

PRO SESSION: Working Concept for Drums

June, 1983

PROFILE: Thomas Dolby

\$1.75 U.K. £1.30

# downbeat

The Contemporary Music Magazine

**BRIAN ENO**

\*\*\*\*\*

*Electronic Experiments*

**DON CHERRY**

*Trumpet Variations*

**ROB MCCONNELL**

*Brassman Boss*

**DAVID MURRAY**

*Tenor Energy*



# FEATURES

## 14 BRIAN ENO: EXCURSIONS IN THE ELECTRONIC ENVIRONMENT

The pace-setting producer (Talking Heads, Ultravox, Robert Fripp, others), sound architect and landscapist, and studio conceptualist shares some of his theories, peevs, and visions in conversation with Bill Milkowski.

## 18 DON CHERRY: THE CHERRY VARIATIONS

Tracing the multifaceted musical career and labyrinthine thought patterns of this contemporary troubadour would require radar; Lee Jeske settles for on-the-run excerpts from the pocket trumpet and ethnic-music innovator.

## 21 ROB McCONNELL: BOSS OF THE BRASS

Their Grammy-nominated albums have helped spread the word, now Brass Boss-man McConnell gives Mark Miller the lowdown on the popular big band's origin and his own musical influences.

## 24 DAVID MURRAY: TENOR ENERGY

Though the heat from his saxophone helps fuel the World Saxophone Quartet, it's his Ellington-inspired octet which is currently closest to the young reedmaster's heart, as Francis Davis relates.

# DEPARTMENTS

**10 On The Beat**, by Charles Doherty.

**11 Chords & Discords**

**12 News**

**28 Record Reviews:** Gil Evans; Doc Cheatham/Sammy Price; Scott Cossu; Dire Straits; Tete Montoliu; Eugene Gratovich/George Flynn; Ira Sullivan; Red Rodney; Mutabaruka; Weather Report; Smokey Robinson; Marvin Gaye; Michael Jackson; World Saxophone Quartet; Woody James; Bill Kirchner; Elements; Shadowfax; Simon & Bard; Codona; Slickaphonics; Arnie Lawrence; Jimmy Mosher; Ted Curson; Waxing On: New And Blue (Junior Wells/Buddy Guy, Hip Linkchain, Big Leon Brooks, Peter Dames, Andrew Brown, Magic Slim, A.C. Reed, Johnny Copeland, Isaac Scott, Larry Davis, Robert Jr. Lockwood/Johnny Shines).

**45 City Jazzlines**

**47 Blindfold Test:** Peter Erskine, by Lee Jeske.

**48 Profile:** Thomas Dolby, by John Diliberto.

**50 Caught:** George Clinton And P-Funk All-Stars, by Sam Freedman; Pete & Conte Condoli, by John McDonough; Highlights In Jazz 10th Anniversary, by Lee Jeske; Hal Russell's NRG Ensemble, by Tom Nuccio.

### Pro Sessions:

**52** "How To Transform Tunes By Metric Means," by Dr. William L. Fowler.

**54** "A Melodic And Harmonic Concept For The Drum Set," by Dr. Ralph LaFemina.

**56 Pro Shop**

**62 Ad Lib:** "State Of The Blues," by Jim O'Neal.



Don Cherry

ANDY FREEBERG



Rob McConnell

BARBARA McDOUGALL



David Murray

LAUREN DEUTSCH



Thomas Dolby

ANDREW DOUGLAS

# down beat

The Contemporary Music Magazine

JUNE 1983  
VOLUME 50 No. 6

**EXECUTIVE EDITOR**  
Jack Maher

**MANAGING EDITOR**  
Charles Doherty

**ASSOCIATE EDITOR**  
Art Lange

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

**ART DIRECTOR**  
Christopher Garland

**PRODUCTION MANAGER**  
Gloria Baldwin

**CIRCULATION DIRECTOR**  
Deborah Kelly

**CONTROLLER**  
Gary W. Edwards

**PUBLISHER**  
Maher Publications

**RECORD REVIEWERS:** Alan Axelrod, Jon Balleras, Larry Birnbaum, Fred Bouchard, Jim Brinsfield, Owen Cordle, Paul DeBarros, John Diliberto, R. Bruce Dold, Sam Freedman, Lars Gabel, Michael Goldberg, Elaine Guregian, Frank-John Hadley, Robert Henschen, Lee Jeske, Peter Kostakis, John Litweiler, Stephen Mamula, Howard Mandel, John McDonough, Frankie Nemko, Cliff Radel, Jim Roberts, Ben Sandmel, Bill Shoemaker, Kirk Silsbee, Jack Sohmer, Robin Tolleson, Pete Walding.

**CONTRIBUTORS:** Jon Balleras, Larry Birnbaum, Bob Blumenthal, Tom Copi, Albert DeGenova, Leonard Feather, Andy Freeberg, Sam Freedman, Steve Kagan, Peter Keepnews, Howard Mandel, John McDonough, Bill Milkowski, Paul Natkin, Herb Nolan, Veryl Oakland, Darryl Pitt, Pete Walding.

**CORRESPONDENTS:** Albany, NY: Georgia Urban; Atlanta: Dorothy Pearce; Austin: Michael Point; Baltimore: Fred Douglass; Boston: Fred Bouchard; Buffalo: John H. Hunt; Chicago: Jim DeJong; Cincinnati: Bob Nave; Cleveland: C. A. Colombi; Denver: Bob Cataliotti; Detroit: David Wild; Kansas City: Carol Comer; Las Vegas: Brian Sanders; Miami: Jack Sohmer; Milwaukee: J. Joya Caryl; Minneapolis: Mary Snyder; Montreal: Ron Sweetman; Nashville: Phil Towne; New Orleans: Joel Simpson; Philadelphia: Russell Woessner; Phoenix: Robert Henschen; Pittsburgh: David J. Fabilli; St. Louis: Kevin Martin; San Francisco: J. N. Thomas; Seattle: Joseph R. Murphy; Toronto: Mark Miller; Vancouver: Vern Montgomery; Washington, DC: W. A. Brower; Australia: Eric Myers; Brazil: Christopher Pickard; Finland: Roger Freundlich; Germany: Joachim-Ernst Berendt; Great Britain: Brian Priestley; Italy: Ruggero Stassi; Japan: Shoichi Yui; Netherlands: Jaap Ludeke; Norway: Randi Hultin; Poland: Charles Gans; Senegambia: Oko Draine; Sweden: Lars Lystedt.

### EDITORIAL OFFICES:

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:  
**EXECUTIVE OFFICE:** 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606  
1-312/346-7811  
**East Coast:** Lee Jeske  
1-212/286-9208  
**West Coast:** A. James Liska  
1-213/704-7336

### ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES:

**East:** Bob Olesen,  
720 Greenwich St., New York, NY 10014  
1-212/243-4786  
**Midwest:** John Maher,  
222 W. Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606  
1-312/346-7811  
**West:** Frank Garlock,  
P.O. Box 645C, El Cajon, CA 92022  
1-619/440-1289

Cover photo of Brian Eno by Andy Freeberg.

down beat (ISSN 0012-5768) is published monthly by Maher Publications, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago IL 60606. Copyright 1983 Maher Publications. All rights reserved. Trademark registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719, 407. Second Class postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Subscription rates: \$15.75 for one year, \$26.50 for two years. Foreign subscriptions add \$4.50 per year.

Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts, photos, or artwork. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from publisher. Microfilm of all issues of down beat are available from University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106. MAHER PUBLICATIONS: down beat, Up Beat, Up Beat Daily, American Music-For-Export Buyers Guide.

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

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

**CABLE ADDRESS:** downbeat  
(on sale May 19, 1983)  
Members, Audit Bureau of Circulation Magazine Publishers Association



# ENO

“The things I think about mostly when I’m recording now don’t seem to be musical considerations at all . . . more like descriptive thoughts . . . an aural picture.”

excursions in the  
electronic environment

- First, a few random facts about the enigmatic Eno: He does not read music, and for years has insisted that he is not a musician at all, preferring to think of himself as a systems manipulator.
- He doesn't have a band, never tours, and his albums on the independently distributed Editions EG label sell in modest figures (positively anemic by major label standards).
- His most recent album, *On Land*, was inspired by such a diverse range of elements as Federico Fellini's *Amarcord*, Teo Macero's sparse production on Miles Davis' *He Loved Him Madly*, and the sound of croaking frogs on Lantern Marsh, a place only a few miles from where he was born 35 years ago in East Anglia, England.
- He is leery of grants and collaborations, after being bombarded by bogus requests from artists and musicians all over the world.
- His current musical projects include soundtracks for a film about the opium trade in Burma, a documentary about the NASA Apollo moon missions, and an Australian film about a valley in the Himalayas that has more species of flowers per acre than any other place on the planet.
- His current video project is an upcoming exhibit in Japan, sponsored by Sony, which involves 35 tv decks and monitors.
- His full name is Brian Peter George St. John Le Baptiste De La Salle Eno (really).



BY THE TIME Beatlemania swept England, carrying off a whole generation of susceptible adolescents in its tide, Brian Eno was safely tucked away in the cerebral solitude of the Ipswich Art School. It was there, at the age of 16, that he came under the spell of something far more intoxicating to him than John, Paul, George, & Ringo. At Ipswich, Brian Eno discovered the tape recorder. It was perhaps the single most important find of his life, launching an ongoing journey of sound experimentation which continues to this day.

Eno was encouraged to use the school sound taping facilities

by the Ipswich faculty, a group of artistic revolutionaries bent on upsetting the preconceived notions about art that more conventional teachers espouse. They too played no small part in shaping Eno's view of the world. He thrived in this environment of "We're not going to tell you what is possible or isn't," as he continued to entertain all kinds of possibilities for both sound and visuals. At the Winchester School of Art, where he earned his degree in fine arts between 1966 and 1969, he became president of the student union and spent the union funds on having prestigious avant garde musicians such as Cornelius Cardew, Christian Wolff, John Tilbury, and Morton Feldman come to lecture.

Influenced by Cardew's *School-Time Composition*, by John Cage's book *Silence*, and by the notions of other systems artists ("Their emphasis is on the *procedure*, rather than the end product," Eno explains), he was brought to Reading University by Andy Mackay to lecture the students there. Years later, when Mackay and Bryan Ferry were forming the art-rock group Roxy Music, Eno was invited to join, playing Mackay's VCS3 synthesizer and mixing their sound.

It was the glitter era in England. Marc Bolan and T. Rex were big. David Bowie was in his *Ziggy Stardust* phase. Elton John had just released *Honky Chateau* to critical acclaim, and Roxy Music was opening for groups like Alice Cooper and Gary Glitter. With his own flair for visuals, Eno jumped into the movement with enthusiasm, sporting pancake makeup, eye shadow, rouge, and lip gloss onstage. It was 1972, and Eno had become a full-fledged rock star.

But to balance these pop pretensions, he maintained a sort of Jekyll & Hyde outlet for his "serious stuff." As early as 1972 he began conducting sound experiments in his home studio with King Crimson guitarist Robert Fripp, resulting in two LPs—*No Pussyfooting* and *Evening Star*. From the beginning, these collaborations explored a Zen-like flow of sound, combining Fripp's tone clusters and unremitting sustains on guitar with Eno's seemingly infinite capacity for programming tape loops via synthesizer. This risk-taking approach was clearly at odds with Eno's standing as a pop star, and his management objected vigorously. Yet, the experiments continued.

With his celebrated split from Roxy Music in 1973, Eno began producing his own solo albums, beginning with *Here Come The Warm Jets*, followed by *Taking Tiger Mountain (By Strategy)* in 1974. These were both ambitious, clever, and dynamic pop projects, featuring Eno's vocals on all tracks. They are generally considered to be among the most adventurous and compelling statements '70s rock produced, though Eno now considers them a bit naive. His third solo album, *Another Green World*, marked a significant transition in his career. On this icy, evocative album (which features few vocals), Eno The Pop Star and Eno The Artist were beginning to merge. Eno would make one more pop-oriented album, *Before And After Science* in 1977, before discarding his pop persona altogether. Some of his comments about the rock star syndrome have since been quite critical.

Over the years he has been investigating sounds that encourage a dynamic relationship between people and their surroundings—

music that responds to and enhances ambience. Functioning as an alternative to the bland pop arrangements of Muzak, this ambient music is intended to induce calm and create a space in which to think. "The idea of making music that in some way related to a sense of place—landscape or environment—had occurred to me many times over the last 12 years," he says in his notes to *On Land*. "My conscious exploration of this way of thinking about music probably began with *Another Green World* in 1975. Since then I have become interested in exaggerating and inventing rather than replicating spaces, and experimenting with various techniques of time distortion."

When not occupied with his own ambient music projects, Eno has found time to produce a number of albums—three by David Bowie, three by Talking Heads, a funk/found rap tape collage collaboration with Head-man David Byrne, a pair with minimalist composer/pianist Harold Budd, one with the Third World-inspired trumpeter Jon Hassell, and albums by several new wave bands, including Television, Devo, Ultravox, and the Lower East Side (Manhattan) bands featured on the Antilles *No New York* compilation. His most recent production credit is an album by Edikanfo, a group of African musicians from Ghana.

**Bill Milkowski:** You've made some anti-synthesizer statements over the years, yet you're often associated with them.

**Brian Eno:** People are always trying to sell me complicated synthesizers, or they write letters asking me what I think are the best synthesizers on the market . . . all this junk that people seem to think I know about. I haven't a bloody clue what the best synthesizer is to the others. I'm just not excited by them at all. I'm not thrilled by something that does exactly the same thing over and over. Why people are is beyond me. I mean, they're not excited by assembly lines. If that's the kind of thing you want, go to the Ford motor factory and watch the car shells come off the assembly line.

To me, synthesizers are a little bit like formica. If you see it from a distance, it looks great—this big panel of blue or pink or whatever that fits in well with your designer home. But when you get close to the surface of formica and start looking at it, it's not interesting; nothing's going on there. Contrast this with a natural material like wood, which looks good from a distance but also is still interesting at any level of microscopic inspection; its atomic structure is even strangely interesting as opposed to formica, which is regular and crystalline. Think of the forest, for instance. You look at it from the air and it's rich, complex, and diverse. You come in closer and look at one tree and it's still rich, complex, and diverse. You look at one leaf, it's rich and complicated. You look at one molecule, it's different from every other molecule. The thing permits you any level of scrutiny. And more and more, I want to make things that have that same quality . . . things that allow you to enter them as far as you could imagine going, yet don't suddenly reveal themselves to be composed of paper-thin, synthetic materials.

**BM:** So you aren't interested in the high technology hardware like the Fairlight or the Synclavier?

**BE:** Not at the moment. I've been moving more in the direction of very low technology—found objects and other things that have some kind of interesting inherent sound to them—just anything lying around, really. I spend a lot of time around Canal Street [a long stretch of junk shops and flea markets located in the NYC Bowery] hitting things and listening to what this little bolt might sound like or this metal pot or whatever. As for high technology, all of the work I've heard from those machines is so unbelievably awful to me. Boring things like yet another synthesizer version of Vivaldi's *Four Seasons* . . . who needs it?

**BM:** What synthesizer are you currently using?

**BE:** One of my favorite instruments is the Yamaha CS-80, one of the first polyphonic synthesizers ever made. It's so simple—doesn't do anything like sequence or hasn't got any digital apparatus. It was actually a development from the organ, so it's very much like an electric organ with a sort of synthesizer panel, capable of really lovely sounds. It's perfect for me. I'd rather have six beautiful sounds from a synthesizer than a possible infinity of mediocre sounds.

**BM:** You mentioned that you've gotten very suspicious of records lately. Can you elaborate?

**BE:** I don't like the form very much anymore. I've become more and

more interested in music that has a location of some kind, like gospel music—you go somewhere and you become part of something in order to experience the music. You enter a whole different social and acoustic setting. There's a whole context that goes with the music. Just sitting in your living room and sticking on some record is a whole other thing.

I think one of the things we have to do now is realize that the products of recording studios are another form of art. That's not music. There's been a break between the traditional idea of music—which still continues in many forms—and what we do now on records. That's something different. It's just like . . . at the birth of photography in the middle of the 19th century, what people started off doing was to try to make cheap portraits; it was a way of replacing a portrait painter by getting similar results, but much more cheaply. And, in fact, to this end they used canvas-textured paper, and they would tint the things and arrange everything to make it look as much like a portrait as they could. Similarly with film—the first films were just recordings of theater pieces. So film was really nothing more than the traveling version of a play. And the same thing happened when records were invented. They were invented to give everyone a chance to be at a Caruso performance, or something like that. Or to sell Caruso in a wider way than he had ever been sold before. Well, with each of those forms, a point was reached where it became realized that this medium had its own strengths and limitations, and therefore could become a different form through its own rules.

I think that's true of records as well. They've got nothing to do now with performances. It's now possible to make records that have music that was never performed or never *could* be performed and in fact doesn't exist outside of that record. And if that's the area you work in, then I think you really have to consider that as part of your working philosophy. So for quite a while now I've been thinking that if I make records, I want to think not in terms of evoking a memory of a performance, which never existed in fact, but to think in terms of making a piece of sound which is going to be heard in a type of location, usually someone's house. So I think, "This is going to be played in a house, not on a stage, not on the radio."

**BM:** So with your recent works, particularly the Ambient Series, you are more or less providing a stimulus for listeners to project into.

**BE:** Yes, it's a different approach. It's an understanding that the record is only one part of the whole process, that actually what we're dealing with is the recording studio, this black thing in the middle called a record, and someone's hi-fi system. Of course, the assumptions you can make about how someone sits down and listens are a bit limited. In my case, I assume they're sitting very comfortably and not expecting to dance.

The way most producers work is like this: they say, "Here's the listener sitting here, so we'll have a guitar here, bass there, drums over there, horns there, vocals over here . . ." and so on. They're seeing it in two-dimensional terms, like a cinema screen. But I've been trying to get rid of the screen altogether. Forget about having this nice logical arrangement of things. I've become more interested in transferring a visual sense to music. What I want to do is create a field of sound that the listener is plopped inside of and within which he isn't given any particular sense of values about things. It's much more like being in a real environment, where your choices are what determine the priority at a given time.

**BM:** The first time I listened to *Discreet Music*, I was at work, the day had ended, all the people had gone home, and the place was completely empty. During the day the atmosphere was generally hectic, with phones ringing and people rushing about, arguing, typing, talking. But this night it was so quiet I could even hear the fluorescent lights humming. I was sitting comfortably in a reclining chair, and I put on your record, not having any idea about what kind of music it was. It not only put me into a state of total relaxation, but it also sparked the most vivid memories of a special friend I hadn't seen in years—places we had been together, the smell of the air, the colors of the sunset.

**BE:** You know, a lot of people have said the same thing that you're saying now about *On Land* as well, which was definitely the impetus for that record, for me. When I was working in the studio, I always found that a piece would begin to come to life at the point where it would put me in that kind of mood, where I suddenly was in some way



ANDY FREEBERG

connecting with another place or another time. And as the piece developed, I'd get a stronger and stronger sense of the geography of that place and the time of day, the temperature, whether it was a windy or wet place or whatever. I was developing the pieces almost entirely in terms of a set of feelings that one normally wouldn't consider to be musical, not in terms of "Is this a nice tune? Is this a catchy rhythm?" Instead, I was always trying to develop this sense of the *place* of the music. It was and still is very hard to articulate because it's not part of the normal musical vocabulary.

I'm working on a piece now about an evening that I remember from a very long time ago in which nothing in particular happened, actually. For some reason this evening just stuck in my mind. I went for a walk—I was about 14—and where I lived, in Woodbridge, there's a dike that dams up the river. And there's a narrow path on top of it that goes for miles, just wide enough for one person to walk along. One night I went for a walk on it, and there was a low fog hanging over the marshes, just about at the level of this pathway so the effect was exactly like walking on top of this cloud. But above, the air was absolutely clear. And it was one of those deep blue nights with a lot of stars. So I started working on a piece of music, and something about it kept taking me back to that night. I don't think I had ever remembered it before. It was as though the piece suddenly reminded me of that. And the problem all the time was I had to get those stars in there somewhere. I kept thinking, "How do you make in music the feeling of a lot of stars?" You know, there's no sense in just having some cliché twinkling sounds or whatever . . .

**BM:** Cue the star machine . . .

**BE:** Right, so that was a problem. I worked on that for four or five days, experimenting with different things, and I had no idea where to start. There's no sort of tradition for making star sounds in music. Anyway, I came up with something that I like quite a lot. To me, it certainly gives that feeling of a huge space with lots of remote bodies that sort of cluster in apparently meaningful ways with one another. So that's the kind of thing that I think about mostly when I'm recording now. They don't seem to be musical considerations at all. They're more like descriptive thoughts. I think of it as figurative music in a certain way, where I'm actually trying to paint a picture of something. Well, people have said that for years. But I mean that in a fairly accurate way . . . an aural picture of some type.

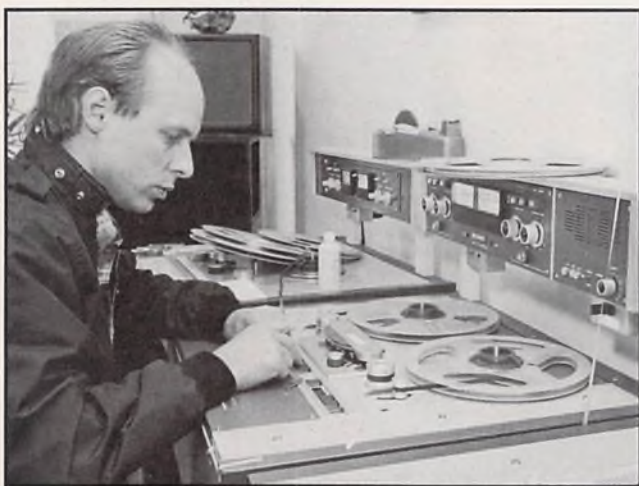
**BM:** Could you explain how you developed your so-called hologram theory of music?

**BE:** I think two things started it. There was a book by Samuel Beckett that came out two years ago called *Company*. It's about a 90-page book with very big type, so in ordinary novel-size type it would probably be about 30 pages long or less. And for me, it's a great book. It's almost the same few phrases being permuted, the same things being said over and over again in slightly different ways. Almost all the material that appears in the book is there within the first two pages. Once you've seen the first two pages, you've effectively read the entire book. But he keeps putting them together in different ways. And one of the things that struck me about the book was you could take half a sentence from it, and first of all know instantly that it was Beckett, just something about the way the words were strung together. Also, from that half-sentence you would have a foggy impression of the feeling of

the whole book. And that, in turn, reminded me of two things:

When I was in school—I went to a Catholic school—we were told that the host—the thing you get at Holy Communion—could be broken into any number of minute parts and that each part was still the complete body of Jesus Christ, even if it was only a tiny fragment. This always puzzled me. I thought about that a lot as a fine theological point. And then when I was about 18, I went to a lecture by Dennis Gabor, who invented the hologram; he said that one of the things that's interesting about the hologram is that if you shatter it and you take a fragment from the whole, you will still see the complete image from that piece, only it will be a much less distinct and fuzzier version. It's not like a photograph, you see, where if you tear off one corner, all you see is that corner. The whole of the image is encoded over the whole of the surface, so the tiniest part will still be the whole of that image. And I thought this was such a fantastically grand idea, and for the first time it gave me some understanding of the Catholic idea of the host; there was some scientific parallel to it.

So, those two ideas stuck in my mind for a long time. And when I started looking at this series of Cezanne paintings, I got the same feeling. You could take a square inch of one of those Cezanne paintings and somehow there was the same intensity and feeling and style within that one piece as there was within the whole picture. It's as



ANDY FREEBERG

### BRIAN ENO'S EQUIPMENT

Brian Eno currently uses a Fernandez guitar, a copy of a 1957 Fender Stratocaster. His backup is an old Starway guitar. He uses no pedals, getting all his desired effects in the control room. His favorite synthesizer is the Yamaha CS-80, though he also uses an EMS (model AKS), which he said is a very superior version of a harmonizer. Key effects include the Lexicon Prime Time, Lexicon 224 digital reverb, and the Lexicon EMT 250, another type of digital reverb. He has a 1963 Gibson bass, and also relies heavily on graphic equalizers. He recently discarded his ARP 2600, which he had used only once, on the *Music For Airports* album.

### BRIAN ENO SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p><b>as a leader</b></p> <p><i>HERE COME THE WARM JETS</i>—Editions EG ENO 1</p> <p><i>TAKING TIGER MOUNTAIN (BY STRATEGY)</i>—Editions EG ENO 2</p> <p><i>ANOTHER GREEN WORLD</i>—Editions EG ENO 3</p> <p><i>BEFORE AND AFTER SCIENCE</i>—Editions EG ENO 4</p> <p><i>DISCREET MUSIC</i>—Editions EG 303</p> <p><i>MUSIC FOR FILMS</i>—Editions EG 105</p> <p><i>MUSIC FOR AIRPORTS (AMBIENT #1)</i>—Editions EG 201</p> <p><i>ON LAND (AMBIENT #4)</i>—Editions EG 20</p> <p><b>with Roxy Music</b></p> <p><i>ROXY MUSIC</i>—Reprise/Warner Bros. 2114</p> <p><i>FOR YOUR PLEASURE</i>—Reprise/Warner Bros. 2696</p> <p><b>with Robert Fripp</b></p> <p><i>NO PUSSYFOOTING</i>—Editions EG 102</p> <p><i>EVENING STAR</i>—Editions EG 103</p> <p><b>with Edikanfo</b></p> <p><i>EDIKANFO</i>—Editions EG 112</p> | <p><b>with David Byrne</b></p> <p><i>MY LIFE IN THE BUSH OF GHOSTS</i>—Sire 6093</p> <p><i>THE CATHERINE WHEEL</i>—Sire 3645</p> <p><b>with David Bowie</b></p> <p><i>HEROES</i>—RCA AYL1-3857</p> <p><i>LODGER</i>—RCA AQL1-3254</p> <p><i>LOW</i>—RCA AYL1-3856</p> <p><b>with Jon Hassell</b></p> <p><i>FOURTH WORLD VOL. 1 (POSSIBLE MUSICS)</i>—Editions EG 107</p> <p><b>with Harold Budd</b></p> <p><i>THE PAVILION OF DREAMS</i>—Editions EG 301</p> <p><i>THE PLATEAUX OF MIRRORS (AMBIENT #2)</i>—Editions EG 202</p> <p><b>with Talking Heads</b></p> <p><i>MORE SONGS ABOUT BUILDINGS AND FOOD</i>—Sire 6058</p> <p><i>FEAR OF MUSIC</i>—Sire 6076</p> <p><i>REMAIN IN LIGHT</i>—Sire 6095</p> <p><b>with Ultravox</b></p> <p><i>ULTRAVOX</i>—Island 9449</p> |
|--|---|

if you saw the whole painting in that one piece because every brush stroke was charged just like the whole painting was charged—similarly with the Beckett book.

So I thought, "This is really how I want to work from now on. I don't want to just fill in spaces anymore." You know, a lot of the hard-edged paintings from the mid-'60s had to do with geometry and clarity of shape and so on, and the thing that made it disappointing as a movement for me was the fact that a lot of what those guys were doing was purely mechanical, just filling in colors, almost like following a blueprint or a paint-by-numbers. It seemed to me they were cheating themselves because I think every stage of the procedure should be as vital as every other stage. There shouldn't be one stage where you just fill in, where it's too predetermined. At that point, it's just hack work. You can farm it out to assistants, which is what a lot of them did. In fact, I was an assistant to a painter for a while. I painted his pictures for him, and it was a similar-type thing, where he just had color areas sketched out that had to be filled in. It's done, but that's not what I want to do. I want to be alive every stage of doing any project.

**BM:** Besides the obvious influence of painters on your work, you've mentioned such names as Philip Glass, Steve Reich, Terry Riley . . .

**BE:** And LaMonte Young. He was sort of the conceptual father of that whole minimalist school, I suppose. At least in music. It's interesting, though, because that movement actually happened in painting before it did in music . . . this idea of a kind of continuum. Jackson Pollock and Barnett Newman are two good examples. But in music, LaMonte Young began experimenting with very long drones and continuous musical environments in the early '60s. He had a thing called *Dream House*, which was a series of generators that repeated single notes. These were very carefully built generators so they didn't waver at all. The notes were as constant as possible for . . . months. This contraption was actually running for months and months. It was an idea that I'm very sympathetic to now. It was a piece of music that you walked into and you stayed for a while and you left it again. That was what *Music For Airports* was meant to be.

**BM:** That idea of a continuum has been a running theme in your music since your first collaboration with Robert Fripp back in 1972 on *No Pussyfooting*. Using the analogy of painting, how would you say your own brush stroke has changed from that early work to your most recent ambient album, *On Land*?

**BE:** Well, I think the palette is much broader now. There's a wider choice of colors, if you will. *Pussyfooting* is very much an album of musical types of sound—discernable guitar, electric instruments, mutable harmonies, chord clusters, and so on. What's happened, then . . . with *On Land*, a lot of that has been broken down. There are far more types of sounds that aren't musical in a traditional sense. They're not sounds that you connect with any particular instrument or with any particular object. As an aside to this, whenever I release an album, it has to be copyrighted, so someone has to try to score this stuff. I saw a bit of the score for *On Land*, and the poor guy obviously had a real problem with it. You can't express it in notation; it doesn't work. So it rather came out as a kind of painting—a red spot here and a sort of blue stripe going across here and a roughly green area. So the difference is that at the time of *Pussyfooting*, I actually thought I was making music. Now with this new stuff, I feel that the connection has more to do with the experience of paintings or films or even non-cultural artifacts, like places. I'm quite inarticulate about it because I can't quite know what it is. There isn't any tradition for it.

With *Pussyfooting* it's almost like being in some sort of tunnel. You don't have many choices about your direction within that. You sort of move forward as the piece streams along, and you can go a bit to the side as you're going. But with this landscape stuff, your direction can be really quite different on each listening. Maybe the first time you listen to it you find it interesting but strange; you are disoriented within it. As you listen to it more and more, you attach yourself to certain little clusters that happen that you may recognize. You can then start making the choice about which journey you take through that music. The problem is always calling it music. I wish there were another word for it.

**BM:** Do you feel that musicians are too preoccupied with technique and results?

**BE:** I think it's more a case of . . . whenever you get into a spot, you

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

# Don

# The Cherry Variations



*“When I move from one composition to the other, it’s like moving from one culture to the other.”*

B Y L E E J E S K E

“While we were rehearsing for a Thelonious Monk concert last year, I was coming in on the subway from Long Island City practicing, on my melodica, some of the songs. And as I was coming out of the subway at 50th Street, the police grabbed me, and they gave me a citation for ‘soliciting and entertaining.’

“In Heidelberg there’s an amphitheater that they made, and they said the spot was very sacred, as far as it being a monastery—they also said that Hitler spoke there. It’s an outdoor amphitheater, and I went there two or three times. One particular time I went there with Karl Berger and all our kids. We took blankets and went to the stage of this amphitheater, started playing music, and the wind started blowing, and the tamboura was playing in the wind; all of a sudden from the audience part of the amphitheater, all these lights started happening like fireflies—suddenly there were German police all standing around us. We had children and all them

blankets—singing together, chanting. Ha-ha-ha. It was *incredible*. The policeman were around, and we just ignored them. Finally we all left, and when we left, they were sitting in these little wagons. . . .”

Don Cherry is not your normal everyday jazz musician . . . never has been. He’s something of a modern minstrel, playing music of every kind throughout the world. Music is in his soul, in his blood. He has been “soliciting and entertaining” us for 25 years already, and yet it’s impossible—*impossible*—to categorize who he is or what he does. Sure he plays dry, witty, fragmented solos on his pocket trumpet—something he did when he came east with Ornette Coleman, and something he still does, frequently on the very same tunes, with Old And New Dreams, the group that includes former Coleman Quartet members Dewey Redman (reeds), Charlie Haden (bass), and Ed Blackwell (drums). But that’s not even an iota of the total picture. Don Cherry is one-third of

Codona, a band (with multi-instrumentalists Collin Walcott and Nana Vasconcelos) that plays "world music" in the truest sense of the term, and with whom he's just as likely to chant or play the doussn'gouni (a guitar from Mali) or the organ, as anything else. But he's also frequently found playing with Indian classical musicians, or punk rockers, or African pop stars. He's impossible to nail down. He's also impossible to nail down in conversation—his mind rambles, it improvises, it takes the conversation's melody and runs with it. Over an Irish coffee in a Greenwich Village cafe, Don Cherry spins variations on a number of themes.

## THE BEGINNING

"I found a bugle in someone's house when I was very young, when I lived across the street from Mox' Wrecking Company, where it always smelled of wood. I remember playing the bugle for the first time, and the back of my neck and my ears popped. This was on 33rd Street, in California. Then I made the move to Trinity Street, where they had palm trees, and then to Imperial Highway, where I started playing trumpet at a place called Gomper's Junior High School.

"Now that's a funny story, because I have a friend named Charles Lloyd who plays saxophone, and he studied in Los Angeles to be a schoolteacher. After he did his courses at the university, he had an apprenticeship under a teacher, Samuel Brown, whom I studied with at Jefferson High School. Samuel Brown played piano and had a swing band that played compositions of Dizzy Gillespie and Stan Kenton, and high school students would play this music and do concerts for other high schools. Many musicians came from that band—Horace Tapscott, Walter Benton, Art Farmer. I had gone to another high school, Fremont, which was in my area, and this was in another area, so I would have to leave school early to go play in this band. And finally I did that so much that I got into trouble, and they sent me to the Jacob Riis detention school for a long time, and said if I didn't get into any trouble there, then I could go to Jefferson High School and study with Mr. Brown, which I did. At the detention school I started a band, and that's where I met Billy Higgins.

"Later on we would be playing a rhythm & blues club in the neighborhood in a band led by a man named Arthur Wright, and I would play shuffle piano, and Billy Higgins would play the drums."

In 1956 Cherry and Higgins came under the musical spell of a Texan named Ornette Coleman. Coleman and Cherry came east for a summer at the Lenox School of Music, which Cherry calls "the experience of my lifetime," and proceeded to give the New York jazz world a taste of the shape of jazz to come.

## ORNETTE COLEMAN

"We all know and understand that Ornette is one of the greatest teachers of our time. And to see and meet someone who really lives music, the way he does, and his energy

in music, merely made me satisfied to know that there is always more there. A lifetime isn't long enough to really absorb it."

For the past 20 years, since the dissolution of the Ornette Coleman Quartet, Cherry has been wandering the world, listening and absorbing. After playing with John Coltrane, Albert Ayler, Steve Lacy ("the one who really schooled me in the whole art culture world," says Don), Sonny Rollins, and the New York Contemporary Five, Cherry began spending a lot of time in Europe—where he played with Gato Barbieri, George Russell, Giorgio Gaslini, and others—and traveling to Africa and Asia. He finally settled down—if you can call it that—in a schoolhouse in Sweden.

## ENVIRONMENT

"We did a thing at the Modern Museum in Stockholm where we occupied this geodesic dome for 72 days. They had Buckminster Fuller speaking on video, speaking about bubbles. That was where architects and creative musicians were coming together, and it was interesting. Why, in this day and time, can't architects and other creative artists come together and work together and make an environment for creating art?"

"When I first came to New York and I played with Ornette, the audience would be with us, you know, like hearing phrases and reacting with a gasp of breath or 'yeah baby' or by popping fingers when they were really catching the groove, and the audience was there *with* the music.

"In Europe they're trying to take it to an intellectual thing, and because of concert halls, automatically you are a concert artist and, of course, the environment takes over your thinking: 'Here you are—a scholar.'

"I remember once going to a festival in Paris of music from Africa, and they had this man playing a finger piano. This man plays out in the woods, and when he plays, between each phrase, the birds would sing. Then he'd play a little more to contact the birds. But here he was in a concert hall. It's like when you hear a rock & roll band or a soul band playing real *down* music, and you have people sitting in chairs to dig it, there's something wrong—they should be dancing. And that should be frustrating for us, as human beings, to have experiences like that. The environment is anti- to what's going on."

\* \* \*

It's hard to believe that Don Cherry, with his boyish face, funny hats, and brightly colored clothes, is a grandfather twice over. But the Cherry family is as unique and multifarious as Don's musical interests. "My son Eagle Eye is into theater, quality, and music. He plays keyboards and drums, and for the last five years they've been having something called Children's Day, when my children give a performance for other children. They've become so good that they did television programs with it where they worked the camera. This year they were invited to do two performances at the Modern Museum in Stockholm and a march in the city.

"So they had this march from the castle to the museum, which is on an island. My son

David is 20-something years old, and he played in a marching band at college; he had these cadences that they play at the football games, and they really swing. So David came to Sweden and taught everybody these cadences. One girl who looks like Brooke Shields would play the bass drum, which would sit in a baby carriage, and my daughter Neneh and her husband Bruce—who have a group called Rip, Rig And Panic—were there. Neneh would be leading the parade, and whatever movement she would go into, everyone else would follow. It really swung.

"Last year I received a National Endowment grant to work in Watts, where I was raised. I was there to work with black kids and to expose them to the music and cultures that I've been involved with—Thelonious Monk, Charlie Parker, and Ornette Coleman—and I



ANDY FREEBERG

## DON CHERRY SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

MUSIC/SANGAM—Europa JP 2009  
EL CORAZON—ECM 1230  
DON CHERRY—Horizon SP 717  
HEAR AND NOW—Atlantic SD 18217  
ETERNAL NOW—Antilles AN 7034  
ETERNAL RHYTHM—MPS 15204  
WHERE IS BROOKLYN?—Blue Note 84311  
SYMPHONY FOR IMPROVISERS—Blue Note 84247  
COMPLETE COMMUNION—Blue Note 84226  
RELATIVITY SUITE—JCOA 1006

with Codona

CODONA—ECM 1132  
CODONA 2—ECM 1177  
CODONA 3—ECM 1243

with Old And New Dreams

OLD AND NEW DREAMS—Black Saint BSR 0013  
OLD AND NEW DREAMS—ECM 1154  
PLAYING—ECM 1205

with Ornette Coleman

BROKEN SHADOWS—Columbia FC 38029  
TWINNS—Atlantic SD 8810  
LIVE AT THE HILLCREST CLUB—Inner City IC 1007  
ORNETTE ON TENOR—Atlantic 1394  
ORNETTE!—Atlantic 1378  
FREE JAZZ—Atlantic 1364  
THIS IS OUR MUSIC—Atlantic 1353  
CHANGE OF THE CENTURY—Atlantic 1327  
THE SHAPE OF JAZZ TO COME—Atlantic 1317  
TOMORROW IS THE QUESTION—Contemporary 7569  
SOMETHING ELSE—Contemporary 7551

with John Coltrane

THE AVANT-GARDE—Atlantic 90041

with Steve Lacy

EVIDENCE—Prestige MPP-2505



visited a lot of schools doing this. I had one school that I stayed at for two months, working with kids on dance. See, in America you learn to dance either ballet or Broadway/Las Vegas dancing. It's not like you want it to be creative, which dance really is. I created a piece, for a concert we did, where they could improvise and dance. It was a great experience.

"Another great experience was that I had a chance to climb the Watts Tower. They have this tower that's been there for 30 years, and they had a scaffold on it to repair it for the Olympic Games. I had a chance to climb up and see parts of the Tower I had never seen—some of it is seashells, some is the bottom of bottles, some is pieces of china that have little pictures on them."



ANDY FREEBERG

### DON CHERRY'S EQUIPMENT

"The first pocket trumpet I had I got in California," says Don Cherry, "and that was made in Pakistan. I just bought a new Pakistani horn that I found in a pawn shop. It's called La Petite, and it's made by Rakam Dim And Sons in Pakistan. But the particular horn I use now was made in France for a production that Josephine Baker was doing. I've been trying to find out what show it was. The trumpet player had to play a small trumpet so that's why they had the company, F. Besson, make this particular pocket trumpet. It's called a Meha. It's in Bb like a regular trumpet. Before I had that, I was playing a very old Conn cornet that was made in the 1800s. I had it in a repair shop in Paris, and the repair took longer than I expected. They had this pocket trumpet in the shop, and I had a session, so I asked the instrument repair man—who is named Bernard Vita, but who everybody calls Babar—if I could use the instrument. I made a cassette of the session and let him hear it, and he said, 'Oh, man, you must have this trumpet.' He just gave it to me. I had to force him to take 500 francs for it.

"I also play the doussn'gouni, which comes from Mali. A Swedish friend of mine lived in Mali for two years, and he went to a village and studied with a man who taught him all the traditional rhythms, and how to make a doussn' gouni. Another neighbor friend of mine went to Africa and was in Bamako and had the doussn' gouni makers make two. One day in Sweden the mailman came—you know we live in the woods so the mailman comes in a car—and he brought this big box, and when I opened up the box, there was a note in there that said, 'One is for my house, and one is for your house.' So that's when I started playing it. It's a hunter's guitar—*doussi* means hunter and *gouni* means guitar, and the people who play the instruments are called *bambara*.

"I also play wooden flutes, the piano, organ, and melodica—which is what I was playing when I was arrested for 'soliciting and entertaining.'"

This same curiosity—which causes Don Cherry to climb towers, roam the world, and participate in the music of such disparate souls as Lou Reed, Manu Dibango, and Latif Khan—gives his music a certain freshness, a certain spirit, that is palatable in everything he does. I ask Don if he approaches different situations with different goals or, as I suspect, whether he just moves into everything with the same wide-eyed abandon.

"I approach them the same, you can say that. It's the only way I can relate to it. All music is the same—it all comes from the voice. That's why I think it's so important, in learning music, to sing what you play. In Western music that's not really emphasized, and, if it is, it's emphasized as *do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do*—using those syllables. And *do* is not the right sound for 'one,' because the sound goes down—*d-oh*. *Ah* is like the 'one' sound, and in Indian music *sah* is the tonic as we know it. When I accepted *sah* as the tonic, a whole different understanding came to me in music. In the West you learn *do*.

"But it goes back to learning to *sing* the phrases. When I did the record with [tabla drummer] Latif Khan [*Music/Sangam*], I learned to sing what he was playing. It's that that's important in understanding the concept of music. When you're at a concert in India and you're hearing the music, everybody knows the cycle, and they all meet on the 'one.' At the concert when something fabulous happens, you can meet another person's eye and meet on the 'one' and say, 'ah,' which is the wonderment. It's the understanding of a certain cycle and playing with the cycle and taking it through variations. There's a song by the Funkadelics where they sing, 'Everything is on the one.'

"The record with Latif Khan is very interesting, because not only is he playing his compositions, but he also ventured into playing compositions that I've been involved with—not only just the compositions, but the form, and the way that I got from one composition to the other. Sometimes when I move from one composition to the other, it's like moving from one culture to the other. And, being a master of rhythm and *sound*, you give him the sound, and he knows what to do with it. Latif Khan has that; Ed Blackwell has that; Nana Vasconcelos has that."

When Don Cherry speaks, cultures and musics blend into a whole—indeed that's the way he thinks. The musical variations continue:

### THELONIOUS MONK

"When my kids learned music, part of what they learned was Monk's tunes. It's something special because it's piano music, no matter what instrument you play it on . . . it's like you're playing the piano on the trumpet. It's the touch that comes from playing his music—Chopin had that, so did Satie. Did you ever hear people play Satie's music? Whether or not they've ever heard him play before, they're really playing his touch. With Monk you *have* to improvise from the composition; you can't just run the chords."

### OTHER PIANISTS

"Giorgio Gaslini is incredible. He can make an upright sound like a grand. He is one of the classics, and he has that *touch*—like Monk had. Abdullah Ibrahim has that touch. You can *feel* the hammers hitting the strings; he can make the hammers *pull* the strings, even though they're hitting them. You have to realize that the piano is a string instrument that also has a percussive side. Abdullah Ibrahim knows that, and you can realize it by his influences—Duke Ellington, Thelonious Monk, and Africa itself. You know, South African music has some of the best forms for children learning jazz, the basic forms for really learning about swing."

### THE FUTURE

"I have an idea that I would like to have a radio program teaching people songs. I would like to come on two or three times a week, for five minutes or 15 minutes, and teach songs, so the people who are at home can feel it. I want everybody to understand how each song is moving and coming back from its tonal center. I feel that it's important to try to use the media.

"Why can't the artists be able to have access to the equipment of today? We're living in a day and time of incredible technology, and the technology is so expensive that I don't know how a creative artist is able to have access to it. Don't you think that Leonardo da Vinci would have taken advantage of what's happening in technology today? I would love to do a piece, a contemporary piece, using technology. I'd love to do a computerized, digital composition. It would be fun—I would make it fun—and I could try to do it from my experience with acoustic music. There's a way of using electronics where it can have a softness, the sensitivity of something that is acoustical.

"I'd also love to do something with magic—really using dance and magic and music. That would be great."

\* \* \*

Don sips the cold remainder of his Irish coffee, and sighs heavily as the tape recorder is shut off. He is not comfortable being forced to sit and talk about himself; he is comfortable playing music with gypsies in a park, or with some new wave ensemble, or in a straightahead jazz jam. He is not happy talking about music; he is happy creating music, learning music, teaching music. He's happy "soliciting and entertaining." When he's told that Sonny Rollins, with whom he recorded in the '60s, is playing around the corner, a wide smile spreads across his pixie face. He sticks his green Scandinavian hat on his head, puts his pocket trumpet into his pocket, and is off to seek out Sonny.

But Don, I think, you didn't tell me about Old And New Dreams; you didn't tell me about Codona and how beautifully you sing the blues on *Codona 3*; you didn't tell me about what other folk music you're planning to blend into your olio.

"I got to go," says Don Cherry with a turn, "I'm a wanted man." **db**

# Rob McConnell:

**L**ook," Rob McConnell is fond of saying, "you've got to keep all this in perspective."

That comment usually prefaces any discussion of the recent successes enjoyed by his big band, Toronto's redoubtable Boss Brass. He might be talking about its four Grammy nominations or its triumphant trip to California in 1981, about its rising profile in the international jazz community or perhaps its upcoming schedule, the busiest of its 15-year history.

McConnell doesn't seem overly impressed. His band has been going well of late, but there are no stars in his eyes. At 48, he is a realist. Twenty-five years in the Canadian music industry as a player (valve trombone) and writer for hire have put his accomplishments as a jazzman in broader context.

The Boss Brass, he is also fond of saying, accounts for about 15 percent of his time. "Maybe it's more important to me than that," he once remarked, "but certainly I do other things." He does all manner of commercial work in Toronto, from jingle dates to society functions. He takes jazz gigs as they come, a night or a week at a time, and it's no reflection on his preeminence as a valve trombonist in the idiom that there are but a few others, nor that he is only now working on his first small-band record—of duets, in fact, with the distinguished guitarist Ed Bickert. He travels the North American stage-band circuit as a clinician, making points with young musicians with his humor and candor, a shade more than forthright, a shade less than outspoken.

The Boss Brass, however, is the story of the hour. It's not your average big band story, nor indeed your average big band. What began in 1968 as a MOR studio orchestra—16 musicians strong and not a reed player among them—turned in due course into a "no apologies jazz band" which is gradually gaining recognition as one of the world's finest. Only recently has it toured, and then only briefly, since most of its personnel, now 22 strong, have more lucrative commitments to Toronto's studios; for many years the band might have done just two weeks in a local club and a concert or three in any given 12 months.

McConnell sketches his band's history in typically broad, dry verbal strokes. "The first band, being a pop outfit, was just a gig—just me being off for a few days and having to scrounge. I'm a writer, as well as being a player, and ambitious to some degree—however other people might see it—and when there's no work, and there are bills coming in, I've got to go out and get myself a job. Occasionally this happens—not very often, fortunately."

Thus inspired, McConnell approached the Canadian Talent Library, an organization devoted to the production of Canadian recordings for broadcast use. A deal was struck. "It was just straight covers of tunes from the hit parade," McConnell recalls of the music on the first album. "I tried to do them as musically as possible: two-and-a-half-minute versions, not too many jazz solos. 'Here it is. You like it? Fine. Do you have my check?' You know, just straightahead professional music business."

The Boss Brass was a hit. A commercial release was arranged, Boss Brass Two was recorded, and McConnell's musicians made their first club appearance in January 1969. "While all this semi-success was happening," McConnell continues, "it was driving me crazy, musically, because we weren't really getting to the jazz people, and I always thought of myself as a jazz person. I mean, I had a *real* jazz band before the Boss Brass that in some ways was better at times than the Boss Brass has been, including today. It was a 'singular purpose' kind of band."

In response to the frustration, McConnell added five saxophonists in 1971—Toronto's reed-playing community had made headlines

## Boss Of The Brass

BY MARK MILLER



*"I'm a traditional person. I'm not very far out. I think my band exemplifies a lot of that."*



when it picketed one of the band's club performances the year before—but continued "in schizophrenic fashion" with two books. One, for recording purposes, was immediately relegated to McConnell's garage; the other, of jazz material, was used for public appearances, and a deaf ear was turned to the requests for *Mrs. Robinson* and *The Green, Green Grass Of Home*. The band made its first jazz album, appropriately and pointedly titled *The Jazz Album*, in 1976. It made its last pop record two years later. The transformation, following a direction which may be unique in the annals of jazz, was complete.

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**hat the Boss Brass personnel of 1983 bears remarkable similarity to the Boss Brass personnel of 1971 is a measure of Rob McConnell's loyalty to his musicians, and theirs to him. It's an indication also of the band's intermittency that the members' personal priorities have not been severely pressed. Looking at a schedule that would have the band at the American Stage Band Festival in Lexington (KY) in April, in western Canada in May, and possibly further afield in September, McConnell observes, "It comes down to this: 'Well, if we do four days here, this guy, this guy, this guy, and this guy can't make it. Am I going to take it anyway? I would prefer not to take it.'"

His musicians represent the establishment of the Canadian jazz scene—men who did their road work 20 or more years ago, or jumped that step completely and moved right into the studios. McConnell likes to call the Boss Brass a band of leaders—reedmen Moe Koffman, Eugene Amaro, and Jerry Toth, flugelhornist Guido Basso, and guitarist Ed Bickert, for example, are all popular figures in their own right on the local scene. Don Thompson, now traveling with George Shearing, was the band's bassist for over 10 years. Sam Noto was honored with the advent of a new trumpet chair on his arrival in Toronto in 1976; with his departure in 1982, the role of principal trumpet soloist went to John MacLeod, one of just three "young" musicians in the band.

Such sterling musicianship, which has brought the Boss Brass understandable raves for its ensemble work, is voracious in its appetite for new music. McConnell is a prolific writer, and his book is supplemented by contributions from the band's lead trombonist, Ian McDougall. McConnell notes the band's "dissatisfaction if there aren't any new charts," but adds, "I shouldn't feel so paranoid. We have 12 new charts that have only been heard on one occasion, and we don't do that many gigs, even in Toronto. So I shouldn't feel that they're all worn out, considering some bands. . . ." He sings a few bars of

*Woodchopper's Ball*. "That's 40 years. I worry about four months. But I like having new tunes—I feel that I'm not advancing the cause, not doing my job, if we don't have something."

In meeting his musicians' demands, he issues a few challenges of his own. There's his chart on Sweets Edison's *Jive At Five*, with "a blister of a saxophone soli in it. I offered them all \$100 if they could get through it without a cuff the first time. It didn't cost me a thing."

The constancy in personnel has left the band's identity entirely in McConnell's hands. He is a musical conservative at heart, and *Jive At Five* is typical of the era from which he generally draws his repertoire—'30s through '50s, *Street Of Dreams* through *Groovin' High*. (Among his own compositions is *T.O.*, a double tribute to Toronto and to Toronto jazz dj Ted O'Reilly, which has sold well as published for stage band by Jensen.)

It's a little curious, then, to find the Boss Brass in the company of Globe Unity, and the Carla Bley and Sun Ra bands in **db's** 1982 Critics and Readers Polls. It wasn't long ago that McConnell heard the Bley band in concert. "I don't think I'll have a band like that," he says, laughing at the memory, "but I'd like to have my band a little *more* like that at times. So now I've written a new chart of *I Got Rhythm*, and it's going to be hilarious—well, even writing a chart of *I Got Rhythm*, with the original melody, is far-out enough . . . I have a musical sense of humor, I think. People say so. I like it in the charts. I really thought a lot of things I've written were tongue-in-cheek."

McConnell, however, is careful not to extend himself beyond the terms with which he is comfortable. "One of my 'signatures' is having the band play without the rhythm section, or just with bass, or having the bass playing the trombone part—various things that represent my dissatisfaction with the rhythm section banging all the way through every tune. So I've done that, and I'm trying to find newer, and hopefully pleasant, things to do. It's not an easy task. I'm sure there are newer things, but I've got to find them within my own boundaries.

"I'm a traditional person," he concludes, "married to the same lady for 26-years-and-change. I'm not very far out. My upbringing—everything—is traditional. I think my band exemplifies a lot of that."

\* \* \* \* \*

**R**obert Murray Gordon McConnell was born on Valentine's Day, 1935, into a large, musical family in London, Ontario. No sweetheart—he'd be the first to admit it—McConnell grew up in Toronto where, as early as the age of six or seven, he was listening to Woody Herman.

"I knew how Bill Harris played then, and Flip Phillips," he says, beginning a freely associated list of '40s musicians and music. "The

Tommy Dorsey Band, *Well, Git It!*, Bobby Sherwood... a lot of people who meet me now, who are 55 and up, think I might be that age, too, if we get talking about that music. I know all those tunes. I used to sing along with the records, and pretend I was a musician, long before I ever played." The list resumes, "Pinetop Smith, Erskine Hawkins, *Number 19*—I can still sing that today."

Trumpet was McConnell's first choice in high school—an older brother played it—but he was not alone in his preference. "By the time they got to 'M,' there were only trombones left." Admitting to no formal instruction at any point on the instrument, he recalls, "The first things I tried to play were the things I knew, that I could sing, like the solo on Will Bradley's *Celery Stalks At Midnight*." He begins to sing it, "That's like riding a bicycle. I haven't forgotten any of those things. Bill Harris playing *Bijou*..." The list starts again.

After wandering in and out of music and across Canada in the mid-'50s, McConnell settled back in Toronto, married, and started a family. It was time for some direction.

"Whatever I've done," he begins, "I've tried to do as musically as possible, but a long time ago—around that time, with a wife and two children—I had to make the ultimate decision. 'Well, I'm not going to be in the jazz life, and support a family, and have any kind of life that appeals to me.' I've never regretted that decision; it was an easy one to make. I think I've done okay. You have to make a living; I have to make a living. It's dinner time every night, just like clockwork. So, there's *that* push, and there's the music push, too. And not always do

they meet. Lots of times they don't—probably more often than not they don't."

But in the late '50s, McConnell was far from the same musician who is now one of the first-call trombonists in the Canadian music industry. Working in a brokerage by day, he was a "stand-up rock & roll piano player in a red-plaid jacket" by night—"a debilitating job... really an embarrassment to anyone who wanted to have anything to do with 'music.' I wasn't very much on the case," he remembers, "I had kind of bummed along, and I am talented, so it was hard for me to get down and really work. It was always by ear; you know, you can get a certain distance without doing much—you can play club dates, even a lot of jazz gigs, really."

McConnell subsequently studied with the late Gordon Delamont who, he says, "put me on the road to becoming a professional and a better musician." Describing Delamont, who died in 1981, as "more a psychologist than a music teacher," McConnell digresses further. "The music business in Canada wouldn't have been the same without him. You know, there's only one arranger of my vintage who works professionally in Toronto who *didn't* study with Gordon.

"I was with him for seven years, did the full course, up to linear counterpoint. We used to fight so much, as good friends fight. He was so easy to fight with—anything, it was like striking a match. And I'm fairly easy too. I think we enjoyed each other, because of those great arguments. He told me that he always admired the fact that there wasn't a lot of bullshit in me. Whenever he asked me something, he'd get an absolute straight-on answer, even if it was unpleasant; I don't do that as much anymore."

McConnell wrote his earliest charts for Delamont's rehearsal band, "things like *I Remember Clifford*, *Woody'n You*, every other one an original, or *aboriginal* as I'm sure they were then. It was a terrific experience. Very seldom was there a rehearsal when I didn't have at least one new chart. Often I had two. I must have written 40 charts for that band, over three winters, and I actually learned how to write that way—trial and error. In the lesson the next week Gordon would say, 'Why did you do that? Why *didn't* you do *this*?'"

It was another Delamont pupil, composer Ron Collier, who lent McConnell a valve trombone in the late '50s. McConnell heard Bob Brookmeyer at roughly the same time—a little before, or a little after, he's not sure—and was convinced by the American's example that the instrument was for him. "He was probably too big an influence on me," McConnell says of the man who would become a close friend, "but I don't mind that. It might have bothered *him* occasionally."

In 1964, while McConnell was living briefly in New York and after he had played on various Maynard Ferguson dates (including the *Color Him Wild* sessions), McConnell was offered the chance to follow Brookmeyer into Gerry Mulligan's quartet. At the last moment the opportunity fell through. "The offer kept me in New York for a few months," McConnell recalls. "A lot of things would have been a lot different if that job had materialized. It was the best job in music—in the world—for me. When it disappeared, there didn't seem to be any reason to stay there any longer.

"I found that no matter how busy I was going to be in New York, I didn't want to be there anyway. I'd seen enough. If I was going to be Urbie Green in 10 years, it wasn't going to be worth a 10-year wait, because I didn't think Urbie was that happy."

McConnell returned to Toronto in time to play a casual on New Year's Eve, 1964. He became a member of Canada's leading big band of that day, Nimmons 'N' Nine Plus Six, and rose in the playing/arranging ranks of Toronto's studio musicians to the point where, during a personal lull in 1968, he could propose a pops brass orchestra and someone would listen.

A large poster, blown up from the cover of a *New Yorker*, hangs in the hall of McConnell's comfortable, midtown Toronto townhouse. It's a hand-drawn map of the city, reflecting New York's geo-centricity—half of the poster covers 9th Avenue to 11th, while the other states are bunched together across the Hudson River and Japan is squeezed in on the horizon.

The poster amuses McConnell. He recalls the response ("not that long ago") of a New York club owner to the possibility of a one-nighter for the Boss Brass. "Well, who are you? I've never heard of you. Where

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57



BARBARA McDONOUGH

### ROB McCONNELL'S EQUIPMENT

Rob McConnell on valve and slide trombones: "I couldn't get the slide trombone to play the kind of swing, or jazz 'time,' that I like, because of the articulation. When I first heard Bob Brookmeyer play, it just destroyed me—it *rolled* so easily. The slide trombone is hard to roll like that, because everything has to have some sort of 'ta' or 'da' on it—some sort of tip—where, with the valve trombone, you very seldom articulate, which makes me a terrible trombone player in some ways—if it comes to triple-tonguing a passage, don't ask Rob to do it..."

McConnell plays a "doctored-up" Conn valve trombone—a hybrid of 5G valve section and a 48H (oversized) bell—with a stock Conn #3 mouthpiece.

### BOSS BRASS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

THE JAZZ ALBUM—Pausa 7031  
BIG BAND JAZZ VOL. 1—Pausa 7140  
BIG BAND JAZZ VOL. 2—Pausa 7141  
PRESENT PERFECT—MPS 0068.249  
TRIBUTE—Pausa PR 7106  
LIVE IN DIGITAL—Dark Orchid 602-12018

with the HI-Lo's  
BACK AGAIN—Pausa PR 7040  
with the Singers Unlimited  
SINGERS UNLIMITED WITH ROB McCONNELL AND THE BOSS BRASS—Pausa PR 7056



CHARLES ROLAND

*“I want to be known for all I can do . . . writing and leading bands as well as playing the horn.”*

**T**he music has to start swinging again,” announces tenor saxophonist David Murray, whose words on such matters are worth attending, since he has been a lodestar of change upon the jazz firmament almost from the moment he first burst upon New York in 1975. “I think it reflects the sociological aspects of the times. People don’t want music they have to suffer through—Ronald Reagan’s got them suffering enough already, and they want some relief from that. They’re in the mood to hear something snappy, and I can deliver it, because I feel the same way. The last three years or so, whenever I go out to hear music, I just get bored and slip out the door unless the players are swinging or trying to excite me in some way. So I decided to form a band that would be exciting all the time, no low points, from start to finish. There’s always something happening in my octet, even when we’re not swinging in 4/4 per se.”

David Murray has exerted so forceful and decisive an influence within the jazz avant garde for what seems like so long now that one has to make a conscious effort to remember he is still only 28, especially since his stocky build and self-possessed manner also combine to belie his youth. Wherever progress has been made in jazz this last decade, Murray has been right there in the middle of things, making steady progress himself. He proved his evangelical fervor and his demon facility all up and down his horn, his ability to go full-tilt all night and readiness to take on all comers, during the loft bloodlettings of the mid-’70s. Realizing by the end of the decade that this anarchic approach to improvisation was leading him down a blind alley, Murray learned to pace himself better both as a sideman with James Blood Ulmer’s harmolodic free-funk Music Revelation Ensemble and Jack DeJohnette’s Special Edi-

# David Murray

## TENOR ENERGY

*By Francis Davis*

tion, and as a founding member (with Julius Hemphill, Hamiet Bluiett, and Oliver Lake) of the powerfully thrusting yet delicately balanced World Saxophone Quartet.

Murray's emergence as a bandleader in his own right coincides with the greater emphasis placed upon structure and planning within jazz these last few years in so dramatic a way as to suggest very little coincidence is involved. His octet promises to be one of the most influential bands of this era, and the proclamatory, charismatic writing and playing on *Ming* and *Home*—the octet's first two releases on the Italian label Black Saint—offer every assurance that Murray is not still another wounded rebel sounding a hasty retreat into hard-bop convention when he speaks of wanting to make "swinging music," nor is he just one more bankrupt jazz blueblood proposing a marriage of convenience with the new money of funk when he says he wants to offer his audience "something snappy" to see them through the current economic crunch.

The David Murray Octet is a scaled-down, more economically feasible model of the big band Murray assembled for concerts at New York's Public Theatre and Howard University in 1978. "You're more industrious with a big band," Murray sighs, "and you can shake a building faster. I'd rather be writing for a big band, but since that's not practical at the moment, the octet is my big band. You see, at the end of the '70s, it seemed to me there was a need for a person my age to harness all the loose energy that was floating around into something that could contain it all—a big band. It was something I felt I had to do, because it was something I *could* do. I think that's what's going to make me stand out from all the other young tenor players out there now—I want to be known for *all* I can do, and that includes writing and leading bands as well as just playing the horn."

\* \* \*

The end of a confusing decade for jazz, and the beginning of the budget cuts, wasn't the first juncture of history in which Murray deemed it imperative he and his music rise to the crisis. "I'm a product of the '60s, I guess," he says, explaining that the day Martin Luther King was assassinated in 1968, he was prevailed upon to address his Berkeley (CA) junior high assembly "be-

### DAVID MURRAY'S EQUIPMENT

David Murray plays a Selmer Mark VI tenor saxophone he has owned since he was 12. It is fitted with a Berg Larsen metal mouthpiece "that someone gave me about 10 years ago. I'm not one of those guys who experiments with different mouthpieces. I stick with whatever seems to work." He uses #3 or #4 Rico Royal reeds.

The Leblanc bass clarinet he has doubled on the last two years was a gift from Hamiet Bluiett. "Before that, I owned a Selmer with a low-C extension that kept bumping the floor and was out of tune in the lower register. I use #3 tenor reeds in the horn Hamiet gave to me, and a sawed-down Otto Link mouthpiece I got from Mike Morganstern, the owner of Jazzmania."



W.S.Q.—(from left) David Murray, Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, and Hamiet Bluiett.

cause I was student body president and popular both among the whites and the blacks, on account of being a musician and one of the better athletes in school. Everybody wanted to run out and crack heads, so I made this long impassioned speech about brotherhood, probably modeled after one of King's, and when I finished talking, I called the Notations Of Soul—this 15-piece soul revue I co-led with Rodney Franklin, the pianist—up on-stage. We played for about two hours until everybody stopped beating on each other and began digging on each other again."

By that eventful day, the adolescent saxist—whose family had moved to integrated Berkeley from the Oakland ghetto while he was still in infancy—had already been playing professionally for over a year. He had first picked up a tenor saxophone at the age of nine, after learning the rudiments of harmony from his mother (a pianist in the Pentecostal church) and fingerings from his elder brother (an aspiring clarinetist). "Now that I double on bass clarinet, I almost wish in retrospect I had started off on clarinet as a kid, and I probably would have too, if my brother hadn't beaten me to it. I wanted to be different."

While still in high school, Murray began sitting in with experimental bands in Berkeley and San Francisco. His jazz career began in earnest when he enrolled at Pomona College in Los Angeles and came under the wing of drummer, music critic, and (then) faculty member Stanley Crouch, whom he characterizes as a demanding teacher both in the classroom and on the bandstand. "I took an English course with Stanley as a pre-freshman that was tougher than any of the courses I took once school began. Because of Stanley's presence, there were always lot of musicians on campus—Bobby Bradford, Butch and Wilber Morris, Charles Tyler, Arthur Blythe. Stanley was never really critical of me in terms of my technique—because I had been playing pretty well before I ever met him, don't forget—but he never let up on me either. His criticisms were always more in the nature of suggestions: 'Why don't you try it this way? Why don't you check this guy or that guy out?' He'd point me in the right direction

and trust me to go the rest of the way myself."

When Murray found himself pointing in the direction of New York, Crouch went to dramatic lengths to dissuade him from dropping out of school. "He wrote a surreal play called *Saxophone Man* for his Black Theatre class, with me in the title role and big puppets with names like Big White City Weirdship and Nick the Goniff chasing me through the streets. It was his perception of what things might be like for me in New York. But I was determined to go, and I thought I'd do pretty well because I had listened to all the records by the people who were supposed to be the leading young tenor players, and I thought I had something to say that was just a little bit different."

Crouch must ultimately have conceded to his student's wisdom, because the two of them wound up journeying east together, renting a loft above an East Village jazz club, and producing their own concerts there when unable to crash more lucrative venues. It didn't take long for Murray to impress his peers or gather champions in the jazz press. Nor did it take long for a backlash to mount. For example, a California tenorist who had arrived in New York a few years prior to Murray, but had had a harder time winning acceptance, once complained to me, "I saw David Murray come here and get all these jobs and all these articles written about him right away, and I got mad. I had played with him in San Francisco, and he wasn't *that* good." Of course, what this disgruntled musician failed to take into account was that the Murray he had heard back in the Bay Area was but a fledgling 15-year-old at the time. Then, too, as Murray began touring Europe regularly, and as dozens of records were issued under his name on labels of various national origins, charges soon followed that he was spreading himself thin.

"Actually, I never felt that I was being recorded *enough*," Murray laughs, "because the records I made in Europe didn't accurately pinpoint all the progress I felt I was making. When I first came to New York, I think I was playing more melodically, almost the way I play now. But I was influenced by all the energy music I heard here, and started incor-

porating elements of that in my playing. And in Europe, if you've got a reputation as a free player, they expect you to play free. But gradually I realized that wasn't what I wanted. If you listen to my records in consecutive order, you'll notice me laying off of that. I still use energy techniques as a kind of caper to my solos. I try to use the top of the horn to embellish what I've already done on the bottom. I try to put all my 'energy' into achieving pure, crystal-clear notes."

\* \* \*

Visually, Murray is still a ball of fire when he solos, bucking backward and forward from his knees in time to rhythms, stated and unstated, and celebrating his high notes with small, swift leaps off the floor. But there is little wasted motion in the solos themselves. A thematic and sequential improviser who exhausts all the possibilities inherent in one motif before moving on to the next, Murray likes to gnaw away at a line by sliding in and out of key, and will often gradually ascend to the tenor's upper reaches to triumphantly sustain a high, needling squeal over his last few choruses. Certain aspects of Murray's style—his sometimes braying, always exacerbated vibrato; his love of hill-and-valley intervals; his penchant for writing anthem-like heads and advancing his solos through linear, melodic means—have led some writers (myself included) to proclaim him the stylistic heir of Albert Ayler. But Murray himself claims greater affinity for Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, and Paul Gonsalves—and one immediately thinks of the way he will sometimes widen his vibrato to a croon and cross his phrases with trills in apparent homage to those barrel-chested romantics.

"Ayler was influential in making me wary of the dangers that can befall a jazz musician," Murray says. "After all, his body was found floating in the river. That's what I was thinking of when I wrote *Flowers For Albert*, but everyone heard the tune and all of a sudden said I sounded just like Albert Ayler. But I never turned Albert's solos back to 16 rpm so I could transcribe them and play them note-for-note the way I did with Paul's 27 choruses on *Diminuendo And Crescendo In Blue*, or Hawkins' *Body And Soul*, or lots of other things. I've always liked Ornette Coleman's conception on tenor, from the time I first heard that a capella solo he plays on the *Ornette On Tenor* LP. It's funny—everytime he sees me, he tells me I should be playing alto, because I've got an unusual tenor embouchure. So I just tell him that as far as I'm concerned, he should play tenor all the time."

Murray points out that not all his influences were saxophonists. "Duke Ellington has always been an inspiration to me, especially now that I'm writing for a larger group. I only wish I had that luxury Duke had of working all the time and keeping people on payroll so he could write especially for them. Right now, I have to think more in terms of the instrumentation itself, because the individuals in my octet change as different people become available or unavailable."

The first two David Murray Octet records

benefit from consistent personnel: Butch Morris and Olu Dara, trumpets; George Lewis, trombone; Murray and Henry Threadgill, reeds; Anthony Davis, piano; Wilber Morris, bass; Steve McCall, drums. Also trombonist Craig Harris, altoist Jimmy Lyons, pianist John Hicks, bassist Art Davis, and drummer Ed Blackwell have since passed through the band. Murray has demonstrated skill in tailoring his writing to the abilities of the men on hand at any given moment, most notably in transforming *Dewey's Circle*—a fast-paced tribute to tenor saxophonist Dewey Redman in its original quartet manifestation—into a sauntering New Orleans street parade, with Olu Dara's shake trumpet as Grand Marshall. "I wanted to express my admiration for all the things the earliest black trumpeters accomplished with their instrument, and Olu, being the great trumpeter he is, naturally got the call and interpreted the piece beautifully. I'm learning there are so many ways to play a composition. For instance, I just made *Murray's Steps*—one of my older pieces that I still play—into a ballad just by changing the bridge. And I gave Wynton Marsalis a chart of it too, because I think it's something he and Branford could have a lot of fun with, if they decide to play it. I think a lot of my pieces have lasting qualities that could make them jazz standards, but since nobody else is playing them, I guess I'll just have to keep on playing them myself until I pass."

\* \* \*

Murray lives with his second wife Ming (an earlier marriage to poet/playwright Ntzoike Shange lasted but three stormy months) in a second-floor apartment a few doors west of the corner where dreary Varrick Street is welcomed into bustling Seventh Avenue South, within walking distance of the Village Vanguard, Sweet Basil, and other big-name Manhattan clubs. Only recently has anyone been willing to pay Murray to take that walk. His octet made its club debut at Sweet Basil last fall and has been invited back for two weeks this summer.

The day I spoke with him, Murray was preparing to take his quartet (John Hicks, piano; Art Davis, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums) on a six-week tour of Europe. "I'm very excited about that. Art tells me this is the most challenging group he's been in since he played with Coltrane, and I'm very flattered. I've always been searching for the right chemistry in a quartet, and I think I've found it at last."

There are also special projects, such as the concert Murray played with strings at the Public Theatre last December, and a confrontation with clarinetists Jimmy Hamilton, Alvin Batiste, and John Carter at the same site a few weeks later. And, of course, Murray is still involved in the World Saxophone Quartet. "I think we've really proved with that group that four saxophonists can coexist, whereas 10 or 20 years ago, it would've become a cutting contest, a real bloodbath. Maybe 20 percent of what we do is written. The rest is collectively improvised after agreeing on things like parts and solo lengths and so on.

If the mix of people was any different, it wouldn't work. But Oliver, Julius, and Hamiet are old friends who have played together long enough to know what each other will do in any given situation, and I pick up on that."

So even if work isn't yet as plentiful as it might be, Murray suffers no shortage of creative outlets. A full-time big band remains an unfulfilled ambition, but in the meantime, he is willing to settle for a configuration which combines the might of a big band with the greater maneuverability of a smaller unit. "I try to keep that standing-up quality you get in a small group. You know what I mean. I've seen guys in big bands sitting down, reading their parts, and looking bored. I want my cats to read my charts, because I don't want them just blowing anything that comes into their heads all at the same time—I don't like that anymore—but I also want them to watch me and follow what I do, because I conduct with my horn. We're inventing riffs behind the solos all the time, and not all of them are going to be written down there on paper."

Keeping an eye on David Murray might be a good idea, not only for the musicians in his group, but for all of us hoping to gain an inkling of what's in store for jazz between now and the end of the century. Murray is no longer just another talented young man with a horn caught up in the tenor of his times, but a mature composer, bandleader, and soloist who should have a large say in determining what the tenor of these times will be. And, Reaganomics or no, things are definitely looking up.

db

## DAVID MURRAY SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

### as a leader

*LOW CLASS CONSPIRACY*—Adelphi 5002  
*FLOWERS FOR ALBERT*—India Navigation 1026  
*PENTHOUSE JAZZ*—Circle RK-18877/4  
*HOLY SIEGE ON THE INTRIGUE*—Circle RK-18877/8  
*LIVE AT THE LOWER MANHATTAN OCEAN CLUB*—India Navigation 1032  
*LIVE VOLUME 2*—India Navigation 1044  
*LET THE MUSIC TAKE YOU*—Marge 04  
*LAST OF THE HIP MEN*—Red VPA-129  
*ORGANIC SAXOPHONE*—Palm 31  
*CONCEPTUAL SAXOPHONE*—Cadillac SGC 1007  
*SUR-REAL SAXOPHONE*—Horo HZ-09  
*INTERBOOGIEOLOGY*—Black Saint 0018  
*THE LONDON CONCERT*—Cadillac 1008/9  
*3D FAMILY*—hat Hut U/V  
*SWEET LOVELY*—Black Saint 0039  
*SOLO LIVE VOL. 1*—Cecma 1001  
*SOLO LIVE VOL. 2*—Cecma 1002  
*MING*—Black Saint 0045  
*HOME*—Black Saint 0055

### with the World Saxophone Quartet

*POINT OF NO RETURN*—Moers Music 1034  
*STEPPIN' WITH THE WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET*—Black Saint 0027  
*W.S.Q.*—Black Saint 0046  
*REVUE*—Black Saint 0056

### with Jack DeJohnette

*SPECIAL EDITION*—ECM 1152

### with James Blood Ulmer

*ARE YOU GLAD TO BE IN AMERICA*—Artist House 13  
*NO WAVE*—Moers Music 1072  
*FREE LANCING*—Columbia 37493

### with James Newton

*SOLOMON'S SONS*—Circle RK-16177/5

### with Amiri Baraka

*NEW MUSIC NEW POETRY*—India Navigation 1048

### with Sunny Murray

*LIVE AT THE MOERS FESTIVAL*—Moers Music 1072  
*WILDFLOWERS 1*—Douglas NBLP-7045  
*WILDFLOWERS 5*—Douglas NBLP-7049

## GIL EVANS

**SVENGALI**—Atlantic 90048-1: *THOROUGHbred; BLUES IN ORBIT; ELEVEN; CRY OF HUNGER; SUMMERTIME; ZEE ZEE.*

**Personnel:** Evans, piano, electric piano; Tex Allen, Hannibal Marvin Peterson (cut 6), Richard Williams, trumpet; Sharon Freeman, Pete Levin, french horn; Joe Daley, trombone, tuba; Howard Johnson, tuba, baritone saxophone, flugelhorn; David Sanborn, alto saxophone; Billy Harper, tenor saxophone, flute; Trevor Koehler, baritone saxophone, soprano saxophone, flute; David Horowitz, synthesizers; Ted Dunbar, guitar; Herb Bushler, electric bass; Bruce Ditmas, drums; Susan Evans, percussion.

★★★★★

**PRIESTESS**—Antilles AN 1010: *PRIESTESS; SHORT VISIT; LUNAR ECLIPSE; ORANGE WAS THE COLOR OF HER DRESS, THEN BLUE SILK.*

**Personnel:** Evans, piano; Lew Soloff, trumpet, piccolo trumpet; Ernie Royal, Hannibal Marvin Peterson, trumpet; John Clark, french horn; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Howard Johnson, Bob Stewart, tuba; Arthur Blythe, David Sanborn, alto saxophone; George Adams, tenor saxophone; Pete Levin, synthesizer, clavinet; Keith Loving, guitar; Steve Neil, bass; Susan Evans, drums.

★★★★½

**LIVE AT THE PUBLIC THEATRE (NEW YORK 1980) VOL. 1**—Trio PAP-9233: *ANITA'S DANCE; JELLYROLLS; ALYRIO; VARIATIONS ON THE MISERY; GONE, GONE, GONE; UP FROM THE SKIES.*

**Personnel:** Evans, electric piano; Lew Soloff, Jon Faddis, Hannibal Marvin Peterson, trumpet; John Clark, french horn; George Lewis, trombone; Dave Bargeron, trombone, tuba; Arthur Blythe, alto saxophone, soprano saxophone; Hamiet Bluiett, baritone saxophone, alto flute; Masabumi Kikuchi, synthesizers, electric organ; Pete Levin, synthesizer, clavinet; Tim Landers, electric bass; Billy Cobham, drums; Alyrio Lima, percussion.

★★★★

**LIVE AT THE PUBLIC THEATRE (NEW YORK 1980) VOL. 2**—Trio PAP-25016: *COPENHAGEN SIGHT; ZEE ZEE; SIRHAN'S BLUES; STONE FREE; ORANGE WAS THE COLOR OF HER DRESS, THEN BLUE SILK.*

**Personnel:** Same as above.

★★★★

With Evans releases it's either feast or famine, and currently available product signals a relative feast. The fact that the "new" domestic record of the bunch (*Priestess*) was recorded five years ago is an indication of the esteem that the American recording industry has for this giant of orchestration.

*Svengali* is Atlantic's reissue of the great 1973 album that's a milestone in Evans' career. I've been listening to it for 10 years, and it gets better all the time. In 1969 Evans had approximated electronics with his writing (the Ampex album) and in '71 he dabbled with synthesizers (*Where Flamingos Fly*), but on *Svengali* he really takes the plunge. The synthesizers add color and texture as part of the horn ensembles, or offset them.

There are many delights on this album:



FRAY SMITH

Billy Harper's passionate tenor juxtaposed with the late Trevor Koehler's baritone rumblings on *Cry Of Hunger*, the funky outer space arrangement of *Blues In Orbit* and Herb Bushler's overdubbed bass duet on same, Richard Williams' trumpet solo stirring the turbulent waters of *Eleven*. And then there's *Zee Zee*—one of Evans' sonic cloud settings for Hannibal, who manages a trumpet solo that encapsulates the entire jazz history of the instrument.

The *Priestess* LP is an excerpt from Evans' 65th birthday concert at St. George's Church in New York. The orchestration is much more subliminal, the tunes rely on rhythmic vamps with ensemble punctuations as vehicles for the various soloists. Stylistically, this material is a further elaboration of the *Royal Festival Hall* LPs and in that regard marks it as being a transitional album. It's interesting to chart the course of various players over the seven-year span that these records document. Levin plays french horn on *Svengali* and by *Priestess* was exclusively handling electronic software. Sanborn's fine solos point out the fact that his own albums lack such challenging settings as Evans provides. Lew Soloff's scorching trumpet work on the title track marks his own maturity.

Masabumi Kikuchi's *Lunar Eclipse* is a short, effective exercise in rhythm and texture which features Levin's synthesizer prominently. Evans' rare piano jottings are briefly heard, as always, to underscore or to shade. This is the most aurally dense piece, and the rhythmic overlays bring to mind George Russell's "vertical forms." The arrangement of Mingus' *Orange* is the same as the one on the *Royal Festival* album; this time George Adams' rough and ready tenor contrasts the silky textures of the backing horns and synthesizer.

The Public Theatre albums are the most recent Evans recordings available, and as such they offer the clearest view of his current

directions. If they are any indication, the music seems to be moving toward looser ensemble structures and optimum freedom for the soloists—in some cases perhaps too much freedom. *Anita's Dance* is far too long, with a noodling keyboard solo (Evans on the electric grand?) that's of little consequence.

Arthur Blythe's earthen delivery on *Variation* is a finely crafted alto tableau. Lewis gives a long-winded treatise on everything you ever wanted to know about trombone over a fast rhythm section. Not until the ensemble falls in do we know that the tune is *Gone, Gone, Gone*. Cobham is right on the money throughout. He can use bull-like power or subtle stroking, and he always knows what's appropriate.

On *Copenhagen* Evans has a way of conjuring full ensemble spectres out of an ephemeral reservoir and then making them disappear behind the soloist. This *Zee Zee* features a more protracted and less urgent Hannibal. Bluiett's swaggering baritone on *Stone Free* provides a gravity-laden focal point amid a stew of collective improvised horns. Volume two has the more condensed charts and the pithiest solo work. Yet another live version of *Orange* is fine enough—but will someone please give Evans a studio date? —kirk silsbee

## DOC CHEATHAM/ SAMMY PRICE

**BLACK BEAUTY**—Sackville 3029: *TRAVELIN' ALL ALONE; SOME OF THESE DAYS; LOVE WILL FIND A WAY; AFTER YOU'VE GONE; SOMEDAY YOU'LL BE SORRY; OLD FASHIONED LOVE; I'M COMING VIRGINIA; SQUEEZE ME; MEMPHIS BLUES; I'VE GOT A FEELING I'M FALLING; LOUISIANA.*

**Personnel:** Cheatham, trumpet; Price, piano.

★★★★★

With over a century of combined musical



experience. Doc Cheatham and Sammy Price are uniquely qualified to give, as their second Sackville collaboration is subtitled, "A Salute To Black American Songwriters" of the pre-Depression era. Subsequently, *Black Beauty* is a gem. Not only does this absorbing program reveal Cheatham's and Price's abilities to be in full autumnal brilliance, but it also presents the early black popular song as a pertinent body of work for these tradition-conscious times.

Cheatham and Price cut their professional teeth on this type of material, and their stylistic approaches have none of the academic correctness or unfocused zeal that plague the revivalists of succeeding generations. The uptempo pieces, particularly Waller's *I've Got A Feeling* and Heywood and Cook's *I'm Coming Virginia*, romp and rollick with unforced glee. The melodic sweetness of J. C. Johnson's *Travelin' All Alone* (appropriately bittered) and Blake and Sissle's *Love Will Find A Way* is conveyed with unsentimental crispness and inventiveness. Above all, the duo bespeaks the ebullience, the healthy skepticism, and the stoicism that the immortal figures of the age embodied.

As he did on *Sweet Substitute*, his Sackville solo date, Price proves himself capable of deftly interpreting a broader base of materials than suggested by his reputation as a blues and boogie woogie specialist. Certainly, his two-fisted barrages give songs as diverse as Armstrong's *Someday You'll Be Sorry* and James P. Johnson's *Old Fashioned Love* unrelenting drive. Yet, Price also exhibits a command of the graceful filigrees stride derived from ragtime, and an uncanny ability to mirror Cheatham's own ever-shifting nuances. Likewise, Cheatham (surely the only musician to record with both Ma Rainey and the 360° Music Experience!) is a model of versatility—creamy smooth one moment, raucous the next, always seamless in permutating a phrase or a single note.

Arguably, *Black Beauty* is the year's best new offering of traditional jazz.

—bill shoemaker

## SCOTT COSSU

**SPIRALS**—Music Is Medicine 9056: *ONE FLIGHT UP*; *CALABRIA*; *MY BELOVED*; *KANNIAH*; *MOIRA*; *THE ZUKER*.

**Personnel:** Cossu, piano, percussion; Robbie Jordan (cuts 1, 4), Carter Jefferson (1, 4, 6), tenor saxophone; Skip Thomas, soprano saxophone (1, 4); Ron Soderstrom, trumpet (1, 4, 6); Steve Allen, bass (1, 4, 6); Page Smith, cello (3, 5); Steve Banks (1), Chuck Donovan (4), Dean Hodges (6), drums; Luis Peralta (1), Eddie Wood (2, 4-6), Paul Dunn (2), percussion; David Casper, cheng (4).

★ ★ ★ ½

Scott Cossu is a pianist of many moods, as evidenced by his previous two albums—*Still Moments*, also on Music Is Medicine, and *Wind Dance* on Windham Hill. It is no big surprise therefore to find him in yet another bag: that of the straightahead jazz performer and composer. *Spirals* is an example of the Cossu influenced no doubt by the Jazz Messengers and Horace Silver, and these as-

pects of his personality can be heard on *One Flight Up*, *Kanniah*, and *The Zuker*, wherein he utilizes a brassy front line of saxes and trumpet.

Although the Silver and Blakey impressions are quite strong, Cossu the performer and composer is his own unique personality. The transitions from one groove to another are intelligent and interesting. He has a penchant for such instruments as cello and lots of small percussion. In *My Beloved* the combination of cello and cheng works beautifully, with the latter (a Chinese zither) acting almost as an echo to the main theme.

There are three excellent tenor saxophone solos (in *One Flight Up*, *Kanniah*, and *The Zuker*) which are not credited; since Carter Jefferson is the only tenor player on the last named, it would seem as though he fulfills all three roles. He brings a ring of authenticity in terms of jazz roots, since Cossu's young years belie his familiarity with earlier jazz styles.

Cossu himself is featured as soloist in *Calabria*, accompanied simply by percussion, as well as on *My Beloved* and *Moirá*. The latter, subtitled *The Cat Song*, has all the mysterious qualities often attributed to the feline species. The closing *Zuker* is a funky Silverish tune and comes across with great humor.

While Cossu is still a fairly new name in the jazz world, he has much of value to contribute. A complete album with, say, quintet or sextet might serve to put him in the category of his obvious jazz idols. For this effort, though, the diversity of moods works well to show all the areas of his studying and listening.

—frankie nemko

## DIRE STRAITS

**LOVE OVER GOLD**—Warner Bros. 23728-1:

*TELEGRAPH ROAD*; *PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS*; *INDUSTRIAL DISEASE*; *LOVE OVER GOLD*; *IT NEVER RAINS*.

**Personnel:** Mark Knopfler, vocals, guitar; Hal Lindes, guitar; Alan Clark, keyboards; John Illsley, bass; Pick Withers, drums; Mike Mainieri, vibes, marimbas (cuts 2, 4); Ed Walsh, synthesizer program.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

**TWISTING BY THE POOL**—Warner Bros.

29800-0A: *TWISTING BY THE POOL*; *BADGES*; *POSTERS, STICKERS, T-SHIRTS*; *TWO YOUNG LOVERS*; *IF I HAD YOU*.

**Personnel:** Mark Knopfler, vocals, guitar; Hal Lindes, guitar; Alan Clark, piano; John Illsley, bass; Pick Withers (2), Terry Williams, drums; Mel Collins, saxophone (3).

★ ★ ★ ½

Dire Straits is one of the more interesting rock groups around, and *Love Over Gold* may be their most intriguing album yet. Intelligent, highly developed pieces such as *Telegraph Road* take on an almost symphonic complexity, while other cuts recapture the earthy instrumental musicality that has always been at the heart of Dire Straits' direction.

The band came on the scene a few years back with a lengthy tune called *The Sultans Of Swing* that actually cracked the Top 40 and hovered on the charts. The hits haven't kept on coming, but the group continues to

New From

ECM

## David Holland Life Cycle

*Life Cycle* is Dave Holland's third album for ECM Records, and it's the first time he's made a recording of solo cello improvisations. Known for his work with Miles Davis (*Bitches Brew*, *In A Silent Way*), Circle, Gateway, Anthony Braxton and Sam Rivers, Holland brought to the recording date a remarkable technique on the instrument -- and the ability to translate this technique into a passionate musical statement. The music on *Life Cycle* accomplishes the most difficult goal of the solo album: to create a performance that has the organization of composed music while retaining the spontaneity and fire of improvisation.



*Life Cycle* 1-23787  
A digital recording

On ECM Records and Cassettes  
Manufactured and distributed by Warner Bros.  
Records Inc.

**CALICCHIO  
TRUMPETS**

CALL OR WRITE  
IRMA CALICCHIO  
6409 WILLOUGHBY AVE.  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90038  
213-462-2941

# RECORD REVIEWS

develop. Mark Knopfler's Dylanesque vocals and distinctive guitar style were the immediate appeal of Dire Straits, and these traits continue apace.

Knopfler's unique sound on guitar still dominates the action, but he's managed to retain his uniqueness while experimenting too. Cuts like *Industrial Disease* do more than nudge Dire Straits toward open waters—they challenge the band to stay current, on the edge of contemporary rock. Instrumentally, Knopfler is at his expressive best on sections of *Private Investigations* and *It Never Rains*. Drums have always been a strength in this group too, and keyboards are emerging here as a more important component.

The lyrical gut of *Love Over Gold* is impressive as well. *Industrial Disease* and *Teleglyph Road* are provocative socio-political insights into working class reality, told with the colloquial skill of a Springsteen, a Randy Newman, or yes, even Billy Joel a la *Allentown*. Knopfler's writing is dense and excellent, worthy of recitation (which form it actually takes on two cuts herein), and a worthy match to the fresh, full, fascinating musical concepts unfurled.

Not that *Love Over Gold* is all seriousness and virtuosity (*Industrial Disease* is as flip as it is catching), but the follow-up EP, *Twisting By The Pool*, reveals a crazy new side to Dire Straits' group persona—group therapy? A blatantly dance-oriented \$4.98 list item, seemingly packaged for the resurgent Wave market, the disc contains four new Knopfler originals that can best be described as quasi-rockabilly goodtime r&b and skiffle. In addition to the gyrating title track and *Badges, Posters, Stickers, T-Shirts*, the material is thoroughly loose—much less polished than the tight, funky rock sound we've come to expect from the band.

*Love Over Gold* is a solid investment and a fine record, one of the year's best. But no Dire Straits fanatic will be able to do without *Twisting*. It's like a mini-compendium of where Mark Knopfler is coming from musically, and it's a lot of fun too.

—robert henschen

Love); wild and woolly knuckle-busters (*Airegin*); and stately, prideful folk songs (*Catalan Suite*). He's a right-handed player—a northpaw—and he easily spins silken webs of improvisation, from staccato thumps to flowing Tatumesque runs. He takes apparent joy in running up and down the keys, and he's not ashamed to toss in big, flowery arpeggios. Tete's weakness is his left hand—it's either used to bark at the heels of the right or, more effectively, in a walking bass pattern a la Lennie Tristano. This brand of solo one-handed bebop playing can wear thin, and this music is best taken in small doses. Also, it must be pointed out that a number of these pieces have been recorded before, either for SteepleChase or Timeless.

That out of the way, if you're a fan of sentimental, rococo pianistics—and I am—you will melt at the beautiful majesty contained in the *Catalan Suite* and *Apartment 512*. Five native folk songs are woven into the *Suite*, and they are presented with lovely bits of bebop hung from them. The original *512* contains elements of the *Suite*, but Tete stretches out here, playing with the melody and unbuttoning an extended late night blues segment. It is a microcosm of the entire album and its best moment. Other joys include: *Giant Steps'* fiery intensity, which is spat out after a humorous fugue-like intro; the way the melody manages to keep its head above the waves of notes on *Have You Met Miss Jones?*, which comes complete with curlicues and bows stuck in every rest in the melody; and the deliberate simplicity of *I Guess I'll Hang My Tears*. . . .

The audience at Boston University is with the pianist from note one and roars its approval throughout—they clearly inspire Tete to stretch, though every now and again he stretches too thin—his *Lush Life* is filled with grandiose chording, but is ultimately half-empty. For the most part, though, he digs his Catalonian shoes in and romps with gusto. If anything, there's too much here—an embarrassment of riches—but that is a silly complaint. Pianists like Tete Montoliu put the grand in grand piano.

—lee jeske

The tension Olivier Messiaen explores in his 1931 *Theme And Variations For Violin And Piano* is between the languidly "impressionistic" chromaticism of Debussy and the fragmentation, angular and massive, of a more strident modern idiom. The theme is very nearly an *hommage* to Debussy—though the colors are both darker and more naive—but the variations worked upon it progressively fragment the theme melodically, harmonically, and rhythmically, building to the kind of massive climax typical of Messiaen's mature large-scale works. The artistic development here is significant, though the canvas is small: rather like seeing a Renoir sketch transform itself into a study for Picasso's *Guernica*.

Less aesthetically significant and less dramatically successful are the *Four Pieces For Violin And Piano* of Montana-born (1937) and Chicago-based George Flynn. As the composer points out in his liner notes, the work was influenced by ideas "in the air" during the '60s. Unfortunately, two of these ideas central to the 1965 composition—a humorless incarnation of Ivesian musical dialog and a bloodless adaptation of minimalist gestures in the manner of Morton Feldman—have become by the 1980s modernist clichés. Though I find this work rather dull, the first and second pieces develop their deliberately bare-boned ideas with intensity, and the fourth piece rises well above calculation to a somber eloquence made the more moving by virtue of restraint. Piece three, a juxtaposition of fiddle-sawing *sforzandi* with stark silences, is a hollow gesture.

Certainly and simply the most beautiful of the compositions on this record is John Cage's *Six Melodies For Violin And Keyboard (Piano)*, written in 1950. Despite the harmonic potential of the instrumentation, the pieces avoid harmony, violin and piano interacting monophonically to produce single filaments of melody. This Zen-like asceticism is neither perverse nor tedious; rather, it is another threshold—between the cumbersome harmonic and intellectual freight of Western culture and a fresh vision of what Eastern wisdom might offer music. It is an attempt to straddle experience and innocence, an essay toward a willed naivete. The result is a set of childlike dances, their incipient lyricism made charmingly reticent by a vibratoless violin and the *sotto voce* treatment of open strings.

The great project of Ives' musical life was synthesis. He took his measure from tunes piped by a sentimental 19th century and danced them into a 20th century realm of abstraction. *The Pre-First Sonata* (1901) adumbrates this project—occupies the threshold before it—and is steeped in Americana more frankly and romantically than later Ives.

The robust romanticism of the Ives is occasion to remark on Gratovich and Flynn as performers. They show themselves here as solid musicians fully capable of the romantic idiom. This makes us appreciate all the more the rarified and restrained technique exhibited in the performance of the first three works, which demand a style as different from the Ives *Sonata* as, say, Lester Young differs from Ben Webster.

—alan axelrod

## TETE MONTOLIU

**BOSTON CONCERT**—SteepleChase SC5  
1152/3: *NEW ENGLAND BLUES*; *I GUESS I'LL HANG MY TEARS OUT TO TRY*; *HAVE YOU MET MISS JONES?*; *CATALAN SUITE*; *HOT HOUSE*; *AIREGIN*; *LUSH LIFE*; *GIANT STEPS*; *WHEN I FALL IN LOVE*; *A CHILD IS BORN*; *CONFIRMATION*; *APARTMENT 512*; *OLEO/COME SUNDAY/OLEO*.

**Personnel:** Montoliu, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tete Montoliu is Spain's gift to jazz—a powerful bebop pianist with a decidedly Iberian outlook. His music is romantic, passionate, and he knows when to turn the schmaltz on and when to shut it off. This weighty double-album—containing over an hour-and-a-half of solo piano—showcases his full range. With some judicious editing, this could have been a five-star affair. As it is, it's an earful of music.

Tete runs through the lot here—gentle, mainly unadorned ballads (*When I Fall In*

## EUGENE GRATOVICH/ GEORGE FLYNN

**PLAY THE MUSIC OF JOHN CAGE, GEORGE FLYNN, CHARLES IVES, OLIVIER MESSIAEN**—Finnadar 90023-1: *THEME AND VARIATIONS FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO* (MESSIAEN); *FOUR PIECES FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO* (FLYNN); *SIX MELODIES FOR VIOLIN AND KEYBOARD (PIANO)* (CAGE); *PRE-FIRST VIOLIN SONATA (ALLEGRO MODERATO)* (IVES).

**Personnel:** Gratovich, violin; Flynn, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

The four works performed here are the products of late youth, or perhaps it is better to say early maturity. Each work is valid in itself—and, especially with Messiaen and Cage, even compelling—but each is also valuable as a threshold, not only in the career of the individual composer but also in 20th century music generally. In each work we witness transition, an attempt to synthesize an aesthetic past and present into a musical future.

## IRA SULLIVAN

**HORIZONS**—Discovery DS 873: *E FLAT TUBA G; NORWEGIAN WOOD; EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME; ADAH; HORIZONS; OH GEE!; NINEVEH.*

**Personnel:** Sullivan, soprano, tenor saxophone, trumpet, flugelhorn; Dolphe Castellano, piano, electric harpsichord; Lon Norman, trombone, baritone horn; William Fry, bass; Jose Cigno, drums, timpani.

★ ★ ★

## RED RODNEY

**THE 3R'S**—Muse MR 5290: *THE MACK MAN; FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE; DEAD END; WAITING FOR WAITS; SAMBA DE VIDA; BLUEPORT.*

**Personnel:** Rodney, trumpet, flugelhorn; Richie Cole, alto saxophone; Ricky Ford, tenor saxophone; Turk Mauro, tenor, baritone saxophone; Roland Hanna, keyboards; George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Ira Sullivan and Red Rodney have become so tightly paired in recent years that it's easy to forget that the bulk of their careers have been divergent. It's not surprising, then, that these two releases, recorded before these hornmen joined forces, should point up their individual styles and ensemble conceptions.

Sullivan's *Horizons*, first issued on Atlantic in 1967, is very much a product of the mystical currents running through the jazz and pop music of this era. *Norwegian Wood*, now quaintly nostalgic, typifies this trend. Backed by the zither- and sitar-like timbres of Dolphe Castellano's electric harpsichord, all is incense and peppermint as Sullivan and Lon Norman blend the sonorities of soprano saxophone and baritone horn. Then it's pure Trane as Sullivan solos over Jose Cigno's kinky 3/4 pulse. Similar exotic forays occur on *Adah*, evocative of Yusef Lateef's Middle Eastern scalar explorations, and also on *Nineveh*, Sullivan's tribute to the ancient Assyrian capital.

But delving into musical eclecticism apparently wasn't Sullivan's sole purpose in recording *Horizons*. The title piece bows in the direction of the suspended minor seventh chords of Herbie Hancock's *Maiden Voyage* and features Norman's full, brassy trombone along with Sullivan's tenor flutters and modal explorations. *Oh Gee!* snaps along in a bright, bopish groove, sliding freely into collective horn improvisations. Finally, Sullivan returns to his Swing Era roots with *Everything Happens To Me*, a rich ballad which demonstrates that he knows all the pretty brass notes, many of which have yet to be discovered by younger players.

Although Red Rodney's *The 3R's* is a flat-out blowing session, you'd never know it by judging the polish of the solos and the group's precise ensemble work. Backed by a first-rate lineup, Rodney played on this date wearing temporary dentures. But whatever embouchure problems he had aren't apparent. Even while negotiating the changes of Kenny Dorham's *Dead End*, Rodney encounters no musical cul de sacs, as his aggressive lines punch into the horn's upper register. *Waiting For Waits* (later recorded by Tom

The Mannes College of Music  
Presents

## JAZZ WORKSHOPS

culminating in Master Classes

with

# DIZZY GILLESPIE

Registration and Placement

May 31 through June 10

For Information Call

(212) 737-0700 ext. 27

THE SEARCH

CHICO FREEMAN



**NEW!**  
on  
*india navigation*

CHICO FREEMAN "The Search"

ANTHONY DAVIS "Variations in Dream-Time"

For ordering information and catalogs:

INDIA NAVIGATION CO.  
60 Hudson Street, Room 205

N.Y., N.Y. 10013 SPECIAL MAIL ORDER PRICE:  
(212) 962-3570 \$7.00 — NEXT DAY SHIPMENT

RECORDS

DREAMSTREET

BOX 193-D, HO HO KUS, N.J. 07423  
SPECIAL \$6.98 ppd. MAIL ORDER  
NEW RELEASE—DR 107

*Steamin' Mainstream*

with  
Glenn Zottola, Harold Danko  
Butch Miles & Rick Laird

Send for free catalog of  
other Dreamstreet albums

**Study**  
**Music • Recording**  
2-Year Diploma Program

- Jazz Studies
- Record Production
- General Music

The Hartford Conservatory  
of Music and Dance  
834 Asylum Ave., Hartford CT 06105  
(203) 246-2588

When you hear the sound of Jerome Richardson you are hearing the sound of an H. Couf saxophone.



**H-COUF**

For the artist in every musician  
**W.T. ARMSTRONG COMPANY**  
 Elkhart, Indiana 46515

# RECORD REVIEWS

Waits and Richie Cole) exemplifies the session's happy mix of uninhibited blowing with crisp ensemble passages. On this swinger, Cole and Mauro trade phrases. Then Rodney mixes Swing riffs with cascading bop runs. A section of intertwining improvisation among the horns segues into bright, Basie-style sock choruses. Similarly snappy is Art Farmer's *Blueport*. On this line, the players' off-the-cuff solos typify the best moments of this session. Finally, *For Heaven's Sake* points out that Rodney, like Sullivan, has an affinity for lush ballads. Although Rodney tempers his romantic approach by using a dry attack and bent tones, it's clear that both hornmen understand and delight in the mystique of the young man with the horn.

—jon balleras

sionism over the metaphoric life pulse set down by the musicians. The closing chord change comes as an uplifting sign of destined freedom. Haunted-house electric piano and eerie background vocal swirls make his identity search in *Whey Mi Belang?* dramatic. Again and again Muta plumbs his soul, sending forth an ardor at once inviting and challenging. By comparison, the bulk of contemporary vocal music sounds false and insensate.

—frank-john hadley

## WEATHER REPORT

**PROCESSION**—Columbia FC 38427:

*PROCESSION; PLAZA REAL; TWO LINES; WHERE THE MOON GOES; THE WELL; MOLASSES RUN.*

**Personnel:** Zawinul, keyboards, synthesizers; Wayne Shorter, soprano, tenor saxophone; Omar Hakim, drums, guitar, vocals; Victor Bailey, electric bass; Jose Rossy, percussion, concertina; Manhattan Transfer, vocals (cut 4).

★ ★ ★

Weather Report used to be a high-performance vehicle providing an adrenalin rush through the obstacles of electro-fusion, but for the past seven years it's become a showpiece, revolving on a pedestal and garnering acclaim for its veneer and accessories, though the engine was gutted. Recently, however, they've overhauled the mechanics, stripped away the chrome, and opted for a sleeker and more aerodynamic design.

A new rhythm drive has been installed that lacks the distinction of previous components, but is more efficient and focused. Victor Bailey has returned the bass to its supportive role, filling out the interior of Zawinul's compositions with structural precision. Drummer Omar Hakim's flexible pulse can draw the group into a rhythm vortex or etch out a playful march. He's augmented by Jose Rossy, a percussionist who isn't a noisemaker, but a rhythm shaker, adding to Hakim's complex interplay.

The title track, *Procession*, arrives out of the distance, with Zawinul and Shorter echoing fragments of the melody like a half-forgotten refrain. The music gets closer and louder, finally turning a corner and erupting into a circus of sound. Hakim's stalking rhythm juggles Shorter's tenor-blown theme. Zawinul creates bursts of light on synthesizers while using a vocoder effect like a space-carnival barker. As quickly as it came, it turns another corner, and winds out into the distance again.

After 12 years of interplay, Zawinul and Shorter should be intimate, but sometimes their telepathy is still startling. On *Two Lines* they play a staccato head in unison so closely that only Shorter's slight vibrato distinguishes between them. That is, until he breaks into the throaty, blues-laden moan of his most uninhibited solo on the record. On *The Well*, a live duet, Zawinul lays a fog of synth-strings and calls out to Shorter's soprano with his own reedy synthesizer line. It's a haunting dramatic moment, like a baby whale calling for its mother.

*Procession* is suffused with a unity and joy that makes this the best Weather Report album since *Mysterious Traveller*. Yet, it lacks

## MUTABARUKA

**CHECK IT!**—Alligator AL 8306: *INTRO; CHECK IT; DE SYSTEM; EVERYTIME A EAR DE SOU'N'; WITEMAN COUNTRY; WHEY MI BELANG?; SAY; ANGOLA INVASION; HARD TIME LOVING; BUTTA PAN KULCHA; SIT DUNG PON DE WALL; NAW GIVE UP*

**Personnel:** Mutabaruka, voice; "Drummer" Stone, Carlton Barrett, "Specs" Bifirimbi, Leroy "Horsemouth" Wallace, Carlton "Santa" Davis, drums; Earl "Chinna" Smith, bass, guitar; Christopher Meredith, Leebert "Gibby" Morrison, bass; Andy Bassford, acoustic guitar; Sydney Wolfe, percussion; Harry T. Powell, reptah drums; Augustus Pablo, keyboards, melodica; Phillip Ramacon, Stephen Stewart, Earl "Wire" Lindo, Errol "Tarzan" Nelson, keyboards; Dean Fraser, saxophone; Bobby Ellis, David Madden, trumpet; Nambo, trombone; Errol Thompson, voice (cut 8).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Mutabaruka's brand of reggae burns with a marked urgency, its raw, vocalized feeling having an almost palpable presence. The man is angry and vents his anguish through self-styled dub poetry—rhythmic recitations of Jamaican patois set to sound effects and seductively surging instrumental tracks.

Mutabaruka? He's a one-time Roman Catholic telephone technician turned Rastafarian mystic who sequestered himself in the countryside for several years, rejecting modern ways while channeling black militant consciousness into fractured rhyme. Granted folklore status for the occasional Kingston poetry exposition, he eventually hooked up with five-star guitarist Earl "Chinna" Smith and eccentric melodican Augustus Pablo for explosive words-cum-music appearances. Now Muta's spreading his messages to the States with *Check It!*, his first album.

Seldom has Rastafari morality been expounded so convincingly. Muta probes the expected topics—truth, justice, Babylon, reparations to Africa—with grace and compassion, while Smith and mates carve out those sultry grooves. *Hard Time Loving* finds the poet detailing the problems of ghetto love as keyboards, bass, and drums do a lilting dance—tenderness wins out. Simulated newscast quotes of Marcus Garvey and Haile Selassie pop up in *Angola Invasion*; Muta reacts to reported South African expan-

## Bleecker Street Jazz

carries a large selection of Japanese Jazz product. We have classic re-issues and new releases, unavailable in the states, by major artists. Here are five very special selections.

- (1) Gil Evans—"Live at the Public Theater" (NY 1980).....\$17.98  
*The best of Gil Evans' newest big band recordings. Features performances by Billy Cobham, Arthur Blythe, and John Faddis.*
- (2) Gil Evans—"Live at the Public Theater" (NY 1980) Volume II.....\$17.98  
*Contains Evans' arr. of Jimi Hendrix's "Stone Free".*
- (3) Jaco Pastorius Big Band—"Twins One" (The Word of Mouth Big Band Sextet, Live in Japan).....\$17.98  
*Contains arr. of Weather Report's "Three Views of a Secret". Features Toots Thielemans, Randy Brecker, Peter Erskine and John Faddis.*
- (4) Jaco Pastorius Big Band—"Twins Two".....\$17.98  
*Part two of the big event—Wonderful sound.*
- (5) Serge Chaloff—"Blue Serge".....\$14.98  
*One of the great baritone players. Featuring Sonny Clark, Joe Jones, and Leroy Vinnegar.*

Postage \$2.75 for the first five items—25¢ for each additional item. (N.Y.S. add sales tax). Canada: \$4.00 for the first three items—40¢ for each additional item. Remittance in U.S. funds only. Send coupon to Bleecker Street Jazz, c/o Golden Disc Records, 239 Bleecker Street, New York, N.Y. 10014 (212) 255-7899. Send check or money order. Phone orders accepted on MasterCard and Visa. Please call 4-8 (E.S.T.)—Monday through Thursday. Foreign orders inquire about postal rates. Special order available only through mail-order. Limited quantities—specify second choice.

Offer ends July 1, 1983

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

(1) (2) (3) (4) (5)

the passion of discovery and daring that made Weather Report a landmark group of the 1970s. Most of this material was toured throughout 1982 with a more immediate spontaneity and tension that could've made this LP great.  
—john diliberto

## SMOKEY ROBINSON

**TOUCH THE SKY**—Tamla 6030 TL: *TOUCH THE SKY; GIMMIE WHAT YOU WANT; EVEN THO'; GONE AGAIN; ALL MY LIFE'S A LIE; SAD TIME; DYNAMITE; I'VE MADE LOVE TO YOU A THOUSAND TIMES.*

**Personnel:** Robinson, vocals; Reginal "Sonny" Burke, keyboards, synthesizers (cuts 1, 2, 5, 7, 8), drums (1, 2, 4-8); James Jamerson Jr. (1, 7), Scott Edwards (2, 6), Nathan East (3-5, 8), bass; Charles J. Fearing (1, 5-7), Marvin Tarplin (2, 7), David T. Walker (4-7), Paul M. Jackson Jr. (7), guitar; Paulinho DaCosta, percussion (1, 2, 4, 5, 7); James Gadson, drums (4, 8); Fred Smith, flute (5, 8); Ernie Watts, saxophone (6, 7), flute (6).

★ ★ ★ ★

## MARVIN GAYE

**MIDNIGHT LOVE**—Columbia EC 38197: *MIDNIGHT LADY; SEXUAL HEALING; ROCKIN' AFTER MIDNIGHT; 'TIL TOMORROW; TURN ON SOME MUSIC; THIRD WORLD GIRL; JOY; MY LOVE IS WAITING.*

**Personnel:** Gaye, vocals, synthesizers, drums (1-3, 5, 7), bongos (1-3), keyboards (2, 3, 5-7), vibes (3, 5), glockenspiel (2, 5), orchestral bells (2, 3, 5); Gordon Banks, guitar, bass (4, 6-8), drums (4, 6, 8), Rhodes electric piano (8); James Gadson, drums (1); Joel Peskin, alto, tenor saxophone (3); Bobby Stern, tenor saxophone (4, 7), harp (6).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## MICHAEL JACKSON

**THRILLER**—Epic QE 38112: *WANNA BE STARTIN' SOMETHIN'; BABY BE MINE; THE GIRL IS MINE; THRILLER; BEAT IT; BILLIE JEAN; HUMAN NATURE; P.Y.T. (PRETTY YOUNG THING); THE LADY IN MY LIFE.*

**Personnel:** Jackson, vocals; Greg Phillinganes, keyboards (1-3, 5, 6, 9), synthesizers (1, 2, 4-6, 8); Michael Boddicker, synthesizers (1, 2), Emulator (6-9), vocoder (8); Bill Wolfer, synthesizer (1, 6), keyboards (5); David Williams, guitar (1, 2, 4); Louis Johnson, bass (1, 3, 6, 8, 9); Paulinho DaCosta, percussion (1, 7); Jerry Hey, Gary Grant, trumpet, flugelhorn (1, 2, 4); Larry Williams, saxophone, flute (1, 2, 4); Bill Reichenbach, trombone (1, 2, 4); David Paich, synthesizer (2, 7, 9), piano (3); Ndugu Chancler, drums (2, 6, 8); David Foster, synthesizer (3); Dean Parks, guitar (3, 6); Steve Lukather, guitar (3, 5, 7), bass (5); Jeff Porcaro, drums (3, 5, 7, 9); Vincent Price, rap (4); Rod Temperton, Brian Banks (4), Greg Smith (6), Steve Porcaro, synthesizer (5, 7, 9); Paul Jackson (5, 8, 9), Eddie Van Halen (5), guitar; Tom Bahler, Synclavier (5); James Ingram, Portastudio keyboard (8).

★ ★ ★ ★

With the nearly concurrent release of solo albums from Smokey Robinson, Marvin Gaye, and Michael Jackson—three of the



*The sweet sound of success.*

Congratulations, Miles, on your 1983 Grammy! "We Want Miles" is an excellent choice for Best Jazz Instrumental Performance — Solo.

And, evidently, the Martin Committee trumpet is an excellent choice for Miles Davis.

**MARTIN** 

© G. Leblanc Corporation 1982. All rights reserved.

## The Most Expensive Reed In The World and worth even more . . .

- Superb evenness of scale
- Loud or subtone
- Unbeatable ease & intonation
- Ideal solo & sectional playing
- Unsurpassed control & response

### Outlasts cane 200 to 1!

Used and endorsed by these artists.

Pepper Adams	Dave Liebman
Jay Corre	Peanuts Hucko
Cecil Payne	Abe Most
George Coleman	John Stubblefield
Frank Foster	Frank Strozier
Lee Konitz	Chris Vadala



3 Day Trial

SATISFACTION OR FULL REFUND ON MAIL ORDERS ONLY

See your dealer. If not available, write direct—free brochure.

## BARI ASSOCIATES, INC.

788 N.E. 40th Court • Fort Lauderdale, FL 33334

Circle Item: Clar Soprano Alto Tenor Bass Cl. Baritone  
Check Strength:  Soft  Medium  Hard (\$10.00/reed + \$1.00 post. ea.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

(Please Print) Dealer Inquiries Invited

# RECORD REVIEWS

greatest singers in the history of pop music—it's time, as Kool and the Gang so aptly put it, for a celebration.

Once these three represented quite a bit of the talent that fueled Motown Records' "Sound of Young America." Now only Robinson remains at Motown, the record label that combined r&b with a more pop sensibility to reach white America in a big way. Yet though Gaye and Jackson jumped ship (to Columbia and Epic respectively), all three continue to make classic Motown-styled records that combine expert musicianship and singing with an unerring commerciality.

Though all three are black men who sing love songs, they are as different as morning, noon, and night. Robinson remains the great romantic, a songwriter that Bob Dylan once called "The greatest living poet," who uses metaphor upon metaphor to capture the ups and downs of love, and who just happens to sing like an angel. Marvin Gaye is concerned with more libidinal affairs. His 1973 album was called *Let's Get It On*, and since then his songs have been that literal about what Gaye wants from a woman (even if, on his new one, he does admit, "I love your mind and your body too"). Though Gaye's got a tenor as fragile as Robinson's (and can hit those falsetto highs when he needs to), Gaye makes his every "ooh" sound like an invitation to bed, where Robinson makes you think of chaste lovers dreamily staring into each other's eyes at the soda fountain. And then there's 24-year-old Michael Jackson, treading the line between earth and sky, singing about both temptation (*Billie Jean*) and romance (*The Lady In My Life*) with a voice as angelic as Robinson's and as lusty as Gaye's.

Of the three albums, Robinson's *Touch The Sky* is the most mellow—a low-key affair that, like a few glasses of good champagne, catches you off guard and sends you reeling. With a crack crew of L.A. sessionmen, including longtime collaborators Sonny Burke and Marvin Tarolin, Robinson has made music that is truly heaven-sent, a melodious backdrop for a voice that is just as strong and pure as it was 20 years ago on hits like *You've Really Got A Hold On Me*. As a songwriter Robinson remains in top form. Here, *I've Made Love To You A Thousand Times* and *All My Life's A Lie* are stone knockouts.

Marvin Gaye has revamped his sound for the '80s, exploiting synthesizers to add just enough electro-snap. Gaye began his career at Motown as a session drummer, and on this record he plays not only the drums but also many of the other instruments. His feel for the right note at just the right time gives these tracks a dynamic sparkle, like the glistening of sweaty bodies under the lights of a dance floor. A synthesized bass line immediately sets the tone for an album that meshes modern urban funk & roll with the soulfulness of Al Green's *Take Me To The River*. Gaye's world is a life-in-the-fast-lane affair, and this record is an audio verite document of that life.

Side two's *Third World Girl* is an '80s masterpiece, in which Gaye has woven layers of instruments and vocals, creating a kind of high tech jungle ambience, the sound of the global village, as modern as an Apple II and as timeless as a talking drum. Despite

such musical pyrotechnics, it is Gaye's voice, finally, that steals this show. That voice is such an incredible instrument that just the man's phrasing of "baby" on *Sexual Healing* and "oh baby" on *Til Tomorrow* are classic moments, more inspired and emotionally powerful than the singing and playing of thousands of "serious" musicians and singers who seem more interested in showing off chops than communicating with the listener.

Michael Jackson is the youngest brother in this post-Motown family affair. He's blessed with a voice as sweet as a kiss on prom night, and is just as much of a tease. Teamed with Quincy Jones—probably the best producer of pop records in the world at the moment—Jackson has made an album, *Thriller*, that shows off his ability to pull off everything from high velocity heavy metal rock (*Beat It*) to tender ballads (*The Lady In My Life*) to frisky pop (*The Girl Is Mine*). If he's occasionally too cute on the latter, maybe that will fade with age. As a lyricist, Jackson is no Smokey Robinson, but his sheer talent as a singer overwhelms his literary limitations. He reminds me of a young Gaye or Stevie Wonder, aggressive, impetuous, and impulsive, darting from style to style, song to song, so much to say and so little time to say it.

Though the "Motown Sound" is no more, Robinson, Gaye, and Jackson have made records that stand up with the best of what Motown has produced to date. And that's saying something. —*michael goldberg*

## WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET

**REVUE**—Black Sain' BSR 0056: *REVUE; AFFAIRS OF THE HEART; SUDE; LITTLE SAMBA; I HEARD THAT; HYMN FOR THE OLD YEAR; MING; DAVID'S TUNE; QUINN CHAPEL A.M.E. CHURCH.*

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

★ ★ ★ ½

Ponderosity and heavy brooding characterize this date—WSQ's third—and make me wonder whether they're laying back in calculated retrenchment, or whether tuxedos and respectability are weighing heavily on them. Recorded six months after the very lively W.S.Q. (10/80), *Revue* has almost none of the earlier date's jockeying interplay, extroverted shouting, and gleeful *joie de vivre*. If muscle-flexing was a small fault to find in the past, here it is woolgathering.

Many passages are reminiscent of Ellington in tone, voicing, and spirit, especially on Hemphill's carefully written side one compositions, but the minimal spontaneity borders on self-consciousness, and creates an aura throughout that strikes me as less sanctified than sanctimonious. Gothic echoes outlining the larger-than-life figures like cartoons, and generally deadily somber pacing intensify these impressions. Even Bluiett's two blues-drenched quickies have feet of clay.

Long opening cadenzas by Lake (squeal-

ing soprano on *Hymn*), Bluiett (bumptious soul on *Ming*), and Murray (hammer-tongued honker on *Tune*) provide rare textural relief from the juicy chorales, leafy sectional work, and leaden tempos. Surely the WSQ isn't out to prove that Black Classical Music need be as dull as most of the White? C'mon guys, lighten up!

—*fred bouchard*

## WOODY JAMES

**HARDCORE JAZZ**—Sea Breeze SB-2011: *HEAD FOR TED; LAZY AFTERNOON; WILLIS; LIKE SOMEONE IN LOVE; RELAXIN'; THE OTHER SISTER; NANCY; THIS HAPPY MADNESS.*

**Personnel:** James, trumpet; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Carl Fontana, trombone; Ted Richardson, tenor saxophone; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Bob Maize, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

## BILL KIRCHNER

**WHAT IT IS TO BE FRANK**—Sea Breeze SB-2010: *ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET; BROTHER BROWN; MILK CHOCOLATE PRINCESS; THEME FOR GREGORY; ENCHANTRESS; DAAHOUD; WHAT IT IS TO BE FRANK.*

**Personnel:** Kirchner, soprano, alto saxophone, flute, clarinet, piccolo; Ralph LaLama, tenor saxophone, flute, clarinet; Glenn Wilson, baritone saxophone, flute; Bill Warfield, Brian Lynch, trumpet, flugelhorn; Douglas Purviance, bass trombone; Greg Kogan, piano; Andy McKee (cuts 1, 3-5), Steve Alcott (2, 6, 7), bass; Charlie Brougham, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

What we have here is a West Coast septet and an East Coast nonet. The former is a tossed-together ensemble of veterans in a relaxed blowing session; the latter is a crisply rehearsed unit playing heavily arranged charts. Both albums are good, but neither is especially vibrant or exciting.

The Woody James album brings together an all-star ensemble of guys bred on the bands of Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, Gerry Mulligan, and similar aggregations. To emphasize that feeling, James has signed on the venerable Bill Holman to pen the charts, and the result is a bright, breezy good-time album that swings happily without necessarily sticking to your ribs. It is jazz without bone or grit—a soufflé, if you will.

Holman's charts are pretty and airy, though at times rather tepid. As to the soloists, there's not a clinker in the house. Personally I like Fontana's muffled, woody trombone sound most, but Woods, who has been playing with rare intensity and invention of late, turns in his share of sparkly little alto bits, and Richardson's soft, liquid tone is similarly used to good advantage. The leader turns in just a couple of solos, but they are well-considered and tasteful.

So if you're looking for the kind of music that Shorty Rogers, Joe Newman, Al Cohn, and their ilk used to turn out in the '50s, or just like your jazz easy and swinging—without too much sinew—you won't go wrong with Woody James.

The Bill Kirchner Nonet similarly harks back to a big band sound—that of the Thad

Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra, or the early '70s Buddy Rich Band. Kirchner and Bill Warfield, the two arrangers here, are intent on using the nonet to its full power, and that comes through quite clearly—it frequently sounds like a big band. The writing, especially Warfield's reworking of the two standards, is brash and swinging; the leader works with a gentler, more reedy palette. The charts are lush and attractive—sort of updated Holman, really—but, at times, things sound too rehearsed, too polite. The music, again, doesn't grip you, but I gather it's not meant to.

As to the soloists: baritonist Wilson takes a raunchy, burly solo on the opener which sets a standard that is never met through the rest of the LP (though approached by a well-paced foray by pianist Kogan on *Gregory*). The other soloists—LaLama and Kirchner, particularly—are expressive and interesting, with the leader sounding, on clarinet, a bit like Jimmy Hamilton, and that is high praise indeed. But they never really surprise or make you sit up and take notice. All in all, this is a highly listenable album and an impressive debut for a promising band. Kirchner intends to stick with the nonet, and there's no reason why he shouldn't—but I would like to hear them looser and with a little more pow.

Credit must go here to Sea Breeze—both these albums possess clear, bright sound; the James is actually a single album in a fold-out cover (these days most companies are shoving two albums in a jacket for one), and the liner notes are comprehensive. Not to

mention to the fact that they've supported two bands with relatively large personnel. More power to them. —lee jeske

## ELEMENTS

**ELEMENTS**—Philo 9011: *COLOR WHEEL*; *STARWARD*; *ELECTRIC FIELDS*; *HAENA*; *CONUNDRUM*; *VALLEY*; *AIRIAL VIEW*.

**Personnel:** Mark Egan, bass, percussion; Danny Gottlieb, drums, percussion; Clifford Carter, keyboards; Bill Evans, saxophone.

★ ★ ★ ★

## SHADOWFAX

**SHADOWFAX**—Windham Hill C-1022:

*ANGEL'S FLIGHT*; *VAJRA*; *WHEEL OF DREAMS*; *ORIENTAL EYES*; *MOVE THE CLOUDS*; *A THOUSAND TEARDROPS*; *ARIKI (HUMMINGBIRD SPIRIT)*; *MARIE*.

**Personnel:** G. E. Stinson, 12-string acoustic, 6-string electric guitar, piano; Chuck Greenberg, Lyricon, soprano saxophone; Phil Maggini, bass; Stuart Nevitt, drums, percussion; Emil Richards, percussion; Alex de Grassi, 12-string acoustic guitar; Scott Cossu, piano; Jamii Szmazinski, violin, baritone violin; Bruce Malamant, Rhodes electric piano.

★ ★ ½

Both of these LPs could be called impressionistic jazz, with the compositional essence based on the contrasting and comple-

mentary use of sound textures and tonal colors over rhythmic motifs which build on silences and syncopation. There is a romantic delicacy to the music which is ethereal and dreamlike yet rhythmically intense, undisturbing yet musically interesting.

The creative input from each element of Elements (led by Pat Metheny Group veterans Mark Egan and Danny Gottlieb) results in a finely crafted collection of musical impressions of the natural environment—combining wind, rain, thunder, and ocean sounds most effectively and intrinsically with the instrumentation. Each composition (all penned by Egan except for Gottlieb's *Conundrum*), though in the same musical vein, is distinct and individual.

Carter's keyboards play a dominant role in the ensemble sound, while Evans' unique saxophone voice brings a fresh interpretation to the compositions. Underneath is the ever-present surging rhythm of Egan's melodic bass and Gottlieb's drumming—especially his shimmering cymbal work. Highlights are: *Starward*, dominated by Evans' delicate soprano touches and supported by a funky, reggae-ish rhythm motif; *Conundrum*, which builds from a percussive bell beginning into a sensitive drum solo, then into a jungle-type rhythm and melody with a tenor solo which builds in intensity to climax with a clap of thunder seguing into *Valley*, a bass solo, ending with the sound of falling rain; and *Airial View*, spotlighting Egan's pretty, almost sentimental, bass melody.

HAND-CRAFTED

"Super Power"  
SAX MOUTHPIECES

FROM

WORLD  
FAMOUS

SUPER POWER CHAMBER  
"SILVERITE METAL"  
MOUTHPIECES

- 250% more volume
- Bright rich sound
- Ease of blowing
- Responsive harmonics
- Faster technique
- Less reed problems
- With cap & 2 screw ligature

Introducing

NEW

"VIBRA-COM"

NEW EBOLITE COMPOSITION  
MOUTHPIECES

- Super Power Chambers
- 250% more power
- Superior to hard rubber
- Special formulated composition
- D & M chambers - alto & tenor
- With cap & 2 screw ligature

Introducing

NEW

"VIBRA-FREE"

CRYSTALITE LIGATURE

- Adjustable for reed response
- One screw rightening
- Ribbed for great reed response
- Sides never touch reed
- Form fitting
- Only fits Dukoff alto & tenor metal & Vibra-Corn mouthpieces
- SOLD SEPARATELY

DUKOFF

THE

# 1

MOUTHPIECE

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

WORLDWIDE INQUIRIES INVITED



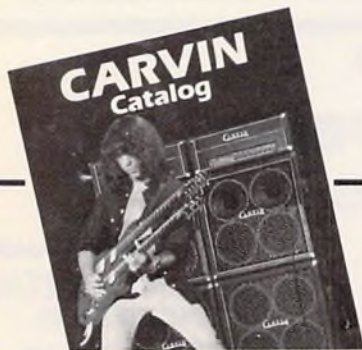
# The Original Original

## Introducing the Billy Cobham 767

A new original original from the world leader, Pro-Mark, the newest of the Billy Cobham heavy-duty rock collection. It's 16" long (406 mm) with a 5/8" diameter (16 mm), with a ball tip and very short taper; just perfect for heavy rock performance.

## When You Find a Good Thing, Stick With It!

We help you sound better.  
**pro-mark**  
 A Division of Remo, Inc.  
 10706 Craighead  
 Houston, Texas 77025  
 713-666-2525



## 1983 Pro-Line Guide

★ Before you buy a Guitar, Amp, Mixer, Speaker or P.A. System, get the 80-page CARVIN Color Catalog! See top groups like Pat Benatar, Roy Clark, Heart, Jefferson Starship, Marshall Tucker, and Frank Zappa play CARVIN because it's the best!

★ Compare Carvin's exceptional values. Buy DIRECT at Pro-Net prices — saving you hundreds of dollars.

★ Hundreds of models to choose from including double neck guitars, exotic wood guitars, fretless basses, guitar amps, equalizers, 800w power amps, crossovers, concert speaker systems with JBL, Magna-Lab, EV and Celestion speakers, pro mixers, mics and guitar parts.

Write: CARVIN, Dept DB83, 1155 Industrial Ave. Escondido, CA 92025. PH 619-747-1710

### CARVIN CATALOG

Send \$1 for Bulk Mail  \$2 for RUSH 1st Class

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

DB83

# RECORD REVIEWS

*Shadowfax*, though filled with fine musicianship, falls into a real danger in this type of music—the impressionistic compositions lack contrast and become hypnotic to the point of boredom. There is an Oriental feel to the album's overall tonality, accentuated by the extensive use of Greenberg's Lyricon, which produces the same electronic timbre no matter what note is fingered. The result is a disturbing amount of sameness.

*Shadowfax'* hypnotic atmosphere is due mainly to the monotonous, droning rhythms which underlie almost every cut. But considering individual pieces and not the LP as a whole, there are points when what this group is attempting really shines. Two gems on this album are *Oriental Eyes* and *Move The Clouds*. The former, the most energetic cut here, features a nicely syncopated bass and drum line under the chiming effect of vibes, Lyricon, and Rhodes. The latter is probably the most memorable selection on this album, with a refreshing dialog between violin and soprano.

Both *Elements* and *Shadowfax* perform the same musical experiment; their ultimate level of success depends on the listener's degree of involvement. —albert de genova

## SIMON & BARD

**TEAR IT UP**—Flying Fish FF262: *Let's Do It*; *Lazlo's Muse*; *City Of Rangers*; *Octabloom*; *The Toast*; *Tools Of Luxury*.

**Personnel:** Fred Simon, piano, Rhodes electric piano, organ; Michael Bard, saxophones, Lyricon wind synthesizer, clarinet; Steve Rodby, electric, acoustic bass; Paul Wertico, drums, percussion; Ralph Towner, 12-string acoustic guitar (cuts 4,6); Ernie Denov, electric guitar (6); Rob Thomas, violin (5,6).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Those pastoral American hinterlands that have been giving us Towners and Methenys are now giving us Simon & Bard. Fred Simon calls his publishing company Vampire Cows Music, and these guys are putting out jazz records—this is their second—on the folksy Flying Fish label.

It's quality jazz-rock with plenty of melodic hooks, but plenty of fascinating changes within each piece as well. Simon & Bard's first disc was called *Musaic*, so you know there's been a conscious effort to interweave bits of tunes, time changes, and a collage of compositional ideas. Plenty of other young fusion groups are emerging from academia with similar ideals about eclecticism, but with Simon & Bard the musical mulch seems to come easier, more organically.

A title like *Tear It Up* is rather misleading really; cuts like *The Toast* have the sophistication and delicacy of a string quartet, and *City Of Rangers* evolves from a beautiful soprano sax ballad into an orchestral celebration of bright, regal ebullience. On the other hand, the dramatic *Octabloom* is an upbeat showstopper, and the simpler fusion efforts *Let's Do It* and *Tools Of Luxury* rock pretty good. Still, a title like *Tear It Up* only tells part of the Simon & Bard story.

Ralph Towner's appearance here may prompt comparisons with Oregon, but the

Simon & Bard Group functions more in a commercial sphere with the Shorters and Methenys. The players are indeed highly skilled and versatile, but a strong, cohesive musical direction supercedes any individualistic heroics.

What results is a music of an almost too obviously marketable appeal, but also six pieces of interest and diversity, with enough latitude for some fine improvisation. In the final analysis *Tear It Up* has an air of success, not because it is contemporary and trendy, but because it is contemporary, accomplished, often ambitious, and good.

—robert henschen

## CODONA

**CODONA 3**—ECM-1-1243: *GOSHAKABUCHI*; *HEY DA BA DOOM*; *TRAVEL BY NIGHT*; *LULLABY*; *TRAYRA BOIA*; *CLUCKY CLACKY*; *INNER ORGANS*.

**Personnel:** Collin Walcott, sitar, dulcimer, sanza, tabla, voice; Don Cherry, trumpet, organ, doussn'gouni, voice; Nana Vasconcelos, berimbau, percussion, voice.

★ ★ ★ ½

There are travel writers, and there are those few who write about travel. An expansive chasm exists between standard reportage and the trenchant observations of literary craftsmen like Jonathan Raban and Paul Theroux, who strive to capture in words the essential qualities of a place. World music explorers Collin Walcott, Don Cherry, and Nana Vasconcelos—collectively known as Codona—have established a similar artistic distance from the pack of Third World-embracing polyrhythm pretenders.

Codona's formation of a pan-national music, documented on *Codona 3* and two prior ECM releases, is a well-intentioned attempt at communality even if the primitivism they celebrate is little more than a romantic notion these days. Sometimes, though, they go about it wrong. For instance, take the new record's opener, the Japanese traditional piece *Goshakabuchi*. Trumpeter Cherry first reverentially embroiders the melody, using silence and lagging resonance at the close of his lines to dramatic effect, but soon his aggressiveness points up the incongruity of brass for such music—the delicacy of the bamboo *shakuhachi* flute would be more appropriate. Meanwhile, Nana's today-must-be-Kyoto shakers add bland color, and Walcott, champion of Indian musics, adapts sitar and dulcimer to the Far Eastern mode. The disparate musical backgrounds fail to mesh.

Elsewhere Codona cuts through the barriers of style, shaping enchantingly *outré* folk-jazz. Nana's *Trayra Boia* invites listeners to parts unknown, possibly South America. The three-part spoken phrase (in Brazilian Portuguese? native Topi?) weaves a voodoo spell as broad trumpet sweeps act as summonses to prescribed rites. Then there's the deliciously titled *Clucky Clacky*, a witty approximation of country blues as interpreted by sitar and berimbau. Here Cherry sings a tale of life alongside the railroad line, conjuring up fevered visions of Mississippi John Hurt passing the time making music on the



stoop—the Taj Mahal's stoop. Other highlights include Cherry's trumpeted melodic counterpoint to Walcott's sitar in *Travel By Night* and the otherworldly atmosphere of *Inner Organs*, where trumpet squiggles and tabla figures over static organ bring to mind the wonderful Cherry/Latif Khan collaboration (Europa Records JP 2009). When Codona avoids pedantic posturing (*Goshakabuchi*, dry passages here and there), they become discerning global investigators whose idealism seems practical after all.

—frank-john hadley

## SLICKAPHONICS

**WOW BAG**—Enjo 4024: *YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT*; *ELECTRO PLASMA*; *NECK DOWN*; *WOW BAG*; *STEP ON YOUR WATCH*; *RED PLANET*; *THIS IS IT*; *RADIO LEGS*; *PROCRASTINATION*.

**Personnel:** Ray Anderson, trombone, conga, percussion, lead vocals; Steve Elson, tenor saxophone, synthesizer, percussion, vocals; Mark Helias, electric bass, vocals; Allan Jaffe, guitar, vocals; Jim Payne, drums, percussion, vocal (cut 5).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The idea behind Slickaphonics' music—that advanced jazz structures and tonalities can be grafted on to funk roots and rhythms—is an excellent one. Done successfully, such a pairing joins the best of two worlds into an appealing Yin and Yang combination that is equally considerate of the body and the mind.

Slickaphonics are not the first, of course, to explore this relationship. Defunkt, Ornette Coleman, Blood Ullmer, Ronald Shannon Jackson, and some of the more ambitious punk bands have all created music that incorporates these traditionally opposed genres, but the Slickaphonics have come up with some wrinkles of their own. First of all, they have written an album full of original songs with amazingly well-crafted lyrics. Amazingly, because none of the Slickaphonics are known for their lyric-writing talent, but also because one is simply not used to lyrics of this caliber. Blending satire, tongue twisting, contemporary imagery, and an acerbic tone, Slickaphonics recall such abstruse but welcome names as Tom Lehrer, Dr. Seuss, and Captain Beefheart. This lyrical richness is decidedly one of the reasons, along with the stimulating harmonic and rhythmic duality of their music, why Slickaphonics is more than just another jazz-funk group à la the Brecker Brothers or Stuff.

There are also numerous strong instrumental performances: Jaffe's melodic guitar solo on *You Can Do What You Want*, Anderson's and Elson's intricate unison heads on several tunes, Anderson's trombone virtuosity in bloom on *Electro Plasma*, and the rhythm team of Payne and Helias' liquid mesh supporting it all and laying down the funk grids. And then there are Ray Anderson's deliriously effective vocals. Sarcastic, cheeky, deadpan, but always with tremendous rhythmic drive, Anderson is as deft a singer as he is a trombonist. His scat solo on the title cut is simply hysterical.

In the final analysis Slickaphonics' debut

album comes across as rare charismatic listening. This is the start to a strong career, and the potential for real popularity. The line begins here!

—lars gabel

## ARNIE LAWRENCE

**RENEWAL**—Palo Alto PA 8033: *LOVER MAN*; *MY FOOLISH HEART*; *POINCIANA*; *TREATS STYLE*; *LIZA IS HER NAME*; *A SECRET LOVE*.

**Personnel:** Lawrence, alto, soprano saxophone (cuts 2, 5); Hilton Ruiz, piano; Mike Richmond, bass; Chico Hamilton (5), Billy Hart, drums, percussion (5); Ram Ramirez, piano (1), percussion (5); Abdullah Maghrib (5), Victor Garcia (5), percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

**AND TREASURE ISLAND**—Doctor Jazz

FW38445: *YOFFIE IS BACK*; *SKIP TO THE BLUES*; *BLESSED IS THE MATCH*; *ABDULLAH AND ABRAHAM*; *THE STREET MUSICIAN*; *ALL-WAYS AND FOREVER*.

**Personnel:** Lawrence, alto, soprano saxophone, alto flute; Tom Harrell, trumpet, flugelhorn; Mike Richmond, bass, piccolo bass; Jeff Williams, drums; Badal Roy, tabla, percussion, vocal (1, 5); Abdullah Maghrib, conga, percussion; Lois Colin, harp; Shamira Azad (1), Annette Sanders (6), vocal; Bonnie Matlick (1), Reverend John Gensel (3), narration.

★ ½

## JIMMY MOSHER

**A CHICK FROM CHELSEA**—Discovery DS 860: *QUASIMODO*; *YOU KNOW I CARE*; *BLUE WALLS*; *GRAMPS PRANCE*; *MISS KRISSEY*; *A CHICK FROM CHELSEA*.

**Personnel:** Mosher, alto saxophone; Tom Ranier, piano; Joel DiBartolo, bass; Peter Donald, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

In *The Jazz Book* Joachim Berendt wrote that "the alto sax cannot be played without a Charlie Parker consciousness." The evidence, as heard in the styles of the great modern altoists, agrees with him. Listen to Phil Woods or Lee Konitz or Paquito D'Rivera for three different post-Parker sensibilities. Even Ornette Coleman began as a bebopper.

If the influence is universal, its effect has not been uniform—no one would mistake Phil Woods for Ornette. The best players have absorbed Bird and then created something new. How well they have done this, and how consistently, is what has set them apart. Arnie Lawrence and Jimmy Mosher are steeped in the legacy of Bird, too. Both honed their skills as sidemen—Lawrence with Chico Hamilton, Clark Terry, Ray Nance, and others; Mosher in many big bands including ones led by Buddy Rich, Maynard Ferguson, and Chick Corea.

Lawrence's *Renewal* is the best of these records because it combines a firm control of traditional materials with some imaginative ideas. This is immediately obvious in the emotional range he displays on *Lover Man*. His entrance is smooth and seductive—there's a touch of Johnny Hodges in his sound—but he builds intensity quickly, and

down beat's  
"How To" author says...

Take Another Look

at the

KEYBOARD

and find the patterns every modern musician needs to know — all the intervals, all the chords, all the scales and modes — all made from simple, symmetrical models.

This new book by William L. Fowler contains hundreds of actual keyboard examples to illustrate its concise explanations.

E.L. Lancaster, Project Director for the National Piano Foundation, says of the book, "... I will certainly include it on my workshop lists. I was especially impressed with the sections on ninth, eleventh and thirteenth chords."

This book is for all musicians, instrumental or vocal, amateur or professional, reader or non-reader, student or teacher.

To get your copy by return mail, send \$15.00 (check or money order) to:

**FOWLER MUSIC ENTERPRISES**

808 South Alkire Street  
Lakewood, Colorado 80228

(Colorado residents add 90¢ sales tax)

Dealer Inquiries Invited: (303) 986-7309

(attach label here)

Please let us know six weeks before you move. Place your current down beat address label in the space provided above and print your new address below.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Please include a down beat address label whenever you write to us about your subscription. The numbers on your address label are essential to insure prompt and accurate service.

**down beat**  
An American Music Magazine

Subscribers Service  
222 W. Adams Street  
Chicago, IL 60606

# RECORD REVIEWS

his bebop instincts become apparent. Then he gracefully loops back, making a smooth transition to a reflective re-statement of the theme by pianist Ram Ramirez.

On *Treats Style*, a Monkish tune by bassist Jimmy Garrison, Lawrence shows a real feeling for the blues. He also has a strong affinity for latin rhythms, and his version of *Poinciana* is the album's high point. Lawrence draws muted, flute-like tones from his alto during his opening dialog with Billy Hart's drums, and he then spins out a long, cohesive solo as the band gathers into a tasty groove behind him.

Lawrence has a big, warm sound on both alto and soprano, and his sound is enhanced on the record by a touch of reverb that imparts the feeling of a live performance in a spacious room. Lawrence also benefits from an outstanding group of players: Ruiz is a bubbling, energetic force throughout, and the main rhythm team of Hart and Mike

Richmond is crisp and resilient.

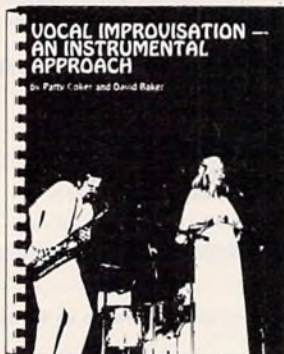
*Arnie Lawrence And Treasure Island*, on the other hand, is an album with many dimensions but no point of view. As leader of this unusual session—recorded in 1979 but just released—Lawrence chose to withdraw behind a wall of curious echoplex effects that obscure rather than enhance his playing. The choicest solos come from trumpeter Tom Harrell, notably on *Skip To The Blues* and *All-Ways And Forever*, but the semi-exotic modality of the material seems to restrict rather than liberate him. There are some interesting textures here and there (the harp is certainly an unusual flavor), but much of the music sounds tentative and unfocused, and the ponderously melodramatic narratives do not invite repeated listening.

Jimmy Mosher's album is less adventurous, and his sidemen are more limited. He leaves no doubt about his "Charlie Parker

consciousness," beginning with Bird's *Quasimodo* at a blistering tempo. Mosher moves deftly through the tune, but his rhythm section is not as comfortable. Pianist Rainer sounds distinctly edgy on his solo here, and he seems to be straining on all the uptempo material. He's much better on Duke Pearson's ballad *You Know I Care*, a duet with Mosher that frees him from the headlong push of DiBartolo and Donald.

As producer, Mosher opted for a dry studio sound that makes his album sound sterile. This effect is reinforced by the lack of harmonic color on most of the tunes and the somewhat academic approach. The most exotic tune, Mosher's *A Chick From Chelsea* (a tribute to Corea), is a dismal failure. The tune captures some obvious superficial characteristics of Corea's sound, but it gets tedious long before it ends.

Mosher, it should be noted, is a mature



**Vocal Improvisation - An Instrumental Approach** by Patty Coker and David Baker ..... \$20.00

A comprehensive and well structured method employing many of the techniques which have worked so well in instrumental jazz instruction. Recording included.

## JAZZ STUDIES from STUDIO P/R- COLUMBIA



### FAVORITE JAZZ TEXTS

#### FOR ALL INSTRUMENTS

**Scales For Jazz Improvisation** by Dan Haerle ..... \$6.95

**Ear Training Tapes For The Jazz Musician** by David N. Baker ..... \$8.95

Five progressive volumes, each containing one book & one cassette. **Intervals; Triads, Three Note Sets, Four & Five Note Sets; Seventh Chords, Scales; Major Melodies, Turnarounds, I-VI7 Formulae; II-V7 Patterns**

**A Complete Method For Jazz Improvisation** by Jerry Coker .... Cassette included - \$20.00

**The Jazz Style of Clifford Brown: A Musical & Historical Perspective** by David Baker ... \$9.95  
Also at \$9.95, Fats Navarro, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Julian "Cannonball" Adderley & Sonny Rollins.

**Jazz Tunes For Improvisation** by Dan Haerle, Jack Petersen, & Rich Matteson ..... \$9.95  
Please specify for B flat, E flat, C, or Bass Clef.

A set of tapes is available to be used with the booklet - set of 7 tapes ..... \$35.00  
(individual tape sells for \$5.95 each)

**Pentatonic Scales For Jazz Improvisation** by Ramon Ricker ..... \$7.95

**A New Approach To Ear Training For Jazz Musicians** by David N. Baker Includes 2 cassettes ..... \$22.00

**Advanced Ear Training For The Jazz Musician** by David N. Baker - Includes 1 cassette \$12.00

#### FOR BASS

**The Evolving Bassist** by Rufus Reid ... \$14.50

**Evolving Upward - Bass Book 2** by Rufus Reid ..... \$7.50

**Bebop Bass** transcribed by Harold Miller \$4.95

**The Bass Line Book** by Arn Evans ..... \$5.95

TO ORDER THESE JAZZ TEXTS: Contact your local dealer, or send check, money order, or Visa or Master Card information to:



Studio P/R-Columbia  
16333 N.W. 54th Avenue  
P.O. Box 4340  
Hialeah, FL 33014

800 327-7643

Add \$1.50 for postage and handling. Florida residents add 5% sales tax.

solisto with an even sound and a sure sense of where he is going. His lines throughout are strong and intelligent, but the music on this album is simply too one-dimensional.

—jim roberts

## TED CURSON

**& CO.**—India Navigation IN 1054: *SONG OF THE LONELY; BLUE PICCOLO; OPEN THE DOOR; PLAYHOUSE MARCH; ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE.*

**Personnel:** Curson, trumpet, flugelhorn, pocket trumpet; Jim McNeely, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Steve McCall, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

Peripatetic and peppery Ted Curson has had more than his share of world travel and something less than his share of recording dates since his brilliant years with Mingus and Dolphy (1959-60). This recent Japanese recording (superior to India Navigation's usual murky sound) shows he's lost none of the pert, fiery qualities of his youth; even whiffed notes, approximate pitches, and occasional clams make part of the chance-

taking fabric of this exciting, cutting-edge player. The group balance is right: McNeely sounds bright and clear in all octaves and plays well; McCall swings very lightly and briskly here, with short, arresting solos, dynamically variegated; and McBee tailors himself perfectly and gives generously, relaxed and bluesy on this relaxed, bluesy date. These tart, crisp Macs set off Curson beautifully.

There is a slow side, then a quick side. Curson's four originals are three blues of various shades (march a la Benny Golson, slow burner in the pocket, and a zingy twist to *Open The Door*) and perhaps his best ballad since *Tears For Dolphy* (Arista, and theme music for Pasolini's bizarre film *Teorema*). The haunting tune retains McNeely and a *Wild Blue Yonder* quote from its premiere (*Jubilant Power*, Inner City), but digs deeper into the well of solitude, opening with a sad minor third reminiscent of Cootie Williams' on *Tone Parallel To Harlem*. The Jerome Kern standard closer could be called "textbook" if it didn't so cheerfully bend the rules.

—fred bouchard

## critics' choice

### Art Lange

**NEW RELEASE:** Gil Evans, *Priestess* (Antilles). A rainbow of colors made audible, hot to the touch and cool to soothe the soul.

**OLD FAVORITE:** Odean Pope, *Almost Like Me* (Moers). This torrid trio welds some funk to fiery chops and lyrical imagination.

**RARA AVIS:** Obo Addy, *Kukurudu* (Cascade). Ghanaian master drummer invokes echoes of King Sunny and Fela in blending African roots and Western jazz.

**SCENE:** The debut of the punk-funk-junk-jazz band Nicholas Tremulis at Tut's in Chi-town.

### Charles Doherty

**NEW RELEASE:** Chick Corea, *Again And Again (The Joburg Sessions)* (Elektra Musician). Neither his best tunes nor his best band, but this disc keeps my pencil tapping.

**OLD FAVORITE:** Thelonious Monk, *Monk's Music* (Riverside). If you missed this classic platter (w/ Trane and Hawk) the first few times around, I'm sure it's a prime candidate for the Fantasy reissue program.

**RARA AVIS:** Xavier And The Messengers, *The King Has Come* (Unknown). This pop-punk-funk-jazz-martial-heavy-metal sextet covers a lot of ground on their four-tune, 45 rpm EP. **SCENE:** The only weak link in the International Blues Festival (B. B. King, Bobby Blue Bland, Albert King, Little Milton, Z. Z. Hill) was a p.a. that sandbagged Bobby B. (especially), at the U. IL-Chicago Pavilion.

### Sam Freedman

**NEW RELEASE:** Billy Bang Quintet, *Invitation* (Soul Note). A *Pebble Is A Stone* is the most luminous single track this side of McCoy Tyner's *Rotunda*.

**OLD FAVORITE:** Oliver Nelson, *The Blues And The Abstract Truth* (MCA Impulse). Heroes and legends are made of this—*Hoe-down!*

**RARA AVIS:** Donald Byrd/Pepper Adams/Herbie Hancock, *Takin' Care of Business* (TCB). I found this in a cut-out bin for \$1.99; it may not be the greatest LP I own, but it's the most sublime.

**SCENE:** King Sunny Adé And The African Beats at Roseland (NYC). To paraphrase Jon Landau, I've seen the pop music future, and its name is not Bruce Springsteen.

### Fred Bouchard

**NEW RELEASE:** Sam Jones, *The Bassist!* (Discovery). Crisp, taut, challenging—a delightful performance featuring attractive compositions and sturdy playing.

**OLD FAVORITE:** Thelonious Monk, *Brilliant Corners* (Riverside). Topping the charts among Fantasy's 40 marvelous reissues is this classic '56 session. Must hear.

**RARA AVIS:** Albert De Klerk, *Die Kleinorgel* (Telefunken). Music of Buxtehude, Couperin, Palestrina, and others on 17th & 18th century pump organs. Wheezy, reedy, marvelous.

**SCENE:** Jimmy Knepper and Lee Konitz teaming up for warm Tristano-tangented bop (alongside Joe Cohn, Teddy Kotick, Joe Hunt, and Bob Merrill) at the penultimate performance at Boston's the Hasty Pudding Club.

## ATTENTION SAXOPHONISTS

**JAMES MOODY  
AL COHN  
ROGER PEMBERTON**  
play the RIA Metal  
Tenor Saxophone  
Mouthpiece Exclusively . . .



The all new, world class RIA metal mouthpiece is now available for soprano, alto, tenor, and baritone sax, in facings from No. 1 to No. 10.

The tone is centered, the intonation excellent and projection remarkable. There is maximum response in all registers. Precise dimensions are maintained for the bore, baffle, tone chamber, facing, and lip and side rails. You absolutely must try this new fantastic mouthpiece to see and hear what a positive difference it will make in your playing.

Available in New York at: ART SHELL, INC., 167 West 48th St., NY, NY 10036, (212) 869-8337. By mail from: THE WOODWIND, 50741 U.S. 31 North, South Bend, IN 46327. Dealer Inquiries to: REED INSTRUMENT ACCESSORIES CO., P.O. Box 143, Bayside, NY 11361.

From

## LEE EVANS

- Modes and their Use in Jazz (\$7.95)
- Jazz Keyboard Harmony (\$18.00)
- The Jazz Tetrachord Approach to Keyboard Jazz Improvisation (\$4.50)
- The Rhythms of Keyboard Jazz (\$5.00)
- The Elements of Jazz (\$3.50)
- Further Experiences with The Elements of Jazz \$3.50)
- Beginning Jazz Improvisation (\$3.00)
- Learning to Improvise Jazz Accompaniments (\$3.00)
- Jazz-Flavored Scale Patterns (\$3.00)
- Jazz-Flavored Broken Triads (\$3.00)
- Jazz-Flavored Broken Dom. 7ths (\$3.00)
- Jazz-Flavored Sequential Patterns (\$3.00)

- Rock Styles for Piano (\$3.50)
- Advanced Rock Styles for Piano (\$3.50)
- Famous Irish Airs: Mdm. Pno. Imprsnns. (\$3.50)
- Christmas: Mdm. Pno. Impressions (\$3.50)
- Jazz Up Your Christmas (\$3.50)
- Jack and Jill Jazz (\$3.00)
- More Jack and Jill Jazz (\$3.50)
- Jazz Interp. of Pop. Amer. Folk Songs (\$3.50)
- Jazz Suite for Piano (\$2.50)
- Travel the Keyboard Jazz Highway (\$3.50)
- Aunt Tissy (stage band) (\$20.00)

### IMPORTANT NEW PIANO BOOKS

- Easy-Pno. Jazz Rhy. Primer (\$3.00)
- An Intro. to 16th Notes, Bk. I (\$3.50)
- An Intro. to 16th Notes, Bk. II (\$3.50)
- Easy Jazz Christmas Duets (\$3.50)
- A Musical Christmas/Easy-Pno. (\$3.50)

Mail this form with check or M.O. payable to:

**PIANO PLUS, INC.**

300 W. 55th St., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Include \$95 for postage and handling, plus sales tax for NYS residents. Canada & Foreign postage add 50% to price of books. (No C.O.D.) U.S.A. funds only.

Send order to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

METHOD BOOKS

# RECORD REVIEWS

## waxing on

### New And Blue

**JUNIOR WELLS/BUDDY GUY:** *DRINKIN' TNT 'N' SMOKIN' DYNAMITE* (Blind Pig BP 1182)

★ ★ ★

**HIP LINKCHAIN:** *CHANGE MY BLUES* (Teardrop 001) ★ ★ ½

**BIG LEON BROOKS:** *LET'S GO TO TOWN* (Blues Over Blues 2702) ★ ★ ★ ½

**PETER DAMES:** *AND THE RHYTHM FLAMES* (Sparrow Sound Design 0003) ★ ★ ★ ½

**ANDREW BROWN:** *BIG BROWN'S CHICAGO BLUES* (Black Magic 9001) ★ ★ ★ ½

**MAGIC SLIM AND THE TEARDROPS:** *RAW MAGIC* (Alligator 4728) ★ ★ ★

**A. C. REED AND HIS SPARK PLUGS:** *TAKE THESE BLUES AND SHOVE 'EM* (Ice Cube 1057)

★ ★ ★ ½

**JOHNNY COPELAND:** *MAKE MY HOME WHERE I HANG MY HAT* (Rounder 2030)

★ ★ ★ ½

**ISAAC SCOTT:** *BIG TIME BLUES MAN* (Music Is Medicine 9054) ★ ★ ★ ½

**LARRY DAVIS:** *FUNNY STUFF* (Rooster Blues Records R2616) ★ ★ ★

**ROBERT JR. LOCKWOOD/JOHNNY SHINES:** *MISTER BLUES IS HERE TO STAY* (Rounder 2026)

★ ★ ★ ½

The blues may never die, but in between faddish "revivals" it does lay awfully low. Black support is meager, compared to the response for more modern styles, and trendy white audiences have been recent years' best blues market. Whites first met the blues *en masse* in the '60s, thanks to San Francisco hippies and "British Invasion" rock groups. This enabled B. B. King, Muddy Waters, and other veterans to leave the ghetto circuit and finally make some money. Blues bands began playing venues like the Fillmore (sometimes cutting ridiculous "psychedelic" albums), and for a time work was plentiful. Soon the trend abated, though, until a decade later when the Blues Brothers hit big. Belushi and Aykroyd created another brief boom for the musicians whom they idolized, but it soon passed as well. Before and after such periodic pop-culture prominence—look for another flurry some time in the '90s—business as usual runs from slow to rigor mortis. There are occasional hit singles on the soul charts, usually by established names only, but black radio in general finds the blues too old-fashioned. It's rare for a blues album devoid of such charted singles to sell even 10,000 copies; if any of the records reviewed here do, the companies involved will be well satisfied.

Apart from Buddy Guy, none of the artists considered here are stylistic innovators. Most, in fact, are highly derivative. The bulk of these structurally limited, redundant albums are the blues equivalent of "blowing sessions," recorded live-in-the-studio without arrangements. What makes or breaks each session, then, is the Almighty Groove. Soulful performance can always justify a tune or riff's umpteenth performance, but nothing's duller

than a dead warhorse.

Let's start with **Buddy Guy** and **Junior Wells**, the only name artists present. Their set was recorded live at Montreux with a band assembled backstage at the very last minute. While the liner notes boast of "the fire and spontaneity of a Chicago blue Monday session," the actual result is a tentative, hesitant group which lacks the confident attack of a well-acquainted unit. Neither Wells nor Guy sounds intensely involved, though Guy informs the crowd that "we get a better thrill out of playing here than we do at home." Buddy is famous for abandoned vocals and phraseless, torrential solos. He has his moments here, particularly on *Ten Years Ago*, but to catch Guy at full strength, check out Alligator's aptly titled *Stone Crazy*. Lately it seems that Guy and Junior Wells have tired of working together; they rarely catch fire simultaneously, as was the case years back on the Delmark classic *Hoodoo Man*. Junior sounds somewhat strained and hoarse here, and his standard repertoire of James Brown-vocal effects is delivered with only mild enthusiasm. This is partly because the band misses the accompanying stops and accents, but in fairness Wells' actual cues are hard to distinguish from his general stage moves. His chromatic harp work on *Ten Years Ago* is very effective. Rolling Stones bassist Bill Wyman and drummer Dallas Taylor (formerly with Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young) stay in the pocket, though Taylor seems unfamiliar with Chicago blues nuances. Keyboard veteran Pinetop Perkins gives the set more of a classic '50s feel than some of Junior and Buddy's recent funkified efforts, but inexplicably he's mixed in way too low.

Perkins, who recently ended a long tenure with Muddy Waters, seems to be the house pianist for this month's *Waxing On*. We next find him backing guitarist **Hip Linkchain**, a raw, rough-edged mainstay of Chicago's West Side scene. Linkchain is long on soul and short on chops; in the best backwoods, self-taught tradition, he's apt to play 11 bars on one 12-bar verse, and 13 or 14 on the next. Such irregularity was fine for the great country blues soloists, but it makes accompaniment rough for even the most intuitive sidemen. Hip's single-note solos are sharp, jabbing, and concise; he shouts while playing and generates considerable excitement, especially on the funky opener *Cold Chills*. Linkchain's limits soon become obvious, though, so it's hard to figure why all the slow blues were placed back-to-back on the first side, with side two relegated to indistinguishable mid-tempo shuffles. Even Perkins' accomplished solos fail to fend off boredom. Linkchain's live sets are highly recommended, repetition and all, but his infectious bandstand charisma does not translate well to wax.

Perkins' talents are put to best use behind harmonist **Big Leon Brooks**, who passed away before his album was released. Brooks was an avowed disciple of Little Walter, one of modern blues harp's definitive stylists. While hardly approaching his mentor's versatility, Leon's *Let's Go To Town* is a soulful, cohesive session graced by gruff, gutsy vocals. Big factors in its success are intelligent, varied

Jestick!  
Fantastick!

From  
Calato,  
of course!

Calato's brand new Jestick combines in one instrument the striking tones of a rosewood clave, the jingling of a tambourine and the rhythmic grating of a guiro — producing unique, intriguing effects. Easy to catch on to, and catching on fast! Write for free Jestick instruction sheet.

**calato**

We invented Regal Tip®

At local music stores or  
write Calato: Dept.  
4501 Hyde Park Blvd.  
Niagara Falls, N.Y. 14305  
Phone (716) 285-3546

sequencing and an all-star band including bassist Bob Stroger, drummer Odie Payne, and guitarist Louis Myers. These artists and others present appeared on many of Chicago blues' classic sides, and are still in top form today. Their sound here is pure '50s, with a vigorous groove and state-of-the-art mix. Notable cuts include *Hurry Up Joe*, *Young Girl*, and *Please Mr. Cattish*.

Regional rivalries aside, Chicago is definitely the world's *quantitative* blues capital, so it's hardly surprising that several more Chicago bands enter our lab for dissection. Pianist **Peter Dames** represents that much-scorned species known as White Bluesman. Egghead purists may never give him a gig, especially overseas, but Dames' two-fisted playing is right on time. His main influence is the postwar Chicago school typified by Perkins and the late Otis Spann. *Peter's Boogie* best showcases his solid chops. Unfortunately Dames is not a strong singer, and apart from the witty original *Baby On The Way* he chose to record some truly over-worked tunes. This is amply balanced out, though, by guitarist Willie James Lyons. Lyons, who also died before hearing himself on wax, might well be considered one of Chicago's unsung greats. Working in the West Side/Magic Sam mold, Lyons played with a rich, full tone and precise, fluid phrasing. His solo on *Something Inside Me* is a masterpiece of skillfully heightened har-

monic tension that's finally resolved in a brilliant climax. This one cut alone makes Dames' album.

While not Lyons' equal in either conception or technique, guitarist **Andrew Brown** is another solid Chicago talent. *Big Brown's Chicago Blues* is a relaxed, unpretentious set that's consistently mellow throughout. Reflecting some B. B. King influence in his phrasing, Brown emphasizes single notes and melodic intervals. There's little chording apart from some rich, unusual Stax voicings on the instrumental *What's In It For Me*. Brown's warm, mid-range vocals are similarly easy-going, adding to the set's tranquil groove. As with Big Leon's album, there are no single electrifying moments, and the tunes blur together, but pleasantly so. Smart sequencing and a good mix, on the drums especially, add the finishing touches to this modest gem.

Many Chicago blues players are Mississippi emigrants, and **Magic Slim** is one whose rural roots are immediately obvious. His stinging combination of note-bending with vibrato approximates the Delta bottleneck sound; when repeated with growing intensity, such figures become almost hypnotic. Slim's down-home diction and droning vocal style have a similarly captivating effect, especially when the band stretches out, as they do here. His unvarnished country sound is standardized structurally (as opposed to

players like Linkchain), and includes stripped-down versions of such soul tunes as *Mustang Sally*. Second guitarist Junior Pettis accompanies Slim with single-note leads instead of the usual rhythmic chording. Despite the unique texture which this produces, the Teardrops are repetitious and limited, and non-dancing listeners are apt to find *Raw Magic* dull, at least in large doses. Slim can be heard in more concise form on Alligator's *Living Chicago Blues* series; one way or another, this tight, primitive band shouldn't be missed.

Success in the music business is a long-shot proposition at best, and Chicago sax veteran **A. C. Reed** has made some scathing observations: "I want a job where I can get paid every week/I'm playin' this music and I can't hardly eat/Money-hungry peoples and musicians stabbin' me in the back/I was better off down South with a cotton sack/That's why I'm fed up with this music/Want to make a livin' any way I can/Well I done made up my mind/I want to be a plain old workin' man." *Fed Up With This Music* is certainly one of blues' most incisive originals, but the rest of the *Take These Blues And Shove 'Em* album is just well-played old hat. Reed's stints with Wells, Son Seals, and Albert Collins prove his instrumental skill; let's hope he develops his impressive flair for lyrics.

Artists in every field have traditionally abandoned hinterland obscurity for a shot at

## HOW TO KEEP YOUR PANTS UP AND STOP SCRATCHING.

It's easy, with the Musicians Belt. Ordinary belts can chew up the finish on your valuable instrument. The Musicians Belt has no exposed metal parts... it's made from the finest select cowhide, guaranteed to protect even the most delicate finish. You'll look good, sound good, and keep that prized instrument in mint condition.

\* **Two models - plain or basketweave finish**

\* **Hidden compartment for flat picks**

\* **Hand edged coated, hand burnished, and hand-rubbed chestnut finish**

\* **Exclusive formula sealer, so dyes don't run**

\* **Made in the U.S.A.**

\* **Money back if not 100% satisfied**

\* **SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER: \***

Plain finish - list \$29.95

• **NOW ONLY \$19.95**

Basketweave finish - list \$38.95

• **NOW ONLY \$28.95**

\* **Please state size / add \$5.00 for size over 42.**

**Add \$1.75 for postage and handling.**

\* **Belt width is 1 1/2 inches**

THE  
MUSICIANS  
BELT.

GENUINE COWHIDE. MADE IN U.S.A.

SEND CHECK OR M.O. TO:

**R.S.F Industries**

**Dept. 12**

**Box 578**

**Belmont, MA 02178**

**(617) 923-9587**

Allow 2-4 weeks delivery

Offer void 6/15/83

\* Dealer inquiries invited.

\* Look for us at Namm

# RECORD REVIEWS

urban opportunities. After decades of scuffling in Texas, guitarist **Johnny Copeland** headed northeast in the '70s, and soon became a fixture on the New York/Boston circuit. Substantial talent notwithstanding, Copeland's subsequent critical raves seemed disproportionately due to his newly adopted local status. (Chicago bluesmen J. B. Hutto and Luther "Guitar Junior" Johnson have also moved east, and today—faced with infinitely less blues competition—their careers are much improved.) At any rate Copeland is diverse and powerful, if not particularly original. His guitar work combines strong doses of B. B. King and Albert Collins, though the thin-toned, unfocused solos fail to build. Copeland's vocals are far more impressive, with a grainy, emotional tone that recalls Little Johnny Taylor, especially when preaching on slow tunes. Thanks to a tight, well-recorded band, a strong performance, and carefully chosen materials, side one of *Make My Home* . . . rates with recent years' very best blues records. Memorable cuts include the title track, *Natural Born Believer*, and *Devil's Hand*. Pianist Ken Vangel's fresh, forceful arrangements are particularly fine. Side two, unfortunately, soon runs out of both steam and variation.

Seattle's **Isaac Scott** also left the South to dominate a minimum-competition blues market. He's a soulful guitarist with single-string stylistic tinges of Lowell Fulson and B. B. and Albert King. Like Copeland, Scott's guitar tone is thin and his solos often lack direction, but a tight band and novel arrangements put his heartfelt playing across. The lush horn chart on *Don't Let My Baby Ride* is particularly tasteful. Vocally, Scott works on two levels: a wry, laconic, half-spoken delivery—recalling Fulson and Sonny Boy Williamson—and full-throated gospel fervor. His dynamic transition from one approach to the other can be truly riveting, as on his unique preaching treatment of the Beatles' *Help*. Other strong cuts include *Seattle Blues* and *Let My Mind Run Back*. Varied, un-clichéd material and Bob Krinsky's subtle production make *Big Time Blues Man* a consistent, professional set which grows with repeated listening.

**Larry Davis** is a hinterland talent who's stayed close to his native Little Rock. Strongly influenced by fellow-Arkansan Albert King (who's probably today's most imitated blues artist), Davis works in a highly similar bent-and-sustained single-note instrumental vein. His tone is fat and less

piercing, though, with great results on the opening title track. Davis' singing also borrows from King in its combination of crooning and declamation, and again, Davis' sound is much fuller than that of his mentor and former boss. Such pleasing qualities give Davis considerable studio potential which sadly isn't realized. Three different rhythm sections make for a very uneven groove, and the mix is inconsistent. Ace pianist Johnny Johnson (Chuck Berry's original ivory tickler) appears at bafflingly low volume, and tired tunes like *Next Time You See Me* and *That Will Never Do* slow the set's pace. The newly formed Rooster label is run by the knowledgeable staff of *Living Blues* magazine; let's hope that their production savvy will soon equal their historical expertise.

Septuagenarian **Robert Jr. Lockwood** is the old master of this 11-album aggregation. Lockwood cut his teeth on the Delta blues of his illustrious stepfather Robert Johnson, and then acquired diverse urbane chops as well. He shares the spotlight here with fellow Johnson protege **Johnny Shines**. The versatile Lockwood is still vital and inventive, but Shines, a one-dimensional rural player, sounds tired and past his peak. The duo ambitiously tackles a broad range of mate-

## JAZZ PLAY-A-LONG SETS

by Jamey Aebersold

We're changing the way people practice!

New!

# JOHN COLTRANE

VOLUMES 27 & 28

Play-A-Long Book and Record Sets \$10.95 per set

Volume 27 includes

Mr. P.C.  
Some Other Blues  
Naima  
Like Sonny  
Spiritual  
Blues Minor  
Crescent  
The Promise



PERSONNEL

RON CARTER—Bass  
HAROLD MABERN—Piano  
ADAM NUSSBAUM—Drums

Volume 28 includes

Impressions (slow)  
Impressions (fast)  
Giant Steps (slow)  
Giant Steps (fast)  
36-2  
Up Against The Wall  
Dear Lord  
A Love Supreme  
Mr. Day  
Countdown  
(medium tempo)

\$8.95 per set (LP & Book) unless indicated.

**VOLUME 1—"A NEW APPROACH"**—Beg./Int. level. Chapters on melody, modes, Blues scale, Pentatonic scale use, ear training, articulation, blues melodies, chromaticism, etc. Required scales and chord tones written in each measure. Blues in F and Bb, Dorian minor tracks, cadences, cycle of Dom. 7ths, 11/7's, 24-measure song . . . transposed parts too. This and "GETTIN' IT TOGETHER" will get you started on the right track!

**VOLUME 21—"GETTIN' IT TOGETHER"**—NEW! For all musicians regardless of ability and for jazz players in particular. Use for daily warm-ups, scale/chord practice, etc. Don't overlook this disciplined comprehensive (but exciting) method of practicing or improvising in all major, minor and Dom. 7th keys, as well as slow blues in Bb and F. Makes you "get your chops together." **2-LP Set \$9.95**

**VOLUME 2—"NOTHIN' BUT BLUES"**—Beg./Int. level. 11 different Blues in various keys and tempos. This volume is truly fun to play with. Rhythm section on LP grooves! Scales and chord tones are written.

**VOLUME 3—"THE 11/7/1 PROGRESSION"**—Int. level. Probably the most important musical sequence in modern jazz. A must for all jazz players! Supplement includes 11 pages of 11/7/1 exercises to be applied with LP-B tracks to improvise with and practice in all keys.

**VOLUME 4—"MOVIN' ON"**—Int./Adv. level. A challenging collection of Aebersold & Dan Haerle tunes. Book contains melodies and needed scales/chords for all instruments.

**VOLUME 5—"TIME TO PLAY MUSIC"**—Int. level. Similar to Vol. 4 except the songs are much easier. *Modal Voyage*, *Killer Pete*, *Groovitis*, etc. Next logical Vol. after Vol. 3. Lots of variety.

**VOLUME 6—"ALL BIRD"**—Adv. level. 10 songs written by Charlie Parker, Ron Carter, bass; Kenny Barron, piano; Ben Riley on drums. Record has excellent bebop feel! Best way to learn these famous tunes.

**VOLUME 7—"MILES DAVIS"**—Int./Adv. level. Eight classics by Miles Davis. Four, Dig, Solar, Tune Up & Milestones, etc.

**VOLUME 8—"SONNY ROLLINS"**—Int./Adv. level. Nine classic jazz originals written by Sonny Rollins. Contains 9 of Rollins' most famous tunes, in their original keys.

**VOLUME 9—"WOODY SHAW"**—Int./Adv. level. Eight jazz originals written by Woody Shaw. *Little Red's Fantasy*, *Blues for Wood*, *Moontrane*, *Tomorrow's Destiny*, *Beyond All Limits*, etc.

**VOLUME 10—"DAVID BAKER"**—Int./Adv. level. Eight beautiful originals by David Baker. One of the most prolific composers in jazz today. Tunes offer a wide variety of styles and tempos.

**VOLUME 11—"HERBIE HANCOCK"**—Beg./Int. level. Eight of Herbie's greatest songs. *Maiden Voyage*, *Cantaloupe Island*, *Watermelon Man*, *Dolphin Dance*, *Jessica*, etc.

**VOLUME 12—"DUKE ELLINGTON"**—Int. level. Nine all time favorites. *Satin Doll*, *Perdido*, *Solitude*, *Prelude to A Kiss*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *Mood Indigo*, *I Let A Song Go Out of My Heart*, *In A Sentimental Mood*, "A" Train.

**VOLUME 13—"CANNONBALL ADDERLEY"**—Eight songs made famous by Cannonball: *Work Song*, *Del Sasser*, *Unit 7*, *Jeanine*,

## NEW . . . Vol. 22

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

## NEW . . . Vol. 24

**VOL. 24 MAJOR & MINOR**—for ALL Instrumentalists & Vocalists. Contains Book, 2 stereo LP's, and a special 7" EP demonstration record featuring J. Aebersold playing sax. Set covers ALL Major & Minor keys at comfortable tempos—30 extended tracks to practice with. Transposed parts. This set is designed to help you gain confidence regardless of your ability. Use for warming up—pick a different key each day. Piano, bass, drums rhy. section. . . . . **PRICE \$11.95**

## NEW . . . Vol. 23

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

## NEW . . . Vol. 25

**VOL. 25—17 ALL-TIME STANDARDS**. Lyrics and melodies transposed for all instruments. *Summertime*, *Speak Low*, *September Song*, *Old Devil Moon*, *The Party's Over*, *My Funny Valentine*, *My Favorite Things*, *Love Is Here To Stay*, *I Love You*, *I Could Write a Book*, *I Can't Get Started*, *Foolish Heart*, *Come Rain or Come Shine*, and *A Foggy Day*, etc. Rhythm section is H. Galper, piano; S. Gilmore, bass; B. Goodwin, drums. . . . . (Book & 2 LP's) **\$12.95**

*This Here, Scotch & Water, Saudade, Sack of Woe.*

**VOLUME 14—"BENNY GOLSON"**—Int./Adv. level. *Killer Joe*, *Along Came Betty*, *Are You Real*, *Whisper Not*, *I Remember Clifford*, *Stablemates*, *Blues March* and *Ease Away Walk*.

**VOLUME 15—"PAYIN' DUES"**—Int./Adv. level. Nine familiar chord progressions every dues-paying jazz great has played. . . . part and parcel of the jazz repertoire.

**VOLUME 16—"TURNAROUNDS, CYCLES & 11/7's"**—Int./Adv. level. A 2-record set continuation of Vol. 3, but much more in depth. Covers all keys, most playing situations and common harmonic formulae. Includes Joy Spring. . . . . **\$12.95**

**VOLUME 17—"HORACE SILVER"**—Eight songs. *Song for My Father*, *The Preacher*, *Sister Sadie*, *Jody Grind*, *Peace*, *Nutville*, *Silver's Serenade*, *Gregory is Here*. Rhythm sec. like Vol. 18.

**VOLUME 18—"HORACE SILVER"**—Int./Adv. level. Eight songs. *Strollin'*, *Room 608*, *Nica's Dream*, *Mayreh*, *Ecaroh*. Etc. R. Carter, K. Barron, Al Foster.

**VOLUME 19—"DAVID LIEBMAN"**—Int. level. *Brite Piece*, *Lookout Farm*, *Slumber*, *Oasis* and others. Rhythm section: Richard Bierach, Frank Tusa, Al Foster.

**VOLUME 20—"JIMMY RANEY"**—Int. Level. . . . . **\$9.95** Contains special EP recording of Jimmy playing solos. Chord progression to ten standards. Great bebop study.

**VOLUME 26—"THE SCALE SYLLABUS"** played by David Liebman & J. Aebersold. 2 LP's & supp. Hear soloing on ALL scales jazz players use. You too can play along.

JAMEY AEBERSOLD

1211-D AEBERSOLD DRIVE  
NEW ALBANY, IN 47150 USA

HOW TO USE . . . each volume includes a quality stereo record and a coordinated booklet with parts FOR ALL INSTRUMENTS. The volumes do not necessarily get progressively difficult. Popularity termed *The Most Widely Used Improvisation Method On The Market!* Suggested order of study, Vol. 24, 1, 21, 2, 3, 5 . . .

A jazz aids A

# RECORD REVIEWS

rial—swing, funk, ballads, even one almost-atonal experiment—but only with mild success. Shines' weary performance is one problem, and another is drummer Jimmy Hoare, who's too busy kicking off-beat bass-drum accents to give the music a solid bottom. Several tunes have very ragged endings, and the set in general seems rushed and half-baked. There are excellent moments, though: Lockwood's jazz chording on *Rockin' Free* and an exquisite blues solo on *Stake A Claim*; Ace Carter's rich piano work on *I Want You To Know*; the conga-driven tribal chant that kicks off *Soul Power*. Lockwood, Shines, and Rounder Records deserve credit for creative effort; it's too bad that they apparently ran out of time and/or money before the project's true completion.

Let's close with a necessary bit of perspective. The critiquing of blues records is completely alien to the music's intended context. Blues is for release, recreation, and dancing, and on that basic level even the duller records here do their job.

—ben sandmel

## new releases

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

### HAT HUT

**Billy Bang/Dennis Charles**, violin/drum duets recorded live at the '82 Willisau festival, *BANGCEPTION*. **Lauren Newton**, Vienna Art Orch.'s vocalist speechifies in front of a trio, *TIMBRE*. **Bernd Konrad**, saxist heads sextet inc. Didier Lockwood's electrifying violin, *TRAUMTÄNZER*. **Cecil Taylor**, live quartet concert from the '81 Freiburger Jazztage, *CALLING IT THE 8TH*. **Raymond Boni**, guitar excursions thru Chaplin, Gershwin, & original pieces, *L'HOMME ÉTOILÉ*.

### COLUMBIA

**Michel Colombier**, two-LP story concept from the orchestral manipulator, chronicling the *OLD FOOL BACK ON EARTH*. **Charles Earland**, organist adds other keyboards, guitars, horns, and vocals for his *STREET THEMES*. **Pink Floyd**, Roger Waters-composed "requiem for the post-war dream," *THE FINAL CUT*.

### DISCOVERY

**Kenneth Patchen/Allyn Ferguson**, re-issue of '57 poetry/jazz combo originally on Cadence Records, and *THE CHAMBER JAZZ SEXTET*. **Jack Wilson**, pianist-led quartet inc. Roy Ayers' vibes, from '63 first on Atlantic, *CORCOVADO*. **World Rhythm Band**, Third World percussion welded to jazz melody, *IBEX*. **Dave Mackay**, pianist/vocalist heads a session that spans 1968-82, *HANDS*.

### MCA

**Joe Sample**, Crusaders' acoustic and electric keyboarder leads all-star studio cast thru original paces, *THE HUNTER*. **Wilton Felder**, Crusaders' saxman adds teammate Sample and many others to feed his *GENTLE FIRE*. **Burgess Gardner**, ex-Silver, Basie, Ray Charles brassman in recorded debut as leader, *MUSIC—YEAR 2000*.

### ANTILLES/MANGO

**Gil Evans**, proves the pen is mightier than the sword w/ colorful '78 arrangements, *PRIESTESS*. **Zahara**, ex-Traffic jammers Rosko Gee and Reebop Kwaku Baah in quartet tracing the *FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT*. **Birell Lagrene**, teen guitar whiz takes Django's roots one step beyond, *15*. **Various Artists**, reggae anthology held together by the rhythm team of Robbie Shakespeare and Sly Dunbar, *CRUCIAL REGGAE*. **Michael Smith**, Jamaican dub poetry married to *MUSIC, MI C-YAAN BELIEVE IT*.

### PALO ALTO

**Richie Cole**, with the late Art Pepper, Roger Kellaway, Bob Magnusson, and Billy Higgins, *RETURN TO ALTO ACRES*. **David Driggs**, multi-instrumentalist/composer/producer/commercial jingle man fronts large ensemble in original work, *REAL-WORLD*. **Mal Waldron**, legendary pianist/composer leads '82 date w/ Joe Henderson, David Friesen, Billy Higgins, *ONE ENTRANCE, MANY EXITS*. **Various Artists**, McCoy Tyner, JoAnne Brackeen, Chick Corea, Teddy Wilson, Andy Laverne, Richie Beirach, Dave Frishberg, Warren Bernhardt, George Shearing, Dave McKenna, Denny Zeitlin, John Lewis, Jimmy Rowles, and Herbie Hancock each solo on a cut for the benefit of the Bill Evans Jazz Piano Scholarship Fund, *A TRIBUTE*.

## LEATHER FOR YOUR TRUMPET

Reunion Blues produces the professional leather gig bag for your trumpet. Completely padded for instrument protection, no-scratch zippers, shoulder strap, and our exquisite leathers.

We also make the best leather bags for

flugel horn, saxophones, trombones, and many more instruments.

For our complete catalog, send \$3.00 to 475 Valencia Street, San Francisco CA 94103

Reunion  
Blues



Wm. S. Haynes Co., Inc.

12 PIEDMONT STREET, BOSTON, MA 02116

617-482-7457







## Thomas Dolby

*Riding the new wave of computer synthesizer technology, Dolby's fusing popularity with creativity.*

BY JOHN DILIBERTO

Last April, Thomas Dolby set a world record for longest continuous computer music programming, 32 hours, at a BBC One benefit for multiple sclerosis. "Unfortunately," demurred Dolby, "the *Guinness Book Of World Records* was not impressed." Given Dolby's current standing as the whiz kid of computerized pop, he's not too impressed by it either. Both his single, *She Blinded Me With Science*, and the EP from which it is taken, *Blinded By Science* (Harvest MLP-15007), are poised in the upper reaches of the charts. His debut album, *The Golden Age Of Wireless* (Capitol ST-12271), came out to limited acclaim in mid-1982, but it has been re-issued, re-sequenced, and fortified with his two current hits, *She Blinded Me . . .* and *One Of Our Submarines*. It is also high on the charts.

I caught Dolby in the midst of a circuit overload while he was on the run in a pop-star-meets-the-press junket—a string of 15-minute interviews squeezed in between tapings at MTV and photo sessions with *Rolling Stone*. That's what happens when you're heralded as the new face of rock—cool, cerebral, spinning out infectious rhythms and sensuous melodies from the keyboard of a computer. "I think that the image of a guy strutting his stuff on-stage in great clouds of dry ice is over," claims Dolby. "It had its day, but it's bound to be limited."

Peering over the top of his circular brown-rimmed glasses, Dolby is not likely to be found at the edge of a stage licking his tongue at little girls or hurling his fists in the air to incite the rock army. On the other hand, he doesn't lock himself in a room tinkering over his electronic toys like a Dr. Frankenstein of rock. "There's an assumption," says Dolby, "that computer synthesizers have to be played unspontaneously. That you have to hunch over a bank of flashing LEDs all night, toying around with the sound, pushing buttons and things. I despise routine. So I programmed parameters into my equipment that would make them less predictable, so they'll jolt me and surprise me and keep me from getting into a rut."

At age 24 Dolby's life, like his music, is far from lying in a rut. He was born in Cairo,



ANDREW DOUGLAS

Egypt in 1958 as Thomas Morgan Dolby Robertson. He traveled throughout Europe with his archeologist father and was educated in a string of "cheap English boarding schools" that he finally left at 16.

Dolby did not jump full-blown into computerized music. When he first started playing as a teenager, computer synthesis was cumbersome, and the machines could only be found at universities. His early heroes were not computer music pioneers like Charles Dodge, or even early synthesizer artists like Keith Emerson or Tangerine Dream. Instead, Dolby listened to Bill Evans, Thelonious Monk, and the Soft Machine. "I'd slow down the turntable with my fingers," remembers Dolby, "so I could hear the licks of Monk, Evans, or whomever. I'd hear them and make them into songs of my own. It was all mimicry though, and didn't come from my own creative capacity."

The synapses of his own music were bridged when he got a synthesizer. Even in the mid-'70s, its potential was untapped, and a new artist could find his/her own voice on it almost by default. "The catalyst was when I moved into synthesizers," says Dolby. "The synthesizer was an abstract instrument that encouraged me to find sounds, textures, and atmospheres that didn't exist anywhere else. They'd been dormant in my imagination."

Armed with an electric piano and a modified Micromoog synthesizer, Dolby joined the little-known pop group Bruce Woolley And The Camera Club in 1979, and then the Lene Lovich Group in 1980, for whom he wrote and arranged the British hit single, *New Toy*. His work as a sideman reached its heights with Foreigner, when he played keyboards on the *Foreigner 4* album. Their music is a far cry from the post-new wave aesthetic that informs Dolby's current music. "There's no way I would buy one of their records," he says. "I

think that they're a dying breed. I respect them though, and I think they're good musicians, but it couldn't be considered my kind of music."

The stadium rock of Foreigner isn't the Dolby sound, but it did take him out of the subways of Paris, where he enthralled French metro riders with the folk music of Neil Young, Bob Dylan, and Simon and Garfunkel—in other words, he was a busker. Ironically, this stop-over was a result of his hit independent single, *Leipzig b/w Urges*. "The record companies in England got interested. But it takes a long time to negotiate a contract in England, so I gave all my money to lawyers," recalls Dolby.

He did get a contract with EMI to distribute his own Venice In Peril label. It also enabled him to buy a PPG 340/380 Wave Computer—a digital synthesizer on which Dolby composes and performs most of his music. With skillful programming, the PPG allows Dolby to think about his music as a total composition, rather than building up from individual parts. "When I started writing music," Dolby explains, "I wouldn't hear it in the form of a chord sequence or melody line. I would hear parts of a song in a complete arrangement in my head. Now, I'm not a multi-instrumentalist, so I had two options. I could employ slick studio musicians and tell them what I wanted them to play, or I could find some hardware that would enable me to carry out these arrangements myself." He chose the latter course.

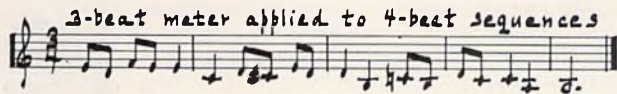
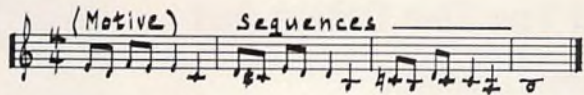
Dolby presents one of the best arguments for an electronic music that doesn't sound cold and mechanized. Unlike the current spate of synthi-pop artists like Gary Numan, Soft Cell, and the Human League, Dolby avoids android rhythms and sparse, chilling melody lines. Songs like *Weightless*, *Leipzig*, and *Airwaves* have a poignancy and warmth that is reinforced by careful sound-shaping. Instead of cold tales of alienated love and machine-age paranoia, Dolby's songs have a cinematic depth and scope. "It generally starts off visually," he says, "almost cinematically. In my mind, I'm taken by an atmosphere, and it will have a mood and a title."

In Dolby's music and his surreal, conceptual videos, he takes high-tech and makes it nostalgic, almost as if he's getting a jump on the dilemma of futurist artists: nothing is more dated than yesterday's vision of the future. His images and metaphors come from the 1930s pulp science-fiction and Hollywood depictions of Europe rather than *Star Wars*. "I'm fascinated by things that used to be modern," he reflects. "A lot of people see me as high-tech, but I think that the era we're living in, as far as technology, is far less attractive when compared to visions of the future from the past."

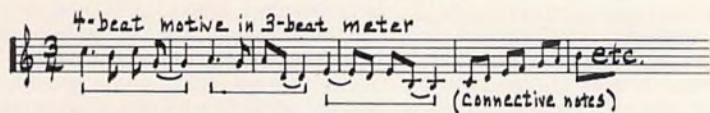
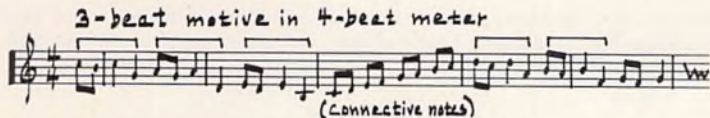
It's too convenient to tag Dolby as an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

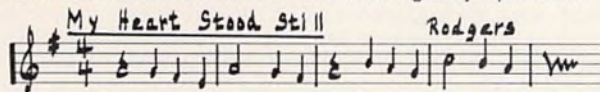
Lining up the original motive in sequence form adds the melodic interest new pitches contribute:



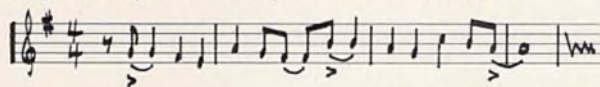
When a meter is fixed, as is 4/4 in most jazz tunes or 3/4 in all jazz waltzes, an improviser can choose any non-matching motive:



Some standard tunes build their melodic lines from regularly repeated motives:



Here is a straightahead jazz metric displacement of the same tune:



A wide variety of repeated-motive standard tunes offer ample opportunity for improvisers to practice the metric displacement process. Here's a sampling: *All Alone* (3/4), *Always* (3/4), *Anything Goes* (4/4), *As Time Goes By* (4/4), *Bluesette* (3/4), *Cheek To Cheek* (4/4), *Crazy Rhythm* (4/4), *Embraceable You* (4/4), *Louise* (4/4), *Some Enchanted Evening* (4/4), and *Take Five* (5/4). db

## PROFILE

continued from page 48

eccentric technoid, aloof from the world and fumbling over his circuitry like Professor Peabody and his Wayback Machine. Dolby does interact with other artists, and uses many musicians on his own records, including XTC's Andy Partridge playing that ultra-modern instrument, the harmonica. "I'm no more electronic on my records than Toto," he claims, "but I wouldn't insult a musician by asking him to play a repetitive, robotic part. Some things are better done by machines."

Dolby's computerized sounds use a mathematical theory called Fourier's Principle. With the PPG he can create an unlimited supply of wave forms and interact with them in a more precise fashion than with conventional analog synthesizers that supply a fixed number of wave forms (usually sawtooth, square, pulse, triangular, and sine waves). He gets the textural fluidity of acoustic instruments. "I think in terms of psycho-acoustics when it comes to synthesizers. There are dynamic possibilities to a synthesizer that are different from a manually attacked instrument. I try to think emotionally about what the synthesizer sounds like. The last thing peo-

ple want to hear is a synthesizer that sounds like a box of flies."

Dolby's records are immaculately produced, but his music is not a function of the sound studio. In his rare concert performances, he uses a Roland Jupiter-8 synthesizer and the PPG, which triggers its own drum sounds and a set of Simmons Electronic drums. He also performs with a bassist and guitarist who double on synthesizers.

Thomas Dolby is only one among the first children of the Computer Age to wed state-of-the-art technology with popular music. Though *She Blinded Me With Science* is self-admittedly "one of the most light-hearted and frivolous tracks" he's recorded, it has broken through on a mass level unprecedented for computerized music. Dolby doesn't proselytize about his art or proclaim any electronic purity. For him and many others, one uses a computer like one uses a jet: just climb in and get on with it. "The right approach to technology is to accept that we're on a conveyor belt and we're all subject to the same conditions. Advances will take place, and we can't improve things by resisting them." db



**RICHIE COLE**  
BAY AREA JAZZ WEEK  
JULY 24-30

**STAN GETZ**  
JAZZ WEEK  
JULY 31-AUGUST 6

PROGRAMS FOR  
JR./SR. HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS,  
ADULTS & ADVANCED STUDENTS ON  
ALL INSTRUMENTS.

WEEKLY TUITION \$185. ROOM &  
BOARD AVAILABLE.

FOR INFORMATION:  
**STANFORD JAZZ  
WORKSHOP**

BOX 6508 STANFORD UNIVERSITY  
STANFORD, CA. 94305  
(415) 752-1370



**ENROLL NOW for a  
B. A. Degree or  
Certificate of  
Performance**

**STUDY WITH TOP JAZZ MUSICIANS,**

including: Keith Copeland, Albert Dailey, Slide Hampton, Jimmy Maxwell, Ron McClure, Jack Wilkins, Peter Yellin.

**COURSES INCLUDE:** Improvisation, Arranging, Jazz Theory, Private Study, Small Combos.

**THE BROOKLYN CENTER OFFERS:** Small classes, scholarship, financial aid & work study, dormitory, modern 22-acre campus easy accessibility by subway, bus or the LIRR.

For Information call  
(212) 403-1051 or (212) 834-1446

LONG ISLAND UNIVERSITY  
BROOKLYN CENTER

**NOW AVAILABLE!**—Advanced Orchestration-Arranging-Composition by DAVE WHEELER, one of America's foremost teachers-performers-orchestrators. Vol. II, an indispensable tool for every serious student of jazz writing! Send for our complete catalog and receive our periodical, "The Score Paper", plus many news notes.

WHEELER MUSIC PUBLISHERS  
579 S. Waverly, Columbus, O. 43213

**JAZZ STUDIES**  
Bachelor of Music Degree

Steven Schenkel, Director of Jazz Studies. Curriculum: Jazz Combos, Jazz History, Jazz Improvisation, Applied Jazz Studies, Jazz Scoring and Arranging, Jazz Theory and Composition, Recording Studio Techniques, The Business of Music. For more information contact office of admission, 470 E. Lockwood, St. Louis, Missouri 63119. 314-968-6985.

WEBSTER COLLEGE

can make yourself feel better by doing something clever. It's almost a sort of symptom of nervousness. I've seen musicians stuck for an idea, and what they'll do between takes is just diddle around, playing the blues or whatever, just to reassure themselves that, "Hey, I'm not useless. Look, I can do this." But I believe that to have that to fall back on is an illusion. It's better to say, "I'm useless," and start from that position. I think the way technique gets in the way is by fooling you into thinking that you are doing something when you actually are not.

**BM:** As you strip down your process from album to album, has it become more difficult for you to work in the studio with other musicians?

**BE:** I think it's getting harder for me to work with musicians who don't understand recording studios. Most musicians have their own idea about what the ingredients of a piece of music are. And one of the things that most of them think is that it's got to have a few tricky licks in it—something skillful—so they sit down and get all their ingredients together and sort of stick them all into a pot, thinking a piece of music will come out of it. It's like the recipe book without the procedure, where you just get the list of ingredients, but you don't bother to read about how to put them together or how to prepare them. You just bung them all into the pot and hope that you'll get lemon soufflé out of it in the end. Sure, you can work with the same set of ingredients all the time, but if you are going to keep yourself interested in it, then the procedure is where you have to direct your attention. So I don't like this ingredient way of working. It's like the formula disco style where it has to have this or that and it has to have the girls doing a refrain. You hear so much of this junk coming out all the time.

The difficult thing about working with skillful musicians is that sometimes I just can't explain to them the potential of something. Sometimes I know when I hear something that there are a series of operations that I can perform on it that will make it fabulous. This involves studio manipulation. And those kinds of manipulations, since they are in themselves ways of generating complexity out of sound, seem to work best on sounds that are initially quite simple. If the sound is musically complex to begin with, it's already a restrictive form to work with. So the problem with musicians is always telling them to have confidence in a simple and beautiful thing, to know that there's a whole world that can be extracted from a simple sound. And if they're not familiar with studios, they come in and give you some complex mess to work with, and then you have to spend two or three hours erasing all of that just to be left with this simple, beautiful thing. But to tell a musician, who is confident of his abilities and knows he can do lots of better things . . . sometimes people feel a bit insulted; they think you don't trust their intelligence. I think you can do the simplest thing well or badly. It's not that because it's simple, any idiot can do it.

## McCONNELL

continued from page 23

do you live? Toronto? Well, what do I want to know about Toronto? This is New York. Goodbye." Even with possible exaggeration for effect—which McConnell has been known to do—it's the kind of attitude, he says, that "keeps you semi-modest." The Boss Brass finally made its first New York-area appearances just this past January, giving three concerts in Hackensack, NJ, at the invitation of singer Mel Tormé.

The West Coast, meanwhile, has been far more receptive. McConnell explains the phenomenon as a function of his former record company's regional distribution strength ("By the time you get to Denver, nobody's ever heard of us"), although other factors might include the "West Coast" overtones in some of McConnell's writing, and perhaps the similar studio orientation of the Toronto and L.A. jazz scenes.

The Boss Brass made its first trip to California in 1981 to play the Monterey Jazz Festival and other gigs, including four nights at Carmelo's in Hollywood that were sold out two months in advance. A similar trip is planned again this fall to Monterey and Los Angeles, with subsequent concerts expected in Japan thereafter.

McConnell, of course, has made the trip much more often on his

There's sensitivity in the way you can strike just one note. Funk bass players know this very well.

**BM:** How does that relate to your work with Talking Heads?

**BE:** Well, I did this a lot with Talking Heads, extracting from simple things. For instance, I would take just the snare drum and use it to trigger one of my synthesizers, and then I'd put that output on a complicated delay. This allowed me to make cross-rhythms by using only that snare, just taking something that was there and shifting it in time, really, and putting it back into the mix again. And you weren't muddying the picture with these cross-rhythms, because as long as that snare drum stayed in time, this other fabricated rhythm stayed in relative time—it couldn't shift—so a lot of the cross-rhythms you hear on Talking Heads records are actually from the original instruments, but are being delayed or treated in various ways. Sometimes we would run the tape backwards and delay the sound backwards so you hear the echo before the beat, that kind of thing.

**BM:** Did working with Edikanfo in Ghana have any effect on your ideas about working with Talking Heads?

**BE:** Yes, but after the event. Watching those guys playing and seeing the relationship they had with rhythm was so totally disheartening for me. After seeing Edikanfo, I thought, "There just isn't a chance of ever even approaching this." They were good musicians, but not great musicians. But just seeing how they worked with rhythm made me want to give up right away. All the interactions between players and all the kind of funny things going on with the rhythm . . . there's a lot of humor in it. And then when I started listening to the stuff that we did with Talking Heads, it was just so wooden by comparison. I couldn't get very excited by it anymore. I could still get excited about it in other terms, but not in rhythmic terms anymore. It seemed to be really naive.

It's like the same way I feel about the African sense of melody. Take King Sunny Adé, whom everyone is making a real big thing about lately. He has a great band, I must say, but I find him melodically quite uninteresting. I find his slide player, whom everyone is impressed by, quite boring. I've heard nine-year-old slide players who play better than that. It's like, if I want to hear great slide guitar, there are 150 bluegrass players who can really play that thing and play it with a kind of feeling for the instrument that the guy in Sunny Adé's band is never gonna have. Just like they play their drums with a feeling that I'm never gonna have, that I'm only beginning to understand. My friend Robert Wyatt once said: "You commit yourself to what you're left with." It's very true. After all the trial and error, you realize that you end up with one or two things you think you can do. So I'm not terribly thrilled by all the trans-cultural things going on at the moment. They seem to be well-intentioned, but . . .

**BM:** Like mixing woodgrains and formica.

**BE:** Yeah, it's a bit like that, you know. It seems that too often you get the worst of both worlds rather than the best. **db**

own, if only to attend the Grammy Awards ceremonies. Four of the band's albums have received nominations: *Big Band Jazz*, *Present Perfect*, *Tribute*, and *Live In Digital*. McConnell received a fifth nomination personally for his orchestral accompaniment to *Tangerine* as recorded by the Singers Unlimited with the Boss Brass' backing. He is typically restrained on the subject. "It's a good excuse to take some time off—just to say, 'Let's go to California,' is a little self-indulgent, a little expensive, et cetera, for no reason. The Grammy nominations seem to be an excuse to do that—to see friends. And it's a nice 'do' to go to.

"The first nomination had the most impact on me, because it was the first one. I was surprised, and pleased. Being nominated for a Grammy, in the United States, with maybe five or six other people, is some sort of confirmation from some body of people bigger than your own neighborhood, that you're at least in the running, that you're in the league."

McConnell catches himself. "Yes, you get your nomination plaque delivered, and you look at it and say, 'Gee, that's nice. . . .'" Okay, and then the phone rings, and someone says, "Can you do a nine-to-10 date tomorrow morning with the Electric Banana?" The music business has a way of not letting you get too far out of whack about these things." **db**