heady quality of four first-rate flutists, unencumbered by a rhythm section, was most welcome. At times the music reminded one of a New England dawn—gentle breezes and soft colors; at other times it sounded like a haunted house—rampant howling winds and creaking floorboards; yet other moments were chime-like and downy.

Thanks to the broad scope of musicians like David Murray and James Newton, there are ever-fewer restrictions on the instrumental makeup of ensembles that can squeeze into the category of jazz. And thanks to places like the Public Theatre and people like its music director Nancy Weiss—who have been providing the space and backing that these adventurous programs need—there is no telling what the future can hold.

—*lee jeske*

SHEILA JORDAN/ HARVIE SWARTZ

EMMANUEL CHURCH
BOSTON

The Jazz Coalition is halfway through its 12th season of presenting the best in avant garde groups, local and national, to a small but avid and faithful Boston public. The home of its Sunday night Jazz Celebrations series is the library of the Emmanuel Church, in the very central Back Bay block of Newberry and Arlington (it's the stone neo-Gothic church next door to the Ritz Carlton). Big events—like the annual Washington's Birthday Weekend All-Night Concert which last year drew some 1,500 patrons from dusk 'til dawn, stretching out on the pews to hear 11 local bands and the Dewey Redman/Ed Blackwell/Mark Helias trio—take place in the Church of the Covenant down the block. But the library—recently refurbished with fresh beige

paint, modern lighting, and reopened low proscenium stage—suits just fine for the intimate gatherings such as the recent one where Sheila Jordan, in head-to-head duo with bassist Harvie Swartz, kept 200 ardent fans on the edge of their black wooden fold-up chairs for two hours.

Jordan and Swartz appeared in basic black, highlighted with red carnation and gray tie respectively, and warmed a snowy Monday with exuberant and intimate dialogs which wholly included the audience. Shunning the stage and all but a couple of small, indirect spotlights, Jordan not so much performed as embraced tunes in her haunting, all-out manner. Two truths emerged for me: one, that Jordan's amazingly moving SteepleChase duo album with bassist Arild Andersen was no fluke—this is a superb medium for her, even better than the working trio headed by pianist Steve Kuhn, in which her participation is sometimes less than integral; two, Harvie Swartz, long considered a wonderful bassist, is progressing as an adept songwriter, evidenced by two bluesy, timely contributions that gave considerable food for thought—*That Old Time Feeling* ("Where's that old time love, when people were worshipping the dove?") and *Takin' It Slow* ("Workin' is easy when you're feeling free"). The first set featured shorter, lighter-textured tunes, focusing on joy and childhood: commencing with a riveting, convocative *Happy To Be Here Today* by Bob Moses; then a glowing version of Thad Jones' *A Child Is Born*; an ebullient, funny *Barbados* ("an all-time first for us," giggled Jordan); and finally, shifting from one of three love-bereft, dead-slow ballads (an indigo *Am I Blue*), Jordan shouted a bared-breast blues improvisation declaiming her own life story (in a sense, she does this with every song). This really flipped out the audience, who had been in Jordan's thrall from note one.

PAUL GERHARD DEKER

Sheila Jordan

After the break, the two stretched out with fewer, longer numbers, with more bass solos. Swartz' unusually accomplished bow, trembling eerily on *My Man's Gone Now* and brooding romantically on the heady, Indian- and Shaker-tinged closer *Lazy Afternoon*, added electrifying dimensions to Jordan's thrilling ballad quaver. His real tour de force was the fast *Let's Face The Music And Dance*: monster tremolos, starry kalimba sounds, musings sul ponticello, open ringing multi-stops, a "lute" interlude. The residual impression that the evening left was one of spiritual consanguinity and peaceful consonance: they feel and make music as one. The audience did not miss this; they did not want them to leave. Sheila gave a radiant, effusive thanks: "Boston's always been good to me. It was here that you really gave me a push." (That referred to Coalition President/singer Ronnie Gill's frequent invitations for Jordan to come up and perform as far back as 1973.) She and Swartz then tore through *Please Don't Talk About Us When We're Gone*, full of her very own whinnied neosyllabic scat, and that was that! —*fred bouchard*

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by LARRY BLAKELY

Self-Producing Your Own Record

LARRY BLAKELY, AS AN ON-LOCATION AND studio recording engineer for over 20 years, is President of CAMEO and a consultant in development and marketing.

Many musicians throughout the country are now selling their own albums—off the bandstand and through the mails, and independent distributors place them in the stores. It's a definite plus for a band to have a record—it looks good; it helps them when approaching radio stations, publishers, and record companies; and it's an excellent aid in getting gigs.

Today, the availability of low cost, multi-track recording equipment offers most musicians the affordability of their own garage, basement, living room, and even bedroom recording studios. Home recording is ideal as it gives musicians time to learn the recording process on their own and in private. It is often better to learn in this manner as the money that would have been spent in a commercial recording studio will often pay for your own recording equipment (a basic home system can be put together for $2,000-$3,000; studio time can range from $25-$150 an hour). Besides, once you own your own equipment and have your own place to record, you can do so whenever the inspiration strikes—no waiting for studio time to open up.

It is important that you take some time and effort to learn how to use the equipment and familiarize yourself with various recording procedures. Expect to make some mistakes and a few rotten recordings. All in all, this will be time well spent—you will become closer to the recording process, recognize its strengths and weaknesses, and when you do go to a commercial studio, you will be on familiar turf and have a better chance of coming up with good results.

However, it is well within the range of possibility to make exceptional recordings with inexpensive, multi-track equipment. Once you have made a demo tape, you should think about making that important first record. (The sale of 500-1,000 albums can more than cover the costs of the mastering, processing, and pressing the records.) Yet many musicians have no idea of the complexity of making a phonograph record—they seem to feel that once the tape is made, they are 99 percent of the way there. There are some things that need to be done prior to sending the tape out to have records made:

- *Listen to your tape carefully*—often you listen to your tape, think it sounds great, and quickly send it off to the record manufacturing company, telling them to "make the record sound just like the tape." A good disc mastering engineer can do just that. Yet when you receive the records, you may think they sound terrible and then blame the engineer or the record manufacturing company. Directly compare the sound of the tape and record by listening to one, then immediately switching to the other (called an *A-B comparison*); you may find that there is no difference at all—you just thought that the tape sounded better than it actually did. On the other hand, it is possible for the engineer to goof, and you could be right. If this is the case, the records should be redone at the manufacturer's expense. So be sure you have a good-sounding tape before making a record.
- *Edit your tape*—if you know how, do it; if you don't, seek help:
  1. Make sure that you use a razor blade or scissors that are demagnetized to prevent adding any low frequency thumps where the tape is cut or spliced.
  2. Use a good major brand of splicing tape and be sure it is firmly attached to the back of the recording tape; if it's not, the splice may come loose during fast-forward or rewind which may damage the tape. Do not use standard clear plastic wrapping tape for this purpose.
  3. Add 10 to 15 feet of paper leader tape at the front and rear (head and tail) of the tape. Most disc mastering engineers prefer that you use paper leader tape rather than plastic. Place two to five seconds of leader tape between each selection. The leader tape should be spliced directly to the beginning and end of each selection. Make sure that you do not cut off any echo or room sound at the end of a selection.
- *Make sure to record your master tape on a half-track stereo tape recorder*—most all disc mastering is done from *half-track* tapes. This recording format has two tracks (each occupying nearly one-half of the ¼-inch tape width) which go only in one direction on the tape. The *quarter-track* stereo recording format can have a pair of stereo tracks recorded in both directions (often referred to in error as "recording both sides of the tape"). If you were to send a tape recorded on a quarter-track, cassette, or format other than half-track, it will likely require re-recording on a half-track machine. This tape copy would then be used for recording the master disc, and you would be charged for making the copy. Time and expense can be saved if you see that a half-track stereo tape is supplied to the record manufacturer.
- *Place alignment tones at the beginning of the tape*—in front of the leader at the head of the tape, place a series of tones. See that these tones are recorded on the same machine as the master tape. Using an audio oscillator, record *each* tone at full operating level ("0" on the VU meter) for at least 20 seconds in the following order, 1 kHz, 10 kHz, and 100 Hz.
- *Check to see that your tape doesn't have these problems*—1. *Bias thumps* are very low frequency thumps or pops which will cause wide groove excursions on the record. They will reduce the amount of playing time on the disc and may cause tracking problems (cause the stylus to jump out of the groove) when the record is being played; 2. *Excessive sibilance* is the sss'ing or hissing sounds of vocals caused by words with the letter S. If it is bad on the tape, it will usually sound louder or worse on the record.
- *Seek competent assistance if you need it*—find a good local studio, recording engineer, or record manufacturer who knows the business when it comes to mastering and manufacturing records. Don't be afraid to ask questions and see that they understand what you want. If you haven't done this before, don't try to do it alone, you could be real sorry.

Start by calling around to where records are made; contact local recording studios and commercial record manufacturers. The local recording studios will usually know one or more record manufacturers. In addition they usually will be experienced at having records made from tapes, know some of the do's and don't's, and have the ability to work with you in either recording and/or preparing your existing tape for the process of making a record. Keep in mind that the studio will usually be out to make a profit from this, so see that they do not over-sell you. You can usually purchase your records for less money if you go directly to the record manufacturers. However, in many cases they will not be able to spend the time with you that a local studio can.

You must make a number of decisions: 45s or LPs? Stereo or mono? Inverted master or full protection? Album jacket, stock cover with overprint, or custom cover? (Black and white, one-, two-, three-, or four-color? Back liner or not?) Shrink wrap? And, of course, what quantity?

Let's define some of the terms commonly used in record manufacturing:

- *Mastering*—the process of recording the sound of the tape onto a master disc.
- *Master Disc* or *Master Lacquer*—an aluminum disc that is coated with lacquer. This is a disc of soft material than can easily have a groove cut or inscribed on it by the recording lathe.
- *Recording Lathe*—a disc recorder that mainly consists of a large turntable, cutter head, a vacuum system to hold the master disc tightly against the turntable, electronic amplifiers, control systems, and signal processing equipment.
- *Processing*—once the master disc is cut (recorded), a metal negative is made which can be used to mold or stamp records; this is

called an *inverted master*. However, this negative or inverted master can be processed again to make a metal positive called a *mother*, which can then be used to make a number of metal negatives or stampers. This latter process is called *full protection* and is used when pressing large quantities of records, as it allows a larger number of records to be pressed from a single master disc. The inverted master—or *one-step processing*—is less expensive and ideal for making quantities of less than 1,000 records.

- *Album Cover* (or *Jacket*)—the cover that holds the record, made up of cardboard backing, the front liner, and the back liner. The liners are printed on paper and glued to the backing in a process called *fabrication*.
- *Stock Album Covers*—usually have a full-color front liner and a plain paper back liner, and are produced in large quantities to keep the individual price down. The name of the artist or group can be over-printed on the album front by a silk-screen process. This allows a full-color album jacket at a fraction of the cost of a custom cover.
- *Custom Album Cover*—means designing your own album from scratch. You can get whatever you want—you call the shots on the art, photos, copy, number of colors used, and the type of paper stock. The start-up costs are high, and a custom jacket only makes financial sense when ordering records in the thousands.
- *Shrink Wrap*—a thin plastic that covers and protects the album jacket from scuffs or scratches. Prior to the time the shrink wrap is broken, it will seal the record inside the jacket, protecting it from dust and dirt particles.
- *One-, Two-, Three-, and Four-Color*—is simply the number of colors used in printing the liners of an album cover. Black and white is the least expensive, add one color (now black and white plus one color of your choice) and the price goes up; two colors with black and white look even better for a little more money; three-color is rarely used; four-color (full-color) gives it all to you, including a high price. Four-color is a complex and expensive printing process, but it looks great.

It is important to keep in mind that the initial start-up costs of manufacturing a record will be somewhat high—consider expenses for mastering, processing, and artwork for custom albums including the cost of printing and color separations. All of these are one-time expenses that must be incurred before there can be a single finished album. All of these costs must be amortized over the quantity of records that are manufactured. Remember that a major record company will make thousands of records at a time, allowing these one-time expenses to be amortized over a large quantity of records in addition to realizing discounts for pressing large quantities of records. This allows albums to be made for under $1 each, while those who may need only 1,000 records with custom jackets could pay up to $3 or $4 for each. (For a detailed cost breakdown, see *Budgeting For Your Album*, **db**, Apr. '81, page 62.) **db**

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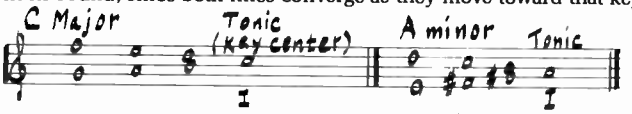
by DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

HOW TO transcribe tunes by ear

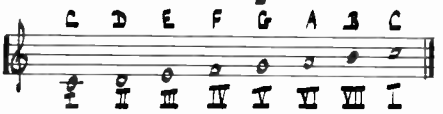
WILLIAM FOWLER, PROFESSOR/COMPOSER/ clinician, holds a PhD in Music Composition and is **down beat**'s *Education Editor.*

Plunking out the notes of a melody on the piano might be an accurate way to discover their actual pitches, but this method is tedious compared to that of identifying them by how they sound within their key. Obviously, the ability to put directly on paper what the ear hears or the mind imagines saves both time and effort. The few people, of course, who possess absolute pitch automatically know what notes they hear. Others, though, can rely on relative pitch, the mental ability to relate notes to their key center and to one another. This article demonstrates a way to develop that ability.

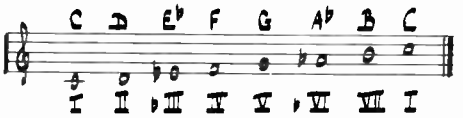
The tonic note of any key sounds final and motionless. Playing the following example will pinpoint its sound, since both lines converge as they move toward that key center:



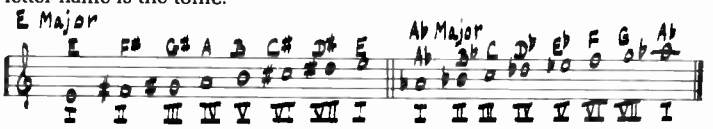
Roman numerals designate the relative position of scale notes above the tonic. In C Major those numerals and their corresponding letter-names would be:



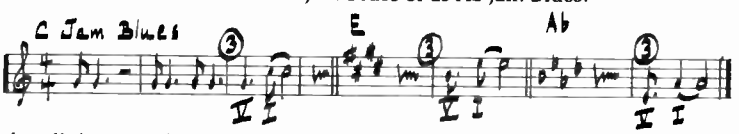
In C harmonic minor, they would be:



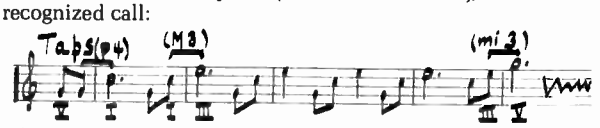
In other keys the successive letter-names shift along the musical alphabet according to which letter-name is the tonic:



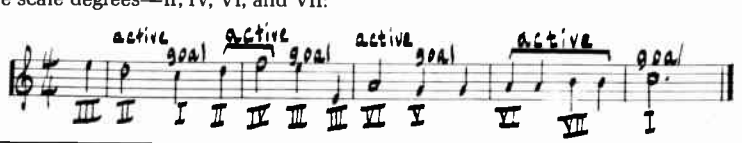
When the ear identifies sounds as scale degrees in relation to their tonic note, they can be written in any key. If Ellington's C *Jam Blues*, for example, is heard as V up to I instead of as G up to C, it then can be written as *E Jam Blues* or as *Ab Jam Blues*:



Bugle calls begin with V up to I, a Perfect 4th interval. As they continue, they sound I up to III (a Major 3rd interval) and III up to V (a minor 3rd interval), as illustrated by *Taps*, that universally recognized call:



The aural characteristics of degrees I, III, and V will fix themselves in the memory through repeated association of their individual sounds with their individual Roman numerals. Constant repetition of *Taps*, either sung or imagined, will develop recognition of them: "Five, five, one. . . . Five, one, three. . . . Five, one, three, five, one, three, five, one, three. . . . One, three, five . . . ," and so on, are the proper lyrics for associating Roman numerals to the tune. Degrees I, III, and V together form the tonic triad, that final goal of harmonic progressions. Along a melodic line, these notes therefore sound like goals of the active scale degrees—II, IV, VI, and VII:

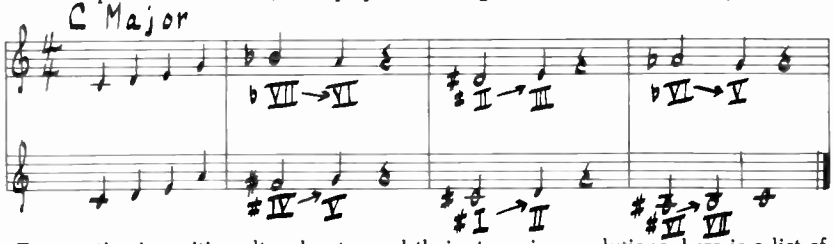


Skill in using relative pitch to write on paper what is heard or imagined develops by stages, and thus should be practiced step by step. Here are those steps together with some well-known tunes useful for practicing each step:

- 1) Lines which move along I, III, and V, the bugle call notes:
  the first four notes of *Oh, Come All Ye Faithful*;
  the first five notes of *Love Walked In*;
  the first six notes of *America, The Beautiful*;
  the first seven notes of *The Star Spangled Banner*;
  the first three bars of *Sentimental Journey*;
  the first four bars of *In The Mood*;
  the first five bars of *Blue Danube Waltz*.
- 2) Lines which contain I, III, or V on accents and active notes preceding those accents:
  the first eight notes of *Joy To The World*;
  the first eight notes of *Deck The Halls*;
  the first eight notes of the *Happy Days* TV theme;
  the first four bars of *Hark, The Herald Angels Sing*;
  the first four bars of *Angels We Have Heard On High*;
  the first four bars of *Away In A Manger*;
  the entire verse of *The First Nowell*.
- 3) Lines which sometimes put active notes on accents:
  the first eight bars of *It Came Upon A Midnight Clear*;
  the first eight bars of *Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer*;
  Joy To The World after its first eight bars;
  Silver Bells throughout.
- 4) Lines which frequently put active notes on accents:
  As Time Goes By; *Moon River*; *Maria*.

None of these practice lines feature chromatically altered scale degrees. One more step in developing relative pitch therefore is necessary—determining the sound of each alteration.

- 5) Chromatically altered notes possess strong tendencies to move in the direction of their alteration—raised notes want to move upwards, while lowered notes want to move downwards. Within melodies these altered notes most often follow their directional tendencies to adjoining unaltered notes. Altered notes and their step-wise resolutions thus can be memorized as units. Here is a digest of commonly altered scale degrees and their step-wise resolutions, to be played and sung until fixed in the memory:



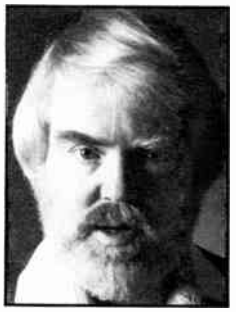
For practice in writing altered notes and their step-wise resolutions, here is a list of standard tunes containing them: *Bali Hai, The Boy Next Door, April In Paris, Remember Me, Paradise, When My Baby Smiles At Me, Prelude To A Kiss, Alley Cat, April Showers, You Are My Lucky Star, Third Man Theme.*

Because this article has dealt only with transcribing pitch, a future article will deal with transcribing rhythm. **db**

PRO SESSION

by ROY BURNS

The Practice Pad: Friend Or Foe



ROY BURNS' BACKGROUND INCLUDES STINTS with Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, Lionel Hampton, and the NBC Staff Orchestra. He was the house drummer for the Monterey Jazz Festival for a number of years and has authored over 15 drum instruction books. He is perhaps best known for his informative and down-to-earth drum clinics.

Inspiring a young student to practice regularly is not always easy. Inspiring yourself to practice is sometimes even more difficult. The problem is boredom. Playing the same old stuff over and over can become a real turn-off for even extremely dedicated players and students.

Some drummers come to hate the practice pad. It can become a symbol for monotonous and unmusical exercises. One way to take the curse off of warming up on the pad is to play along with music. Turn on the radio or the record player and have some fun. Play anything that feels good and allow your hands to warm up naturally. This approach is more beneficial than forcing yourself to play 1,000 paradiddles in succession without stopping.

Pitfalls:

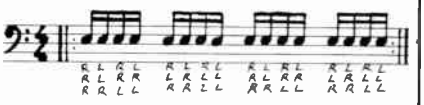
- Avoid gimmicks such as metal or over-sized drum sticks. They do more harm than good. Warm up with the sticks you normally play with.
- Don't practice on a pillow unless you intend to perform on one. You can't develop touch by practicing on something that does not respond.
- Squeezing rubber balls to strengthen your hands will not help you learn to play good time. You can usually develop enough strength by practicing and playing.

Another approach to getting the most out of warming up on a pad is to play any exercise or pattern without accents. This helps to develop control without forcing. It also gets your ear involved as you try to play all of the beats as evenly as possible.

Practicing with one hand at a time is also a good warmup. Play any pattern, accented or not, with the right hand. Then play exactly the same pattern with the left hand. Try to achieve the same sound with each hand. Again, this gets your ear involved. You will also discover some interesting differences between the right hand and the left hand.

Another exercise that can be fun as well as challenging is to play exactly the same thing with both hands. At first it may sound as if you are attempting to play flams or uneven singles. On the drum set play with the right hand on a tom-tom and the left hand on the snare drum.

Practice Exercise:



One of my favorite exercises is to play single strokes at a moderate speed with no accents; then play paradiddles at the same speed without accents; then play double strokes. Keep alternating between the three patterns. The example above is marked for starting on the right hand; for additional practice try starting on the left hand. The idea is to attempt to make all three patterns sound identical. I don't believe it is actually possible, but it can be fun to see how close you can come to achieving it.

To add to the challenge, practice this exercise with a metronome. You will find that it becomes even more difficult to play evenly at slower tempos. I have used this one to get the attention of students who were "speed freaks." They were amazed to learn that many things become more difficult to play accurately when the tempo is slower.

Last but not least, when you are on the road and stuck in some lousy motel room, your practice pad may be your only way of attempting to stay in touch with your instrument. Finding a place to practice on the drums can be a problem even if you are not on the road.

The practice pad will never replace a drum, but it can be a real aid when used properly. If you have the opportunity to practice on the snare drum or the entire set, by all means do so. But if you get the urge to practice late some night, remember your old friend, the practice pad. Your neighbors, and indeed other members of your family, will appreciate your consideration as well as your dedication. **db**

going back to the same places, and there was a big, big satisfaction. That's the guitar—that's my instrument—and I love to play with two other guitar players. The guitar has this quality of pulling another guitar with it." (There have been several tours with Paco De Lucia—featuring either Coryell, French guitarist Christian Escoude, or Al Di Meola on the third guitar [see Caught, **db**, Apr. '81] and an LP with De Lucia and Di Meola [reviewed **db**, Nov. '81].)

Another synthesis with which McLaughlin is planning on experimenting is jazz and classical music—something that has been attempted dozens of times, but never with much lasting success. His current girlfriend is a classical pianist, and he has been discussing an appearance with the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

"There is more and more interest by the people involved in classical music to participate, in some way, with jazz musicians. This is a relatively new event, because the classical listener is notoriously puritanical, as are some jazz listeners. Same thing with flamenco music and Indian music—there are purists everywhere. The Los Angeles Philharmonic suggested that I do Rodrigo's *Concierto De Aranjuez* [the basis for *Sketches Of Spain*], but I can't do that. I've heard the Spanish National Orchestra do it, and it was incredible. I daren't do that. What I want to do, and what they agreed upon, is *write* a concerto for guitar and orchestra. I'm afraid, but I'm more excited than afraid because I can write my music *and* I can improvise. I *need* to improvise."

One thing that is evident from talking with John McLaughlin is his obvious contentment with his past work. Many musicians tend to be highly critical of their output, but McLaughlin seems to be satisfied that he has been captured effectively on record. He is not always that pleased with his live performances, however. "Sometimes I'm completely merciless with myself," he claims, "and some nights I play like a shit—I can't do anything, I seem to be fumbling around. I'm always very happy that the audience is less critical than I, but it hurts when somebody compliments you when you know you've played badly. But what can I tell them? 'You jerk, you don't even know anything!' But I cannot escape this certainty that the audience should never be underestimated. I can't fool an audience—I don't think it and I don't feel it and I don't believe it.

"From the point of view of going to concerts myself—if a musician is struggling that night and he's fighting and he doesn't have his shit together, the fact that he's fighting is, for me, something beautiful to behold, because it's a human being fighting with his feelings. He wants to get the notes out, but he has to formulate them, to go through the notes and go through the rhythms—and not repeat himself—and be elegant and accurate and eloquent and profound. That's something beautiful to see. And sometimes, if after a whole hour that doesn't mean anything, there's five minutes or one *minute* before the end of the concert where you're really liberated from everything that's gone down before, then it's worth it. That's really what I'm living for, that one moment."

The word fusion has been much maligned, but John McLaughlin is its very essence. He was one of the first and most successful at fusing the powerhouse instruments of rock & roll with the musical interplay and improvisation of jazz. He has also fused the ancient, classical music of South India with jazz, and has helped bring the traditional flamenco music of Spain into the jazz realm. Now he is beginning to study classical modes. Fusion is the perfect word for all of it.

"I'm an eternal learner," he says. "I don't think I'll ever stop learning; it's a personal idiosyncrasy. I'm looking all the time for a way through music—searching, in a sense, for those different ways—harmonically, melodically, and rhythmically. For me the big joy of life is to play—that's the big joy—just to play music." **db**

RAIDERS

continued from page 13

The revivalist, however, regards the chunk of the jazz past that attracts him as an essentially completed act. And often he is drawn to the past of jazz in part because it belongs to the past—because the music speaks of values that seem to have been needlessly abandoned and that the revivalist wishes to reanimate, preserve, and inhabit. Injecting one's own personality into the music is at best a side issue, the goal instead being to accurately bring to life what is no longer as alive as it once was.

Now jazz revivalism has an intriguing, quirky history; I would not want to be without the music of Lu Watters, Graeme and Roger Bell, or Dave Dallwitz. But revivalism works best when it deals with styles in which the soloist added color and point while the ensemble remained the dominant force; it runs into special problems when the style being recreated is one that relies on the soloist's ability to express an individual instrumental personality.

Leaving aside the question of whether or not Hamilton and Vache are conscious revivalists, their music certainly is based on late swing-era styles in which individual instrumental personality was paramount. We love Ben Webster and Don Byas, Buck Clayton and Bobby Hackett, not just because their music was beautiful in the abstract sense, but also because it told *their* stories, revealing something essential about the kind of men they were. This storytelling aspect of the music was expressed in a very precise musical/emotional language—one in which the individual artist's tonal and rhythmic inflections (the growls, smears, slides, and so forth) were both his trademark and the means he used to convey his evolving emotional messages. And this storytelling, languagelike aspect of the music has, like all languages, some specific rules of diction, grammar, and syntax.

It is there that I part company with most of today's more-or-less revivalistic players, whether their models come from the '30s and '40s (as Hamilton's and Vache's do), from the '50s (as do those of Lew Tabackin and Richie Cole), or from the quite recent past (as is the case with Arthur Blythe and David Murray). To my ears, these musicians often speak the language they profess to love in a haphazard, inaccurate, even vulgar fashion, making "grammatical" and "syntactical" errors in the realm where notes are translated into emotion that are as disturbing as if they had flubbed the changes or turned the beat around. Place a typical Hamilton performance alongside a solo from such a master storyteller as Ike Quebec (or compare a Lew Tabackin effort with something by Sonny Rollins, or listen to David Murray next to Albert Ayler or Roscoe Mitchell), and one hears countless musical/emotional gestures that have been mishandled or misunderstood, as though the perhaps unwitting emulator had donned a green tie with a grey suit or begun a romantic plea by shouting, "Spread your legs!"

So it's not just the emulative aspect of these players that is troublesome, since my knowledge (such as it is) of the music that inspired them tells me that they aren't even good emulators, let alone personal craftsmen. (A question for another day is whether one can be a craftsmanlike disciple of Ayler, Dolphy, or Coltrane—in the same way that one could, and perhaps still can, be a craftsmanlike disciple of Hawkins, Young, or Byas.)

Which brings me to two of McDonough's peripheral points—the idea that, as someone on the sunny side of 40, I'm "in the same boat" with Hamilton and Vache, and the fact that these musicians have been praised, and sometimes hired, by such masters as Buddy Tate, Buck Clayton, Roy Eldridge, Benny Goodman, and Earl Hines.

The "in the same boat . . . part of what they are attacking" notion I don't understand, since I'm a listener and a writer, not a musician. (Maybe I'd be open to the "in the same boat" complaint if I tried to write like Panassie or Otis Ferguson.) The second point, however, is not so easily dismissed. It's understandable that many older players (and those critics who have great affection for their music and may not care that much for later developments) would be cheered to find younger men paying homage to the past, for no one likes to feel lonely and most of us like to be flattered. But even if there were no trace of self-deception in the praise of Hines, Tate, et al., that praise is refuted by their own lastingly vital music, which remains the standard by which their would-be disciples must be judged. (As for the "they hire them" argument, does that mean we should admire Hines' execrable vocalist or the cloddish drummer he used for several years?)

If McDonough feels that Hamilton, Vache, and the rest somehow meet the standards that still are being set by Tate, Hines, and their peers—or even if he feels that they will become coherent craftsmen within their chosen styles—those are matters about which we can agree to disagree. And I certainly share McDonough's unspoken desire that there be as many personal craftsmen at work in jazz today as there were in 1935, 1945, and 1955—though I believe that the craftsman approach to jazz is, for a number of reasons, becoming harder and harder to sustain.

So if jazz is about to turn itself into a largely revivalistic, repertory music—a kind of living museum in which everyone from Johnny Dodds to Albert Ayler is fair game—it seems all the more important to protest when one hears jazz' glorious past being reproduced in ways that are musically and emotionally inaccurate. To do otherwise would be to admit that we no longer hear the difference. If that is the case, I don't see what right we have to love all there is in jazz that truly deserves to be loved. □

BIG CITY BEAT

continued from page 11

still on tap: Sonny Rollins (4/16, 8 p.m.), Illinois Jacquet (4/17, at 8), Carmen McRae (4/18, 3 p.m.) and Lee Konitz (same day at 8); June's weekend has Max Roach (4th at 8), Old And New Dreams (5th at 8), solo pianos from Hank Jones, John Lewis, and Jaki Byard (6th at 3), followed by reedman Sam Rivers that night at 8 . . .

MONTREAL

After a brief flirtation with reggae, the **Rising Sun** (Ste. Antoine at Mountain), has reverted to its former jazz and blues policy, with bookings including Jack DeJohnette, Hank Jones, Willie Dixon, Gary Burton, Jim Hall, and Joe Pass . . .

OTTAWA, CANADA

Jazz Ottawa, (613) 232-9387, has moved its regular Monday night jazz sessions from C.W.'s to San Antonio Rose at 207 Rideau Street . . .

TORONTO

Cornetist **"Wild" Bill Davison** celebrated his 76th birthday midway through a two-week stand at the Chick'n Deli; for the occasion, he was presented with 76 salamis and eight litres of Jack Daniels—he gave the salami away . . .

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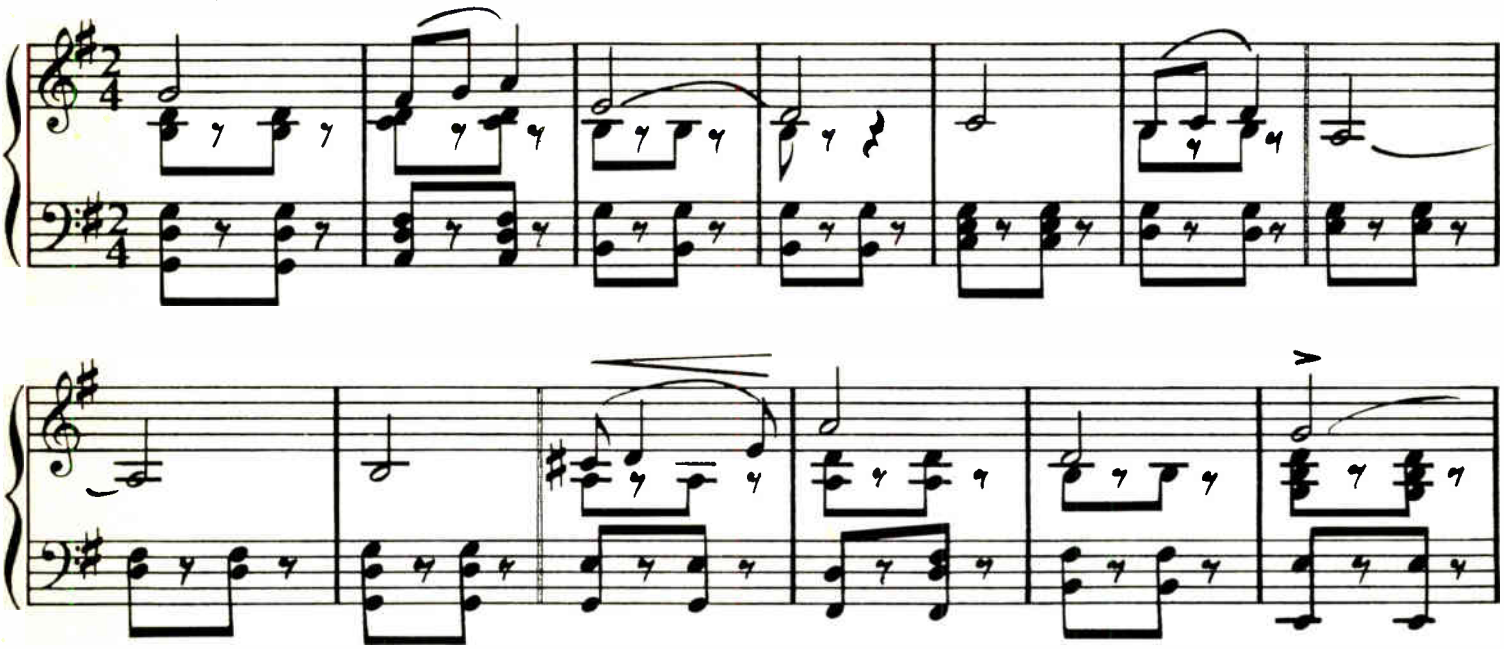

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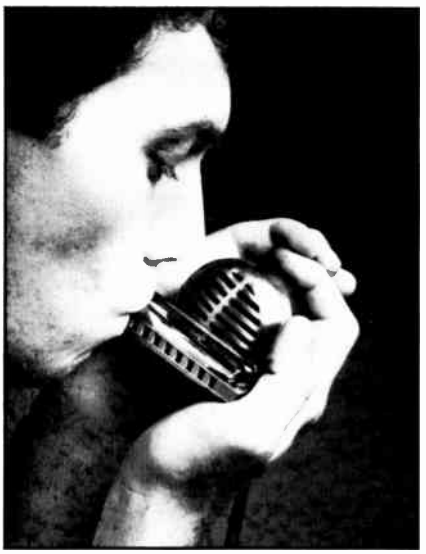
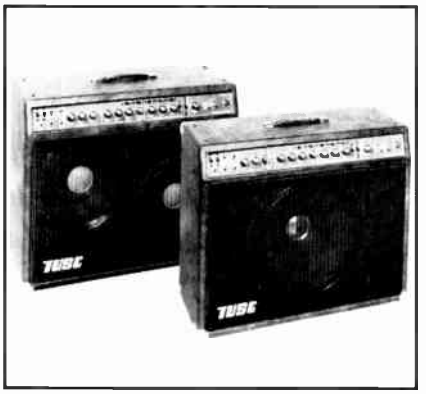


Shure 520D Green Bullet Mic

More good news for harp players—the legendary SHURE (Evanston, IL) Green Bullet microphone is back by popular demand from harmonica players everywhere, because it is conveniently shaped to fit the cupped palm while providing performance ideal for blues arrangements. Designated the 520D, the dual impedance mic, once popular as a base-station paging and dispatching unit, is now available in a limited edition as a head assembly only.



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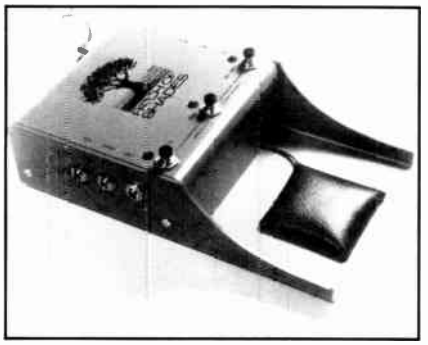

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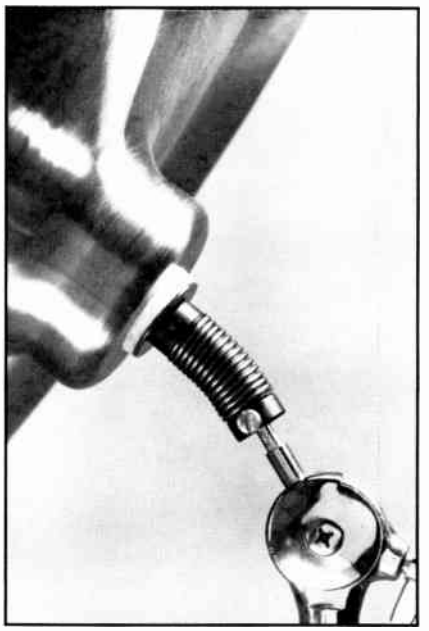

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TACUMA continued from page 21

rather distinctive technique?

JT: People like the Temptations and r&b bass players. There's a certain laid back kind of feel the bass players with those groups had, just a very classy style of playing—really smooth. I listened to certain jazz bassists also.

CT: Anthony Jackson is one of your favorite bassists. What do you like about his conception?

JT: The thing I like most is his consistency in the industry. He's able to play with Steely Dan to Chaka Khan to Buddy Rich. His bass sound is distinctive. No matter what the producer has in store for him, he's able to retain his own identity. That's the thing I like about myself. I just try to be original in every setting whether it's Prime Time or Julius Hemphill's band or my own band. Ron Carter also has that distinctive sound, but I think that he sounds better on acoustic than electric bass. I've always liked the way he works with his intonation.

CT: He also has a beautiful way of playing with the tempo in the middle of his solos.

JT: Yeah, he's got incredible control of his instrument. Stanley Clarke is another one who sounded better on the acoustic bass than the electric. When he went to the electric, he sounded just like Larry Graham. I attribute Clarke's style to Larry.

CT: Do you like Jaco's sound?

JT: Yeeaahh? I like his sound, but I think it's better for him; I wouldn't like it for myself. He does what he does well.

CT: You and Ronald Shannon Jackson seemed to work really well together right from the start.

JT: Ronald is a fantastic drummer. Actually, I just wrote a song for him. Rhythmically, I learned some things from him, how certain things can be intertwined—and it worked on *Dancing In Your Head*, which was the first thing we recorded. It had a *feel*, it didn't sound like jazz or r&b or rock or anything I've ever heard before. One morning I woke up and played an album I recorded with Blood (*Tales Of Captain Black*), and this music sounded so incredible. It sounded really strong and different. It sounded like I could pick it up 10 years from now and it would sound just as fresh and new.

I'm not a musician for other musicians, even though I play a certain music that would be astounding to other musicians. I'm a musician for the person who doesn't know anything about music, who would sit down and start laughing or crying or start writing or thinking or want to do something good. This way I feel better about myself. I like to look into the audience and see all different kinds of things happening. db

HAKIM continued from page 29

in showcasing his talents as an instrumentalist and composer. Subsequently forming his own trio, Hakim then traveled to Canada where he stayed for 10 years. During that time he made two albums for Radio Canada International. The first, *London Suite*, exhibited a sound that was richer and more emotive than his earlier work indicated he was capable of; a newfound sophistication had surfaced.

Upon returning to the States in 1976, he began recording for the Progressive and SteepleChase labels. Among the Progressive results is a lovely, unaccompanied effort called *Memories*. The kitschy name notwithstanding, *Memories* offers a number of moody ballads that highlight Hakim's feathery yet authoritative touch. His probing solos are especially affecting. He further demonstrated his romantic sensibility juxtaposed with an inclination towards horn-like lines when, in his next album, he paid tribute to a friend and influence. Four of the eight tunes on *A Bit Of Monk* are Monk compositions, and Hakim saves his best for a tender reading of *Pannonica*. His right hand seems to locate, rather than play, the gentle melody, and the shimmering notes he discovers reflect his fondness for Monk and his music.

That record, like all of Hakim's records on the Progressive label (not counting his recent date with Sonny Stitt), is available in Japan only. Since they comprise many of the discs from his catalog as a leader, it is easy to understand why he is better known overseas than in the U.S. The one album most widely distributed here is a CBS issue entitled *I Remember Bebop* in which Hakim is one of eight pianists who separately recite bop classics of the '40s. He plays three of Bird's tunes, and the tracks are only marginally representative of his capabilities.

Although he disputes any suggestion that fate has been unkind to him, and he adamantly rejects the notion that he and his work have been overlooked, occasionally his guard drops down and one can see a sensitive musician whose needs are simple and fundamental. "I guess I would like a little more recognition," he candidly admits, "mostly because I think that the things I've done have contributed to the jazz culture. But I've discovered that the trick is to keep playing and to keep up, musically, with what's going on around me. Listen, I've got all my records, and I've got all the music I've ever made, and I've got 40 years behind me playing with the greatest musicians in the world. I'm proud of it all. But more than that, I have music in me that I haven't even got to yet. I intend to stay with it, and that's what its all about for me." db

BOOK REVIEWS

CHICAGO BLUES by Mike Rowe (New York: Da Capo Press, 226 pp., 1981; $6.95).

Chicago Blues is a softcover reprint of *Chicago Breakdown*, Mike Rowe's superlative 1973 overview of the Windy City genre in its postwar heyday. Rowe has long been one of the principals of *Blues Unlimited*, a British journal that pioneered in the serious documentation of the blues. That European scholars should precede Americans in the recognition and appreciation of American art forms is, by now, a familiar irony; yet despite continuing research on both sides of the Atlantic, Rowe's survey remains definitive.

Rowe traces the development of the Chicago school, from the "citified" guitar/piano duets of the pre-war years to the raw electrified bands that swept the national r&b charts in the 1950s. For him, the B.B. King-oriented styles of the following decade represent not the further evolution of the blues, but its demise. Obviously, the moldy fig sensibility is not confined to the jazz world; indeed, country blues historian Sam Charters dismissed Rowe's beloved Muddy Waters in much the same manner.

Rowe admirably summarizes the period before World War II, when a circle of artists under the management of Lester Melrose virtually monopolized the subsidiary "race" labels of the major record companies. The "Bluebird beat" of Melrose luminaries like Tampa Red, Big Maceo Merriweather, and Sonny Boy (James Lee) Williamson reverberates in countless latter-day permutations. Unfortunately, the narrative is interrupted by an arid digression into migratory statistics, demonstrating only the never-disputed fact that southern blacks tended to travel more-or-less directly north from their native states, with the largest contingent from the blues-drenched Mississippi Delta region winding up in Chicago.

The wartime flood of rural immigrants included many gifted musicians, and a handful of independent entrepreneurs soon set up shop to record them. Rowe chronicles this postwar renaissance with painstaking devotion, from the earliest 78 rpm recordings on the short-lived Ora Nelle label to the rise of the Chess Records empire and its brightest star, Muddy Waters. Of course, any study based primarily on vinyl artifacts suffers inherent drawbacks for, as Rowe himself points out, the bluesmen viewed their discs mainly as advertisements for their night club shows. On the positive side, company archives do make for a more accurate chronology than the musicians' notoriously unreliable memories permit.

The legendary standard bearers—Muddy, Howlin' Wolf, Elmore James, Jimmy Reed, et al.—are all presented, and in proper perspective, as are lesser knowns like Floyd Jones, John Brim, Homesick James, and even Morris Pejoe. Inevitably, minor errors crop up, especially in the lising of session personnel, but it is in no small part due to Rowe's investigations that many of the original obscure sides have since been reissued with correct rosters, mostly on British LPs.

When, at length, he comes to the younger generation of "West Side" bluesmen, Rowe begins to falter. The brilliant careers of Otis Rush and Magic Sam are arbitrarily truncated (Sam's was short enough in any case) on the grounds that the albums they later cut were directed at a new breed of young white listeners; likewise Junior Wells and Buddy Guy, whose successful partnership is not even acknowledged. Although there is no question but that blues sales slumped in the '60s, independent singles continued to be marketed to the black audience on labels like One-der-ful, Palos, Chirrup, and Midas, with which Rowe is (or was) evidently unaware. Similarly, younger artists like Jimmy Dawkins, Luther Allison, and Mighty Joe Young are mentioned only in passing; those who came to prominence in the '70s—Fenton Robinson, Son Seals, Lonnie Brooks—are omitted altogether.

A decade after Rowe mourned its passing, the Chicago blues still rings out in dozens of clubs throughout the city. Elderly masters like Sunnyland Slim share bandstands with innovative modernists like Johnny Dollar; the sense of unbroken continuity extends even to an emerging psychedelic style that will doubtless send purists scurrying back to their Victrolas. Rowe may be correct in stating that the blues boom of the '50s was a unique aberration in terms of commercial success—by his own admission, the blues had always been a minority preference in the black community—but his eulogies are no less premature today than when they were written a decade ago. —*larry birnbaum*

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