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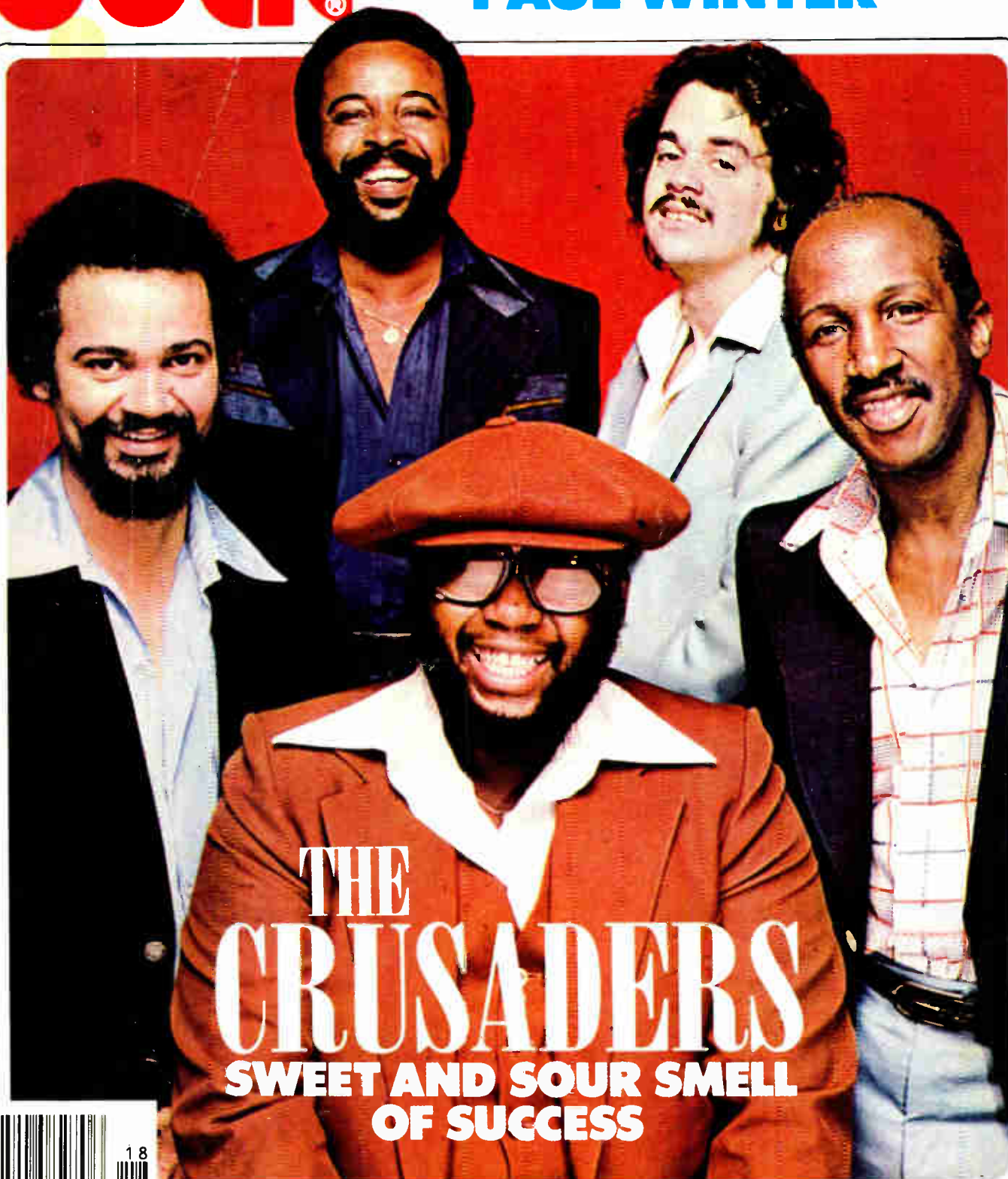
**down
beat**

THE CRUSADERS

SUN RA

HOWARD JOHNSON

PAUL WINTER



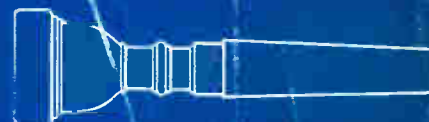
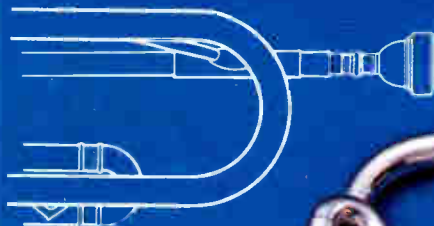
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18

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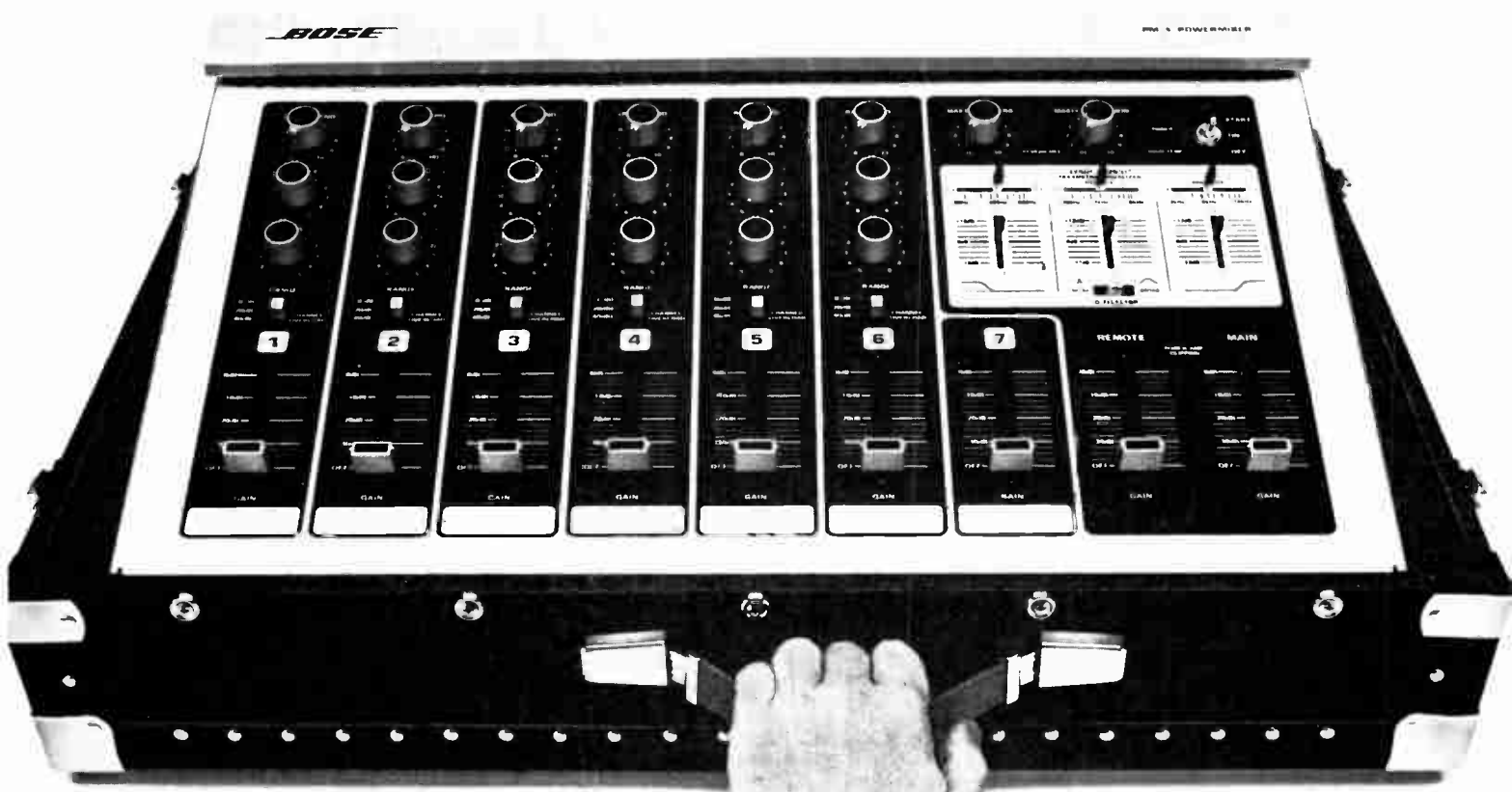
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6 □ down beat

the first chorus

BY CHARLES SUBER

Stix Hooper, main spokesman for the (sometimes Jazz) Crusaders puts our feet to the fire this issue. He questions *down beat's* values and its criteria of who's playing jazz and who isn't. Hooper also asks a when-did-you-stop-beating-your-wife question: Are the "purist jazz values" once espoused by *down beat* as wrong as the Crusaders and Donald Byrd and the late Duke Ellington said they were? And doesn't the *db* logo, "the contemporary music magazine," signify a recanting of once-held criteria?

Well, Mr. Hooper, it's like this. Our musical values and our criteria of jazz performance have varied, do now vary, and, I hope, will continue to vary. Because, Mr. Hooper, our musical values and criteria are those of the musicians themselves. The very few times in *down beat's* 44 years of continuous publication that the magazine has faltered has been when the working values of the musicians were temporarily substituted for the hot-house values of its then critics and editors. When *down beat* is at its best—as it is now with 100,000+ paid readership, virtually all young, learning musicians—the musical standards are those laid down and practiced by the very best performing musicians. Yes, there was a time 20 years ago or so, when certain critics were using *down beat* to feather their own nests. But, Mr. Hooper, they no longer get their mail here. Address them elsewhere.

Mr. Hooper raises several other valid questions. For example, he refers to the power of *db* record reviews. An artist works long weeks and months on a recording and we kill it with one star or damn it with the faint praise of two and a half. Such record reviews do play hob with any personal friendships we may have with those artists. But, Mr. Hooper, you and your fellow artists have elected to be professionals and thereby must suffer—and enjoy—the consequences of your professionalism. Who would it profit for us to laud every release to the sky? Believe me, Mr. Hooper, we are pleased to have been able to print the five-star review of the Crusaders' most recent release as much as it pained us to print a lesser number of stars for previous releases.

We find only one of Mr. Hooper's statements incorrect. He says that *down beat* does not do enough to expose different musicians to the public. That is simply not true. There has not been a musically successful musician in the last 40 years who hasn't had a good shot in these pages. And we haven't restricted our pages to only "jazz" players. If the working musician recommends a new artist, that person gets a chance to show and tell regardless of label. The truth of that telling is decided by our readers.

In the next issue, the following musicians talk about their values and performance criteria: Frank Zappa, Dave Holland, Nick Brignola, Mike Migliori, Stuart Boomer, and Lenny White. We will also announce the winners of the first "deebie" Student Recording Awards, some of the future stars of the contemporary music world.

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"Also, I realize that not everyone uses my size mouthpiece. A player might prefer a *huge* mouthpiece that takes more air. Then he might rather have an instrument with a bore that's not as large as the MF's. The theory of 'large mouthpiece/small-bore horn.' Now, with the MF4, we're giving him that option. A medium-large bore that might match his mouthpiece better. Plus all the features that've made the MF so popular":

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I mean, I wonder how many players clean their horns out after every performance, as the little pamphlet says. I've used hundreds of trumpets in my day, and these are the valves that work the best."

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

Brass or silver. "The instrument comes in either brass or silver-plated brass. If I were playing in the trumpet section a lot more, like in the back row, I'd go for the silver, which seems to sound brighter. But up front, my identity sound tends to be bright, and I'd rather hear it darkened or mellowed. So I go for the brass. It's all very personal, anyhow, and we give the player a choice "

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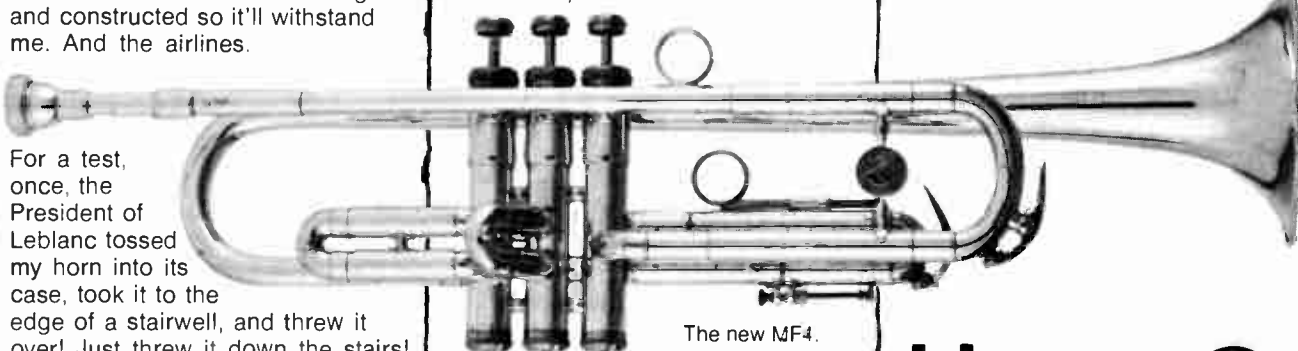
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HOLTON

CHORDS AND D-I-S-C-O-R-D-S

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After hearing many bands over a span of 40 years, including the recent groups of Woody Herman, Ferguson and Buddy Rich, a recent concert provided me with the ultimate big band experience. This band even looked different as it took the stage at West Virginia University's Creative Arts Center. No youngsters these—these men were seasoned, tuxedoed, professional-looking types in their 30s and 40s.

Although their names were unknown to a fairly hip audience, there were talented soloists led by an engaging conductor who displayed superior arrangements. It was obviously a congenial, relaxed band, qualities which were ... clearly evident in the playing. The band was the U.S. Navy's stage band, the Commodores.

If and when they play your town, don't miss the Commodores!
Bob Shields Morgantown, W.Va.

Accolades For Joachim

Your two recent articles on Jan Garbarek and Enrico Rava made me ponder something. Now that Manfred Eicher's beautiful ECM label is getting much deserved attention, I am wondering how long it will be until some ad-

venturous individual decides to distribute Joachim Berendt's MPS label. The few MPS imports that I own are all superbly recorded and deserving of wider exposure to American audiences.

With commercial pressures creeping more and more into American jazz—as exemplified by the recent works of George Duke and Jan Hammer—Europe, as always, puts artistic integrity over "sales potential."

I would really appreciate it if you could connect me with someone who could offer me an extensive MPS catalogue. ...

Ronald Ertman Milwaukee, Wis.

Ed. Note—Berendt's excellent MPS label has recently pactured a U.S. distribution deal with Capitol Records. Hopefully, MPS Records will soon be available at any well-stocked record outlet.

Tasteless Slur

Leave it to *db* to turn an obituary into a tasteless musical slur. Many people, I'm sure, mourn the loss of Greg Herbert (Final Bar, 3/23) as a musician and as a human being.

However, Mel Lewis' conclusion that rock music was in some way responsible for Herbert's death was pointless and inappropriate ... and your inclusion of it struck me as being rather disgusting.

Paul M. Socolow Cambridge, Mass.

He's Got The News

A friend informed me of an item which appears in a recent issue of *down beat* about a new Woody Herman album.

Steely Dan did not write special material for the band. Allow me to tell you exactly what was recorded and what the album is.

There's a brand new suite in three movements, composed and arranged especially for the Herman Band by Chick Corea. It's entitled *Suite For A Hot Band*. The rest of the material on the album consists of material written by Donald Fagen and Walter Becker, who are really Steely Dan. The Becker-Fagen material consists of three selections from their recent *Aja* (arranged by Alan Broadbent), *Deacon Blues* (arranged by Gene Esposito) and *I've Got The News* (arranged by Vic Feldman). The remaining two selections are from a Steely Dan album entitled *The Royal Scam*. These are *Kid Charlemagne* (arranged by Bill Stapleton) and *Green Earrings* (arranged by Joe Roccisano). Guest musicians on the album are Tom Scott on tenor sax and Lyricon, Victor Feldman on percussion, vibes and synthesizer, and Mitch Holder on guitar.

You may wonder how I happen to have all this information. The fact is that I'm the executive producer. Hank Cicalo is associate producer and engineer.

Dick LaPalm West Los Angeles, Cal.

Smith Socked

This letter is in regard to your recent Steve Khan interview (2/23). Like alto saxophonists, jazz critics fall into two categories: those who think they know what they are talking about (and don't) and those who know what they're talking about. I think Arnold Jay Smith belongs in the former category.

Anyone with ears can tell you that there is nothing that Phil Woods can't play that can be played on an alto saxophone. It is nice of Smith to compliment David Sanborn on his abilities but to do so one really doesn't have to knock a giant like Woods.

John S. Flick Allentown, Pa.

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NEWS

Grand Central Special



LAURA BEALON

NEW YORK—Grand Central Station, an unlikely spot for jazz, was pulsating with those sweet sounds recently when a "Piece Of The Apple" was given to passersby in one of the busiest areas of the city.

The apple came with all of the juice—the Juice Quartet, that is. Theatre For The Forgotten, a CETA Arts Program contractor, presented a production of song, dance and poetry along with the jazz, to an audience of some 1500. It was part of a year-long community service to all the boroughs of this city.

The quartet played numbers mostly composed by leader

Juice (Akinjorin Omolade), including *Sister So Sweet*, *Kings Of Infinite Space*, *He-Cousin Mary Sweet* (by John Coltrane) and *The Anticipated Dawn*. They varied in texture from lyrical to hard-driving. All will be featured on their album *In A Nutshell* on Child Of Crown Records.

The group was formed in 1971 and is made up of saxophonist Juice, keyboardist Kase Allah, flutist and drummer Ali K. Abou, and William Parker on bass. Juma Sultan, African drum expert, who guests with the group occasionally, sat in with the quartet for this special Grand Central performance.

RADIO CITY CRISIS

NEW YORK—Plans to save the Radio City Music Hall's art deco treasures are running into heavy flack. A proposal to designate the interior of said entertainment emporium an historical landmark was recently debated by the New York City Landmarks Commission. There were more than 100 speakers who offered emotional arguments as to why the house should be spared from the demolition ball.

Rockefeller Center president Alton G. Marshall, who opposes preservation, predicted that the idea of "landmark designation may be the last nail in the coffin." It was Marshall who announced that the Music Hall was to close after the traditional Easter show on April 12. This very story may well be academic if that plan survives all attempts at saving the place. Rockefeller Center

lost some \$10 million in an attempt to preserve the Hall's entertainment format.

Marshall proposed that landmark designation be withheld for six months to give management time to find a viable solution for entertainment usage. The audience booed loudly when it was suggested that such landmark status would lead to a court order to allow demolition.

Joseph Papp, producer of the Shakespeare Festival now in its home at the Public Theatre, urged the Landmarks commission to save the theatre. He also urged that they "make sure the operation of the theatre is handled in a proper way," charging that it hasn't kept up with the times.

The theatre has been a major tourist attraction for the past 48 years.

POTPOURRI

Positive reports abound on **Lou Reed's** latest band, a unit which features the talents of the ever-amazing **Don Cherry**.

Los Angeles' **Roxy Club** was the scene for a recent collaboration between **George Duke** and **Parliament-Funkadelic/Bootsy's Rubber Band** bigwigs **George Clinton** and **Bootsy Collins**. The P-Funkers joined Duke for a zonked-out rendition of George's *Reach For It* hit.

Larry Carlton, ace session guitarist most recently noted for his work with the **Crusaders**, has signed a new contract with **Warner Brothers**.

Atlantic has announced that its **Cotillion** division has taken charge of promotion and marketing duties for all r&b/soul material to be issued on the **Westbound**, **Big Tree** and **SHE** labels.

Chick Corea has pacted a new sub-publishing agreement with **Intersong**.

The **New York** chapter of **NARAS** recently held a seminar dealing with punk rock. Panelists included **Danny Fields**, manager of the **Ramones**; **Stiv Bators**, vocalist for the **Dead Boys**; **David Marsh**, record review editor of *Rolling Stone*; **Peter Mensch** of **Blank Records**; and **Ken Kushnik** of **Sire**.

Watch close for an upcoming film called *Stompin' At The Savoy*, a new jazz flick that will showcase some of the finest Harlem music from the post World War II period.

Norwegian jazz star **Karin Krog** has returned to her native land after performing at the **Indian Jazz Festival**.

Veteran saxmaster **Warne Marsh** has signed a reportedly lucrative deal with **ABC**, at the suggestion of Marsh-freaks **Donald Fagen** and **Walter Becker** (aka **Steely Dan**). Be prepared for some astonishing results.

Mandolinist **David Grisman**, leader of his own fine progressive quintet, has signed a deal with film mogul **Dino De Laurentiis** to compose the soundtrack for the upcoming film *King Of The Gypsies*.

Guitarist **Phil Upchurch** received production help on a new venture from fellow axemen **John Tropea** and **George Benson**.

The remaining three members of the legendary **Doors** have reunited to record a new album featuring the late lead singer **Jim Morrison's** prose/poetry. **Ray Manzarek**, **Robbie Krieger** and **John Densmore** plan to also include previously unreleased live material from the group's heyday.

Herbie Hancock was awarded the 1978 **Modern Jazz Prize** by the French **Academie du Jazz**. The award was presented by Academie prez **Maurice Culaz**.

Bucharest, Rumania has served as host for its first jazz-fest. The star of the show turned out to be 18-year-old pianist **Ion Baci, Jr.**, the son of the conductor of the **Moldova Philharmonic Orchestra**.

Flying Fish Records has taken over national distribution for the fine Chicago-based independent label **Nessa Records**.

The 1978 **International Trombone Workshop** will be held at **George Peabody College** in Nashville, Tennessee from May 29 through June 2. Participating clinicians will include **Slide Hampton**, **Buddy Baker**, **Bill Watrous** and **Frank Rosolino**, among others.

The **University of California at Berkeley** will hold a two-day percussion clinic that focuses on jazz/funk/rock drumming on June 10 and 11. Jazz drummer/classical percussionist/vibraphonist **Charles Dowd** will serve as clinic instructor and coordinator.

North Sea Extravaganza

THE HAGUE—The third North Sea Jazz Festival has been set for July 14-16, in the eight halls that comprise the Congress Center in this picturesque Dutch city.

Among the many headline acts already slated to perform are **Oscar Peterson**; **Count Basie** and **Orchestra**; **Dizzy Gillespie**;

Bill Evans and his trio; **Betty Carter**; **Sonny Rollins**; **Art Blakey** and the **Jazz Messengers**; the **World's Greatest Jazz Band**; **Mary Lou Williams**; **Clark Terry**; **Lionel Hampton**; **Carla Bley**; **Clifton Chenier**; and **McCoy Tyner**.

Promoters of the fest have hopes of drawing some 20,000 fans from throughout Europe.

NEWS

JACKIE'S BEBOP REUNION

HARTFORD—Although Bird played a few gigs at the old State Theatre, this Connecticut city has never really been much of a jazz town. Delisa's and the Hofbrau House infrequently featured one nighters in the '60s, and the Hartford Jazz Society continues to sponsor occasional concerts. But as of late, the absence of a suitable showcase has inhibited the growth of jazz in the Hartford area.

Jackie McLean's recent Sunday concerts at The Old Place, an intimate theatre space located in downtown Hartford, should reverse that trend, however. The Old Place, part time theatre, part time performance space, recently inaugurated a new series of Sunday musical offerings with a bebop reunion of sorts—the Jackie McLean Quintet featuring Walter Bishop, Jr., Curtis Fuller, Reggie Workman and Michael Carvin.

McLean moved to Hartford in '71, to head up the Afro-American Music Department at the University of Hartford's Hartt

College Of Music. Since then, in addition to expanding the department to include lectures by Jaki Byard, Paul Jeffrey and Philly Joe Jones, Professor McLean, together with Hartford bassist Paul Brown and other area artists, formed Artists Collective. Housed in a former schoolhouse in Hartford's North End, the non-profit learning center teaches music, art, drama and dance to over 500 inner city children. Consequently, McLean's gigs have been limited to European summer work and an occasional domestic date.

Considering the rarely encountered optimum listening conditions in which the music was presented, audience reaction was not surprising. One enthusiastic patron told *db*, "This music sounds as contemporary as anything being played today." The local CBS affiliate, WFSB-TV, taped highlights of the afternoon concert and replayed them during the six o'clock news, encouraging residents to turn out for the evening date. They did.

COTTON CLUB REBORN

NEW YORK—Picture, if you will, West 125th Street, Harlem, N.Y.C. Not the teeming center of 125th St., but the extreme west end, practically under the West Side Highway. There, in the middle of the widening street, sits a building that is bathed in spotlights and newly painted. Ablaze on the awning is a sign—"Cotton Club." No, you're not dreaming and you haven't been dropped out of Wells' time machine. The famous Cotton Club has, indeed, reopened for business.

Located about one mile south of the original club (which was at 148th St. and Lenox Ave.), the new club recently celebrated its opening week. With its art deco mirrors, two stained glass repros of Lady and Satchmo, and other sundry items, such as a winding staircase to a mezzanine cocktail area replete with balcony that looks down upon the show, the C.C. opened with Cab Calloway, Billy Taylor, Dama Jo, Sister Sledge, Jack Hammer, the Pazant Brothers Orchestra and a line of dancer-

singers called the "Cotton Clubbers."

The tariff is steep (\$10 music charge and a \$10 minimum), but the entertainment is expected to be of a high caliber. All of the best name talent is expected: Eckstine, McRae, Basie, Vaughan, Horne, etc.

The original C.C. featured black talent of the same quality, including Duke Ellington, whose son, Mercer, is also on the soon-to-be-appearing list.

The old C.C. was "for whites only." All of the best society swingers trooped uptown to drink illegal hooch and to watch their favorite black entertainers during Prohibition. The new C.C. will have no such policy, of course, but the tab will see to it that "only those who can afford to spend" will attend.

It will be interesting to see who drops in from what backyards, as well as who will traipse uptown to see some of the excellent talent that will be offered.

Best wishes to the venture.

NEW RELEASES

Warner Brothers has added new catalogue material in the form of *Love Island*, *Deodato*; *Burchfield Nines*, *Michael Franks*; *Encore*, *Brian Auger* and *Julie Tippetts*; *Where Go The Boats*, *John Handy*; *Southern Winds*, *Maria Muldaur*; *Root Boy Slim* And *The Sex Change Band With The Rootettes*, by the group of the same name; *Motion*, *Allen Toussaint*; and *A Song For All Seasons*, *Renaissance*.

London Town, *Paul McCartney and Wings*.

Chuck Nessa's Nessa label has released *Did You Call*, *Ben Webster*; *Air Time*, *Air*; and *Nonaah*, *Roscoe Mitchell*, with *Anthony Braxton*, *Muhai Richard Abrams*, *George Lewis* and *Joseph Jarman*, among others.

Fantasy's new *Galaxy* label has released *Crossings*, *Red Garland*, *Ron Carter* and *Philly Joe Jones*; *Red Alert*, *Red Garland* and his quintet; *Breathe Easy*, *Cal Tjader*; and as an yet untitled solo piano effort by *Hank Jones*.

Chiaroscuro has some fresh new gems in *The Captain*, *David Eyges*; *The Traveler*, *Perry Robinson*; *White Trees*, *Mike Santiago*; *Live At The New School—Volume II*, *Earl Hines*; *Live At Eddie Condon's*, various artists; *Pure As Rain*, *Gil Goldstein*; *Tape Songs*, *Joan La Barbara*; *Aeray Dust*, *Bruce Dittmas*; and *Jivin' With The Refugees From Hastings Street*, featuring *Eddie Locke*, *Tommy Flanagan*, *Major Holley*, *Oliver Jackson* and *Dan Morgenstern* on police siren.

New Capitol product includes *Double Take*, *Richard Torrance*; *The Kick Inside*, *Kate Bush*; and

Nine Winds Records And Productions has released the first in a series of recordings by *Vinny Golia*. Multi-instrumentalist Golia is joined by *John Carter*, *Roberto Miranda* and *Alex Cline* on his initial disc, which is tagged *Spirits In Fellowship*. Golia has formerly gigged with *Les DeMerle's Transfusion*, *Cosmology* and the *Bobby Bradford Extet*. *db*

NUROCK GETS WORKING

NEW YORK—Pianist/composer/conductor Kirk Nurock has signed to orchestrate the new Broadway musical *Working*. The show, based on the Studs Terkel book of the same name, has a score by James Taylor, Stephen Schwartz, Micki Grant and Craig Carnelia. Nurock's charts will integrate the styles of the four composers, an unprecedented concept in current Broadway history. The show is scheduled to open May 14.

Nurock's previous Broadway experience include vocal arrangements and music direction for *Shelter*, and the 1977 revival of *Hair*. He conducted *Two Gentlemen Of Verona* and was responsible for the orchestrations and music direction of the hit off-Broadway musical *Salvation*.

Kirk plays regularly at the Blue Hawaii under the aegis of the Universal Jazz Coalition. He is a 1978 recipient of a CAPS Fellowship in composition.

Air Force Jazz Imperiled

WASHINGTON—The Airmen Of Note, the U.S. Air Force's acclaimed 17-piece jazz orchestra, is threatened with extinction.

According to an Air Force spokesperson, the service on March 1 announced a planned reduction of 128 musician slots from Air Force units throughout the world. 21 of those slots must be trimmed from the official Air Force Band of which the Note is a part. Though no decision has been announced, a phase-out of the Note is, according to knowledgeable sources, a strong possibility.

The Airmen Of Note has become a nationally-known ensemble through radio broadcasts, extensive touring, clinics and frequent appearances with guest artists, including Sarah Vaughan, John Lewis, George Shearing, Clark Terry, Billy Taylor, Phil Wilson, Rich Matteson, Jerome Richardson and Mundell Lowe. Last year, the Note performed for the first time at the Monterey Jazz Festival.

The band also has several distinguished alumni, including saxophonist-arrangers Tommy Newsom and Kim Richmond, the late trumpeter Paul Hubinon, Maynard Ferguson trombonist Jerry Johnson, Miami pianist Dick Reitan and Washington reedman Tim Eyer-mann.

Letters and telegrams opposing elimination of the Airmen Of Note should be sent to Colonel Arnald Gabriel, Commander, U.S. Air Force Band, Bolling Air Force Base, Washington, D.C. 20332.

Chick Corea. His Rhodes helps him discover more new worlds than Columbus.

Chick, when did you first Play a Rhodes?

When I started with Miles Davis. We were in a studio, and Miles pointed to this electric piano and said, "Play it." I didn't like it.

Didn't like it?

Not because of the instrument. I just didn't like being told what to do. No musician does. But when I started concentrating on the Rhodes, I came to appreciate all it could do. Bach would have loved it.

Bach? The Rhodes?

Sure. My background is classical, and I still play acoustic piano. I was influenced by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Bartok, Stravinsky. Anyway, Bach didn't really write for the acoustic piano. He probably would have done a lot of experimenting with a Rhodes.

That's quite a leap—from classical to jazz.

Not really. You can't get into any branch of music without knowing the basics. I've also been influenced by Ellington, Miles, Coltrane, Charlie Parker. They were fundamental musicians, too.

Is that why you've never limited yourself to any one school of jazz?

Sure. It's like the controversy about going from mainstream to crossover. A musician has to create, to explore, to play what feels good to him. All music has validity.

And the Rhodes?

It's part of the process because there isn't another instrument quite like it, that sounds like it. You could call it the basic electric keyboard. I have two, including the new suitcase model—they brought it up to be a hundred watts and added more effects inputs.



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You've finished a world tour and a new album, *The Mad Hatter*. Where does Chick Corea go from there?

Anywhere. And everywhere. You never stop discovering new places to go with your music.

Rhodes®
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"There is something about our personalities that gets into the music, that whenever we saw a movement, if everybody was into the same style or playing the same way, we'd tend to run in the opposite direction. I don't know what it is—we just cannot do what everyone else is doing."

THE CRUSADERS

THE SWEET AND SOUR SMELL OF SUCCESS

BY HERB NOLAN

Don't grow old and you'll play good music—
Joe Sample

It was a recent article in the Los Angeles Times that was on Joe Sample's mind. In the article, Freddie Hubbard had said he was getting out of the pop music business and going back to playing jazz. Hubbard's situation reminded Sample of the changes the Crusaders have been through—and continue to go through—after 20 years as a performing band.

"I knew what he meant. It wasn't that he was going back to playing like he did in the '60s because that was a totally different life style," the Crusader pianist and semi-official band spokesman said.

"I think Freddie was abused by the producers he worked with. In fact, I actually saw it happen when I worked with him on an album. What could have been tasteful music did not turn out to be tasteful. It was put together like somebody saying 'these are the techniques you need to get a big record.' Consequently musical taste was thrown out the window. It wasn't Freddie's fault he got into something he didn't know a damn thing about. So he had to learn and in the learning stages he got screwed—I mean they really did it to him. He sees now, hey man, that ain't the right way.

"It happened to us when we made that big change," said Sample referring to the early 1970s when the Crusaders dropped "Jazz" from their name and began swimming around in the murky waters of the pop music business. "It's like you are trying something new and feeling around trying to figure just how it should be done. We recorded some things I wasn't too happy with but it was all transition and those things will happen. It was a searching period for us, and it was a searching period for Freddie. I think he's found himself and from now on he'll control it; he's going to play the music of the '70s, but it's going to be done the way he wants it done. . . .

"When I listen to the music of the '60s now, or the '50s or the '40s, I go right to the people who created a style, the people who were the biggest forces of that period," Sample went on trying to clarify a point. "I can listen to Trane and his music and it still does the same thing to me now that it did then. But on the other hand, I can listen to other players of that time period and I don't get that same impact because they weren't the people who created that style. . . ." Sample laughed and shook his head. "I was trying to tie this to Freddie Hubbard in

some kinda way. I can listen to Freddie playing his trumpet now and still know that it was he who came up with that sound—that way he plays—I still feel that same feeling he gave me then.

"You can listen to that music of the '60s now and know you could never ever play like that any more because that was a whole way of life. The same thing when I listen to Charlie Parker; I simply could not play those songs in a band now. It isn't the music, it's the whole mental psychology of a certain time period. And it doesn't fit with me any more, therefore I can't play it. I get shocked at the musicians—I mean they actually *fight* to play the old standards. I guess somebody has to do that, otherwise it would completely die out. But they are also fighting to hold onto that certain time zone."

In a sense, the Crusaders have always tried to create their own time zone—by resisting the flow. In the 1960s, as the Jazz Crusaders, they succeeded as a band when the hot groups were English rock outfits. In the 1970s (with 28 albums behind them), they've toured with the Rolling Stones. The band, collectively and individually, has influenced a lot of contem-



porary music. The Crusaders have taken critical abuse and rolled with the punches. Now they can look back and say they were right.

Time zones? Here was a group that on one of its earliest albums recorded a funk-jazz version of *Brahms Lullaby*.

"We've come from some weird places. We were always that kind of band," said Sample. "There is something about our personalities that gets into the music, that whenever we saw a movement, if everybody was into the same style or playing the same way, we'd tend to run in the opposite direction. I don't know what it is—we just cannot do what everyone else is doing."

"I think about 1974 or '75 this word *funk* started to get a lot of heavy attention. We've been using that word since 1954, and believe me it does not have the same meaning. When I speak of something as funky I have to think about how old the guy is I'm talking to—where is his head as to what funk is. Horace Silver was the first guy I remember who used the word funky. One time I asked where he got it from. Was it something he created? 'No,' he said, 'I got it from Coleman Hawkins and some of the other older tenor players, and they said *they* got it from someone else.' But suddenly in the '60s and '70s that word changed. What it used to mean was that someone in the middle of a song at some point would put a church feeling into it. Horace Silver every now and then had a way of playing something that sounded like Southern Baptist church music. That was funky. It meant that you played a song with spiritual overtones—that's what funky meant. Now I don't know if it means like short choppy notes or what. It's at the point where people are talking about funky fashions. I said, oh shit, it's all over now, *the word has changed*. It was at that point that the Crusaders decided to head in a different direction—we would have changed anyway—but that helped push it. All of a sudden everybody was funky."

"We got a little bored really and for the most part stopped basing most of our music on that principle. We started to say, 'Let's write some compositions and put on them whatever feeling we think is the best feeling for that tune.'"

There was a time in the not too distant past of the recording industry where Joe Sample was one of the main session players called on to bring the "funky feeling" to a recording. Then he did an album with Joni Mitchell and another Joe Sample emerged.

"I saw an immediate change after that as to what I could do and what I couldn't do as far as the industry was concerned. In other words, there were certain people in the industry I didn't hear a damn thing from for six or seven years. In fact I didn't really know them, I'd only heard of these people and yet I had played on a lot of records. But it always had to be funky. I was put in a category. I guess in a sense that's the only way they can deal with it. But with the Joni Mitchell record it was like *boom*," his fingers popped, "I started hearing from people I'd never heard from. Of course now I was being called in to add those things I did on Joni Mitchell's record."

Free As The Wind is the Crusaders' most recent release. (In addition to being one of the best-selling jazz albums of 1977, the disc received a five star rating in the 11/17/77 *db*). It is a diverse production with writing from the remaining three founding members of the band, Wilton Felder, Stix Hooper and Sam-

ple, who provided some big horn and string orchestrations for the album.

"Everything that was placed on that record I put there because I felt it was needed. It wasn't like I was showing off how well I could write, it wasn't that at all," Sample said. "I think that's the difference between doing it yourself and calling in some guy who thinks 'I got to write some great stuff 'cause if I don't the artist is going to get pissed off at me.' When I wrote for this album I said I am going to write just what is needed. On the other hand, a producer might call up somebody and say 'I got these great charts and you are the only one who can do it.' I listen to these guys and I say *daaamn*, I mean I don't hear nothin'. I think maybe something is wrong with *me* for not hearing that it needs a whole lot of shit like he says. That's when you start getting music that is bullshit. It ain't right!"

"With the Crusaders we'll sit down and see if it sounds right to have that great big sound. If it doesn't, we'll say no, man, we can't do that on these songs because it'll kill it. However, for a change of pace we'll say let's write something for that great big sound. A lot of people don't realize some music doesn't need all that massiveness. . . .

"Like I've always said, the only piano chord that I've ever played is the most powerful chord—that gives me the biggest sense of power—is a C triad with the E on top and the C in the bass," Sample smiled. "That's the most powerful thing I ever hit coming off the piano keyboard. Basically, that means there's not a lot of notes taking up a lot of room and killing a lot of thought. There's just enough coming out so you can feel the power. You shouldn't overburden your mind trying to think of too much shit to play 'cause you won't be able to think of the stuff to play. At times you can play a lush chord. That has its place, but that's another kind of energy."

Drummer Stix Hooper had come into the room and had been standing off to the side listening—sizing things up. After directing some mildly descriptive profanity at a large, but routine, basket of fruit, cheese and wine sent over by the record company he smiled and said, "Yeah, I'm Stix." The introduction passed.

"We're at a point now," Sample confided, "where we've made a decision. After doing a number of production projects of our own, including Ray Barretto's new album, co-producing B. B. King's album with Stuart Levine, as well as my own personal album and a new Crusaders album, talking with the record company and listening to what is going down on the radio, we have decided now that we are going to continue the band. We feel that there is a market for the Crusaders to play quality music at all times. Every now and then you have to sit back and say, 'Well, where are we now? Are we going to continue this band? Or are we just going to fall off into the music industry? What is the future?'"

"There have been personnel changes in the group. Our new guitarist, Billy Rogers, is a very accomplished player whose background is totally jazz. With this new band we are looking to the future and we have decided the band will go on as long as everybody is feeling good, our health is okay, and the ideas and the thoughts are flowing. When that stops I think we'll decide to quit."

* * * *

That was the Joe Sample story. The Stix

Hooper chapter was yet to come. It shook out that way.

Stix finally quit standing and sat down on a chair. It's like the soft-sell cop being replaced by the hard-ass cop—the guy who says he's your friend and the guy who doesn't say that at all. Only it's not that scene, it's music, art, the entertainment business; it's Stix Hooper saying what he's said before about the Crusaders having been right about the direction of music—about *their* direction; how jazz magazines, especially *down beat* (because it was the most influential) spent too much time being analytical, taking things apart, and deciding what jazz was and wasn't. Stix speaks about the cynical, betrayed side of the Crusaders.

"I was just reflecting on the past 20 years with the group, how it evolved, what happened during that time in the United States, and about sitting here and having a conversation with someone from *down beat*. I guess I have some questions of my own. I grew up with the magazine and it was considered among musicians as the Bible of what's going on. It was the directing force. Now in 1978, what position does *down beat* take, considering the proven fact of the fusion of so many musics—the spreading thin of the word 'jazz'? What are *down beat's* values? What is its criteria for dealing with that kind of music? Today it's evident that the Crusaders were part of—helped cause—the transition in music. So where does the magazine fit into that? By changing its logo to 'the contemporary music magazine' does that mean that it endorses what the Crusaders said was true, what Donald Byrd said was true and even what the late Duke Ellington said was true, and that the people who were setting up those old values being endorsed by the magazine were full of bullshit?"

"I'm not anti-anything, it's just that the magazine has played such an influential role, not only in the Crusaders' lives, but a lot of musicians'. You were guided by that and it was very frustrating to get a one star rating in *down beat*, not because you didn't feel that you were accomplishing something creatively as musicians or whatever. It was the fact that you knew that was supposed to be the value that was set on what you did. Why does jazz literature always get into the technical aspect of the art instead of trying to say, 'Hey, listen America, perk up your ears.'"

"One of the biggest critics, a man who has the power of syndication in most major newspapers, will take up a whole column one day. But instead of saying, 'Hey, this music is interesting you should listen to it,' he'll spend the whole space discussing why the tenor player should have worked better with the horn. But the guy who just left Boeing with a hard hat doesn't give a shit—he wants to know if this is something he can relate to."

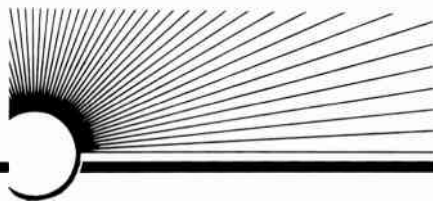
Hooper freely admits to having a chip on his shoulder when it comes to discussing the music press. Another factor is his wide-open, out-front feud with Los Angeles *Times* columnist and *down beat* contributor Leonard Feather. Stix complains that at certain times some types of music and musicians were in vogue, while others weren't. One example he uses is the late Rahsaan Roland Kirk.

"There was so much energy in what he was doing as a musician. Yet his acceptance depended on whether what he was doing fit into the framework of the jazz establishment that had been set up by these vague people, Nat Hentoff, Martin Williams, LeRoi Jones. The

continued on page 36

CAPTAIN ANGELIC

Sun Ra



BY BRET PRIMACK

Extract from journal, Summer, 1977: caught the Sun Ra show at Storyville. Very far out. And loud! A complete theatrical experience—musicians, dancers, singers, costumes and Sun Ra. The Arkestra, 17 strong, changed costumes midway after parading through the club while a chorus of “space voices” intoned, “Space is the place.” Sun Ra played acoustic piano and an organ-like keyboard with science fiction effects. The audience flipped when Sun Ra went from some Tayloresque piano rumblings into *Take The A Train*. What is Sun Ra’s message?

Available Sun Ra data: born in Birmingham, Alabama, circa 1915. Gemini. Played in Chicago with Fletcher Henderson. Sometime in the ‘50s, Sun Ra formed the Solar Arkestra. To New York in the early ‘60s. Philadelphia in the late ‘60s. Sun Ra’s own label, Saturn Records, releases his albums. Several major labels, including Impulse and Inner City, are licensed to distribute individual records. Current Arkestra contains three original members: saxophonists John Gilmore, Marshall Allen and Pat Patrick. The band is said to live together in some sort of communal setup.

The writer approached Philadelphia. How to address the man? Sun? Mr. Ra? Sonny?

A quiet Germantown street. The exterior of Sun Ra’s house was unassuming. A cordial man standing five foot three answered the bell. “Hello.”

“Hey man, I’m . . .”

Sun Ra extended his hand. “Come on in.”

Sun Ra’s room was packed with album covers, press clippings, costumes, books, sculpture, paintings and murals depicting life in ancient Egypt. “All these come from people who’ve heard my music. It’s their idea of what it’s about.” Recent newspapers revealed the band had just returned from an extensive tour of Italy. A plaque from the Mexican government saluted Sun Ra and his “Aerospace Ballet.” An ominous-looking organ appeared ready for use. Sun Ra volunteered to demonstrate its capabilities. Two members of the band who lived upstairs, Danny Thompson, baritone sax and flute, and Elo Omoe, bass clarinet and flute, sat on the steps out in the hallway and listened to Sun Ra play. They seemed genuinely transfixed. Throughout the course of the next six hours with Sun Ra, they hung on his every word, as if they were hearing him for the first time.

Getting the truth from Sun Ra posed a unique problem. After three or four sentences of answering a seemingly logical question, Sun Ra would go out, launching into one of his raps. The tapestry of his conversation was seamless; it was impossible to intervene.

Hoping that unfamiliar surroundings might make things easier, we adjourned to a local restaurant, The Hunting Lodge. The contrast of Sun Ra and his “boys” against the decor of an English hunting lodge shocked the maitre d’. While Sun Ra sipped a Manhattan, I took note of his attire: a Medusa-like crown of red felt snakes, square silver headphones, modest shirt, sweater and pants. Admiring his embroidered tuxedo jacket, Sun Ra told me, “I knew I’d be dressed.”

Primack: When were you born?

Sun Ra: Actually, I don’t know. I don’t remember. I have no record of that.

Primack: But you’re from Birmingham, Alabama, right?

Sun Ra: Right.



Primack: When did you start playing?

Sun Ra: My mother brought me a piano for a present. Arrival day present. When I came home from elementary school one day, there was a piano in the house, so I played it never having taken any lessons. And I read music too without having taken any lessons. That happened.

Primack: What kind of music did you listen to?

Sun Ra: Fletcher Henderson. They had some records by Fletcher Henderson but I didn’t realize it was Fletcher Henderson until he had Coleman Hawkins in there. That’s the only jazz records they had. Fletcher Henderson proved to be the top jazz director, the best in the world, in history, for discipline. He also proved to be unselfish, and he played for all the top jazz greats, like Bessie Smith, everybody. They can’t pass him. All the top musicians can’t pass him. He really hasn’t been given credit the way he should have. They should have a book out on Fletcher Henderson because he’s the cause of Count Basie being up there now.

One of my relatives had a restaurant with a player piano. Fats Waller and all these other players were on these rolls and I was also listening to that, unconsciously. I always listened to music. Sometimes people would come and play the blues on the piano and I listened to that. All that was in my mind as a child, plus the Fletcher Henderson. Also, every week somebody would come to town and I’d be taken to that. Some of the jazz greats, entertainment greats like Bessie Smith, Ethel Waters, all the greats and I’d be there. My family would take me.

Primack: Did you want to be a musician?

Sun Ra: I didn’t care about it ‘cause I didn’t want to be a musician, poor like that. Everything I’d read about artists said they had a difficult time. I saw that and I didn’t want to be in that. In fact, I was determined not to be in it, which fit right in with my family ‘cause they didn’t want me to be in it either. We were in total agreement on that. But then something happened. I went over in the direction of music. But my grandmother said musicians always die early, they catch the TB, it just wasn’t a good profession. She was bitterly against it.

Primack: Did you play in high school bands?

Sun Ra: Yeah, I played in a march band. We had auditorium period every day and everybody in the school would go to this auditorium that held about 2000 people and we’d see different things that different classmates were doin’, like plays sometime, different things like that. Everybody in the school would be there, they’d get to know each other. We’d play when they were marchin’ in. We were a march band but I played the piano in it.

I also played with another band, Wally Sach’s Social Society, which was the school teacher’s band, but I was the only student in it because I could sight read. He had a lot of music and we had to sight read it ‘cause he had such a huge repertoire. That way, I got to learn all the standards. So all the while I was in high school, I was playing in this teacher’s band.

Then I also played with Ethel Harper. That was the first time a woman was directing a band. She was always well dressed but she got talked about horribly in all kind of ways, like about her being with all these men, the boys in the band. But she was very elegant, very refined. So finally, she left and got with a group

RAYMOND ROSS

called the Ginger Snaps. The fellows in the band didn't want another woman director, so they gave the band to me.

Primack: So you led your first band while you were still in high school?

Sun Ra: Right. I didn't want a band, although I was writing for it. That's when my name was Sonny Lee. That was my first name. They be sayin' my name is Sonny Blount but that's not true.

Primack: You were born Sonny Lee?

Sun Ra: No, I wasn't born with that name. I got another name. But it's a secret name. But it's not Blount. That's one of the family names, like Jones is too. I could choose any name I want to. Actually, my great grandfather, his name was Alexandria, he played violin. He's the only musician I know about in the family so my talent must have stemmed down from him. But that's as far as I can go, back to my great grandfather. I saw him and talked to him all the way up until the time I was 12. But one of the names my mother used for me was Herman. She used that particular name because there was a famous black magician named "Black Herman."

Primack: Did your first band go on tour?

Sun Ra: Oh yeah, we went on tour. See my high school teacher's band, they had Curly Parish, Avery Parish's brother on piano. Avery Parish made *After Hours* famous. He's a personal friend of mine. Horace Silver says that's his favorite pianist, even today. Avery and I went to school together. A lot of tragic things happened to Avery because he's very kind hearted. They say the good die young, or something like that. But anyway, my high school teacher's band went on the road during the summer and while he was on tour, I had my band. When he came back, everybody was talking about my band.

So he bought us a bus and booked us in places that he'd been, all over the East Coast. We were all still in school—everybody in the band was going through school together. We went all through the South and up in Chicago too. That's still when I was in high school. Then we came back off the tour. I didn't get a chance to go to school much, being on the road like that. I don't even remember being in class. I said I was going to get out of music 'cause I knew I was going to have a difficult time. So I went to college after that, Alabama A & M. I got a scholarship.

The day after I arrived at college, the band showed up. I said, "You don't have a scholarship or nothin', you don't have any money." But they said, "Where you go, we go. We'll stay here!" It was a problem. But the head of the college, his name was Drake, a black man, he gave everybody in the band a scholarship and bought us a streamlined bus, gave us uniforms and free books. He was really a patron of the arts you might say. All they had to do to work their way through school was to rehearse one hour every day. So they were up there with me. I couldn't get rid of them. It seems like fate just stepped in or something. I was tryin' to avoid it, but there I was in music again.

Primack: Did you major in music?

Sun Ra: I took teacher's training; in that you majored in everything.

Primack: You wanted to be a teacher?

Sun Ra: Well most of the fellows in the band were takin' liberal arts. But I took teacher's trainin' 'cause I made good marks all through school. I could cover the range of everything with teacher's trainin'. You could teach anywhere from the first grade on up. You had to be good at outlinin', which I was

good at. So I can teach people. I don't care how difficult others feel it is, I can teach people things because I got the trainin' for it.

Primack: Up to that point, you were playing and reading naturally. Did you take any music theory in college?

Sun Ra: Yeah, I wound up with a black woman named Mrs. Willa Randolph. She was a classical musician. She was the only teacher I had, but most of the time I was teachin' her class because she said I knew some things she didn't. One day she saw me writin' off a record, writin' all the parts out and she was amazed at that, how I could do that, duplicate like that. I can do that. Duplicate any record. I can improvise and I can create and I can duplicate too, get the spirit of the artist and it'll sound just like 'em 'cause I get the fine details. That's what you call the fine arts. When you get a note, it's got to be played exactly right, or else the sound is not going to be right. It all comes down to feeling.

But Mr. Randolph always had me teachin' the class. She was so nice, people would be talkin' during her class. When she put me up there, they wouldn't talk, they'd be listenin'. The next thing, I decided since I was makin' such good marks, there wasn't no need bein' an intellectual if I couldn't do somethin' that hadn't been done before so I decided I would tackle the most difficult problem on the planet. I could see how I was progressing on the mental plane, on the intellectual plane, but the most difficult task would be finding out the real meanin' of the *Bible*, which defied all kinds of intellectuals and religions. The meanin' of the book that's been translated into all languages. They could never find the meanin' and that's what I wanted to do.

So the years went by and I was in Chicago. All kinds of books came to me, books that I'd never seen before, haven't seen since. They'd come to me and I began to see the meanin' of that book. As the years went by, and I forgot they were goin' by, I was still learnin', still investigatin'. I had to go and learn Egyptian hieroglyphics. I had to study the basic roots of all languages because it's hidden in them. I had to even get into Japanese philosophy and Chinese philosophy, things the world don't know nothin' about. I know the meaning of that book. But since I'm not a religionist, I'm not a preacher or nothin' like that, I'm still tryin' to see what I can do about it.

Primack: Did you go to Chicago with a band?

Sun Ra: No. I was playing in Nashville. Oliver Bibb, a jazz figure people don't know nothin' about, had a band in Chicago and he wanted me to play with him. So I came to Chicago from Nashville to play with him. Although he had the top booking agent behind him, he didn't make it. Bibb was doin' something on the commercial plane, he had the band wearing colonial clothes, but even so, it didn't come through.

So here I was playing around Chicago with different groups of musicians, everybody real interested in what I was doin'. I played with Stuff Smith at some club on the North Side. Coleman Hawkins sat in. Stuff said he was surprised the world didn't know about me playin' piano, but one day they would. I got a record with Stuff on it. A lot of people might think I'm just talkin', but I got a track called *Deep Purple* with Stuff and me. I think I'm going to let the world hear it, it's very beautiful. I was playing Solovox and he wanted to hear this new electronic instrument and he'd also never heard himself on tape, so he came by the

house. Unfortunately, I didn't have much tape.

Primack: Where did you play with Fletcher Henderson?

Sun Ra: That was at the Club DeLisa; I played there for quite some time. That was the top club where they brought all the acts in. By me being able to sight read, again I got the job. You had to read music for all these acts. Lavern Baker was there. Joe Williams was singing there regularly. Fletcher Henderson was playing in the show. One night the regular piano player missed a show. I was playing off-nights and also writing for the show. So when this regular man was no longer suitable, they called me. And that's where I got with Fletcher Henderson, 'cause he was directin' you see. I stayed there with him for a year, maybe more, 'til he left. He just played two numbers during the night, *Humoresque* and *Stealin' Apples*. After Fletcher Henderson left Chicago, I started to rehearse a new band.

Primack: Did the band work?

Sun Ra: Yeah. We started playing the Grand Terrace. Many people said I was playin' bebop, but we weren't. They're always antagonists every time anybody wants to do something different. The next thing, I decided to give an outer space concert, the first one. I was going to prove they weren't tellin' the truth. The first concert was at the Grand Terrace on a Sunday, a matinee. A lot of people came out, especially from the University of Chicago.

Primack: What was the reaction?

Sun Ra: They liked it. I kept on moving from that.

Primack: How did you come up with the idea for an outer space concert?

Sun Ra: They said I was playing too far out for the people. They said I was playing bebop. I went further out to show them I wasn't playin' bebop. They still said I was playin' too far out but they couldn't say I was playing bebop no more. One time I was playing at a tavern on 54th Street. One night the owner said, "You're playing too far out. Play the blues!" So I played nothin' but the blues all night. I can play the blues. Any kind of blues. It don't make no difference to me.

Primack: How did Sonny Lee become Sun Ra?

Sun Ra: [Ed.: a rather obfuscatory explanation, based allegedly on numerology, has been omitted.]

Primack: When did you adopt the name Sun Ra?

Sun Ra: I didn't adopt it, it was always my name.

Primack: When did people start calling you Sun Ra?

Sun Ra: Well actually, Sun Ra is my business name. LeSonya Ra is my legal name. But in Chicago is basically where I started using Sun Ra more than anywhere else.

Primack: Let's get back to your band, the Solar Arkestra. How do you choose your musicians?

Sun Ra: I choose them by feeling. Some people I just felt belonged, 'cause you know not everybody can play my music. In Chicago, and even today in my present band, everybody just fit together. When I started rehearsing the band in Chicago, everybody was interested in rehearsing a lot. Everybody was interested in having the best when they played. There was a special kind of brotherhood, fellowship. They weren't in there for the money, it wasn't about the money. They said so. We were tryin' to do something, trying to hold up the standard of really playin' jazz, from a point of view of

feeling.

Like John Gilmore, he was over in the bebop school originally, but maybe ten years ago, he started to realize there was a Coleman Hawkins; before that, he was thinkin' only about Charlie Parker. This last record we made in Italy, you really hear John doing somethin' else, because his mind has expanded to touch outside of bop, outside of what they might call jazz although it's a superior form of jazz because it's built on sincerity, it's built on feelings.

I base things on feelings. What good is music without feelings? So I pick musicians who got some feelings. After I left Chicago, I said, "Maybe I shouldn't do it this way. Maybe I should just include anyone who's a musician." I tried it that way. It didn't work. They have to have a feeling and they don't have it unless nature gave it to them. My band is based on that, on whether nature gave them the feeling. I can't really explain to them what I want because I'll be usin' some words some time that can't reach men's minds. They might not understand what I'm sayin'. But they got this feelin' so I won't have to say the words, they would feel what I want and they will come in there. A trumpet player I got now, Michael Raitt, he never played jazz. He played in rock bands and all that, but he got that feelin', he got a feelin' of just playin' jazz. When I tell him do this and do that, he'll do it. When Italy heard him, they said, "Who was that trumpet player?" He just be playin' from feelin', not

head?" I said, "Cause I feel like it!" They were worried about that light you see. Some people said I was hypnotizing people, but it wasn't that. Astronauts are wearing hats like that. They could wear tuxedos in outer space but they wear space hats 'cause it's more suitable. So if I'm playin' space music, why can't I wear my celestial hats and things like that.

But they want to chain a musician, where he just got to wear black all the time. One fellow told me, "If you all dress in black, we could listen to the music better. It distracts us if you got on these other kind of things. The whole band started wearing costumes in Chicago. We had a basement full of opera clothes. We'd come out in opera clothes and they thought that was weird but they used the costumes in the opera, so why couldn't we use it?"

Primack: But why the costumes, dancers, etc.?

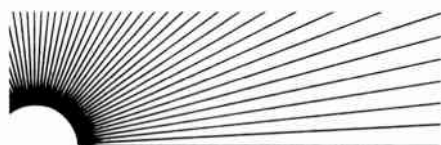
Sun Ra: It's a means of expressin' myself. I might want to dance, maybe that's the way to reach people at a certain point. Instruments might not be able to do it. Maybe a hand movement will do it. That's an instrument too you see. That's why I got the dancers. Sometimes I'll have them dance in silence. But music is silence too—that's why you got rests in there. I say that true jazz is where you put the silences, it's not where you put the sound. Everybody can't do that. How can you teach somebody where to put the silences? They say silence is golden. I say that jazz is the division of golden sounds. I didn't say jazz was just

York, people put you in the avant garde category, with Trane.

Sun Ra: The way Trane got over was through me. When he came to Chicago with Miles, he heard some of my music that the world has never heard. I went to Coltrane's hotel and played it for him. Pat Patrick let him have my Solaristic Precepts. What I was doin' was just for a small circle of people. Not all musicians, just my band. I wrote these concepts for them.

But Pat took it to Coltrane because he said the people were bypassing Coltrane and Coltrane needed to be heard and recognized. He took what I was writing to Coltrane and Coltrane read it. Then I had to play my things for him so Coltrane would have a broader understanding, to protect himself, because he unleashed some cosmic forces in his mind. When you do that, you really reach out into the universe and those forces can be antagonistic to man. When you're dealin' with man, that's one thing. But when you jump out there with cosmic beings and devils, you have to have yourself ready. They don't mean you no harm, but they figure if you're out there, you have the intelligence to protect yourself.

So I tried to protect Coltrane. I let him hear this music. He listened to my music for four hours and he said, "Yeah, I see." So now when you hear him on the soprano, that's what he's reachin' for, he's reachin' for these sounds that I had on this tape which has not been released to the world. It wasn't meant for the world



"I belong to the Angel race. . . [Angels] find food in lookin' at a picture or . . . in hearin' a beautiful song . . . or just seein' a person smile. They find food in that. But Earth people, they just find food in food."

knowin' what he's doin'.

Primack: Do you write arrangements in the traditional sense?

Sun Ra: I could do that. As I told you, I can write off records and all that. I got some things that people think the band is playin', I got 'em where they can play somethin' that I write and people think they're playin' a solo. Some musicians, if you write something, they play it artificially. That's not my thing. They got to play it just like they're playin' a solo. With my music, you can't tell when the solo starts. I write and then I don't have to worry about it because I know it's goin' to be played with the feelin' I had, whereas you play the saxophone, a mechanical instrument made by man, and they're not no good unless you got some feelin'; otherwise the instrument is playing the man, the man ain't playin' it. He got to rattle with the instrument but when the musician got this natural feelin', the instrument just melts in his hand.

That's what you mean by a master—one who can control the instrument, not let the instrument control him. Music can be dangerous to a musician, with all these vibrations goin' up to his head and his body. If he doesn't control his instrument, it can control him.

Primack: When did you begin using singers and dancers and incorporating more theatrics into your band?

Sun Ra: In Chicago. I first started myself. I had something like this (holds up flashing blue light). I had a special space hat with a light on the top and people said to me, "Why you got to have a blue light on the top of your

created, I say it was created in Babylon, and played in ancient Egypt. . . .

Primack: Why did you leave Chicago and come to New York?

Sun Ra: I had so many enemies there. The people said, "Well he's playin' too far out." And the musicians said, "Well he's playin' too far out for the people." But I'd be playin' and people would always be there. Like I was playin' at Birdland, 800 people were in there one Saturday night. The owner of the place, Cadillac Bob, came back and said, "You're playin' too far out for the people." I said, "The people are here." He said, "Yeah, but they too quiet because 800 black people aren't supposed to be quiet on a Saturday night, drinkin' and everythin'." I said, "Well they listenin'." He said, "But it's too far out. Don't play that music for them."

People would always be sayin' that but they always show up, everywhere I go in the world. In Milan, they only advertised me for two days and 3000 people showed up although the theater could only hold 1500. In France, thousands of people showed up at a humanities festival in the park. In Washington, D.C., thousands. We were underratin' the people. If the people in America have the right to choose the kind of music they want to, they would choose the best type of music. Like they had a chance to see the pornography or *Star Wars* and they chose *Star Wars*. That speaks very good for them. If they could choose the higher type of entertainment in movies, they can choose it in music.

Primack: When you first arrived in New

neither. It wasn't meant for him to hear, but he heard it and you can see what happened, he skyrocketed to fame. But he finally reached the point where he no longer had any ideas. I told him, "Well you know where you got what you been doin' from, come back and rehearse with us so the world will know." But he didn't have time. The next week he was gone. His energy had been depleted. If he had come on over with us, he would have been energized because my music is about energizing.

Primack: What do you mean?

Sun Ra: Sometimes in New York, we'll be playin' eight, ten hours. No problem. It's energy. People wonder how we do it. Because the music is energizing. The music goes out in the audience and they become part of the band; they're energized too. That's what this music is about. There have been some times when the audience became part of the band. Like in Liverpool, where 2000 people jumped up and shouted "Ra" for 30 minutes. In Sicily and Palermo, the same thing.

This happened in Philadelphia last week. The audience became part of the band because I moved out into total creativity. We were doin' this song, *We Travel The Spaceways*, and all at once this new idea came to me and I played it. It was beautiful, perfectly suitable for the people at that point. And then I got up and sang it. And then all the people in the audience started singing it. They started singing what I was singing although there were no words to it. Why? Because they felt the spiritual language. The band was singing, *We Travel The Spaceways*, but the people in

HOWARD JOHNSON

Substructural Master

BY DAVID KASTIN

The theory that musicians choose their instrument because it somehow reflects an aspect of themselves receives at least partial confirmation in the case of Howard Johnson. On first meeting, one notices that just like the tuba on which he is a virtuoso, Johnson is built on a broad, powerful frame. But rather than pump out his words in big, brassy blasts, Johnson expresses himself in a smooth soft-spoken manner.

Emotionally, however, Howard himself does admit to having been strongly drawn to the instrument he chose as a child. He found that the very deep and resonant sounds satisfied some unconscious need within him.

As Johnson explains it, a fascinating psycho-historical theory emerges. "There has always been a certain reverence among blacks—even today's blacks—for low voices, low pitches, probably because there was a time when the slaves were not allowed to speak in a low, i.e. manly voice. It upset the slaveowners. So in gospel groups (which have a longer tradition than even dixieland), the bass is always an important voice, and it's the same with present day pop vocal groups. And in the early jazz thing, the bass was always pivotal. That's how I was initially attracted to it."

Howard Johnson was born in Montgomery, Alabama in 1941, but he grew up and attended school in Ohio. Although no one in his family played an instrument ("or even sang in the church choir"), the family felt very close to music and it was an everpresent part of Johnson's early environment. "The radio was always on," he recalls, "and there was always a variety of stuff to listen to, from Ellington and Lionel Hampton to Big Bill Broonzy and Eddie Vinson."

At 13, Johnson gained access to the instruments of his school's music department, but not to any instruction. Yet he does not regret this lack of formal training. In fact, he's enthusiastic in his belief that he's been better off without it. "I was very excited about playing. I had this drive. And because I didn't have a teacher, I was able to go according to the speed that was dictated from within me, rather than the supposedly slow and sure way that teacher's teach."

He found some teachers to be an "inhibitive force," often discouraging him from exploring the horizons of his instrument and his ability. As Johnson describes it, it was a paradoxical situation. "Most of my development, especially my early development, is due to the fact that no one told me it was a big deal; no one told me that there were technical limitations, range limitations, musical limitations on the tuba. And by the time I found out, it was already too late."

His first instrument was the baritone sax, which he still plays regularly. "I couldn't really play the little finger keys on the left hand at first. I couldn't reach all the notes." A year later, at 14, he began playing the tuba.



DAVID KASTIN

"Most of my development, especially my early development, is due to the fact that no one told me it was a big deal; no one told me that there were technical limitations, range limitations, musical limitations on the tuba."

From the very beginning, he gave no thought to the restricting *oompa!* tradition of his horn. With a kind of blissful ignorance, he pursued his conception of simply playing jazz on the instrument he happened to play—the tuba.

"I found that there was a lot that could be done with it in an ensemble," he explains. "The way that, for example, Harry Carney leads from the bottom. You can do that with a tuba. You can actually push a big band from down there. It can have the kind of influence over a band that the lead trumpet does. I developed a melodic conception on my own. I hadn't heard any other tuba player do that."

Howard finished his high school years by playing in the first chair of the concert band, and also led his own group, for which he wrote the arrangements (another skill at which he is self-taught). Then came, in Johnson's words, "The big mistake of going into the Navy. It virtually wasted four years of my musical life." After his stint for Uncle Sam, he found himself in Chicago, a man without a horn. He had been working in a warehouse, and hadn't played for almost five years, when he happened to meet Eric Dolphy, in town with Coltrane's group. Dolphy told him that despite all the great musicians in New York, there didn't seem to be any really good tuba players around. Although he didn't think he was ready to walk in and fill the gap, Johnson philosophized: "Since I'm working in a ware-

house in Chicago, I can work in a warehouse in New York."

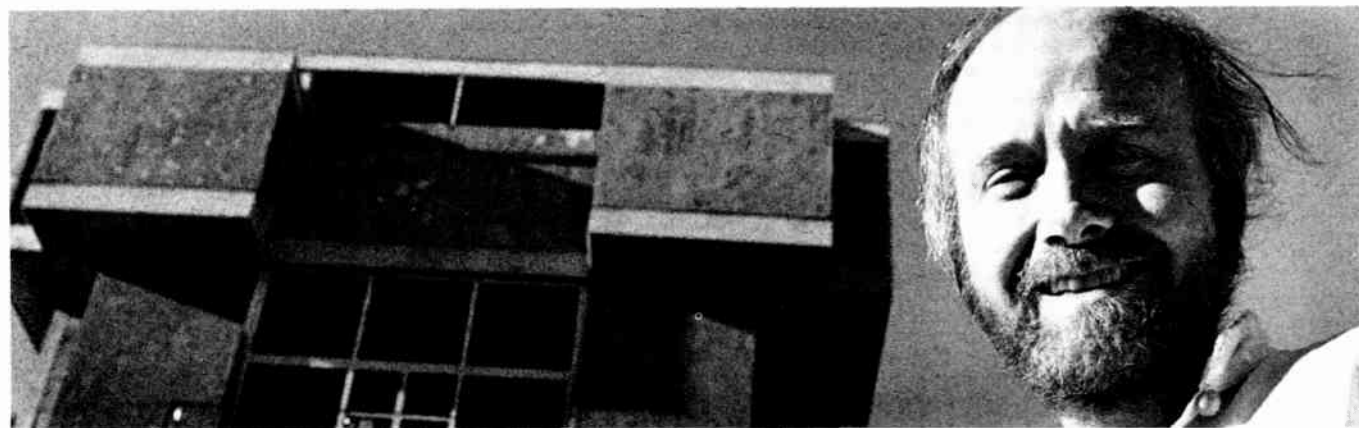
Johnson arrived in New York in 1963, and after months of odd jobs (and woodshedding), he found himself playing tuba in Charles Mingus' band at Birdland. He stayed with Mingus for about a year, and left only after the disastrous 1965 Monterey Jazz Festival when the band only made it through about two tunes. It was a time, as Johnson remembers it, when "a lot of erratic stuff was happening." A bad time for Mingus, only a year after his great triumph in the same festival.

His next association was with Gil Evans, with whom he played for a number of years. He also toured (playing baritone sax and tuba) with Hank Crawford and Archie Shepp, and he put in an abortive stint with Buddy Rich. As the '60s drew to a close, Johnson found himself in California, checking out the scene, when he began to think seriously about an idea he'd had for a long time—an all-tuba jazz ensemble. Realizing that he could only get the musicians he needed back in New York, Johnson quickly left California.

The group which took shape around Johnson's rather visionary concept was called Substructure. They began playing around New York in the early '70s, including a 1973 concert at Carnegie Hall. Johnson supplied the group's arrangements, as well as a few original compositions. "We got together at first just to

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COMMUNING WITH THE ESSENCES



MARK HANAUER

“When I formed the first Paul Winter Consort in 1967,” said the 38-year-old saxophonist, “I drove over to see Pete Seeger in Beacon, New York. I played him a lot of music that I loved, which included a lot of European and African forms, mostly instrumental.”

“Pete said, ‘Look, chamber music and orchestral music is fine, but all it does for the audience is give them a chance to sit there and applaud once in a while.’

“‘The real challenge,’ he said, ‘is to find a way in which people can participate. *That’s* the vital path.’”

Born in the railroad countryside town of Altoona, Pennsylvania, August 31, 1939, Paul Winter began playing the drums at age five before he began studying the piano at age six “with a lady named Alma Leighty, who was very strict, in a benevolent way, and very much into Bach, Czerny and other straight piano literature. I studied for ten years, practicing under protest.”

His grandfather owned the local music store, and his father worked there. His great-aunts and uncles had a vaudeville troupe that toured from 1880 to 1924, calling themselves The Seven Nosses. “I never got to hear them,” said Paul, “but they were in my heritage. They played whole families of instruments—a whole set of trombones, a whole set of herald trumpets—and they were the first group to play saxophones in America.”

Paul began playing clarinet at age seven and organized his first band at 12. “We played old German drinking songs and told jokes at the Moose Club, the Lions’ Club and the Rotary. The first time we got paid, we made \$2.00—50¢ apiece, which was great!”

By the time he was 14 the German band had evolved into a dixieland band, then into a dance band called The Silver Liners—three saxes, two trumpets, a trombone and rhythm. “That was high excitement for me, the exact vibe then that kids get now putting together a rock band. That was the first love in my life.

“In the summers, I would go down to Atlantic City and listen to the big bands every night on the Steel Pier. When Kenton would be playing, I’d stand up front with my chin over the front of the stage for five hours absorbing that band. That was the band that did it to me the most. In earlier years, I had listened a lot to Benny Goodman.”

18 □ down beat

PAUL WINTER

BY
LEE UNDERWOOD

By the time he graduated from Northwestern in 1962 (“With a degree in General Bewilderment”), he had a record contract with Columbia.

He and trumpet player Dick Whitsell had formed a neo-bebop sextet that included Warren Bernhardt, “still one of the great unsung pianists”; Les Rout, “the most outrageous baritone player ever”; Richard Evans, “the bassist and a fine arranger, who went on to play with Ahmad Jamal”; and Harold Jones, “a drummer who used his tremendous energy to just play a smile out to the people.”

The sextet played the 1962 Collegiate Jazz Festival at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. Dizzy Gillespie, one of the judges, leaned over to Columbia’s John Hammond and said, “Man, there couldn’t be any band better than this one!” Hammond agreed. Winter’s group won the festival. Hammond signed them to Columbia, and the sextet recorded seven albums, of which *Rio* remains available.

“It fascinated me that the music I loved so much was deeply appreciated in other countries but not in my own, so Whitsell and I decided to approach the State Department about sending us on tour. Six months later, we were on our way to Latin America, where we did 180 concerts in 23 different countries.

“The reception was overwhelming—from Haiti to Buenos Aires in 61 cities and universities, it was continually New Year’s Eve. I loved Brazil so much that I later returned in 1964 and 1965, staying a total of about a year.”

One feather in Paul’s cap from that period was when Jacqueline Kennedy invited the sextet to play the fourth concert in the Young People’s Concert Series at the White House on November 19, 1962.

“The sextet was more of a straightahead bop-oriented jazz group than the Consort is. The instrumentation was different, but the aesthetic was very much the same. We created celebrations wherever we went. It wasn’t ‘hipness’ that we had. It was exuberance. It was like Clark Terry’s feeling, that spirit of humanity. That’s the kind of feeling we had.”

* * *

Underwood: In that 1964-1965 period, you moved from city living to country living, didn’t you?

Winter: Yes, I did. I left the whole jazz scene and moved into the country, looking for a little more sunshine—on all levels—and I found it. It’s there. It’s just hard to find in dark-city jazz clubs.

I thought it was tragic that a lot of young musicians would get discouraged from making music their lives, because they felt that New York was the big challenge, and if they didn’t make it there, they’d better give up.

However, I found that there was in fact nothing going on in New York, while elsewhere all around the country there were all of these great oases where people were open to playing and listening to music—and all you had to do was just go there.

You’d write a letter, maybe play a few places for free, and then next time you’d get a hundred bucks and the next time maybe more. It really doesn’t take any kind of business genius to do that. All it takes is willingness to play and willingness to do it a few times for free.

Underwood: Does this country living play an aesthetic role in your music?

Winter: Definitely. If I am with people, I love to participate with them. If I am in their presence, and I am not sharing an expression with them, I get incredibly lonely. New York has always been a difficult place to be in, because I do not like to be among people and not communicate with them.

When I was in Brazil at age 22, people had spontaneous interaction all the time. There, and in other places, such as Israel, people do communicate, people do share. Before that, my only experience had been that of our urban, tight, cold social world here in America. In Latin America, I felt like I had rejoined the human race.

But there is a paradox here. On the one hand, America is probably the most lonely,

most alienated nation on earth. On the other hand, we have this extraordinary *gardening* space in which we can grow anything we want. There is so much physical space here, so many possibilities of places to go and things to do. It's new and in constant process, which makes America the most exciting place to be, especially in artistic terms.

Underwood: What led you to form the Paul Winter Consort in 1967?

Winter: After being in Brazil, I wanted a broader texture of sounds—the warmth of the classical guitar, the variety of Latin/African percussion instruments and some of my favorite symphonic instruments such as a cello, the english horn, etc.

And after all those years of being in jazz, I was coming back to the classical music I had heard as a child—Bach, Beethoven, Debussy, Villa-Lobos, Ravel, Bartok, etc.

So I moved to Reading, Connecticut and lived in a small cottage and kept working on the vision of this new group and searching for musicians. It was especially hard to find a classically trained cello player who could improvise. David Darling is a master at both.

Underwood: What does the word “consort” mean in your context?

Winter: A consort is a special conversation where the sum is greater than the total of the words involved. And that's what we do in the group, we have a conversation. We are not solo-oriented. It's a dialogue in music, a dialogue not only between ourselves, but between ourselves and the audience.

In primitive cultures, there was and is a sense of community. Music was not regarded as “art,” separate from the people who listened to it. Everybody made music. Music came out of the cultures themselves by and for the people who made it. That's what Pete Seeger was talking about: participation.

You see, I am not really concerned about music and art. My loyalty is to life. And to aliveness. And to the expression of that aliveness. You acknowledge and affirm your own life when you express it. A painting is not really a painting if it is not seen by people. To me, the essence of making music is not the art of it, but the flow of it, the communion of it.

Underwood: Your music is extraordinarily eclectic. On the *Winter Consort*, *Something In The Wind*, *Road* and *Icarus* LPs, you included everybody from Bach, Charles Ives, Ravel and Villa-Lobos to Fred Neil, Jerry Jeff Walker, Ralph Towner and Joni Mitchell.

Winter: One of our goals is to be a bridge between the world of ordered music, classical and symphonic, and the world of free-form music such as rock, jazz and folk music. We draw on roots and musics from as many cultures as possible, roots that are universal, and we want to communicate to any people, regardless of cultural experience.

Underwood: Your latest record is *Earthdance*, which is basically a reissue of several cuts from previous Consort albums. By 1971 you had done 12 sextet and Consort albums, hadn't you?

Winter: Yes. *Icarus*, produced by George Martin, who did *Sgt. Pepper*, was the last, in 1971. It was difficult for me that I had put all that love into those albums and that they had failed, but I also learned a lot when I did *Icarus*.

I learned how to work in a private space rather than in a city studio. I got clear then that I didn't want to make another record until I could put more of my own music in it. I was graduating from eclecticism.

I knew that out of all of those idioms—classical, folk, Brazilian music, African music, etc.—our own music would begin to crystallize. It has taken me more than five years to accomplish that.

I found the space to make the music—in my barn in Litchfield, Connecticut. And I've been learning how to translate into music those experiences that I myself have actually lived.

Underwood: You have a tape of your music up on the moon, don't you?

Winter: Yes, I do. The astronauts of Apollo 15 took four cassettes with them, one of which was my third Consort LP, *Road*. They listened to the music a lot on the way up there, and left the cassette when they returned. They also named two craters after songs on the album—*Icarus* and *Ghost Beads*.

I still don't have a physical grasp of this reality. When I look at the moon—and I look at the moon a lot—my memory has stored the information that there is a cassette of my music up there, but my body doesn't believe it. I can't get it. It's a huge thought, beyond me. When I look at the moon, I'm always awed by it, so I have to quickly shut the little door of memory that connects my ego up with the situation. I can't handle that one yet.

Underwood: When was the last time you recorded?

SELECTED WINTER DISCOGRAPHY

with *Winter Consort*
EARTHDANCE—A&M SP 4653
ROAD—A&M SP 4279
SOMETHING IN THE WIND—A&M SP 4207
THE WINTER CONSORT—A&M SP 4170
ICARUS—Epic KE 31643

with the sextet
RIO—Columbia—JCS 9115
JAZZ PREMIERE: WASHINGTON—Columbia
CL 1997 (out of print)
NEW JAZZ ON CAMPUS—Columbia CS 8864
(out of print)
JAZZ MEETS THE FOLK SONG—Columbia
CL 2155 (out of print)

Winter: We've not recorded commercially for the past five years or more, but we have recorded several things on our own. *Ives Alive* will be out on Philo Records, probably in the spring. *Consorting With Bach* is not done yet, and we just finished recording a new record in the barn at Litchfield.

Nevertheless, we've made a living playing concerts. True, it has been tough, and we are in debt, but there are also a lot of people who now believe in and support the whole vision of the Consort, bankers among them.

Underwood: Why has there not been more of a response from the business community to the music that you're making?

Winter: That's a good question. I may have to take more responsibility for that than they do. Our albums have been so eclectic that record companies haven't known how to merchandise them. Are we jazz? Are we rock? Are we classical? It really wasn't clear to me either “what it was.” It was *all* of these things, but my own expression within this music was not completely focused.

I think that what people need, and what record companies want to hear, is something that comes from the heart of another person. It's not enough to just have an extraordinary eclectic spectrum of musics that you can play and share with people, especially on record.

One way out would be jumping on a particular trend that is happening in music, funk/rock

for example, but I have no interest in that solution. For anybody who wants to keep growing throughout his life in music, that is no way to go.

But now I know more about how to record, and I have evolved and more clearly crystallized my own perspective. My next statement is going to be much more personal. Although we still include other people's compositions, there is a lot more of my own presence in the performing of them. I also do most of the lead vocals. I think we will be doing several albums a year from now on.

Underwood: Why do you get the audience howling like wolves, and include the sounds of whales, wolves and other animals in many of your compositions?

Winter: At Rockefeller University in New York in 1968, I attended a lecture on whales by Roger Paine, the man who recorded *Songs Of The Humpback Whale*.

I was so moved, so boggled, by the fact that these whales were singing these extraordinarily complex songs that sometimes last for half an hour, and then would sing them again and again, verbatim, every day. And the next year they would come back, all singing a *new* song.

The beauty of this music alone is staggering, not to mention what it implies about the consciousness of these beings. These whales have been around for 50 million years, and they have found their harmony with the earth. Unlike us, they know how to be together. They live in a state of grace that we can only dream about. And in their sounds, they are communicating something of their ancient history that they know. Otherwise, how do they know to migrate every year thousands of miles from the Arctic to Baja?

Underwood: Blind instinct?

Winter: But is instinct blind? Instinct seems awfully radiant and enlightened to me.

Underwood: You don't see it as a mechanical, unconscious process that endlessly repeats itself and has nothing to do with anything outside of itself?

Winter: I would say it is a very spontaneous, conscious process. What is blind, mechanical, and unconscious is reason, what we arrogant, upstart human beings think is the way to go. The creatures of the earth are teaching us more and more that so-called reason is *not* the way to go. For these beings, you see, communing is really important.

The whales as a species are very gentle and magnanimous. They would surface within 15 feet of our small raft, and hover there for an instant before going back down. David Darling played his cello in the raft, and I was playing my sax to them, the bottom of the horn against the plywood floor, resonating the music to the whales through the water.

People want to know, “Did you talk to the whale? What did it mean?” I don't know what it meant. All I know is that I was overwhelmed with their presence and their willingness to let us be there.

I've spent more time with wolves than with whales. I've been among them. I've been out howling with them—in Minnesota and in the high Sierras. On my new album, as yet unreleased, I have a taped duet with myself and a wolf, with me playing sax to him in the Sierras. He was a captive wolf, at a place called the North American Predatory Animal Center. They had 13 wolves there, and I played to them each night. They would immediately respond.

In the wilds of Minnesota, I went out with a fellow who studies the wolves and we howled.

RECORD REVIEWS

***** EXCELLENT / **** VERY GOOD / *** GOOD / ** FAIR / * POOR

GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.

LIVE AT THE BIJOU—Kudu 36/37: *On The Cusp*; *You Make Me Dance*; *Lock It In The Pocket*; *Days In Our Lives*/Mr. Magic; *Summer Song*; *Juffure*; *Sausalito*; *Funkfoot*.

Personnel: Washington, Jr., alto, tenor and soprano saxes; John Blake, violin; Tyrone Brown, bass; Leslie Burrs, flute; Leonard Gibbs, percussion; James Simmons, keyboards; Richard Steacker, guitar; Millard Vinson, drums.

Grover Washington Jr.'s albums, particularly under the aegis of arranger Bob James, have held little magic for me. Instead, they've seemed simply the perfunctory and circumscribed work of a team who knew several of the right ruses, whose soft-funk charm made the audience feel heady, and in so doing helped them to believe they were experiencing more than was really at hand. But once, when catching Grover at a CTI show a couple of years ago, I realized what a mellifluous charmer he could be, given some pliant space and responsive support. *Live At The Bijou* affords Grover the margin that Bob James' arrangements have not, the chance to breathe and prod free of plotted structures and cumbersome settings. With the notable exception of tuneful drummer Millard Vinson, the supporting ensemble is unified but unremarkable—characterless, even, which provokes Grover to project his own sonority and sensitivity all the more. This is Grover Washington, Jr. at his most intuitive and resilient, and it's a tantalizing taste of what's been missing for far too long.

Funk is still the operative bedrock principle on these live sides, but it's a malleable, personalized brand, a funk that does not surrender to the compulsion of its own metronomic construction. The variegated rhythm section weaves a vibrant matrix of shifting ostinatos, supple keyboard beddings, gauzy synthesizer strains and eruptive gutbucket drum patterns, inflected with a flat-slap echo. Over it all, Grover laces his way with lingering lines and a steamy and unstemmed intent. On tenor tracks such as *Mr. Magic* and *On The Cusp*, he blows straight and feverish, alternately looping his phrases in a lithe curl or pumping them into flush clusters. His alto style on *Lock It In The Pocket* is bluesy and sinuous; he varies his tonal inflections like a kid shifting candy around in his cheeks to find a different tinge of flavor. But it's on soprano that Grover naturally reigns, and his prime example here, *You Make Me Dance*, is a haunting, evocative performance, burrowing into a recess beyond the ears or mind, deep into the realm where melodicism and tonality trigger feelings we need not own to understand.

But as is the case with most two-record sets, *Live At The Bijou* would've benefited from some deft editing: Simply too many indul-

gences and meanderings are allowed to drag on to little good effect, such as the trite percussion prelude to *Mr. Magic*, the misplaced pop vocalizing on *Summer Song*, and the lazy length of *Juffure*. Still, though, it's a becoming extravagance, because Grover stretches with the ease of a long man who's been riding in Honda cars for far too many miles. He may induce a few yawns, but overall, he's breathing fresh air, and his worthiest impulses seem very heady indeed.

—gilmore

BUDDY RICH

CLASS OF '78—Great American Gramophone Company GADD 1030: *Birdland*; *Bouncin' With Bud*; *Cape Verdean Blues*; *Fiesta*; *Funk City Ola*.

Personnel: Chuck Schmidt, Dean Pratt, John Marshall, Danny Hayes, trumpet; Matt Johnson, Dale Kirkland, Edward Eby, trombones; Steve Marcus, Alan Gauvin, Chuck Wilson, Gary Brikak, Greg Smith, reeds; Tommy Warrington, bass; Barry Keiner, piano; Rich, drums.

Here is Buddy Rich's first direct-to-disc project, a record that should be a pleasure to anyone who's liked such past sessions as *Plays And Plays And Plays* or *The Roar Of '74* but steered clear of boogie traps like *Big Band Machine* or that loser or losers, *Speak No Evil*. Happily, you'll hear no wah-wah pedals or shrieking disco choruses here.

The band is unrelentingly powerful throughout, as tempos refuse to let up. The charts have a darting, jittery quality to them, characteristic of so much of Rich's work since the later Pacific Jazz LPs. Their nervous energy jabs at the listener continually, with the brass letting loose with frequent knockout blasts for punctuation. It's a tightly knit, high-tension band all the way here. If volume is synonymous with power, this is surely a powerful band indeed.

But we all know that power is not necessarily synonymous with swing. Perhaps that's why the most swinging selection aboard is *Bouncin' With Bud*. The Frank Perowsky chart is lean and relaxed, leaving most of the glory to soloists Brikak and Keiner. The succulent reed passage toward the end has the easy gait of smooth improvisation.

Birdland, of course, does not swing. Composer Zawinul didn't build it that way in the first place. His sense of motion doesn't work that way. Steve Marcus, who can outswing a lot of players when he wants to but prefers rock, doesn't swing either. He agonizes. He zigzags. The whole chart spirals about like a balloon with the air rushing out.

Horace Silver's *Cape Verdean* is a bright and energetic chart with skillful playing by Dean Pratt on trumpet, backed by crisp reed and brass figures, and Keiner on piano. Keiner has Chick Corea's *Fiesta* all to himself, save for the rhythm section.

It hardly seems necessary to comment on the band as a whole. It is, as always with Rich,

excellent. There are no ringers on Buddy's team. But his bands have been so unremittingly loud for so long (the faster the tempo, the louder the reading it seems), it would be refreshing to try and swing quietly. Duke Ellington's emphasis was never on volume. Neither was the Jones-Lewis group in the Solid State days. Or even Rich himself on some of the early Pacifics (*Big Swing Face*). Perhaps less emphasis on sheer volume would help restore the saxophone section to its rightful prominence in the orchestral balance. It's an area arrangers might do well to explore in the future.

—mcdonough

VARIOUS ARTISTS

MONTREUX SUMMIT, VOL. 1—Columbia JG 35005: *Montreux Summit*; *Infant Eyes*; *Blues March*; *Bahama Mama*; *Fried Bananas*; *Andromeda*.

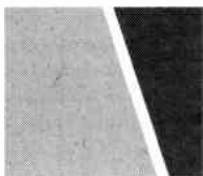
Personnel: Dexter Gordon, tenor sax (tracks 1, 3, 5, 6); Stan Getz, tenor sax (tracks 1, 2, 3, 6); Woody Shaw, trumpet (tracks 1, 3, 4, 6); Maynard Ferguson, trumpet (tracks 1, 3, 6); Janne Schaffer, guitar (tracks 1, 6); Billy Cobham, drums (tracks 1, 3, 4, 6); Steve Khan, guitar (tracks 1, 3, 4, 6); Ralph MacDonald, congas and percussion (tracks 1, 3, 4, 6); Hubert Laws, flute and piccolo (tracks 1, 3, 6); Bobbi Humphrey, flute (tracks 1, 3, 4, 6); Thijs Van Leer, flute (tracks 1, 3, 6); Benny Golson, tenor sax (tracks 1, 3, 6); George Duke, keyboards and Yamaha electric grand piano (tracks 1, 3, 5, 6); Bob James, piano, Rhodes piano, Oberheim polyphonic synthesizer (tracks 1, 2, 3, 4, 6); Gordon Johnson, bass (tracks 2, 5); Peter Erskine, drums (track 2); Slide Hampton, trombone (track 5); Billy Brooks, drums (track 5); unidentified brass section (tracks 1, 3, 6).

Rarely has a corporate report been so much fun. Seldom has a record label's roster performed special arrangements at a major jazz fest, fulfilling expectations, satisfying hopes, and leaving an adequate document besides. In the summer of '77, Columbia got it all together; the music taped during a long Swiss night does CBS Records president Bruce Lundvall's investment in jazz proud.

From the opening and closing big band showcases (arranged by Bob James and Jay Chattaway, respectively), through small group settings for tenor giants Getz and Gordon, Golson's enduring *March* of soloists and the spritely bounce of Johnson's island *Mama*, good intentions result in well-formed collaborations and inspire solid blowing. The Muse demands mainstream; chances are taken by the stylists in content, not form—but robust jazz is the honored product, a finer thing than many big businesses turn out.

The aggregation announces itself with gradually-sprung voices that become a brassy overture, anchored by the bass. James' melody is stated once before Getz coolly seduces the audience into settling in for some sounds. Alphonso stalks, Cobham storms behind the tenorman; Shaw introduces his warmly confident self; the rhythm section quiets to let in the star of Abba, guitarist Schaffer, who proves capable, entering softly and exiting with a rave-up. And so it goes: a near-jam of established players with younger talents, of commercial names with dedicated sophisticates, of exuberant bombast and long sought achievement.

Getz' 11 minute rendition of Wayne Shorter's beautiful song *Infant Eyes* recalls that a few of the CBS all-stars are missing from this lineup, but obviously everyone couldn't attend. Stan is breathy and gauzy, while James and rhythm-mates from Maynard's band provide unobtrusive backup. On *Blues March*, Shaw's happy improv kicks off a parade of statements. Highlights include



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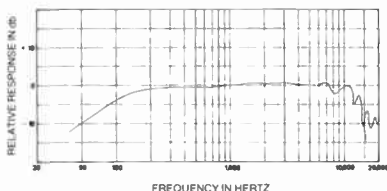
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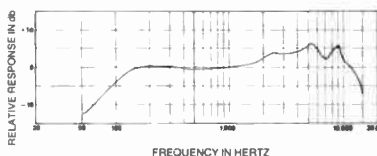


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Gale's B. B. King-inspired stretch, Duke's Yamaha rumblings and Laws' quick clean piccolo work spurred on by Khan's rhythmic guitar. The whole band interjects occasionally to break up the progression of solos. But this march, in its full 25 minutes, lets everyone pass the reviewing stand and bow.

Mama is the pleasant electric offering, and eccentric trebly keyboard lines offset the loping bass effectively, as does Ms. Humphrey's twittering. Johnson's solo includes plucked harmonics and similar fancy touches, and he deserves commendation for his bass work throughout the two discs. For all the fine soloists, this album presents a well-integrated and rehearsed jazz orchestra, which as always, depends upon its rhythm section. Gale and Khan are fine, meshing and filling so the tune moves right along—into Dex's *Bananas*, a raging showstopper, arranged by 'bonist Hampton for sextet, with more good Shaw, plus hot splash from the cymbals of European-based drummer Brooks.

Finally *Andromeda* comes, a huge big band piece that shoves the deserving into the spotlight once more. Khan comes on strong with his rock solo so the dynamics must drop for Dexter's subtler style. But the rhythm section doesn't drop its swing. Maynard gets in his high smears, challenging Shaw who follows immediately, tightening his lips, squeezing rather than smearing the notes. Even MacDonald, on congas, gets some space; the pianos add Latin figures behind him. Of course, it's a huge climax—how else would all these energetic egos go out but blowing?

Well-paced and varied, Vol. 1 raises curiosity about the soon-to-be-released Vol. 2: can there be still more riches? Columbia has issued a bonus dividend, and it's possible there's more to come.

—mandel

GEORGE BENSON

WEEKEND IN LA—Warner Brothers 3139: *The Greatest Love Of All*; *Down Here On The Ground*; *Ode To A Kudu*; *We As Love*; *California P.M.*; *Lady Blue*; *We All Remember Wes*; *Windsongs*; *On Broadway*; *It's All In The Game*; *Weekend In LA*.

Personnel: Benson, lead guitar, vocals; Phil Upchurch, rhythm guitar; Ronnie Foster, keyboards; Jorge Dalto, acoustic piano, keyboards; Stanley Banks, bass; Harvey Mason, drums; Ralph MacDonald, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

When George Benson stepped up to the microphone to render his version of *This Masquerade*, fans and critics alike went into an uproar. Comparisons to Stevie Wonder ran rampant. Like Ray Charles and Nat Cole before him, another established jazz instrumentalist had broadened his appeal by capitalizing on his long-time vocal abilities.

While commercial success is seldom a true measure of quality, the rewards recently reaped by Benson are well deserved. Benson's voice promises to catapult him to a plane of pop stardom shared by few. It is pleasant, strong and distinctive. He unfortunately does not fully utilize these characteristics, relying instead on trademark vocal stylings like melisma and guitar/voice duets. A better choice of material coupled with a more controlled approach would help.

The most successful vocal cut on this LP is *The Greatest Love Of All*. It is a hip *My Way* lyrically and provides a nice vehicle for Benson's voice. This tune and *It's All In The Game*, a pop standard with a very slick instrumental accompaniment, are the most successful vocal cuts.

As a guitarist Benson rates with the best. *Ode To A Kudu*, which begins and ends with Benson's guitar a cappella, is an example of the fast melodic flurries that characterize his playing. The best of several funky instrumentals is *California P.M.*, with the rhythm section providing a solid rock foundation for the keyboards and guitar to solo. Another fine instrumental, *We As Love*, features Ronnie Foster on acoustic piano. The piece opens with Foster and Banks comping with the other instruments slowly falling into the tune. Fine guitar and piano solos are supported by a rhythm track that flows smoothly through the changes, making this a showcase for the entire group.

Benson has devised a very approachable alternative to fusion music. Instrumentally this album is far superior to a lot of records by so-called rock greats. If he learns to control his voice better and introduces some new vocal stylings into the tunes, George Benson could turn into a top notch singer.

—less

McCOY TYNER

INNER VOICES—Milestone M-9079: *For Tomorrow*; *Uptown*; *Rotunda*; *Opus*; *Festival In Bahia*.

Personnel: Tyner, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Earl Klugh, acoustic guitar (tracks 2, 3, 5); Eric Gravatt, drums (tracks 2, 4); Jack DeJohnette, drums (tracks 3, 5); Guilherme Franco, percussion (track 5); Alex Foster, tenor sax solo (tracks 2, 4); Jon Faddis, trumpet solo (track 2); Charles Stephens, trombone solo (track 4); Ernie Royal (tracks 2, 4, 5); Jon Faddis (tracks 2, 4); Cecil Bridgewater (tracks 2, 4); Eddie Preston (tracks 2, 4); trumpets: Earl McIntyre (tracks 2, 4, 5), Charles Stephens, (tracks 2, 4), Dick Griffin (tracks 2, 4), Janice Robinson (tracks 2, 4), trombones: Jerry Dodgion (tracks 2, 4), Joe Ford (tracks 2, 4), Ed Xiques (track 5), alto sax: Alex Foster (tracks 2, 4, 5), tenor sax: Ed Xiques, (track 5), baritone sax: Adrienne Anderson, Fran Dorsey, Bessie Ruth Scott, Suzanne Simmons, Joan Taylor, Benjamin Carter, Carl Scott, voices.

★ ★ ★ ★

McCoy Tyner's longevity as an acknowledged master of his instrument is increasingly based not on an ability to dazzle by innovation but upon a remarkable power to re-conceptualize—to make his music fresh again by approaching it through different formats and with different accompanists.

His strengths as a pianist remain durable—the propulsive drive, the brilliant crescendos and an instinctive rhythmic persuasiveness. But even strong trademark qualities can over a period of time become problematic. The one disappointing aspect of Tyner's art in the last year or two has been a lack of easily discernible growth and development. In performance and in recordings, Tyner's music has seemed of late on the static side. His improvisations have emphasized his considerable technique to an overly abstract and nearly mathematical point.

The departure of *Inner Voices* from this impasse is significant. Tyner is not an experimentalist here any more than in the recent past, but he poses original challenges for himself and meets them with resounding success.

The opening vocal chorus of *For Tomorrow* is a deceptively sweet and angelic line giving way to the increasingly insistent counterpoint of a Tyner-Ron Carter duet. Tyner's playing here, as throughout the album, is remarkably restrained and much more melodically resonant. There's an economy to his soloing that makes the expression of his thematic ideas all the more compelling.

Albums in the past have either tended to emphasize McCoy's translucently gentle side, such as *Fly With The Wind*, or else the turbu-

lent, eruptive power best exemplified by the *Enlightenment* sessions. Here Tyner strikes a balance, concentrating his energies on keeping pace with the surging compositions rather than overwhelming them with the dynamics of his virtuosity.

The shifting moods are joyous, spirited and reflective, yet coalesce into a coherent musical statement, due in no small part to the collective strengths of the ensemble here. Support from bassist Carter is inspired. It's hard to choose between the strengths of drummers Eric Gravatt and Jack DeJohnette, who alternate on selections here. The pulse of both seem subtly attuned with Tyner's surging intensity. Gravatt's short solo scintillates on *Opus*, with its rich and sprawling textures of voices and horns.

Festival In Bahia is the longest and least successful cut, in which a variety of elements fail to successfully mesh. The opening duet between Tyner and guitarist Earl Klugh is sweet and lyrical in the ECM-ethereal mode, but then segues into an also lovely Brazilian-flavored melody that bears little relation to what's gone before. In the middle, a technically proficient solo by Carter turns out to be more confusing than helpful in splicing together the loose ends.

Klugh's contribution on the uptempo *Ronda*, another composition with vocal chorus, is more useful. The quartet works perfectly within the somewhat overblown horn arrangements, and Tyner's chordal overtones weld together, but never dominate, the ensemble. On the less positive side, DeJohnette's solo isn't particularly exciting and the piece suffers overall from a sketchy, nervous quality.

But even with minor misgivings over two selections, the strengths and overall beauty of *Inner Voices* is undeniable. Its superb arrangements of voices and horns lend a whole new quality to Tyner's music. Tyner's style—as always instantly recognizable—is clearly not going to be defined by its limitations (as it has for so many other keyboard virtuosos). The possibilities are once again expanding.

—simon

MILES DAVIS/ TADD DAMERON

THE PARIS FESTIVAL INTERNATIONAL—Columbia JC 34804: *Riffide*; *Good Bait*; *Don't Blame Me*; *Lady Bird*; *Wah Hoo*; *Allen's Alley*; *Embraceable You*; *Ornithology*; *All The Things You Are*.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Dameron, piano; James Moody, tenor sax; Barney Spieler, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

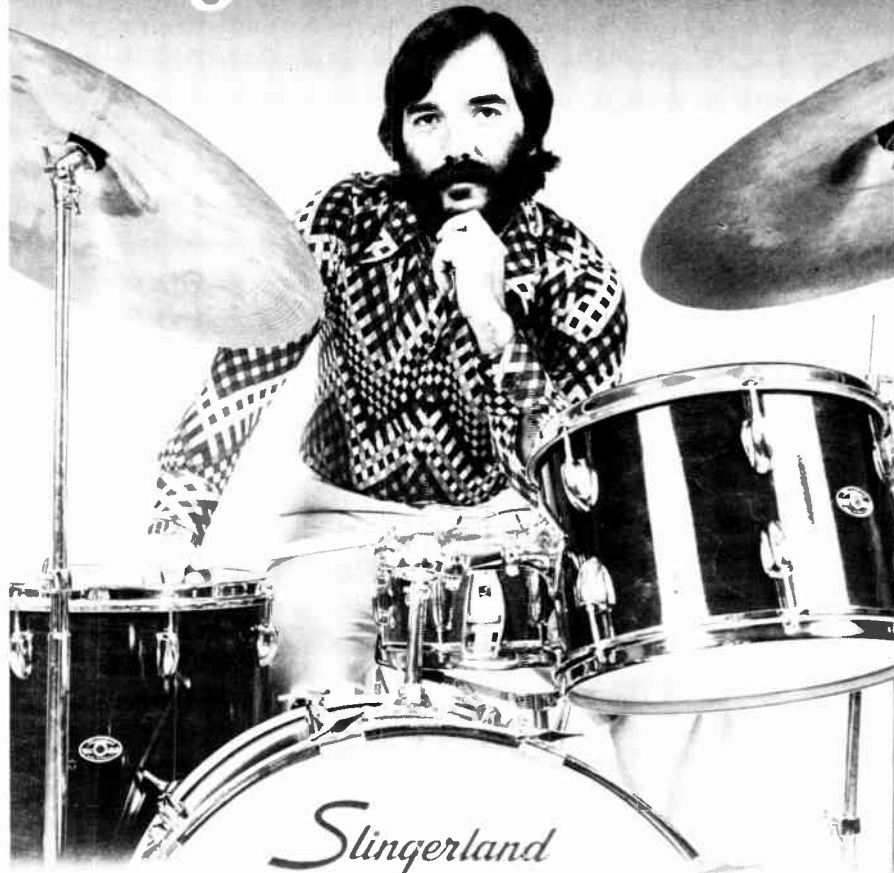
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Recorded on May 8, 1949, at the Paris Jazz Festival, this valuable document focuses on the bebop roots of Miles Davis. Though Miles had just waxed some of the classic Capitol sides that helped give birth to the cool, a few weeks later in Paris he burned with vigorous abandon.

Miles, of course, had apprenticed with bop giants Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. His struggle and triumph over the music's challenging vocabulary can be heard in his '40s recordings with those legends. Nowhere, however, is his mastery of bop more pronounced than in the Paris tracks. It seems that once out from under the long shadows of Bird and Diz, Miles felt the freedom to fully test his wings.

On up-tempo romps like *Riffide*, *Allen's Alley* and *Ornithology*, Miles unfurls Dizzying cascades, arpeggios and flurries along supercharged dramatic trajectories. The same kind

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of daring is brought to Miles' ballad feature, *Don't Blame Me*. His poignant reworking of the melody and ability to integrate the unexpected bring the standard to new heights.

The Paris session also features the fresh assertiveness of tenorist James Moody. His outing on *Good Bait* includes a nice balance among asphish runs, bluesy riffs and effective quotes like that from *Let's Fall In Love*. Aside from his compositions *Good Bait* and *Lady Bird*, Dameron's prime contributions are as accompanist. His rich chordal punctuations and supple swinginess help launch the Davis and Moody forays. Additional support is provided by the bedrock bass work of Barney Spieler and the impeccable time-keeping of Kenny Clarke.

In spite of the poor sound quality, this is music alive and crackling with the youthful energies of a 23-year-old Miles Davis, a 24-year-old James Moody and a revolutionary musical movement just coming of age. Vive la bob! —berg

TERJE RYPDAL

WAVES—ECM 1-1110; *Per Ulv*; *Karusell*; *Stens-koven*; *Waves*; *The Dain Curse*; *Charisma*.

Personnel: Rypdal, electric guitar, RMI Keyboard Computer, ARP Synthesizer; Palle Mikkelsen, trumpet, flugelhorn, RMI Tac Piano, Ringmodulator; Sveinung Hovensjø, six and four string electric basses; Jon Christensen, drums, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

Once again, the grand sustaining Nordic Lord has anointed us with a series of protracted, hanging notes which seem to last as long as an ice cube in a fjord. By now, the framework is quite predictable and occasionally tiresome. Yet enough variety and departures exist here to keep the perspective fresh.

No, Terje hasn't picked up any Johnny Winter licks, but he has managed to thrust some new tonalities into his bleak musical adaptations of frozen tundra. *Per Ulv* is an exercise in mind-bending fluidity: the notes are reached with less effort, with little variations occurring off the main line. And the vaguely Latin-esque percussion of Christensen gives the piece more thrust than might be expected.

Little subtleties abound throughout. *Karusell*, with the trumpet of Mikkelsen buried in a pile of echo effects, provides a dreamy ambience. The shared and alternating bass drum-electric bass fills of *The Dain Curse* are positively numbing, and the mounting tension of *Waves*, a growing constant, is hypnotically bogging.

Yet perfection proves elusive, due to the irrepressible wish that Terje and company would try a significant departure. It's not because any of this is getting old, but merely because Rypdal needs to dabble in other modes to be truly considered a virtuosic great, rather than just a cat with a good approach. —shaw

ROOMFUL OF BLUES

ROOMFUL OF BLUES—Island ILPS 9474; *Red, Hot & Blue*; *Love Struck*; *That's My Life*; *Duke's Blues*; *Texas Flood*; *Give It Up*; *Stormy Monday*; *Take It Like A Man*; *Still In Love With You*; *Honey Hush*.

Personnel: Duke Robillard, vocal and guitar; Al Copley, piano; Preston Hubbard, bass fiddle; Richard Lataille, alto sax; Doug James, baritone sax; Greg Piccolo, tenor sax; John Rossi, drums; Scott Hamilton, tenor sax (track 9 only).

★ ★ ★ ★

This debut album by a Westerly, Rhode Island septet almost seems like an artifact from a different era. It's easy to imagine this group

playing the Frisco Fillmore, circa '69, sharing the bill with the likes of Butterfield, the Electric Flag and Albert King.

Drawing on a repertoire of outstanding vintage r&b material (three cuts penned by Chuck Willis, two by T-Bone Walker, one each by Noble Watts and Tab Smith, among others), leader Duke Robillard has assembled a tightly-knit unit that leans heavily on the Kansas City-Southwestern style blues of the late '40s and '50s.

But production presents the paramount difficulty here. Would you believe a collaboration between Doc Pomus (yes, *that* Doc Pomus) and Joel Dorn (he of the many-faceted but oh-so-slick platinum production)? And somewhere in the inevitable schizophrenic studio showdown, the end result has been rigorously sanitized, dulling ROB's cutting edge.

One gets the feeling that ROB leader Robillard can raunch it out with the best (personally, I'd like to hear them on a split bill with D.C.'s Nighthawks). But for some reason, the clamps seem to stay on throughout this session. Duke never wails with that screeching abandon you keep waiting for, his guitar never slashes out a line with the urgent fury of his idol/mentor T-Bone Walker, the horns fail to jolt with the punch of a West Texas all-night jam.

That Robillard and his cohorts cherish their material is beyond doubt. Willis' *Love Struck* receives a venerable treatment, with the sax trio underpinning Robillard's sensuous vocal. The lone original, unpretentiously tagged *Duke's Blues*, features some finely-honed guitar braced by the entourage of locomotive horns. *Still In Love With You* pays homage to Big Joe Turner, Eckstine, Witherspoon and all the other smoke-drenched torchmen of history, with Scott Hamilton's tenor snaking its way around Robillard's coo. And the Lou Willie Turner classic *Honey Hush*, an Atlantic smash for Turner back in 1953, receives a regal boogie rendition.

Yet we surely could've been spared *Stormy Monday*, a warhorse that by now belongs to T-Bone, Bland or the Allmans, depending on one's particular generation. And the two instrumentals never really allow the band to stretch out and set a blistering pace, something they seem always on the verge of doing.

Maybe ROB must be seen live in order to be fully appreciated. None other than Big Joe Turner himself has tagged them "the greatest white band to ever play the blues." And Joe isn't known for overindulging in hyperbole. So how about a live club date for these guys, someplace where they can let go and drench the room with all those raw meat oldies they so obviously know inside out? And give ole Doc the shot at producing it himself, without all the unnecessary adornments. —hohman

LEROY JENKINS

SOLO CONCERT—India Navigation IN 1028; *Improvisation*; *Why Am I Here*; *Opus/Supo*; *Lush Life*; *Keep On Trucking*; *Brother*; *Nobody Knows De Trouble I Seen*.

Personnel: Jenkins, violin.

★ ★ ★ ★

Traditionally, the only instruments thought worthy of a solo repertoire or presentation have been piano and acoustic guitar, because both can play harmonic and melodic parts simultaneously and both share a broad textural and percussive capacity. In the proper hands, they are ensembles and voices unto them-

selves. Conversely, the violin, in its solo voice, is a single and double line melodic instrument, nearly always confined to stating its piece in the company of a sympathetic ensemble. Unaccompanied violin compositions have been few and far between, and for fair reason: Alone for any sustained length, the instrument takes on either a static or frantic cast, and without harmonic or rhythmic supports its extravagances seem aloof and desultory.

So when Leroy Jenkins undertook a solo violin concert last winter in New York, he was embarking on a still rough and virgin course, but one that seems truest to his destination. In his past work with the Creative Construction Company, the Jazz Composer's Orchestra and the recently-split Revolutionary Ensemble, Jenkins has sought to expand—if not wholly transmute—the violin's lexicon, commuting its role from a linear voice into a more abstract mode. He conceives of musical truth as a shifting scale marked by "prolonged space and inconsistent rhythms," both inchoate and sensible in the same breath. In practice, Jenkins' playing often doesn't sound so much musical as it does colloquial or tumultuous, the cry of a consummately humane spirit, angry and pensive, cathartic and cataleptic.

But as estimable as Jenkins' approach may be, it doesn't mean that a recorded solo violin concert proves durable or even very listenable, not that those are prerequisite to acknowledging its importance. Indeed, it's a tireless display, ranging in temperament from the placid to the frenetic, and Jenkins maintains the pace more by aural ingenuity than musical consistency. Throughout, squawking staccatos succumb to delicate legato streams, steely-light reveries disrupt in atonal macaroni clusters and wispy classical phrasings metamorphose into stream-of-consciousness blues monologues. Like a train of boxcars racing over a bizarre landscape, the only congruity of the event lies in the symmetry of its blurring flow.

Solo Concert isn't easily assimilable; it's uncompromising and alien, and, at points, even a bit wearisome. Yet, so are most forms of avant art that attempt to discharge our prepossession notions of form and scheme. At its most indulgent, Leroy Jenkins' music seems incidental and impermanent; but at its boldest, it appears as a vision assuming form, a music that derives from impulse and intellect and transforms into a lucid and palpable entity. Above all, it's a music that merits our attention—and our faith. —gilmore

CHET BAKER

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN—Horizon SP-726; *Love For Sale*; *Un Poco Loco*; *You Can't Go Home Again*; *El Morrow*.

Personnel: Baker, trumpet; Michael Brecker, tenor sax (tracks 1, 2, 4); Paul Desmond, alto sax (track 3); Hubert Laws, flutes; John Campo, bassoon (track 4); John Scofield, guitars (tracks 1, 2, 4); Richard Beirach (tracks 1, 2, 4); Don Sebesky (tracks 2, 3); Kenny Barron (track 3), keyboards; Ron Carter, Alphonso Johnson (tracks 1, 2), basses; Tony Williams, drums; Ralph MacDonald, percussion (tracks 1, 4); David Naden, Rochelle Abramson, Max Ellen, Paul Gershman, Diana Halprin, Harold Kohon, Charles Libove, Marvin Morgenstern, Matthew Raimondi, violins; Jesse Levy, Charles McCracken, Alan Shulman, cello; Don Sebesky, arrangements.

★ ★ ★ ★

While there is much solid music here, overall the combination of Baker and Sebesky is an uncomfortable fit. The trumpeter's lyric lines are too often tangled and lost among the

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arranger's pushy backdrops.

In fact, it would really be more accurate to label this a Sebesky date. He is the dominant shaping force. Furthermore, his settings provide roughly equal solo space for Baker, Brecker and Scofield.

The liner notes claim that Baker has a "newly intensified conception." However, his efforts to play hard fall flat. *Love For Sale* exemplifies the problem. The rhythm section's funky sonic wall resists the trumpeter's efforts to cut through. The soloist and setting are mismatched.

When the material is right, however, Baker shines. His outstanding performance on the title track *You Can't Go Home Again* is poignant and restrained. Elsewhere, it's Brecker and Scofield who excel. The saxophonist's dramatic sweeps through *El Morrow* and the guitarist's electric probe of *Love For Sale* are especially impressive. —berg

PAUL WINTER

EARTHDANCE—A&M SP 4653: *A Big Hug*; *Icarus*; *General Pudson's Entrance*; *Africanus*; *Brasileiras Americanas*; *My Horse Knows The Way*; *The Little Train Of The Caipira*; *Ballad In 7/8*; *Fantasy*; *Fugue And Ghost Beads*; *Jenny*.

Personnel: Winter, alto sax; Ralph Towner, guitar; Paul McCandless, oboe; Collin Walcott, percussion; Glen Moore, bass; David Darling, cello; Richard Bock, cello; and others (incomplete listing on the album).

★ ★ ★ ★

Critics have never known quite what to do with the Paul Winter Consort. There is no simple way to categorize their music. The Consort has drawn from a variety of musical traditions around the world, including jazz, European classical, Hindustani and Brazilian. Clearly, the question is not what to call it, but whether it is interesting music. Previous **db** reviewers have disagreed about this. Chris Albertson, who reviewed their first album in 1970, found it "little more than modified Montovani." **db** printed two reviews of the group's fourth album, *Icarus* (1973). Mike Bourne called it "hip Renaissance music" and gave it five stars; Pete Welding found it "trivial" and worth only one-and-a-half stars.

Any music that can elicit such divergent responses is worth a second listen, and that's just what this release provides. *Earthdance* contains material from the Consort's first three albums. Side one, recorded live, comes entirely from *Road* (A&M SP 4279). Side two, made in the studio, has two cuts from the group's first album, *The Winter Consort* (A&M SP 4170), two from their second, *Something In The Wind* (A&M SP 4207), and one from *Road*. The personnel of the group changed considerably over the years, and it is unfortunate that the jacket does not give more specific personnel information.

The strength of the Winter Consort is its bold choice of instruments and material. With alto sax, oboe, guitar, cello and percussion, it achieves an unusual variety of textures. The arrangements include a song from the Amadinda people of Uganda (*Africanus*), a Hungarian peasant melody (*Ballad In 7/8*), a Villa-Lobos composition (*Little Train*) and a Bach fugue. These are balanced by some strikingly original compositions, the best of which are Ralph Towner's—the first three cuts on side one and *Ghost Beads*. Each is lyrical, flowing and free of clichés.

Improvisation, the primary jazz element here, has a subsidiary role. There is a remarkable but overextended cello solo in *Ballad In*

7/8; Towner and McCandless each play one short imaginative solo, in *Ghost Beads* and *A Big Hug* respectively. But that's about it. In *General Pudson's Entrance*, Moore and Walcott (on tabla) trade fours (twos, actually). It is a pleasant exchange but nothing extraordinary. Walcott's tabla playing is rudimentary in comparison to a master like Alla Rakha. Curiously, Paul Winter plays a minor role on the album. His light alto sax is heard playing the melody on several cuts but is heard sparsely elsewhere.

If this music sounds more familiar than it once did, it may be because it was ahead of its time. Now more jazz musicians are reaching out to other musical traditions, and some performers who once played electric music have returned to acoustic instruments (like McLaughlin). In any case, the music here still sounds fresh. —clark

JEAN MICHEL JARRE

OXYGENE—Polydor 1 6112: *Oxygene—Parts I through VI*.

Personnel: Jarre, Arp synthesizer, A.K.S. synthesizer, V.C.S. 3 synthesizer, R.M.I. Harmonic synthesizer, Farfisa organ, Eminent Mellotron, Rhythmin' computer.

★ ★ ★

This spacy symphony is an international hit, just like *Star Wars*. Its first three parts provide a languid aural journey through the galaxy in 4/4—a big bottom sound thuds portentiously over the hum of the sound spaceship's motor; asteroids shoot past; a meteor shower washes away the stars twittering in high register. This siren-like singing, the Music of the Spheres no doubt, distracts one from the slowly lapsing space time cruise. In this case, it lasts 18 minutes, 40 seconds.

Part IV puts us in overdrive; the vehicle is skimming and banking, until it hews to a stately pulse. Suddenly there's a rhythmic shift, and flat handclapping timbres produced by sequencers underlie a wandering projectile of single notes that fade against wave-crashing white noise. A forced landing on a long-deserted beach, with only a gull squealing overhead? It clocks in at 20 minutes, 55 seconds.

Young Jarre must have had his hands full synchronizing the synthesizer functions and filters that form this work, which seems destined to become one of the best known electronic recordings ever sold. But for all its success, there is little here that hasn't been explored and exploited by everyone from Pink Floyd to Tangerine Dream, from Mike Oldfield to Terry Riley. The mix is good, the harmonies develop cleanly and clearly; each side is well-paced and varied—the music isn't meditational. But what hot air has inflated the admiration of *Oxygene*? —mandel

WAXING ON

Prestige and Riverside recorded so widely and well over the years that their reissues invariably contain excellent jazz. This is certainly true of these eight twofers, released on Prestige and Milestone, respectively. Five of these reissues were recorded between 1954-58 and the other three at a slightly later time, 1958-61. There are several famous recordings among them (of Miles, Monk and Bill Evans);

the others are more obscure, including one previously unissued set (Red Garland). We are indebted to Orrin Keepnews who produced over half of them. In several cases, he was the original producer as well.

The refreshing thing about Miles Davis is that he has gone through more changes than a spring day. The period documented here, mostly 1954, came just before he assembled the Coltrane quintet. There is a year's gap between the first two cuts, recorded in 1953, and the others. The difference is striking. On the earlier tunes, Miles is still very much a bebop player; on the later ones, he breaks up the fast bop lines and intensifies them, making them his own.

Miles is heard here with a variety of fine sessionmates, including pianists John Lewis, Horace Silver and Thelonious Monk, horn players Lucky Thompson, J. J. Johnson and Sonny Rollins, and the three founders of modern jazz drumming, Max Roach, Art Blakey and Kenny Clarke. Bassist Percy Heath is the only constant besides Miles himself. The Silver-Heath-Clarke section seems best suited to Miles: Silver is laid-back and witty, Heath solid and clear, and Klook's sticks propel the whole group forward.

There are standards, blues and a few Miles originals—*Tune Up*, *Four* and *Solar*—which became standards of that era. The best side consists of the two classic blues, *Blues 'n' Boogie* and *Walkin'*. Ralph Gleason once wrote that when Miles played *Walkin'* at Newport he was calling all his children home—home from the cerebral sounds of cool jazz and back to the roots. But if these recordings symbolize the arrival of a new post-bop style, they also mark the maturity of Miles' personal style. All things considered, it is a delight to hear Miles and company stretch out on the blues, blowing chorus after swinging chorus.

Thelonious Monk had never left home in the first place. His playing has always been powerfully conscious of the elements of jazz: blues, riffs, polyrhythms and percussive attacks. Like Ellington and Jelly Roll Morton, Monk embodies the jazz tradition. Ironically, Monk was undervalued and misunderstood in the bop era, as he eschewed the rapid runs and measured phrasing of bop for his own funky, splay-fingered style. Then, sometime in the '60s, Monk became acknowledged as a master and is now nearly an historical figure. It is almost as if he moved from neglect to honor without going through any period of glory. But there was such a period, albeit a short one, and it is represented here.

These recordings were made live in 1958 at the Five Spot, Monk's favorite club. They come in the middle of the glory years, six months before the Town Hall concert and a year after the legendary Coltrane-Ware-Wilson quartet had drawn raves at the Five Spot. This group is also a quartet, comprised of Johnny Griffin (tenor), Ahmed Abdul-Malik (bass) and Roy Haynes (drums). Critics at the time did not think this group matched the excellence of its predecessor, but now, 20 years later, it is hard to understand their dissatisfaction. It is a superior aggregation, and these sides are classic Monk.

Johnny Griffin is all over his horn. His command of the altissimo register is so sure that at times it is possible to mistake his tenor for an alto. But then he will shift down to the middle register, where he is just as fluent and just as clean. His fast, hip style is a perfect balance for Monk's deadpan delivery. Roy

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Haynes provides a commentary that has plenty of punch but is never overbearing. His solos are coherent wholes, full of vivid percussive color. Abdul-Malik is the weakest member of the group. He lays down an adequate foundation but does not contribute much beyond that.

At the center of it all sits Monk, idiosyncratic and brilliant. He plays like no one else, yet his style sounds entirely natural. The crushed notes, the crumbly arpeggios, the chunky chords, the slips and slides—all speak with his genius. These sides were originally issued on Riverside as *Thelonious In Action* and *Mysterioso*. If you missed them then, don't miss them now.

While Monk was at his zenith in the mid-'50s, a host of younger players were just beginning to make themselves known. Among these were Jackie McLean and Donald Byrd, each of whom is represented in this series. The McLean sides, which feature Byrd as well, were recorded in 1956 with Elmo Hope or Mal Waldron on piano, Doug Watkins on bass and Art Taylor on drums.

Sides one and two are little more than well-organized jam sessions. Except for one standard (*A Foggy Day*), there are no melodies and there is little writing or arranging; everyone simply solos over well-known changes (*I Got Rhythm*, *Embraceable You* and the blues). This practice, not uncommon in recording sessions of the day, had several drawbacks. It eliminated a focus only possible with composition; and it eliminated a large chunk of improvisational material. Only the most expert players could overcome these disadvantages. The players here were not yet up to the challenge. There is a sameness to their playing which suggests that at this point in their development they needed more structure, not less. Still, there are good moments from everyone, especially McLean, who was rapidly establishing his own style in the wake of Bird's death a year earlier. Sides three and four are more structured and the results are more satisfying. The tunes bracketing the solos have more harmonic variety (as Bob Blumenthal points out in his liner notes), and this draws more creative play out of McLean and Byrd.

Coming to the Big Apple from Detroit, Donald Byrd faced stiff competition from other young trumpet players—like Freddie Hubbard, Lee Morgan and Ted Curson—but he got his share of gigs and recording sessions. The Byrd sessions under consideration here, however, were not originally released under his name. Sides one and two were issued as the *Pepper Adams Quintet—10 To 4 At The 5-Spot* and sides three and four as *Gigi Gryce And The Jazz Lab Quintet*, both on Riverside. Producer Orrin Keepnews suggests that it was necessary to do this for legal reasons, since Byrd was signed to another label, but that the sessions were in fact Byrd's. If this is true of the Byrd-Adams sides, one wonders why Adams always takes the first solo. On one cut Byrd doesn't even play. Sides three and four are more democratic: Byrd and Gryce appear to be co-leaders. But the music is the same, regardless of whose session it was.

The Byrd-Gryce sides were recorded in 1957 with Wade Legge on piano, Wendell Marshall on bass and Art Taylor on drums. Gryce, an altoist who has since disappeared from the jazz scene, has good ideas but a small sound and poor intonation. Byrd also has good ideas but his chops are not always able to execute them. His playing is inconsistent—

now fluid, now faltering. The same is true of the Byrd-Adams sides, recorded live in 1958. Yet these sides are stronger, largely because Pepper Adams on bari is more forceful and resourceful than Gryce. Bobby Timmons battles a terribly out of tune piano to a draw. Doug Watkins is adequate. (Watkins died in an auto accident in 1962.) Elvin Jones is more than adequate, and on *The Long Two/Four* he plays some of the hippest march cadences ever recorded.

The Randy Weston twofer is a remarkable collection of 20 tunes, mostly standards, recorded between 1954-56—remarkable because of Weston's daring interpretations. These were Weston's first recordings, although he was almost 30 at the time and his style was already well-developed. Sides one and two contain solos, duets and trios; sides three and four feature a quartet with Cecil Payne on baritone sax, Ahmed Abdul-Malik on bass and Wilbert Hogan on drums.

Weston is an intensely original pianist, not at all in the mainstream of the day. The duets, with Sam Gill on bass, are interpretations of two Cole Porter tunes, one of which is so altered that it could be retitled *What Is This Thing Called?* I do not mean to be caustic; it is a thoroughly enjoyable reworking of the tune. The five solo cuts are grave and dramatic, almost melodramatic. Never static, Weston juxtaposes stark dissonances and rich harmonies, rhythmic and rubato passages, quiet lyricism and thundering bursts. The trio cuts, with Art Blakey and Sam Gill, are somewhat more regular and generally less interesting.

Best of all are the quartet sides. Cecil Payne's rhythmic bari playing is delicate without being fragile. Weston's playing is full of nice surprises, unexpected but not unsettling. There is an exuberant *The Man I Love*, one loving chorus of *Serenade In Blue*, and a relaxed *These Foolish Things*. There is also the original recording of one of Weston's best-known compositions, *Little Niles*, a dark and lovely waltz. Despite his unique conception, Randy Weston has never received his due as a piano stylist. Hopefully, this reissue will help to remedy that.

Red Garland's *Rediscovered Masters* is the only twofer in this series that was not previously released. Its release now is timed to coincide with Garland's emergence from a period of semi-retirement in Dallas; he has just recently begun to tour and record again. The recordings span three years, beginning in 1958 when Garland was still with Miles Davis.

In contrast to Weston and Monk, Garland was at the center of the '50s mainstream. He plays in a post-Powell groove, with a deft touch and an impeccable sense of swing. His right hand is as swift and smooth as a bird in flight; his left hand can comp with rich harmonies. At his best, Garland is the epitome of straightahead piano. Unfortunately, these recordings do not feature him in the best surroundings. Some of the personnel are ill-chosen and much of the material is weak. This may explain why the recordings were previously unissued.

Sides one and two catch Garland with Art Taylor on drums, Ray Barretto on congas and fellow Davis sideman Paul Chambers on bass. Congas seem out of place in this environment. They do not add much rhythmic drive—or even color—to the music, for Barretto does not quite know how to fit in. There are a couple of tepid ballads, a loungey *East Of The Sun*, and a

failing attempt to save that insipid tune *A Tisket, A Tasket*. But all is not lost. Garland plays some good choruses, Paul Chambers is marvelous, and there is a fine, impossibly fast version of *Lover*.

Side three features what Garland has called "my best trio," with Doug Watkins (Paul Chambers' cousin) on bass and Specs Wright on drums. Again the material gets in the way. The best cut is an easy blues, with Wright on brushes. The other two cuts are very unmemorable ballads, *Blue Velvet* and *Mr. Wonderful*. Side four, recorded in 1961, offers an uncomplimentary quintet, comprised of Richard Williams on trumpet, Oliver Nelson on saxes, Peck Morrison on bass and Charlie Persip on drums. Williams' playing is neither subtle nor fluent and has a tendency to blare. Nelson's unorthodox sound is interesting but out of place. The material, two blues and an uptempo *Avalon*, does nothing to counterbalance the personnel. Throughout these sides there are flashes of brilliance from Garland, but they often get lost in the shuffle.

Red Garland's successor in Miles Davis' group was Bill Evans, whose style is not unlike Garland's, although more understated. Evans stayed with Miles only a short time before forming his own group with Scott LaFaro and Paul Motian. That trio became a model of musical communication, so it is understandable that Evans was crushed when LaFaro died in an auto wreck in 1961. It was a year before Evans was ready to form another group. Chuck Israels replaced LaFaro and Motian stayed on. It is this group that is featured here in its first recording dates from 1962.

It is remarkable how little lustre Evans had lost after a year's lay-off. His playing is clean in spite of its intricacy, his touch delicate and assured, his harmonic ideas as rich as ever. If there is a weakness in Evans' playing here, it is that his solos occasionally lack the imagination and balance that usually characterize them. Chuck Israels fills LaFaro's role admirably. His lines are supportive and varied, whether walking or providing melodic counterpoint. Motian is subdued and tasteful, using brushes on all but one cut.

The fare is typically conservative—mostly standards (both obscure and well-known) with one side of Evans' originals. Of the former, the title tracks from the parent albums—*Polkadots And Moonbeams* and *How My Heart Sings*—are particularly well-crafted. The most intriguing original is *Re: A Person I Knew* (an anagram for producer Orrin Keepnews), which is a moody modal piece. Israels plays a worthy solo—one of several on the album—but is almost overshadowed by Evans' creative comping behind him.

Gene Ammons' jazz conception was different from any of the other featured artists on these eight twofers. (Coincidentally, he is the only one of these eight who is no longer alive.) Ammons was much less influenced by bop than any of the others here and his approach was often more commercial. In the late '40s and early '50s, Jug was playing less bebop than dance music—first in big bands and then in smaller jump bands. And unlike most bop players, he had hit records, mostly in the r&b vein. (Miles Davis may deserve credit for bringing it all back home with *Walkin'* in 1954, but this should not obscure the fact that Jug recorded the tune in 1950!)

The Ammons reissue is the fourth twofer documenting Jug's career and concentrates on

a later period. It is devoted primarily to ballads recorded with trios in 1961-62. Some say that the test of a good jazz player is the ability to blow a good ballad. If so, Jug was one of the best, for as a balladeer he had few peers. On every cut he demonstrates absolute control in all ranges and at all volumes. Yet his fat, lovely tone never loses its presence. On most of the tunes, Jug plays the head—with great integrity—in a slow tempo and then shifts into double-time for the solo, returning to the tune and the original tempo to close. Occasionally the drummer (J. C. Heard or Ed Shaughnessy) will switch from brushes to sticks for the blowing chorus. The best sides are three and four, due largely to a more responsive rhythm section (Patti Brown on piano, George DuVivier on bass and Shaughnessy). Particularly notable are a lush *I'm Glad There Is You* and a flawless *But Beautiful*.

Singly, these albums vary in quality. Together, they present a composite picture of the state of the art of small group jazz 20 years ago. —clark

Miles Davis, *Tune Up* (Prestige P-24077): ****½
 Thelonious Monk, *At the Five Spot* (Milestone M-47043): ****
 Jackie McLean, *Contour* (Prestige P-24076): ***
 Donald Byrd, *Young Byrd* (Milestone M-47044): ***
 Randy Weston, *Zulu* (Milestone M-47045): ****½
 Red Garland, *Rediscovered Masters* (Prestige P-24078): ***
 Bill Evans, *The Second Trio* (Milestone M-47046): ****
 Gene Ammons, *The Gene Ammons Story: Gentle Jug* (Prestige P-24079): ****

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BLINDFOLD TEST



Noel Pointer

BY LEONARD FEATHER

At the age of 23 Noel Pointer has enjoyed more successes, and a greater variety of playing experiences, than was the fate of many great jazz violinists in their entire lifetime. Men like Stuff Smith and Eddie South were born too soon to enjoy the respect that comes with appearances in major concert halls, nor were the doors open to them for symphonic work.

Pointer was a prodigy who began playing in the fourth grade and instantly displayed extraordinary aptitude. He was a member of the Brooklyn Borough Wide Orchestra, later receiving valuable training at the High School For Music and Art and the Manhattan School Of Music.

After studying privately with various teachers, he was only 13 when he appeared as a soloist with the Symphony Of The New World. He also guested with the Chicago Chamber Orchestra, the Detroit Symphony and many others.

Pop and jazz experience took him through concerts alongside the Jackson Five, Thelonious Monk, Marvin Gaye, Tom Jones, Randy Newman, et al. He recorded as a sideman on sessions with Aretha Franklin, Kool And The Gang and Jon Lucien.

Last year his first solo album, *Phantasia* on Blue Note, made a strong impression. More recently his second album, *Hold On*, appeared on the United Artists parent label. Its release coincided with Pointer's Los Angeles concert debut, in which he led his own combo and opened for Hubert Laws at the Music Center.

A versatile performer who is determined to make it as an all-around entertainer (he sings, accompanies himself at the piano and has written many compositions), Pointer seems destined for the top rungs of the ladder in **db** polls.

This was his first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.

corporating electric violin in this particular way. I noticed that he was very sparse on any vibrato that he used; he was more rhythmical in a percussive sense than most of the players that we heard today.

I must admit I didn't particularly care for the drummer on that record. I don't know if it was the drummer or just what I heard from the drummer. I think it was mixed rather muddily. But a nice composition. Was that made around '71 or '72?

I don't know Ponty personally, in fact this album was the first I had ever heard by him and I was very impressed by it. It's one of the reasons why I'm doing what I'm doing today. I'd say the first jazz violinist I heard was Michael White with John Handy, and that was definitely an impression on my mind. That recording they made at Monterey.

Because I've heard better things by Ponty, I would give this a three.

6. MICHAL URBANIAK. *Smiles Ahead* (from *Smiles Ahead*, MPS). Urbaniak, violin, composer. Rec. 1976.

That's the most interesting sound on violin I've heard so far today, in terms of what's happening to the violin in a chronological order. The approach to me seems to be still violinistic; at the same time it's treated like a synthesizer keyboard. It's a very interesting combination of approaches.

I think it's probably Urbaniak. It's a very brave endeavor, because after hearing so many fiddle players of that old school, somebody's going to have to come out and experiment and bring the thing somewhere else, and I think that's what he's taken the time to do here.

I think it's important that people get exposed to things like this, just as it's important to get exposed to Stuff and Eddie South and Stephane Grappelli and all these other people.

For imagination and creativity I would give that a four.

7. STEPHANE GRAPPELLI, SVEND ASMUSSEN, JEAN-LUC PONTY, STUFF SMITH. *It Don't Mean A Thing* (from *Summit*, Saba). Rec. in Switzerland, 1966. (Violin solos in above order.)

That sounds like a performance that I would have loved to have been at. The thing I like about it is that you don't hear so many fiddle players at the same time on the same stage that often, doing that well. I think what's interesting about it too is that the fiddle players, who obviously were very familiar with each others' sound, had been influenced by basically the same people—which makes it a little bit difficult to differentiate between who was doing what.

It sounded like Ray Nance in there—I think the last solo. Probably Grappelli ... Stuff Smith. ... I don't know if anything like that has ever been done here in the States. I doubt it. I think there were four players.

Good rhythm section; recorded well, especially for violins in a live situation with rhythm section. I think that was a really good recording. And we'll give it a five.

Feather: The last soloist you thought was Ray Nance was Stuff Smith.

Pointer: I never heard Stuff sound like that. No, I take that back. I was thinking actually of Eddie South. You didn't play any Eddie South. He was a cleaner, more classical player.

Feather: Of the seven records I played, which would you say are the closest to what you are aiming at—the direction you want to take?

Pointer: Well, obviously from what you know about my playing the closest would be the Jean-Luc and Urbaniak—because of their styles. But the others definitely interest me too.

I try to keep my ears open, because everything that has been done in the past is important—you just can't overlook it. You can't strive to be there, because that will never happen, but you have to sort of analyze what's gone on before and build on it.

But this last album—I'm going to have to get that. That's hot!

1. JOE VENUTI. *Blue Too* (from *The Joe Venuti Blue Four*, Chiaroscuro). Venuti, violin, co-composer (with Bucky Pizzarelli).

It's very interesting—it reminds me of some of the recordings I've heard with Django Reinhardt and a couple of fiddle players. It reminds me of folk and jazz combined. Incidentally, I don't know who the fiddle player is—it sounds somewhat like Stuff Smith to me because of the bitingness that's there—and some of those slides that he goes into.

You know, this sounds like it could have been a real fiddle with a flat bridge because I've never heard anyone play double stops quite that evenly on a regular rounded bridge. Nice. Great playing. Fabulous playing.

I would give it four stars. It's not exactly the kind of music that I listen to, but it's great for what it is. Who was it?

Feather: That was Joe Venuti using the technique that he developed, putting the back of the bow under the violin and wrapping the horsehair around the top so he can play four notes at once.

Pointer: That's great!

2. STUFF SMITH. *One O'Clock Jump* (from *Swingin' Stuff*, EmArcy). Smith, violin; Kenny Drew, piano; Alex Riel, drums; Niels Pedersen, bass. Rec. 1965.

Great! That was great. That was probably Stuff playing viola—it was his sense of humor; you just can't mistake that. It's very important that a lot of people hear that. I think so few people really know about Stuff Smith.

Feather: How do you know about him?

Pointer: Well, being a violinist and just being naturally curious. I never saw him live, but I have his records.

I can't recognize the rest of the rhythm section, but it was hot. Definitely hot. Piano player's fine.

Bass player's incredible! I would give it five.

3. STEPHANE GRAPPELLI. *Don't Get Around Much Anymore* (from *Duke Ellington's Jazz Violin Session*, Atlantic). Grappelli, viola; Ellington, piano, composer. Rec. 1963.

It was very interesting to hear it done in the lower register like that. It sounds like whoever it was was obviously listening to Stuff Smith. Is this by any chance the viola player—what's his name—Asmusen?

But this is definitely what you'd call old-time, mainstream jazz, played well. I didn't find anything that outstanding about it. The melody I know very well. I would give it about a four.

4. RAY NANCE. *Fiddler On The Diddle* (from *Duke Ellington Concert In The Virgin Islands*, Reprise). Nance, violin; Ellington, piano, composer (with Billy Strayhorn). Rec. 1966.

I liked the composition and the arrangement very much. It's interesting to hear a jazz violin with a big band. You don't hear that at all. The playing reminds me of Ray Nance and I think that's probably who it is. The interesting thing about that particular approach is that it reminds me a great deal of how a horn player would approach those breaks. He plays more like a horn player and that's great. I would assume that's Ellington's orchestra. Five stars. We're hitting high today!

5. JEAN-LUC PONTY. *King Kong* (from *Canteloupe Island*, Blue Note). Ponty, violin; Frank Zappa, composer; Arthur D. Tripp III, drums. Rec. 1969.

The violinist—Jean-Luc Ponty. A Frank Zappa composition? The *King Kong* album. I think this is one of the first albums of its kind that I heard in-



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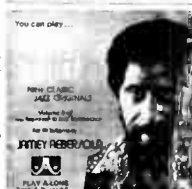
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PROFILE



AURACLE

BY LEE UNDERWOOD

"As far as I'm concerned, the idea that musical education dissolves emotional intensity is just a lot of prattle.

"Whatever emotion I have in me I had way before I went to school. So did the other guys in this band. If anything, Rochester's Eastman School of Music enabled us to clearly perceive what we had and to develop it to its fullest extent. If you innately have emotion or 'soul' or whatever you want to call it, discipline and study and practice can amplify it."

So said John Serry, Jr., electric/acoustic pianist for the new jazz/classical/rock fusion sextet, Auracle, whose debut LP, *Glider*, has been released on Chrysalis Records.

"Yes, we are complex sometimes," Serry continued, "but our interests in music are lifetime interests, and our fusion of elements from jazz, rock and classical music is done naturally, almost organically.

"We don't sit down and try to write a 'jazz' piece or a 'jazz/rock' tune. That would be artificial. Instead, we start with what we hear inside in our heads and our hearts.

"We don't compose something in 7/4 or 5/4 just to be tricky, but because that's the way we naturally happen to hear it. Odd meters are as natural and meaningful to us as pop is to Dexter Gordon. We often play in conventional meters as well. It just happens that six people who feel the same way came together and formed a group."

In a fashion, Auracle's success is storybook material, but not of the usual kind. No tedious soap operas here about poverty, madness, struggle, squelched dreams, exploited ideas, trampled hopes, martyrdom, oblivion, and final silence in the infinite maw of eternal darkness. Quite the contrary. The story of Auracle is almost as bright as the music they play on *Glider*.

In 1973, vibist Steve Rehbein and drummer Ron Wagner jammed together in one of the practice rooms at Eastman. Immediately they knew they had a special rapport, a special point of view, a special sound.

Within a few weeks, they were joined by trumpet man Rick Braun, saxophonist/flutist Stephen Kujala, pianist/percussionist John Serry, Jr., and a

bassist who was later replaced by Bill Staebell, the newest member of the group. At that time, they were in their teens. Today they range in age from 22 to 24.

Their first concert took place at Eisenhower College, a small school in upstate New York, "and from the first tune on, it was pandemonium in the audience. They went berserk and stayed that way throughout the program. They kept us there for an hour of encores. From that moment on, we had a strong feeling about just how good we were and how good we could become."

Their next triumph was winning the Columbia Records New York Battle of the Bands. But their greatest coup came at the 1975 Notre Dame Jazz Festival. Big bands and small groups from all over the United States competed. The judges included Hubert Laws, Sonny Rollins, Jack DeJohnette, Cecil Bridgewater and author/critic Dan Morgenstern.

Auracle won the Small Group award. Individually, John Serry received the Best Pianist award as well as the Best Composer/Arranger Of A Small Group honor. Steve Kujala received the Best Flutist award. Morgenstern said it was the best new band he had heard in 12 years.

"We all have strong classical backgrounds," said Serry. "We all attended Eastman, and we are all capable of sitting in symphony orchestras. We have all composed and performed for the various jazz and classical ensembles and orchestras at Eastman, and we are all graduates.

"It's not, however, as if we came up playing classical or jazz and then decided to write jazz/rock in order to sell records. As individuals, we just happen to have eccentric but communicative writing styles. At the same time, there is a rapport between us. When we write a tune, we know the others will be very much on the same wave-length. In other words, we have individuality, we have variety, and we have cohesion.

"Eastman is probably the only school of its kind in that the jazz program equals the conservatory program, and both programs are excellent. The atmosphere is such that one wants to do well at both.

"As far as specific influences go, I would have to say yes John McLaughlin, yes Stravinsky, yes Hindemith, yes Chick Corea, yes Bartok, yes Miles Davis, yes John Coltrane, yes to all of them.

"I don't think Auracle has ignored anything. Not only classical, not only jazz—but everybody in this band also had a teeny-bopper rock group. We move ahead, but without abandoning anything. That's what helps make our sound our sound."

If you look up the word "auracle" in the dictionary, you won't find it. *Aural* pertains to the ear. *Aura*

means glow or radiance. *Aurum* is the Latin word for gold. *Oracle* means prophet or prognosticator. "Auracle" was consciously designed by the sextet to suggest all of these shades of meaning, which are in turn reflected in the music.

"If someone wanted to intellectually analyze our music, there is no question that they would be delighted by the content they would find there.

"However, something like an odd meter, say a 9/8 time signature, is only something one talks about in relation to its notation on paper. In reality, if the odd meter is done well, the listener does not feel it as 'odd' at all. He feels it as a natural flow, as fluid motion. When we talk about 9/8 time, that's merely a way of defining it. It has nothing to do with how you actually *feel* when you hear it."

In 1977, John Serry and Bill Staebell went to New York, while Steve Rehbein and Ron Wagner flew to L.A. "I guess we were aggressive about it," Serry smiled. "We knocked on every door we could. We talked with record companies, managers, producers, secretaries, a&r to anybody who would listen to us." Persistence paid off. They finally gained the confidence of ATV's Sam Trust, Chrysalis Records, and producers Jim DePasquale and Teo Macero.

"Teo and Jim were terrific together in the studio," said Serry. "Teo was adventurous, experimental, unpredictable. Jim was more straightforward: careful, direct and conservative in the best sense of the word. They complemented each other perfectly, and we therefore got the best of both approaches. We are very happy with the way in which they produced those sessions."

Even little old ladies who say they hate music and/or volume levels love Auracle, one of the reasons being "because we have such a variety of colors and textures, in spite of the fact there are only six people doing it.

"Whereas many groups sound very much the same from song to song, we try to contrast sounds and textures. We couple flute with fluegelhorn, flute and vibes, piccolo and bells, piano and tenor sax, piano and flute, trumpet and sax, marimba and piano, etc.

"And," concluded Serry, "beyond the complexity, our music also has a strong surface appeal. While we are playing well-written and well-performed music, we also have an urgent need to communicate to people on a broad basis. The music therefore reaches people who don't 'understand' it in any analytical way. There's complexity, but there's also excitement. *Anybody* can relate to musicians who are playing their hearts out and doing it well, and that's what we do in Auracle." db

JIM KELTNER

BY SAM Y. BRADLEY

Brilliant and talented is the musician whose artistic accomplishments stand for or summarize an age, an era, a style. Such is the achievement of Jim Keltner, rock-drummer international. Although rarely explored as a personality, Keltner nevertheless is a star of lasting quality and is so recognized by Bob Dylan, George Harrison, John Lennon, Randy Newman, Steely Dan and other top recording artists. Jim provides the right musical feeling for their diverse styles, and in so doing, his career recapitulates the era of rock, a music that grew as he grew.

Some years and over 25 gold records later, Jim reminisces on his career as one of rock's most recorded instrumentalists. "I wonder how I handled it; shuttling between L.A., Memphis, Muscle Shoals, Miami, Tulsa, New York, and England. I ran my drum crew ragged. I'd finish up a record date in L.A., grab my cymbals, jam out to the airport, barely make the flight, and arrive sweaty and funky for a New York session. Those were hectic times, yet great for my ego. I learned how to get a good drum sound in the studio, and met some very talented engineers and producers."

Of late Jim's been working with Attitudes, a group he formed along with three other top studio players. "The band is an outlet for songs and musical ideas of our own. It gives bassist Paul Stawliworth, guitarist Danny Kortchmar, keyboardist Gary Foster and myself a chance to play some things that we couldn't get away with on other people's records. It's a band we enjoy, and a band with which we make our own creative choices."

The group grew out of a jam session held each Sunday at L.A.'s Record Plant. The legendary events occurred during the summer of '75 and were attended by many of rock's elite. It was called "The Jim Keltner Fan Club" by everyone but the drummer himself, a testimony to the musicians' respect for him.

Jim modestly credits drummers Earl Palmer, Shelly Manne, Billy Higgins, and especially the late Gene Krupa as being inspirational in his own musical development. "Hal Blaine really laid down a lot of the rules in studio playing. Jimmy Gordon helped greatly in my attitude towards playing rock and roll, with which early on I never felt comfortable. Playing live on the Mad Dogs and Englishmen tour with Jimmy was one of the most exciting musical things I've ever done. The most important accomplishment for a young drummer is to learn to read, and that includes listening to and interpreting the charts musically. Being the bio-chemical individuals that we are, everyone has their own personal approach to playing—some refer to it as style."

It's all a long way from Oklahoma, where Jim grew up, and where his first set of drums arrived the day of a tornado. "It was a little wooden kit with cow bells and wood blocks and an old Chinese cymbal. I spent that whole day singing songs and playing. My family all came in and said, 'great.' By evening a tornado warning was announced on the radio, so I was told to run quick and get in the car, for refuge in the nearest church. I refused to leave without my drums. Finally my dad put a blanket over the set, and told me it would protect them from the twister, which made sense to me at the time."

Another of Jim's early musical memories is Louie Bellson's playing the Tommy Dorsey show. "I sat and watched, completely enthralled, as the cameras panned in on Louie, who was on a revolving podium. For years, each time I sat down to play, I wanted to be Louie Bellson. When I was 12

my family moved to Pasadena, California, and the first person I dreamed of meeting, ahead of the movie stars, was Louie."

During his teens Jim played with some very distinguished Pasadena alumni, among them Albert Stinson and Bobby Hutcherson. Says Jim, "I credit the players I met in Pasadena with my own growth as a musician." At the time the drummer's musical direction was clear cut, "I wanted to be a jazz player. The little I heard of rock music, I hated."



SAM Y. BRADLEY

While teaching drums in a small music store in Pasadena, Jim landed his first professional gig. One day Gary Lewis came into the shop for lessons. Gary Lewis and the Playboys had just gotten a hit single, with Hal Blaine on drums. After a few lessons Lewis decided that Jim had better play drums with the group. "That was my first touch with rock-and-roll. Leon Russell produced the album, with Carl Radle on bass and vocals. Through Leon I gained the incentive: if I kept playing I could become a good rock drummer."

"With the Playboys I did a lot of silly things. Like eating flowers during filmed interviews. Anyway, I was fired after seven months. My whole world caved in; I felt that I had failed miserably at rock and roll."

Jim then went with Gabor Szabo, and later be-

came an original member of the Delaney and Bonnie band, of which he comments: "We were playing an eclectic music, coming out of country blues, Little Richard, and tunes from the Stax record library. All I attempted was to copy the drumming styles of the late Al Jackson, who played everything so exquisitely. In my own clumsy attempt to copy Al, I evolved my own style which other drummers found innovative."

In '71, having reached a pinnacle of recognition and expertise, Jim left the states to record with George Harrison, John Lennon, and Ringo Starr. The Beatles had recently disbanded, and the quartet's members had embarked on solo careers. Says Jim, "we worked at Ascot Sound, which was in Lennon's home. There was John and Yoko in the kitchen, eating custards. To speak of John is to remember Yoko, for their lives were strongly united at that time. I love to work with John. His tunes are recorded very spontaneously, usually the first or second take goes on record. With John the spirit of the moment is the important quality in the music."

Jim also played a part in George Harrison's first concert since Beatlemania. "George displayed a lot of strength in organizing the Bangladesh concert. Had it been unsuccessful, it would have been his responsibility. George was the catalyst, assembling the talents of Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, Ringo Starr, Billy Preston, and all the other fine players who came together for the concert."

"Sitting up there playing drums with Ringo felt so nice. He has a funky, laid-back quality in his playing that's so full of life."

"Knowing George has influenced my life—both spiritually and musically. Through him I learned a great deal about people and was renewed musically... not so much through what George said or did, but in a more subtle way—by being a real friend."

Having recorded over 500 albums with many of music's top contemporary artists, Jim Keltner's place in the music world is assured. Few share his stature: Harvey Mason, John Guerin, Jimmy Gordon and Andy Newmark come to mind. Yet there's a special quality that Jim brings to any context he's part of that is his alone. Whether playing a laid-back country blues with guitarist Ry Cooder or a silky performance with Steely Dan, Keltner's playing is as rhythmically intriguing as it is individual, possessing a flexibility and expressiveness that gives the music life. **db**

CAUGHT!

BILL WATROUS/ DANNY STILES

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Personnel: Watrous, trombone; Stiles, flugelhorn/trumpet; Mike Ning, acoustic/electric pianos; Charles Matthews, acoustic base, Abel Ramirez, drums.

In his concert for the Kansas City Friends of Jazz, Bill Watrous demonstrated why he owns the top trombone spot in the polls. He is both a fine musician and engaging entertainer. He also has charisma. His boyish good looks, brash wit and bouncy swagger create a Janus-like charm attractive to all.

Musically, Watrous has all bases covered. On the lovely ballad *I'll Never Stop Loving You*, the trombonist's big singing sound articulated an emotional drama capped by a brilliant cadenza incorporating double and triple stops, circular breathing and a variety of effects covering all registers of the horn. For the relaxed medium tempo *Blue Lou*, the Watrous touch flowed from the trombonist's ca-

pacities as sonic architect and tasty swinger. With *Myrtle Lee*, a new melodic span over the venerable changes of *Indiana*, the boppish Watrous emerged as a virtuosic athlete swinging freely from one harmonic rung to the next.

As entertainer, Watrous uses both horn and verbal repartee. His trombonized vocalization of the Pledge of Allegiance provoked titters, yowls and bellylaughs. So, too, did the comic wah-wahs which he appended to the ends of phrases for added punctuation. At the microphone, Watrous affected much of the Steve Martin manner in a running series of asides covering everything from his palmy days in the Merv Griffin band to his tumultuous divorce proceedings.

Watrous' sidekick, trumpeter/flugelhornist Danny Stiles, was also impressive. As pointed out by master of ceremonies Dick Wright, noted jazz authority from KANU-FM, Stiles is a recognized lead trumpeter who has fought an ongoing battle to establish his identity as a jazz player. For the enthusiastic crowd of Kansas Citians, the verdict was unanimous. Each of the trumpeter's stylish solos received hearty applause. Among these, Stiles' lyrical treatment of *It Had To Be You* was most memorable.

Special praise is also in order for the Mike Ning Trio. Listening with big ears, Ning, Matthews and Ramirez provided the horn players with crisp, efficient backdrops. In addition,

Ning proved why he is one of the area's leading keyboardists. His consistently sparkling solos were warmly greeted by Watrous, Stiles and the audience.

On top of everything else, Watrous was a gracious promoter of young talent. His invitation to high school trombone whiz James Mosley to join the group led to a spirited romp through *C Jam Blues*. —chuck berg

HERBIE HANCOCK/ CHICK COREA

PARAMOUNT NORTHWEST
SEATTLE

Herbie and Chick are two of the great contemporary pianists of today, and their acoustic duo combination is a milestone in itself. At Paramount Northwest, on an electrifying Saturday night, they ascended onto the stage. Like opposite poles, they offset one another perfectly, with microphones on each side of the stage; they began with a mild, somewhat humorous confrontation with the audience.

The first tune of the evening, *Someday My Prince Will Come*, was dedicated to Miles Davis, and Herbie explained the musical link between himself, Chick and Miles. Corea started with an introduction and Herbie followed

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—Cannonball Adderley

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with the first solo against an ever-moving set of changes by Corea. Then it was Chick's turn to solo, and with a noticeably surfacing array of bass lines by Hancock, the song began to take on shape. Finally, a trading off period developed into an exploratory use of the higher registers of the acoustic, and some passages sounded like flowing harps. Together the pattern and mode of execution was almost too complicated, but with Herbie's apparent control and direction, music prevailed gallantly and they succeeded in clearly establishing due respect for the Prince of Darkness.

After Corea's short introduction of *Homecoming*, they moved together into the head, reading several pages of sheet music, then branched out into offset melodies, making their classical know-how obvious. A taste of Mozart began to flow from them which almost immediately brought applause from the crowd. There was, at times, a feeling of bewilderment for the listener who attempted to put all the notes into context. The candid approach and style of these two had an effect similar to that of the *5,000 Fingers Of Dr. T*, if you saw the movie. They developed the piece until Chick restated the head, signaling an end to the song.

Herbie spoke briefly about the next tune, George Gershwin's *Liza*, and about his long-time respected for Art Tatum, who recorded the piece. As expected, the progression of the number took form right away—the ability of Hancock and Corea to concede and give in to one another's momentary feeling was quite impressive. In addition to the solo work by each, an overall view of this performance showed Hancock dominant on bass lines and Corea on chording. This tune came off with the best musical ideas.

The Hook, announced as written by Corea while on tour, began with both artists plucking the piano strings. This tune soon developed into a well-constructed innovation of sorts that had Herbie dabbling into fragments of the Head Hunter era and Chick into his own past musical development. They continued to play off set chords and strings here and there, to end up right back to the beginning again—thus, "the hook."

After an intermission, Corea dedicated his solo composition to all the musicians of Seattle. He started out with arpeggios up and down the piano, like an octopus setting a theme and exploring that area, only to move on to the next. Darting in and out of tunes he has written, to the applause of his fans, his unison parts at times sounded like three or four pianos. There were Spanish moments that flashed from the piano and good bass lines that saw him finally getting into it at the end—a master exploring his musical depths, and telling his listener "Yes, you can someday play like me; all you have to do is practice." With some standing, some sitting, the Paramount crowd exploded with approval.

Not one to hold back the night, Corea immediately brought on Herbie. After a brief intro, a stillness seemed to come over the crowd like a calm on the ocean, and then a wind started blowing from the stage with streams of notes that began to grab and carry me away. Only a master can create this voyage and musical experience. What happened, now that I'm conscious, was that Herbie caught me by surprise with his knowledge of the instrument. His concept of the blues brought tranquility to everyone in the place, and his directions throughout his theme was one of the key

points of the concert. His ability to play what he felt shone through quite clearly, but his apparent interest in listening has to come from a supreme belief in what he is doing.

Spared from the "normal" synthesizer sounds that tend to draw unmusically at times, this was a first rate jazz concert.

—robert cozzetti

HERB POMEROY ORCHESTRA

SANDY'S JAZZ REVIVAL
BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS

Personnel: Herb Pomeroy*, Paul Fontaine, Greg Hopkins, Everett Longstreth*, Wes Hensel, trumpets; Gene DiStasio*, Phil Wilson, Tak Takvorian, trombones; Jim Derba*, Dave Chapman*, Dick Johnson*, John La Porta, Mike Monaghan, saxes; Ray Santisi*, piano; John Neves*, bass; Fred Buda, drums. (Note: asterisk indicates original member, 1960.)

The re-birth of a band may have less impact and freshness than the original birth, but that second beginning can bring its own tonic satisfaction, and often, delighted surprise. Boston has witnessed such a rebirth in the last few years—the Herb Pomeroy Orchestra, an ensemble born and bred in Back Bay and reared in The Stables. The band briefly reached national stature 20 years ago with records on Roulette and United Artists.

One bellwether of the old band's continued popularity is the hefty value of those old albums (\$15 mint, according to local waxtraders Zounds). An even better indicator is the impressive following the new crew has garnered at Summerthing Cityfests, Berklee's spanking new Performance Center, and at their monthly Mondays at Sandy's Jazz Revival in seaside suburb Beverly.

With half of the original 16 men, and half the old book current, the band has certainly retained a lot of its edgy, thinking swing. Keyman Ray Santisi, for one, can stretch any set excitingly, as he did at Sandy's, taking a sprawling, probing half-dozen to open Jaki Byard's old blockbuster *Satin Doll*. A strong soloist in many contexts, Santisi also earns deft features like *Chelsea Bridge* (shared with vivid and unique ex-Herdsman Wilson) and free-floating *How My Heart Sings*. Top and bottom reeds (silky Chapman and hollow-ground Derba) help recall the fresh writers—Arif Mardin (*Woody'n You*, *Blue Serge* and some originals), Bob Freedman (*Friar And Dr. Goulding*, *Theme For Terry*), Pomeroy, Bob Dogan and more.

New faces taking the band new places: dependably exciting soloists Hopkins and Johnson, solid and supportive team players like veterans Hensel and Takvorian, symphony percussionist Buda who pummels toms like tympani, and player/composer LaPorta, whose bookish, involved charts can be rich and fascinating (*Flotsam and Jetsam*) or bewilderingly overwrought (*Transition*).

Later Neves walks in Longstreth's slow blues, *Wolafunt's Lament*, with brass crescendoing and Buda hammering ecstatically. Pomeroy solos seldom but heatedly (here with cup mute), as Santisi's comping gives a boot-in-the-butt. Neves walks it out, then bows in *Blue Serge*, a well-tailored piece of goods from Mardin, with Johnson's platinum flute, Wilson's nutty plunger, and LaPorta doing Gonsalves over cupped brass, and a long dying

piano cadenza. Then a catchy *Where's Paul?* features huffy Derba and salty Fontaine—great stuff! Sandy's clientele, conversant of late with Herman, Rich and Toshiko (as well as Fatha, Jim Hall, Diz and Grappelli), show at set's end how vociferously they appreciate the homegrown as well as the imported.

Nobody's more surprised at the band's resurgence than Pomeroy himself, who at first had to be cajoled by musicians to regroup, was then amazed at the speed and conviction of the new coalition's seizure of the old material and production of the new, and is now much gratified by public support and encouragement. Now the gigbook is filling. Marc Levinson has taped the band at Conservatory's Jordan Hall for a new album, and spirits run high. At last "band in Boston" once again signifies more than petty film censorship.

—fred bouchard

GARY FOSTER QUINTET

PAUL GRAY'S JAZZ PLACE
LAWRENCE, KANSAS

Personnel: Foster, alto saxophone, flute; Bill Reichenbach, trombone; Alan Broadbent, electric piano; Putter Smith, electric bass; Frank Tirabasso, drums.

Kansas is Gary Foster country. Friends, acquaintances and well-wishers point with pride to his many accomplishments in the big time L.A. music scene. And with good reason.

After graduating from the University of Kansas in the early '60s, Foster headed west to

seek his fortune. Since then he has established himself as one of L.A.'s most versatile and expert reedmen. Equally fluent on clarinets, flutes, saxophones and recorders, Foster is a prominent member of the studio ensembles backing *Carol Burnett*, *Barnaby Jones*, *Hawaii Five-O*, *Bob Newhart*, *Midnight Special*, *Quincy* and *Kojak*.

As a jazz musician, Foster has enjoyed productive associations with Clare Fischer, Jimmy Rowles, SuperSax, Louis Bellson, Benny Goodman, Laurindo Almeida, Frank Zappa and the exciting Toshiko-Tabackin Big Band. He has led several fine dates for Revelation and has just finished a dynamic quartet album for RCA (Japan).

In addition to his active studio and jazz careers, Foster directs Nova Music Studios in Pasadena, teaches at Pasadena City College and performs as a clinician for the Yamaha Instrument Company. Recently, Foster returned to his native state for a whirlwind schedule of clinics, gigs and jam sessions.

His first engagement was a clinic/solo session at his alma mater, the University of Kansas. In the morning, Foster's cogent remarks on big band work, combo playing and woodwind techniques held an overflowing student audience mesmerized. In the afternoon, he was guest soloist with Jim Barnes' outstanding University of Kansas 12:30 Jazz Ensemble. For Foster followers, the biggest surprise was in his alto work. Sounding less like Konitz and more like Woods, Foster roared with new assertiveness.

Saturday night at Paul Gray's was a delirious musical celebration. For the transfixed SRO crowd it was homecoming, opening night and a chance to hear pure, unadulterated mu-

sic fashioned by pros. For the players, it was a respite from the demands of the studio and a chance to stretch out for an appreciative house of musicians, enthusiasts and friends. Throughout the evening, Foster piloted a faultless course through sparkling galaxies of ballads, bossas and burners.

Though playing with greater gutsiness, Foster has not sacrificed any of his considerable melodic/harmonic sophistication. His superb alto and flute work struck the right balance between emotional involvement and structural clarity. The exuberant Alan Broadbent tore the keys off the Fender-Rhodes while breaking up the audience with impish asides. Putter Smith did anything but putt. His long steady drives were straight down the middle of each tune's fairway. Frank Tirabasso was a melodic cooker. His controlled yet loose dynamism kept the fires burning. Bill Reichenbach, a perfect front-line foil for Foster's multi-noted forays, found his groove in a laid-back lyricism delivered with tastiness and authority.

It was hard to determine what the crowd liked best. *Green Dolphin Street*, *What's New*, *Just Friends*, *Wave*, *Here's That Rainy Day*, *Only Trust Your Heart* and *Sippin' At Bells* all put the applause meter beyond calculation. Foster and friends also backed Carol Comer in upbeat readings of *Time After Time* and *Stormy Monday* which pleased everyone. (Comer, by the way, is a standout singer and Kansas City correspondent for *db*.)

As for Foster, the consensus was clear. The instant analyses included "wow," "super," "fantastic," "big sound," "clean," "mean" and even a "gee" or two. Foster was fantastic!

—chuck berg

THE RAP SESSION: Paul Horn on music and Artley.

Paul Horn and Bill Fowler rapping.

Bill: *I would list Paul Horn as a subtle player.*

Paul: I do try to reach into subtle areas... and to think that way. To sing with a flute, or growl to it is a grosser aspect. Not that I'm putting it down.

Bill: *A question of personality?*

Paul: Yes. Flutists are expanding the limitations of the instrument, like flutter tonguing, or growling.

Bill: *Well, what sounds do you like for the flute?*

Paul: A breathy sound is part of the flute. And when it's missing it sounds dead. I always play straight across from the mike.

Bill: *There's a key click sound, a pad sound, when a microphone is placed on the body.*

Paul: You can eliminate that pad noise, if you have a noisy flute, by approaching the mike straight on.

Bill: *Can you give younger players some tips on your special techniques.*

Paul: Well, briefly... fingerings to give split notes, so you can play 2 or 3 notes at a time. Finger a high D, (D above C, the beginning of the third octave) and then think of it as if you're

playing the octave below that and blow into the flute. Then you'll get a two to three note chord.

Bill: *What else?*

Paul: Well, you've got to get used to reading ledger lines. Practice hard music—the farthest distance from the third octave with all that cross fingering, and practice everything up an octave.

Bill: *Let's establish clearly that you play an Artley. Is it something you started with, or what?*

Paul: I have other instruments, but I find myself playing the Artley all the time now. It's particularly well made, unlike other instruments I've had where there's difficulty in having enough air to play a phrase. The Artley blows easy still with good resistance. It's to Artley's credit for figuring that out. I can put a lot of air into the Artley and the tone doesn't crack.

This interview ran on for several hours. The full transcript is available. Subjects include a personal history of Paul Horn, much more technique, and much rapping about music. Send \$1.00 to cover the cost of postage and handling to Horn On Music, C. G. Conn Ltd., at the address below.



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CRUSADERS

continued from page 13

fact is that that man could have been as big in his own right as one of the pop artists. Personalitywise, he could have been used to open doors for someone to listen to even more introspective musicians like Thelonious Monk or Cecil Taylor."

"We don't feel bad that we were called the Jazz Crusaders because the connotation had significance to us, it meant something. It meant we were playing a creative music that we felt had some sophistication, that allowed an artist to improvise in whatever manner he wanted. If he wanted to play blues inflections on every song, he should be able to do that. But the people who were in charge of the magazines would take that and pick at it and explore it.

"Space in a major periodical is important. But when you look at how important that space is and you look at those who have taken that space and bullshitted in that space and then turned around and said it's too bad we can't make this music surface, it's pretty ridiculous. That's one of my pet peeves.

"Now that's why we are really pushing forward to get the music out, to market it, to do whatever it takes. People were shocked when we made the transition and dropped the word 'jazz,' although it was just part of the game plan. Our approach remained the same, it was just a little more comfortable for us. After that, we started hitting the pop charts. But the point is we could have done it years before. People keep saying jazz has come back. No, it was just finally put where it was more accessible, giving people a chance to decide for themselves.

"I think the American people were the losers. They've lost so much, and they have not only lost it in jazz but in a lot of music that's inherent to this country. I mean I say thanks to the European rock musicians for turning young white Americans onto the blues. Like when guys like George Harrison say, 'Sure, we play this music, but do you know where our roots really come from? We listen to B. B. King, Muddy Waters, we listen to Howlin' Wolf and these kids say who is that? Now because their idols tell them about these people, they go back and discover them and suddenly B. B. King can make ten dollars more a night.

"Donald Byrd of 1951 is not the Donald Byrd of 1978. Joe and I always talk about getting bored easily," said Hooper. "I mean it was nice to play *Straight, No Chaser*, it was a great song, but let's play something else now.

"The very nature of a jazz musician is to be creative. And if that means changing his approach, if it means doing another style, that's the nature of the art itself. Why put on the shackles?

"We're planning on being around for a long time and we will be doing what we do. We feel very proud of what we do and the way we do it. We weren't as proud in some of the early years of the Jazz Crusaders because we were walking the tightrope of acceptance. Yeah, we watered down a lot of our roots in the early stages.

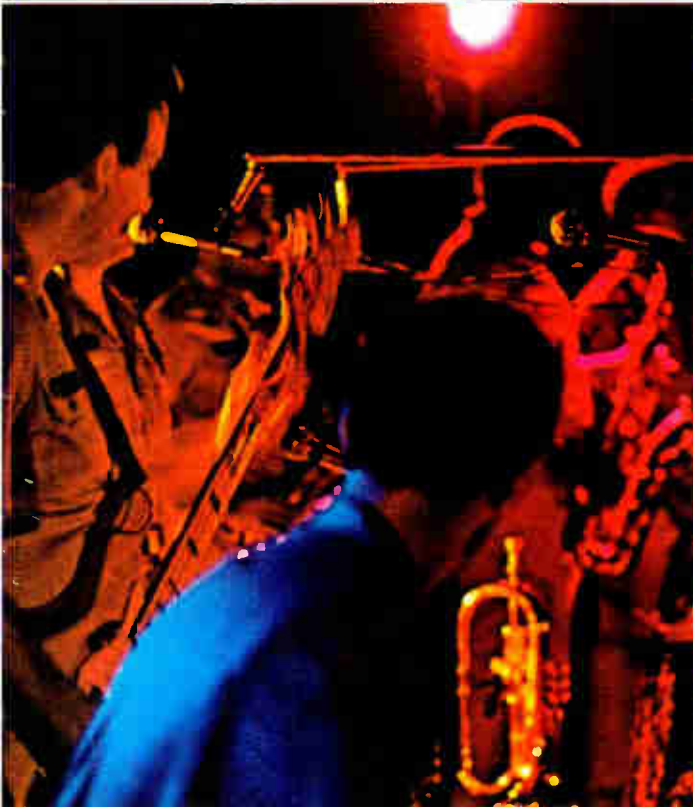
"People know where we stand today, what our philosophies are. I mean I've said bullshit in the press enough, I think they know where I am. I just wish all the magazines, particularly the ones that have to do with perpetuating music for its artistic value, would take the premise that allows more people not to so much dig the art, but to at least be exposed to it." And so Stix Hooper, Crusader, rests his case.



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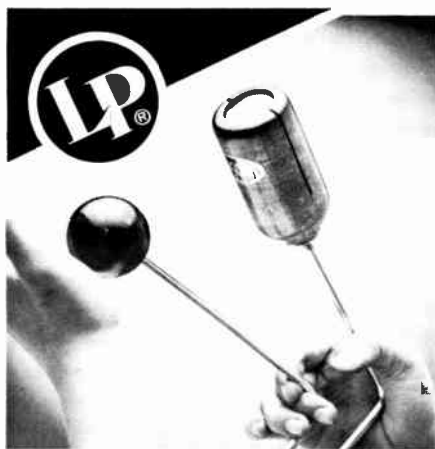
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WINTER

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When we'd get within a couple of miles of them, they would hear us, and they would respond for a long, long time. I really enjoy the celebration of howling.

Underwood: Are you suggesting inter-species communication?

Winter: It's hard to know exactly what happens. To call it inter-species communication might be a little presumptuous. It's communing, rather than communication. It's *being*, together. They *allow* us to be in their space, which is pretty extraordinary.

I think this sense of communing, of harmony, of sharing and celebration is one of the things we can learn from these animals. As Jack Kreitzer wrote in his poem for the *Earth-dance LP*:

all creatures rhythm down living roads
to the dance of life

where . . . embers of warm energy
fanned to flame with goddess breath
call us all to the unending earthdance
call us all to the rhythm within

The rhythm is indeed within, and everybody has it, not just professionals, but amateurs, professionals, young and old alike. The key word to me of the whole New Age path is *participating*. We do music workshops all over the country, and encourage *everyone* to come and discover the music that is in them.

The most important music is the music you make yourself. One of the best ways to experience music within and without is to lose your mind. Lose your mind, and come to your senses. We would like our music and the music of the earth to be one music, a music that includes and involves all living beings everywhere. **db**

SUN RA

continued from page 16

the audience were singing with me. That's what I'm talkin' about. My music is like that.

Primack: What attracted you to electric instruments?

Sun Ra: No one else was really playin' it. You have a lot of trouble when you go places and the piano is no good. It was the first introduction of the electric piano. I went to the demonstration and when I walked in, I didn't have no money to get a piano. I just went down there anyway. They demonstrated it and I played it. I told the man I didn't have any money but he said, "You have something in your pocket you should give me." I said, "What?" He said, "Well what's in your pocket? This voice is tellin' me you have something in your pocket that's very important and vital. Let me have it." I had been writing these different things and I had something in my pocket called Solaristic Precepts. So I took out these mimeographed sheets. He said, "That's what I'm talking about. Let me have it." So I let him have it. The next day the piano arrived at the house. That's how I got my first electronic piano. They didn't say nothin' about the payments but later I went and started makin' payments.

I made some records like *My Friend The Galaxy* with that first Wurlitzer electric piano. After that I got a Wurlitzer organ, a very nice organ with a decayed bass. I used that, but when I came to New York I left it because it wasn't portable. I still use it sometimes. The next thing I got was a Farfisa organ. I've had

several of those, different models. Then I got a Yamaha organ and then I got an instrument called a Baroque, it comes from England. It sounds like vibes; it can sound similar to a piano but it sounds exactly like vibes, it's an amazin' keyboard instrument. Each electronic instrument has its own characteristics you see. Then I had one of the first Moog synthesizers. I went up to the factory and R. A. Moog made one special, just for me, nothin' in the world like it, only one of its kind. It was the first mini-Moog.

After that, I went back to an older model Farfisa, then I got something called a Clavinet, which sounds just like a guitar. I already had a celeste, which some friends brought for me in Birmingham. I heard Mary Lou Williams play that and I liked the sound, it's a very beautiful instrument that's only used in symphony orchestras. I got it upstairs now. Then I got this instrument, the Crumar Mainman 2. It really hasn't been used in this country. I got it in Italy. I went round to the music stores over there and I said, "Well this is the instrument!" It can get organ effects but it also sounds like a piano, it sounds like a clavi-chord, a bass violin, a violin, a bass flute and some more sounds that I can't describe. So that's where it's standing now.

Oh, then, I got a Rocksichord, I left that out. That's a keyboard that can sound like a piano, a little bit like a guitar and a harpsichord. So I got maybe six or seven keyboard instruments I use. You know musicians got to recognize the presence of electronic instruments. Like you got a tenor or an alto, they got all different types of saxophones, and electronic instruments is just another kind of thing, but you've got to know how to coordinate with them. The other instruments in the band has got to know how to blend. It comes down to feelin'. Musicians have got to have a feel for electronics.

Primack: Why did you start your own record company?

Sun Ra: Well people in Chicago said we were playin' too far out. But this one man said, "It's not true, this music is not too far out for the people." And there were others who felt the same way. You know when I was playin' around Chicago when I first got there, all the musicians in town would come and watch me play, like Coleman Hawkins. He was always lookin' at my hands. He was intrigued by what I was doin'. But I said that maybe I should get my own recording company. They told me it was a good idea. But I knew it takes money to do that. So these men I knew, they established a company to put my records out 'cause they said the world should hear it. They came up with the money. So it wasn't on the commercial plane. It was from the people. These men pooled their money and established Saturn Records. They knew nothing about the record business but they put out the records.

Primack: For someone who's not into your music, which of your many records would you recommend?

Sun Ra: Each record. It's like Shakespeare. It's like asking him, "Which of your plays would you like us to read?" Each of his plays is different. Each one's about different things. I'm the same way with my music. Each album is a different dimension. They were played at different times in different studios. For me, a studio becomes an instrument, therefore, no two are alike. Besides, I'll be usin' different musicians. So no two records are alike.

Primack: What kind of music do you listen to now?

Sun Ra: Well, sometimes I go in a tavern, I'll be listenin'. I don't know whose music it is, but if it's interestin' I'll be listenin'. Any time I hear something that's beautiful, or has got some feelin' in it, I like it. But I also hear music that's dead—no energy in it. Any kind of music that's got the sound of bein', I like it. I don't care who plays it.

Primack: Any thoughts on fusion music?

Sun Ra: That's not jazz. See, jazz is happiness and you got very few people playing jazz on this planet.

Primack: Who's playing jazz today?

Sun Ra: Well Lionel Hampton's playin' jazz on his vibes. I wouldn't say his band plays it, because he'd be hiring arrangers who probably picked up something commercial. They don't have no feelin'. They just write something for musicians. And the musicians, not bein' true jazz musicians, can't play it. You can't play jazz by writing it. Like Duke Ellington's band. It might be written and everythin', but they don't sound like Duke Ellington. Why don't they? They got the same arrangements. Because the spirit isn't there. That proves it. You can't play jazz just by reading it.

Primack: It's obvious music is very important to you. Has it always been this way?

Sun Ra: Music wasn't like a livin' to me, never. I played 'cause I liked to play. When I left home to go out on the road, I did it because I wanted to do it, not because of the money. I wasn't makin' any money. But I had the experience of bein' out on the road, the experience of meeting people, understanding the world a little better. It made me stronger, helped me understand. Any country I go to now, I'm at home. When I go to Italy, I say I'm an Italian.

But it goes deeper than that. I'm really of the Angel race. There ain't but two kind of races here, you got the Angel race and the human race. The Angels are a race, most people don't know that. I belong to the Angel race.

Primack: What is the Angel Race?

Sun Ra: A race means a particular species of beings. The Angel race is somethin' dealin' on a celestial plane. You got terrestrials, people who only deal on the earthly plane, thinkin' earthly and doin' things earthly and nothin' else. But the Angel race, the celestial beings, can conceive of Earth beings and also directly communicate with other types of beings. Earth people are just here, that's all. They need to be enlightened on certain things. They're just concerned with eatin' and sleepin' and sex and dope and politics and religion and philosophy and they're not concerned with anything else because they don't see why it's necessary.

Whereas celestial beings see they can't be chained by so-called depravity. Angels like their minds and spirits to take wings. They're always movin' forward. They're artistically inclined. They find food in lookin' at a picture or they find food in hearin' a beautiful song or a beautiful poem or lookin' at a beautiful dance or just seein' a person smile. They find food in that. But Earth people, they just find food in food. That's all. Although it doesn't keep them alive. So it isn't the fact that food keeps anybody alive—it doesn't, because you got some people who are rich that eat every day and they still die. That's not what keeps them alive. The point is, dealin' with things that does keep people alive and one of the things that keeps people alive is happiness and music is happiness.

Primack: How does that relate to your music?

Sun Ra: My music is pure, it ain't got no limits. It has three energy factors. What I'm sayin' is that the world is sufferin' from an energy crisis in the body of human beings, in the mind of human beings, and in the spirit of human beings. That's where the real energy crisis is. It's a crisis in endurance and survival. They don't have to be worryin' about this coal and this oil and all that because it's really about a lack of mental energy and the lack of endurance, the lack of desire to survive. My music is talkin' about being. My music serves as a bridge. Not all music can serve as a bridge for humanity to walk to something better, although you have some good musicians on this planet. I appreciate all the musicians I've ever heard; whatever they're playin', I can appreciate them. I'm sorry I can't say the same thing about them appreciating me.

Primack: What do you mean?

Sun Ra: I've investigated all types of music but they haven't investigated mine. Even the musicians in the so-called free thing have not investigated my music, whereas people who are not musicians write me every day wanting to know what I'm talkin' about. You used to have a case with black musicians where they'd communicate with each other, have some respect for each other, like when one pianist was doin' something—like Earl Hines was playin' differently than anybody and Duke Ellington was playin' different than Fats Waller, they had respect.

Primack: So your music's about survival?


Sun Ra: Everybody has got to be concerned with the survival of humanity. I don't care where it's at, in any country of the world, not

to worry about the survival of a German or an Italian or a black man, but the survival of the planet, because it's bad for people to die here. It's a disgrace to the creator of the universe. I'm going to more and more be into playin' for people and organizations who are into doin' somethin' about that. I'm not going to be out there playing for money and all that. After all, it ain't goin' to do no good if you got no people to play for. It all comes down to—music soothes the savage people.

People are in a state of savagery. They might be educated and all that, but people are savages. Just pick up a newspaper and see what they're doin'; they worse than the heathens of ancient days. If the world is like it is, it's because they don't have no music. People are usin' dope, getting into false religions, getting into all this bad stuff simply because they have no music. In my case, I've never really had a chance to play for people. They be pushin' people up there who are musicians on an artificial plane. Not musicians on a natural plane who can heal people simply by playin' for them.

If a person is worried, a musician can play for him and that person will be all right. The musician could play that and this person would feel all at once that he had no problems. They say there's disorder; well, then things got to be rearranged. The music can do that! Then everybody could contribute to the welfare of our society. They talk about freedom in America. First creative artists have got to have the freedom to play for people. It's ridiculous for America to even talk about freedom when all the artists are in chains. **db**

Recommended: Sun Ra *Live At Montreux*, Inner Circle IC-1039.



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see if it would work," he says of the group. "And it not only worked, but that sound was revealed to me for the first time. It definitely had its own sound."

Along about this time—the early '70s—Johnson met Taj Mahal, who expressed a strong interest in working with a brass group like the one Johnson had established. Johnson helped get a new band together (with each of the four musicians doubling on tuba and baritone sax, trombone or flugelhorn). Johnson toured with Taj and recorded two albums with him. *The Real Thing* (Columbia CG-30619) and *Happy To Be Just Like I Am* (Columbia C-30767).

Over the past few years, Johnson has acquired a solid reputation as an arranger with pop artists and producers. He has done (mostly) horn charts for albums by Maria Muldaur, Paul Butterfield, Phoebe Snow, John Lennon and B. B. King, among others. Impressive as this list is, his credits have been restricted mainly by his discrimination in choosing his assignments. "When I started doing arrangements, I wouldn't accept an assignment if I didn't think I could do something meaningful with it," he says matter-of-factly. "The things I did accept were the ones where I could really influence the whole. I don't lose the artist in the arrangements, but I do make the most out of it that I possibly can."

Johnson has also been working as a sideman on a number of occasions with that most notable of rock groups, The Band. He appears on their live recording, *Rock Of Ages* (Capitol-SABB-11045) and took part in the

group's final tour in '76. The tour's grande finale included performances by Bob Dylan, Van Morrison and Eric Clapton, and was filmed by Martin Scorsese. Johnson remembers it as a killer of a show. More recently, he has been playing with a new group led by former Band-member Levon Helm called the RCO All-Stars, which also boasts the talents of Dr. John, Paul Butterfield and Booker T.

Another of Johnson's important (and largely unrecognized) credits is his role in organizing and playing in the studio band for NBC's *Saturday Night Live*, which is now in its third very successful year.

After running through these associations, Johnson is quick to cite his role as arranger and performer in what are clearly and certifiably jazz projects. His recent recordings with Dexter Gordon, Frank Strozier and Clifford Jordan are certainly ample evidence of his credentials as a jazz musician. But he also takes the time to make it clear that he doesn't have any preconceived, chauvinistic attitude about one form of music being—of necessity—superior to another. In fact, he is slightly amused at the feeling he perceives among some jazz artists who came to fusion as if they were somehow "rescuing" rock through their own elevated status.

The big news at this point in Howard Johnson's career is his discovery (with apologies to Sir Isaac Newton) of Gravity. This is the wonderfully appropriate name Johnson has chosen for his "new sensational all-tuba band." Built on the foundation of Substructure, the group's current personnel consists of Carlton Greene, Joe Daley, Bob Stewart, Jack Jeffers and Morris Edwards. Stylistically, the band hovers on the borders of the avant garde, but is kept on *terra firma* by the force from which

they get their name, namely Johnson's natural instinct for bluesy funk and the unit's bottom-heavy sound.

In order to introduce the band and in Johnson's words "announce our commitment to being back on the scene," they gave a free concert in Central Park and drew an enthusiastic response from the 1500-1800 people who came out. Soon after, the band left for Europe, where they played at the Northsea Festival in Holland and the Antibes Festival. Gravity attracted great critical and popular attention, and the French newspaper, *Le Monde*, went so far as to declare that they had "saved the Antibes Festival." Upon their return to New York, Johnson took the band into a small experimental theater where they've been giving regular Sunday evening performances, polishing their music and attracting an audience.

Along with the recent successes of Gravity, which in a genuine display of tuba camaraderie he shares with the other members of the band ("There are so many good tuba players around—especially the guys in my band, who are all really great."), has come another more personal acclaim for Johnson—winning first place in *db's* 1977 Critics Poll for Miscellaneous Instrument. That this is a category which has been virtually owned by the late Rahsaan Roland Kirk makes Johnson's achievement even more impressive.

The ultimate handicap for Howard Johnson has simply been the long history of scorn and neglect for his instrument. The tuba has always been an obvious object of derision. But, when, in the middle of a conversation, Johnson picks up one of his tubas and blows a rumbling, soulful chorus, he quickly wipes the smile off even the most skeptical of faces. **db**

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perspective

BY LEN LYONS

GALAXY RECORDS

The F/P/M logo is expanding at a rapid rate since two more labels have been adopted by the Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone triumvirate. Stax, a Memphis-based soul-blues-r&b catalogue bankrupted a few years ago, was purchased during the summer, and albums by the Emotions, Albert King and Johnnie Taylor have already been released. Now Galaxy has been added as a mainstream jazz label. Like "Fantasy," its name was appropriated in the late '40s by the company's founders, Max and Sol Weiss, from two popular science fiction magazines.

Galaxy's first releases will be albums by Hank Jones, Shelly Manne, Richard Davis, Roy Haynes and Stanley Cowell. Orrin Keepnews, who is vice-president of a&r at F/P/M and the new label's executive producer, anticipated the obvious question: Why does the world need another record label? The music on Galaxy "does tend to be a rather specialized product," he explained, "usually lacking the potential for mass-market breakout. I've never seen anything wrong in being specialized, but I do know from experience that it's very hard to avoid the 'a record is a record' attitude. This works against the specialized long-selling albums when it's compared to a flash-seller on the same label. One answer obviously is a label basically devoted to solid jazz."

Ed Michel, an independent producer who worked for Keepnews at Riverside during the '60s, served as producer for the first set of releases. His career began with Pacific Jazz, after graduation from UCLA in '56. He recalled the signing of Buddy and Monk Montgomery "who kept talking about this other brother Wes, and what a great guitarist he was going to be." When Riverside went bankrupt in '64 Michel moved back to Los Angeles and worked for "Madman" Muntz in the car stereo business. "I had to become a serious student of what made songs a hit," he said, "and I learned a lot about how the record business functions."

When Bob Thiele left Impulse in '69, Michel joined that company, as he told it, "on a recording of Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee produced in one day. They needed it in a hurry for Bluesway. I was hired, and pretty soon I realized I was running Impulse too."

Michel remained with Impulse for seven years, was associated briefly with A & M/ Horizon and now works as an independent, generally in the Los Angeles area.

Aside from the Galaxy roster, Michel has also produced Gato Barbieri, Marion Brown, Alice Coltrane, Keith Jarrett, Sam Rivers and Sun Ra. Our conversation took place as the first set of albums on the new mainstream label were being mixed.

* * *

Lyons: What's your perspective on this first group of artists?

Michel: Almost all of them established their reputations in the '40s and '50s at the forward edge of a music which has since become the mainstream of that music. They weren't being carefully enough represented on record, but there is a solid interest in their music. There are too many virtuoso players who aren't being recorded because their music isn't strictly fashionable.

Lyons: Why couldn't these artists have been absorbed into another label, like Milestone, which is already a jazz label?

Michel: Despite themselves, labels tend to have identities. Think about these: ECM, Pablo, a new Blue Note and an old Blue Note, a Creed Taylor record, an Orrin Keepnews record. These are all completely different production styles. Jazz labels have always been producer-identified. Why are jazz records made? Somebody has a desire to record a certain type of music and has the means to do it—or borrows the means. Jazz is specialists' music. They know they're not going to sell much of it.

Lyons: That's not such a "given" anymore, is it?

Michel: True, that assumption has been softened somewhat. There is a genuine market for the music, probably because jazz has been able to absorb pop, soul and rock; and these forms have absorbed jazz in return. If you listen to the most cold-bloodedly hook-loaded bubble gum records, you'll hear some jazz derived elements.

Lyons: What are your feelings about the recent trend for artists to produce their own albums?

Michel: It's like doing your own brain surgery or taking out your own appendix. It may look easy—just like being a movie director appears to the fans—but it's a tough skill to acquire. There's nothing nicer than having produced a guy for a while and having him think he can produce his own records. Because after he's tried it, it's a lot more fun to produce his records. He appreciates what you're doing.

A producer plays a definite technical role. Neither the musician nor the engineer can make the producer's decision. For the player, he's the only audience with an objective ear. As a musician, you focus on your own performance within the music in a special way which prevents you from listening to the whole music. But somebody has to do that, and the producer is not concerned with his own function inside the music.

Lyons: What's your feeling about overdubbing tracks in jazz?

Michel: As a producer, use of tracking is one of my three favorite techniques, although it's not always appropriate. To take a couple of examples, when we recorded Hank Jones with Ray Brown, Shelly Manne and Howard Roberts, there was no reason to do overdubs. The music was totally interactive, totally live. But when we did the Richard Davis album (with Stanley Cowell, Joe Henderson, Eddie Henderson and Billy Cobham), there was one part for three basses to be played by Richard—obviously. But also there was a singer and a trumpet not on the date, so that had to be treated as a track for a different reason.

Lyons: But for that sort of reason, aren't the musicians disadvantaged? Can you imagine recording Monk in the '50s and telling him Charlie Rouse wouldn't be in until next week?

Michel: Well, for some types of music, fully interactive music, you can't do that. It

wouldn't be appropriate. But there are cases where the music calls for building a track. Some very respectable jazz players feel more comfortable working off a track, and the musicians' needs have to be considered. Some of them want the producer to do everything so they can mail in their parts. The artist considers himself the frosting on the cake, or the principal flavor of the cake. But the producer bakes the cake. Other artists have an absolute idea of what they're doing, and the producer just executes it for him. Galaxy is there to say to men like Hank Jones and Richard Davis—and the others too—give yourself some room; you're recording you, whatever you do best. We try to provide the circumstances that will enable them to play the freshest, most enjoyable music.

Lyons: What are your other favorite producing techniques? You said there were three of them.

Michel: Another is cross-fading, the crossing of two separate realities into a seamless whole. It's as if while we're talking about making records, two guys in the back of the studio are talking about sports car racing. Suddenly, the words "prize money" attract your attention, and you transfer to the other conversation for a while. You can introduce a new subject like that when you're putting a record together. Gradually, trombones become audible and soon match the original piece of music you've been hearing. That's a cross-fade.

The third technique is very common, and that's simply editing—the juxtaposing of things together which never happened together in real time.

Lyons: Are there producers whose work you admire for one quality or another?

Michel: Several, but most of them are outside of the jazz field. Maybe that's my competitive nature. I admire Gary Katz, who produces Steely Dan. He's the most patiently precise producer I know of, and Roger Nichols, his engineer, is a great part of it. Also, I admire Bill Szymczyk for the absolute power he gets on a record. Norman Whitfield is the most Wagnerian and manipulative producer. He knows more about "hooks" than anybody alive.

In more serious, deep music, I admire Manfred Eicher, although I disagree with him every step of the way on how to construct something. I also admire Creed Taylor, whom I've never met but would probably disagree with too. Yet he knows how to manipulate the elements to make personal records.

Lyons: Could you explain the idea of a "hook?"

Michel: Hooks are pretty dirty, I guess, but there is some validity to the idea. It's good to be able to put some things in a record to keep people listening to it. More people listen to records than actually like music, which may seem absurd on the face of it, except that there's a lot more you can put on the record than just music. Some music is so good and profound that anything you do to it de-natures it. But there's also a legitimate case for "entertainment" music. The BBC has a concept of "light" music. It can be good light music, but it's not there to give you the philosophical focus of a Bartok string quartet or Cecil Taylor. Bobby Bland and B. B. King records work fine. You put in a lot of things that have to do with drama, theater and flash, but may not have much to do with music. As a producer, I can admire people who do that.

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HOW TO

BUILD BACKGROUNDS

PART I

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

Because of its scope, the subject-matter of this article will occupy several successive db issues

* * *

The Importance Of Backgrounds

Background rhythm to invigorate melodic motion, background harmony to heighten melodic tension, background color to illuminate melodic line—all the background materials which through their varied conditions can influence melodic meaning and reinforce melodic intent. One background, for instance, might illustrate the cowpony gait:

(p = 120)

Voice

Guitar (sounds an octave lower)

mf *Prair-ie Stars look down while I'm rid-in' — Far from my bud-dies in the bunk-house.*

(Repeat) (Repeat again)

Another might deepen fraternal devotion:

(p = 90)

New we pledge our hearts to the Be-tas, Hearts full of loyalty and sharing —

New we pledge our hearts to the Be-tas, Be-tas, ah — ah — ah —

New we pledge our hearts to the Be-tas, Be-tas, ah — ah — ah —

Still another might trigger old-fashioned patriotic zeal:

(March tempo)

f we'll de-fend our land and our free-dom — Danger will ne-ver daunt our va-lor

Every background affects in one way or another the melody it accompanies.

Instrumental Limitations

Where arrangers and composers can draw from a wide variety of both instrumental and vocal techniques for background material, individual instrumental accompanists find themselves restricted to whatever musical properties their particular instruments possess. Where an arranger, for example, can call upon the horn section to sustain a chord in suspended animation, an acoustic guitarist, to keep the sound going, must strum again. Where a composer can call upon the full orchestra to fill simultaneously all the pitch registers, a pianist can fill only two at a time. And where either a pianist or a guitarist can chunk out successive block chords, a flutist can only arpeggiate them.

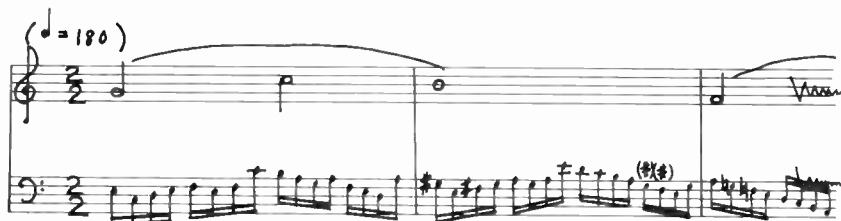
Background Capabilities

Despite discrepancies among the physical resources of instruments, all those who produce backgrounds—writers, readers, and improvisors alike—can utilize the abstract properties of music, properties such as energy, warmth, or intensity. And because music further contains the capability to kindle human emotion, depict human experience, and suggest both human and natural events, background writers and players also can evoke joy or sorrow or fear, express humor or timidity or heroism, conjure up a witch's dance, describe a high-speed chase, impersonate a royal procession, pull their listeners into the past, project them into the future, or transport them to foreign lands.

TYPICAL BACKGROUND EFFECTS UPON MELODY

Background Motion

Fast background motion imposes energy on a lethargic melodic line:



Fast background motion intensifies the energy in an already-active line:



Slow background motion further lulls a slow-moving melody, a format ideal for depicting lazy summer lolling or stately occasions:

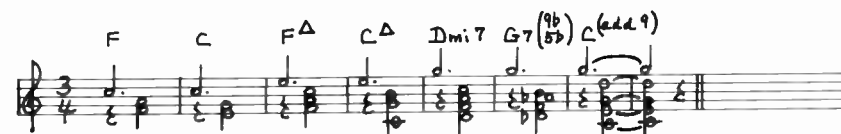


Against fast melodic motion a slower-moving background establishes stability. In the following, for instance, the slow harmonic flow counterbalances the hoe-down flurry in the fiddle-tune:

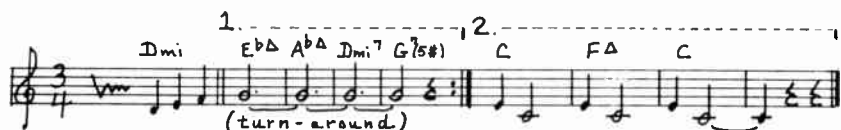


Background Harmony

Chord change refreshes repeated melodic notes:



Such harmonic interest-lending becomes especially valuable during a sustained note at a phrase-ending:



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continued on page 46

Calendar of School Jazz Festivals

Below is a partial, chronological list of School Jazz Festivals as reported to **down beat**.

Each listing includes the following information: date, name, location, and mailing address of the festival; the director and his office phone number; the sponsor(s), and registration fees.

April 14-15: *1st Head of the Lakes Jazz Festival* at University of Minnesota, Duluth 55812. *Director:* George L. Hitt, Director of Jazz Studies (218/726-8217). *Sponsor:* UM-D Dept. of Music. *Registration:* \$50 per ensemble for two days full participation, \$35 for one day; \$30 per ensemble observe for two days, \$20 for one day. *Individual participation:* students and directors, \$3 per day; general admission, \$5 per day. *"For Comment Only":* maximum of 24 ensembles. *Awards:* participation certificates and Outstanding Groups and Individuals. *Clinicians:* Curtis Fuller (trombone), John Worster (bass), Kevin LaBaron (saxes and woodwinds), and others (tba). *Performers:* the clinicians with UM-D Jazz Ensemble on Saturday evening.

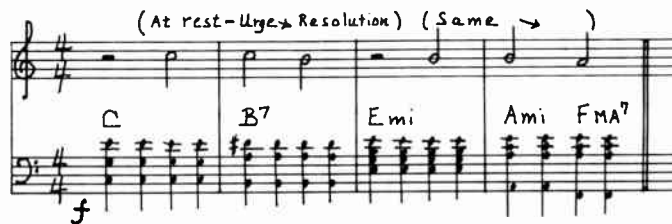
April 22: *6th Easton Area High School Jazz Festival* at the Easton Area High School auditorium, 25th St. and William Penn Highway; Easton, PA 18042. *Director:* Gerald J. Bender (215/258-4321, ext. 64). *Sponsor:* EAHS. *Registration:* none. *Competition:* number of bands—tba. *Awards:* ratings for bands, Outstanding Soloist awards, and participation certificates. *Judges/Clinicians/Performers:* (tba). *Evening Concert:* \$2.50.

April 29: *1st Tri-State Jazz Festival* at Mt. Anthony Union High School, 640 Main St., Bennington, VT 05201. *Director:* F. Peter Billard (802/447-7541). *Sponsor:* MAUHS. *Registration:* none. *"For Comment Only":* approx. 10 h.s. bands. *Awards:* none. *Clinicians:* instrumental and sight readings (tba). *Performers:* Keene State Jazz Ensemble and all participating h.s. bands. *Afternoon clinic session:* 50¢ for non-participants. *Evening Concert:* \$1.

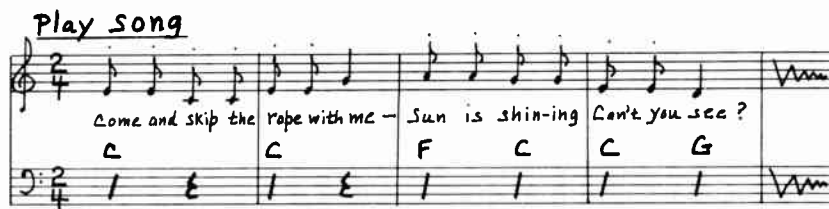
May 2: *first Cloud County Community College Jazz Festival* at Cloud County Community College, Concordia, KS 66901. *Director:* Robert W. Kehrberg (913/243-1435). *Sponsors:* CCCC, Tom's Music House, and Kansas North Central Area Arts Council. *Registration:* \$25 per band. *"For comment only":* 9 h.s. bands. *Awards:* "Outstanding" sections and soloists. *Judge:* Roger Pemberton. *Performers:* All Star Band, Cloud County Jazz 78, K-State Jazz Ensemble. *Evening Concert:* \$2.50 adults, \$1.00 students.

June 2-3: *8th California High School Jazz Band Competition* at Monterey Peninsula College; Monterey, CA 93940. *Director:* Don Schamber, P.O. Box JAZZ (408/649-1150). *Sponsor:* Monterey Jazz Festival. *Registration:* none. *Competition and "By Invitation":* 10 high school bands, 5 high school combos. *Awards:* Best Band, Best Combo, selection of California High School All-Star Band to play at Monterey Jazz Festival in Sept. *Judges:* Eddie Henderson, Larry Sutherland, Gary Foster, Tom Garvin, Ralph Humphrey, Ray Drummond. *Performers:* all judges. *Evening Concert* (June 2): free.

Conversely, by making individual melodic notes sound dissonant, a harmonic background can force upon melody an urgency for resolution:



But diatonic triads behind non-urgent melody foster simplicity, an innocuous musical condition useful, for example, in depicting childhood innocence:



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Studio Rivbea: Don Pullen Quartet (4/21); Muhai Richard Abrams (4/22); George Lewis Ensemble (4/28); Chico Freeman Quartet (4/29); more is happening; call 777-8656 for details.

The Kitchen Center: Satoru Shimazaki (solo & duet dance works) (4/20-22); Phill Niblock (4/25-26); Bird & Fiddle Music of Cape Breton Island (4/28-29).

Studio Tangerine: Mac Goldsbury & Jazz Explosion (Tue.).

Wallace's (Orange, N.J.): Mac Goldsbury (alternate Mondays).

Mickey's Comet Restaurant (Hillside, N.J.): Mac Goldsbury (Thurs.).

WPA: Harold Danko (Tue.-Sat.); Jill McManus w/ Brian Torff (Sun.); Judd Wolfin (Mon.).

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The Night Club (Hicksville, L.I.): Mainspring (Sat., Sun.).

Manny's (Moonachie, N.J.): Morris Nanton Trio (Wed.).

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Village Vanguard: Bill Evans (thru 4/23).

P.S. 77: Bucky Pizzarelli (Mon.).

Three Sisters (West Paterson, N.J.): Dave Tesar Quartet (Mon.); Frank Elmo Quintet (Tue.); Alex Kramer Quintet (Thurs.); weekend stars.

Emerson's Ltd. (Paramus, N.J.): Call (201) 843-8050 for schedule.

Creative Music Studio (Woodstock, N.Y.): Spring session (now thru 5/28).

SUNY (Purchase, N.Y.): Major Holley (4/22).

St. Peter's Church: Jazz vespers (Sun. 5 pm); Duke Ellington Lecture Series, Edmund Anderson, Jazz In The Musical Theatre (4/26); Brooks Kerr, Duke Ellington (5/3).

Gulliver's (West Paterson, N.J.): Jackie Paris & Anne Marie Moss (4/21 & 22); Eric Kloss Quintet (4/28 & 29); Mac Goldsbury & the Jazz Explosion

(4/26); Bob Kindred Quartet (5/3); Pat Metheny (4/24); Gene Bertoncini (5/1); Keith MacDonald (4/20, 25, 27).

Village Corner: Jim Roberts Jazz Septet (Sun. 2-5 pm); Roberts or Lance Haywood (other nights). **Queensboro College:** Brass Proud (5/3 1-3 pm).

Westbury Music Fair (Westbury, L.I.): Tony Orlando (thru 4/23).

Avery Fisher Hall: Rod McKuen (4/28).

The Pled Piper (Greenwich, Conn.): Gary Wolfsey's Trumpet Band (Fri.).

Sweet Basil: Jack Wilkins Quartet (4/18-22); Dewey Redman Quartet (4/25-29).

Motivations: Monty Waters Quartet (4/21); Jimmy Lyons Quartet (4/22); Karen Borca Quintet (4/28); Dane Belany's Motivations (4/29).

Constellation: Irene Reid (4/23); Sun Ra (4/30).

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The West End: Call (212) 666-9160 for complete schedule.

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Cotton Club: Call (212) MO3-7980.

Cafe Pierre: Bucky Pizzarelli.

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Patch's Inn: Gene Bertoncini & Michael Moore (Tue.).

Red Blazer Too: Jazz a Cordes (Wed.); for rest of week call (212) 879-0440.

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Christo's: Pepper Adams (4/19-22); L.A. Four (4/26-29); Willie Bobo (5/3-6); call 982-7321 for info.

Great American Music Hall: Stephane Grappelli (4/22-24); call 885-0750 for info.

Old Waldorf: Esther Phillips (4/19 & 20); Crystal Gayle (4/28 & 29); call 397-3884 for info.

Circle Star Theatre: Frank Sinatra (4/25-30).

Zellerbach Auditorium (UC Berkeley): Dexter Gordon plus Sam Rivers Trio w/Dave Holland and Barry Altschul (5/6); call 642-0212 for info.

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Cafe Society: Ted Greike (Tue.-Sat.).

Dino's Lounge: Arthur Prysock (4/20-23).

Ethical Society: Occasional jazz; call PE5-3456.

Foxhole Cafe: Name jazz; call 222-8556.

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Khyber Pass: Mon., Tue., and occasional weekend jazz; call 627-9331.

Latin Casino: Occasional jazz and blues; call (609) 665-3600 for details.

Long March Coffeehouse: Howard Leachek (4/22); Reverie (5/6); Bill Lewis and Us (5/13); Keno Speller and Sound & Rhythm (5/19 & 20); Reverie (Wed.).

Main Point: Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee (4/18); David Amram (4/28 & 29); John Lee Hooker (5/9 & 10).

The Painted Bride: Clifford Jordan (4/24); John DiMartino (5/1); Heath Allen and the Mikrokosmic Unit (5/5); Al Stauffer Sextet (5/8); Dizzy Reese (5/15); Jimmy Johnson/Lex Humphries (5/22).

Red Carpet Lounge: Jazz (Thurs.-Sat.); call



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Second Office: Danny Harmon Quintet (Mon.).
Spectrum: Andre Crouch and the Disciples, Voices of Supreme, The Imperials (5/15).
Tower Theatre: Smokey Robinson (4/23).

CINCINNATI

Bogart's: Rock scheduled regularly, occasional name jazz acts; call 281-8400 for details.

Emanon: Ed Moss, Dee Felice, Kenny Poole (Wed.-Sat.); jam sessions (Sun. & Mon.).

Gilly's: Yusuf Lateef (4/18-23); Anthony Braxton (4/24); Ahmad Jamal (4/25-30); John Lee Hooker/Townes Van Zandt (5/1); Eddie Harris (5/2-7); Ron Carter (5/16-21); Phil Woods (5/23 & 24); Gary Gitz Trio (Fri. 5-8 pm); call 228-8414 for details.

Maggie's Opera House: Occasional big band jazz; call 242-3700.

WMUB (88.5 FM): Jazz nightly, 8 pm-2 am.

WGUC (90.9 FM): Oscar Treadwell's "Eclectic Stop Sign" (Midnight-2 am, Mon.-Sat.).

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BALTIMORE

Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Name jazz (Sun. 5-9 pm); "Jazz Extravaganza" (WBJC-91.5 FM, Sat. 7-11 pm).

Marble Bar: Live music nightly; occasional name jazz and rock; details (301) 685-0014.

Painters Mill Music Fair: Name jazz and rock in concert; details (301) 363-0800.

The Bird Cage: Mickey Fields Quintet (Mon.); (301) 276-9120.

Sportsman's Lounge: Jazz and rock nightly; sit-in jam session (Sat. 3-7 pm); Sunday jazz workshop (Sun. 9-2 am); details (301) 664-1041.

New York Lounge: Live jazz (Thurs.-Sun.).

No Fish Today: Jazz matinee (Sat. 4-7 pm).

Gatsby's: Rhonda Melton & Company (Thurs.-Sat., 9 pm-2 am); details (301) 752-4602.

Jazzline: (301) 945-2266.

NORTHWEST

Eugene Hotel (Eugene, Ore.): Sunny & Nancy King (4/19-23); Cruise Control (5/2-6); The Cozzetti Gemmill Quartet (5/16-20).

The Place (Eugene, Ore.): Dexter Gordon (5/7-9); Esther Phillips (4/21-23); Oliver Lake (5/18-19).

Jazz Deopus (Portland): Dexter Gordon (5/7).

Engine House No. 9 (Tacoma, Wash.): Mark Horn (4/26); Uptown Lowdown Jazz Band (5/13).

Fast Eddy's (Bellingham, Wash.): Tom Grant (4/21 & 22); Oasis Quartet (5/5 & 6).

Pete's (Bellingham, Wash.): Name jazz coming.

Ceccantis (Tacoma, Wash.): Wayne Simon; Sun. jam.

SEATTLE

Parnell's: Don Mock (4/21-23); Milt Jackson (4/27-30); Kenny Burrell Trio (5/5-7); Dexter Gordon (5/12-14).

The Trojan Horse: Frank Sinatra Jr. (4/19-23); Roy Ayers (4/26-30).

Hibble-N-Hyde: Swingland Express (4/25-30).

Rice Paddy: Sun. jazz; Wed. jam.

Hilton: Jam Sunday.

Bombay Bicycle Shop: Solitaire (4/24 & 25); Memory Lane (4/30); Oasis Quartet (5/1-2); Solitaire (5/8 & 9, 5/16 & 17).

The Other Side Of The Tracks: Barney McClure (4/20); Obrador (4/24); Wayne Simon (4/27); Frog News (5/1); Mark Lewis (5/4); The Cozzetti Gemmill Quartet (5/8); Maria Miller (5/11); Phil Person (5/15); Barney McClure (5/18).

Paramount Northwest: Thad Jones & Mel Lewis

(4/23).

Opera House: Harry Chapin (4/19).

Skippers: Sunday jam; The Great Excelsior Jazz Band.

Larry's Back Door: Sunday jam.

G. Note: Sat. jam.

Last Exit: Jazz Wed.-Sat.

PHOENIX

ASU: John Abercrombie/Jack DeJohnette/Eddie Gomez/Lester Bowie/Art Ensemble of Chicago (4/21); Red Eye Special w/Joe Sharino (4/14); Midnight Blues (4/18); Entropy (4/21); Friday Jazz Jam (MU Lounge, 3:30 pm); John Denver (5/9).

Valley Ho: Keith Greko Duo (Tue.-Sat.).

Dooley's: Muddy Waters (4/30).

Tucson Dooley's: Tom Scott (4/19); Muddy Waters (5/1).

B. B. Singers: Howard Gayle Duo (regs.).

Celebrity Theatre: Al Green (5/17).

Boojum Tree: Monty Alexander (5/15-20); Mickey Linn (regs. to 5/14).

The Pointe: Charles Lewis Quintet (Sun. & Mon.).

KXTC (92.3 FM): All-jazz; Michael Duffy (evenings).

KMCR (91.5 FM): Jazz Night (Fri.).

KXIV (1400 AM): Dwayne Witten's "Music Show" (Sat. 5-9 pm, Sun. 9 pm to 1 am).

Encore Lounge: Sam James Quartet (Wed.).

Golden Dragon: Grant Wolf Big Band (4/17, 5/1, 5/15).

Twolips Cafe: George Carillo (Sun.); Camelback Express (Fri.-Sat.).

Cork Tree (Scottsdale): Francine Reed (5/7).

Musicians Union: Jazz Workshop Band (Tue.).

Hyatt Regency: Che Orlando Trio (to 4/27).

LOS ANGELES

Century City Playhouse (10508 W. Pico): Leo Smith (4/23); Air (4/24); Hamiet Bluiett (4/30); Chico Freeman (5/7); George Lewis and Julius Hemphill being scheduled; call 475-8388.

Stage One (Pico & Redondo): Ernestine Anderson (4/18-23 & 4/25-30); Randy Crawford (5/2-7); Etta Jones & Houston Person (5/10-14 & 5/17-21); call 931-5220.

Concerts By The Sea (Redondo Beach): Cal Tjader (4/18-23); Les McCann (4/25-30); Esther Phillips (5/2-7); Stanley Turrentine (5/9-14); Dexter Gordon (5/16-21); for info call 379-4998.

Pasquale's (Malibu): Local and name jazz regularly; call 456-2007.

Baked Potato: Frank Rosolino Quintet (Sun.); Greg Mathieson & Larry Carlton (Mon.); Bill Mays & Ernie Watts (Tue.); Don Randi (Wed.-Sat.); Plas Johnson, Ray Pizzi, Lee Ritenour being scheduled; call 980-1615 for info.

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Name jazz regularly; call 372-6911.

Montebello Inn (Montebello): Larry Cronin Trio (Tue.); call 722-2927.

Jimmy Smith's Supper Club: Jimmy Smith (Thurs.-Sun.); for further info call 760-1444.

Rudy's Pasta House (East L.A.): Name jazz regularly; for specifics call 721-1234.

Sound Room: Brazilian nite (Mon.); Bill Henderson (4/20-22); Bill Mays & Ernie Watts (4/25-26); Dave Frishberg (4/27); Jack Sheldon (4/28-29); for further info call 761-3555.

Cellar Theater: Les DeMerle Transfusion w/Eddie Harris (Mon.); guest regulars include Dave Liebman & Richie Cole (Sun.); for further info call 487-0419.

Hong Kong Bar (Century City): Regular jazz; call 277-2000.

Cafe Concert (Tarzana): Local & name jazz regularly; Kittyhawk (Mon.); call 996-6620.

Donte's: Name jazz; call 769-1566.

Parisian Room: Earl Hines, Red Holloway, Dizzy Gillespie, Art Blakey, Carmen McRae, Joe Williams being scheduled at press time; for specifics, call 936-0678.

Redondo Lounge (Redondo Beach): Name jazz regularly; call 372-1420.

White House (10303 W. Pico): Jazz; call 553-9625.

White House (Laguna Beach): Name jazz weekly; call (714) 494-8088.

CHICAGO

Jazz Showcase: Dizzy Gillespie (4/26-30); Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra (5/5-7); Harry Edison & Eddie Davis (5/17-21); matinee shows Sun. 3-6 pm—fans of all ages encouraged to attend; call 337-1000 for details.

Rick's Cafe Americain: Helen Humes (4/18-22); Teddy Wilson All Stars (4/25-5/13); Roy Eldridge (5/16-27); call 943-9200.

Wise Fools Pub: Koko Taylor and the Blues Machine (thru 4/22); Mandingo Griot Society (Sundays in April); Judy Roberts Band (5/3-6 & 5/10-13); Mighty Joe Young (5/17-20); Roger Pemberton Big Band (Mondays); call 929-1510.

Colette's: Bennie Wallace (thru 4/22); Fred Anderson (4/28 & 29); Charlotte Marie (5/5 & 6); Memphis Nighthawks (5/19 & 20); jazz regularly, call 477-5022.

WBEZ (91.5 FM): "Jazz Forum" 9 pm-midnight Monday thru Thursday; 9 pm-1 am Fri. & Sat.; 1-4 pm Sun.; "Jazz Alive" 7:30-9 pm Sat. and 7:30 Wed. beginning in May; Kenny Burrell Trio (4/22); Newport Jazz All Stars (4/29); Gato Barbieri Sextet (5/3); Pittsburgh Jazz Seminar (5/10); Creative Music Studio (5/17).

Park West: Stanley Turrentine (4/29); Maria Muldaur (5/5); call 929-5959 for updated info.

Aragon: Elvis Costello, Mink DeVille, Nick Lowe (4/21).

Uptown: Leon Russell (4/22).

Biddy Mulligans: Bob Riedy Blues Band (4/20-22 & 5/3-6); Eddie Shaw and the Wolf Gang (4/26-29); Eddy Clearwater (5/10-13); Big Twist and the Mellow Fellows (5/17-20); blues jam with Bob Riedy's band each Sun.

Just Angels (Harvey): Bob Riedy Blues Band (4/28 & 29).

Kingston Mines: Chicago blues nightly; call 525-6860.

Quiet Knight: John Lee Hooker (4/26 & 27); Townes Van Zandt (4/28 & 29); Loudon Wainwright (4/30 & 5/1); call 348-7100 for further info.

Ivanhoe: Name rock and some jazz; call 348-4060.

Birdhouse: Jazz Fri.-Sun.; call 878-2050.

Amazingrace (Evanston): Eddie Harris (4/21 & 22); Ron Carter (5/5-7); call 328-2489 for updated info.

Elsewhere: Vintage and contemporary Chicago blues every night; call 929-8000.

Redford's: Gloria Morgan Band (4/21 & 22); Orpheus with JoBelle (4/28-30); jazz nightly; call 549-1250.

Orphan's: Music nightly; call 929-2677 for lineup.

Chicago Blues Line: (312) 248-0572.

Jazz Institute Hotline: (312) 421-6394.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Blues Alley: Mongo Santamaria (4/17-22); Big Band Jazz (4/23, 30, & 5/7); Zoot Sims with Jimmy Rowles (4/24-29); Stan Getz (5/1-6); Ahmad Jamal (5/8-13); Billy Eckstine (5/15-20).

Showboat Lounge: Monty Alexander (4/14-23); Arthur Prysock (4/27-30); Larry Coryell (5/4-6); following acts TBA.

Harold's Rogue and Jar: Richie Cole (4/21 & 22); Cecil and Ron Bridgewater (4/28 & 29); Dakota Staton (5/5 & 6); Jon Faddis (5/12 & 13).

district creative space: Jeanne Lee with Gunther Hampel (4/21 & 22); Claudine Amina Meyers (4/28 & 29); Sun Ra and John Gilmore (5/6); Ken McIntyre (5/12 & 13).

Top O'Foolery: Local artists; call 333-7784 for details.

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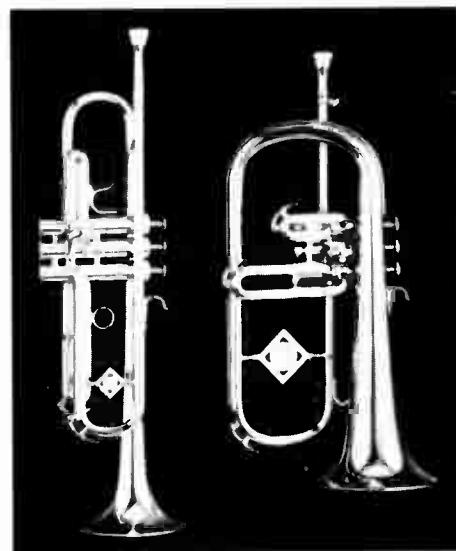
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