MUSICIAN

PLAYER & LISTENER NO.15 DEC. 1978 $1.00

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Ornette's Soap Suds

Chick Corea's Changes

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MUSICIAN PLAYER & LISTENER

NO. 15, NOV. 1-DEC. 15, 1978

Freedom Swing is the most invigorating new jazz in decades. Springing from the so-called Avant-Garde, there is a wealth of new faces and sounds herein described. Stanley Crouch writes, Deborah Feingold photographs.

Nights at the Cookery continues hot and cold with Maxine Sullivan, Big Joe Turner and Adam Makowicz keeping salad specialist Rafi Zabor awake behind the counter.

Chick Corea is busy exploring new directions; shorter tunes, stronger melodies and more involved studio techniques. The next album will be called "Meatball," lets hope it isn't one. Len Lyons reports.

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Cover Photo by Tom Copi

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FROM THE EDITOR

We've received a mountain of mail lately concerning the Jazz Radio Special. Our theory that this was a much-needed endeavor was apparently correct, both from the point of view of radio programmers and record companies. Jazz stations report receiving far better record service and the record companies are finding that there are a whole lot more outlets for jazz than they previously thought. In the end, we hope the greatest benefit will be reaped by all of us listeners: more better and varied jazz played more often in more areas.

A few (surprisingly few) stations who play jazz have written in saying we missed them. However, most of those we didn't include were because of the low wattage or minimum hours of jazz programming limit we had to adhere to in keeping the job manageable. We'll try to cover everyone next year. Again, our thanks to Hugh "Keep 'em flying" Cosman for his stupendous job in the point position. — S. Holdsworth

CORRECTION

A word of general congratulation on a fine and very much needed magazine. I appreciate the thought that goes into it editorially in covering facets of the music and the music world that have hitherto been neglected by so much of the press out of laziness or lack of imagination.

One correction: the picture on p. 35 of the October issue that accompanies the "Jazz Alive" article is one of Steve Rathe and I at the White House during the live broadcast. While Tim Owens was there, he is not in that picture.

Michael Cuscuna
National Public Radio, Wash. D.C.

LETTERS

WE LIKE THESE BEST

I've just finished reading what is probably the best single issue of any magazine published that I have yet to encounter! *Musician's* Jazz Radio Special. The first time I picked up your magazine I was very impressed and immediately subscribed. But this time you guys have created a work of art! From the very opening words by Hugh Cosman to the "Highs & Lows" by Mr. Conover, the October issue of *Musician* possesses a certain magic that underlies the entire magazine. Each article is well written and they all tie in so beautifully, like pieces of a puzzle. Not only was it continuously enjoyable reading, but I saw a completely different aspect of the "behind the scenes" craziness of radio and jazz, and how the two don't always comply. I also enjoyed Rafi Zabor's "Nights at the Cookery" and the "Disco Sports" brief by Gordon Baird; the latter is hanging on my wall for all to read and enjoy as I did.

Your magazine now tops my list of favorite publications — and I subscribe to nearly half a dozen music related magazines. Of course, there is a problem sometimes with creating such a beautiful piece of work . . . What do you do for an encore?

Peter J. Giannosa
Detroit, Michigan

WRVR REPLIES

While I agree that the Les Davis Request Show "always turns up a steady stream of straight ahead Jazz", I was surprised to read that "the folks at WRVR don't listen to their listeners" (quotes from "Coast to Coast", *Musician's* Jazz Radio Special, October 1978).

Of all the most requested tunes called in by our listeners for Les' shows in August 1978, for example, approximately 50% were for Jazz/Rock Fusion, 43% for Jazz/R&B Crossover, and 7% for what might be called Traditional Jazz.

When "Purists claim that it (WRVR) plays too little real Jazz and too much contemporary junk", are they referring to the likes of Chick Corea, Chuck Mangione, Herbie Hancock, Quincy Jones, George Benson, Freddie Hubbard, Gato Barbieri, John McLaughlin, John Klemmer and Weather Report (to name a few of our listeners' favorite Jazz artists, according to their requests)? That's junk???

With so much ho-hum disco, rock and "beautiful music" coming across the airwaves these days, this dedicated Jazz fan is proud to be part of the nation's leading full-time Jazz station which constantly aims (with our audience's help) to broadcast not only the very best in Traditional Jazz, but the finest in Progressive Jazz as well.

Rebecca Klinger/Research Director
WRVR-FM New York

MORT'S GROOVIN' EVEN HIGHER

I must thank you for your generosity in my behalf. WOW! The "Groovin' High" keeping the airwaves jumpin' award is the second best such award I've ever received. The best? Well, there was this woman in New York. . .

Your magazine is first rate! I'm pleased to tell you that it has evoked high praise from several persons whose standards I know to be outrageously high, and who, as a result, are very niggardly with their endorsements. Be pleased with your efforts.

Mort Fega
Avon, Conn.

WHAT'S A PEJORATIVE?

The pejorative nature of servitude invokes a spirit of docility even among the keenest of minds causing them to surrender their freedom to that modern-day form of fealty known as "deferring to authorities". Keith Jarrett is a case in point. After receiving widespread critical acclaim for his first recorded European concert tour as a solo pianist he was demoted to the realm of conscious obscurity by a New York Jazz critic who shall remain anonymous. Where is Keith Jarrett? Why are his albums not receiving the critical attention they once brought? Why was he not asked to appear at this year's Newport Jazz Festival? The Jazz public needs to know the answers to these questions.

John Armwood
New York, N.Y.

Ed: One reason may be that Jarrett manages to personally insult just about everyone that tries to interview him. However, we persevere. Check us next issue.

IF THEY'D SERVICE US SO WELL!

I would like to personally thank you for mention of KVNO Radio in the 1978 Jazz Radio Awards. It has helped us tremendously in getting recognition by record labels which were slow in servicing our station. Most of these companies were just unaware of the scope of KVNO's jazz programming. The special was excellent.

Roger Vaad/Jazz Producer KVNO
Omaha, Nebraska

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Deeper bass, brighter treble. The amount of air inside the guitar body affects tone. Because different styles of music demand different tonal qualities, we've developed two body sizes: the deep-bowl and the shallow-bowl. Our deep-bowl guitars have more air volume to give you a warmer, fuller sound that helps you fill an auditorium. If you're a lead player, the shallow bowl gives you the extra cut you need in the mid and treble ranges to be heard over other instruments.

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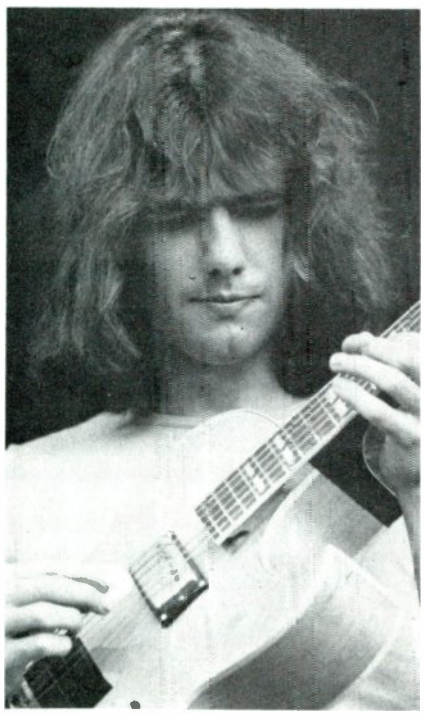
Metheny



TOM COPI

Slowly but steadily, the Pat Metheny Group is building an audience. Guitarist Metheny assembled the quartet in June, 1977. "We rehearsed for three weeks, and we've been on the road ever since," says Pat. "We've hit it about as hard as you could possibly hit it without dying: coast to coast, all over Canada and three trips to Europe."

Now the hard work is beginning to pay off. A year ago attendance at their concerts and club dates was light. Today their gigs, especially return engagements, are apt to sell out. Their ECM album *Pat Metheny Group*, released late this summer, is selling briskly. Perhaps most important, the constant touring has tightened up their music.

Onstage the band is casual but serious. Pat runs the show smoothly, rarely speaking, sometimes moving from one tune to another via a long solo cadenza. He may begin with an acoustic guitar and then switch to his hollow-body electric or to a 12-string.

Pianist Lyle Mays is the other principal voice. He does his work at an acoustic piano, using a synthesizer for color and contrast. Behind Pat are bassist Mark Egan and drummer Danny Gottlieb. Egan plays with a flowing, humming sound similar to Jaco's. Danny is a colorist in the Tony Williams mold, using his cymbals as often as his snare.

Many people would classify the Pat Metheny Group as a fusion band, although Pat is reluctant to accept that label. "The only thing I can say about our music is that it's current music. There are traces of rock and traces of bebop, but the main thing about our music is that it's dealing with right now." — *Douglas Clark*

Mitchell

It seems that Joni Mitchell likes northern California. Her last three performances, to the best of our knowledge, have taken place there, the latest being in Berkeley (September 2 and 3 of this year) where she performed before 9,000 people at the outdoor Greek Theatre as part of the benefit for Mimi Farina's Bread and Roses organization. Quoting from Conrad Silvert's review in the San Francisco Chronicle: "About six hours after the music had begun, Joni Mitchell walked on stage to a standing ovation. She began strumming her big guitar and sang "Coyote" from *Hejira*, sing-talking the words into the microphone as intimately as she might in someone's living room. Then she sang the haunting, "Shadows and Light," from *The Hissing of Summer Lawns*, investing her poetry with fine shades of expression that evoked multiple layers of *deja vu*, like fingering ghostly rosary beads of past lives.

She then sang her "Ode to Memphis Bluesman Furry Lewis, "Furry Sings the Blues," and then introduced the funny Las Vegas song by saying: "Imagine you're on the Strip and up walks Lola Folana in a gold lame jumpsuit, all sucked up. She then beckoned Herbie Hancock to the grand piano, and Herbie accompanied her with exquisite harmony as she sang her lyrics to a pair of tunes by Mingus, presumably from her upcoming album. Her words were a stunning portrait of Mingus, and her phrasing was light years ahead of the jazzy stuff she sang on *Don Juan's Reckless Daughter*, her last album. Joni's been woodshedding."

Joni has recorded four tracks of Mingus' music for her next album, which, according to sources at Elektra/Asylum, will probably not be released until at least Christmas. So far, Joni has used the services of Wayne Shorter, Jaco Pastorious, Stanley Clark, Jerry Mulligan, Don Elias and Jeremy Lubbock. Joni is currently vacationing in Mexico and will return to the studio later this fall to complete work on the album which she is producing herself.

Jazz-Stars

On the night of Friday, September 22, Sonny Rollins, Ron Carter and McCoy Tyner appeared in concert at the Masonic auditorium in San Francisco. They were joined on drums by Al Foster, and by a lively audience which arrived full of great expectations. The performance they witnessed was one of those rare events when a great deal has been promised but even more is delivered.

DAN CLUNY

The quartet opened with Rollins' "Cutting Edge" and Rollins wasted no time reminding everyone that he is *the* Sonny Rollins, *the* ace of the saxophone, *the* extraordinary master of the heart-stopping solo. After "Cutting Edge," Carter and Foster left the stage to Rollins and Tyner, who performed "In A Sentimental Mood." Tyner, who could have easily commanded everyone's attention with one of his signature solos, chose instead to show how truly adept he is at setting up lush, rhythmic frameworks for other players' talents.

Carter and Foster returned, Rollins went backstage and Tyner led the trio through Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Once I Loved." Ron Carter seemed a little anxious to show how complex and profound his bass-playing can be, but the audience loved it — they were there to be impressed. When Tyner and Foster left Carter alone and Carter stormed his way through "Will You Still Be Mine," more than a few people left their seats to applaud him.

Tyner, Rollins and Foster returned and the quartet closed the set with Tyner's "Nubia." For the first time that evening, McCoy Tyner let his power flow into its natural position at the center of the music and, during the final minute of "Nubia," Rollins stood with almost religious composure on his side of the stage, listening, smiling, and obviously awed by Tyner's magic.

After the intermission, Tyner returned by himself and offered everyone another slice of his genius. He called the piece "Hello To Pianissimo" and there is no way to outline or describe how beautifully he played it. A Tyner/Carter duet followed, "Alone Together," and then, to great applause and shouting, Sonny Rollins strolled back on stage, took one breath and gave the solo performance of the evening. It was wild. It was pure spirit. The more he played, the more apparent it became that Sonny Rollins is so accomplished, so thoroughly centered as a man, that he can give and give and keep on giving without losing even a fragment of his power. No name was given for the solo, and no name was needed; it could only be called "Sonny Rollins."

When it was over, Tyner, Carter and Foster returned to the stage, each of them nodding at Rollins as they went to their respective instruments. The quartet closed the set with Carter's "N.O. Blues" and then did Thelonious Monk's "I Mean You" for an upbeat encore. — *Joshua Baer*

Monterey

This year's Monterey Jazz Festival was again a celebration of the traditional. Somehow, though, No. 21 was a lot livelier than most of the recent editions.

The festival, which bridged Friday and Sunday evenings with five full musical programs (something like 24 hours altogether), was built around Dizzy Gillespie's Saturday night party. Dizzy decreed that three long rows of tables and chairs be positioned

TOM COPI

stage left. The chairs were occupied by such as Milt Jackson, James Moody, Ray Brown, Trummy Young, Buddy Tate, Arnett Cobb, Sweden's Arne Domnerus and Bengt Hallberg, Al Haig, Mel Lewis et al. Dizzy, dressed in peach-and-tan sartorial splendor, happily presided over a series of combo permutations, giving everyone a chance to play at least two numbers. The top candidate for show-stealing was Arnett Cobb, whose preachy Texas tenor struck a dramatic note amidst all the musical-chair fun and games. Gillespie, while not particularly inspired, played impeccably.

Friday night's disappointment was the failure of Stan Kenton to appear; his big band slot was filled by a more-than-adequate, if not earthshaking, assembly headed by Grover Mitchell, a former Basie trombonist who now sells charts to the Count. The rest of Friday's program was devoted to Dexter Gordon's quartet (wonderful), two sets by Bob Dorough and Bill Takas (entertaining, but slightly lost on the 600-plus Monterey throng), singer Ruth Brown and Billy Cobham's sextet.

Saturday afternoon meant the designated dose of blues, which came off fairly well, except for the unannounced no-show of Etta James.

The festival's Sunday night closing extravaganza came off without a hitch. A vital young band from San Francisco, Listen, opened by playing a few original compositions that featured the reeds of leader Mel Martin. Martin then stepped back to allow the Listen rhythm section to back Cobb, Tate, and Scott Hamilton in a few standards.

Two highly newsworthy events followed. Expatriate tenor saxophonist Jonnny Griffin made his first American appearance in 15 years. He was poised, mellow, supple, triumphant. The second Triumphant Return of the evening was staged by the Hi-Lo's, the same four men who defined cool jazz singing in the '50s. It was planned as a one-time reunion, but the set was so flawless, and so well-received, that at least a few more performances seemed mandatory.

Sunday night, and the festival, closed with that supersonic wonder-of-the-cosmos, Maynard Ferguson, who neatly rounded up all the stray dogs on the Monterey Peninsula. Ferguson *does* have a fine band, however. — *Conrad Silvert*

Faces

TOM COPI

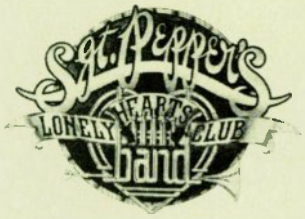
Telluride

Telluride lies in a box shaped canyon, high in the southwestern Colorado Rockies and remote from any large urban area. It is a rather odd place for a jazz festival. Sheriffs strutting around in Tony Lama boots, buckskin vests, guns on hips, Stetsons perched just right, your eyes shift from them to the stage, and, lo and behold, it's McCoy Tyner, not Willie Nelson. The mountains, which side the canyon, loom up perhaps another 2,000 feet, and at nightfall it gets cold. Most nights there'd be a fire in the backstage area and the sound people, roadies, groupies, performers, promoters, and hangpersons would gather around passing bottles of Jack Daniels like so many High Plains Drifters.

Against this rich setting, there was a lot of good jazz to be heard. Betty Carter's Friday night set was certainly one of the high points, singing a marvellous rendition of "Star Eyes" and doing a surprise bop duet with Leon Thomas. The four blues men's Saturday morning extravaganza was great, with Mighty Joe Young giving perhaps the strongest performance, although it would be hard to fault Willie Dixon and Lightin Hopkins. McCoy's solo piano performance was typically strong later on that day, and Chick Corea and Gary Burton had an interesting, if somewhat mechanical, Saturday night duet. I was not all that impressed with Leon Thomas's own set Sunday afternoon. Leon worked part of his show with one of his long-time associates, Pharoah Sanders, another surprise guest, and Pharoah supplied Leon with some rocket fuel. Pharoah on his own was more like the Pharoah we had come to admire, i.e., before *Love Will Find a Way*. Sunday evening's proceedings were highlighted by Phil Woods' set and particularly a duet he did with Richie Cole ("Scrapple From the Apple") whose incredible technical command of the alto has to be seen to be appreciated. It is sort of a pain in the neck to get there, but some 6,000 of us did manage to do so this year, and I don't think anyone went home disappointed. — *Hugh Cosman*

RECORD NEWS

If you're keeping score on the big rock musicals add **"Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band"** to your list of failures. The big budget, Robert Stigwood-produced film opened to almost universally bad reviews and was unable to recoup at the box office the money spent on it. The soundtrack album from the film did fairly well at first, but it has not lived up to expectations, either. The hype generated by the film did help the Beatles, however, as a number of their old albums have come back onto the charts. Radio stations have been playing the original recordings rather than the Bee Gee and Frampton copies.



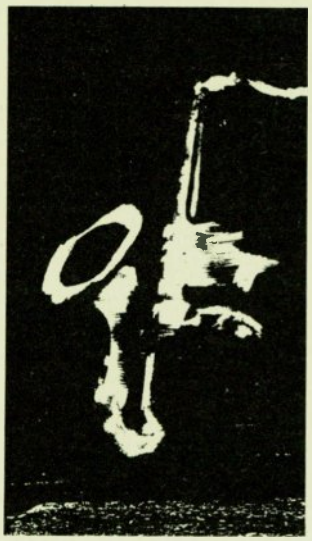
The First **Harlem Jazz Festival** was something less than a smashing success as only about a third of the artists advertised actually showed up. Festival promoter Frank Weston ran into trouble by overextending himself with too many shows in too many places. The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra performed opening night and the check they were paid with bounced. As word spread, musicians began pulling out. People like Dizzy Gillespie, Ahmad Jamal and Charlie Rouse did show up and the music that was presented was, for the most part, excellent. Despite the problems, promoter Weston vows he will return next year with another festival in Harlem.

Island Records is now being distributed by Warner Brothers. Island had distributed itself for the last few years and before that it was handled by Capitol.

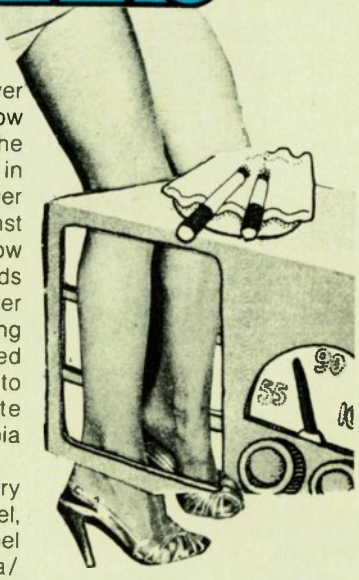
If your daddy is the lawyer for **Gladys Knight,** now might be a good time to hit the old man up for an increase in your allowance. As the singer continues her suit against Buddah Records, she is now being by Arista Records (which has taken over Buddah). Arista is suing Gladys because she signed with Columbia. And just to make matters complete Arista is also suing Columbia for signing Gladys.

Producer Richard Perry has formed his own label, **Planet Records.** The label will be distributed by Elektra/Asylum and the first release will be a new Pointer Sisters album. This is the first label distribution deal Elektra/Asylum has ever been involved in.

Jazz clubs are popping up all over New York these days; it seems a new one is opening up every week. Among the new places to open recently is a club called **Seventh Avenue South,** which is owned by the **Brecker Brothers.**



Picture disks are currently sweeping the country as record companies have found a new way to get



money out of the consumers. Picture disks feature a picture of the artist printed on the record itself, and they generally cost much more than a regular record. Many people feel that picture disks will one day be collectors items and are therefore an investment. Time will tell.

Beware! **Disco radio** may be coming to your town. Two all-disco radio stations have come from almost nowhere to be major forces in the nation's two biggest radio markets. In Los Angeles, KUTE-FM switched to an all-disco format over the summer and is now the second ranked contemporary outlet in the market, according to Arbitron. In New York, WKTU-FM has moved from an 0.9 share of market in the Media Trend rating book to an unbelievable 11.0 share in a little more than a month. WKTU is now the number two station in the Apple, behind WABC. Most of WKTU's new listeners are apparently coming from WBLS, which is currently taking a nosedive in the ratings.

Controversy continues to swirl around **Elvis'** alleged first record. The song is "Tell Me Pretty Baby" released on the Elvis Classic record label. The tune has been hailed as both genuine and phoney-baloney bunk by self-appointed and Official Elvis fans alike. Local Phoenix, Ariz. legend has it that sometime in the first two months of 1954, while seeking work, the free-rolling Presley encountered the Red Dots, a product-of-their-time local group who undoubtedly wore white socks while they sang. The petulant king of rock and roll was invited to sit in live with the band and in a studio session the next day and reluctantly accepted $15 for his efforts. Some fans have questioned Cin/Kay Distributing of Nashville's documenting of the tune and have wondered what happened to the fifteen dollars. Apparently, it's impossible to tell if it's really him. The Supreme Court declined to rule on the case but very carefully stated that they were "in no way making a definitive statement or opinion on Elvis, Elvis fans, or Elvis paraphernalia."

For those of you who remember, there's still an inflation on: a Top-Label ruling on the **$8.98** list album in the near future. Except for CBS Records, which offered no coment, Capital, UA, Chrysalis, Bream, RCA, WEA, Polygram and MCA say that no $8.98-er's are on the drawing board. However, as to the $9.98. . . .

And, **Fantasy Records** is allegedly reported to have been reportedly thinking about running a contest to decide why they're called Fantasy Records . . . when asked to comment, no one would answer the phone.

Thank God for the hand, thank LaBella for the strings.

E&O Mar LaBella

RHYTHM & BLUES

Swingin' Slim Rose and the Boll Weevil were two of the strangest and most colorful predators in the R&B record world.

By Joe Scherzer

Twenty years ago, Irving "Slim" Rose was a rather eccentric Times Square merchant specializing in erotica and three-for-a-buck records. A cross between Groucho Marx and Ichabod Crane, Slim had a penchant for race-horses and pubescent runaways, and a remarkable flair for turning a profit.

Most of the records in Slim's 35-cent bin were at least a couple of years old and considered dead stock. And yet the enterprising Mr. Rose noted that some disks, particularly those by New York rhythm 'n blues groups, were selling much better than the rest. This observation led him to an historic experiment. Slim took one of the hotter items, "Church Bells May Ring" by the Willows, wrote TWO DOLLARS on the sleeve, and tacked it up on the wall. Within a few hours someone had bought it.

That simple transaction marked the birth of R&B collecting, a compulsion that spread rapidly throughout New York, New Jersey and Philadelphia in the 1960s, and that exists today in the form of a multi-million-dollar industry.

Slim immediately dropped the porn and went full force into the rare record business. In 1960 he rented a hole-in-the-wall store in the subway arcade beneath the old Times building.

Times Square Records violated enough fire and safety regulations to keep a battery of inspectors busy for a month. It was dark, musty and as claustrophobic as a suit of armor. There was a low-hanging beam that threatened anyone over 5' 6", and a pet raccoon, rescued from the sewers of New York, that threatened anyone who came within a three-foot radius.

But where else in the world could you buy "Sherry" by the Sheppards for $10, or a street-corner classic like the Channels' "The Closer You Are" for a mere $2? Collectors had never heard of most of the groups Slim offered, but as long as they had the right sound, nobody cared.

Business boomed, and before long Swingin' Slim, as he now called himself in advertisements, had a radio show, his own record label, and a virtual army of vinyl junkies who brought him stacks of rare records on a cash or credit basis.

Meanwhile, Times Square Records was developing a pretty bad reputation among the uninitiated. Admittedly, record collecting attracts some fringy characters, but so do stock car racing and gourmet cooking. I suppose some citizens were put off by the uniform of the early 60's record scene: black raincoat and dark glasses. The store was described by a newspaper columnist as a breeding ground for juvenile delinquents. I recall a Bronx neighbor warning my mother about the evils of Times Square Records.

"If he's going to that place," he advised in knowing tones, "he *can't* be going there for records."

That bit of wisdom had me brooding for weeks, afraid I'd missed out on some exotic vice. After all, I *was* going there for records.

Whether Slim himself had any affection for R&B is something I wonder about. I do know that when he went fishing with collectors he set rigid ground rules: "You can talk about anything you want, except records, records or records."

The mid-1960s brought change to a lot of American institutions, and even Times Square Records fell victim. It wasn't the war, or changing musical trends, or inflation. It was just that someone decided to tear down the Times building.

Slim moved the whole show to another subterranean storefront, this one at Sixth Avenue and Forty-Second Street, but the new location just didn't work out. The store was, well, too spacious and too well-lighted. It lacked the deliciously unwholesome quality of the original.

A few years later Slim sold out to a consortium of long-time collectors. I was there the night he turned Times Square Records over to the new owners. I stood outside in the arcade and watched Slim peel commercial licenses from the wall.

"Who knows," he explained, "I might need these again some time."

But he never did. Times Square Records went through numerous owners and alterations, and in 1975, its final above-ground incarnation went up in flames.

Irving Rose spent his remaining work years as a cashier in a pornography shop, and retired to a quiet New York existence. Age is catching up with him now, and his memory is not what it was. He's forgotten much about his days as Swingin' Slim.

Oh 'dat Boll Weevil!

George Ross was on his seventh wife when he discovered the world of record collecting. He was 49 years old and hadn't worked in many years. He told everyone he couldn't hold a regular job because of a heart condition. Somehow he managed to make ends meet by perpetrating small-time cons and hustles.

George's determination led a Bronx street vendor to nickname him Boll Weevil. It might have been the best

left-handed compliment of all time. In any event, George never indicated any displeasure with the name and it stuck. His close associates called him Boll.

Now the Weevil, as he was often called by the general population, saw R&B collecting as an easy way to make money. He learned the fine points from neighborhood experts and quickly became a sidewalk dealer operating in the vicinity of that cultural mecca, Times Square Records.

Anyone can make a profit acquiring records cheaply and selling them at a premium. The tricky part is locating the records in the first place. Nothing was too tricky for Boll Weevil.

One of his well-worn scams was something he called the old shell game. The con was so primitive you wonder how anyone could ever fall for it. And yet it worked every time.

In some God-forsaken area of New York or New Jersey, Boll would find a record store that looked and smelled like it maybe had a basement full of sooty old records. He'd walk into the place holding a box containing 25 worthless 45 r.p.m. records.

"Do you have any old records?" he'd ask the proprietor. "Y'know, the Moonglows or Lee Andrews and the Hearts, stuff like that."

The owner would stare blankly.

"Here, I'll show you." Boll would then open the box, shove it under the shopkeeper's nose for a second, and take it away just as fast. "I got these over on Flatbush Avenue for a dime a piece. Stuff like the Flamingos and the Crioles. My son likes to listen to them. Personally, I don't care for it."

If Boll Weevil was lucky, the merchant would knit his brow suspiciously and say something like, "Yeah, I got some old records. But I don't want no dime a piece. I won't let 'em go for under a buck."

"That's awful high," the Weevil would reply, "but it won't hurt to take a look."

Boll Weevil would go into the back room or down to the cellar and methodically look through all the records. If he hit a good crop Boll would wait until he was alone and then separate the very best items, perhaps even a scarce Chance label or a $100 Larks record on red plastic. The next step would be to discard the junk records he'd brought with him and substitute 25 valuable disks. He'd then go back to the proprietor and pay for three or four records, bargaining the price down to, say, half a buck each.

Next day Boll would return to the store, ask to look through the records again, and repeat the swindle. In this way he'd gradually deplete the stock with a minimum of cash outlay.

"I'm Boll Weevil," he often boasted. "When I hit a store, I destroy it."

Indeed, the Weevil destroyed a lot of

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TOM SHANNARD

JAZZ ROCKS

Drawing on talent from Yes, Soft Machine, King Crimson and Genesis, U.K. is a jazz-rock supergroup that shouldn't go unnoticed.

By Bob Henschen

Despite last year's brief reunion of Crosby, Stills & Nash, the term "super-group" has virtually vanished from rock 'n roll lexicon in the late Seventies. Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue was but a temporary spectacular, the recent Cream rumors have thus far proved nothing more than idle pub talk, and most superstar sessions are contentedly relegated to impromptu backup vocals from some big name visitor. Even the chart-topping Foreigner, with Ian McDonald (early King Crimson) and Mick Jones (Spooky Tooth), draws most of its firepower from unknown singer Lou Gramm and three equally anonymous rhythm sectioners. Stomu Yamashta's second edition of Go, one *very* promising army of heavyweights (Michael Shrieve, Paul Jackson, Klaus Schulze, et. al.), may soon yield to Go Three . . . before making any momentous impact on today's rock.

Mainstream jazz has had its share of fleeting Montreux All-Star get togethers, but there have been full-fledged supergroups as well. Certainly VSOP was a major event in 1977, just as the Milestone Jazzstars (McCoy Tyner, Sonny Rollins, Ron Carter, Al Foster) are right now. But again, these are special alignments, not really the kind of permanent arrangement that can exert a lasting influence on the jazz idiom.

Not that random collections of minstrel prima donnas will guarantee musical immortality! We'd all prefer a well-knit tribe of struggling unknowns who can *really* play *together* to the kind of repetitious grandstanding likely to accompany the alliance of ego-clad giants. If the magic is there, it doesn't matter *who* is in the spotlight. And yet, when a Blind Faith or Mahavishnu Orchestra comes together for one space in time, there's an energy level above and beyond the call of duty.

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If we told you there was one such jazz-rock supergroup in existence today, touring the U.S. and Europe exhaustively, would you know who it is? They go by the name of U.K., short for United Kingdom, of course, and their four principals are synonymous with the vanguard of progressive jazz-rock: guitarist Allan Holdsworth (Soft Machine, Tony Williams Lifetime, Jon Hiseman's Tempest, solo work for CTI); keyboarder-violinist Eddie Jobson (Curved Air at 17, Roxy Music, Frank Zappa); singer-bassist John Wetton (Family, the latest-greatest King Crimson, Uriah Heep); and drummer Bill Bruford (Yes in 1968, King Crimson, Gong, Genesis, etc.). Perhaps their individual names are not yet household words in Poughkeepsie (where!?!), but as U.K. these guys are destined to make some bold impressions.

After U.K.'s recent swing through the American west, I had a chance to catch their broiling fusion act and later chat with John Wetton. "This is very much of an experimental tour for us, to see if we get on personality-wise. We're playing different venues as well. Like today, we don't really have any room to move about, it's a very small stage so you can't move either way . . . we pretty much go with just standing there and playing the instruments. With a much bigger hall you get a little bit more action on stage. But you see, it is pretty much me and Eddie, and not much room for Bill and Allan."

Wetton went on to talk about those performing roles: "We're [Wetton and Jobson, ed.] probably the most forward people on stage, as far as being demonstrative, other than Bill. Of course, Allan is somewhat reticent about taking any spotlight. Put a light on him and he takes a step backwards. It's just his personality . . . he doesn't like the spotlight or being at the front. It's a very weird profession for someone like that to choose, the lead guitarist in a band."

While Holdsworth holds back with characteristic British reserve, and Bruford simmers along with serious percussive savvy, Wetton and Jobson are much more visual . . . Wetton because he's the part-time singer, Jobson because he stands in an open-faced keyboard cockpit facing his audience, or darts about with his see-through electric violin. But musically as well, these two create an unusual, almost syncopated interplay on tunes like "Thirty Years."

Wetton explains that "I'm playing what you think is the 'on' beat but it's really the off-beat. Like in the encore, it's a new 5/4, divided to 10. What I do is take the off-beat as the on-beat . . . it happens in 'The Only Thing She Needs'. What the listener thinks is the push beat is actually the off-beat. We *start* it on the wrong beat, so when I start playing the on-beat it sounds like I'm playing the wrong thing. It's very obviously a trick. We had to have the kind of a riff that starts it, so we thought why don't we start the riff on the off-beat so it sounds to the

continued on page 60

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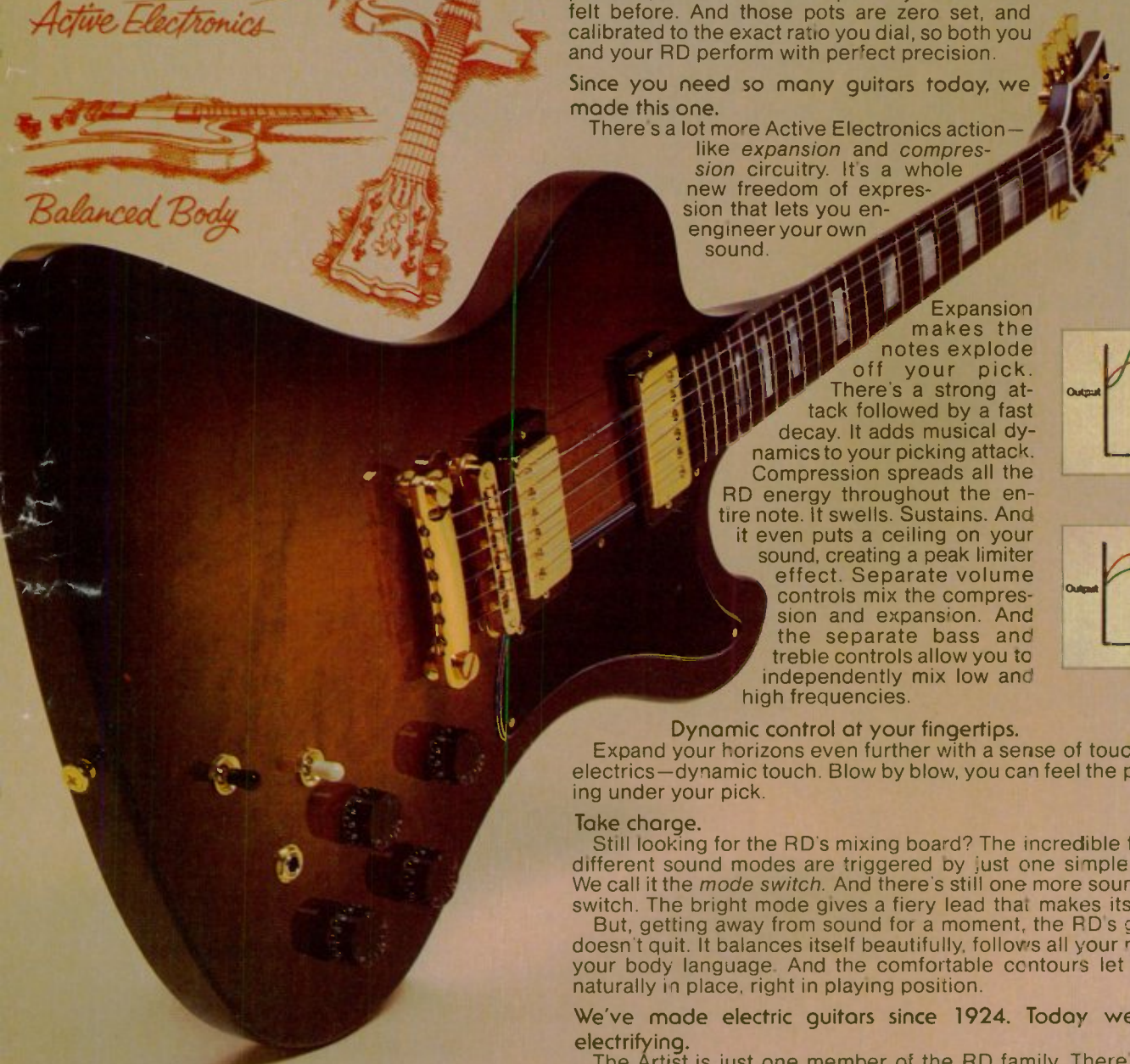

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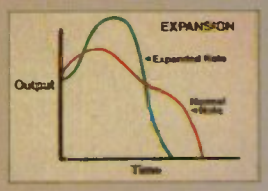

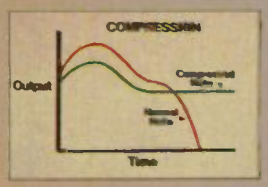

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FREEDOM SWING'S THE NEW THING AVANT

Don Pullen is an eclectic ex-Mingus pianist who plays everything from gospel to romance to exploding tone clusters. He's been recorded on the Sackville and Black Saint labels.

In New York today one notices that there are individuals and groups of musicians who seem to be forming something of a movement within the very avant-garde broad camp that has developed since the Atlantic recordings of Ornette Coleman. It has no leader and there is no particular group of licks, intervals or rhythms that identify players who might be part of it. More a disposition than anything else, it appears to *repudiate* some contemporary tendencies in the avant-garde.

These tendencies parallel some observations novelist Ralph Ellison made in 1961. In the first interview included in his *Shadow and Act,* Ellison says, "So much of the modern experimentation in jazz springs — as far as Negro jazz modernists are concerned — from a misplaced shame over the so-called low-class origins of jazz. These are usually men of Negro middle class background who have some formal training in music and who would like jazz to be a 'respectable' form of expression tied up with other forms of revolt. They'd like to dry up the deep, rowdy stream of jazz until it becomes a very thin trickle of respectable sound indeed."

In many ways, this new, counter-movement is the healthiest thing to have happened to jazz in quite some time and, rather than avoid challenges, it openly addresses very difficult ones. Much of its thrust centers around a return to the more overt roots of jazz and its most fundamental traditions. Its purpose is not only to reach a much broader audience than just bohemians and professional exotics, but is a recognition of the fact that, with the increasing number of deaths of major players from former disciplines, the younger generation will either be the active and living conservatory of African-American musical tradition, or it will symbolize the music's decline into esoteric intellectual entertainment for the disaffiliated (none of which is to suggest, however, that the musicians are hostile to *any* sincere listeners). Instead of obsessively competing with or attempting to "keep up" with the language of contemporary European music or pass off formless violence in lieu of swing, passion and discipline, the players and composers associated with this new disposition to Freedom Swing attempt the more difficult tasks of personalizing the freedoms and conceptions of the last twenty years through the blues, ballads, Afro-Hispanic ("latin"), 4/4 grooves or flowing approaches to "odd" meters. And, however much thought goes into what these players do, the point is not to prove that they, unlike Louis Armstrong, are intellectuals; that they have studied music, know about Stravinsky, Varese, Bartok, Partch,

This new generation of players is creating the most invigorating new music in jazz. The broad movement called Freedom Swing embraces all the fundamental roots and traditions of the past, but best of all, it swings.

GARDE

By Stanley Crouch

ALL PHOTOS BY DEBORAH FEINGOLD

The versatile Chico Freeman plays tenor sax, composes and leads very strong, infectiously swinging bands.

Messian, Stockhausen, Boulez, Penderecki, Xanakis, et al; or that in order to achieve "Universality" they must make music that is almost indistinguishable from that of those men, whether in technique or mood. In fact, one of the positive things about this new disposition is its confidence in the worth, depth and breadth of its tradition, to the extent that one hears no conservatory tones, no anemic phrasing, no pretentious barbarism.

The stylistic broadness of Archie Shepp, Don Cherry and Sun Ra easily preceded this direction because the work of those three was far more comprehensive than many who came forward after the innovations of Coleman, Coltrane, Dolphy, Ayler, and Taylor during the sixties. By 1969, Shepp, Cherry and Sun Ra had shown in recordings like *Fire Music, Mama Too Tight, On This Night, Complete Communion, Symphony for Improvisors, Nothing Is* and *Pictures of Infinity* that there were rich sources within the idiom that could supply the composer and improvisor interested in fresh and individual directions a considerable amount of challenges. In often brilliant fashion, they made use of chord changes, odd meters, black urban folk material (e.g. Shepp's "Hambone"), linear and harmonic freedoms and sophistications, crossings of styles, folk musics and forms that could approach long performances through extended improvisations or medleys or interconnected melodies organized for an overall effect. But their work, like that of Mingus before them and Ellington before him, also made style an extension of technique as much as a personal way of expressing individuality — an element of color, an angle of approach and a way of reducing the distances imposed between eras. Their conceptions allowed for the artist's work to become a personal summation of the tradition that paralleled whatever contributions to improvising and composing he was trying to make.

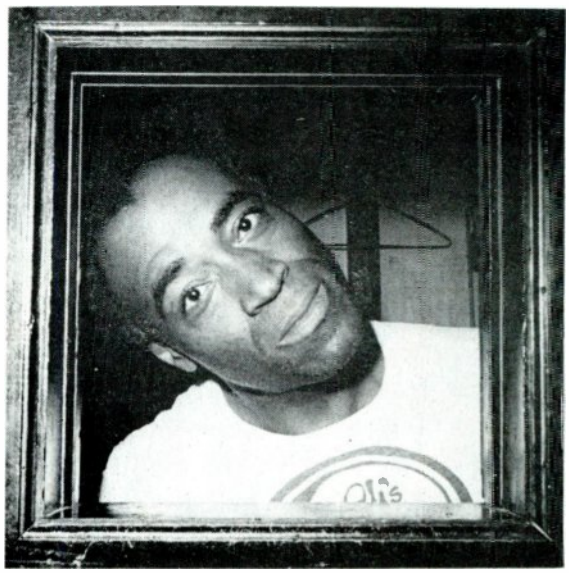
The directions younger players are taking these days seem as much connected to the mood of the times and the stylistic mastery of certain musicians from the Midwest and California as anything else. Of course, if one examines the history of jazz it becomes clear that the music often undercuts the dominant emotions and conditions of a period. The swing of Count Basie served as an antidote to the Depression for many, just as the hard bop movement of the late fifties not only rejected "cool" jazz, but swung people through bad economic times. Obviously, bad times are upon us again, and the musicians who are swinging in fresh ways are doing a social service as well as an aesthetic one, for swing is ultimately affirmative and brings the

feeling of celebratory dance to the music.

Of course, those things are often sensed by players rather than thought out, but there are things which *are* thought out as the result of an influence. In this respect, the Art Ensemble of Chicago is very important to this discussion. Though recordings are far from indicative of their significance, the two weeks that band spent at the now-defunct Five Spot in the fall of 1975 had a great effect on the music scene because of the confident range of their material, from drummer Don Moye's virtuoso mastery of international rhythms of African derivation to the Southside fatback blues sensibility that grounded almost everything they played. Sometimes their interest in theater is excessive, even corny, but the total realization of multiple directions is the source of their impact. Interestingly, very few — if any — players try so much to imitate them as make use of the vast possibilities they have shown.

Air is probably the most important ensemble to come from the AACM since the Art Ensemble and, unlike the more academic and pretentious wings of that organization — those struggling through European influences and ethnic field recordings — Air is working hard at developing substantial and often impressionistic approaches to the classical elements of the aesthetic, though straightforward blues, like "Somebody Got The Wrong Shoes," can rock the house. Henry Threadgill is probably the most successful multi-instrumentalist to emerge from the AACM, bassist Fred hopkins is one of the most swinging players of his instrument to arrive since Jimmy Garrison, and Steve McCall is one of the few actual masters of the free jazz drumming style as well as a remarkable swinger in traditional grooves. Together they work at a form of improvisation that is absolutely collective, each member achieving the orchestral identity of his instrument in relationship to the compositions.

Kalaparusha and Chico Freeman are two AACM multi-reedists and composers both focusing on tenor saxophone. Kalaparusha is the more impressive improvisor of the two and his command of his instrument is second to very few. He leans towards the feeling of modes, ostinatos and the blistering scalar victories of Coltrane's updated blues sensibility. Freeman is much more eclectic than original, but he is very aware of the importance of creating a band sound, and his compositions make use of repeating colors, rhythms and lines that are sometimes so innately infectious they allow his bands to always give good performances, whether they are particularly inspired or not; something which is the inevitable goal of the professional performer.



Drummer Rashied Ali leads bands playing a contemporary transformation of the swing feel of the late fifties and early sixties. Compositions range from jazz standards and originals to totally improvised group playing.

Just as important to this contemporary direction are the players and composers from St. Louis, most of whom were associated with BAG (Black Artists Group) — Lester Bowie, Charles "Bobo" Shaw, Julius Hemphill, Hamiet Bluiett, Oliver Lake and Joseph Bowie. Though usually associated with the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Lester Bowie's own conceptions as a leader pivot on a complex sense of respect, irony and satire. His own group, which includes the remarkable alto saxophonist Black Arthur Blythe, uses every form of African-American music, from gospel to so-called avant-garde, with great emphasis on rhythmic fluency, lyricism, pathos and rowdiness.

Julius Hemphill is one of the most important of contemporary composers in that much of his work aims at orchestrating the power of the blues. Whether in works like *Dogon, A.D.*, his overdubbed explorations of the blues idiom in a solo context, or unrecorded works like *Water Music for Woodwinds*, Hemphill investigates layered ensembles rich with melodies; harmonic and rhythmic material that is as much sardonic as it is given to a tragic pathos along the lines of Ornette Coleman and Albert Ayler.

Besides being the most profound innovator to have ever played the baritone saxophone, Hamiet Bluiett is given to organizing provocative ensembles that might spend an evening exploring his jump band background, intersections where African, African-American and Caribbean or South American elements meet; or he might investigate the rich, lyrical possibilities of his saxophone, his back country clarinet playing, or his bush-influenced flute playing. In fact, beginning in 1976, audience members started spontaneously dancing to Bluiett's music, and you just might when you hear him. Listen.

Oliver Lake's quartet has almost regular personnel. It includes Michael

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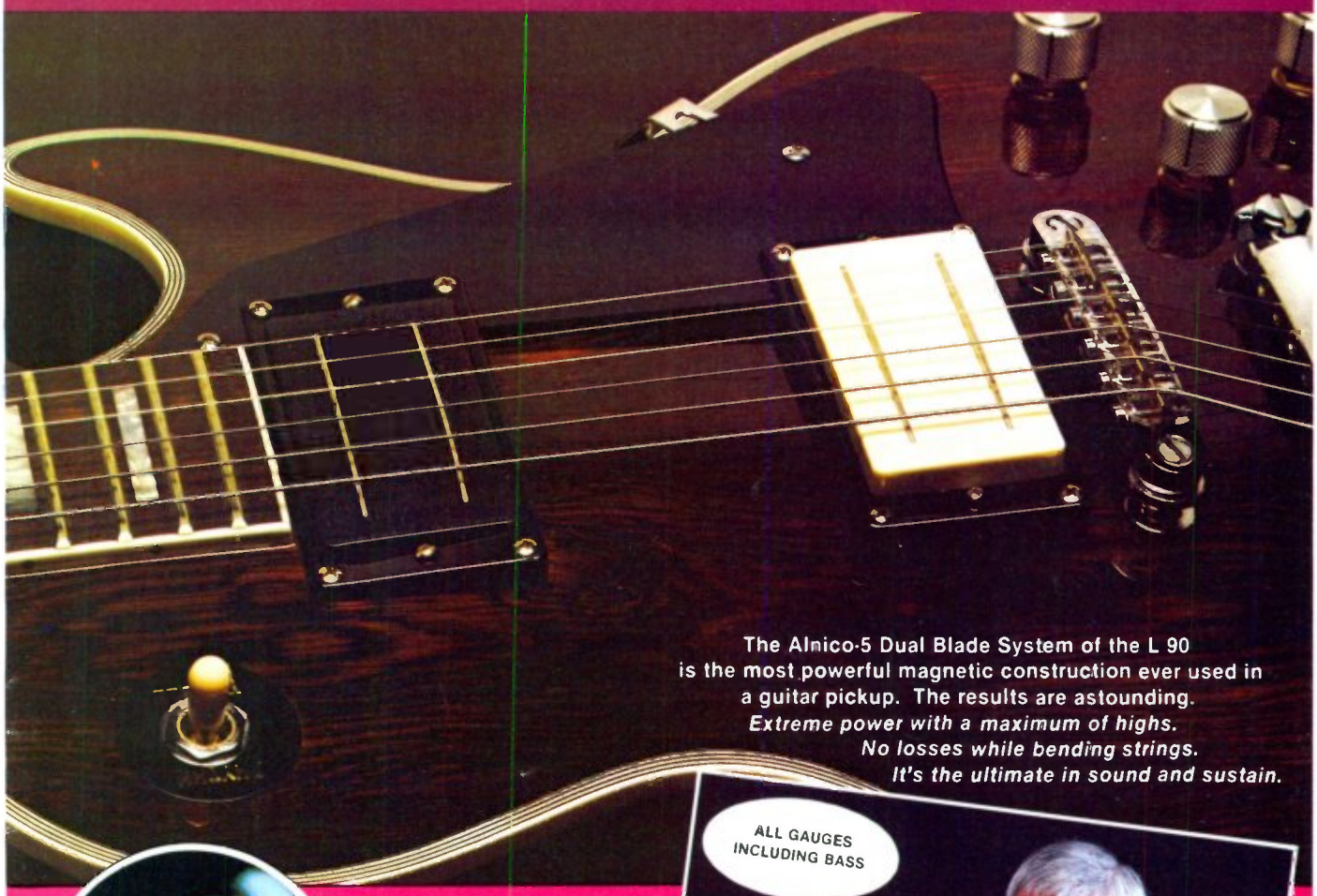

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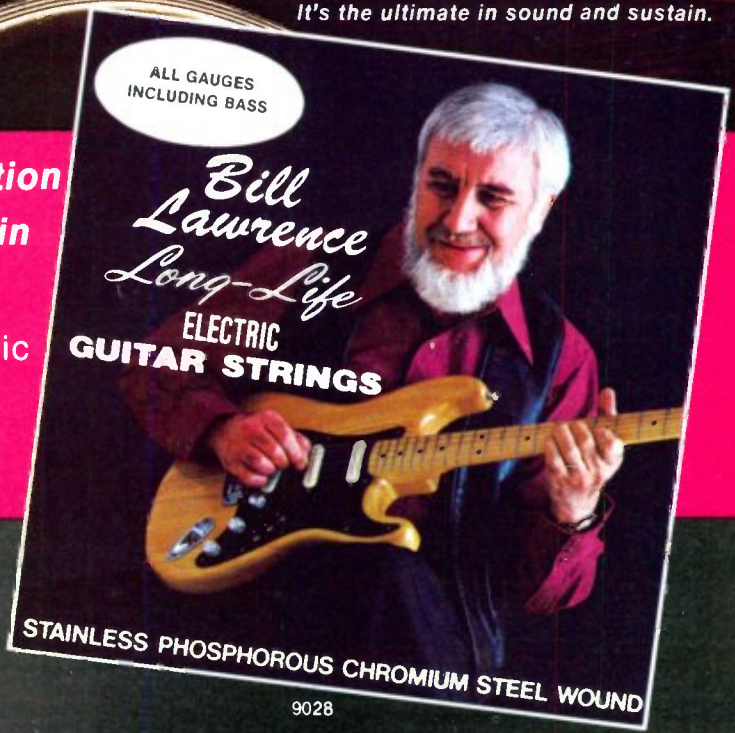

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Trumpeter Ahmed Abdullah works from the language of Lee Morgan and from North African roots developed in Sun Ra's ensembles. The marriage of Arabic scales and the blues is strangely successful.

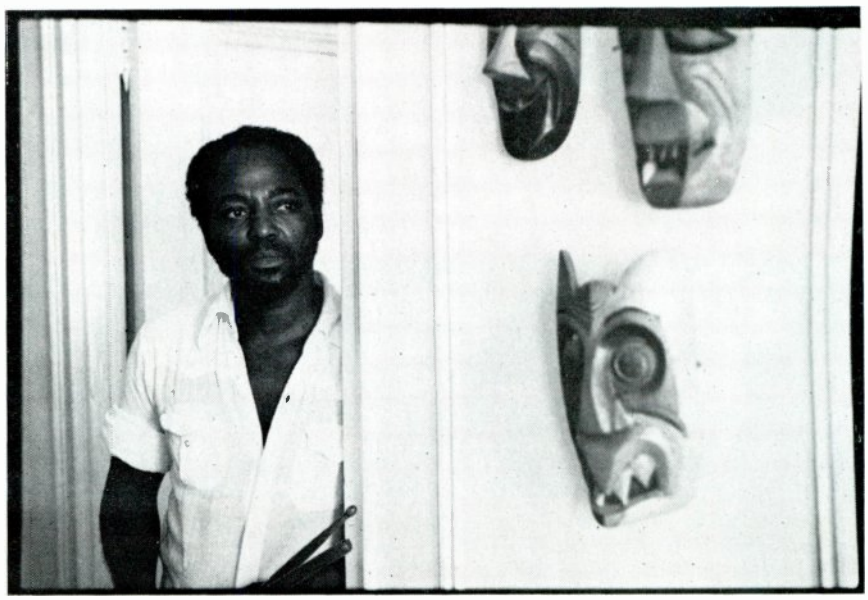
Jackson, guitar; Fred Hopkins or Leonard Jones, bass; and Paul Maddox, drums. Lake is an extremely fine composer and his music, though it sometimes becomes bogged down in empty effects and isolated electronic mannerisms, shifts from the lyrical to the raw, the dancing to the contemplative. Unfortunately, the glorious heights to which Lake can take his music in the quartet format has yet to be captured on record, and probably needs to be recorded live.

The Human Arts Ensemble, under the leadership of Bobo Shaw, is busy investigating the blues, whether in shuffle or the sensuality of the funk backbeat that carries rhythm and blues. There is also a strong inclination to Afro-Hispanic rhythms and forthright, bashing swing that will dissolve gracefully into wild, loose sections that are controlled by taste and empathetic musical ideas. His most recent performance, on the night of Muhammad Ali's taking of the title for the third time, was extraordinary. Shaw's drumming was as passionate and virtuoso as an Elvin Jones, while Joseph Bowie's trombone, James Newton's flute, the bass of Alex Blake and the guitarist all wove together so splendidly I got the same feeling as church when the music lifts up. A band that could easily become very popular.

The leading voices from California are Black Arthur Blythe, David Murray, James Newton and Butch Morris. Blythe is easily the most important alto saxophonist to arrive since Coleman, Dolphy and Lyons. Not only is he a premier virtuoso, but his group conception is unique in that he writes melodies which are broken into motive-riffs and are carried by the tuba of Bob Stewart, while the rhythms are orchestrated by Charles Persip. One of the most imaginative, lyric and passionate of players, his improvising takes on the nature of movements as he will build on one motive until it has been absolutely developed in the areas of melody, harmony and rhythm, then move on to another, the total effect being one of almost symphonic improvising. Blythe's command of style is so complete he seems to bring to bear the history of this music and of his instrument on his movements from phrase to phrase.

At 23, David Murray appears to be the most melodically gifted of the younger tenor players, or the one for whom melodic invention seems most important. He is also a very fine composer and one who could probably write a hit tune. Though he has led many fine groups and has already made 11 albums as a leader, his greatest achievement so far was an incredible big band concert at Joseph Papp's Public Theater in July. Butch Morris conducted an orchestra which included John Carter, clarinet; James Newton, flute; Julius Hemphill, Henry Threadgill, Pat Patrick, reeds; Olu Dara, Baikida Carroll, Lesley Ford, trumpets; Grachan Moncur, Lester Lashley, Michael Keith, trombones; Jaki Byard, piano; Fred Hopkins, bass; Steve McCall, drums; Irene Datcher, vocals; LeRoi Jones, recitation; Rata Christine Jones, dance. The music ranged from New Orleans style, to blues, to thick, dark, Ellington-Strayhorn impressionsism, bossa novas and chordally dense material such as "Murray's Steps." Jones' recitation with only Murray, Hopkins and dancer undercut the joy of the proceedings with a sobering and sorrowful look at American society. All told, with more brilliant improvisations than I have space to detail, and the proverbial "rousing finale," young Murray produced what seemed a prophetic event, especially since certain snide bohemians found the music "boring" [read *not esoteric*]. Of course, they did not notice the extraordinary melodic inventions of Hemphill, the plunger virtuosity of Olu Dara, the

Drummer Beaver Harris, leader of the 360 Degree Experience which includes a steel drummer, sitarist, pianist, bassist Cecil McBee and saxophonists David Ware and Hamiet Bluiett. Performances cover an incredible range of material with ensemble-like precision.



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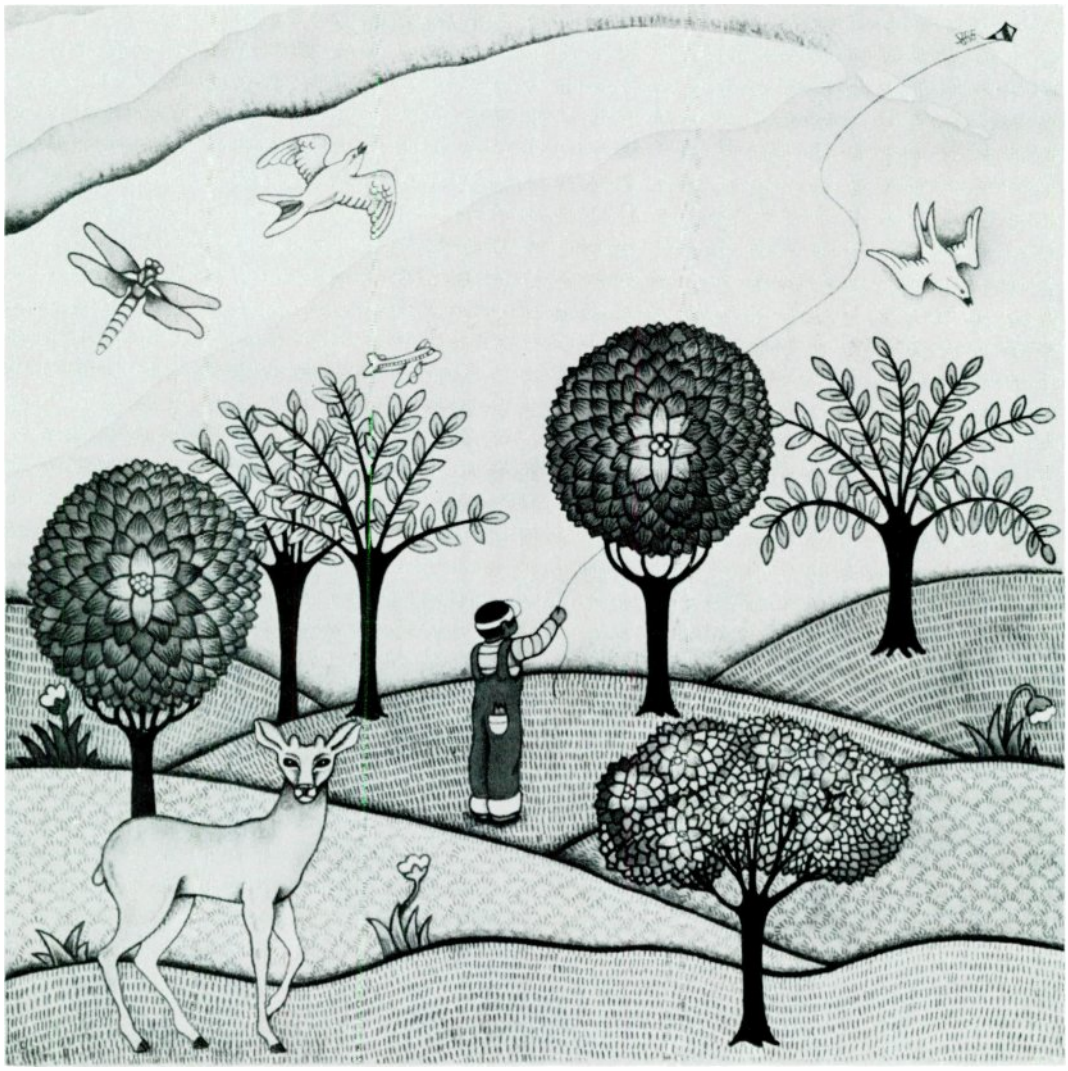

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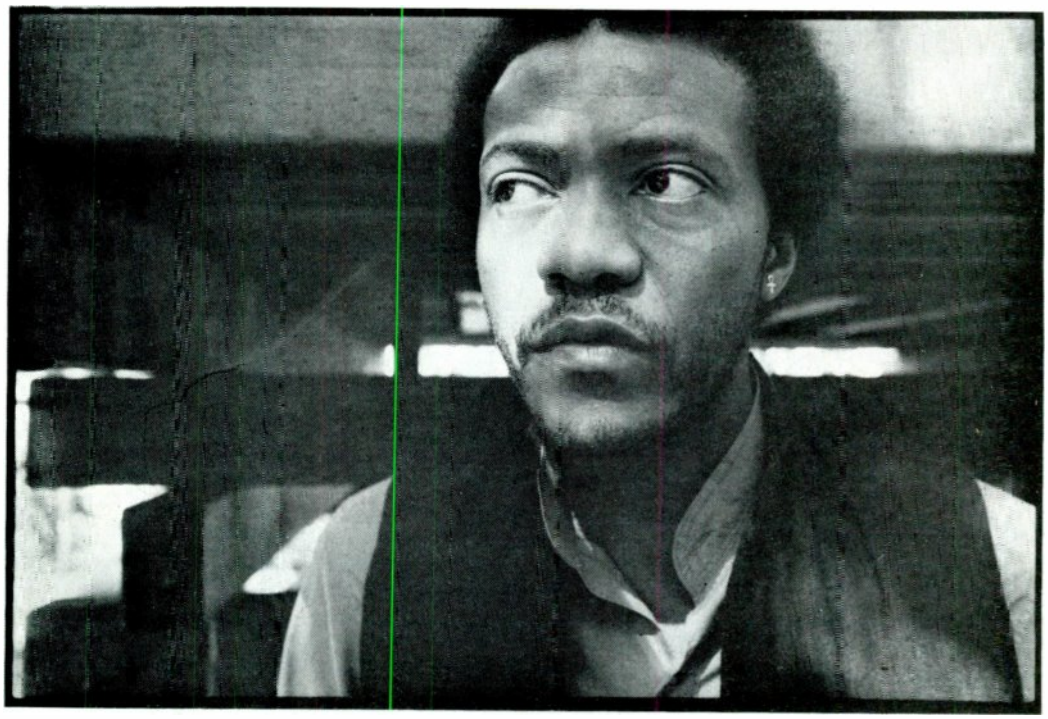

Oliver Lake is a fine composer of music that swings from the contemplative to the raw. He has a regular quartet and a contract with Arista's new Novus label.

comprehensive adventure of Byard, the expansion of the resources of their instruments one heard through Carter and Newton, or the jagged nobility of Murray himself.

James Newton is the most innovative flutist now playing jazz and may be the most powerful player the instrument has ever known. His sound is heroic and he has worked out things within the harmonic series that allow him to play simultaneously ascending and descending lines while singing another and somehow achieving pedal tones — four things at once! But these are not gimmicks, for they work within his compositions and come off as ideas rather than techniques. He is presently leading a quartet composed of Bob Nellums, piano, Rick Rozi, bass; and Dennis Charles, drums. Their sound includes the entire range of the music and the element of swing, whether loose, straight or abstract, is essential.

A fine cornetist who has built something individual from the influences of Don Cherry, Booker Little and Miles Davis, Butch Morris is a substantial composer. His work is often very song-like and can create a lamenting or plaintive feeling that avoids being maudlin. Or his instant classic waltz, "JoAnne's Green Satin Dress," achieves a buoyant and sensual bittersweetness as fresh and well-crafted as Monk. For Murray's big band, he contributed the aforementioned Ellington-Strayhorn grounded compositions which brought out sublimely thick colors from the orchestra.

Trumpeters Abdullah and Olu Dara both lead fascinating ensembles. Abdullah is a developer of the language of Lee Morgan who worked for a few years with Sun Ra, thereby getting a foundation in the entire range of African-American musical styles. In his own group, he plays celebratory music which links blues and North African elements creating a very unique sound as the Arabic scales come through the blues. He also uses riffs and repeating thematic statements in his instrumentation of trumpet, saxophone, violin, French horn, vibes, bass and drums. Like Shaw and Newton, he could easily become very popular.

Olu Dara and the Okra Orchestra is something of a way-out jump band, or a modern funk group set in the middle of a Sanctified church, a reggae convention and a Congolese village. Possessed of one of the most touching trumpet tones, Dara has worked with everything from African bands to Art Blakely; and his desire is to bring all those elements to bear in his group, which he does with astute creativity, humor and passion. Another potential star.

Drummers Sunny Murray, Rashied Ali and Beaver each lead distinctly different bands that are developing swing in alternately direct and complex ways. Murray's only consistent band member is vibist Khan Jamal and the two have developed an empathy that breaks down the separation of the two instruments so much that the vibes seem tonal extensions of Murray's ringing cymbals creating either a cloud of flotation or punching propulsion. Murray's compositions are often folk-like, riffish or dramatic in their similarity to deep, even tragic, songs.

Rashied Ali, who has built his style on Max Roach, Philly Joe Jones, Roy Haynes and Elvin Jones, is a driving drummer whose bands vary in personnel but maintain a sound that is a contemporary transformation of the swing one used to get in the late fifties and early sixties. His repertoire is almost all jazz standards, originals, or totally improvised group efforts that spin from the drummer's setting of a direction. Also, Ali's solos are striking examples of the thematic control taught a whole generation and a half of drummers by Max Roach.

Beaver Harris and the 360 Degree Experience, which includes a steel drummer and a sitar player, pianist and musical director Dave Burrell, bassist Cecil McBee, tenor saxophonist David

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SO WHAT'S NEW WITH CHICK?

By Len Lyons

PHOTOS BY CAROL FRIEDMAN

On his next album he's experimenting with the idea of radio play, the average listener's short attention span and clear-cut tunes with lots of melody.

When you have his attention, you have it undivided, which makes for a rich interchange of some density, however short it may be. It was my first encounter with Chick Corea, backstage at the Greek Theater in Los Angeles, after the last of 77 concerts in three months. During the final encore ("Spain" from the *Light As A Feather* album), I took note of Corea's durability as a performer. The show had begun two and a half hours earlier with a series of two piano pieces played with Herbie Hancock. Then Corea's ensemble played a good deal of original music, most of it from *The Mad Hatter*, for two solid sets. Listening to "Spain" on the backstage monitors, I had the impression this could go on all night.

It could, according to an assistant in Corea's entourage. Concerts elsewhere, I was informed, lasted up to four hours. It was only the Greek Theater's curfew that would dim the lights on this one.

As the group returned to the dressing rooms, I learned there was to be a party for everyone on the tour. It was no small affair. The musicians along were a string quartet, a quintet of brass, bass, drums, keyboards, and the ensemble's featured vocalist (and occasional keyboardist), Gayle Moran. There was chaos in the halls but Corea appeared on schedule in the dressing room, lit a cigarette, and we began.

Was he too tired? On the contrary. "I was tired most of the day," he said, "but once Herbie and I started playing, my energy shot right up and continued. I guess by the end of the night, I'm usually at my peak."

There is no getting around it, so we may as well get right to it: Scientology is the second greatest discovery of his life. (The first is music.) Though he is not inclined to proselytize, he spoke about the inevitable relationship between these two elements, because I asked. "L. Ron Hubbard's research and what he's written about," Corea explained, "has been so helpful to me that I keep on studying it, learning from it, and often can't help referring to it. One of my personal goals has been to bring into my life, my everyday experience, the kind of awareness and uplifting experience I get when I'm playing music. When I play music, I'm very clear. There's nothing in the way. Only the music and the people I'm playing it with."

Clarity is the key concept, and he continued to explain it and its relationship to music. "There is a subject in Scientology called Dianetics, which is a study of the operation of the mind. The mind is the thing which causes the opposite of clarity. Muddiness, or whatever you want to call it. The mechanisms of the mind, when uncontrolled, get in the way of a person's intentions. Most everyone has positive intentions if you get down to stating what they really want to do. But just in going from point A to point B, so many other things get in our way. Anyhow, the idea is to make your mind a useful thing to you instead of a hindrance. This will increase your clarity. Especially if you create, play music, or use your imagination, the best way to operate is without those mental mechanisms."

Trying to apply the reasoning more specifically to music prompted the following dialogue:

Musician: Are you saying music is better created spontaneously, on instinct?

Corea: "Sort of."

Musician: But an educated instinct? Lots of schooling?

Corea: "Oh yes, I'm not talking about magic, although when someone is playing really well, it seems like magic."

Musician: There's real magic to me. In writing an orchestration, it will sometimes have beauty. You can't analyze it. But there are respectable orchestrations which don't have it. I don't know what the "it" is. That's why it's magic to me.

Corea: "For sure. I see what you mean by that."

(Oddly, Corea's previous album was titled *Musicmagic*, but I didn't think to ask him why.)

Corea is a short man, powerfully built. As he speaks, I can detect the broad a's of the Boston area where he grew up. Gayle Moran came in to persuade him to leave for the party. He seems to have an especially close rapport with her and in December will produce her first album on Warner Brothers. Fortunately, our interview would go the distance. Corea's response was firm and definite. He seems to lead naturally, and I asked him what handling a 13-piece stage band was like. After all, Return to Forever could be held in the palm of his hand by comparison. His approach falls midway between dictatorship and democracy: "Dictatorship is where one guy has all the authority and the others follow like puppets. Democracy is where you sit down and discuss everything. Everybody has a vote, and the common denominator turns out to be the person with the lowest level of awareness. That person can only understand, go along with and agree to so much.

"This middle line, which is the sane one to me, is where someone submits an idea, and the others actively share his point of view. They don't have to twist their heads around, but there's a natural sort of agreement." To complete the political analogy, it is Jefferson's aristocracy of talent and virtue.

Corea seems to have his views well worked out, and he answers questions directly. Thus, I decided to explore a smaller bit of terrain thoroughly, rather than try to cover a lot of ground. What is really new about Chick Corea's music, I thought to myself, is the orchestral nature of his last three albums: *The Leprechaun* ('76), *My Spanish Heart* ('77), and *The Mad Hatter* ('78).

The level of orchestration, generally, seems to be rising among musicians with a background in jazz, although it often surfaces in the form of overdubbed, sweetening tracks. These are usually penned later by arrangers whom I can't resist likening to plastic surgeons called in to give the record a face-lift, for fear the music will sound too old or, worse, too Mainstream. This does not happen in all cases. Certainly, not in Corea's. His group records live, ensemble, and without artificial sweeteners.

But this bigger, more complex sound still has implications for the jazz tradition. *Simultaneous* improvisation becomes much less possible. Would fully composed music change the nature of jazz?

Musician: What proportion of orchestration to improvisation, or openness, do you feel comfortable with?

Corea: "The answer depends on the effect I want to create. As an artist, I'm aiming for a result, and I work with whatever resources I have: knowledge, training, the musicians I can get, budget —"

About the new album's title, Meatball: "I'm just a regular kind of guy. There's an image of me as somewhat philosophical and experimental . . . I'd like to balance it out."

Musician: It's a pragmatic question?

Corea: "For me it is. Especially since my tastes range from complete formlessness, like the second piece Herbie and I did tonight (a free improvisation for two pianos), to note-for-note composition. I might want to create either effect. With the musicians I have now, I can do either. They're good improvisors and they know the value of playing a composition. I have a palette to work with, and I take a little from here or there, depending on what I want to achieve."

Musician: Does jazz allow for note-for-note, written compositions? I believe Ellington's arrangements were jazz, but how far can the music go in that direction?

Corea: "You have it backwards to my way of thinking. The style doesn't dictate the use (of orchestration, for example). The

user is the one who creates the styles. I don't say to myself, Does this work as jazz? I'll create the music and the forms I need without even thinking about style. I think the reason we're seeing more orchestration in the jazz-inclined areas, or seeing more structure, is because there are more artists desirous of controlling the effects they create through performance and records. Herbie and I are good examples of that. Also, there are more musicians with the ability to compose. Structuring music is a manifestation of trying to program music and gain a clearer idea of exactly what you're trying to communicate."

Musician: Does note-for-note composition allow you to determine the effect more specifically than improvising?

Corea: "It depends. There are certain musicians I could improvise with and obtain a very specific result. We know each other; we know what to expect from each other musically. The palette I work with is not just the technology of the keyboards, scales, and notes. It's knowing what musicians can do and what results I'll get from employing a certain musical concept."

Musician: So note-for-note writing isn't inimical to jazz? Jazz doesn't require any particular procedure?

Corea: "As far as I'm concerned it doesn't."

Musician: There's a rumor you make an album faster than anybody in the business. I've just been talking with Joe Zawinul who has been laboring over every track of *Mr. Gone* for months. (Weather Report's *Mr. Gone* has just been released by Columbia records.) Why do you work so fast in the studio?

Corea: "Well, it's not a question of technique, because I sometimes go over tracks with a fine-toothed comb. One difference may be that when I go for something in the studio, I know exactly what I'm going for, so I'll make my decisions real quick. I'm not one to deliberate over example A and example B for several days to see which one I want to use. For me, it's *this works, that doesn't.* I don't like to ponder, and I try to move through things quickly. Otherwise, it feels gluey to me. I have worked with people who move very slowly, and I've often thought they must have a lack of things to do in life. Like, say you've got six months to make a record . . . so then you take six months.

"I used to question things a lot, though — maybe ten years ago. Scientology helped me get through some of those barriers. I think a lot of it was personal confusion, a lack of certainty about what I was doing, creating. That's a matter of your ability to know yourself. You like this, you don't like that. Bang! Bang!"

The fact is that Corea's next album, recorded in July, uses a different studio technique, one which represents a significant shift in his attitude towards recording. Instead of starting out with the whole ensemble, he'll begin with basic tracks.

"One thing I've been working out recently is the difference between my communication in performance and my communication on record. Recording is a very different medium, but I haven't been using it totally for what it is. It's been half-record, half-performance for me."

Musician: You mean the record was a document of a performance in the studio?

Corea: "Sort of. The communication line in a performance is so simple. It goes from the stage to the audience, and that's it. But there's a whole process the record goes through before it reaches the listener's ear. There's a great variety of situations that a person listens in nowadays — in a car, at home, very busy, relaxing."

Musician: But you can't affect that.

Corea: "No, but I can take it into consideration when I'm creating the product."

Musician: How will overdubbing tracks help you to do that?

Corea: "That's a separate issue. I could accomplish the same thing without a lot of overdubbing. It's a matter of attitude and intention. The reason I'm using basic tracks and overdubbing has to do with the kind of music I want to create." (At the time of this interview, Corea had not yet gone into the studio with the new concept.)

Musician: In what way will this music be different from *The Mad Hatter?*

Corea: "It's not easy to describe in words; but I can say it will have more emphasis on rhythm. And I'm going to write shorter tracks. I'm not going to write suite-like music with movements and variations. I'm going to write clear cut compositions, each of which does one thing. They'll be more conducive to radio-play, more conducive to listening to a 20-minute side and hearing a multi-faceted sort of thing. This isn't to say that I won't create music like *The Mad Hatter* again. Just not on this particular album. The record will be sort of an experiment for me in using the recording medium."

Musician: In the past have you done much editing — taking out parts that didn't work, and so on?

Corea: "Sometimes I'll fix up parts if they don't come out just right, but the level of musician I get usually makes that unnecessary. A first performance has usually been the one. Now overlaying (overdubbing after the basic tracks) is another matter. That's what I have in mind for this album. It permits me to see parts I can add later to get exactly what I want."

The new album represents a shift in recording technique. Instead of recording a live ensemble, he'll begin with basic tracks and overdub, more in the fashion of rock recording.

Musician: In a way you'll be improvising with the studio technology.

Corea: "That's right. There are a lot of valid ways to use the studio. It's still not invalid to set up two mics, put them direct into a quarter-inch tape, get the balance right and play the piece. It's a technique which, if done right, can produce good results. Of course, the pop market leans towards 24-track techniques, and Stevie Wonder is one of the masters of that style to me. What he does with the studio is incredible."

Musician: In playing along with other musicians, all of them in the band, you get a kind of internal rapport, or interplay, going. Aren't you afraid of losing that dimension of communication by doing basic tracks and overdubs?

Corea: "No, because that's not the concept I'm going for. The art of overdubbing requires being able to re-create a mood or feeling. If I know what I'm going for, I should be able to get the effect by overdubbing, too. I think you really can interact with a part that was already put down. I agree, it's a time-warp; but it can be done."

Eventually, the band's party won out, and the brief encounter was over. My impression was of a man with his feet on the ground, with the knack of organization, with a serious purpose and the ability to have fun with it. What interested me was the sequel: the album, and what he'd have to say about his new approach to recording after trying it out.

The new record will be called *Meatball,* a less esoteric, ethereal title than those suggested by his band members, but Corea chose it because it points to another side of him. It's the Corea from the Italian North End of Boston who eats a basic pasta dish at his parents' table. (Chick's father, Armando, played bass, trumpet, and wrote arrangements for a band of his own in the 40s.) "I feel I'm just a regular kind of guy," Chick says. "There's an image of me as somewhat philosophical and experimental, which I don't mind; but I'd like to balance it out."

At my request, Corea telephoned to report,-after-the-fact, on the experience of recording *Meatball* in basic tracks and

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shorter tracks. He elaborated on part of his motivation: "I did have airplay in mind, but not 'singles' specifically. The only tunes of single length, in fact, don't really fit into the AM philosophy. The main thing in my experimenting with shorter tracks is accounting for the wide variation in the attention span of the listeners. The medium of radio is important to me. I think that's how people get to know about albums. I'm thinking of radio in general, not AM or FM, because I'm not especially knowledgeable on the various levels of programming."

Two additional discoveries were made in the process. First, he found himself enamoured of a very small recording studio (Producer's Workshop in Los Angeles) because they dispensed with the cosmetics and paid more attention to the sound. Second, he found that some practical homework exercises improved his performance in the studio. "For the song 'Golden Dawn' I brought the tape home with me and improvised some Minimoog overdubs onto my 4-track. Then I transcribed what I played, wrote a second harmony part to it, and then put all those notes down in the studio. I'm going to be doing that more often now. (Joe Zawinul worked on almost all of Weather Report's *Mr. Gone* in that manner.) It allows me to know more precisely what I want in the session."

Meatball was recorded in 10 days and mixed in another 10 days. This was Corea's rundown of the album: "When we first talked about this, I had a few of the melodies in my head and the basic concept of the record. It came out pretty close — the original ideas are there. Side One has short tunes; one of them, a mellow, lyrical piece, is about two minutes in length. Side Two has four pieces. I believe every song makes one statement, only one, as opposed to the suite concept I've been using. I should reiterate that I'm not abandoning that style. In fact at the moment I'm writing music for a tour of South America with a sextet. The piece is a suite that will cover the side of a record, and it may be recorded live from the Roxy in L.A.

"All of the basic tracks were me with bass and drums, though I think one of the basics was just me and drums. The only exception was 'Hot News Blues' which I wrote for Al Jarreau. That was recorded complete as a quartet plus Al, though I did do a little keyboard overdubbing. This song contains another of my valiant attempts at lyric writing. Actually, it's a new style of lyric writing for me. My other lyrics have been rather philosophical. One set I liked was for 'The Musician' (on *Musicmagic*). I was really moved to write on that subject, and I think I reached some people, too. But 'Hot News' is more of a down-to-earth narrative of an incident. It's in story form and doesn't try to be poetic. I'd like to develop this type of lyric more in the future.

"On most of the pieces the overdubbing was improvised. However, on 'Golden Dawn,' 'Glieb Street Shuffle' (named after a street in Sydney, Australia), and 'Central Park' the overdubs were completely scored out before the basic tracks were completed. On the overdubs that were written as I went along, I had only a vague idea of what I wanted. This allowed for some interesting additions. For example, I called Airto in the middle of doing one piece and he played some very creative percussion tracks. All in all, I'd say I learned a lot technically from this album."

As no tape was available, this writer will be waiting along with everyone else to hear the music itself.

Mention of an old project and a future one framed our discussion of the present album. A straight-ahead quartet album, *Friends*, had just been released, a project entirely out of the context of composed music. "The evolution of that album is simple," he explains. "It felt so good playing with Eddie Gomez, Steve Gadd, and Joe Farrell on *The Mad Hatter* that I suggested we do something together — not elaborate, no arrangements. It was done in 3 or 4 days a month after the album."

The future project would be quite a bit more ambitious. "It's been a childhood dream: a concerto for piano and orchestra. I've never written for a full orchestra before, but I know the kind of emotions and effects I want to create with it, so I won't be floundering in that respect." Corea well set aside six weeks for research and writing on the concerto, but the time allotment was chosen somewhat arbitrarily, he admits. (He may be fast, but not that fast.) The plan seems to be, as usual, to formulate a definite idea, to work, to see how it goes.

That seems to be Corea's style and so far, so good.

The logistics of an interview, especially if it involves travel, are not always simple. The writer wishes to thank Len Epand and Linda Ekstrom Moss for making this article possible.

Regular guy Chick and vocalist/keyboardist Gayle Moran backstage after a 77-concert tour that employed a string quartet, a brass quintet, bass, drums and keyboards. Concerts often lasted up to four hours.

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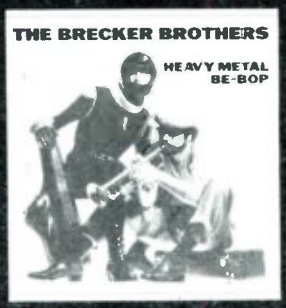

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NIGHTS AT THE COOKERY

By Rafi Zabor

Part II; the author encounters the vicissitudes of Maxine Sullivan, Big Joe Turner, Adam Makowicz and a lot more salad.

The Sweet Voice of Reason

One night Lonnie Schlein and his wife Monica came in while I was working behind the salad bar and I pretended not to see them. Lonnie and I had gone to junior high school together and in college had dated two girls who were each other's best friends. Now he was one of the editors of the entertainment section of the Sunday Times, and Barney Josephson had come to his table and was treating him as an Important Person. I was trying to hide myself behind a not quite convenient pillar, shocked at my capacity for pettiness and shame. The last time we'd met they had treated me to a fine evening of dinner and conversation at their plant-filled apartment, and here I was skulking behind a pillar as though friendship depended upon the vacillations of social status. Was this really me? I lost respect for myself for the duration of the evening. What made the masquerade more ludicrous still was that Lonnie and Monica had seen me too and in deference to my apparent wishes were pretending they hadn't. But it was a wonderful night and in the end we got through it in one piece. (The Times was planning a weekend spread on the club and Lonnie was running advance for the photographer.)

Big Joe Turner was probably working the club then, but I'll pretend for the sake of the narrative that it was Maxine Sullivan. She had been called in to sub for Helen Humes, who was subbing for piano Joe Turner, who was in the hospital in France. The winter was still ferocious, there was ice in the wind and people were beginning to freeze to death in apartments in Harlem (I was writing a novel with my coat on in a flat a couple of dozen blocks south). I loved Maxine Sullivan, though she was not especially popular with the audiences, which were small to begin with. This may have been because she sang short sets and unlike Helen Humes, did not go out of her way to entertain, but I think it also had to do with the elevation and extreme subtlety of her art. When I first heard her I was tempted to call her style understated, but understatement is most often the tactic of someone trying to outfox his own weight of passion, and Maxine's style is so knowing and experienced that other terms and perceptions had to be found for it. I think that she is one of the most completely mature singers now working, and that her work is a great human document, for those who care to read it. Her singing walks the finest of lines and acknowledges a broader range of experience than many more overtly 'expressive' singers ever ascend to. (Albert Einstein preferred Mozart to Beethoven as a composer because Mozart *discovered* his music; Beethoven merely created his.) Maxine Sullivan sings with the kind of simplicity that comes only after long deliberation through the eyes of considerable wisdom. I've heard her early recordings with John Kirby's band and as good as they were — and they were good enough to make her reputation — they were not as luminous and real as what she does now. they did not stand there and look at you so steadily.

She is a small woman with regular features and white hair and she enjoys herself. The first weekend I saw her, she came offstand after her set around and behind the omelet bar and faced me, which is as close as you can get to backstage at the Cookery. When she saw me applauding enthusiastically from behind the salad bar she swung two fists in the air, reared back, kicked one leg high and said, 'Yeah! All right!' Toward the end of her term of office at the Cookery I used to stand at the far end of the bar near the piano and do mock brushwork with my hands on the bartop while she sang. One night she must have heard it and grinned at me over her shoulder. 'You play drums?' she asked me after the set. 'You bring 'em in next week and we'll get something going!' I told her that I wasn't dressed for it and that drums were against the law in a residential zone. 'You can't pay attention to that! You pay attention to that stuff and you'll never do anything! Bring in those drums, just a snare and a high hat. Play brushes.' I told her that Mr. and Mrs. J would not allow it. 'I'll take care of them,' she said. 'We gotta have some drums.' Her singing style is usually described in terms of its lilt and easy swing, but one of its secrets, I think, is that it's fed by her tremendous and ebullient energy which it deliberately refines to the point of sublimity before expression. She is, in the literal sense of the word, irrepressible, and her art is not a simple one. It is as rare as perfection in anything, and as valuable.

I would have loved to bring my drums and play with her, but Dick Katz was wilting visibly at the piano. Even his solo sets were growing perfunctory and soporific. He may have disliked playing for an audience more intent on its teriyaki than his music. Whatever the reason, the man who had demonstrated a genius for arranging and who, with Helen Merrill, had produced two of the finest vocal recordings of the Sixties (out of print and not yet twoferized), as well as a couple of altogether distinctive sessions with Lee Konitz, was reduced to filling the time with whatever was under his fingers and might help keep him awake (it's a great life if you don't weaken). Vic Sproles was still there on bass, a tall rangy guy with a sense of humor and as little enthusiasm as Katz for the gig, though maybe a natively stronger constitution. After awhile he began taking refuge in the basement between sets and I would encounter him when I ran down after fresh lettuce or whatever else, his long frame sprawled inadequately on a straight wooden chair in front of the office door. He'd be doing nothing and we'd laugh at each other and exchange a few words and then he'd go back to his life and I to mine. Upstairs once I chugged past behind him with an armload of something during a set and muttered that I wished I was playing. He laughed, slapped at his bass and said, 'Me too.' I remembered his work with Art Blakey when Lee Morgan, Gary Bartz, John Gilmore and John Hicks were in the band, and knew how much more he could do than what he did at the Cookery. He was also an alumnus of the Sun Ra Arkestra and, after leaving the Cookery in the middle of Maxine Sullivan's stay there, he went back to St. Louis where he teaches bass and theory and works around on the local scene.

VERYL OAKLAND

Big Joe Turner would sit there like a prisoner in chains; all sin, weariness and contempt, as indomitable and corrupt as the blues.

Michael Moore replaced him, playing very much in the style of Eddie Gomez, insinuating his lines into Katz's and playing virtuous solos that almost invariably began with an ascending run that left him where he wanted to be for the rest of his solo, high in his instrument's range. (He did it well and the audiences loved him, but I was far more impressed when I heard him more recently with Bill Evans: with remarkable discernment and intelligence he refused to duplicate Gomez' role in the trio and had begun to work out his own.) He lifted Katz out of a portion of his lethargy and together they finished the gig in honorable fashion. Maxine Sullivan continued energetically and gracefully to the end, singing the same round of standards ('You Turned the Tables on Me,' 'Skylark,' 'Who's Got the Last Laugh Now' and others) and always sounding fresh. (When she got to the line 'I fixed up everything nice, including chicken and rice' from 'Surprise Party,' one of the cooks would go off his nut for the rest of the night: 'Cheeken an' rice, cheeken an' rice, hahaha Cheeken an' rice.' You all right? 'Cheeken an' rice, cheeken an' rice.' 'Infrared lamps, microwaves, the rush, the pace, the heat.' 'Cheeken an' rice, cheeken an' rice, cheeken an' rice, haha, yeah.')

In the middle of his last night I had my first real conversation with Dick Katz. You know, I said, I've always been a big fan of the albums you did with Helen Merrill. 'You *what*?' he said, waking up remarkably and reaching for Michael Moore. 'You know about those albums? Mike, he knows about those albums.' Katz shook his head: 'I thought they were the best kept secrets in the business.' I told him I had always thought that along with Sheila Jordan's vanished Blue Note date they were among the most interesting vocal albums of their decade. Those horn voicings were wonderful; some actual *thought* had gone into the writing of them, the way LaRoca's cymbal cut into them was . . . Katz's face lit up. 'I'm glad somebody remembers them. I saw Helen the other day; she'd be glad too. I'm glad somebody remembers . . .' The years passed between us like a procession of ghosts. 'Hey, do you remember the Australian Jazz Quartet?' The record with the kangaroo on the cover? Did Katz know that Roswell Rudd's first recording was an ethnomusicological hoax, the Lithuanian Jazz Quartet, recorded in a garage in Buffalo? 'Ros Rudd isn't Lithuanian, is he?' Maybe his real name is Rudinski, but it was a hoax, right down to the liner notes. 'I'll have to ask him,' said Katz.

Later, after the last set, slumped with exhaustion and relief, Katz spoke in an awed voice of Art Tatum to Michael Moore, who was a little unwilling to join the religion. We worked it out that Tatum was a greater musician than Rachmaninoff, but possibly not greater than Chopin. We all agreed that Adam Makowicz, the Polish pianist who 'plays just like Tatum' and was coming to the Cookery that Spring, would be a disappointment. We would all rather hear Count Basie play three notes a chorus . . . I went downstairs, changed out of my whites and went home. The novel I was writing during the week was coming along fine but I was developing a rash on my wrists from the lettuce.

Big Joe

All winter long they had been telling me about Big Joe Turner. 'You wait till Big Joe comes then you see some business, whee.' 'Lines around the block, Joey, we pack them in with shoehorns.' 'That Big Joe he eat two chickens a night and take another one home for breakfast tomorrow.' 'Honey,' Irene told me, 'when that guy comes we all gonna be busy. He's something else.' Then she drank her acidopholus culture and told me about the last daily double she'd hit at OTB.

Spring came, at least on the calendar, and with it Big Joe Turner. The first thing they told me was not to serve him any liquor no matter what, even if he demanded it. The second thing they told me was not to serve him any kind of sugar: if he asked for a Coke give him diet soda, if he asked for ice cream turn him down. Big Joe Turner was diabetic and had a taste for things that could kill him. I was not to help him do this. In the months he spent at the Cookery I grew to love Big Joe. At present I would sooner hear him sing than anyone else.

He would show up every night with pianist Lloyd Glenn, looking bored to death while Glenn smiled hello around the house, plant himself at the front booth and order a Coke (I gave him no-cal cherry). He would sit there, legs spread, belly out, sucking at his soda and acknowledging only with great effort the existence of anyone around him. He would hold the cane he needed to get around with across his knees or in one of his hands. Guitarist Wayne Wright would come in and tune up, and then he and Glenn would play a set together ('Yancey Special,' 'After Hours,' 'Pinetop's Boogie Woogie') while Turner sucked up another soda and looked worse and worse. When Glenn and Wright had finished their set, the pianist would announce, 'We'll be back in just a moment with the big man from Kansas City who will tell you all about the blues.' During the break Glenn would say hello to everyone and Wright would chat with Bob Allen, Mo or Rick. Glenn was a handsome black man with a full head of white hair and a face as bright as his piano style. He liked to meet people, paid attention to who they were and what they were like, was instinctively gentle and enjoyed double lemon sherbet and extra vanilla wafers (detail, detail). Wayne Wright, whose time as a rhythm guitarist made the drummer in me envious and whose solos made the listener in me pleased, was a smallish man with radically kempt straw-colored hair, a sense of humor, and a blue flower, or was it a butterfly, woven on his lapel. We did backup vocals together for Big Joe.

Big Joe himself is large and gross and self-assured. His taste in clothes was strange — dark plaid shirts and string ties under brown tweed jackets — he ate too much, never thanked the waitresses and never tipped anyone for anything. When it was time for his set he would rise like a prisoner in chains and make his way to the stool by the piano, ordering another Coke on the way (he would get, in a tall glass with ice and a straw, another tall no-cal cherry). He would cue Wayne and Lloyd

and they would start up a fast blues in C, Wright playing a Freddie Greene four with hints of a shuffle and Glenn playing the bass part and the chords. Turner, his voice huge and cutting, singing, invariably, 'Come on baby play hide and go seek with me, We'll play the game the way it ought to be,' and from then on he would sing classic blues in C for the rest of the night with a bored look on his face except when showmanship required a flicker of something else. He was magnificent, and it was a privilege to be able to hear him night after night, week after week. There were nights on which he exerted himself beyond the usual, and these were amazing. There were nights of defunct microphones, when he would revert to the blues-shouter he had been as a bartender at the Sunset Club in Kansas City. There were nights of every kind and they were all of them great.

His personal manner to one side, what Turner communicates by means of his art is ironic triumph over the hazards of mixed experience. In many of his blues he can be found putting his woman down or boasting of his sexual prowess — 'Don't make me nervous cause I'm holding a baseball bat;' 'I did more for you baby than the good Lord ever done, I went downtown and bought you some hair and the good Lord sure never gave you none;' 'I looked at the clock, the clock struck four, The bed broke down and we got on the floor;' 'Give me an hour in your garden baby and I'll show you how to plant a rose' — but these are the conventions of the form, and the one thing Turner never is, is bitter. He is proud and lustful and contemptuous, but he is man enough not be spoiled by what happens to him, and his irony is a joke he shares with the audience. 'I told her my name was Simpson, not Samson . . .' He stands there, uncorrected human nature writ large, full of sin and weariness, savvy, and a refusal to be beaten, as indomitable and corrupt as the world; it is Joe Turner's mixed pleasure to be the stuff of legend. (It was similarly remarked of Dr. Johnson that his soul was not different from that of other men, only greater.) At the Cookery, Turner put the legend on show three or four times a night but kept himself, except for rare occasions — momentary enthusiasm or the successfully wrangled drink — personally aloof. 'There ain't nothin' shakin' but the leaves on the trees, and they wouldn't be movin if it wasn't for the breeze.' That he loved what he was doing was unquestionable, but for him to have actively exercised that love six nights a week was more than the situation or his sense of justice called for. It was enough that he was Big Joe Turner; there was no one like him. 'There ain't nothin' bubblin' but the peas in the pot, and they wouldn't do that if the water wasn't hot.' In 'Hide and Seek' he would call out 'Are you ready?' Wayne Wright would call back 'Ready!' And we always were.

The cook who had so loved 'chicken and rice' consoled himself in its absence with 'Corinna Corinna', a tune that Turner had been doing for decades and had made sound like a blues. Could you broil me a filet of sole? 'Corinna Corinna, Corinna Corinna, Corinna Corinna . . . *Chinga su madre* . . . Corinna Corinna . . .'Turner to the audience: 'I gotta sing this song every night otherwise I don't get to EAT.'

The Past Recaptured

Big Joe Turner left, the Cookery exhaled, and Adam Makowicz came in. Although his reputation in Europe was immense, he was edgy his first night playing in New York and fumbled a few of his pyrotechnics. The New York Jazz press was there opening night, heard what they heard, and gave the pianist moderate knocks in the papers. By the time I got there it was the weekend and Makowicz had recovered his poise. I listened as closely as I could and decided that although his playing reeked of multiple pastiches — Tatum, Jarrett, Waller — he was basically all right. His chops were certainly amazing, and the roughness remarked in the press had disappeared. The Tatumisms came and went smoothly through both hands (he had remarkable independence) and toward the end of the night he played 'Giant Steps' very fast and ran thirty-second note runs over it. Grudgingly, I decided that he would do. Josephson and John Hammond had been foolish to put out the 'new Tatum' publicity; it could only make Makowicz enemies. He is best appreciated without the comparison.

He was almost painfully shy, shed attempts at conversation like a duck water and was out of the club at the end of the night twenty seconds after playing his last note — he'd rise from the piano, nod at the applause, go to his wife's table, put on his coat and split; it was a vanishing act, done in silence. The only person I know to have had an actual conversation with him was my friend Jacob Lampart, the writer, who came in one night to make salads while I tended bar (Tom had been fired for chronic lateness and for going to sleep a few times with his head on the bartop). Jake addressed Makowicz in Yiddish and asked him about synagogues in Warsaw. Makowicz responded more or less voluminously while I and not a few others looked on surprised. His record has come out recently on Columbia and I'm surprised at the degree to which his performances on it resemble those at the Cookery. In fact, they're identical. The general consensus at the Cookery was amazed appreciation at first and then gradual loss of interest. This can only have been caused by a deficiency of substance behind the technique, but as I listen to the record I find myself being pleased by it, within measure. I doubt that Makowicz will greatly affect the future course of jazz, but I think it would be foolish not to appreciate him because he is European, white, and because a few unwise claims have been made for him. The man can play.

I was not long for the Cookery. The rash that had begun on my wrists had advanced to my hands, which became dripping messes unfit to stick in other people's salads. And they hurt. I worked my last weekend wearing surgeon's gloves. The third draft of my novel was nearly finished, and I accounted it a success on its own terms: what I had set out to do, had been done. It was an awkward length and subtle but I thought I might be able to get it published (no takers so far). I was ready to leave New York. No more standing inside the Cookery and watching the humans browse in Brentano's. No more falafel at Mamoun's, no more little apartment over the synagogue. The hard winter had passed. A friend of mine had killed herself in it, and a closer friend had died of natural causes on a hill in Turkey, watching a soccer game on a coffeehouse TV. I had gotten out of it with a short novel and a rash on my hands. Medicines didn't help, but on the ride out to Colorado it healed in the dashboard sunlight, although not completely (I still have traces of it as I write this article more than a year later). The

continued on page 58

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

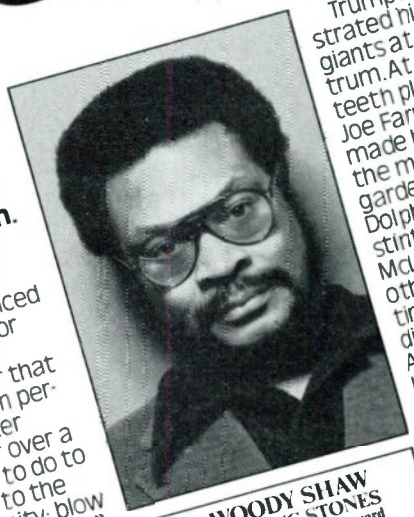
Opened as the Cafe Society in the thirties, the Cookery still maintains the flavor of very close, personal jazz performances.

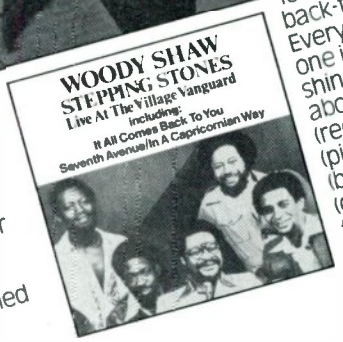
Individuals.

Between Parker and Coltrane there was Gordon. And there still is Dexter Gordon.

Dexter Gordon's style influenced all of the most influential tenor players of the '40's and '50's.

But it wasn't until last year that he took command of his own permanent group. And now, after playing with that group for over a year-and-a-half, he's ready to do you what he's been doing to the New York musical community: blow you away. "Manhattan Symphonie" is an album totally lacking in gimmicks. But you've never heard anything like it before. As annotator Pete Hamm ill says about just one of the tracks: "It's as if Dexter Gordon is taking all his young men on a tour of the city he conquered as a boy, showing them its lights and its shadows, paying tribute to vanished legends, and asking everyone to come up on the stand and play."





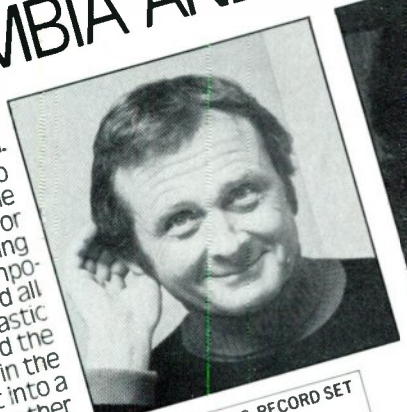
Woody Shaw fronts "musicians who can play it all."

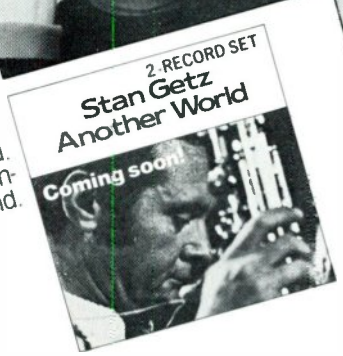
Trumpeter Woody Shaw has demonstrated his ability to fit right in with the giants at every shade of the jazz spectrum. At 18 years old he cut his musical teeth playing with Chick Corea and Joe Farrell in Willie Bobo's band. He made his recording debut on one of the most highly-acclaimed avant-garde albums of the sixties: Eric Dolphy's "Iron Man." And he's done stints with McCoy Tyner, Jackie McLean, Dexter Gordon, and many others. Naturally, when it came time to put a band together, diversity was the watchword. And the quintet he formed for his new album "Stepping Stones" (recorded live at New York's Village Vanguard) is a back-to-basics congregation. Everyone shines...and everyone is given the space to shine. Woody Shaw says about Carter Jefferson (reeds), Onaje Allan Gumbs (piano), Clint Houston (bass) and Victor Lewis (drums), "I think I've found musicians who can play it all." He has.

MUSIC BY AND FOR INDIVIDUALS. ON COLUMBIA AND EPIC RECORDS AND TAPES.

An album Stan Getz couldn't wait to record.

Most performers who go to Montreux, Switzerland for the Festival have little time for anything else but performing and enjoying their contemporaries. Last year, Stan Getz did all that. But he was so enthusiastic about his current quintet and the musical energy that was in the Montreux air, that he went into a local studio and recorded "Another World," his new album. You've never heard Stan Getz sounding like he does on "Another World." He sounds like a brilliant, inspired kid. It's a reputation-making performance, by a living legend.



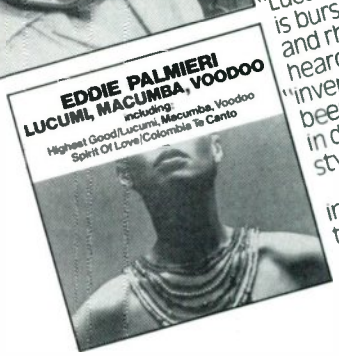


You can't imagine Eddie Palmieri ...you have to hear him.

Imagine a guy who once got fired from a club for breaking the piano ...he hit the keys that hard. Then imagine being able to channel that kind of passion onto record. That'll give you some idea of what Eddie Palmieri's music is like...and why it won him Grammy Awards two years in a row.

Eddie Palmieri's music is African, Cuban, jazz, classical, even disco. His new album, "Lucumi, Macumba, Voodoo," is bursting with sounds and rhythms you've never heard before. The term "inventions" has never been more appropriate in describing a piano style.

So stop trying to imagine...and listen to Eddie Palmieri.



The fusion of elements from jazz, pop and funk has created a new music. George Benson, Grover Washington and Herbie Hancock represent a level of musical accomplishment previously enjoyed by only a small number of jazz lovers. To this they've added concise aranging and production capabilities. Supporting, backing and guiding these artists is a large cast of equally talented people; producers such as Tommy Li Puma and Bob James and the ubiquitous studio musicians who may in turn receive recognition and bring out leader albums of their own. Because of his boundless energy and his impeccable musical sense, Ralph MacDonald has reached the pinnacle of success in all of these endeavors. His leader albums enjoy tremendous popular acceptance; he has produced albums by musicians such as Bobbi Humphrey and Eric Gale; and his percussion work is in constant demand by everyone from George Benson to James Taylor. For example, it has been reported that MacDonald is on nearly 40% of the albums that make the current jazz charts. In 1977, Ralph's work was heard on 16 Grammy nominations, including three of the five cuts nominated for Song of the Year. In addition to this incredible feat, Ralph and his co-workers William Salter and William Eaton have written eight million-sellers, including "Where Is the Love?" and "Mister Magic". In fact, all of Grover Washington's single releases have been penned by this partnership. To top off all of this activity, MacDonald still finds time for live performances such as a recent tour of Japan with Tom Scott or concerts with Ralph MacDonald and Friends.

Ralph's musical inclinations were assured virtually at his birth in New York in 1944. His father was the noted Calypso bandleader, Macbeth the Great, who entertained the Harlem West Indian community with his fourteen-piece orchestra. Ralph would come along on the gigs. "I would be on the bandstand hitting the conga drum until I fell asleep."

In 1961, at the age of 17, MacDonald started touring with Harry Belafonte. Soon he was featured in the stage show as a conga soloist and dancer. In addition, his writing abilities were utilized to the extent that one of Belafonte's albums, *Calypso Carnival* (RCA) was composed, arranged and conducted by the young percussionist. By 1967, studio sessions were taking an increasing amount of MacDonald's time. In 1970, he left the Belafonte organization and joined Roberta Flack's group until 1975, when his studio, production, and writing projects brought him into his own.

Ralph took time out from his busy schedule to call me from his New York home and talk about his much-imitated approach to percussion, and his other projects. His ability to communicate his verbal ideas as articulately as he conveys his music provided for a stimulating conversation.

Musician: How did you become involved with music, and percussion in particular?

MacDonald: My father was a musician — a drummer and a bandleader. He had six brothers who were drummers. It was just a natural sort of thing where I was growing up, in Harlem. My family was from the West Indies. They came here from Trinidad and I was born in this country. My father had a big orchestra and, as a child, I just started to play with the band.

Musician: Mostly congas?

MacDonald: Yeah, and steel drums — that comes with the heritage. When I was seventeen I started to play with Harry Belafonte and travelled around the world with him. I was playing congas, cowbells, shakers, Cabasa, tambourines — latin percussion.

Musician: Was it at this time that you saw the possibilities of latin percussion in popular music or jazz as opposed to straight latin or calypso?

MacDonald: Absolutely. With Harry, I got a chance to work out a lot of things. You see, he was playing basically folk music and the group was two acoustic guitars, upright bass, drums and percussion — a very light instrumentation. So I had to find various means to accompany, other than the conga drum, to get texture. I stayed with him from 1961 to '70. We would be out maybe five months out of the year. The rest of the time I would be in New York doing sessions.

Musician: Speaking of sessions, I've read that your percussion work is heard on about 40% of the top jazz albums on any given week. Are you doing sessions constantly?

MacDonald: I don't really do sessions every day. A lot of times I'll do a lot of overdubbing at one session. People think I work day and night, but I get a chance to pick what I want to do, and then I can overdub. I can do a whole album at a session whereas the rest of the rhythm section might take a week of sessions since they are all live. It takes time to get the music right, and during that time I can be writing my songs or running my production company and studio. Time means money. A lot of times though, like with George Benson, I will do the date with the rhythm section because you can get a different feeling live. What I do affects what everyone else does and vice versa.

Musician: When you are producing someone, to what extent do your concepts control the tunes, the musicians, and the featured artist?

MacDonald: Pretty much totally. The music is all laid out and the responsibility for the whole album rests on the producer's shoulders. I'll help the artists choose material — stuff that they can put their heart into. Then I'll choose the musicians. I have my own recording studio, Rosebud, so I set the dates and have pretty much control of what goes down there.

Musician: Aren't you working with Quincy Jones on the soundtrack of *The Wiz*?

MacDonald: It's already done. It should probably be released in October. We recorded that at A and R studios. They were using up to 75 pieces and my studio is too small for that. Speaking of Quincy, I'm involved with his new album. You know the single, "Sounds and Stuff Like That"? That was originally written by the rhythm section, Eric Gale, Steve Gadd, Richard Tee, and myself.

Musician: You wrote it as a vamp in the studio and then Quincy orchestrated around those tracks?

MacDonald: Right.

Musician: Do you write all the time?

MacDonald: Absolutely. Every time I get an idea, I put it to the paper. When I drive, I keep a cassette next to me. I play a little guitar so I work out the chords and rhythms and I get together with my co-writer, Bill Salter.

Musician: It seems as though you have made jazz more accessible to pop audiences and, likewise, elements of pop have entered jazz. When you produce or play on an album, do you consciously aim for this crossover?

MacDonald: Oh, definitely. We are trying to reach as many people as we can. Slowly, through guys like George Benson and Grover Washington, people have widened their scope. They are listening and getting interested in the artists, maybe checking out what they did earlier.

Musician: I hope people check out what you were doing on some of those early Harry Belafonte albums.

MacDonald: Yeah, those albums were beautiful, weren't they?

Musician: In a way those albums pointed the way to what you are doing now. He was reaching a popular audience, but he still had roots in definite ethnic, blues, and gospel orientations.

MacDonald: Exactly. This was one of the lucky things for me or any percussionist — to work in an atmosphere where you get material from around the world — a wide variety of ethnic music. We used to have hundred-dollar budgets to just go out and buy ethnic records so that we could better understand what it was.

Musician: I imagine you picked up a lot on the world tours.

MacDonald: Sure. Everywhere you go is a new experience. If you stay in the hotel you won't find or hear anything, you know?

Musician: Your style is a unique blend of elements. It is really concise, yet there is a free, textural element also. Did you aim for that synthesis?

Painting courtest of TK Records, by permission.

Ralph MacDonald

From Belafonte to Big Business

Besides being the leading studio percussionist, he's a songwriter, producer, arranger, bandleader and studio owner who's a virtual business unto himself.

By Thomas Lackner

MacDonald: To be truthful, when I play my percussion, it's like having a percussion arangement with a free-flowing attitude. That's probably the difference between me and other players. I won't bring in a certain instrument until the right place in the song, as opposed to a lot of other players who go to a date and they might play conga drums from beginning to the end even if it should only be in certain sections. When I do an overdub, I play in some sections, not in others, and it sounds like an over-all arrangement.

Musician: That is really apparent on your leader albums since the percussion is mixed so clearly and one can hear how you construct your parts. That is especially true on the title piece of *The Path* since the arrangement also deals in a historical percussion chronology.

MacDonald: Yeah, let me tell you. It's not because I did *The Path*, but I think that musically it is such an educational piece. At first, it probably sounds very foreign to most people, but after seventeen minutes, by the time you make the whole cycle and the end goes back to the beginning, it's not so foreign anymore. It's what you've been dancing to all the time.

Musician: Did you have the whole conceived and worked out before you started recording it?

MacDonald: Oh yeah. We had it sorted out but we still had to get it down on tape. We had the idea for the three basic movements because the family was in Nigeria, Trinidad, and America. I knew the first movement was Africa, and wouldn't include anybody but myself and voices. Then we added Idris Muhammed on log drums. On the other two movements I had the help of my partners William Salter and William Eaton and other musicians.

Musician: Who played the steel drums on the middle section? Is that an established group?

MacDonald: Yeah. It's the guys that taught me to play when I was young. The clarinet player, Clinton Thobourne, was a guy who played in my father's band. He's around sixty. One of the things that really pleased me on the piece was how smoothly the transitions came off.

Musician: When you are on someone else's date, does the producer give you a free hand in creating the percussion part?

MacDonald: Absolutely. I have to have a free hand. That's why they call me. They know that what I come up with is going to be in the best interest of the music and not necessarily of me as a player. From working with Belafonte, I learned you have to accompany, not play for yourself. It takes a lot of discipline and now producers know I will bring that to support the music. I can't go to a date and impose my personality on, for example, Paul Simon. I have to support his musical personality.

Musician: When you are creating a percussion part, do you rely on ethnic rhythms — how different instruments fit together in different cultures?

MacDonald: Sure. But it really all boils down to sound. I deal with a song by sound as opposed to by instrument. What does this song need? What sound? Is it a metal sound or whatever. I have to know before I play.

Musician: Speaking of sounds, what is the solo percussion instrument on the tune, Jam On the Groove (Sound of a Drum)? It sounds like crickets.

MacDonald: Baby toy hammers.

Musician: Do you have a whole arsenal of that type of percussion?

MacDonald: Absolutely. You'd be surprised at the sounds you can get from toys. I feel proud that kids can relate to my percussion. The places where you find the best instruments are the little off-the-wall stores. I'll be in the studio and the phone company will leave something after repairing the phones. I'll pick it up, and it will sound great. They left some cables, and they sound fantastic. I use them and people ask what that sound is. They could never guess.

Musician: When you figure out percussion overdubs, do you hear them all together in your head before you add anything, or do you do an overdub, then listen and hear what, if anything, should come next?

Working with Belafonte I learned you have to accompany, not play for yourself. It takes a lot more discipline.

MacDonald: Sometimes I will listen to a track and hear percussion in the choruses only. Then, when I lay that down and hear it back, the percussion for the verses becomes obvious. Usually, though when I do something I have the total outcome in my head. A lot of times the producer or artist might not hear it yet and it freaks them out because I may play a percussion part that takes three different components to understand the whole. One part by itself may sound out, but put them all together and he digs it.

Musician: Did you develop that sense from doing a lot of studio dates?

MacDonald: I think I developed that from playing with a lot of bad drummers. I mean, I came up with folk music and, in folk, drummers just kept time. There was a lot of space left for percussion. I shouldn't say bad drummers; the style just left a lot of room. And then, when things went electric and the style changed, I kept the same approach.

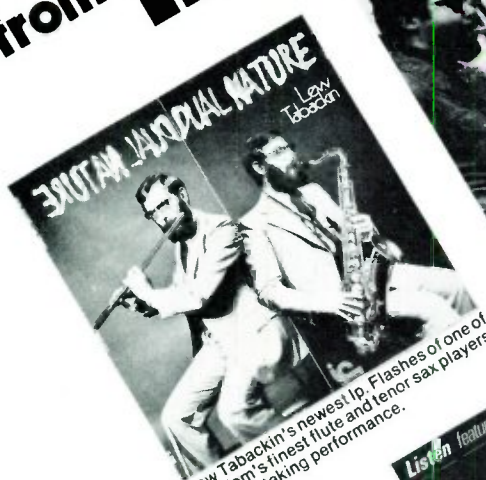
Musician: What are some of your future plans?

MacDonald: Right now I'm getting ready to produce Eric Gale's new album at Rosebud. I'm also going on a short tour of Japan with Tom Scott. Then I'm going to start work on my third album. It might be a little mellower than *The Path*, but hopefully, when it comes out, it will be a positive progression on what I've been doing all along.

New Releases from Inner City

An extraordinary debut recording of power and invention by pianist/composer Richard Sussman (assisted by Tom Harrell, Larry Schneider, Mike Richmond and Jeff Williams.)

A dazzling quartet featuring music by Harold Danko and the driving tenor of the late Gregory Herbert.



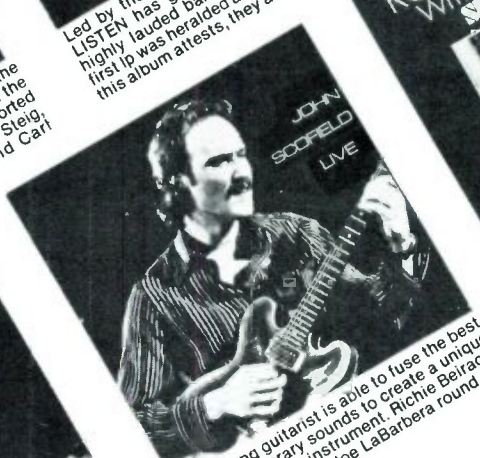
Lew Tabackin's newest lp. Flashes of one of jazzdom's finest flute and tenor sax players. A breathtaking performance.

After a triumphant first LP, Lorber comes back into the limelight in a new and intriguing setting. A truly remarkable pianist, he is joined here by super-stars Chick Corea and Joe Farrell.

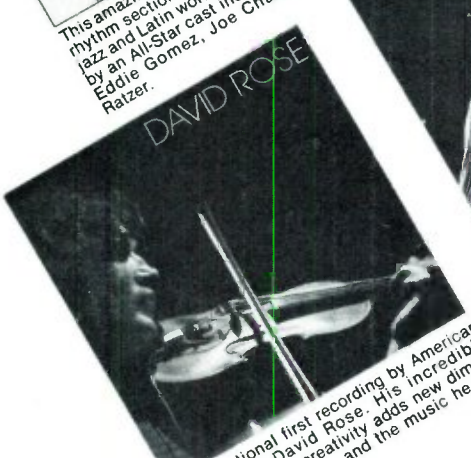
Led by the intensely creative Mel Martin, LISTEN has grown into one of the most highly lauded bands in the country. Their first lp was heralded as a "masterpiece". As this album attests, they are still GROWING.

This amazing percussionist has sparked the rhythm sections of most of the great in the jazz and Latin worlds. Here he is, supported by an All-Star cast including Jeremy Steig, Eddie Gomez, Joe Chambers and Carl Ratzer.

A veritable giant among pianists, Hanna stands in a league all to himself. Whether playing solo or with the dazzling bassist George Mraz, his improvisations are always superb.



This young guitarist is able to fuse the best in contemporary sounds to create a unique approach to his instrument. Richie Beirach, George Mraz, and Joe LaBarbera round out the support.



A sensational first recording by American expatriate David Rose. His incredible technique and creativity adds new dimensions to the violin, and the music he performs.

■ IC 1028 Lew Tabackin: **"Dual Nature"**
■ IC 1029 Harold Danko: **"Harold Danko"** w/Gregory Herbert
■ IC 1045 Richard Sussman: **"Free Fall"**
■ IC 1052 Ray Mantilla: **"Mantilla"** w/Jeremy Steig, Eddie Gomez
■ IC 1055 Listen w/ Mel Martin: **"Growing"** w/Chick Corea, Joe Farrell
■ IC 1056 Jeff Lorber: **"Soft Space"**
■ IC 1058 David Rose: **"Distance Between Dreams"**
■ IC 3022 John Scofield: **"Live"**
■ CR 1018 Roland Hanna: **"Sir Elf Plus 1"**

INNER CITY

past work, *Mr. Gone* presents the work of a band that has gotten seriously out of touch with the less than glossy world outside. This album strikes me as a cold, slick and, worst of all, cynical effort. The band doesn't even swing when Tony Williams in on board, and the title tune, which I take to be an attempt at Thelonious Monkery, comes out sounding merely obtuse and inflexible. Other cuts veer closer to disco than you'd expect. The key word here is Product. And, as Jack DeJohnette has put it, Where is Wayne? Shorter's 'Pinocchio,' so effective with Miles Davis' quintet on *Nefertiti*, is here pointlessly resurrected, glittery as a new car and lacking the solo by Shorter that might have lent it some meaning. Well, that's my impression of the new Weather Report album, and my qualified advice to you if you always buy their albums is to be brave, skip this one and go out and buy something by Lester Bowie. There is a world of spontaneity and real jazz invention on his and a number of other albums out this month, and there is no real reason not to go out and explore it. Weather Report seems ossified by its own reputation while the living world passes it by. The band, never notable for its consistency, may well recover in the future, may well, for all I know, be performing brilliantly in concert right now, and there are those whom this album will please, but there are pastures out there far greener than *Mr. Gone*, and I for one will not be spending an awful lot of time looking back while I go walking in them. — *Rafi Zabor*

Al Jarreau — *All Fly Home*. Warner Brothers BSK 3229.

Al Jarreau, vocals; Tom Canning, keyboards; Lyn Blessing, keyboards, vibes; Reggie McBride, bass; Joe Correro, drums; Freddie Hubbard, flugelhorn; Lee Ritenour, guitar; Paulinho Da Costa, percussion; Larry Williams, additional keyboards.

Al Jarreau has fast become one of the most interesting vocalists of the late 70s, a sort of male Ella Fitzgerald. Whereas Ella's phrasing closely resembles horns, Jarreau seems to be influenced by guitarists. At times his inflections are short and choppy; other times his voice does dips and swells like the vibrato of a guitar.

Jarreau's latest recording is an amiable affair, but it lacks some of the excitement and distinction of his live performances. Jarreau's total involvement in what he does never falters, but some of the material is undistinguished, such as "Thinkin' About It Too," "Brite 'N Sunny Babe," and "Wait A Little While," but these seem to be the airplay hooks, and for that they are adequate. Jarreau's real strength and conviction appears on slow ballads with a gospel flavor, which benefit from sensitive flugelhorn work by Freddie Hubbard. The best cut on the album is the Beatles' "She's Leaving Home," which Jarreau transforms into a deeply felt personal memory. The same cannot be said for "(Sittin' On) The Dock Of The Bay" wherein the overly stylized character of 70's pop-funk trivializes the aura of the great Otis Redding.

Jarreau is always interesting as a vocalist, even when events around him tend to reduce his emotional impact. He is a first-class jazz vocalist in a pop setting, and if the pop aspects don't thrill me, well, they don't bum me out either. — *Chip Stern*

Sonny Rollins — *Don't Stop the Carnival*. Milestone 55005.

Sonny Rollins, tenor sax; Donald Byrd, trumpet & flugelhorn; Tony Williams, drums; Mark Soskin, piano; Aurell Ray, electric guitar; Jerry Harris, bass.

Everybody's hero has come home. He did it. On the mostly solo 'Autumn Nocturne,' the second half of 'Silver City,' and a half dozen other places on this live double set Sonny Rollins has proven on record what those who have heard him live have claimed for him all along: that he can still play as well as he ever has (and maybe better) in the course of a long and monumental career. Everything is being claimed for these performances: that they are the best to be recorded by anyone in ten years or more, that they are wonders of the world, the degree of joy they have kicked off in *aficionados* would be comic were it not so substantial. Sonny Rollins has always been a source of wildly irrational pleasure. Under his influence normally cerebral critics lose their reason and begin to yammer in strange tongues;

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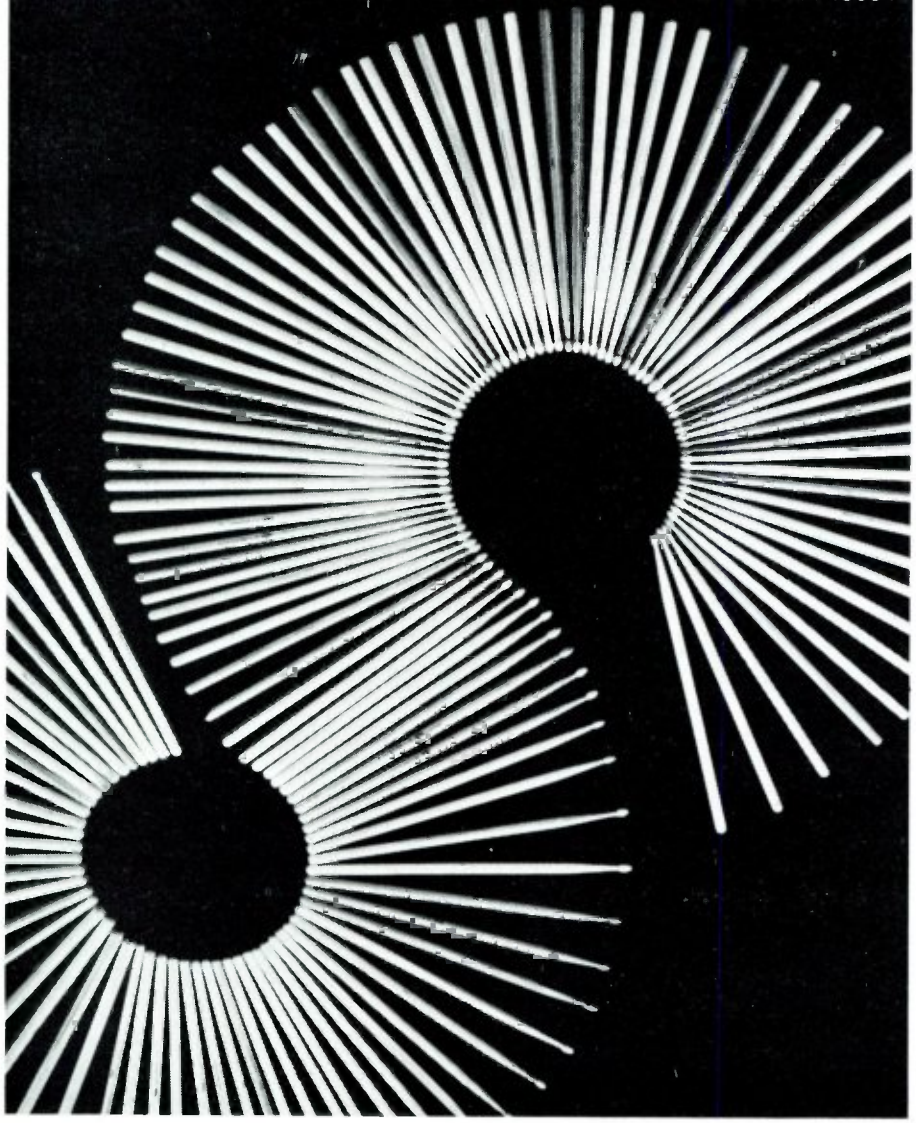

rapt in reminiscence, the eyes of forty-year-old road-hardened musicians glaze over at the mention of his name. And I agree! Listen to this guy play! He's the great American jukebox, uncorking melody after melody, full of good and bad jokes, arcane references and bottomless wonder. He hashes jazz and resurrects it all in one phrase, takes a run at Shepp and Ayler, he invents, he sings, he bodies forth worlds. Yammer yammer, glaze glaze.

Now the bad news. If 'Nocturne,' 'City,' and bits here and there unveil the Rollins miracle to an extent unparalleled in an uneasy decade, and despite the fun-loving title calypso, the rest of this album is a shambles, unnerving in its disarray. Tony Williams pops along, but no one has figured out how to record him since he made his drums tubby and switched back to Turkish cymbals; the pianist could be improved upon and the guitarist shouldn't be there at all; Donald Byrd takes over for a bit more than half this double set, and though he sounds better than I thought he would, he does not sound at all good. Maybe it is fitting that genius should be inexplicable in its lapses as well as its triumphs and that Rollins should be a source of puzzlement as well as wonder, but it don't fit with me. The one thing I thought Rollins incapable of these days was his former ease, and I was wrong: take him as he is, I suppose — a fact of life and a force of something more than nature. Whether you will want to buy this album will depend on how much you make a week and how much you love what is inexplicable, vast and funny. — *Rafi Zabor*

Lester Bowie — *African Children*, Horo Records HDP 29-30.
Lester Bowie, trumpet; Arthur Blythe, alto; Amina Claudine Myers, vocal, piano, organ; Malachi Favors, bass; Phillip Wilson, drums.

Lester Bowie
African Children

So much of what is called fusion these days ought to be called confusion (or double-crossover). In seeking to arrive at a danceable airplay formula, most of the ethnic character that has made jazz-blues-rock great is bleached out or cliched over.

African Children is not a crossover album per se, but an Italian recording of Lester Bowie's European touring band. That is to say, music for Europeans only, because in America music like this would not be allowed to see the light of day. It crosses over in that it demonstrates the rich common roots of American music. The mix is not very live, the pressing could be better, and it's an import to boot; but this record is a powerful document of the emotional and musical range of musicians who have been largely typecast as avant-garde.

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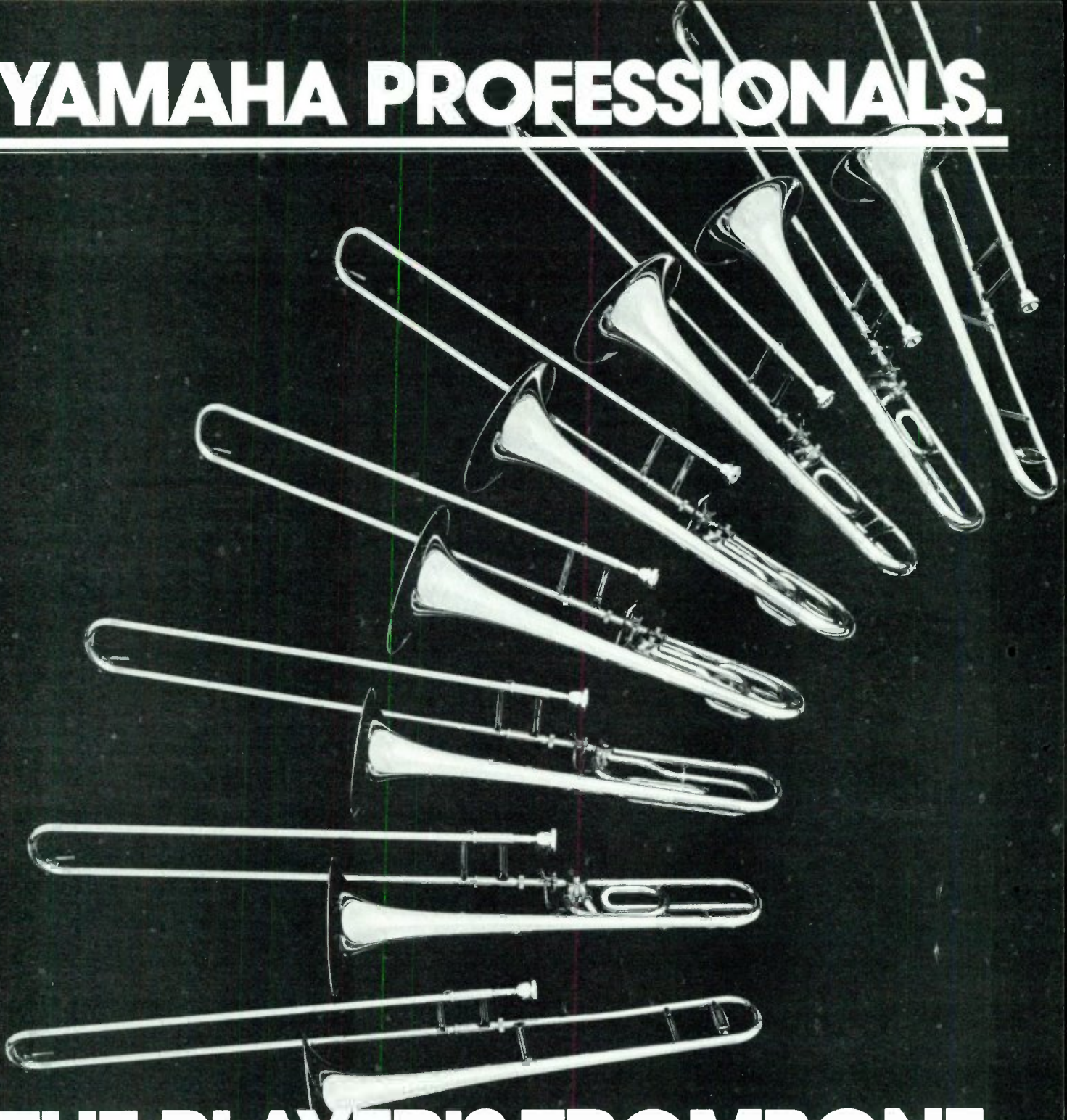

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Bowie is certainly a brass iconoclast, as he demonstrates on his unaccompanied "Captain Courageous," an encyclopedia of his unparalleled tonal range and musical burlesques. But then there is "For Fela," a sort of James Brown in Africa funk piece, complete with bar organ washes and a pulsing backbeat from Favors and Wilson. Wilson kicks off "Chili MacDonald" with his sparse, lyrical drumming, which leads into a bouncing Caribbean dance, a shouting revival meeting and, finally, some free blowing ensemble polyphony. Arthur Blythe is inspired throughout, and will remind listeners of every great alto saxophonist they've ever heard. His playing is bursting with emotion, and he is authentic in every musical idiom — "imagini zigzaganti" is how the Italian liner notes describe him, and that about says it. "Amina" features Myers' lovely wordless expressions and the telepathic interplay of Bowie and Blythe, while "Tricky Slicky" is an open-ended, swinging blues. There is music for dance, and music for trance; Bowie and company show how timeless and interchangeable are the elements that compose our popular and art musics. I hope the American companies will stop trying to dichotomize them. — *Chip Stern*

Julius Hemphill — *Raw Materials and Residuals*, Black Saint 0015.

Julius Hemphill, alto and soprano sax; Abdul Wadud, cello; Dougoufana Fam-

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oudou Don Moye, sun percussion.

The more I hear of Hemphill the more I am impressed with his work. It is characterized by deep blues feeling, the continuous exercise of intelligence and a refusal to rely on effects. He is neither a phrasemaker nor a mannerist: he is playing deeply into life with some difficult experiences and insights in hand. In his writing, roots and modernity tussle back and forth and find equation. Cellist Wadud has roughly the rapidity of mind and execution of Cecil Taylor, and his long association with the altoist has made possible a depth of interplay you won't find too often anywhere else. And they don't make drummers better than Don Moye. This trio makes what I keep referring to in my mind as modern art music, not because it belongs in a museum but because it participates in some way I haven't yet been able to fathom in the modern painting sensibility which Hemphill claims as a primary influence on his style. Side One of the album is intermittently successful, but Side Two is damn near perfect and contains some of the most fully modern and continuously creative music I have heard in awhile, a slow landscape 'Plateau' and the unlimbed blues 'G Song.' These and the landmark *Roi Boye and the Gotham Minstrels* recently released on Sackville are, I think, essential listening for our time, and mark out some of the range of a complex and modern voice that refuses to settle into ruts or anything less than the full stature of what it has to say. (If you can't find it, the record can be ordered through Rounder Records, 186 Willow Ave., Sommerville, Mass. 02144. They have recently taken over distribution of the excellent Black Saint catalog.) — *Rafi Zabor*

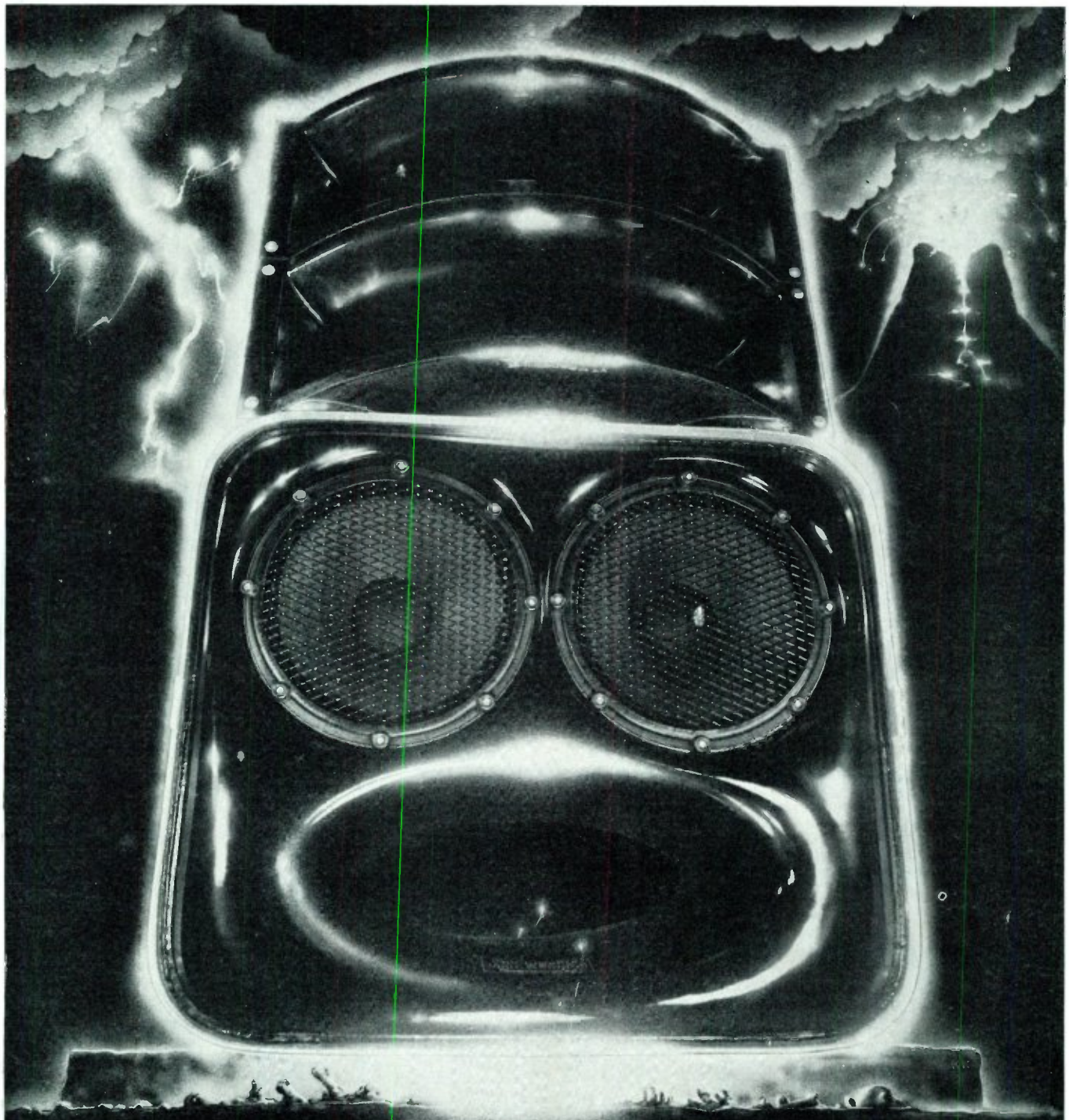
Art Lande and Rubisa Patrol — *Desert Marauders*, ECM 1106.

The problems that crop up in *Desert Marauders* — a largely enjoyable album by West Coast pianist Art Lande — are problems central to the New Cool School, an admittedly generalized grouping in which Lande surely fits. When do sonorous melodies and rich, roundly-shaped improvisations stop being merely pretty and become insightful and commanding? How can real sentiment be retained among the well-laid pitfalls of sentimentality? And in a music served well by introspection and restraint, a music showcasing heart and mind — is there room for any clear concept of artistic soul?

On a couple of tracks here — a dark and moving ballad called "Perelandra," the album's spirited finale "Sansara," a lot of Lande's elements fall into place; it is then that this band with the incongruously guerillaistic name travels its smooth-edged path with an impressive air of purpose. Mark Isham, with his brimming trumpet tones and strong (if not overly original) soloing, attains his best work on the latter; he is certainly a valuable member of this outfit.

Yet the piece "Rubisa Patrol," despite a tough, dry theme and a full-scale treatment (it runs 16 minutes), never seems to come together, its wandering less the result of poor planning than of overambitious treatment: all of the problems mentioned are laid bare and picked over somewhat unconvincingly. And a new entry in the Chick Corea/Mexicana/Iberia sweepstakes, "El Pueblo de las Vacas Tristes," produces a singularly flat response on the part of the Patrol.

Lande is a pleasant, at times vital, composer, and a pianist who comes off best when not calling specific attention to his playing's inner graces. I have the feeling that Art Lande's soul (and by extension that of his music) would show through a lot more clearly if it were glimpsed around corners instead of on display front and center. That way, the fine line between preciousness and presence might remain gratifyingly obscure. — *Neil Tesser*



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JAZZ BRIEFS

Phineas Newborn — *Look Out - Phineas is Back,* Pablo 2310-807. Recorded in 1976, this disc is tinged with a poignant memory of the man who was perhaps the most technically involved pianist in modern jazz. Newborn was, and is, the purveyor of a style where single-note lines are heard simultaneously in the left and right hands; and while the notes used to fly by at jaw-dropping double times, now they seem to ooze and dance more humanly. It's like seeing Cassius Clay at 21, with the famous shuffle, and comparing that vision with Muhammad Ali at 36 in New Orleans: yes, he still floats like a butterfly and stings like a bee, but in a shadow of his former prowess. But swinging thru "Night in Tunisia," quietly stating "The Man I Love," Phineas is still a wondrous player; and Ray Brown on bass and Jimmie Smith on drums help make this a memorable date and a happy return for a piano giant. — *zan stewart*

Chico Freeman — *Kings of Mali,* India Navigation 1035. A completely convincing and mature statement by a young musician who has emerged even further as a composer and bandleader than he has as a soloist (he plays reeds forcefully and melodically and still in the Coltrane mold). His band here includes the formidable Don Moye on drums and percussion, a fine vibist named Jay Hoggard, Cecil McBee on bass and the brilliant young Anthony Davis on piano. Side One uses contemporary jazz idioms inventively and well; Side Two is African, pastoral, and fresh as a breeze; and the effect of the entire album is of dignity, harmony and completion. — *rafi zabor*

Dave Holland — *Emerald Tears,* ECM-1-1109. There are not enough superlatives in the English language to talk about Dave Holland's bass playing. Whether waxing rhapsodic or bursting forth in rapidly-fingered forays, every note is imbued with a deep ringing poetry. Holland plays the whole range of the bass, and a range of music that takes in twentieth century classicism, modern jazz, and blues. *Emerald Tears* is a worthy companion piece to Dave's other ECM masterpiece, *Conference of the Birds.* Holland's solo recital is an excellent balance of technique and feeling. — *chip stern*

George Duke — *The Dream,* MPS 5D 064D-60327. Possibly the best solo disc yet produced by George Duke, who produced, played all instruments, and did the vocals. The notorious Duke humor can be heard on "Mr. McFreeze," "Spock Does The Bump At The Space Disco," and "Vulcan Mind Probe," but don't let the typical titles throw you. This music never descends to the astral funk-junk of George's Epic recordings, but maintains consistently inventive jazz-rock priorities. Through a distribution deal with Capitol Records, these Dutch imports should now be easier to find. Also recommended: *The Inner Source,* a double album from MPS with Duke's trio (John Heard, Dick Berk) joined by Jerome Richardson, Luis Gasca, and Armando Peraza . . . heavy breathing from 1971. — *b.h.*

Famoudou Don Moye — *Sun Percussion Volume One,* Aeco 001. If I tell you that this is a solo drum record you will not easily be able to form an idea of it unless you are familiar with Moye, since it has more variety than sustains many group albums. It is a surprising record in many ways, and its appeal depends not only on Moye's virtuosity or the variety of drums, gongs, whistles and horns on which he plays, but on the human depth at which he operates, the radical insights one would expect from a member of the Art Ensemble, and upon the intelligence, passion and respect with which he has approached and entered African tradition. (AECO Records; PO Box 6408; Chicago Ill. 60680.) — *r.z.*

Dizzy Reece — *Manhattan Project,* Beehive 7001. A rock-solid date from trumpeter Reece, who has not been heard from Stateside in years, here accompanied by the increasingly monumental Clifford Jordan on tenor, Charles Davis also on tenor instead of his more usual baritone, Albert Dailey on piano, Roy Haynes on drums, and the man who steals the scene, Art Davis, on bass, with a sound huge enough to float a battleship and all the time in the world. Reece contributes a few interesting originals and plays strongly with a thick, bitter tone and cuts his way through the changes with a resolute refusal to sound like anyone else. The recording is excellent. Recommended. — *r.z.*

Toshiko Akiyoshi — *Finesse,* Concord Jazz CJ-69. For a while, the trio records Toshiko was making were released only in Japan, and now mainlanders can get a good, broad sample of what jazz's most honored distaff pianist and writer has been up to. It is clear after one hearing that Akiyoshi has moved far beyond being just an admirer of Bud Powell. As she plays more piano, her own individuality as an aritst at the keyboard becomes obvious, with personal touches like strong, left-hand accents and imaginative, fancifully linear melodic remarks. Though she includes two pieces from her big band library, one being the bossa "Warning: Success May Be Hazardous To Your Health", the other material is unexpected. We hear "Wouldn't It Be Loverly", from *My Fair Lady;* Victor Young's "Love Letters"; and an adaptation of a song from Grieg's *Peer Gynt.* Bassist Monty Budwig and drummer Jake Hanna assist in the happy affair. — *z.s.*

Hamiet Bluiett — *Resolution,* Black Saint 0014. Bluiett may bring more strength to the baritone than anyone since Harry Carney, full of solidity and power, but the rhythm section is what makes this album work for me. Don Pullen is central to any album on which he appears, creating an atmosphere of density, turbulence and harried invention. Fred Hopkins is typically ideal on bass and Billy Hart and Don Moye cooperate remarkably on drums; Hart polished and harmonious, Moye virtuoso and direct. Go out and find this album. — *r.z.*

Larry Coryell - Phillip Catherine — *Splendid,* Elektra 6E-153. Coryell and Catherine are among the most formidable guitar duos you are likely to hear. This set is a further distillation of their excellent *Twin House.* Less chops, but more charm. Both players show compositional flair, from Coryell's "Snowshadows" to Catherine's "Father Christmas" (both featuring Catherine's Jacoish fretless guitar). Everything from Djangoish reveries and classical sensitivity to raving blues. No cereal filler. Splendid indeed. — *c.s.*

Ron Carter — *A Song For You,* Milestone M-9086. Ron Carter sure can make that piccolo bass sing, but those waves of cellos do not swing. The call and response patterns with the strings do not get me where I live, even though Carter, Kenny Barron, and Jack DeJohnette play well enough. A good pop album or a very tired jazz album, depending on your outlook. — *c.s.*

David Murray — *Transboogieology,* Black Saint 0018. Murray's tenor is an individual voice whose range incorporates Ayler and the blues and something yet more fugitive and singular that crosses the music like a shadow, sometimes obscuring it, sometimes suggesting depth of field. This quartet album turns on the strength of Murray's writing and that of trumpeter Butch Morris, the rhythmic power of bassist Johnny Dyani and drummer Oliver Johnson, and the dark passion of Murray's tenor. It is an assured contemporary statement. Coulda done without the vocalist on the title tune though she looks alright on the cover. — *r.z.*

Hal Galper — *Reach Out!,* Inner City 2067. This was a good band: Galper on piano, the Breckers, Wayne Dockery on bass and Billy Hart on drums. The record is presided over by the mellowed fire of Hart and the excellence of tenorist Michael Brecker (this is probably his best record), but Galper earns his leadership credit by virtue of the fine and varied blowing vehicles he writes, and by his strong, though Tynerish, piano. This quintet put out some of the best hard bop of the decade, and this is likely to be its only record. Yours. — *r.z.*

Lester Bowie — *The 5th Power,* Black Saint 0020. Trumpeter Bowie is perhaps the most accessible real giant of the new music. He is always bluesy and often humorous, and in the course of one solo can range from pure melody to avant garde fragmentation to sputtering nightsounds and elemental flutters. This

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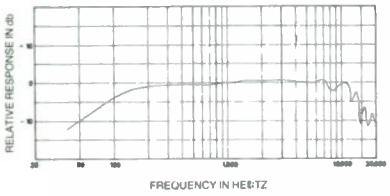

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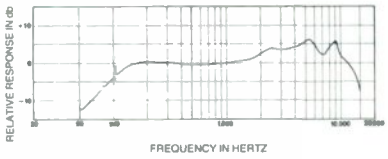

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tuneful and assured album features him with an exemplary quintet: the virtuoso altoist Arthur Blythe, Amina Myers on piano, Malachi Favors on bass and the funky and spacious drumming of Philip Wilson. It is a complete success: a 'haunting' ballad undercut by Bowie's half-valved bleats, a gospel tune with a good vocal from Myers, free stuff and lots of blues. Antic, true, and recommended. — *r.z.*

Albert Ayler — *The Village Concerts,* Impulse 9336/2. None of the music on this double set has been released before, and so this is a real find. Hymns and spacemen, Sonny Rollins angels, Mexican funerals, the works: Ayler made an indelible mark on the music. How great he will ultimately be reckoned we don't know now, but that he was unforgettable we knew from the first. His music sounds like a celebration for the end of the world. In retrospect, his brother Donald, buzzing like a mad hornet on trumpet and then reaching for the heavens with great forsaken blasts, seems more impressive now than he did ten years back. Majestic and bizarre. *r.z.*

Dollar Brand — *African Portraits,* Sackville 3009. Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Brand) is a joyous pianist who mixes up a fine brew of sanctified church, Ellingtonia, Islamic devotion, and blues. His music evokes images of African plains and delta nights, sometimes peaceful, sometimes fervent. The pianist favors repeated riff-like figures, which he lingers over until he has built himself into a fine rapture. Sometimes the music has a tendency to repeat itself a little too often, but generally this record is an infectious listening experience. *c.s.*

Sunny Murray — *Apple Cores,* Philly Jazz PJ 1004. This extraordinary drummer plays as naturally as the wind blowing through the trees, and his free accent style has influenced a generation of players. This is Murray's most consistent and varied recording (guitarist Monnette Sudler notwithstanding). There is a fine mixture of swinging, rubato ballad playing, aural encounter sessions, and drum dialogs. Murray's cohorts include some of the finest players in jazz today: Arthur Blythe, Hamiet Bluiett, Oliver Lake, Frank Foster, Don Pullen, Jimmy Vass, Cecil McBee, Fred Hopkins, and the electro-acoustical machinations of one Youseff Yancy. A homegrown, but a damned good one. — *c.s.*

Bill Evans — *New Conversations,* Warner Brothers BSK 3177. Evans plays piano with an attention to nuance, shading, and dynamic contrast that sets him apart from the more percussively oriented schools. Mellifluous to be sure, but lurking within those rich voicings are gentle nods to swing music and an occasional blues reference. Evans achieves an orchestral ambience via the use of overdubs—crystal palaces of sound. All quite nice, but it is a solo performance of Ellington's "Reflections in D" that will provide the most goose bumps. — *c.s.*

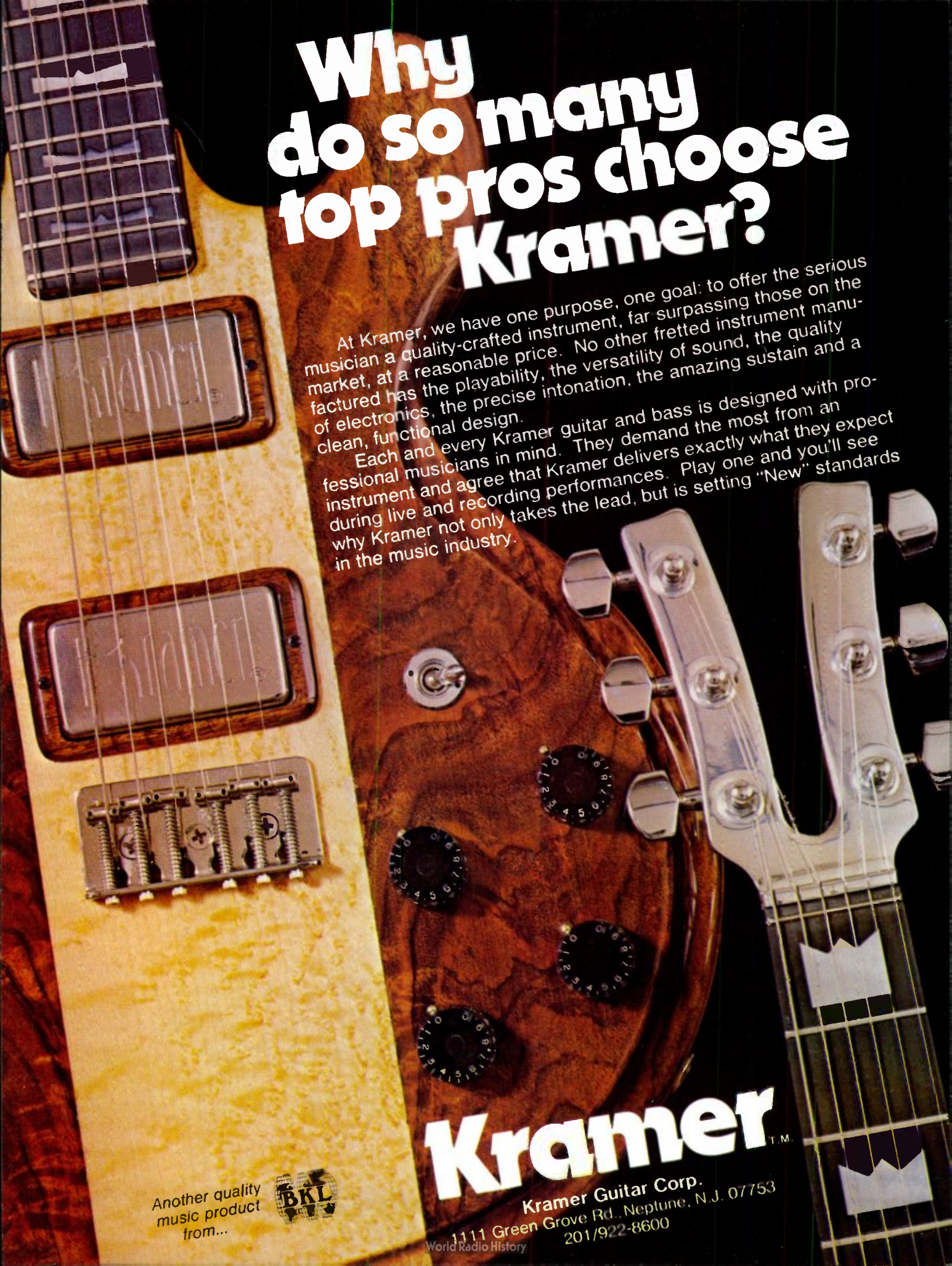
Mel Martin/Listen — *Growing,* Inner City 1055. A considerable advance over Martin's previous album for Inner City, which was more than a touch schematic: fusion band plus steel drums plus odd meters does not necessarily add up to anything. On this date both the writing and playing are more fluent and less contrived, and the recording is superior by far. Martin plays reeds well enough and is abetted by the expert George Marsh, among others, on drums. Seems to me that this and Jeff Lorber's album are both to be preferred to Chick Corea's latest, as they are to the rest of big-name fusion. Not earthshaking, but not evil, either. — *r.z.*

Jazz Artists Guild — *Newport Rebels,* Barnaby/Candid Jazz, BR-5022. This remarkable record celebrates the meeting of two generations of jazzmen in protest against the commercialization of the Newport Festival. The ease with which the stylistic chasms are crossed bespeaks the timelessness of the art of jazz. Mingus and Dolphy meet Elderidge and Jo Jones on a common blues ground; Dolphy and Jones provide a dialog for vocalist Abbey Lincoln; and on one supercharged cut Jo Jones *and* Max Roach churn away under Booker Little. 100% real. — *chip stern*

Alice Coltrane — *Transfiguration,* Warner Brothers, 2WB 3218. Those who found Alice Coltrane's recent work to be blissed-out muzak can rejoice in this release. Coltrane's devotionals recall the unbridled spirit of husband John's later groups, and her mighty Wurlitzer's sound is somewhere in between a saxophone and Indian hand organs. Coltrane's string writing is still a tad over-ripe, but her piano playing is oceanic and peaceful. The intensity she achieves with Reggie Workman and Roy Haynes is often paralyzing, expecially on "Leo." Music to trance out on. — *c.s.*

Hannibal Marvin Peterson — *Hannibal in Antibes,* Inner City 3020. Is shameless grandstanding compatible with being a great trumpeter? It has been in the past but I ain't sure about Hannibal, even though he makes his claim stick for stretches of side one. His prowess (it is the right word) on his instrument is undeniable, but his music can be resolutely mundane despite the breast-beating infusions of personal drama. I suspect that if he ever really finds the door he is looking for he'll blow us all down, but he hasn't found it yet. Good rhythm section here with Diedre Murray's cello in place of piano, Steve Neil on bass and Makaya Ntshoko on drums. George Adams' work on tenor and flute greatly enhances the disk. — *r.z.*

Don Pullen — *Solo Piano Album,* Sackville 3008. This powerful pianist has an eclectic background that includes stints with Milford Graves, Arthur Prysock, Nina Simone, and Charles



Mingus. Pullen plays the entire range of his instrument, as well as a wide range of musical reference points. He has been lumped, rather simplistically, with Cecil Taylor, because of their fondness for exploding tone clusters and 20th century compositional techniques. Pullen is certainly capable of high intensity freak-outs, but his is not a single-minded vision. This set contains post-bop formalism, some heady gospel-blues incantations, and romantic expansiveness seamlessly blended with the power-drive pianistics. Pullen's touch is varied, his rhythmic drive is buoyant, and his harmonies are never redundant. This is a first-rate piano recital by an overlooked artist. — *c.s.*

Heldon — *Heldon IV*, Aural Explorer AE 5001. This label spins off from Inner City Records and rockets right out of orbit . . . showing just how far the parent label has shifted its mainstream stance. An all-electronic experience brainstormed by Richard Pinhas, Heldon is less hilarious than Kraftwerk, less imaginative than Mike Oldfield, but nearly as heavy as, say, Tangerine Dream. Heldon shows behind-the-scenes creativity in its use of 1954 Les Paul guitar, but the four part "Perspective" relies too much on one of those astrally phase shifting click-clack beats. Then, just when the metallic power onslaught has you ready for the rubber room, Heldon breaks into something intriguingly sensible such as "Interlude: Bassong." The LP was appropriately taped at Schizo Studio, but perseverence may turn up a method to this madness. — *b.h.*

Ray Mantilla — *Mantilla*, Inner City 1052. The personnel make this date for percussionist Mantilla. He's using a talented young guitarist, Carl Ratzer, who along with drummer-pianist Joe Chambers, wrote all the material on the date; the under-rated flutist Jeremy Steig; and the resounding bassist, Eddie Gomez. The music is based on repeating vamps, some melodically gentle and fine-spun, some rhythmically forceful and intense. "Inca Love Chant", with Steig's bass blute, comes away with top honors, but the date as a whole is open and listenable. — *z.s.*

Eddie Daniels — *Street Wind*, Marlin 2214. The superlative reed man Daniels has made his first solo album in ten years, and it's a potpourri of sounds, images and moods. His tenor is featured on Peter Allen's 'I Go To Rio", a rousing take, and on a haunting yet bouncy reading of Patti Austin's "End of a Rainbow", both tunes written by singers. But the album's brightest moments are provided by Daniels' clarinet antics, an instrument on which he is a virtuoso with a ringing tone and startling breadth of invention and execution. He plays the rocker "Preparation F," and the classic "Ol' Man River," the latter a mini-suite in three parts. Eddie makes the long, ebony horn sound perfectly at home in a contemporary atmosphere: no shades of mold or dust, just right on time. — *z.s.*

Willis Jackson — *Bar Wars*, Muse MR 5162. Heavyweight stuff all the way! This is lounge jazz at its finest. Jackson is a gutsy, roaring tenor man in the spirit of Hawkins, Webster and Jacquet and he likes to burn, burn, burn. The blues is what this disc is all about, straight-ahead jazz blues and Jackson is a past and present master. And to back him up, he uses one of the greatest young guitarists, Pat Martino, who is simply outrageous, no matter what the setting; and a soulful, pulsing organist, Charles Earland. Better roll back the rug for this one. — *z.s.*

Jeff Lorber Fusion — *Soft Space*, Inner City 1056. This is the second of two good Lorber albums on this label. The band comes out of the Northwest and derives mostly from Weather Report and Chick Corea, but because Lorber and his accompanists seem genuinely interested in exploring the idiom and themselves rather than just turning a buck, the music is interesting and fresh. Corea and Joe Farrell are on hand for guest shots for two cuts each. So? — *r.z.*

McCoy Tyner — *The Early Trios*, Impulse. This could have been a better retrospective than it is. Instead of rereleasing Tyner's first two albums, *Inception* (with Art Davis and Elvin Jones) and *Reaching Fourth* (with Henry Grimes and Roy Haynes), Impulse has reissued the first of these and then assembled selections from a number of dates to fill out this double set. To my mind this is an inferior strategy, but it's hard to know by what logic, or lack of it, record companies proceed in these affairs, cutting this out of the catalogue and leaving that in, reissuing two thirds of Fingle and one half of Fangle, deciding who shall live and who shall die. May as well say it here: the graphics on this whole Impulse series serve no one except the designer and, presumably, his family. — *r.z.*

Various Artists — *The New Breed*, Impulse 9339/2. A grab-bag including the great Cecil Taylor sides originally put out under Gil Evans' name as half of *Into the Hot:* essential stuff with Taylor working towards his mature approach and already in full artistic stride with Archie Shepp on tenor; a good hard bop quintet co-led by Charles Tolliver and James Spaulding; a Grachan Moncur quartet; and the live version, less stunning but more gritty than the studio cut, of Archie Shepp's 'Hambone.' The first-named and last items make this double set important, but we could have done with less Moncur and in its place Coltrane's live version of 'Nature Boy' from the same concert that provided everything here but the Taylor items. In the middle of my life's road I found myself in a dark record shop. — *r.z.*

John Scofield — *Live*, Inner City 3022. This is a fine and likable album. Unlike Coryell and company, Scofield seems interested in working out a viable

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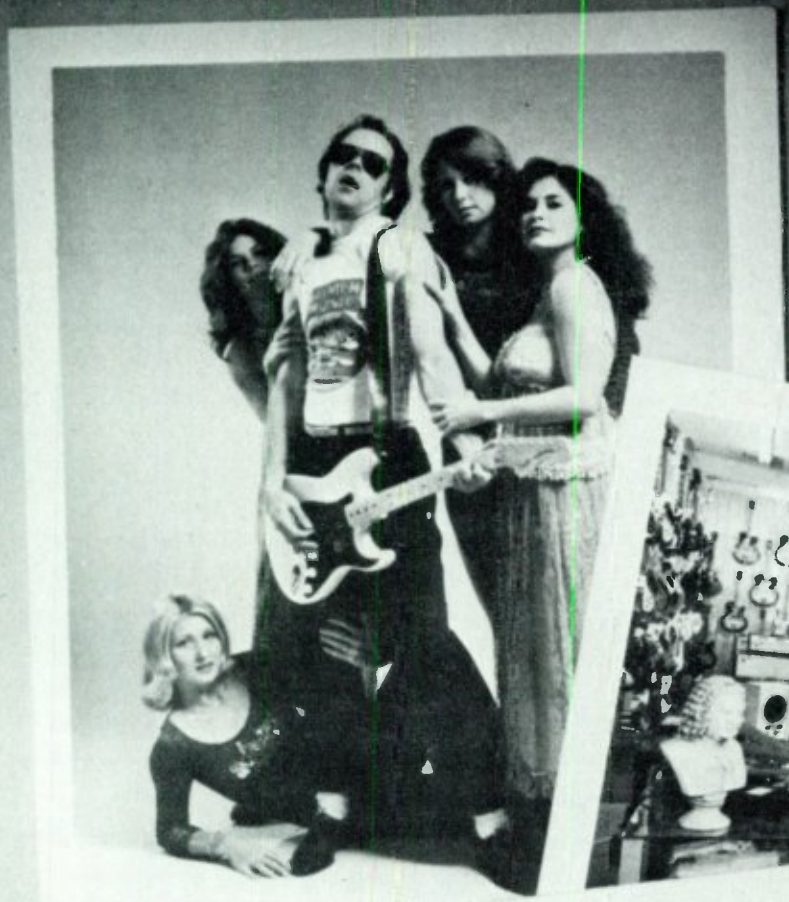

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modern extension of Charlie Christian's style. His work here is technically unstrained, full of ideas and flow, and is phrased in a personal way. Richie Beirach is 'brilliant' and facetious on piano, while George Mraz and Joe LaBarbera make a fine rhythm team and solo well. The recording is fine. A satisfying record. — *r.z.*

Abdul Wadud — *By Myself*, Bisharra 101. Cellist Wadud is one of the most astonishing instrumentalists of any kind to have emerged during this decade. He plays cello in a way that makes arco, pizzicato, blues and pointillistic pantonality seem simultaneous events in a style going about its own larger business as it must. This is a solo album and, although it robs us of the pleasure of hearing him as an accompanist, this can be remedied by buying other albums; this one tends to overdensity (lines tend to disappear when plucked this rapidly) but introduces us to the solo talents of a musician who leaves no note inexpressive or ungraced by humor or invention, and plays with a virtuosity that cannot but dazzle. (Bisharra Music, PO Box 749, Newark, NJ 07101.) — *r.z.*

Lew Tabackin — *Dual Nature*, Inner City 1028. There's a lot of vigorous tenor playing on one side of this album, more broadly based and satisfying than on Tabackin's last for this label, but to these ears he steals it with his flute playing on a tune that nobody from Brooklyn should have allowed to be called "Euterpe." Don Friedman is welcome back after long absence on piano. The album was recorded in 1976 in L.A. — *r.z.*

Eberhard Weber — *Silent Feet*, ECM ECM-1-1107. A bolder advance for the German bassist Weber, whose group Colours is evolving into a rather hefty jazz fusion unit. The side-long "Seriously Deep" begins with the sort of wide-open modernism we expect from this composer, but the cut soon submerges itself in a degree of improvisation and intensity previously displayed only in concert. Charlie Mariano, who deserves accolades for his own *October* (Inner City), is quite willing to leave Colours' melodic framework for long periods of introverted solo time, and drummer John Marshall (Soft Machine veteran) is pushing for harder edges in Weber's music too. The leader's passion for jazz-classical melody is still an important part of this group's ECM sound, but the set is rarely mellow in its devotion to new openness and individualism.

Charles Owens — *The Two Quartets*, Discovery DS-787. Owens, an LA-based reed artist, plays only tenor saxophone here on a date featuring six of his own compositions. As a writer, he presents a diverse assortment of pieces that serve as supports for his thoughtful and reaching improvisations. "The Key to Life" is lyrical and warm; "Eric's Tune" is jaunty and light; and "Little Tunk" is feisty and bluesy. The saxophonist employs two different quartets (hence the title) on this provocative and sturdy date, with pianists Ted Saunders and Dwight Dickerson getting most of the solo space. — *z.s.*

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Cookery - *cont. from pg. 30*

rash kept me out of restaurant jobs once I got to Colorado and at length I became a jazz critic, that strangest in the series of creatures I have been. Last winter I went back to the Cookery with this article in mind and saw Alberta Hunter, who is a particularly pure instance of human triumph (What is usually conceived of as a triumph of human nature is most often a triumph over it.), but there is no room for her in this piece. I go back to New York next week and I wonder if my family will still speak to me. I hope I've slandered no one in writing this, praised the praiseworthy and told all the truth there was room for. Wish me luck.

Freedom Swing - *cont. from pg. 21*

Ware and Hamiet Bluiett, lives up to its name by using many different musical styles. But what makes it so unique is the range of textures that the instrumentation allows. When it last appeared in New York, the audiences were spellbound by the range of the material and the ensemble precision, for the sets shifted directions and conceptions continually, giving the listener a musical tour of a broad universe.

Don Pullen, who has worked with Nina Simone, Milford Graves and Charles Mingus, is the favored pianist of the new disposition, for he brings a thick, blues-gospel touch to his music and has figured out fresh voicings and ways to make clusters more than blots of staccato nervousness. His quartet of Chico Freeman, reeds; Fred Hopkins, bass; and Bobby Battle, drums; is a very thrilling experience, for Pullen's virtuosity and empathy give his band a much larger sound as he manipulates the keyboard to sound like everything from drums to choral chants and improvises structures in which the voicings shift so often each chord seems a universe unto itself (one of the directions arranging will take), or he might trill with his outside fingers while playing simple, elegant melodies with his thumbs and forefingers. One samba he composed sets fluttering clusters under a line that is played in the upper register of the tenor saxophone but allows for improvisation within the statement of the melody, causing invention and composition to coexist.

All in all, the scene is very rich indeed, particularly with masters like Philly Joe Jones, Max Roach and Dexter Gordon returning to active New York playing, for they are bringing with them the kinds of skills and disciplines and approaches to artistry that are inspiring higher standards in every style of playing, while seeming to draw inspiration from the better younger players as well. When that kind of interplay exists in this idiom, the aesthetic sky is the limit. Freedom swing has that rare quality of being spontaneously re-invented by the best of the new generation in jazz every time they play. Whatever it is, it is alive.

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R&B - *cont. from pg. 10*
stores in his time.

When George Ross died of a heart attack, his young widow didn't have the means to bury him. A collector from the old neighborhood put up the money for the funeral, and in exchange took not only Boll Weevil's woman, but his entire accumulation of precious records.

Jazz-Rocks - *cont. from pg. 12*
listener like it's on the on-beat, and then when the keyboards come in it'll sound like *they're* on the off-beat when in fact they're on the on-beat. If you've got a concrete brain, you can clap all the way through it."

The close association of U.K. members has been fostered over the years, but the emergence of Eddie Jobson was none too soon. "We've been very close for a long time, because our management and record company in London is EG Records, which is part of Polydor now, used to be Atlantic. Since 1969, they've had three bands. They started off with King Crimson, then they got Emerson, Lake & Palmer, and then Roxy Music. I joined King Crimson in 1972 with Bill and we got to know the people in Roxy Music; obviously I played with Roxy Music after that. It's a very close-knit office and, if you're in there, you're bound to see someone from the other band at any given time.

"I've always thought that Eddie was untapped. The fault of talent . . . that in the past he has only been able to play other people's keyboard parts. So he seemed the obvious choice. He's young, very talented. Plays violin as well, and he's never been used to his fullest extent. He also wanted to start a band. Obviously he had never made any money with any bands that he's been with . . . you only make money from royalties. So he wanted to get into a band where he could write, one that paid properly for his talent.

"In fact, Fripp asked me if I thought Jobson would be interested in joining King Crimson years and years ago, and I said 'No, I don't think so.' I thought he was far more interested in Roxy Music at the time. As it turned out, he would have been interested in joining the group, which was a bit of a pain in the ass because we had already gotten someone else to join Crimson at the time."

U.K.'s debut album for Polydor, fittingly called *U.K.*, is a fusion tour de force that has so far failed to receive its share of publicity. The name U.K., of course, is still unknown to most Americans, but the music itself may be, in strictly business terms, considered too progressive and uncompromising.

"We had one 12-minute track," commented Wetton. "This is one criticism that we got from deejays who would have preferred a four-minute track on the first side. They were faced with the choice of playing 'In the Dead of Night' or a four-minute track by someone else. They didn't know where to take the needle off. So they'd end up playing the other album, which means that we haven't gotten enough airplay."

One solution would be to go for the four-minute hit song. John admits, "but that's a bit of a compromise really, as far as we're concerned. If we happen to have a song on the next album that's 3:30 then fine, wonderful. But we're not setting out to write one in order to get airplay.

"But the band suffered equally from the fact that no one knew who the hell we were. I mean someone put the album on this guy's desk and he'd say 'Who the hell's that? U.K.? I'm not going to play that.' And then he'd get phone calls and then he'd start playing it, maybe. And so it's ben a battle to try and get airplay. But the album's done quite well, really. I hope we can build on it next time and get a little more happening."

At least there will *be* a next time. Side one of U.K.'s first LP is taken up by a long, thematic piece called "In the Dead of Night", and Wetton says: "I think that side is really more the direction that I would like to go. Side two is really good; we use that for the opening of the set. The two numbers we ditched from the album are 'Nevermore' and 'Mental Meditation'. We did so many overdubs in the studio that it's just impossible to do them. We've only done the ones onstage that we didn't do too many overdubs on."

Already U.K. is drawing heavily on new material from their upcoming second album. Even though the group has been slightly disappointed by audience size in the States, they can't complain about positive crowd reaction. Word-of-mouth should help make this band a major success both here and abroad. And when you've heard U.K. live, you'll know why . . . it's that old supergroup magic once again.

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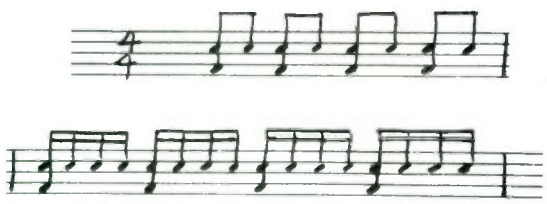
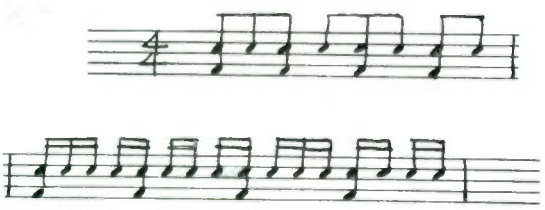
How many times have you had the desire to come up with an interesting rhythm pattern, perhaps something more unusual than most 4/4 patterns, yet found it difficult to find an alternative approach?

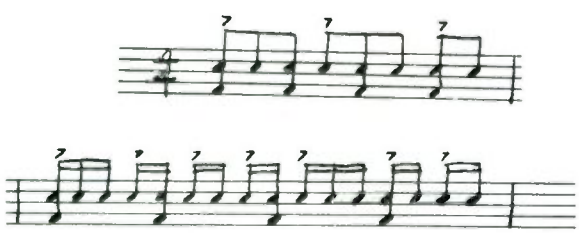
With regard to Rock, Latin, or Brazilian types of rhythms, or any rhythm with a straight 8th-note or 16th-note feel, the typical subdivision of the bar is *even* and is in alignment with each quarter-note:



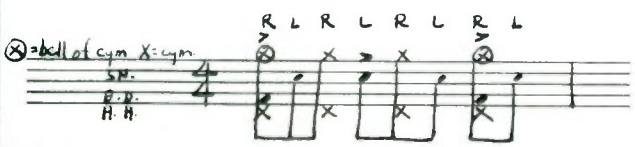
However, a different approach is to subdivide the bar *unevenly*, using groups of 3's and 2's in the note value you choose to use:



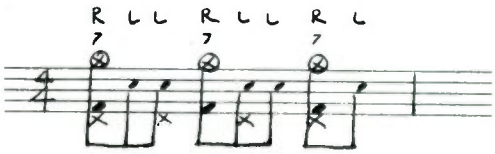
Notice how the odd rhythm of each exercise does not line up with the pulse, at least not until the 4th beat, but rather skates across the top of the pulse to create a polyrhythmic effect. By accenting the beginning note of each group of 2 and 3, the polyrhythmic effect is enhanced:



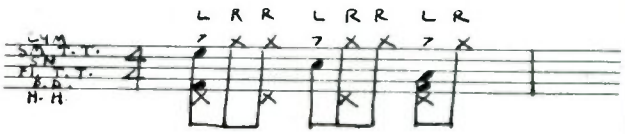
The sticking you wish to employ depends mainly on how you choose to express the rhythm on the set. The following example is the application of Ex. 3a using alternate strokes:



Many times it is preferable to double-stroke the second and third notes of a group of three notes so that your right, or lead, hand, is free to take the next accent of the pattern:



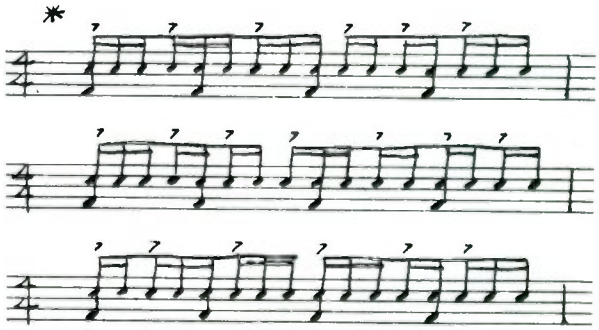
Another alternative is to lead with the opposite hand:



You can readily see the variety of approaches that a single odd rhythmic pattern can create. In 4/4 the number of odd combinations using 8th-notes is limited, the others being 323 and 233. However, the use of 16th-notes multiplies the number of variations considerably. If one creates odd patterns over more than one measure, the possible combinations become virtually endless.

As an introduction to odd combinations using 16th-notes, I recommend devising a number of patterns using groups of 2's and 3's. Then, with a metronome or a very steady kick drum, play the patterns you have created until they feel comfortable. Be sure to *accent* the beginning note of each group of 2 and 3. The sticking should be alternate, at first, then apply the double-stroke so that the accents can be taken with one hand.

To get you started here are a few samples:



* I've beamed the smaller groups into two larger, odd groups which outline a division of 9/ and 7/16. This is only one possible division out of many others. When you write out your subdivisions consider larger groupings and beam them accordingly.

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Playing on Changes

This very simple statement involves many different aspects and years of work. In general, it means the ability to play melodic lines in a fluent, swinging manner across a prescribed set of harmonic movements (chord changes). But it also assumes the ability to interpret a melody, sight read both changes and melodic lines, swing in a variety of different rhythmic feels, etc. The accomplishment of these aspects of improvising up to a minimum performance criterion is essential before a musician has the "artistic license" to create something which is hopefully both an inspired and unique statement. To put it succinctly, a musician should be able to walk before he runs.

This 5 to 10 year period involves training in specific skills; the study of chords and basic rules of diatonic harmony; a working knowledge of jazz literature and the important facets of major stylists; the duplication and analysis of selected recorded solos; keyboard work; composition and, of course, playing constantly. There are many books and much information already out concerning the learning process for basic be-bop. I highly recommend the publications of David Baker, Jerry Coker and the play-along records of Jamey Aebersold.

Chromatic Lines

First of all, my thoughts on the subject owe their roots to the music of John Coltrane (all his stages) and the mid-60's Miles Davis Quintet (with Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams, Ron Carter). The records by these groups have served as source material for this subject. Over the years, I have developed my own way of playing and communicating in this area. I must point out that the subject belongs to one of the "grey" areas in jazz, which are easy to identify but difficult to explain, much like discussing "swing" or "funk".

One very common question to me is whether there is logic to the notes I'm playing or is it chance? My answer would be that each artist develops his own logic after a while and that chance is then tempered by experience. I will attempt to explain some of my logic in these articles. As far as experience is concerned, the point is to play whatever you're thinking and let it come out. Your own personal aesthetics (honestly given — no ego!) will eventually decide how the lines should sound, and their usefullness.

Chromatic Lines - Considerations

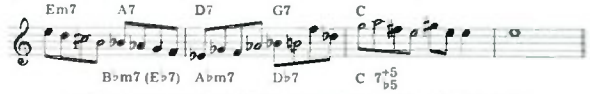
The term *chromatic* means "color modification" [see Harvard Dictionary of Music]. The history of classical music abounds with the usage of chromaticism from Bach to Beethoven to Schoenberg. And in jazz the use of "altered" tones has had a similar (if shorter) history. My definition of chromatic lines is the playing of melodic lines which suggest different key centers other than those already established in the bass line. (This is done prior by either the composition or the spontaneous lines of the bassist — once heard and established by the other musicians — i.e., substitutes.) In other words, the lines sound as if they're in another key(s)! The inherent music principle is tension and release elevated to a very subtle point. Dig the amount of tension you get playing in C major and Db major at the same time! Essentially, all twelve tones are usable at all times; the question is how to resolve them. One important point to remember is that dissonance and consonance are relative terms, individually as well as throughout the history of music. That's why each musician's individual aesthetics are so personal and relevant. Obviously, in these articles the point of reference is my own.

Examples

I've divided the subject into four areas. Each one will have a separate article with examples over the next few issues. Some considerations concerning the examples: 1) I'm using eighth-note lines for my examples for the most part. This is not to say that different rhythms and the phrasing of a line don't make a difference, but to keep things orderly, I'm using this form. 2) I will indicate on what instrument I wrote the line: piano, soprano or tenor sax, flute. There are technical aspects of each instrument which affect the formation of pitches in a line. 3) As much as possible, I'll indicate which musical device I used in the thinking process. Remember that, most often, the logic comes *after* the initial thought. In essence, all teaching of art is an intellectualization of an intuition, but it's the best we can do.

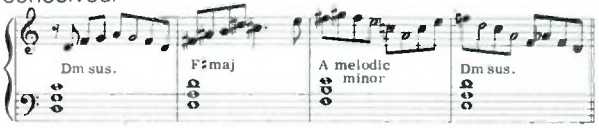
Types of Chromatic Lines

Chordally-based - using substitute chords as source of chromatic notes; using upper structures of chords; using altered scale possibilities; all against pre-conceived chord and root movement.



Logic: Tri-tone relationship, b5, +5 retains bright quality of I chord.

Modal-harmonic - essentially bi- and/or poly-tonality; use of contrasting key, scale, or mode against that already conceived.

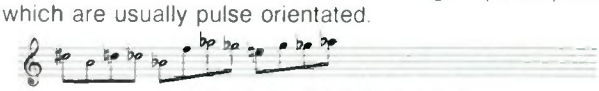


Logic: D triad as tonal centers, different scales, D-sus, how use of familiar phrase establishes tonality of D minor.

Pedal point - essentially a freer version of *modal-harmonic*; no mode as preconceived basis, only a key center; use of contrasting key centers set in all modes, scales, and chord qualities.

F tonal center; Fm7; D triad; B+ triad; Fm;

Free-atonal - based on its own intervallic structure without specific or planned reference to any one key except that of the line itself; often accompanied by free a-rhythmic phrasing (non-metrical as compared to *chordally-based* and *modal-harmonic* and to a lesser degree *pedal point* which are usually pulse orientated.



Logic: Use of minor 3rds, half and whole steps.

"WITHOUT MY CLAVINET, DA DA DA DUM... MIGHT HAVE BEEN HO HUM."

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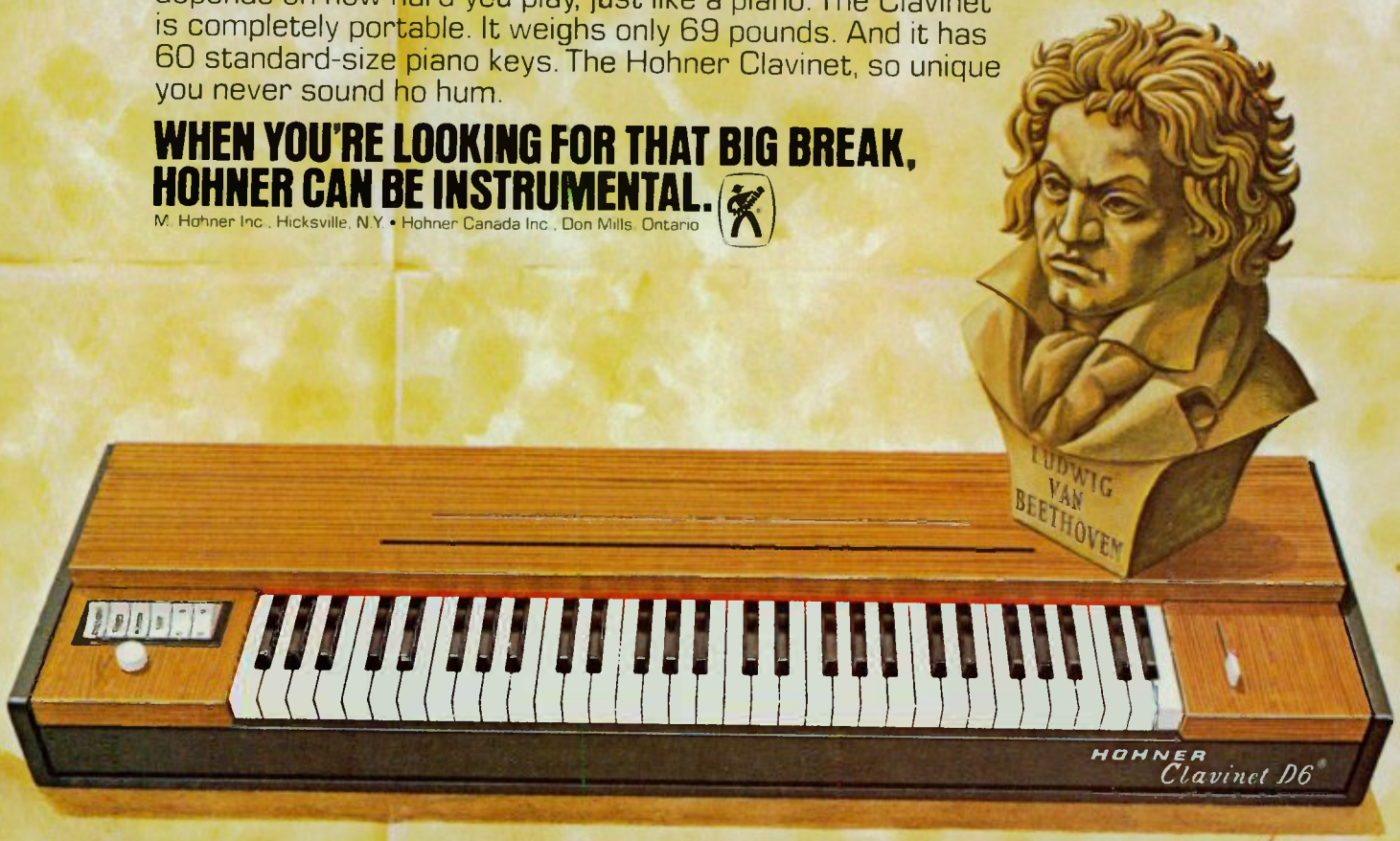


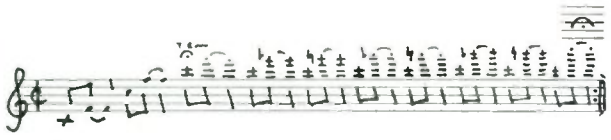
Line

The Magic of Scales

I think of scales as *magic*. Practicing them gives you everything: speed, accuracy, intonation, great reading ability, a strong embouchure, a clear, definite attack — you name it! Scales are something we all must practice daily, from the beginning of our musical careers to the end. If you practice them faithfully, you'll be surprised at how easy it is to get around your instrument.

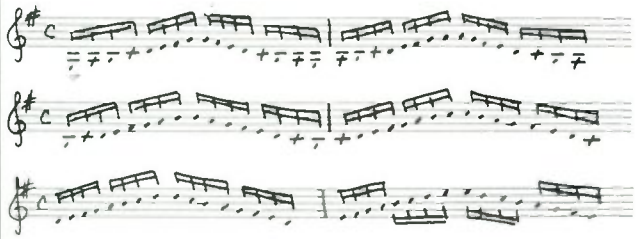
I believe in practicing scales from the lowest note on your horn to the top note. As you go up the scales, exaggerate the bulldog embouchure, pulling down at the corners of your mouth. Stick your bottom lip out and think of shooting air up your nose (if the trumpet weren't in the way). Do not tighten lips over teeth. Do not tighten your neck. With every note, blow out — don't play pinched — and think of ringing the bell of your trumpet. Even when you're practicing alone, always think about producing a singing sound. And don't forget to check yourself out in your mirror while you play.

I'd like you to start with this little exercise. I developed it as a warm-up to be used at the beginning of practice. Play as high as you can go, then stop. Rest frequently. Do not press into your chops; hold the horn to the embouchure as lightly as possible.

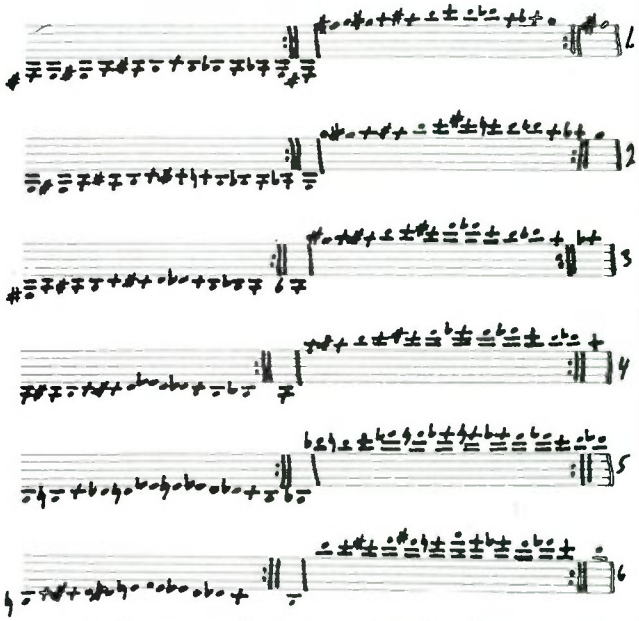


A Little Magic

Exercise #2 comes out of the Arban's book I listed in my first article. One of my teachers, Hy Wynn, recommended playing this in one breath. (I must confess it takes me two.) You've got to work and work at it. You've got to have good valves, too. First, play through the exercise slurring the notes. Then play it tonguing each note.



This exercise is taken from another book I recommended to you, *Clarke's Technical Studies for the Cornet*. Play the first half of the line (the low notes) over and over again, as many times as possible in one breath. Then, without removing the horn from your lips, move on to the second half of the line (the high notes). Take a breath and play this half over and over, as many times as you can play it. Play very softly and take a rest at the end of each line because you do not want to injure your lips.



There is no such thing as ever *finishing* this work. One of my friends, the late Booker Little, was one of the fastest guys around. I know that he practiced scales like these every day. Every great player spends more time practicing than you would believe. Eric Dolphy used to practice even on intermissions. When we were playing a job from, say, 10 to 3, he would go and practice in the back room on the intermissions, when everyone else was dead tired. He even cracked Charlie Mingus up with his practicing!

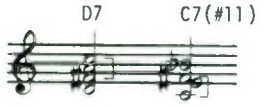
There are dom7th chords other than subV (see issue #13 and 14) which do not move downward a P5th, most notable IV7 and bVII7. These are "non-diatonic" chords as they occur outside the key area of the progression, just like the subV chord. They have a similarity with subV in that they also use the *lydian (b7)* scale. (Issue #14.)

IV7 is a dominant 7th chord built on the 4th degree of the key. You will remember that the diatonic IV chord is of the major 7th variety, like Fmaj7 in the key of C. The *IV7* chord in C would be *F7*. Probably the most common use of the IV7 chord is in the blues, but in the blues context the lydian (b7) scale is not usually used (though it can be).

The IV7 chord, and indeed all of the non-diatonic dom7 chords, provide an interesting sound particularly when the #11th (from the scale) is added to the chord. As with the subV chord, the 9th is so commonly added that it is taken for granted.

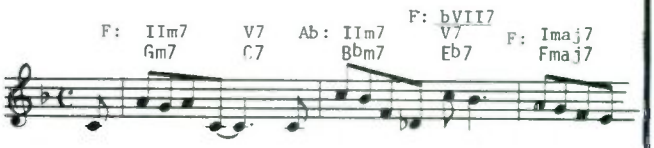
One example of IV7 is in the song "On A Clear Day". Notice that the #11th appears in the melody:

When #11 is used with the chord, the tritone of the V7 chord appears. For example, in the key of G IV7(#11) [C7(#11)] and V7 [D7] both contain C and F#, the tritone of D7:

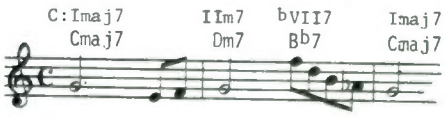


Thus, the IV7 chord takes on a characteristic of the V7 chord of the key and might be thought of as a substitute. If you are composing a tune or just fiddling around with different progression possibilities, try IV7 in place of V7.

The bVII7 chord is a dominant 7th chord built on the flatted-7th degree of the key. For example, in the key of F, bVII7, is Eb7. This change occurs in the tune "When Sunny Gets Blue". Here, the Eb7 chord is a V chord — part of the Bbm7/Eb7 II-V in Ab, but the Eb7 chord's relationship to the I chord (Fmaj7) is as bVII7:



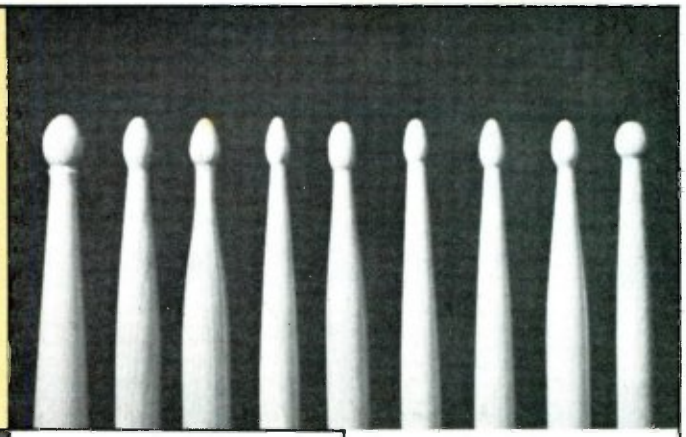
The bVII7 does not contain the tritone of the V chord, but it can be used in place of V7 if the melody permits. If you are composing a song, try using it if you want to avoid the logical, but overworked, V to I cadence:

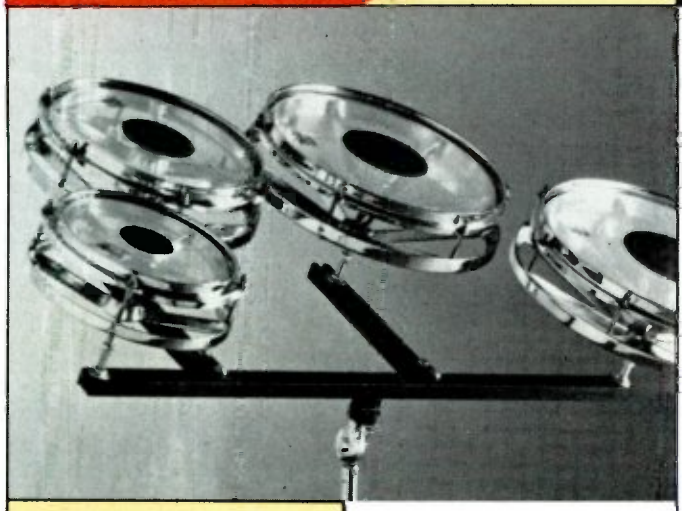


The melodic example used here just happens to accomodate subV, IV7 and bVII7 as substitutes for the V7 chord normally expected to precede I. Unfortunately, in most cases the melody won't accept all three but you will almost always have a choice of one or two of the dominant 'substitutes'. Of course, if you are composing your own song you can adjust the melody to make it fit the chord of your choice.

An especially nice use of these non-diatonic dom7 chords is in improvisation. One usually improvises on the chord changes of the tune, but for kicks during your solo, change some V7 chords to subV, IV7, or bVII7. You are creating your 'melody' as you play so just adjust your notes (scale) to fit the substitute chords. Oh yes, be sure to tell the rhythm section what the changes are! See you next time with some more goodies.

Best buys





Otari has redone its MX5050-B two channel professional tape recorder. New features include newly designed noisefree circuitry with TTL/IC logic, a dc servo system driving the capstan, three speeds, adjustable peak reading LED indicators (all indicators have been changed to LED's, in fact), a return-to-zero memory rewind feature for quick studio relocating, plug-in heads and a higher maximum output. And, they haven't raised the price ($1795.00). This is in addition to all the standard features the 5050 boasted before. Otari, 981 Industrial Rd., San Carlos, Cal.

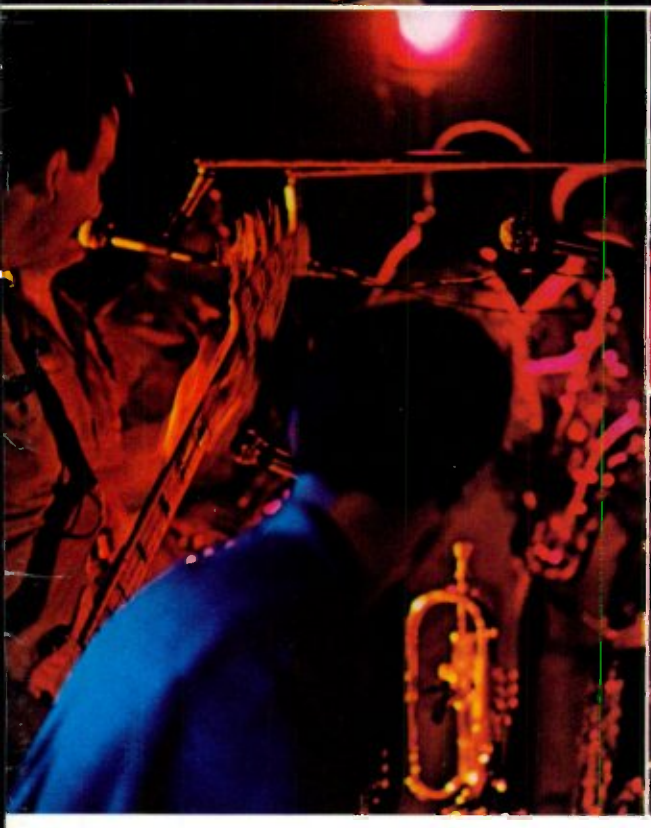
Latin Percussion has responded to the unprecedented worldwide demand for hickory drumsticks by trimming down its variety of sticks and beefing up production of the most popular models. Phased out models will still be available on a special order basis, but LP will be concentrating on the 3A, Rock-4A, 5A, 7A, Combo, Jazz, 2B, 5B and in hickory tip only, the 3S. LP, 454 Commercial Ave, Pallisades Park, NJ 07650.

Remo has premiered its Modular Rototom holder called the Rototrac System. Designed for mounting on floor stand or marching harness, the Rototrac can tilt and swivel the individual toms and allows quick disconnect with their "brackets with a memory" design, retaining tilt and swivel while disassembled. Rototrac can accomodate up to 6 rototoms. Remo, 12804 Raymer St., N. Hollywood, Cal. 91605.

JHD Audio debutantes the Super Cube for pre-78 Fender amps. Equipped with a blend control, the Super Cube can boost a stock amp to a tremendous degree, and blends between all boost, all reverb, and any mixture in between. The amp's footswitch turns the effect on or off, while reverb control on the amp controls the overall amount of effect. JHD Audio, 1370 Logan Ave #E, Costa Mesa, Cal. 92626, also sells the Super Cube II for new Fender amps.

New from **DiMarzio Pickups** is their Brass Bass Bridge, specifically designed for replacement on jazz and precision basses. Solid brass and twice as heavy as other bridge replacements, the result of the BBB is greater sustain and much improved high frequency performance, as well as improved accuracy of intonation. It is precision machined to compensate for all sizes of strings and it accepts all string gauges. DiMarzio, 1388 Richmond Terrace, SI, NY 10310.

Gibson has responded to heavy public demand and brought back the famous Charlie Christian pickup for the increasing bevy of jazz guitarists. The ES-175/CC, with rosewood construction on the bridge and the saddle features, giving that mellow and resonant quality that jazz guitarists require. The instrument looks as if it just woke up from an extended nap in Charlie Christian's own guitar case. Gibson, 7373 N. Cicero Ave., Lincolnwood, Ill. 60646.



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SOAPSUDS

It's amazing how we are all trained to work or not work, to keep old and new life styles existing (question, for whom). Yes, there is a system that one works for to own, or use, a country's labor and resources. The King and Queen concept is given them the highest class status on earth by the people. As Man became more inventive he made his own classes of people and until this day we are all classed by concepts of inventions or that that gives one work. Those who print the money, talk to God for us and clean up our garbage, know very well the story of the King and Queen. Man and woman both write letters of love to someone who cannot be with them because of someone else. (Like in a song titled "She's in Love With Someone Else"). The mother and father concept is labor based. The smartest and beautiful beings get bored playing this role, that's why movies are so successful. Information becomes information so we stay the same. We all know that a grave yard millions of years old is the study of archeology, not city planning. To save and give all information concerning all subjects one wishes to study would free all races from information genocide. What one does not wish to be known about them, only love and death remind them of what it is. Music tells these stories to all persons of age.

This music on this record, Soap Suds, has to me, when I listen as a listener, a very simple message: these performers are playing for the sake of making music for people to enjoy their own concept of hearing. The titles are used as a story intro.

Melody is the only sound matter we all use like a language to be able to describe what one heard. Folk or race music, such as African, Chinese, Scottish, etc., rarely becomes a pop hit unless it's an intrumental. We have yet to allow any language to be a part of the word value of sound for all countries to use as a musical pleasure. European, American, Eastern, Oriental, African songs and instrumentals someday will become each its own value to all listeners. Once Bud Powell, Cecil Taylor and I played music into the early morning, Bud and Cecil exchanging places at the keyboard at will; playing music for music's sake, as I have with Eubie Blake, Sonny Rollins, Clifford Brown, Scott LaFaro, Eric Dolphy, Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, John Coltrane, Albert Ayler. When I met Charlie Parker I was playing and writing things I play today. But I only wanted to play Parker music when I went out to play because his music was and is very important for one who wants to play saxophone. When I played my music, my saxophone playing was not liked. Some players play their instruments as their tour de force in music. I always try to make music my tour de force, not the instrument. When one has to read as in a large orchestra work, it is best to use your instrument as the force since all the notes are written out. Those who will someday find their own musical voice in sound, remember: music, like all expressions of art, removes us from watching to doing. Doing something with others who care. There are only two of us playing on this record, Charlie Haden and Ornette Coleman. Those who haven't heard Charlie or his music gifts, don't wait any longer.

P.S. There is a singer named Allison Mills who makes her own soap suds.

WORKMANSHIP VALUE PERFORMANCE

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Starsigns

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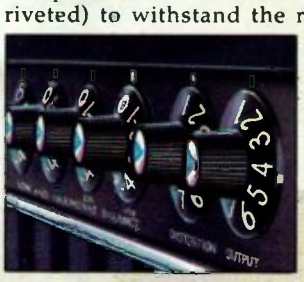

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