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Sly and Robbie

ANDY FREEBERG



Louie Bellson

GIUSEPPE G. PINO



Gatemouth Brown

LAUREN DEUTSCH



Michael Gibbs

JOJI SAWA

down beat

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EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Jack Maher

MANAGING EDITOR
Charles Doherty

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Art Lange

EDUCATION EDITOR
Dr. William L. Fowler

ART DIRECTOR
Christopher Garland

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Gloria Baldwin

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR
Deborah Kelly

CONTROLLER
Gary W. Edwards

PUBLISHER
Maher Publications

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

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

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

EDITORIAL OFFICES:

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

ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES:

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

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ON THE BEAT

BY ART LANGE

Statistics don't lie, they tell us. And while that's true enough, numbers must be *interpreted*—and they often say different things to different people. For example, since we live in a democracy, and believe that the majority of people should decide what's best for our country, we have elections. At times, however, the minority is able to interpret statistics in a way to presume to control the government—which is how a president who received votes from less than one-half of the eligible voters can claim a "landslide" victory and a "mandate" from the people.

But popularity does not necessarily equal rightness or quality—nor does it preclude it. Take the music business for instance. Barry Manilow makes millions of dollars singing at sold-out shows around the country. He is undeniably, overwhelmingly popular to a large percentage of people. And yet few "creative" musicians or listeners take him or his music seriously. Is Barry Manilow's music good? Well, it satisfies his audience—which is appreciable—so it is successful, and his fans will tell you it's better than good—it's wonderful.

In comparison to pop and rock albums—whose multi-million-selling capabilities boosted the record industry profits into the billions of dollars beginning in the 1960s—jazz and classical records have never sold in large numbers. Of course, many have sold more than respectively, making profits for the company and their artists. However they have never built up the sales figures of a Barry Manilow, or a Beatles, or an Elvis Presley—at least not until the advent of K-tel's *Hooked-On Swing* and *Hooked-On Classics*.

Statistics don't lie, remember, and the statistics say that K-tel has sold over two million copies of *Hooked-On Swing*, and between seven and 10 million copies of *Hooked-On Classics*. Naturally, the obvious questions are: How? and To Whom?

The answer to the first question, of course, is by having the right product and marketing it through tried-and-true techniques. What the right product is, in this case, is recognizable Swing Era melodies—not the tunes, mind you, but just the melodies, usually less than a minute or two of music—flowing seamlessly one after the other, without development or soloing, and with a danceable beat. The same formula fits the *Classics*, where melodies by Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, et al. are divorced from their

compositional context and slapped together to a disco beat. And people eat them up. Why? Well, because they're danceable, so they serve a function at parties. And because they're recognizable (even if only subconsciously—anyone, for example, who wouldn't know Tchaikovsky from Chad Everett has probably heard the *1812 Overture's* theme used to sell "the cereal shot from guns"). Since there's no musical development or variation, they're undemanding to the listener. And, they are marketed to the hilt—with a commercial blitz on tv and radio and wide visibility/availability in shopping malls, drugstores, supermarkets, department stores, and discount chains—in other words, places where people who don't normally buy records, buy records.

Make no mistake—the *Hooked-On Swing* popularity is a true phenomenon, but should not be interpreted as nostalgia for Swing Era music or musical values—which does exist, but with a different, equally viable audience. George T. Simon, the noted big band historian, has remarked in a recent letter to *Billboard* that *Reader's Digest's* 10-LP repackaging of *original* Swing hits (also well-marketed) has sold close to two million sets, and similar reissues by Time-Life and Franklin Mint are selling exceedingly well. Nor should it be assumed that the "Hooked-On" records are sold only to the musical illiterate—it's entirely possible that the potential audience for big band jazz has or will be increased by people who've heard *Hooked-On Swing* and now want to sample the originals or newer big band LPs.

However, the "Hooked-On" phenomenon is not a harbinger of the future, it's merely a financially successful sideline to the creative world—which is not to imply that there's not a place for such marketing strategies, or that it's not a worthwhile musical venture; anything that turns people on to any type of music is good. db

Don't forget
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Readers Poll
ballot on page 40

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Fill 'er up

Congratulations on opening up **down beat** to artists such as the Clash, Frank Zappa, and the Lounge Lizards. It is a shame, however, that because of the more diverse talent being featured, you have awakened the sub-human, non-thinking vermin, a.k.a. snobs. When will this group of slugs realize that *all* music and other arts contribute something to the state of the world? And just because they do not understand it, or will not look or listen because of some prejudice, does not make it trash.

The cover story on Brian Eno (**db**, June, '83) should be worth a few canceled subscriptions, but new readers will more than make up for the loss (good ride-dance). Thank you for increasing my enjoyment of your magazine.

P.S. Put Robert Fripp on the cover sometime and watch those "in-baskets" fill up.

Craig Raguse

Tulsa, OK

I'm so sad

I suppose that I should be used to it by now, but the dogmatic exclusiveness of some jazz enthusiasts still gets a weary

sigh from me: Never electronic music! Never Eno! Never Zappa! Never Hendrix! Never the myriad forms of music that do not fit their desires and tastes! The chorus becomes monotonous. The delight of jazz is in the breadth of its influences and developments and not in some narrowed vision of virtuosity. It saddens me to be reminded that intolerance is not only rampant in politics and religion, but also in music. Perhaps you should reappraise your policy of publishing such reminders in your letters column.

John Celenza

Albany, CA

Final reminder

The past few issues of your magazine are the main reason I've chosen not to renew my subscription. I do not wish to waste my money for cover stories on pop, fusion, and rock musicians. I bought the June issue only because of the David Murray "short." I was amazed that one of the foremost jazz instrumentalist/composers today was slighted in column inches while a rock player (Brian Eno) was given a vast amount of coverage.

Is all this an attempt to boost sales? Will

down beat go the way of *Musician*, meaning it will eventually turn its back on jazz to fawn over new wave and punk music? I stopped reading *Musician* long ago. I hope I won't have to drop **down beat** completely. If I want to read about rock (which I don't!), I'll read *Creem*. I'm sure there are plenty of other disgruntled, angry soon-to-be-former **down beat** readers who feel as I do.

Gary Bradford

Philadelphia

Add end "deebees"

I'm sorry I'm getting this note off so late—received word on the "deebee" award (**db**, July, '83) the day before our CSU Fresno Wind Ensemble and Jazz Band "A" left for a tour of Korea and Japan. We've just returned, and I'm thrilled at being co-winner in the Special Judges Category for my piece *Wet On Wet*. [*The Fresno Wind Ensemble was also cited for Outstanding Performance.*—Ed.]

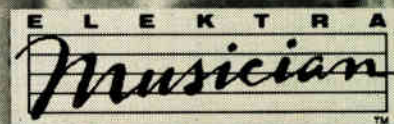
I am a 22-year-old senior at CA St. U.—Fresno and have subscribed to and read **db** since '74. **down beat** has definitely broadened my interest and kept my mind open to approaching music on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

Psst . . . Red Rodney is having an affair . . .

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its own terms, and in this way influenced me to continue in music. A well-written record review in a positive tone on, say, an Anthony Braxton solo album *will* motivate a high schooler to check it out!

Your recent features on such decidedly "non-jazz" figures as Brian Eno (db, June '83) and Karlheinz Stockhausen (db, Apr. '83) can only improve your magazine—keep it up. Your annual Student Recording Awards contest is a great idea and a nice format for recognition—thanks for the honor!

Jay Richardson Fresno, CA

Coming attraction

As a recent subscriber to **down beat**, and a future professional musician, my congratulations for an excellent magazine. I thoroughly enjoy reading about the different lesser known personalities, because the articles often give so much insight into the music world and into the thoughts of the artist. I would really like to see an article on Earl Klugh, whom I consider one of the best guitarists and musicians of our time. Personally, I would like to see also some articles relating to the business side of the music world for those of us who are trying or have plans to try to break in.

Carl Stewart APO, New York City

Look for a feature on Klugh next month.—Ed.

More grace notes

I would like to extend my compliments to **down beat** for your house ad on page 59 of the July '83 issue [Some Things You Just Can't Buy By Mail]. I am originally from Kalamazoo, MI, and although Don [Stevenson, the instrument dealer pictured in the ad] never saved my show [as he did for Laurin Buchanan as detailed in the ad], I know lots of others for whom he has. Not all went on to win state honors [as Laurin did]; some were able to get to the gig, some were able to get to practice. . . .

I guess what appeals to me most is your position of supporting personal service. I used to work at Homespun Music in Kalamazoo, and we used to send people to Don. We could have ordered many of the parts, but it was not our specialty, and there were many areas in which we were incompetent. The important thing was that some customer could talk to Don, and avoid buying the wrong item.

The music industry tends to glorify the big names. We all need heroes, but we sometimes forget that they didn't get there all by themselves. Don is a small-town hero, not just to Laurin Buchanan, but to sixth grade kids with sloppy pads . . . I'm glad you gave him national recognition, and I hope you continue this theme; you will make a lot of friends. David M.J. Bradfield Ann Arbor, MI

Your advertisement in the July '83 **down beat**, *Some Things You Just Can't Buy By Mail*, was most heartening. Undoubtedly, school music dealers everywhere share my frustration at the effects of mail-order discount operations on our business. You articulate our perspective on the situation with clarity and warmth. Furthermore, you correctly address the root of the problem: the educators and school purchasing agents who take our services for granted, who fail to appreciate the considerable expenses which underlie our efforts.

There is no point in attacking the mail-order discounters themselves, because they are acting within their rights in a free enterprise economy, exploiting a

market opportunity. Your advertisement should serve as the opening salvo of an educational campaign aimed at inducing our clientele to consider the value of our services in their purchasing decisions.

One final note: after reading the ad, I perused the rest of the magazine. Having not heretofore been a reader, I discovered a pleasing, informative, and balanced coverage of the contemporary music scene.

Alan Axelrod Axelrod Music
Vice Pres./Controller Providence, RI

Harmolodic huh?

Regarding your July '83 Pro Session written by Ornette Coleman: Say what?!? Gordon Brisker N. Hollywood, CA



WORD OF MOUTH MARKETING

What do Al Jarreau, Earl Klugh, Pat Metheny, Larry Carlton, Yellowjackets, Steps Ahead, Chick Corea, David Grisman, Al Vizzutti, Strunz & Farah, Cliff Sarde, C'est What?, Dee Bell, Eric Tingstad, Ronald Shannon Jackson, Rob Wasserman, David Darling, Ralph Towner, Lester Bowie, Darrell Anger & Mike Marshall, Jack DeJohnette, Everyman Band and David Sanborn have in common?

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Us Festival II—fun in the sun

DEVORE, CA—For four days recently Apple computer philanthropist Steven Wozniak threw an \$18-million party that he called the US Festival. It was his second attempt at a large outdoor rock concert here, about 60 miles west of Los Angeles. This year, as in 1982, he lost a bundle. At last count Wozniak estimated losses to be anywhere from \$2-7 million, with the video rights and concessions possibly defraying costs in the final tally.

Wozniak said that the 1983 US Festival needed an attendance of 800,000 to break even. Instead the three days of rock and one day of country music attracted approximately a half-million paying customers. Officials thought that over 100,000 crashed the gates on heavy metal day, when Van Halen headlined for a fee somewhere over the \$1 million mark.

David Bowie, who performed his first North American concert in five years on the third day of the fest, commanded a similar sum. For approximately \$750,000 Willie Nelson topped the country day, and the Clash, which headlined the new music lineup, received \$500,000.

The Clash's performance ended with an on-stage brawl between the band and festival officials. Earlier the Clash had attacked the US Festival for its entrance fee (\$20 in advance), its concession prices (as high as \$2 for a beer),

and its corporate endorsements (such as Miller Brewery). But, in truth, a relatively small percentage of the crowd was aware of those concerns. Most were preoccupied by the powerful and incredibly clear 400,000-watt sound system, a 425-foot stage that was flanked by two huge projection screens, and two Diamond Vision screens that provided close-ups of the performers throughout the shows.

Only a small portion of the crowd wandered through the electronics/computer exhibits that were physically removed from the stage area by over a quarter-mile. This side area also held the Moscow satellite broadcast and the speakers tent which featured Bianca Jagger speaking on Third World countries, Bob Moog discussing electronic music, and science fiction writer Ray Bradbury talking about himself. But these activities had little impact at US II. Although the concept behind the festival was to bring technology, music, and nature together in peaceful coexistence, it was too hot, too physically demanding, and too many youthful bodies came scantily clothed to ponder such matters.

As a sun-burnt Ray Bradbury responded when asked about the thematic links between science fiction and rock music, "Ah, who cares about that? I'm going to go find some buns and squeeze 'em. I'm here for a good time."

—divina infusino

UNC/Greeley fest an informal affair

GREELEY, CO—Over 150 junior high, high school, and college big bands and vocal jazz ensembles from eight states gathered here for the 13th annual University of Northern Colorado/Greeley Jazz Festival, an educational and entertaining four-day event masterminded by UNC Director of Jazz Studies, Gene Aitken.

The bands performed for audiences and an impressive panel of jazz clinicians, including Jamey Aebersold, Bob Curnow, Don Gunderson, Dave Caffey, and Rand Skelton. As each band played, the clinicians taped the performance, superimposing comments and suggestions over the music. Later, the band directors collected the tapes to take back home to the rehearsal hall.

Sometimes the clinicians would jump right up on-stage to play, or they would lead the group to a backstage room after their set, for

a little sight-reading and more discussion.

Louie Bellson, Clark Terry, Rich Matteson, Mark Murphy, and Steps Ahead were all on hand for the well-attended and enthusiastically received evening concerts, which also featured the excellent UNC Jazz Lab Band I (recipient of a baker's dozen "deebee" awards), and the UNC Vocal Jazz Ensemble I ("deebee" award-winner for four consecutive years) under Aitken's direction.

Also, jam sessions at a nearby Holiday Inn gave students a chance to hear and sit in with Bellson, Matteson, and guitarist Johnny Smith, along with a host of local and not-so-local jazzers, in an informal atmosphere.

Festival father Aitken stressed the non-competitive aspect of the festival, and commented, "If the students can get just one idea, then it's all worth it." —amy duncan



STRIKE UP THE BAND: Willie Stargell (left) trades his bat for the baton with conductor David Effron (right). The Pittsburgh Pirate slugger makes his classical record debut on *New Morning For The World* (Mercury), a symphonic dramatization of Martin Luther King's words, composed in tribute by Pulitzer Prize-winner Joseph Schwanter, and scored for narrator (Stargell) and orchestra (the Eastman Philharmonia, conducted by Effron). Also on the *All-American LP* are Aaron Copland's *Lincoln Portrait* (with narrator William Warfield) and George Walker's *Eastman Overture*.

Village people gear up for fest

NEW YORK—Just when you thought festival time was finished, along comes the Dewar's-sponsored Greenwich Village Jazz Festival, running 8/26-9/5 in the clubs of Manhattan's bohemia. It works like this: for \$10 (available at participating clubs) one buys a festival pass, good for half-price admission to the first two sets each night at any club and free admission to the third sets, as well as half-price admission to the concurrent jazz film festival. The event kicks off with a free extravaganza in Washington Square Park 8/26 featuring Joe Williams, Jabbo Smith, Wynton Marsalis, and others. The rest of the schedule looks like this:

The Blue Note: Dizzy Gillespie 8/26-27; "Satchmo Remembered" feat. Vic Dickenson, Jimmy Maxwell, others 8/28; Stanley Turrentine 8/30-9/5; and daily matinees; (212) 475-8592. **Bradley's:** Hilton Ruiz/Major Holley 8/26-27 & 8/29-9/3; Kirk Lightsey 8/28 & 9/4; Steve Kuhn/Harvie Swartz 9/5; (212) 228-6440. **The Cookery:** Teddy Wilson 8/26-27; (212) 674-4450. **Fat Tuesday's:** Laurindo Almeida, Herb Ellis, Tal Farlow, Barney Kessel 8/26-28; Illinois Jacquet Big Band 8/30-9/5; (212) 533-7902. **Greene Street:** Carmen Lundy 8/26-27; John Hicks 8/28; JoAnne Brackeen/Cecil McBee 8/29-30; Bob Cun-

ningham/Bross Townsend 8/31; Amina Claudine Myers 9/1-3; Hilton Ruiz/Major Holley 9/4-5; (212) 925-2415. **Lush Life:** Hamiet Bluiett 8/26-28; Ricky Ford 8/30-31; Reggie Workman 9/1-4; (212) 228-3788. **The Other End:** Ahmed Abdullah 8/26-27; Jimmy Madison 8/29; Jack Walrath/George Adams 8/31; Harry Shepard 9/1; Leroy Jenkins 9/2-3; John Scofield 9/5; (212) 673-7030. **Seventh Ave. South:** Jimmy Heath, Slide Hampton, Kenny Barron 8/26-28; Ed Palermo 8/29; Doc Powell 9/1-2; Bob Mintzer 9/3-4; (212) 242-4694. **S.O.B.'s:** Lorenil Machado 8/26-27; Jorge Dalto 8/31-9/1; Pe De Boi 9/2-3; Lloyd McNeil 9/4; (212) 243-4940. **Sweet Basil:** Roscoe Mitchell 8/26-27; Thiago De Mello 8/28; Gil Evans 8/29 & 9/5; Abdullah Ibrahim 8/30-9/4; (212) 242-1785. **Swing Plaza:** James Moody/Nat Adderley 9/2-3; (212) 477-3728. **Village Corner:** Lance Hayward 8/26-30 & 9/2-5; Jim Roberts 8/31-9/1; (212) 473-9762. **Village Gate:** Betty Carter 8/26-28; (212) 475-5120. **Village Vanguard:** Elvin Jones 8/26-28; Mel Lewis 8/29 & 9/5; Pharoah Sanders 8/30-9/4; (212) 255-4037.

Plus there will be open jam sessions, seminars, and, at the Bleecker St. Cinema, the aforementioned film festival (212/674-2560 for schedule). —lee jeske

big city beat

ATLANTA

The sixth **Free Jazz Fest** here offers films, lectures, weekday concerts at Central City Park, and a Labor Day Weekend of jazz in Piedmont Park (tentative headliners are Dewey Redman, James Newton, McCoy Tyner, Elvin Jones), more; program director Lamar Renford has the details at (404) 658-6691 . . .

BALTIMORE

Oscar Peterson ends the Aug. portion of the **Harborlights Music Festival** at the Pier Six Concert Pavilion 8/31, with the Labor Day Weekend finale lineup to be announced; (301) 727-5580 . . .

BOSTON

Mark Harvey, the United Methodist minister who co-founded and has led the Jazz Coalition at Emmanuel Church for 12 years, has been appointed by New England Conservatory to teach jazz history; the trumpeter/composer/arranger also lectures at M.I.T. and Tufts U., leads his own bands (New America Music Ensemble and Aardvark), and runs the very popular Jazz Celebrations concert series for the coalition . . . the area's best jazz bands play outdoors all summer long in the **Garden Terrace** of Stouffer's Bedford Glen Hotel;

Herb Pomeroy 8/17, Jimmy Mosher 8/24, Andy McGhee 8/31, 4-7 p.m., no cover; (617) 275-5500 . . . the Sun. concert series at **Jacob's Pillow** in Becket (produced by the Boston-based Water Music Inc.) concludes with Sonny Rollins 8/28; (413) 243-0745 . . .

CHICAGO

The fifth annual Jazz Institute-programmed (and second Kool-sponsored) freebee **Chicago Jazz Festival**, trimmed to five days this year, smokes Grant Park 8/31-9/4 with a lineup including Sonny Rollins, Lee Konitz Nonet, Lester Bowie, Arnett Cobb, James Cotton (with a Muddy Waters alumni band), Ray Charles (with a reunion band), Jack McDuff, Ronald Shannon Jackson, Arturo Sandoval, more; JIC's Hotline has updates at (312) 666-1881 . . . the **Forum for the Evolution of the Progressive Arts** follows their early July UndergroundFest '83 with a modified nightly after-Kool-fest series; (312) 225-1800 for the lineup . . . Cuban trumpet star **Arturo Sandoval** (of Irakere, and recently teamed with Diz on Pablo) brings an all-star band to the Pavilion at the Bismarck Hotel 8/19; Art "Turk" Burton's Latin Combo opens; tix/info (312) 939-2492 . . . **Joe Williams** makes his annual stop at

SUNSHINE SEVERINSEN: The fourth annual Lake-Sumter Community College (Leesberg, FL) Jazz Festival experienced growing pains in '83—a third day had to be added to accommodate the 20 Sunshine State schools in attendance. The Airmen of Note played the kick-off concert, and, because of a minor health problem, Doc Severinsen (pictured) and Xebro closed it a month late to an SRO crowd. This year's fest was sponsored in part by King Musical Instruments, and Yamaha Musical Products.



DOUG AUGSPURG

Rick's Cafe 8/30-9/10; (312) 440-4100 . . .

CINCINNATI

What began as a jazz picnic for musicians and friends of radio WNOP three years ago has now blossomed into a major jazz fest; **WNOP Jazzfest '83**, skedded for 9/10-11 at Stone Valley (a natural, outdoor amphitheater near Harrison, OH) offers Jon Hendricks and Co., Jack Sheldon, Jimmy Witherspoon, Hank Crawford, more, on Sat.; and Stanley Turrentine, Rare Silk, Jimmy Smith, James Moody, the Blue Wisp Big Band, others, on Sun.; fest-goers can bring their own food and drink, overnight camping is permitted, gates open at 11 a.m., music at noon; write WNOP, Box 740, Newport, KY 41072 for tix . . .

HOUSTON

SumArts will once again stage their mammoth outdoor jazz festival in Herman Park; the '83 freebee runs 9/8-10 with a variety of talent ranging from local to international; complete info at (713) 528-6740 . . .

LOS ANGELES

UCLA Center for the Performing Arts features the Harold Land Quintet 8/21; Dick Berk and the Jazz Adoption Agency 8/28 ends its summer series . . . **KLON** (88 FM) will host its fourth annual **Long Beach Blues Festival**; headlining the outdoor event will be Albert King; (213) 597-9441 . . .

MILWAUKEE

An '83 Unlimited Jazz Ltd. jazz boat cruise features **Bill Sargent's Trad-Jazz Rousers** in two shows (7 and 9:30 p.m.) on 8/26; SASE for tix @ \$12 each to Jazz Boats '83, UJL, Box 92012, Milwaukee, WI 53202 . . .

NEW ORLEANS

How hip are the cats at the Au-

dubon Zoo? Impresario Barry Mendelson intends to find out by presenting Manhattan Transfer 8/21 and George Benson 8/31 on the newly built 50-foot covered stage (courtesy of Hibernai National Bank) near the sea-lion pool; fans will sit on the grass; (504) 895-0601 . . .

NEW YORK

The **Apollo Theatre**, the landmark Harlem bastion of black entertainment, has been given a new lease on life—the NY State Urban Development Corp. has agreed to invest \$2.5 million to convert the long-unused theater into a cable television studio and performance center . . . **Hanratty's**, at 1754 Second Ave., brings in ivory ticklers Dick Wellstood 8/16-20 & 23-27, Dill Jones 8/21-22, and Mike Abene 8/28-29; (212) 289-3200 . . . the students of Bedford-Stuyvesant's Satellite Jr. High School honored an ex-Brooklyn neighbor recently when they dedicated the **Eubie Blake Memorial Garden**; it should last 100 years . . . the **Village Gate** has Junior Mance and Marty Rivera swinging at its terrace on Bleecker Street Wed.-Sat.; no cover; (212) 475-5120 . . . it doesn't happen often, but **Gil Evans** has been leading an all-star orchestra every Mon. night at Sweet Basil; David Sanborn, George Adams, Jaco Pastorius, and others play in the band when they can; call (212) 242-1785 for very necessary reservations . . .

SAN FRANCISCO

Palo Alto Records continues to offer its freebee **Concerts in The Square, 1983** (5-7 p.m., Palo Alto Square, Page Mill Pl. and El Camino Real in Palo Alto) with Denny Zeitlin, Charlie Haden, and Peter Donald 8/26; Richie Cole and Alto Madness (with North Area Youth Jazz Ensemble) 9/9; Mary Watkins, the Full Faith & Credit Big Band with Madeline Eastman 9/30; (415) 856-4355 . . .

final bar



RAY FLERLAGE

Joseph Benjamin (J.B.) Hutto, blues musician and master slide guitarist (he also played drums and keyboards) died June 12 in Harvey, IL, a south suburb of Chicago where he made his home. He was 57. The Georgia farmer's son joined the postwar Chicago blues scene and formed his own band,

the Hawks, in the late '40s. He recorded for Chance in the '50s, Vanguard in the '60s, and Delmark in the '70s. His guitar work was influenced by Elmore James, Muddy Waters, and T-Bone Walker, but his almost violently strong style was uniquely his own. J.B. & the Hawks won the '69 db International Critics Poll, Blues/R&B Group, TDWR.

.....
Berton Swartz (Buddy Savitt), saxophonist, who toured at age 16 with Woody Herman and later worked sessions for the Cameo/Parkway label, died Apr. 18 at age 52 in Somers Point, NJ.

.....
Chuck Piscitello, drummer and former owner of Carmelo's, one of Los Angeles' leading jazz clubs, died of a heart attack May 10 at age 43.

.....
Mort Herbert, attorney and former bassist with Louis Armstrong, died in Los Angeles June 5 of a stroke. He was 57.



STEVE GROSS

EAST MEETS WEST was the theme of the recent music fest sponsored by the Ameer Khusra Society of America at the Art Institute of Chicago Auditorium. Alice Coltrane (pictured above with son Oran Coltrane on alto, Reggie Workman on bass, and Ben Riley on drums) made her first Windy City appearance in nearly a decade. Also on the bill was South Indian classical music master Shivkumar Sharma on santoor (accompanied by Zakir Hussain on tabla). The fest included lectures/demonstrations on harp, painting and music, African Mbira music, and more. AKSA offers a number of such programs (generally emphasizing Indian culture) throughout the year, in addition to a unique catalog of records, tapes, and videos; get in touch with AKSA at 6 Dorchester Ct., Bolingbrook, IL 60439.

Women's fest more than music

BLOOMINGTON, IN—“There’s such high energy around the festival that I don’t really know how I’m going to get through all this good time!” said Odetta, the great folk singer, who highlighted the ninth annual National Women’s Festival held here recently for the second straight year. Again this year, several hundred women gathered together from around the country to perform, to listen, and especially to exchange feelings and ideas.

Workshops around the Indiana U. campus considered more than music: self-defense, working with the elderly and the differently-abled, substance abuse applying for grants. There was a trade fair for craftswomen, and art exhibits. One of this year’s special events was a conference involved with all aspects of the music industry, from stage management to recording to booking.

Along with concerts by featured musicians, newcomers were presented in afternoon showcases and after-hours open-mics. Jasmine, a jazz duo from St. Louis (Carol Schmidt, piano and vocals; Michelle Isam, saxophones and vocals) and a sensation at last year’s showcases, returned to this year’s main-stage concerts with original songs, jazz classics (*The Lady Is A Tramp, Come On Home*), and Isam’s histrionics on *Leader Of The Pack*.

Other performers this year included virtuoso guitarist and singer Ann Reed (who sang about

cats and conducted the audience in a meow-along); the Reel World String Band from Kentucky; singers Jane Sapp, Therese Edell, Judy Reagan, Ginni Clemmens, and Linda Tillery; the Canadian songwriter Ferron; feminist theater artist Nancy Brooks; and emcee Maxine Feldman. Holly Near, one of the superstars of women’s music, was especially popular. While she writes music beautiful enough for Top 40 love songs, she often pens lyrics dealing with the concerns of the women’s movement: sexism, racism, and especially peace.

One great advantage for the performers at the fest is the block-booking of gigs around the country. Most of the gigs will be “women’s” gigs, but there’s been more of a concerted effort to break through into the mainstream beyond the movement.

Most of the music featured was in “popular” forms and styles, but another of the special events this year was a gathering of women interested in classical music. “They’ve researched and found 1,500 women composers before 1900,” said Kay Gardner, overseer of the classical showcase, “and now there are 15,000 women writing music, from popular to classical, throughout the country. We’re not given the opportunities or the hearings, so it seems we don’t exist—but we’ve been around forever!”

—michael bourne

Jazz sprouts near Beantown

BOSTON—Grassroots jazz interest took seed on the area’s North Shore, and today a tree grows in Lynn, MA. Phyllis Clark of CB Productions thought it a shame that the 2,072-seat Memorial Auditorium at City Hall usually lay vacant, and found that the Mayor’s Office and the *Lynn Daily Item* agreed with her. So she set out to book top acts on a monthly basis (the inaugural concert was the Count Basie Orchestra and the James Williams/Bill Pierce Quartet in late July) and immediately found help from the congregation of the Bethel A.M.E. Church of Lynn, who supplied seed money for the Basie concert.

The tiny, spunky church of 35 members—firebombed by vandals in 1978—recognized this as a prime opportunity to beef up their reconstruction fund while getting in on a worthwhile community project; it has become charter sponsor for the entire series. When the American Cancer Society (Lynn Chapter) came aboard to help

move the tickets—presto!—a series was born, garnering avowed support from City Hall and plenty of ink from the *Item* and other area press. (Basie was an inspired choice, because he has lifelong friends and a strong profile on the North Shore.)

Future concerts are: Joe Williams and his trio with Lou Silvestri Quartet 8/21; McCoy Tyner Quintet with Teri Lyne Carrington’s Group 9/18; Betty Carter and her trio with the Bill Bierce Group 11/26; the Dizzy Gillespie Quartet with WBZ-TV’s Tanya Hart and her group 12/17; and the New Black Eagle Jazz Band in Jan. ’84.

A wide range of local charities are showing interest in sponsoring the series, such as Lynn Lions and Lynn City Hospital. There is talk of changing the name of the postwar hall to North Shore Center for the Performing Arts, going after serious grant monies, and expanding the program to include dance, comedy, and more music.

—fred bouchard

Series spotlights new jazz

PHILADELPHIA—This month the most consistently interesting and varied jazz series in the area opens its fourth season. Beginning with a concert by Sun Ra and Walt Dickerson in Jan. of ’80, the Alternative Concert Series of Bryn Mawr-Haverford Colleges has presented artists as diverse as the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Johnny Copeland, Jamaaladean Tacuma’s Cosmetic, Bernice Johnson-Reagon, and the Stanley Buckwheat Dural zydeco band on both campuses. The nonprofit series is run by a staff of student volunteers with most of the funding provided by the colleges’ student councils. Additional funds come from Meet the Composer Inc. and the National Endowment for the Arts.

According to chairman Rick Luftglass, the series is “dedicated to presenting new jazz, not as an isolated musical form, but as part of a historical continuum. The philosophy behind the series is that if you present the roots of the new jazz along with related forms of music, then people can see where it fits into the whole music spectrum and can appreciate it on that level, not as a radical departure but as part of the progression of jazz and Afro-American music in general.”

The fourth season reflects this philosophy. It begins 9/5 with Luther “Guitar Jr.” Johnson and continues with the David Murray Quartet (with Ed Blackwell) on 9/23 and the Buddy Tate/Al Grey Quintet on 10/21. Coming up later are James Newton, JoAnne Brackeen, Olu Dara’s Okra Orchestra, the Asian-American Art Ensemble, Odetta, Muhal Richard Abrams, Kalaparush Maurice McIntyre, and others.

Luftglass sees “definite advantages to being at a college. You can present the music not only as entertainment but also as education. When a city like Philadelphia lacks an outlet for this kind of creative music, it should be up to the colleges—which like to talk about how cultural they are—to fill the gap and make things available to the outside community.”

Because the funds come from the colleges, Bryn Mawr, Haverford and, beginning this year, Swarthmore College students are admitted free. The general public is charged a nominal admission. Some of the best attended concerts, such as performances by Ornette Coleman’s Prime Time and Sweet Honey In The Rock, have drawn up to 1,000 people. More details can be had at (215) 896-6606. —russell woessner

potpourri

Hot rock: a dozen years after his death, **db** Hall of Famer **Jimi Hendrix** (arguably the best rock guitarist ever) finally received an offhand memorial of sorts in his hometown of Seattle; the tribute consists of a plaque imbedded in an electrically heated boulder in a park area in the city's zoo . . . meanwhile vocalist **Joe Williams** recently was honored with a "Star" in the Hollywood Walk of Fame, and a Governor's Award by the L.A. chapter of NARAS . . . next time you're in Indianola, MS be sure to stroll down **B.B. King** Rd., newly named after their hometown blues hero . . . and the Show Me State just purchased **Scott Joplin's** St. Louis home with restoration plans to turn it into a museum . . . the **Jazz Hall of Fame** currently resides at the Institute of Jazz Studies in Rutgers (NJ) U. but is seeking a permanent home . . . **Wynton Marsalis** recently copped the Distinguished Artist award at the National Urban Coalition's 16th anniversary Salute To The Cities, in Washington, DC . . . blues guitarist/vocalist **John Lee Hooker** was one of 16 folk artists honored by the National Endowment for the Arts' Folk Arts Program with an '83 National Heritage Fellowship (\$5,000) as a Master Traditional Artist . . . meanwhile the **NEA** announced the appointment of Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson and Leonard Goines as Liaison Consultant and Research Consultant for jazz, respectively . . . there we've said it again dept.: **Richard Pryor** is once again planning to star in *The Charlie Parker Story*, this time for his own Pryor Co.; Red Rodney has hopped aboard as musical director; Joel Oliansky penned the script; and Pryor is currently preparing to gain some weight and learn how to play the sax; we'll keep you posted . . . and yes, that's the **Annie Ross** (of Lambert, Hendricks and . . . fame) appearing as Vera Webster with Pryor in *Superman III* . . . elsewhere in the movie world: Steve Ross and Paul Matthews' ambitious tribute to **Thelonious Monk** recently premiered in L.A. in an unusual film/concert setting (Chick Corea provided the concert); the film is narrated by Jon Hendricks; Charlie Rouse served as musical director; rare concert clips of Monk are included along with musical footage of Carmen McRae, Milt Jackson, Dizzy

Gillespie, and others . . . and **Heartland Reggae**, an intimate and rare insight into the genre directed by Jim Lewis and starring Bob Marley and a host of others, is offered by the Kaamil Group Inc., Box 1181, Champaign, IL 61820 . . . **Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads** is the acclaimed first film feature from **Spike Lee**, whose father, bassist Bill Lee, wrote the score which includes playing from George Coleman, Ted Dunbar, Joe Chambers, Mickey Tucker, and papa Lee; write to First Run Features, 144 Bleecker St., NYC 10012 for rental info . . . audio-visual dept.: the **Video LP** is what Sony calls their newly issued videotapes of jazz performances; each runs about 25 minutes, and first up are *Live Hamp*—the Lionel Hampton orchestra taped at Paul Anka's Jubilation Club in Las Vegas; *The Bill Watrous Refuge Band*; and *Rob McConnell And The Boss Brass*; they're in stereo and retail for \$19.95 (Beta) and \$24.95 (VHS) . . . and **RCA Videodiscs** lists such items as *Jazz In America* featuring Dizzy Gillespie's Dream Band, *Blues Alive* with Albert King, Junior Wells, Buddy Guy, and John Mayall, and the original cast of *Eubie!*, as \$24.98 music videos; at least two tapes culled from the 1982 Playboy Jazz Festival (Weather Report, Grover Washington, Dexter Gordon, etc.) are in the works . . . other coming attractions: Ideas in Motion, the video documentary co., chased the **Rova Saxophone Quartet** on their recent USSR/Romania tour; documentary to come . . . and if you're one of the 9.5 million homes with access to the tv-cable that carries the **Hearst/ABC ARTS** feed, Aug. 20 shapes up as a nice night; *The Sacred Music Of Duke Ellington* is presented from St. Paul's Cathedral in London, followed by *The Making Of A Song*, as *My Funny Valentine* is traced from conception to performance at NYC's Village Vanguard with the Jazz Orchestra, and capped with *Conversations On The Arts And Letters*—Jazz as cohosts Studs Terkel and Calvin Trillin discuss the art form with Max Roach, Cecil Taylor, and Nat Hentoff . . . **George Wein Presents The Young Blood Series** is the handle of the new record label started by the busy impresario; Donald Harrison, Terence Blanchard, Michel



MICHAEL KELLER

PLAYING THE HALF-DOZENS: The West Virginia Jazz Festival turned six with a six-day program featuring 16 Mountain State pro and college groups and six name acts—George Shearing, Tito Puente, Billy Taylor, Peter Dean, Gerry Mulligan, and Spyro Gyra (pictured above, from left, Gerardo Velez, Chet Catallo, Eli Konikoff, Jay Beckenstein, David Wolford, and Tom Schuman). The annual affair, held in the Cultural Center in Charleston, is designed to encourage interchange among WV performers and national stars. The '83 fest was beamed live via the six WV public radio stations to an estimated 200,000 listeners.

Petruciani, and the Dirty Dozen Brass Band of New Orleans are already signed, and the first LPs should be out in the fall . . . old Wein, new bottle: casting name-tags to the wind, Newport, RI will be the home of a **Kool Jazz Festival** 8/20-21 with Dizzy Gillespie, Oscar Peterson, Ella Fitzgerald, Art Blakey, Wynton Marsalis, and others . . . other fests: the **Britt Jazz Festival** (Medford, OR) has Abe Most, Backwoods Jazz, Suptown Jazz 8/25; George Winston, William Ackerman, Chuck Greenberg, Darol Anger 8/26; Dave Brubeck, Ralph Towner/Gary Peacock/Jerry Granelli 8/27; (503) 773-6077 . . . **Friends of KVPR** (Fresno, CA) offer a mini-fest 9/3-4 at the Fresno Fairgrounds; (209) 486-7710 for the lineup . . . the Allegheny Jazz Society (283 Jefferson St., Meadville, PA 16335) presents the 1983 **Conneaut Lake (PA) Jazz Festival** 8/26-27 with the Chicago Footwarmers Hot Dance Orchestra, Maxine Sullivan, and the All-Star Band (Ed Polcer, Bob Havens, Eddie Miller, Bob Reitmeier, Dick Wellstood, Marty Grosz, Milt Hinton, and Nick Fatool) . . . and the sixth annual Delaware Water Gap (PA) **Celebration of the Arts** features the Phil Woods Quartet, Bob Dorough, John Coates Jr., Al Cohn, George Young, Kim Parker, and more, all swinging the Poconos; info at (717) 421-1468 . . . OK jazz: pianist **Stanley Cowell** brings bassist Reggie Workman and drummer Billy Hart to Bartlesville, OK 9/3 in an encore performance for the Stardust Production Co.; (916) 336-7306 . . . for the seaset: the first annual **Jazz Cruise** aboard the S.S. Norway embarks 9/3 from Miami, promising a week of non-stop music booked by John Hammond, including Les Paul, Michael Franks, Astrud Gilberto, Jonah

Jones, Bucky Pizzarelli, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Adam Makowicz, and a host of others (the boat will stop at St. Thomas, Nassau, and an uninhabited out-island); your travel agent has the deal, or contact Norwegian Caribbean Lines . . . composer/theorician **George Russell** takes his 14-piece New York Big Band on his first U.S. tour in Oct.; Outward Visions Inc. has the details at (212) 473-1175 . . . one grand fellowships in the following departments—film and video, music, playwriting, and visual arts—are available to artists interested in appearing at the Contemporary Arts Center's **1984 Festival of New Works** in New Orleans; applications available 9/1; deadline 11/1; info (504) 523-1216 . . . **Remo/Pro-Mark** has new catalogs available that cover their heads, sticks, Pre-Tuned Series percussion, etc., and *Rimshots!*, their newsletter, is also going strong; write 'em at 12804 Raymer St., N. Hollywood, CA 91605 . . . **Ovation Information** is the new thrice-yearly 24-page freebee mag featuring info about products, consumer updates, news, etc.; from **Ovation Instruments Inc.**, Blue Hills Ave. Ext., P.O. Box 4, Bloomfield, CT 06002 . . . and **Shure Brothers Inc.** offers a 16-page freebee *Microphone Techniques For Music*, to assist musicians in developing microphone skills; get yours from Customer Services Dept., 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, IL 60204 . . . oops, that was **Brandy Herbert**, not Emily Remler, strumming the guitar at the Women's Jazz Festival (**db**, News, June '83), and of course fest prez Dianne Gregg spells it thus . . . and the printer inadvertently stripped off **Collis Davis'** photo credit for his stylish shot of Ron Carter on page 22 of the July issue . . .



Al Di Meola

A NEW SCENARIO

By Bill Milkowski

"T here was a time when I wanted to become the fastest guitarist in the world," admits Al Di Meola, "just like the track stars want to become the fastest runners in the world—that was a goal I had. But what's more important to me now is not only how fast you can play but also what you say. For what I wanted to achieve, I had to be fast. But that's already past. That goal is over."

Di Meola has changed his attitude about a good many things since he burst onto the scene as a shy, 19-year-old flash guitarist with Return To Forever back in 1974. Ironically, the group has gotten back together for a series of reunion tours around the world, to be followed by a RTF studio album later this year. But his current involvement with that seminal jazz-fusion power quartet (with keyboardist Chick Corea, bassist Stanley Clarke, and drummer Lenny White) represents only one of the acts that Di Meola is now juggling. This year promises to be the busiest of his career, switching back and forth between tours with RTF and with The Trio (featuring guitarists Paco De Lucia and John McLaughlin in an all-acoustic setting).

And 1983 also marks an important change in Di Meola's solo career. With the release this fall of his seventh solo LP for Columbia, *Scenario*, the one-time flash guitarist enters into the brave new world of technology.

"I have been quoted in the past as saying that I'm not interested in guitar synthesizer or any of that stuff. But I've changed my whole view on it. It was a recent trip to London that really turned my head around," Di Meola explains. "I had gone there to record The Trio album [*Passion, Grace & Fire*, Columbia], and Phil Collins invited me to a show he was playing at the Hammersmith Odeon. And I liked it a lot. I liked what Phil's guitarist Daryl Stuermer was doing, and I just dug the sound as a whole. Then I had seen on tv in London a film clip of Peter Gabriel's *Shock The Monkey*—boy, there were some sounds coming out of there that just knocked me out. Caught my ear. I found out that he was using an instrument that I never heard of before called the Fairlight. So I got hold of one and worked with it a lot on my new album. I'm using a Roland TR-606 Drumatix combined with a Linndrum machine and the Fairlight on every tune.

"So the sound of the album is quite different. I wanted more space in the music and more consistent rhythms throughout by using the drum machines. You can use the word mechanical, but it's really hypnotic. My past albums have sold well, and I was really happy with them, but they were pretty much in the same vein; this is a quantum leap to another level. People will be surprised. It's a whole new me."

Di Meola hopes that this decided departure from his former guitar-laden solo albums will finally put an end to common

GREG CALVIMONTES/CONCERT IMAGES



THE TRIO: (from left) Al Di Meola, John McLaughlin, and Paco De Lucia.

criticisms that he is obsessed with speed and single-note lines. "I just don't like reading any kind of review where a critic might point out only the fact that 'He's a speed demon.' If they can't hear the emotion in the music or the message or the melodic content of the improvisation, it really upsets me. Then I know I'm dealing with someone who doesn't know what they're talking about, or is very envious. A lot of reviewers seem to be frustrated guitar players or musicians, so I have to point out to these critics that the message is just as important, and it's evident. Yet they continue to pick out one element and then harp on it—'He's just trying to impress people with speed.' Absolutely not! If that were the case, I wouldn't have as much composition on my albums. The ingredients are what I concern myself with, and I've mixed some ingredients on this new album that will surprise even those critics."

Di Meola's latest studio project, recorded at Caribou Ranch in Colorado, is a collaborative effort with keyboardist Jan Hammer. (Also playing on a couple of songs are Genesis drummer Phil Collins, and, from King Crimson, drummer Bill Bruford and bassist Tony Levin on the Stick.) Both Di Meola and Hammer contribute tunes and co-composed one together, and they both utilize the fascinating, futuristic device called the Fairlight CMI.

This computer musical instrument enables a musician to play just about any sound imaginable. And if a desired sound is not in the vast software library of sounds that comes with the Fairlight unit, you can create it by actually drawing a sound wave on the Fairlight video screen with a lightpen. According to the Fairlight's manufacturer: "A sound is stored in a frame-by-frame fashion similar to the drawings in an animated flip-book. When you play a note on the keyboard, you flip through each of 128 waveform drawings, stopping only for groups of drawings to be repeated. The pitch of a given sound stored in memory relates to the speed that the memory is flipped through."

This is light years away from the Ventures or any of the '60s rock bands that Di Meola was weaned on. "This is really amazing stuff," he says. "There's an infinite number of sounds you can get with this unit. Will Alexander of Fairlight taught me how to program sounds on floppy discs and store them. Let's say you want to work with cellos—you pop in a cello disc, it comes up on the screen with a number of different cello sounds available. And you can take one of these sounds if you want, and combine it with maybe a harpsichord to form a new sound altogether. You can get different sound effects—animal sounds, machine guns, you can get unlimited sound effects—and it's all digital. Working with this unit has been very exciting for me. I really want to investigate sounds now, to go in a new direction. The fusion thing is really played out. I think I really

ended a cycle on it with my last album [*Electric Rendezvous*].

"Return To Forever is just a total joy to do, so I'm gonna stick with it. But as far as my own albums and my own directions go, I really want to get into the future . . . before the future arrives."

Al Di Meola's solo career was launched quite unexpectedly in 1976 when this version of Return To Forever disbanded after recording three highly successful albums. The 21-year-old guitarist had just released his first solo album on Columbia, *Land Of The Midnight Sun*, but had no idea of the band's imminent breakup.

"At first I was blown away by it. We were still together; we weren't talking about breaking up. I made the *Land Of The Midnight Sun* album—it was released while we were touring on the *Romantic Warrior* album—and it became the biggest selling debut album for Columbia that year. Then came the news that the band was breaking up. I think it came about because Chick wanted to do different kinds of projects and not get stuck into just one thing. Stanley had a desire to play in his own band too, so after a while it became inevitable, I guess.

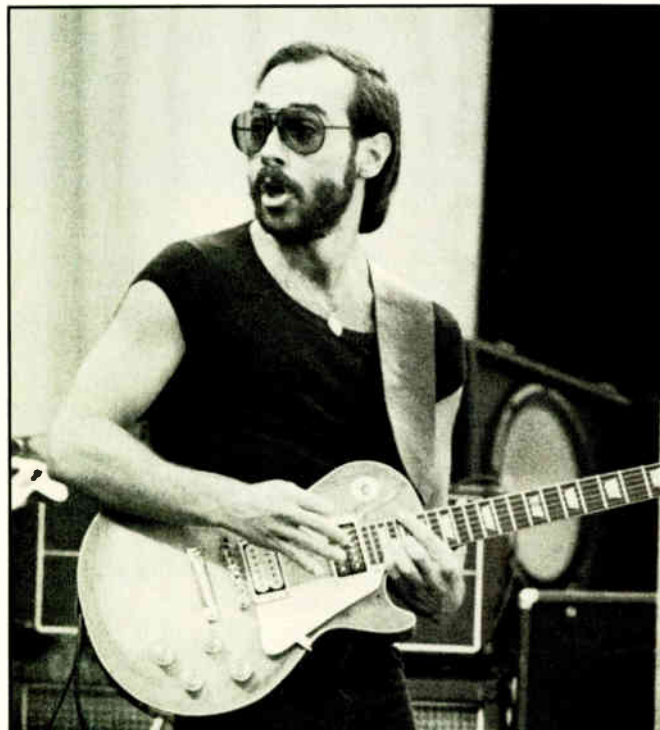
"It was an awkward thing to do at the time," he continues. "I didn't feel, at the time, that it was a good thing to do. But now that I look back on it, it was probably for the best because we each got a chance to develop our own careers and get to know what it was like to be a leader and a producer and just be out on our own. So it was, I think, a blessing in disguise.

"There was definitely a period of being scared just after the band broke up. I thought, 'God, what will I do?' I didn't know what kind of style I had yet. I didn't know if I was originating anything new. But I got a big boost of confidence in putting my first band together after *Elegant Gypsy* and touring with it and getting such an enormous reaction from audiences. That really did the number for me. Then I felt good. I had to prove to myself that I could have my own band, write my own music, do my own albums. I really had no idea right after RTF broke up . . . it was definitely frightening."

Di Meola has gone on to win acclaim for both his electric and acoustic guitar playing. His electric albums have consistently sold 500,000 or more (his biggest seller, *Elegant Gypsy*, sold over 700,000). His first album with The Trio, *Friday Night In San Francisco*, topped 750,000 in sales worldwide and was recently awarded Holland's prestigious Edison Award for Best Live Instrumental Album of 1981. While The Trio is generally well received during its stateside tours, it is an absolute phenomenon in Europe. "Phonogram is releasing the new studio album of The Trio in Europe, and based on the success of the first one, they're planning a huge campaign for it. They're treating it as if Stevie Wonder were releasing a new

album."

Going back and forth from the electric context of RTF to the acoustic setting of The Trio does present its share of problems to Di Meola. "It's a difficult transition each time I do it," he says. "If I had just finished up a tour with The Trio, then had to immediately switch to playing with Return To Forever . . . months go by without ever dealing with the electric guitar or dealing with electric devices—pedals and volume levels and all of that stuff. There's more memory involved with RTF—how the levels were set up the last time to get a certain sound for a particular song, that whole thing. It's hard to adjust to that again. The chops are no problem, going from acoustic to electric, but it's a problem going from electric to acoustic. There's



AL DI MEOLA'S EQUIPMENT

Al Di Meola has added to his ubiquitous Les Paul a lighter, custom-made axe created by Paul Reed Smith. This new guitar, which resembles a Washburn in its shape, features a new signature Al Di Meola pickup that DiMarzio recently put out on the market. Di Meola uses this guitar for solo and melody playing with Return To Forever and on his own tours. For his new album, *Scenario*, he uses the Fairlight CMI unit to create orchestral effects and countless other environmental sounds. He also uses a Roland GR-500 guitar synthesizer in combination with Roland Jazz Chorus amps to create a particular sound. Also in combination with this setup, he uses an ADA chorus unit, which has flanging, chorus, doubling, and echo-repeat built into it. Another variation is using the ADA with an Ibanez Stereo Chorus unit. He also uses, for certain tunes, an Ibanez digital delay and a new Ibanez digital harmonizer. Rhythmically, the Roland TR-606 Drumatix and the Linndrum machine help out. For his melody and solo playing on the Paul Reed Smith guitar, he goes directly into a 50-watt Marshall amp ("There's nothing like it!"). For live concerts he uses the Marshall in combination with a Mesa Boogie amp for extra power. His acoustic guitar is a steel-stringed Ovation cutaway with a shallow body. He uses Guild phosphor-bronze light gauge strings on his acoustic guitars and Ernie Ball Super Slinkys on his electrics.

AL DI MEOLA SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader	with Return To Forever
TOUR DE FORCE "LIVE"—Columbia FC 38373	WHERE HAVE I KNOWN YOU BEFORE—Polydor PD 6509
ELECTRIC RENDEZVOUS—Columbia FC 37654	NO MYSTERY—Polydor PD 6512
SPLENDIDO HOTEL—Columbia C2X 36270	ROMANTIC WARRIOR—Columbia PC 34076
CASINO—Columbia PC 35277	
ELEGANT GYPSY—Columbia PC 34461	with John McLaughlin/Paco De Lucia
LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN—Columbia PC 34074	FRIDAY NIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO—Columbia FC 37152
	PASSION, GRACE, & FIRE—Columbia FC 38645
with Stomu Yamashta's Go	
GO—Island ILPS 9387	with Chick Corea
GO LIVE FROM PARIS—Island ISLD 10	TOUCHSTONE—Warner Bros. 23699
GO TOO—Arista AB 4138	

never enough time to rehearse properly between tours, and we have to relearn all the new material we recorded for The Trio studio album. After you record it and go away from it for a while—in my case I went out with RTF—you forget the material. So we have to relearn it, and it's not easy, because this is some of the most difficult guitar music ever recorded—chord changes galore, intricate harmony lines. This new album features the best guitar playing I think I've ever done, and that's definitely true of John McLaughlin's playing. It's a hot album. It reaches a new plateau for The Trio."

* * * * *

In the suburban solitude of a small town in Bergen County, New Jersey, Al Di Meola's massive Mediterranean-style home stands apart from all the other faceless structures in the neighborhood. It has a certain flair about it, in all its stucco splendor, looking like a countryside villa in Puerto Vallarta. In a word, it's unique, aptly reflecting his fondness for Mediterranean music.

While waiting for his arrival this afternoon, I survey the 40 or so acres of wooded land behind his home and check out the basketball court near his garage when suddenly a rather slick-looking, dark blue sports car comes zooming up the street, its driver decked out in a black leather jacket with the letters F-E-R-R-A-R-I emblazoned in gold on one sleeve. With the flick of a switch, a garage door opens and the cat-like car creeps in. A smiling Di Meola beams behind sunglasses. He greets me and leads us into his spacious home, replete with Mediterranean arches and lots of rattan furnishings. Rows of video cassettes are stacked neatly next to an imposing brick fireplace in his living room—titles like *RTF At Evergreen College—Circa 1974*, *West Side Story*, and *Clockwork Orange*. An array of plaques and other awards line his bar in another portion of the room. This is Di Meola's fortress of solitude, not far from the suburban town of Bergenfield where he grew up, some 20 minutes away from New York City. He is indeed the local boy who made it big.

Drums were his first love, but by the age of eight, he began taking guitar lessons from a jazz master in Bergenfield named Robert Aslanian, who emphasized reading, picking techniques, and technical proficiency rather than riffing. "He made me learn different styles of music rather than concentrating on just one. The Ventures and Elvis were big at the time, and the Beatles were just coming in, so naturally I wanted to be a rock & roll guitar player. And Bob would teach me that stuff, but he also made sure that I learned jazz and bossa nova and even a little classical as well. So what that did was set me apart from my other friends in high school who were struggling to be rock guitar players.

"In the '60s," he explains, "if you didn't play like Eric Clapton or Jimi Hendrix or Jimmy Page and so on, you weren't accepted. So I was never really accepted by that group of so-called friends in Bergenfield because they didn't know what to make of my style. I had all this technique that they could never get, and it never fit the kind of music that they were playing. This was the group that I wanted to become a part of, but never really got accepted by. They were interested in my technique, but at the same time they were jealous of it."

Being ostracized from his high school in-crowd only gave Di Meola the motivation to become a better guitarist. "It might sound funny, but that whole feeling of rejection made me mad! There was this one group that we had that I was kind of happy with and proud to be with, but it broke up and reformed a week later—without me in it. It was just a ploy to get me out of the band. I was very upset and very mad by that, so I vowed: 'I will show these guys!' I locked myself in my bedroom and practiced like a madman, out of inner rage. And that summer, in the space of a few months, I learned more than anyone can learn in two or three years. I mean, I got down and practiced 10 to 12 hours a day, nonstop."

That period of intense woodshedding, between his junior and senior years in high school, was a transforming period for

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Sly & Robbie:



ANDY FREEBERG



JONATHAN POSTAL

by Don Palmer

Every generation, and every genre, of music fosters those who embody the spirit of the times and the rhythm of the music. They usually come in pairs, with names like Jo Jones/Walter Page, Philly Joe Jones/Paul Chambers, Elvin Jones/Jimmy Garrison, Earl Palmer/Frank Fields, Benny Benjamin/Jamie Jamerson, Zigaboo Modeliste/George Porter, Al Jackson/Duck Dunn. Some become legendary figures and leaders in their own right, and others footnotes of music history, semi-anonymous studio aces who made good soloists and singers great, and great ones stars. Nevertheless, all left indelible marks on jazz, r&b, rock & roll, and plain ol' pop music.

Add to the list drummer Sly Dunbar and bassist Robbie Shakespeare, the Jamaican rhythm section whose rise to the brink of international stardom has been just the mortal side of meteoric. Only 10 years ago they were living and working in relative obscurity in the ghettos and studios of Kingston. But, since their first tour with Peter Tosh's Word, Sound, and Power in 1978, Sly and Robbie have been in constant demand. Though already the dominant force on the reggae studio scene, the extra exposure garnered the duo studio work with non-reggae acts like Grace Jones, Joan Armatrading, Joe Cocker, Gwen Guthrie, and Bob Dylan. They've produced and accompanied the current reggae sensation Black Uhuru, and become the house rhythm section for Island Records. Not bad credits for two cats who don't read or write music.

Though hardly challenging the late Bob Marley in the pantheon of mass counter-cultural heroes, Sly and Robbie are making complementary contributions. Whereas Marley was the firebrand who provided reggae with validity as a

political and spiritual force, a catharsis for the alienation, inhumanity, and oppression of 20th century materialism, Sly and Robbie are insidiously grooming the reggae rhythm, or to be more accurate, riddim, to infiltrate and revitalize the tired dance beats of the world. Like their predecessors, who formed rhythm sections in bands playing African/American music, Sly and Robbie are innovators and codifiers of rhythmic traditions. Using subtle alterations of tempo, tonal emphasis, and rhythmic accents; incorporating hi-tech gadgetry and techniques from black American music; and drawing on pre-reggae Jamaican culture like ska, African percussion, and sanctified call-and-response chants, Sly and Robbie have enriched the textures and colors of the reggae ensemble without abandoning the crucial rump-toasting, chest-thumping, dance-yard beat.

As Sly and Robbie recollect, they knew when they first met in 1974 that they were destined to be a great team, although they didn't become inseparable until the late '70s. To emphasize the point, Robbie, a half-smile on his large cherubic face, soberly stated, "It was ordained to be." Smiling again he continued, "Sly was playing at the Tit For Tat, and I was playing next door at Evil People's with the Hippy Boys. At break we'd always check each other out. When I saw Sly, I said, 'Yes, whenever this drummer touch the recording scene, every drummer have to pack up.'" At the time, Robbie didn't know that Sly, who was 22, had already recorded *Double Barrel* with Dave and Ansel Collins in 1969 and had worked sessions with the Mighty Diamonds and I-Roy.

Dunbar, sleepy-eyed, seemingly disinterested, and fidgeting with an electronic

Reignin' Reggae Riddim



ANDY FREEBERG

TAG TEAM REGGAE: Sly Dunbar (left) and Robbie Shakespeare, world class rhythm section.

plug, nodded and muttered in agreement. The softspoken Sly, whose voice is a combination of Jamaican patois, black Virginian twang, and a rapid mumble, explained his attraction to Robbie's playing. "It was the whole body of the bass, the sound and the way it flowed against the drummer. At a certain part of a tune he'd play like three different lines, change the line on the bridge and the verses after that, and get four different lines. It all depends on what the singer is singing as to the way it sounds, but it has a good feel."

In what was beginning to sound like an Alphonse and Gaston routine, Robbie echoed the praise. "I used to like drummers I used to play with all the time. I'd tell them 'You can play the tune different when you reach a certain part of the song. You can't play the same way straight through. Move the sound and make one part sound like more than one.' But with Sly, without saying a word, it just come naturally."

Prior to their meeting and the formation of their partnership, they were working to make names for themselves in the chaotic and sometimes cut-throat Jamaican music industry. Robbie recalls those early days, "I heard Family Man Barrett playing with the Hippy Boys one night. I liked the way he played bass—strong, simple, melodic lines with feeling—so I asked him to give me lessons. I also liked Jackie Jackson and Val Douglas, but the only one to make an effort was Barrett. In Jamaica the experienced guys don't help the young ones. It's probably some selfishness, and they don't want to lose any work. But, it was okay because Family Man is the best bass player in Jamaica. No one will take his place."

"When I practiced, I'd cry and play. I

had a six-string guitar, and I played it with my big finger till blood come from my finger. If I was looking for a note and my ears weren't at a peak to find the note, I'd cry till I found it. It took me less than a year to learn." Barrett was so impressed with his pupil's progress that he gave

Robbie his first bass, a Hofner, and eventually passed on jobs in the Hippy Boys and the Aggravators.

"I sounded so much like Family Man that I started to fill in for him in the clubs and studio when he was on the road. Like *Concrete Jungle* and *Stir It Up* on Bob Marley and the Wailers' *Catch A Fire* LP, it sounds like Family Man but 'twasn't him. At the time the album came out, we were together, and I asked him, 'Who played this song, me or you?' It took us a half-hour to figure it out, and there was a slight thing in the solo, and I said, 'Oh yeah, 'twas me.' He said, 'It must be, 'cuz I don't know nothin' about this song.'"

Sly related much the same story of a star-struck youth. His idol was the legendary Lloyd Nibbs of the Skatalites, the premier proponents of the shuffling, raucous mento/r&b/jazz fusion called ska until their dissolution in 1965. "I used to watch Lloyd Nibbs. To me he's still the best drummer to come out of Jamaica. I said, 'Boy, I have to play like him.' Whenever there was a concert or anything musical, I'd go there. I was all the time practicing when I was in school and playing on the desk. The first time I had a drum I was playing this beat." Sly taps the table and sings, "I can't get no satisfaction." I had to play that thing and started rehearsing at home along with Lloyd Parks, Ansell, and Ranchie McLean. See, I used to listen to a lot of records."

SLY & ROBBIE'S EQUIPMENT

Since Family Man Barrett gave him a Hofner bass, **Robbie Shakespeare** has added a few more to his arsenal, including: the Steinberger Bass outfitted with the standard La Bella double ball-end medium gauge strings, which he uses for "modeling and stage"; a vintage Fender Jazz Bass with medium gauge, flat-wound Fender strings, "for modeling, studio reggae, r&b, and stage"; an Alembic Bass with Dean Markley half-wound strings; and Music Man, Guild, and Kramer basses with medium or light gauge, round-wound strings. Shakespeare on strings: "La Bella when I used to play a Hofner; D'Addario medium gauge, or Dean Markley, depending on the session." On pickups: "I prefer the standard pickup on bass. I set the amplifier flat and make my little adjustments. That means flat, the bass must sound good." The amp he sets is an Ampeg SVT.

Sly Dunbar's basic kit is a Ludwig acrylic setup with a 24-inch kick drum and an array of Ludwig Melodic Tom Toms (single-head, concert toms) ranging in size from six to 16 inches. He uses 16- and 18-inch Paiste cymbals, 12 Syndrums (alone or in combination with an MXR equalizer, flanger, and/or Mutron phaser), bongos, timbales, and more. Headwise, Remo Weather King Pinstripes grace the toms; a Remo Weather King Black Dot (CS) resides on the bass; depending on the situation, either a Duraline Studio or one of the various Remo models is his snare batter. Sly on sticks: Duraline in left hand, "I use big [butt] end of stick," and Regal Tip Combo model in the right. "I tape my sticks to balance them. It gives me more control 'cuz reggae is not that fast. You gotta slide all the time, and I find I don't hear all the notes. They cut out on you." On electronic drums: "I also use a Roland TR 808 or [an Oberheim] DMX drum machine to write in the studio, and plan to get a set of Simmons [electronic] drums for the studio."

Sly and Robbie's exposure to "reggae fusion" and "a lot of American music at parties" wasn't unique or necessarily bad. Like Nigerians or black South Africans, Jamaicans have looked to black Americans for inspiration during the process of urbanization. After all, Americans do symbolize a "free and pros-

perous" people in an unfree and impoverished world. As far back as the '40s, Jamaicans practiced a nascent, albeit upscale, cultural pan-Africanism listening to radio broadcasts of r&b artists like Fats Domino and Louis Jordan. This influence was evident in the hot call-and-response instrumental choruses of ska. Its successor, rock steady, grafted the '60s soul vocal style onto more relaxed, streamlined rhythms. Reggae further distilled these influences to create stripped-down, percussive call-and-response patterns and an ethereal sound that simultaneously showed increasing technical sophistication and accentuation of the African aesthetic in Jamaican culture.

For Sly and Robbie, American influences were a natural occurrence in the confluence of old and new, rural and urban cultures that have shaped Jamaican music. As influences, Sly cites, "Al Jackson from Booker T and the MG's, Earl Young for Gamble & Huff/Philly International, Motown drummers, Billy Cobham, Steve Gadd, and Jack DeJohnette. But, I listen to every drummer even if a baby's on a drum set. Ask Robbie?"

About the reggae fusion? "Yeah, mon. We loved it. We love everything. If we didn't love all kinds of music, we wouldn't be playing everything now." Nonetheless, Robbie admits to some favorite bassists including Jaco Pastorius, Duck Dunn, and Louis Johnson, and I'd hazard to guess Larry Graham. From Robbie's sound, bouncy and more well-defined than the flabby, rumbling, sometimes shapeless notes of many reggae bassists, it is obvious that he has learned more than a little from his stateside counterparts.

Despite being acclaimed as the hardest riddim in reggae, if not the world—credited with popularizing a fleet, insistent cymbal style (*flyers*), founding the stepping, martial drum patterns of *rockers* (a deceptive rhythmic variation marked by an eight-to-the-bar bass drum that, coupled with Sly's cymbals, give the impression of acceleration while the tempo is actually slowed), and creating a languid, fluent bass style that is percussive and melodic—Sly and Robbie don't dwell on technical matters. They talk more of the groove and mood of music no matter what its source.

"Like me," says Robbie, with a curious grin, "One of my favorite musics was country & western and rock & roll. Marty Robbins and Frankie Laine. You know, '... fired our guns and the British kept a runnin','"—which he sang with inflections similar to those used by ska and neo-ska bands when performing instrumental versions of spaghetti western and James Bond themes. "Marty Robbins' songs were always like a story. Even Frankie Laine with songs like *High Noon*, the song is a story itself. It touch your heart

when you hear it. Some sing fast, some sing slow, but whenever they sing a slow song, it touch you. It is a song to make you happy, it make you happy. That's the same way me and Sly like to play music."

Is Robbie aware that he's describing a blues sensibility? "Yeah. Blues is one of my favorite musics. Your mood and feel has to be inner born, so you can get it out."

Sly approvingly adds, "Every song has a different mood, right? The problem with some musicians is they never find the mood to the song 'cuz every melody is a different mood. They tend to approach every melody the same way, and that can show in the recording. They have to open themselves up more. Like the other day I was taking a cab, and this guy was playing some classical music. At first I didn't want to listen, but it started to sound good. I thought I should buy some of those classical records and really listen because to me it is far out."

Though it may not mean that Sly and Robbie will soon be found accompanying a symphony orchestra or Johnny Cash, their openness offers a

clue as to why and how they're successful in the studio. They remember days with some 20 sessions scheduled, but they always gave their best performance.

"When me and Robbie go into a studio, we can't know if a tune is finished or what this tune needs to get a good sound." Expanding, Robbie observes, "Some musicians may know something and don't say it or don't do it because they are not the producer. They have that attitude that 'I'm not getting paid to be the producer.' You can't take that attitude in music. You're not enjoying it then. You're just doing it because you can collect. You have to open up to suggestions and give suggestions. The producers that don't listen when you're working for them, keep it to yourself."

"For example," Sly says, "the other day we told the producer the song was too fast. We could feel it. He said he wanted it that way. The next day he called up and said, 'That song was too fast.'"

These subjective decisions "come naturally" to Sly and Robbie and are commonplace in reggae productions. Usually the session musicians listen to the singer first and ascertain the song's proper speed and key. With no rehearsal planned, the pianist may work up some chords while Sly and Robbie devise a drum and bass part with an appropriate danceable groove. Robbie calls his method of creating a bass line, "backways."

"An ordinary bass player will play any line to fit the song. Most of the time if he play a line, if you listen to it without the singing, you'll say, 'This bass line is not nice.' When you hear it with the singing, you say, 'Yeah, he got lucky.' I just think the opposite. Like the first line that come to my head in a session, I don't play that way. I play it the opposite way. I play like a dark melody. I mean if you put the bass alone, you enjoy the bass alone. Same way with Sly drumming alone. I started saying 'backways' because Bunny Wailer, after *Concrete Jungle*, said, 'Robbie Shakespeare play bass f*ck#-up.' On *Concrete Jungle* I play like four different bass lines in the same pattern. Instead of using the word f*ck#-up, I called it backways."

Most of the time they try to get their bass and drum sound at flat response. When working with an engineer who doesn't know the Sly/Robbie sound, they go into the control room and listen to each other before deciding if any equalization is needed. That's how they get the basic Sly/Robbie sound and not the engineer's. On their own productions for the Taxi and Island labels, they listen to the rhythm track before adding other instruments and an array of special effects one at a time.

Sly complains, "A lot of musicians them say to themself, 'I'm just a keyboard player, and I'm just gonna think of keyboards.' You have to keep yourself open.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

SLY & ROBBIE SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as leaders

SLY-GO-VILLE—Mango 9673
PRESENT TAXI—Mango 9662
THE SIXTIES, SEVENTIES & EIGHTIES—Taxi/Mango 9668
CRUCIAL REGGAE—Mango 9730
RAIDERS OF THE LOST DUB—Mango 9705
SLY, WICKED, AND SLICK—Virgin FL 1042
SYNCOPIATION—Joe Gibbs 6060

with Joe Cocker

SHEFFIELD STEEL—Island 9750

with the Mighty Diamonds

REGGAE STREET—Shanachie 43004
INDESTRUCTIBLE—Alligator 8303
THE ROOTS IS THERE—Shanachie 43009

with Gwen Guthrie

PORTRAIT—Island 90082-1

with Grace Jones

LIVING MY LIFE—Island 90018-1
NIGHTCLUBBING—Island 90093-1
WARM LEATHERETTE—Island 90064-1

with Bob Dylan

UNTITLED—QC-38837

with the Paragons

THE PARAGONS—Mango 9631

with the Revolutionaries

JANKANOO DUB—Cha Cha 005
REACTION IN DUB—Cha Cha 002
GOLD MINE DUB—Greensleeves 4
BLACK ASH DUB—Trojan 186
OUTLAW DUB—Trojan 169

with Barry Reynolds

I SCARE MYSELF—Island 90011-1

with Jimmy Riley

RYDIM DRIVEN—Mango 9671

with Max Romeo

HOLDING OUT MY LOVE TO YOU—Shanachie 43002

with Peter Tosh

EQUAL RIGHTS—Columbia PC-34670
LEGALIZE IT—Columbia PC-34253
BUSH DOCTOR—Rolling Stones 39109
MYSTIC MAN—Rolling Stones 39222

with Black Uhuru

RED—Mango 9625
TEAR IT UP—Mango 9696
THE DUB FACTOR—Mango 9756
CHILL OUT—Mango 9708
SENSIMILLIA—Mango 9593
BLACK SOUNDS OF FREEDOM—Greensleeves 23

with Bunny Wailer

SINGS THE WAILERS—Mango 9629

The Perpetual Motion Of Louie Bellson



PAUL NAKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

By Larry Birnbaum

In 1683 the armies of the Ottoman Empire attacked the city of Vienna, Austria. The Sultan's Janizaries were turned back, but the heavily percussive sounds of the Turkish *mehtherhane*, or military band, had made a profound impact on Viennese ears. A century later Mozart incorporated Anatolian motifs in his A-Major piano sonata's *Rondo Alla Turca*, and introduced the Turkish bass drum, triangle, and cymbals into the score of his opera, *The Abduction From The Seraglio*. Napoleon's marching bands spread the clangor of Turkish percussion throughout Europe, inspiring the transatlantic concert band craze of the late 19th century. The French regimental style was especially popular in old New Orleans, and when the syncopated rhythms of ragtime were orchestrated for brass and woodwinds, the stage was set for the dawning of the jazz era.

Exactly 300 years after the siege of Vienna, members of the Zildjian family—whose ancestors had obtained the closely guarded secret formula for the casting of bronze cymbals a half-century before that battle—were gathered at Rick's Cafe Americain in Chicago to hear master drummer Louie Bellson demonstrate the current state of the percussive art. The audience (which included fellow tub-thumpers Billy Cobham, Bernard Purdie, and Barrett Deems) listened raptly as Bellson's fine quintet—young Ted Nash on saxophones, Chicago veterans Art Hoyle and Larry Novak on trumpet and piano, and the great George Duvivier on bass—wound its way

through a spellbinding set of swing and bebop standards.

At the Zildjians' table ears really perked up on the very last tune, when Louie, coming off a break-neck bop chorus at full tilt, commenced his thunderous solo finale. Rising from peak to ever higher pinnacle, Bellson created a miniature symphony of structured rhythms in which every motif was thoroughly developed and logically linked to its successor within an ordered whole. He beat out a well-tuned tattoo on Roto-Toms, then jumped into a Jo Jones tribute with brushes on tom-toms and snare. Copping Gary Burton's mallet technique, he picked up a pair of sticks in each hand, adding his patented double-bass rolls to perform a speed-of-light version of *Wipe-out*. Drawing still greater strength from his own exertions, or so it seemed, he climaxed at last with a blaze of cymbal colors that had even the Zildjians gaping in awe. When it was all over, the entire house rose in a standing ovation—not a common sight at Rick's. One silver-haired cymbal-maker proclaimed, "Man, Louie really had it tonight!" Cracked Bellson, "The only thing I can do for you now is play the same thing with no clothes on."

Off-stage as well as on, the 59-year-old Bellson is a whirling dynamo who maintains a perpetual-motion schedule of concerts, club dates, college clinics, recording sessions, overseas tours, and televised appearances with Doc Severinsen's *Tonight Show* band. He also finds time to compose and to tour—as he has for over 20 years—with his wife, singer Pearl Bailey. He keeps in shape with a daily regimen of calisthenics, drum exercises, and the practice of Aikido, which he discovered in Japan in 1965. "I never dug that lethal weapon stuff," he says, "but I still do the mental Aikido, because that's what keeps me going—the positive thinking and the *ki*, which is the energy that flows from the body out to the arms and legs."

Bellson makes frequent promotional appearances for Zildjian, Remo/Pro-Mark (drums/heads/sticks), and Pearl drums, often in conjunction with Gibson guitars. "My father and my two uncles, Albert and Julius, were instrumental in building the Gibson company, right from the beginning," says Louie. "They were all tremendous string players. When I was seven or eight years old, they would all get together—if you can imagine 20 guitar players and about five or six mandolins and those pot-bellied guitaroons—and they would play all of Bach and Beethoven, like a symphony. Oh man, you talk about lovely music—I can still see them in my mind and hear those beautiful sounds. People associate me with drums, but on the other side of the family, they were all great string players."

Born on July 6, 1924 (contrary to previously published reports, this is the correct date) in Rock Falls, Illinois, the site of a large Italian settlement, Louie was raised some 50 miles down the Rock River in Moline, where his father changed the family name from Balassoni to Bellson and opened up a music store. Papa Bellson, who was born in Naples but spoke the Tuscan dialect of his adopted Florence, was a thoroughly trained musician who schooled his eight children with a firm but loving hand. "He made us aware of everything," Louie fondly recalls. "He said, 'Music is a big thing. Don't just listen to one style. If you want to be a musician, you've got to know what music is all about. You must listen to a symphony orchestra, and you should know about the opera, because the opera is great music, but you can go to listen to contemporary music—jazz, country & western—whatever is popular.'"

"I started playing drums when I was three-and-a-half," he continues, "and a few years later my dad said, 'Look, I want you to study a little bit of the keyboards, because I have an idea that you're gonna want to get into composing after a while.' I rebelled at it—I said, 'I don't want to play piano, I want to play drums'—but then after I got into it, I couldn't get enough of it. And he made me practice a little bit on the brass and string instruments, and then we all gave lessons at the music store, all the four boys and four girls."

Tap dancing was another of his precociously acquired aptitudes. "My sister Mary took tap dancing, and she was a



good dancer. When she would dance, it just used to freak me out, so I had her teach me the time-step and the shim-sham-shimmy, and as a result I just love playing with the tap dancers. Pearl's brother, Bill Bailey, was one of the greatest; he was in a class with Bill Robinson and Baby Laurence. And Honi Coles, who just won a Tony award, he used to work with us all the time. Buddy Rich was always a great tap dancer; when Buddy and I were with Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman, we used to do shows with tap dancers, and if they had the Nicholas Brothers or someone, Buddy would go down and dance with them. Even Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry know how to tap dance, because all of us were like performers in those days. A singer didn't just sing—you had to be an actor, a dancer, an emcee—you learned how to do everything. And I still woodshed; I keep my legs in shape. Yeah, I love it."

Having played with the various ensembles that rehearsed nightly in the basement of his father's store, young Louis started sitting in with the legendary barrelhouse pianist Speckled Red, who was then sojourning in the Midwest. "They had a club in Moline called the Rendezvous," says Bellson. "and Specs had the quartet there. He had a drummer from Kansas City named Percy Walker—we called him Argo—and Argo came from the Jo Jones school. Specs was playing the Basie-type thing, but he could play stride piano too, and the boogie stuff. I was allowed to go to this little funky night club—with an older person, because I was 12 or 13—and I became their adopted son. I'll never forget Specs; he taught me so many things about time, and about playing behind soloists, that when I did get a gig with a band, I had my groundwork laid out. You can't buy that kind of experience, and you can't get it in school."

Bellson started traveling to Chicago to study with Roy Knapp, who had also taught Gene Krupa. "I'd come up every two or three weeks, and I'd stay over the weekend and hang out with Gene and Buddy and Dave Tough. We'd go to see all

the bands and sit in at the jam sessions." Nimble-footed and naturally ambidextrous, he conceived the notion of twin bass drums and sketched the fantasy drum set for his high school art class. He then took the detailed drawings to the Slingerland factory in Chicago, but was unceremoniously rebuffed.

The next year, at the age of 16, he entered a national drumming competition and was judged the winner by Krupa himself. Intent on earning his high school diploma, Louie returned to the classroom, but three months shy of his graduation, bandleader Ted Fio Rito stopped over in Moline. "I sat in with Ted's band, and he offered me the gig right there," says Louie. "I told him I had to wait, and he said, 'Okay, you finish high school, and you've got a job.' That same night he asked me if I knew any good girl singers in town, so I recommended June Stovenhauer—she and I used to do cheerleading bits for the basketball and football games—and she joined Ted Fio Rito and became June Haver."

In the summer of 1941, Bellson joined the Fio Rito band in Hollywood. "A lot of people think that Ted was just a society musician, but he wasn't," maintains Louie. "He could do that, but he had one of the best swing bands at one time, and he wrote some great jazz pieces, things like *I Never Knew*." Within a month Benny Goodman had dispatched his brother Harry to check out the teenaged drum sensation, and an audition soon followed. Bellson spent a year in New York playing big band and combo dates with Benny, but was drafted in 1943 and performed concerts for wounded veterans for the duration of his hitch. He rejoined Fio Rito in 1946, and two months later, Goodman called again. Louie had finally persuaded the Gretsch drum company to manufacture his revolutionary double-bass kit, which he debuted on record with the Goodman sextet. "That first set," he recalls, "had a tremendous tomtom in the middle, but the leg-span was too wide—by the time I finished the gig, my legs were tired—so I discarded the tomtom and put the two bass drums together, and it worked."



JAMES F. QUINN

LOUIE BELLSON'S EQUIPMENT

For a number of years now, Louie Bellson has been using drums and hardware from Pearl International Inc., not because of a fondness for the name, but because of their quality, service, and durability. "They listen to the players and design equipment to meet their needs. The extra power I need for my big band is built into Pearl." His standard kit, which has remained constant over the years, includes two 16 x 24 bass drums, a 10 x 13 mounted tom-tom, and two 14 x 14 floor toms (these three toms feature Pearl's Extenders, i.e., 14- and 15-inch heads). He uses a 5 x 14 snare in small group situations, preferring the deeper 6 1/2 x 14 (with a 15-inch Extender) for powering the big band. Mounted up on the left are two single-head (8- and 10-inch), bongo-like Pearl toms.

Louie has also been using Remo RotoToms ever since they came out to add additional colors to his playing. At left is a 14-inch RotoTom with a pitch pedal; at right are 14- and 16-inch models (all sans resonators). He uses Remo Weather King heads on all his drums, mainly coated Ambassadors. He uses FiberSkyn 2 heads on the RotoToms (to warmly color his sound) and on the fronts of the bass drums. The single-head toms sport CS-1 black dot heads. Upon occasion, he will carry a second kit of Remo PTS (Pre Tuned Series) drums. He often incorporates the PTS snare into the show (again, another color), and when traveling light, he'll carry the PTS set.

Louie has been using Avedis Zildjian cymbals throughout his career. His basic setup includes 14-inch Quick Beat hi-hats, a 17-inch medium thin crash (mounted far left), an 18-inch ping ride with a small grouping of three rivets (near left), a 20-inch ping ride (near right), and (far right) an 18-inch medium thin crash piggy-back above a 22-inch high China Boy (which recently replaced a 22-inch swish).

His main stick is the Pro-Mark 747 Hickory. "I use the nylon tipped model when playing time—I like the brightness it brings to the cymbals—and I prefer the wood tip for solo work." For special effects he uses a number of Louie Bellson Model sticks: from Mike Balter mallets—the Jingle Stick, the Stick Brush, the Drum Mallet, and the Stick Mallet.

LOUIE BELLSON SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

THE LONDON GIG—Pablo 2310-880
LONDON SCENE—Concord Jazz CJ-157
SIDE TRACK—Concord Jazz CJ-141
BEST OF LOUIE BELLSON—Pablo 2310-951
DYNAMITE—Concord Jazz CJ-105
JAM—Pablo 2310-838
MALTERHORN—Pablo 2310-834
RAILCHECK—Concord Jazz CJ-73
SUNSHINE ROCK—Pablo 2310-813
PRIME TIME—Concord Jazz CJ-64
EXPLOSION—Pablo 2310-755
150 M.P.H.—Concord Jazz CJ-36
LOUIE BELLSON—Concord Jazz CJ-25

LONDON CONCERT—Pablo 2620-111
NOTE SMOKING—Discwasher 002
with Walfredo De Los Reyes
ECUÉ-RITMOS CUBANOS—Pablo 2310-807

with Art Tatum

TATUM GROUP MASTERPIECES, VOL. 3,
PT. 1—Pablo 2310 732
TATUM GROUP MASTERPIECES, VOL. 4,
PT. 2—Pablo 2310-733

with Jack Scott/George Duvivier Warren Parrah

LOOSE WALK—Chonte LCP-1

The following year he joined Tommy Dorsey's band, which then included Buddy DeFranco, Charlie Shavers, and Doc Severinsen. After cutting some 80 sides with Dorsey, he left the band in 1949 to study composition with Buddy Baker in California. He formed his own sextet in Hollywood with trumpeter Shavers and vibraphonist Terry Gibbs, then briefly joined Harry James in Las Vegas, where he met Willie Smith and Juan Tizol, veterans of the Jimmie Lunceford and Duke Ellington bands, respectively.

Together the three players bolted to the Ellington orchestra in May of 1951. Duke's fortunes, like Count Basie's, had ebbed in the postwar years, but Louie—in sharp contrast to the departing Sonny Greer—brought a galvanic intensity to Duke's rhythm section, and he was widely credited with restoring the band's popularity. He also contributed three original charts to the Ellington book. "Duke said, 'I understand you do some composing. Bring in a couple of things.' I felt embarrassed—I mean, *me* bring something in to Ellington and Billy Strayhorn—but he asked me three or four times, and finally he said, 'Look, bring the music in.' So I brought him *The Hawk Talks* and *Skin Deep*, and he recorded them." A short time later, Ellington recorded *Ting-A-Ling*, which Bellson had written with Charlie Shavers, his roommate in the Dorsey band. "I needn't mention what a fantastic trumpeter he is," says Louie, "but Charlie was also a great piano player, and I learned a lot about composing from him, too."

In 1953 Bellson left Ellington to tour with Pearl Bailey, whom he had married in London the previous year, and shortly thereafter organized his own big band. "Pearl and I worked clubs with a small group, and then we would assemble the big band to play theaters. But I went out and played some dates with the big band by myself too, so that's when it actually started." Impresario Norman Granz became Bellson's sponsor, recruiting him for a Jazz At The Philharmonic tour of Europe in 1954—along with Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, and Dizzy Gillespie, all of whom have remained Louie's performing and recording colleagues ever since. Granz brought Louie into the studio that same year to wax a historic trio date with Art Tatum and Benny Carter, inaugurating the long and continuing series of stellar Bellson sessions for various Granz labels.

After the JATP engagement, Granz sent Bellson on a domestic tour with Buddy Rich, the first in a sporadic succession of battles between the two percussive behemoths. Their well-publicized rivalry can be likened to that between Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett, another mutually admiring artistic pair with comparable skills but contrasting personalities. "I feel delighted when people come up to me and say, 'Who's the best, you or Buddy?' because that guy is such a super player that for me to be mentioned with him is really a feather in my cap. It's very true that Buddy can upset a lot of people, but I've seen Bud do a lot of nice things that people don't know about, and I guess he's got a right to flare up now and then. But Buddy and I are like brothers—I knew his mother and father, and he knew my folks. When we're on the same bandstand, we don't pull any punches, but it's not like we're throwing knives at each other, either. It's just a love for one another, a competitive love."

Louie joined the reformed Dorsey Brothers orchestra in 1955, stayed a year, then settled in Apple Valley, California, and free-lanced behind Pearl, Ella, Sarah Vaughan, Lena Horne, Peggy Lee, Frank Sinatra, Tony Bennett, Billy Eckstine, Joe Williams, Sammy Davis Jr., Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme through the '60s. He wrote an unsuccessful Broadway musical and a successful jazz ballet, and performed at various times with Ellington, Harry James, Stan Kenton, and Count Basie.

In 1967, when Bailey began her extended engagement in *Hello Dolly!*, he took his band into Donte's in North Hollywood for a long run of his own. "I had Joe Pass in the band at Donte's," he says. "That's when Oscar and Norman Granz

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BY HOWARD MANDEL

Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown

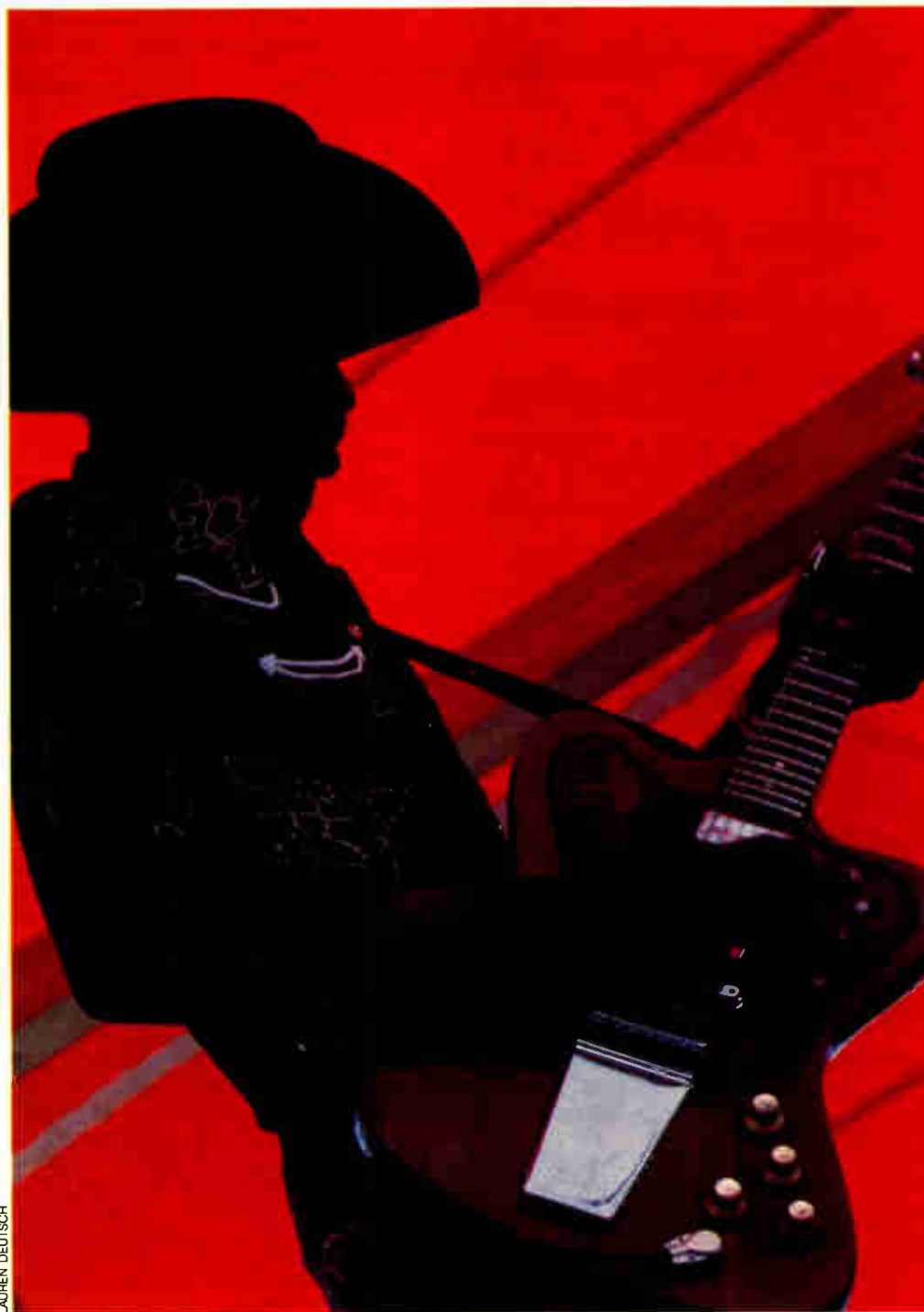
The Real Thing

Can't sleep, won't eat, don't drink, and not at home—it's enough to give anybody the blues. Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, just back from five weeks in Europe (25 dates on his fifth tour since '71), exhausted from last night's gig at Tipitina's (which ended near dawn), anxious about tomorrow's performance on Stage One of the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival (he follows Junior Wells & Buddy Guy, preceding the Neville Brothers who end nine days of great music), has eyes of runny red and a mind that's working overtime. Well past midnight he sits up in a hotel room, of which he says, "It ain't mine. Don't belong to nobody; belongs to everybody." His husky baritone is dry and wry.

"Changes in music?" He reflects on 35 years of singing and playing what he now calls Texas Swing—an amalgam of country pickin', Cajun stomps, big band horn charts, and Southwestern jump styles—on electric guitar, fiddle, mandolin, harmonica, and even, way back, drums. Gatemouth's career leads from fronting a show orchestra in Houston's Bronze Peacock club around 1947 to winning a Grammy for *Alright Again!*, his Rounder Records debut of 1982. "Well, right now I see the young generation trying to live in the old guys' age. I ask a young fella, 'What do the blues mean to you?' and he says, 'Get down, man.' That's no answer to me; get down, yeah, you got down a *long* ways. Half of 'em come from rich families and don't know how to wear those hand-me-down clothes—but that's how fads go.

"I hope there's a musician who will hear me and understand: a musician should never try to be what we call a fad musician. He plays the fad so long he won't be able to play a decent solo to save his neck. He holds that one note so long he's gonna get torn up, messed around; all he's ever gonna be able to play is that one note. Today we got lead bass players—why don't they get themselves guitars if they gonna play lead?—and lead drummers, so on every tune you hear the bass and drums. What I'm talkin' about is *fads*."

Well—respectfully—what is it Gate-



LAUREN DEUTSCH

mouth Brown does?

He aims a cool glance, as though he's still a sheriff in New Mexico staring down a cheeky traffic violator. "The roots of American music started out from forcing people to go where they didn't want to go, had no business going. These people were whipped, and when they cried, they cried out in harmony. That's what the blues is, right there."

*"These people
were whipped,
and when they
cried, they
cried in
harmony.
That's what
the blues is,
right there."*

"I start with the harmonies of people cryin' together, and put happiness to it. I can play the harmony and it won't mean disaster; it can be a natural form of prayin', and it goes into a lot of joy. I prove that nightly, with my band up there—and if I can say so without step-pin' on anybody's toes, I try to play more high caliber. I try to go a little further in music, and that's been very hard for me throughout my entire career—being versatile."

"Like the truth hurts in conversation, the truth hurts in the reality of music. I made a record in 1954, a beautiful thing with flute and violin, and one of the members of my band, he's dead now, said, 'Gate, that record is 30 years ahead of its time.' Sure enough, it was. I play it then and nothing happened, nobody dug it. Today I play it—I renamed it for my little daughter Renee, she'll be four years old tomorrow—and they tear up the place."

It helps to have seen Brown lead a crack small band through an evening of expressive music for listening and dancing to understand his rap, which rambles

from one subject to the next but always has an underlying focus. If you live in the Southwest, or a northern metropolis (Gate plays the Lone Star in Manhattan, Fitzgerald's outside Chicago, and similar urban honky tonks), or watch *Hee Haw* or *Austin City Limits* you've probably caught him. He's also journeyed far, to Japan with Bobby Bland, to the Montreux and Berlin jazz fests, and under State Department auspices from Kenya to Khartoum to Cairo, from Siberia to the Iranian border of the USSR. That aforementioned focus? All a smart, multi-talented, vastly experienced entertainer can do when he's ahead of his time, too versatile for his own good, and out of sync with what the commercial music market considers is his place, is forebear—stubbornly refuse to compromise your abilities, keep being ahead of your time, as long as you're pleasing the people who're listening.

"I noticed a couple years ago I was playin' a festival where I was the only negro man who ever played it—the Jimmie Rogers festival in Meridian, Mississippi [honoring the singing brakeman who fathered a significant branch of country music]. I had people there from eight to 80. Why? Because I played 'em music. My music was highly appreciated. And I wasn't guilt trippin' or Uncle Tommin' that crowd, either. I am above that."

"I like to go into a city where I'm not known at all—it's gettin' hard to be like that now, but at one time it was like that. They didn't know what I was gonna do, what I was. I would get some dirty looks. Like one time at the Howard Theater in Washington, DC, I got those looks, but I knew I had a good band like I always have, and they just eased into that first tune, a mediocre blues, and I got to the mic and said [with distinct formality], 'Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for inviting me to your city. I hope when we've finished tonight with so many varieties of music, we'll have been justified in comin'.' Then I cut loose on 'em. And when I'm through, the whole house was my fans. Simple as that."

"See, I came up in Orange, Texas—beautiful, fertile land with a big river runnin' through it. My daddy was a very great man, I think—he worked for the Southern Pacific railroad, and he played music at house parties on Saturday nights. He played fiddle, guitar, banjo, mandolin, accordion, everything—played nothin' but country, bluegrass, and Cajun music. That's where I got my country influence; I was just a little kid, watchin'. I got a big guitar, stretched my fingers; I didn't know what I was doin', but I learned, 'cause my daddy said, 'You gonna do it, do it right.' I did it close to right. I use that capo, but this is my invention, and I developed what the world don't know about, usin' it. I do that thing, that series of calypsos and percus-



THE BROWNS: Clarence and Yvonne with daughter Renee.

.....
sion—nobody else does that.

"I run my guitar through a reverb unit, just the little bit of reverb I always use, and I can make all kinds of sounds. I can take my guitar and hold a conversation with you. You've got to use the strings like you use your voice. I think in dynamics, I talk in dynamics and I walk in dynamics, I hope!—so I play in dynamics. So I don't play anything straight. If you play loud, loud, loud, I don't see how you or anybody else can enjoy it. You gotta play it down, up, middle, down-up-middle; if you play loud, then suddenly drop the dynamics real low, a shock wave goes through the people. You've dug into your soul, and it's like a lightning bolt comes off you to put a shock out there. You're just using sheer old common energy, but the people love that."

Much as Brown may praise his equipment ("I got a 1963 Gibson Firebird and my amp is a '60s Twin Reverb—makes the best combination in the world—and I add a little MXR phaser to give a flavor. That guitar has never let me down; it goes all over the world with me, and I don't even have a spare"), it's his fingers that have the magic. He's got one of the quickest right hands in guitardom, long, sensitive, accurate fingers that work without a pick to pull Charlie Christian-tradition figures out of his axe. The calypsos he refers to are a sequence of rhythmic patterns he gets by dampening the strings with the palm of his hand; as he capos almost halfway down the guitar's neck, all the frets are easily within touch. His fiddle licks are quite serviceable, and his voice is usually hearty, but his guitar playing alone could carry an album with leading senior jazzmen—a Pablo session with Dizzy, Basie, Ray Brown, and Mickey Roker, say—as it carries his recorded collaborations with the late Professor Longhair and c&w star Roy Clark.

* * *
On his Rounder albums—*One More Mile* was issued shortly after Gate grabbed his Grammy for *Alright Again!*, and producer Scott Billington's next project is a release of *The Original Peacock Recordings* from the independent, black-owned company Brown waxed for from '47 through 1960—Brown's working band supplies the crisp context and com-

plementary soulfulness to the frontman's Lone Drifter image. The rhythm section keeps changing, and there are a handful of hornmen, too, but Bobby Campo plays trumpet on *Blackjack* (from '76) as well as on *One More Mile*, Bill "Foots" Samuel plays reeds and contributed arrangements to both Rounder LPs, as did tenor saxist Homer Brown on this last one (and they were all in Gate's '83 New Orleans entourage). Their riff voicings have bite and give the leader's moves some lift, while their solos are emotionally authentic. As a bandmaster, Brown claims to be a disciplinarian, but a benevolent one.

"I've dominated a lot of people, but it's for good, not for bad," he says. "Everyone ever worked for me, I could get on this telephone, and he'd be at work tomorrow. A lot of 'em are callin' me. I'm a good person to work with, but I don't like bigoted people, rednecks, or militant negroes. I figure if my band has six different nationalities, whatever that's s'posed to mean, they're all people, human beings, and all I'm interested in is that every one of them is a damn good musician. Nothin' further—if you're green and can play, you're alright with me anyway.

"What most bands *can't* do is go into the studio and perform," he maintains. "They take weeks and months and spend a small fortune for a bowl of spaghetti. We cut *Alright Again!* in three days, and *One More Mile* in five or six. We take every advantage of the studio—Studio In The Country [Bogalusa, LA], they got a great engineer who knows my sound—but I use my live band, partner, and if we overdub, it's rare. As far as the Peacock reissue—people seem to like the old songs, so it's okay with me. If I play 'em, though, I redo 'em—the words and the ideas. It's just as good Rounder puts 'em out, 'cause over in England they took a bunch of them old 78s and bootlegged an album [called *San Antonio Ballbuster*]. There's really nothing I can do about it; most artists hear themselves comin' back—as my father used to say—meanin', when you *do* play, you *will* be recorded. And after you're recorded, sooner or later it comes back."

One might think we'd hear Gate comin' back on the radio, as he is a popular attraction, with a track record of successes. Weren't his old Peacock hits allowed air play?

"Peacock was very well together," Gatemouth replies. "At the time, they had payola—it was very simple. I didn't see it, but I figured it out. They'd attach \$50 to the sleeve of the record, and send it to every black dj in the United States. When they pulled the record out and saw that 50 cents, they say 'Sure, I'll play this—there's more where it came from.' At that time you could give a man a couple dollars, and if you didn't have a dollar for a fella to pitch your record, you

were in bad shape. They do the same thing today, but different—now it's all goin' in one lump, and this lump, it swells and pushes all those bitty lumps into goin' where it wants 'em to go. It pushes me to Europe—because the stuff they're playin' on the radio here is not really worth listenin' to. Not worth a listen.

"But the world—I'm being honest—the whole world knows about American music; their music is not abundant like ours, and I don't care what country you go in, they've got some American music. We've got the biggest music appreciation audience ever. Now it's a shame that our country has to rely on a little trophy and a television flash to recognize their own heritage. Look here, I refuse to be labeled as a blues player, jazz player, country player, bluegrass player, Cajun player, zydeco player, calypso player—I'm an American musician, and I'm going further than that. I play polkas—that's not American, that's German, and I laid that on them in Berlin." He shakes his head.



LAUREN DEUTSCH

GATEMOUTH BROWN'S EQUIPMENT

"The greatest guitar I've played is the Gibson [Firebird]. I know that guitar, and it knows me," says Gatemouth Brown. Of his vintage Fender Twin Reverb: "The Twin has a sharp, definite sound—not too high, not too low. You can put it through good speakers, and it's got some bite to it." He adds a little MXR phaser for flavor. His violin? "It's a Strad copy, but it sounds good to me."

GATEMOUTH BROWN SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

ONE MORE MILE—Rounder 2034
ALRIGHT AGAIN!—Rounder 2028
THE ORIGINAL PEACOCK RECORDINGS—Rounder 2039
BLACKJACK—Music Is Medicine 9002

with Roy Clark

MAKIN' MUSIC—MCA 3161
with Professor Longhair
ROCK & ROLL GUMBO—Mardi Gras 1003

"The place they really ate it up, though, was Baden-Baden. Man, they drink more beer there than the Mississippi River can overflow—they wash their floors with beer there. It's a shame; everybody's smashed.


"But I'm tellin' you, if you can't come to me, I'll come to you. And I work just as hard for 50 people as I work for 500. It's not the money keepin' me in this business—if it was, I'd be out long ago. It's the dedication, it's my hope, it's a must, and I feel I'm creatin' a little love I can spread in the world.

"We're all leaders, all us musicians, if we got a following. And you can put people in a state of violence with music—I've seen it done—or you can calm the baddest people down. I can play a sad tune on my instrument and make you feel sad, or I can turn that thing around and make you forget all about how sad you been.

"I'll tell you what, man, I can feel mighty low myself sometimes, and I have been for the last couple of months. I left home under strain and stress, and got to Germany. It wasn't pleasant for me when I got off the plane, because my sorrow was at home. So I went to the hotel, sat in the window and watched out it—I couldn't sleep, didn't want no food, didn't want anything. We had a night off, and everybody wanted to go listen to a band, but I didn't want that because I knew they wouldn't play nothin' to uplift me at all. So I stayed in my room, sufferin' jet lag and everything else. The next night we played; my feeling was double-worse, physically, mentally, and so on. I went to the dressing room, but I wouldn't sign autographs. The promoter, Norbert Hess, knew somethin' was wrong and wouldn't let nobody bother me.

"So I went up to the bandstand, and the band kicked off my tune. I picked up my guitar, and it was out of tune, so I tuned it as fast as I could, under the conditions, and started playin'. I gained momentum every step of the way. I went from fiddle to guitar, back to fiddle, back to guitar, and I was throwin' the whole ball of wax. What I was doin' was playin' to get my mind off my troubles, and before that first show was out, boy, I had 'em out of my mind.

"Truthfully, that's the only thing that can half-cure me when I'm down—the music. Nothin' else, 'cause all the talk just *don't*." Gatemouth grins a little ruefully, rummaging around on a messy dresser top. "Let me play you some tapes from Europe, man; you can hear how the audiences respect an artist there." And though it's the wee, wee hours, he pokes through his affects eager to hear himself comin' back. His blues aren't gone, but forgotten—now, as tv's Mr. T says, Gatemouth Brown's got the jazz. With Gate it's no fad, though—it's the real thing, and he's had it all along. db



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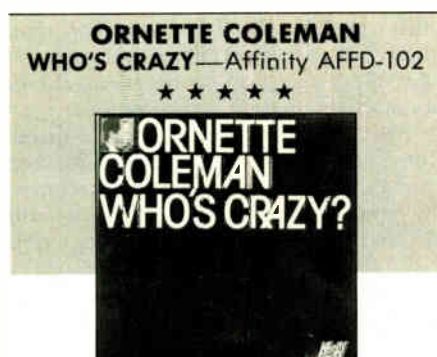
I think they're the best musical value of the eighties."

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Recorded in the fall of 1965, this two-record set stems from a particularly rich and fertile period in Coleman's continuing development, coming between the justly praised Fairfield Hall and Golden Circle concerts of the nine-month European tour which broke his lengthy early '60s sabbatical. It therefore has not only historical significance, but also enormous musical value, for it is at least the equal of those two recordings and in some ways superior.

This was a trio (with bassist David Izenzon and drummer Charles Moffett) that represented striking renewal in Coleman's music while making important strides in textural exploration. In some cases (*January*) the music is the most radical produced by this group; in others, like *Dans La Nieve*, *Misused Blues*, or *Wedding Day*, they play with winning simplicity. Interestingly, they also provide evidence of Coleman's ability to rework material in a variety of ways. *Dans La Nieve* is one of his lungingly lyrical pieces, later reworked not just as *Dee Dee* (Golden Circle) but appearing more fragmented in the same concert's *Snowflakes & Sunshine*. Similarly, *Misused Blues* is not only a particularly stunning example of Coleman's expressive blues playing, but a step towards the later quartet's *Broadway Blues* for Blue Note. And both have their genesis in earlier milestones like the classic *Blues Connotation* (Atlantic).

Also worth noting is that his trumpet work—especially on *The Poet*—is perhaps the finest he has thus far recorded. His interplay with Izenzon is compelling, as are the shifting lyrical and uptempo passages.

Much of this music is impassioned, but there are lighter moments, too—most notably the takeoff of *When The Saints Go Marching In* that colors the latter half of *Wedding Day & Fuzz*, reemerging as the *Fuzz* theme, with manic violin development.

There is one paradox here, though, worthy of attention by many exponents of post-Coleman "free jazz." It lies in the

essential orderliness and inner structure of even his most abandoned improvisations, even his most fragmentary performances. The final track—*Fuzz, Feast, Breakout, European Echoes, Alone & The Arrest*—telescoping six contrasting themes and moods, seems at first a headlong rush through interconnected fragments, but, with hindsight, we can see how they develop, one from another, with a sense of thematic organization that some would have us believe was the antithesis of "free" improvisation. Perhaps it is, and perhaps the wrong lessons were drawn from Coleman's music in the first place?

Whatever the result of that debate, this remains one of his finest achievements.

—chris sheridan

MAX ROACH QUARTET
IN THE LIGHT—Soul Note SN 1053
★★★★★

MAX ROACH/
CONNIE CROTHERS
SWISH—New Artists NA 1001
★★★★★

Swish and *In The Light* are very disparate programs that represent different departures for the percussive genius of Max Roach. While the duo exchange or the open-ended improvisation are not new performance propositions for Roach, his collaboration with Connie Crothers, a pianist who has expanded Tristano's labyrinthine complexes, is a refreshing surprise. Predominated by frequently heard Monk and Dameron compositions, *In The Light*, at first glance, seems a bit anachronistic, given Roach's career of innovation; yet, Roach has melded past and present not in flaccid celebration, but with the probity one expects from a great artist.

Two factors distinguish *In The Light* from most tribute-to-the-tradition dates: the pianoless quartet lends a fresh slant to the standards associated with pianists (Oscar Pettiford's *Tricotism*, which ends the set, is so rarely heard it almost has the impact of a new work); and a Roach original establishes a different ambiance on each side of the album. Prefacing two Monk compositions in somber, almost funereal hues, the title piece underscores the fluid interaction of the quartet in terms not heard elsewhere on the album. The theme is repeated by, first, trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater, and later, tenor saxophonist Odean Pope, dovetailed by the obligati of each other, the long bowed tones of bassist Calvin Hill, and the surging rolls of the leader.

Taken at a bristling pace and given hard-bop articulation, *Straight, No Chaser* brings the more abstract tensions of the title piece into sharp focus, with Pope's coarse modal lines and Roach's riveting solo providing tactile highlights. Poignantly ending the side, Bridgewater (on flugelhorn) gives a well-honed reading of *Ruby, My Dear*. Though the second half of the program does not have the accumulative power of the first, it contains some noteworthy performances, particularly Roach's rhythmic shaping of his relaxed, mid-tempo *Henry Street Blues* and Pope's well-versed synthesis of Coltrane and Rollins on *If You Could See Me Now*.

Of all of Roach's recent duo activities, his encounter with Crothers is most analogous to his work with Anthony Braxton, as the music pivots more on concepts, moods, and procedures than on concrete thematic materials. While Crothers employs many of the percussive techniques associated with Cecil Taylor, a close comparison to the now-legendary, never-issued Taylor/Roach duo concert would be farfetched, as the core of Crother's style is a linearity and a deliberate sense of motivic development derived from Tristano. Crother's orientation lends an introspective element to much of the album, particularly the haunting *Ballad No. 1*. The strategies of several of the compositions are described or hinted at by their titles, though it should be noted that *Trading* has nothing to do with the four- and eight-bar structures Roach mastered in the '40s, and that *Let 'Em Roll* showcases Roach's timbral control on tom-toms. Most important, the mark of a successful duet—responsiveness—is in evidence throughout the program.

—bill shoemaker



For a while it appeared that the four founding members of the Talking Heads—David Byrne, Chris Frantz, Jerry Harrison, and Tina Weymouth—had opted for separate musical paths,

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each having enjoyed a measure of critical and popular approval for their solo ventures. Now they're back together, and *Speaking In Tongues*, without adopted fifth Head Brian Eno, yields all the eloquent eccentricities that have long set them apart from the horde of American art-rock poseurs.

Byrne, an appropriately fidgety spokesman for Anglo-Saxon neurotics, still sings as if in exasperated awe of everyday life, completely taken with the wondrous banality of it all. An able lyricist, he uses Dada-like wordplay (example: "I got wild imagination/Talkin' transubstantiation") to express his skewed outlook on things. His predilection for ambiguity and self-doubt, the usual tone of his verse, nevertheless allows for signs of a mind at occasional ease; he yelps "I feel nice when I sing this song" on potential dance-floor smash *Pull Up The Roots* and confesses "I got a girlfriend with bows in her hair/And nothing is better than that" on *Girlfriend Is Better*. Byrne's most powerfully felt moments come when he's revealed as the vulnerable, happy/confused lover in *This Must Be The Place (Naive Melody)*, a quiet tour de force which has quickly become this writer's favorite Talking Heads song. Since the band's inception, his questions and observations have been compelling; nothing's changed.

The quartet, joined on a few tracks by guitarist Alex Weir and various assisting instrumentalists and singers, never stints on creating infectious melodies and engaging rhythms. *Burning Down The House*, frenetic like their best known song *Psycho Killer*, has Byrne's Walter Mitty-gone-wacko desperation over thumping drums, dancing synthesizers, and a dash of acoustic guitar. *Making Flippy Floppy*, with L. Shankar's mutated violin, revolves around Weymouth's (synthesized?) hopscotch bass figure. Another stand-out track is *Swamp*, an earthy, cryptic anecdote complete with references to the devil, blood, and dirty hands—a musical night out at the Bates Motel. All nine of the record's songs shimmer with thought-out funk charm, and the band's studio sound enhancements at no time compromise their natural vivacity. The Talking Heads have been and remain an imposing contemporary musical force. —frank-john hadley

RON CARTER
ETUDES—Elektra Musician 60214-1
★ ★ ★ ½

There is a disturbing feeling about Ron Carter's work as a group leader. No one

would question that he has a unique and widely emulated voice on both bass and cello, that he has admirable compositional skills, that he has been a consistent and prolific accompanist. Yet his own albums have often been less than wholly satisfying; they fail to strike the chord that creates aural adrenalin. *Etudes* is just like that.

There are two strong reasons to like this album. First, drummer Tony Williams' careful polyrhythmic sense and Carter's attentive deliberation have been so utterly well matched through three decades of working together. Without a piano (Carter notes it's the first time he has led a piano-less group) their voices are strikingly clear, particularly on *Bottoms Up*, when Williams and Carter carry out the tune, Carter laying a bluesy riff, toying with variations on the theme, while Williams gently, deftly rolls, breaks, and rolls.

The second reason is the fluid affinity between Bill Evans, the young sax sideman to Miles Davis, and Art Farmer, the veteran flugelhornist. Farmer plays the flugelhorn almost despite the flugelhorn, building a creative tension on an instrument that sometimes wallows in less capable hands. Evans shows how he can swing with a warm, controlled voice, playing with strength away from both the Miles mode and Miles' occasional penchant for one-upsmanship. Farmer and Evans have a similar capacity to stretch a song-like quality out to the hard edge of the instrument and slip comfortably back.

So why isn't this album more impressive? Hard to say. It swings a little heavily, doesn't give much sense of extended freedom for the musicians, and the compositions don't stay very well with the listener. I know those are nebulous criticisms, but the ultimate feel of the album is nebulous. There are some fine moments from the four distinct voices in this quartet. The paradoxical kicker is that the sum, somehow, doesn't measure up to the parts. —r. bruce dold

BLACK UHURU
THE DUB FACTOR—Mango MLPS
9756
★ ★ ★ ½

Simple, basic music with rhythms you can sink your teeth into. That's reggae. But like any other rudimentary music or art form, reggae isn't going to stand still for any man, mon.

Black Uhuru is experimenting with the form, and *The Dub Factor* takes the form of experimentation. There are 10 tracks on this album, all with widely

different titles (*Ion Storm*, *Big Spliff*) and different instrumentation. But each cut is really a variation on one central melodic theme that runs throughout.

Black Uhuru itself is the vocal threesome of Michael Rose, Duckie Simpson, and Puma Jones. They are backed here by producers Sly Dunbar (drums) and Robbie Shakespeare (bass), with a potent band from the islands—and their instrumental input is key to the mood changing between these cuts. One piece may feature synthesizer; another, rock-oriented electric guitar; another, percussive changes. Indeed, the introductory section of each track contains much of the best experimentation herein.

The vocals are strange and sometimes remarkable in and of themselves. Some of the repeating vocal formats are so rhythmic that they can, for a time, free the guitars from their incessant chucking. Lyrics become almost secondary; delivery and aura are paramount. The singing emphasizes texture, and there are constant effects practiced on the vocal parts—echoes, edits, and frequent electronic metamorphoses of the "dub factor."

The process is interesting, and some of the grooves that Black Uhuru gets into during the course of this record are potent and infectious. To a certain extent, the disc lacks the impact of a chunky, flat-out reggae classic, and it can be repetitious. Then again, Black Uhuru hasn't necessarily overdone the effects, they've retained much of the reggae essence, and there are times when all that repetitiveness is definitely entrancing.

—robert henschen



Jack DeJohnette is a musician who's so prolific that I begin taking him for granted. He seems to be a sideman on half the ECM catalog (an exaggeration), plus fronting two of his own groups, Directions and Special Edition. Then I put on a record like *Inflation Blues*, and he proceeds to carve a roller coaster

down the center of my skull with parabolic orbits of rim-shots, rolls, and cymbal washes wiping down the sides. DeJohnette again illustrates why he's one of the leading drummers of this era.

DeJohnette's synchro-mesh style of drumming extends to his abilities as a leader and his continuing maturity as a composer. The first Special Edition LP, featuring reedmen Arthur Blythe and David Murray, was more of a swinging, Blue Note-style vamp group with incandescent solos triumphing over the compositions. With this Edition of John Purcell and Chico Freeman on reeds, Baikida Carroll on trumpet, and Rufus Reid playing bass, the emphasis is on group interaction. That's not to say that the solos are any less fiery.

The album is centered by three stormy compositions that give the soloists a chance to stretch out. In the opening track, *Starburst*, the horn players hover through the aether, creating phasing textures through each other. It's the infrequently recorded Carroll's trumpeting clarion call that sends the group reeling into space propelled by DeJohnette's shifting percussive parallax. The solos aren't just strung together, they fuel each other, each solo evolving from the slipstream. Carroll's high-energy blasts end in a duel with Freeman's tenor, who then takes off on a muscular foray before Purcell wrests control from him for a careening alto run.

Because Freeman and Purcell alternate on up to five reeds on several pieces, the album has the feel of a bigger group. On a celebratory piece like *The Islands*, a small tribe of horns happily jabber through some ritual party music. The urbane *Ebony* is a miniature slice of Ellingtonia. Only the crowd-pleasing title track mars this effort, not because DeJohnette's blues-reggae social commentary is facile and overlong, but because it quickly wears thin when placed between two scorches like *The Islands* and the truly angry *Slowdown*. This is a record of thrusting action, not lament.

—john diliberto

OSCAR PETERSON
PLAYS THE COLE PORTER
SONGBOOK—Polydor UMJ 3117
★ ★

FREEDOM SONG—Pablo 2640-101
★ ★ ★

The first of these albums was originally released by Verve as part of Oscar Peterson's Famous Composers Song Book series. Now reissued by Polydor in a facsimile edition replete with the original art work and liner notes, it contains

“JAZZ IN ALL STAGES OF ITS DEVELOPMENT HAD TO DO WITH FREEDOM. OTHERWISE IT WOULDN'T BE JAZZ.”

— Sun Ra

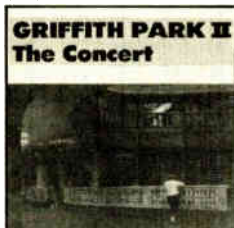
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ERIC GALE—Island Breeze

Master guitarist Eric Gale with a broadly appealing album fusing contemporary musical influences from Jazz to Caribbean to R&B. Featuring an all-star cast including Bob James, Buddy Williams, Gary King, George Young, Ralph McDonald and stunning vocalist Sandy Barker. Compositions include “Boardwalk” and “Dark Romance” by Bob James, and “Island Breeze,” “My Mama Told Me So,” and more.

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LENNIE TRISTANO—Manhattan Studio

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60168



STEPS AHEAD

Virtuosity and musical synergy abound on the debut American release of a true superband, STEPS AHEAD, featuring Michael Brecker, Mike Mainieri, Eddie Gomez, Peter Erskine and stunning Brazilian pianist, Eliane Elias, “Pools,” “Islands” & “Skyward Bound” lead the way.

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Musically, Bruce Lundvall



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RECORD REVIEWS

polite, sometimes snappy, often calculated performances by the trio which the pianist led for seven years. Unfortunately, most of the tracks on *Peterson Plays Porter* are far from memorable. Bassist Ray Brown and drummer Ed Thigpen are assigned routine timekeeping tasks, and Peterson limits himself to his tested devices for jazzing up a performance: slick noodles, bright chordal passages with both hands in rhythmic unison, formulaic double-time passages, and Shearing-styled block chords. A tune-by-tune run down of this material isn't necessary, for the net result of this facsimile edition is facsimile jazz: well meaning, but too self-consciously hip to bring Porter's melodies to life.

Freedom Song, a two-record set, was recorded in concert in Tokyo in '82 with three state-of-the-art sidemen—guitarist Joe Pass, drummer Martin Drew, and bassist Neils-Henning Ørsted Pedersen. It shows that while Peterson has grown older, he, alas, hasn't grown any less glib. *Watch What Happens*, for instance, is decked out with rococo melodic figures and other such antics as pointless quotations drawn from such unlikely sources as *The Jersey Bounce*, *Frankie And Johnny*, *Rockin' In Rhythm*, assorted blues licks, and Bird-like doodles. Even Peterson's own *Nightchild* gets jazzed up with wedding cake decorations and public domain blues motifs run into the ground. Another original, *Mississauga Rattler*, doesn't escape etude-styled licks and related mannerisms. Happily, Peterson's *Cakewalk* is filled with *joie de vivre* and is a strong enough piece to withstand the pianist's braggadocio.

Pass and Pedersen pick up the pieces of Peterson's bravura scattered through this concert and put them to good use. On *Easy Living* Pass' relaxed lines and understanding of the improvisational possibilities of his material breathes fresh air into a concert marred by pyrotechnics. On *Move*, that old *Birth Of The Cool* warhorse, Pass teams up with Pedersen to intone the tightrope-like line in octaves. The duo then trade fours with each other, in a reminder that poise and understatement are hardly antithetical to musical creativity. —jon balleras

L. SUBRAMANIAM
GARLAND—Storyville SLP 4075
★★★★★
SPANISH WAVE—Milestone M-9114
★★★★★

When medical school graduate L. Subramaniam arrived in America a decade ago, he could have hung out the shingle

bearing the staff of Hermes insignia. Instead he followed his heart and practiced the other discipline he'd mastered back home in Madras, India—music. Establishing himself through teaching and concertizing while absorbing European classical music and American jazz, he eventually caught the attention of American listeners with his 1980 *Fantasy Without Limit* album (Trend 524), just one of some 30 albums to his credit but his first American fusion release. Over the course of that album's five songs, the violinist's prodigious technique reflected his surprisingly natural feel for improvised music. At times Subramaniam's mixture of jazz and Eastern classical music induced entrancement.

Garland, recorded in Copenhagen in early 1978, has only recently been issued stateside. Featuring Scandinavian violinist Svend Asmussen, it, too, has segments of uncompromised beauty. The 13-minute title track exhibits Svend's harmony-conscious soloing in spellbinding contrast to Subramaniam's suspended-time modal approach; both soloists follow a four-beat rhythmic cycle while the resplendent theme adheres to a seven-beat pulse. Subramaniam's fleetly precise and emotionally pertinent bowing nearly suspends comprehension. *Towards The Island*, a second highlight, has the pair in a transcendently calm mood, like two paramours adrift in a boat cradled by the Bay of Bengal's current. Though his rock arrangements for *That Dream* and *Infinite Journey* are trite, the record is consistently enjoyable for the glorious violin work throughout.

Subramaniam's most recent waxing, *Spanish Wave*, finds him in the company of fusion luminaries Stanley Clarke, Larry Coryell, George Duke, and Tom Scott. His use of difficult meters in his compositions keeps the participants busy, and the violinist himself never slouches. The album may skimp a little on Indian flavorings, and when the violin defers to Scott's Lyricon or Duke's electric keyboard, it's all salt and pepper not curry, but songs such as *Ninth House*, with a five-beat figure against a four-beat pulse, and *Seventh Heaven*, in 7/4 time, have a riveting energy. The latter track, by the way, benefits from guest Alla Rakha's scat-like *bols* singing; somehow the funky jazz backdrop seems coherent and appropriate. Subramaniam has a good grasp of melody, and reflective selections *Winter In Austria* and *You And Me* are effective when he plays, but the Lyricon and string synthesizer supply only artificial pathos. Often enough Subramaniam steers the proceedings clear of the fuzak swamp. —frank-john hadley



Even when they venture out on their own, the two most prominent members of the Crusaders seem to prefer working together: Joe Sample is pianist on and co-producer, with saxist Felder, of *Gentle Fire*, and Wilton Felder in turn has helped Sample produce *The Hunter*. In addition, guitarist Dean Parks, horn player Jerry Hey, and percussionist Paulinho da Costa, as well as most of the studio technicians, appear on both albums. Their overall concept is the same, yet there is a basic difference in accomplishment between them—a difference that renders *Gentle Fire* a mere muzak date, while *The Hunter* is at least a pleasant pop record.

Despite a sprinkling here and there of vocals (by Taste of Honey), Felder's *Gentle Fire* quickly settles into an overly predictable pattern of sax and guitar leads and solos placed against a soup of background horns and polite funky rhythm tracks. Lacking any personality, or even individuality, *Gentle Fire* comes across as a rare—for such a name player—but unfortunate example of piped-in tv-party music. Even Felder's sax, otherwise known to be both graceful and bluesy, is indistinguishable here from thousands of other "hot" saxes popping up on every other black rock hit.

Sample's *The Hunter*, on the other hand, does give the impression of having been produced in order to allow its creator some personal and artistic freedom in which he cannot normally indulge as a Crusader. I'm referring here to Sample's particular knack for lilting, quasi-classical acoustic piano, pretty themes (sometimes Sample sounds as if he is working from a foundation of *Für Elise* variations), and delicate synthesizer pastels. The pianist is especially lyrical on *Blue Ballet*, but also effectively atmospheric in his introductions to the title track and *Just A Little Higher*.

There are some less-inspired moments, though, and as a whole *The Hunter* does not quite measure up to Sample's earlier solo efforts. On the attenuated closing track, *Night Flight*, for example, he keeps switching pointlessly from one type of keyboard to another, and on several occasions Sample allows himself to fall into a mechanical groove. In this connection one wonders if the choice of such metronomic drummers as Steve Gadd and Bob Wilson is the best one for a pianist of Joe Sample's bluesy sensibilities. Nevertheless, *The Hunter* confirms that Sample continues to be primus motor behind the Crusaders, both inside and outside the group's solid walls.

—lars gabel



Along with the harmolodists, the work of Bill Laswell, within the cooperative context of Material and as represented on *Baselines*, his first solo effort, portends to be an aspect of '80s fusion music that will endure to inspire the next waves of like-minded musicians. Laswell has used the convention of meshing disparate traditions beyond categorization to intriguing ends, creating an image-rich music that will, at some point during the album, catch the listener off-guard, regardless of orientation or prejudice.

Laswell has intelligently expanded upon the sonic juxtapositions that underpinned Material's earlier Elektra Musician LP, *Memory Serves*. While Material-mate Michael Beinhorn's enigmatic pre-recorded tapes, eerie synthesizer washes, and Stockhausen-like shortwave intrusions add otherworldly color to most of the compositions, more prominence is placed on the interaction of percussion and Laswell's arsenal of electric basses (he uses five, including six- and eight-string models). In addition to Ronald Shannon Jackson's kaleidoscopic funk rhythms, which enlivened the earlier album, Laswell is well complemented by Philip Wilson's jackhammer traps, Daniel Ponce's conga dervishes, and David Moss' incidental percussion.

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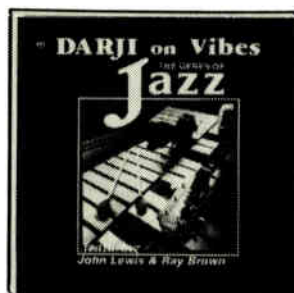
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Philip Elwood, Music Critic—San Francisco Examiner



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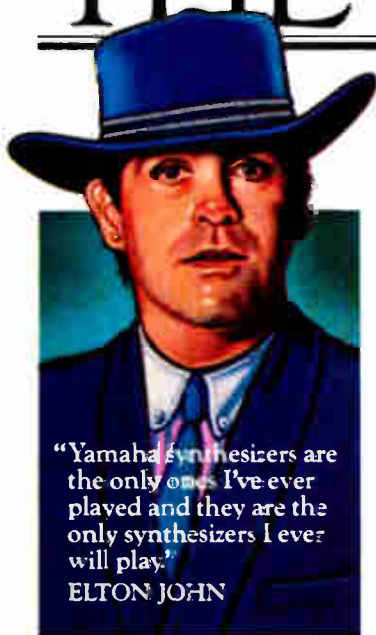
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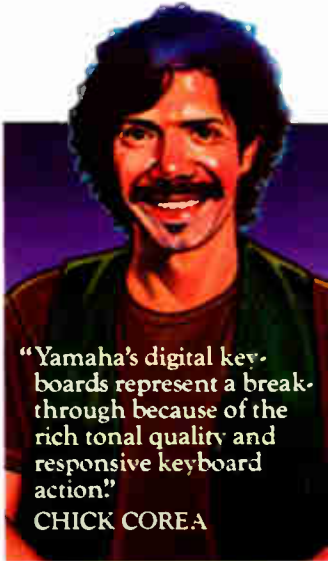
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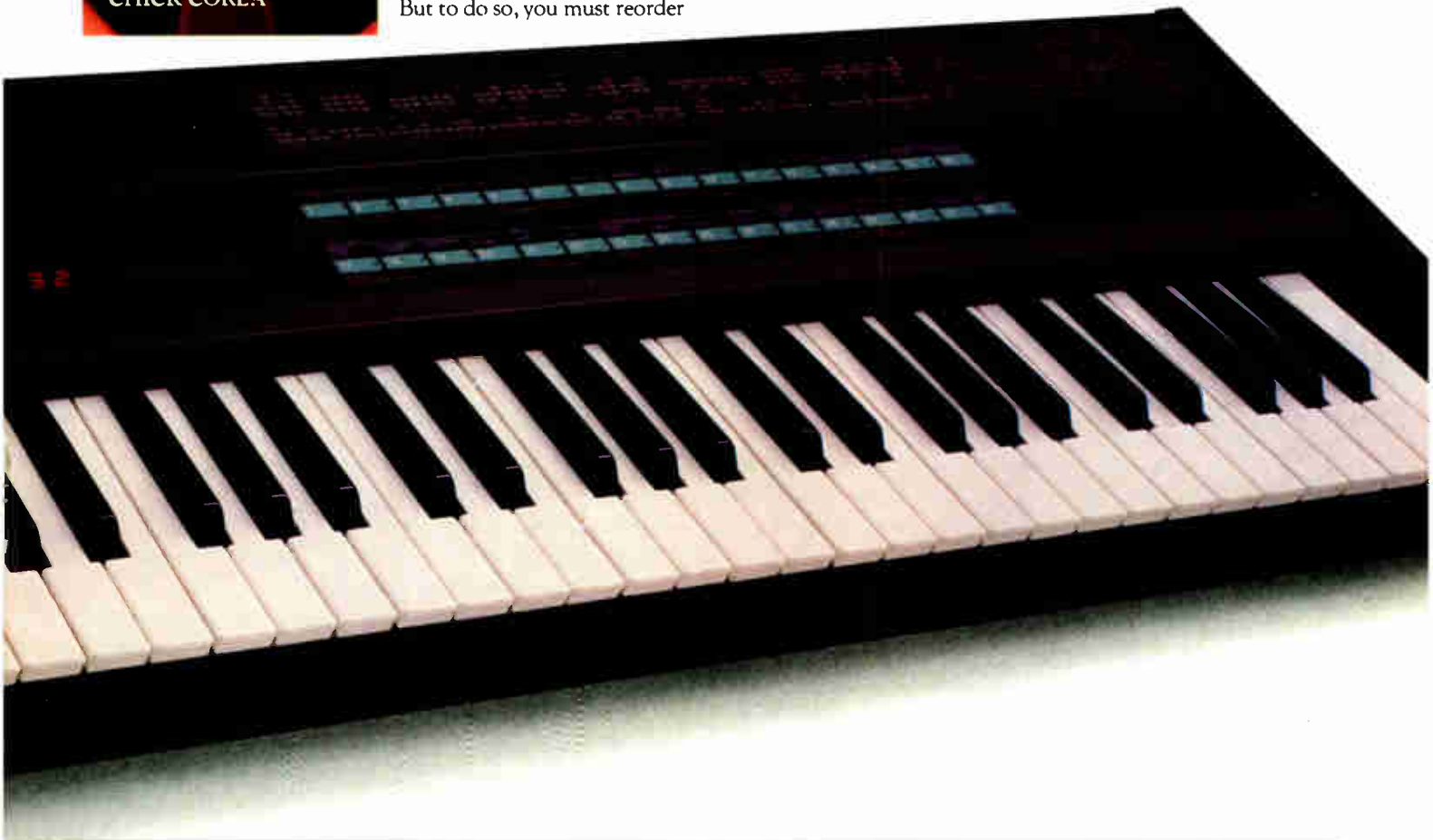
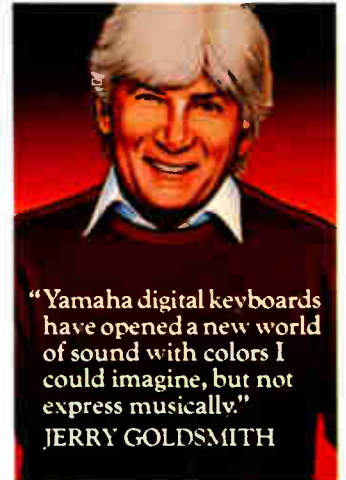
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838

RECORD REVIEWS

prerogative to solo space, Laswell forwards a multi-faceted approach that never over-boils with sophomoric flash, whether adding texture to guitarist Fred Frith's ground-zero intensity or propelling George Lewis' nimble trombone solos. His pyrotechnics are revealed in short episodes, as is his control of harmonics and tonal manipulation, that are then quickly absorbed in the music's crosscurrents. Perhaps most importantly, Laswell sidesteps the bathos most electric bassists misconceive as dramatic tension; in a word, he has sense.

Baselines succeeds on its own rigorous, imaginative terms, something few recordings of its genre can lay claim to.

—bill shoemaker

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS CONFRONTATION—Island 7 90085-1



PETER TOSH MAMA AFRICA—EMI America SO-17095

Not a good day for reggae. This second posthumous Bob Marley album, a collection of tracks cut between 1979 and 1980 (but not released in the U.S. until now), just shows that by his death the reggae prince had become the Lionel Richie of the Third World. The tough, razor's-edge reggae that made Marley and the Wailers' first U.S. LP, *Catch A Fire*, such a masterpiece had, a decade later, lost its flame.

Songs like *Buffalo Soldier* and *I Know* are pure M-O-R fodder. Music aside, there is also the problem of Marley's voice. Once a superbly expressive singer—able to convey anger and sorrow, joy and dread—Marley here sounds like he's smoked too much grass. One can imagine him lying on a couch in the recording studio, a joint in one hand, a sandwich in the other, casually singing lyrics like: "Get in the studio of, studio of time and experience/Here we experience, the good and bad/What we have, and what we had/This session, not just another version/Oh Lord, give me a session not just a version . . ." Come again?

The musicianship is impeccable throughout the album. The keyboards of Tyrone Downie and Earl Lindo percolate through the tracks. Here and there (as on *Stiff Necked Fools*) Junior Marvin has laid down some immaculate blues guitar, and the rhythm section of Aston "Family Man" Barrett (bass) and his brother, Carlton Barrett (drums) is in the pocket. But great playing can't save lazy songwriting, and Marley was on automatic pilot when he came up with this batch.

Unfortunately, his former partner, Peter Tosh, has not picked up the baton that Marley dropped when he died two years ago. Tosh has made a *terrible* record. And the question to ask is: Why?

Tosh's first two solo albums, *Legalize It* and *Equal Rights* were terrific: two of the best reggae albums—period. His songwriting, his tough-man vocals, and the instrumental backing coalesced in one potent song after another. But now Tosh seems to be aiming for the pop market. Most of the tracks here contain elements of rock (guitar), soul (harmony vocals), reggae (rhythm), and pop (melodies). But rather than fit the pieces together the way a Stevie Wonder or a Marvin Gaye does, so that a striking *song* is created, Tosh has, seemingly at random, thrown voices and riffs, horns and rhythm into the pot. The result is an impotent collection of songs, many of which are crowded with instruments and vocals that don't seem to fit. Included is a pointless version of *Johnny B. Goode* set to a reggae rhythm. Suffice it to say, this is not something anyone would want to hear twice. And Tosh has forgotten how to sing. His voice, once so full of energy and anger, now just sounds tired, as if too many drugs have left him a zombie. Background vocals by the likes of Betty Wright can't enliven the flat leads.

One would be much better off with an album by one of the new breed of reggae bands: Black Uhuru, perhaps, or Culture. Marley and Tosh once cut an album called *Rasta Revolution*, but on the basis of these albums, they lost the fight.

—michael goldberg

NAT ADDERLEY ON THE MOVE—Theresa TR 117

★ ★ ★ ★

MARK MORGANELLI "LIVE ON BROADWAY"— Jazz Forum TR 001

★ ★ ★

There are a lot of theories about why some clubs are better places to play than others. Some musicians claim it's some mystical quality, while others chalk it up

to a friendly staff and a comfortable atmosphere. Good acoustics probably have a lot to do with it, since being able to hear contributes a lot to good communication.

The Adderley album was recorded at San Francisco's Keystone Korner, a club that has produced more than its share of notable live albums. Morganeli's LP was recorded at the Jazz Forum in New York, a relatively new club (owned and operated by Morganeli) that has already been the site of some fine recordings, including Woody Shaw's *Master Of The Art*.

On The Move documents the sound of trumpeter Nat Adderley's current working group, an experienced ensemble that is deeply rooted in the music of the

Cannonball Adderley band of the late '50s. The rhythm section (pianist Larry Willis, bassist Walter Booker, and drummer Jimmy Cobb) all played with Cannonball at one time or another. The fifth member of the band is Sonny Fortune, like Cannonball an alto player, but his keen sound and hyperactive lines are a decided contrast to the latter's approach.

Cobb and Booker lay down the deep, soulful grooves that have always been an Adderley trademark, but the band has a contemporary dimension that both reflects and extends that classic sound. The compositions, written by Willis and Adderley, are cool but decidedly punchy, and the band leans into them energetically.

critics' choice

Art Lange

NEW RELEASE: Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, *One More Mile* (Rounder). A Grammy winner last year, the rakish guitarist/violinist/blues belter returns w/ riffing horn charts and roadhouse swing.

OLD FAVORITE: Duke Ellington, *70th Birthday Concert* (Solid State). Two LPs of live Ellingtonia supercharged and sublime; Johnny Hodges' alto on *Black Beauty* could defrost an Eskimo.

RARA AVIS: Jack Kerouac, *With Steve Allen* (Hanover). Backed by Allen's non-threatening, non-cloying piano, the Beat bodisattva joyfully bops thru selections of his poetry and prose. If you've an extra copy of *Blues & Haikus*, give me a call.

SCENE: Journey's Neal Schon imitating fellow-jammer B.B. King note-for-note in a blues bash at Gibson's showcase at the NAMM show, Chicago.

Charles Doherty

NEW RELEASE: Bob Moses, *When Elephants Dream Of Music* (Gramavision). The "spirit voices" (soloists) dance merrily over the cushy bottom laid down by the "drones" (Moses' swinging big band) on the drummer's humorous and imaginative compositions.

OLD FAVORITE: Mothers Of Invention, *Burnt Weenie Sandwich* (Bizarre). I'm especially fond of the Underwood variations.

RARA AVIS: Merchant, *Rub A Dub Soka* (Network). Wasn't it just last summer that I thought this salsa/calypso/rapso hybrid from Trinidad would be the "next big thing"? And now David Bowie says, "Let's Dance"?!

SCENE: Louie Bellson trading fours with the rest of his quintet (Art Hoyle, Ted Nash, Larry Novak, George Duvivier) over some Ellingtonia at Rick's in the Windy City.

Lee Jeske

NEW RELEASE: Kenny Drew, *It Might As Well Be Spring* (Soul Note). Two-fisted, swinging, solo piano from an expatriate whose talents have obviously grown and deepened overseas.

OLD FAVORITE: Dizzy Gillespie, *A Portrait Of Duke Ellington* (Verve). Jazz's greatest trumpet player and his late, lamented big band working on some of the best music of all.

RARA AVIS: Arthur Moreira Lima, *Tangos, Waltzes, Polkas Of Ernesto Nazareth* (Pro-Arte Digital). Divine, piquant, elegant pieces by "the Brazilian Scott Joplin," interpreted by that country's premier classical pianist.

SCENE: Sonny Rollins with special guest soloist Wynton Marsalis. With Jack DeJohnette on drums, the world's greatest living jazz soloist tore up New York's Beacon Theatre like a man possessed—Wynton hung in gamely, but it was Newk's night all the way.

Bob Blumenthal

NEW RELEASE: Lester Bowie, *All the Magic!* (ECM). The trumpeter's latest and best attempt to bring new music into the black pop mainstream can be heard on the first record of this double-album set.

OLD FAVORITE: Bob Moses, *Bittersuite In The Ozone* (Mozown). The drummer/composer's recent orchestral Gramavision gem was no surprise for those familiar with this acoustic '75 triumph.

RARA AVIS: Jackie McLean, *A Fickle Sonance* (Blue Note). Hard-bop at the new music crossroads with the leader, Tommy Turrentine, and the late Sonny Clark at their most intense; can be found via Japan.

SCENE: Sunday night at Bradley's (NYC) when Hilton Ruiz is at the piano, especially when Ray Drummond is his bassist.

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RECORD REVIEWS

mixture of ballads, Miller medleys, and other odds-and-ends. Almost all the music carries the strong imprint of its time—the war, the early '40s, what's now called nostalgia. It's good music, but I suspect one has to bring to it an affection and appreciation for the broader sweep of prewar popular culture to find it really meaningful. I do, but I can't assume everyone else does too. Miller was content to play the music of his time, and he did it well.

Benny Goodman was also a product of popular culture, and he wanted success no less than Miller, but he was burdened with something Miller was not: a monumental endowment of talent and the creative spirit and resources of a great jazz musician. None of these things was easily comprised within the conventional forms of popular music, and therein rests an almost Faustian dilemma—to sell out or fail nobly. Goodman did neither. Instead, he literally expanded the boundaries of popular music to include real jazz, and then made his peace with Tin Pan Alley and the marketplace by doing it their way too. Both sides of Goodman's musical life, as well as the grays in between, are freshly illustrated in the first seven volumes (of a projected 13) of *The Alternate Goodman* (Phontastic NOST 7606, 7610, 7612, 7615, 7616, 7617, 7620), a collection of unissued alternate takes collated and annotated by Goodman's bio-discographer and Boswell, Russ Connor. The progression is chronological, beginning with the first Columbia session of August 1939. Volume seven makes it into 1942.

A popular tune can accommodate style, but not the deeper creative latitudes of jazz. When it does, it stops being a song and becomes instead a framework for something broader. Its identity is absorbed into the artist's larger vision, and the listener is no longer concerned with matter but—you've heard this before—manner. As leader of a dance band, Goodman was to some extent a performer of popular songs. It really made little difference whether the songs were great, bad, or indifferent. When the lyrics had to be heard, the melody spelled out, and dancers catered to, Goodman the jazz musician found himself in a genre that resisted the power and creativity of his best work.

Perhaps half the material in this series falls into this category. Tunes like *Blue Orchids*, *I Can't Love You Anymore*, *Hard To Get*, *My Old Flame*, *Man I Love*, *Let The Doorknob Hitcha*, and *Buckle Down* run the gamut of American popular songs from top to bottom, but they are not the sort of works on which Goodman's reputation

was built and has endured. They aren't bad—Goodman's taste in handling such material was excellent—but they don't take us deeper into the aspects of Goodman's art that count most. The flashes of brilliance only disappoint us because they are not sustained. That's the popular half of the Goodman heard here.

Happily, the other half of Goodman's musical life—the one that continues to count—is also heard in abundance. First, his band was an extraordinary one. Trumpeter Cootie Williams came over from Ellington (vols. two through six). Drummers Dave Tough and Sid Catlett dominated the rhythm sections. Guitarist Charlie Christian was the most original musician in America. And arranger Eddie Sauter was providing Goodman with some of the most innovative, intriguing, and intricate charts ever played by a jazz band—*Benny Rides Again*, *The Man I Love*, *Moonlight On The Ganges*, three tries at *Clarinet A La King*, etc. The transition from the smooth simplicity of Fletcher Henderson's writing (*Bolero*, *Old Mill Stream*, *Beyond The Moon*) to Sauter's unexpected juxtapositions is almost like hearing two different bands. Goodman bridges the gap with a firm continuity of style and inspiration.

Pursuing Goodman even more deeply into the arcane world of the alternate is the four-volume series of *The Un-Heard Benny Goodman* (Blu-Disc T-1002, 1004, 1006, 1009). The best of the group is volume one, which concentrates on the small groups, in this case the post-Christian sextet. A couple of cuts (*Soft Winds*, *Limehouse*) duplicate performances from Phontastic volumes two and six, but generally the takes are fresh and full of heat. Sound, as on the Phontastics, is pristine.

Certainly the Goodman find of the year—perhaps of the last 20 years—is the two-fer Blue Disc collection of the 1938-39 band, trio, and quartet broadcasts, *The Best Of Jerry Newhouse* (Blu Disc T5001/2; also available on Phontastic). Newhouse was the fellow who made the airchecks originally, and he did a good job. The thunder that comes exploding from these records is the cleanest, best recorded late '30s Goodman since the Columbia and MGM broadcast collections of the '50s. Moreover, we're given only the creme de la creme—no ballads, no echoes of others' hits, and best of all, no talk. One fabulous performance follows another, separated only by applause. This is material Goodman and company were born to play. Russ Connor explains in his program notes his reservations about the 1938 band, but listening to the music, I don't share them. Krupa may have been out, but with Dave

Tough (and Jo Jones sitting in on one quartet track) on drums, nothing was left wanting. There's superlative vibes from Lionel Hampton and piano from Teddy Wilson too. Perhaps the biggest dazzler of all among the soloists is trumpeter Harry James, whose performances on two versions of *Honeysuckle Rose* are positively electrifying in their inspiration and sweeping bravado. If you have yet to delve into Goodman and the whole Swing idiom, this is as good a place as there is to start. If you don't feel something after hearing this, you probably never will.

Some of these records may be difficult to obtain in many stores. For specific sources of supply, drop me a note c/o down beat. —john mcdonough

waxing on

Self-Produced Artists

ARC QUARTET (Dane 003) ★ ★ ★

BAREFIELD/HOLLAND/TABBAL TRIO:

TRANSDIMENSIONAL SPACE WINDOW (Trans

African 001) ★ ★ ★

PATRICK BRENNAN ENSEMBLE: *SOUP* (Deep Dish DD 101) ★ ★ ★

ALEX COKE: *NEW VISIONS* (Re RE001) ★ ★ ★

VINNY GOLIA: *SLICE OF LIFE* (Nine Winds 0108) ★ ★ ★

GUNTER HAMPEL/JEANNE LEE/THOMAS

KEYSERLING: *COMPANION* (Birth 0036)

★ ★ ★

TED HARRIS: *PRESENTS MORE GIANTS OF JAZZ* (H&D 630) ★ ★ ★

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BENNY POWELL: *COAST TO COAST* (Trident TRS 507) ★ ★ ★ ★

THOMAS TEDESCO AND OCEAN (Nimbus 1470) ★ ★ ★ ★

MARSHALL VENTE/PROJECT NINE: *ENDLESS*

INTENSITY (Divide D1 1003) ★ ★

BERT WILSON: *KALEIDOSCOPE VISIONS* (AuRoar AU-003) ★ ★ ★ ★

While self-produced artists are constantly adding to the lexicon of contemporary music, there is little that can be said about their obvious commitment that would not be redundant to regular readers of these pages. The issue confronting the self-produced artist is, as it has always been, exposure. If the recent signings of Steve Tibbetts, Jane Ira Bloom, and Jemeel Moondoc by, respectively, ECM, Enja, and Soul Note are valid indicators, such self-producers are receiving the requisite exposure. Ultimately, however, an artist will be re-



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membered by the public for the music, regardless of the means of production. That is how it should be.

On two previous Dane releases under his own name, alto saxophonist Walter Thompson struck an amiable balance between the various (and conflicting, if not sensitively synthesized) post-Coleman sensibilities. Thompson's pure sense of thematic development and swing, solid array of textural effects, and ability to smoothly blend within an ensemble is in evidence on the debut of the co-op electrified **ARC Quartet** (rounded out by guitarist Robert Windibel, bassist Steve Rust, and drummer Harvey Sorgen). There are surface similarities between ARC and Roscoe Mitchell's Sound Ensemble in that, generally, spiky, though often consonant, themes are stated by rubbery alto and jangly guitar and are given sharply edged rhythmic support throughout improvisations of shifting colors and intensities. ARC's compositions, however, lack Mitchell's incisive, sardonic wit and, subsequently, ARC falls back on the strengths of its individuals: Windibel and Rust successfully integrate everything from Jaco to Derek Bailey into the mix, and Sorgen tastefully exercises his power. A respectable first outing.

The Detroit-based trio of guitarist **Spencer Barefield**, percussionist **Tani Tabbal** (both members of Mitchell's Sound Ensemble), and saxophonist **Anthony Holland** ballast strongly individualistic improvisational styles and compositional stances with finely meshed group interaction, relaxed rhythms, and a generally low-intensity ceiling. While the contributions of Tabbal and Holland warrant the cooperative billing, it is Barefield's synthesis of African string music, jazz, and the timbral investigations championed by Derek Bailey and others that, coupled with his compositional versatility, merits special consideration. For example, on the cohesive 17-minute title suite, he uses intriguing picking techniques that draw upon flamenco, as well as classical and African sources employed in both lead and support roles; using a self-made update of the kora and doussn'gouni, Barefield displays a broad-based knowledge of world musics as he forwards both oud-like linearity and the sonic expanses offered by a harp on the spritely *Dawudaphone Dance*. Alone, Barefield is capable of sustaining an album-length program; but teamed with Tabbal and the facile, if thinly recorded, alto and soprano of Holland, he is nothing less than captivating.

Some of the more vital figures in jazz,

such as David Murray and Henry Threadgill, have gravitated to the six-to-eight-piece ensemble, a special challenge to the composer/arranger/improviser, as the scores must have an orchestral impact while retaining the elasticity and allusiveness of small group banter. For the most part, altoist **Patrick Brennan** successfully meets the challenge on *Soup*, using a neo-traditionalist syntax similar to Murray's. Brennan's charts capture a bristling, if sometimes two-dimensional, energy; subsequently, the boppish spunk of *Slick*, the loping phrasing of *Pressed Shuffle*, and the lean, plied voicings of *Waltz* are fine vehicles for Brennan and the equally blistering tenor of Marvin Blackman (bassist John Loehrke, trombonist Fred Parcella, pianist James Weidman, and drummer Dan Spencer also contribute substantive solos). Though *Shuffle* and the collective improvising on *Atatatata* wear thin upon repeated listenings, Brennan has put enough stick-to-your-ribs music into *Soup* to make one anticipate upcoming courses.

Alex Coke, leader of the Austin-based New Visions Ensemble, describes their "modern tribal music" as having a "regional quality," which, compositionally, belies an affinity for Ornette Coleman's free-flowing melodies and blues-informed emotionalism. Only the thoughtful work of bassist Cola Rodriguez, however, displays any overt resemblance to Coleman's seminal music, via the influence of Charlie Haden. While Coke's tenor has the burly, breathy tone that is patently Texan (his soprano has at times a sinewy Lacy sound and his flute flutters joyously), his improvisations cannot be approximated by geographical coordinants. The truly startling member of the ensemble is vocalist Tina Marsh, whose inventory of yelps, gurgles, and more traditional scat techniques sparks most of the excitement on the date. Whether operating on a theme-solos-theme format or exploring the risky realm of collective improvisation, Coke and New Visions' reach, with few exceptions, does not exceed their grasp.

More so than most self-produced artists, **Vinny Golia** has been able to sustain a healthy production schedule and develop a core of capable kindred spirits. Not only does the trio format of *Slice Of Life* allow Golia to fully utilize his considerable battery of saxophones and flutes, but it also brings his close rapport with bassist Roberto Miranda (one of the best to emerge in recent years) and drummer Alex Cline into sharp focus. If "freebop" in newmusicspeak connotes a music that uses such rhythmic conventions as a walking bass and accenting, pulse-read-

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3. **Jazz, Pop/Rock, and Soul/R&B Musicians of the Year:** Vote for the artist who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz, pop/rock, and soul/r&b in 1983.

4. **Hall of Fame:** Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to contemporary music. The following previous winners are not eligible: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Albert Ayler, Count Basie, Sidney Bechet, Bix Beiderbecke, Art Blakey, Clifford Brown, Benny Carter, Charlie Christian, Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Paul Desmond, Eric Dolphy, Roy Eldridge, Duke Ellington, Bill Evans, Ella Fitzgerald, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Dexter Gordon, Coleman Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson, Jimi Hendrix, Woody Herman, Earl Hines, Johnny Hodges, Billie Holiday, Stan Kenton, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Gene Krupa, Glenn Miller, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Wes Montgomery, Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Navarro, King Oliver, Charlie Parker, Art Pepper, Bud Powell, Django Reinhardt, Buddy Rich, Max Roach, Sonny Rollins, Pee Wee Russell, Bessie Smith, Billy Strayhorn, Art Tatum, Cecil Taylor, Jack Teagarden, Lennie Tristano, Joe Venuti, Fats Waller, Ben Webster, and Lester Young.

5. **Miscellaneous Instruments:** Instruments not having their own category, with these exceptions: valve trombone, included in trombone category; cornet and flugelhorn, included in the trumpet category.

6. **Jazz, Pop/Rock, and Soul/R&B Albums of the Year:** Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for 45s or EPs. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series, indicate volume number.

7. Only one selection counted in each category.

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ing drumming to underpin summaries of the harmonic and structural innovations of the past quarter-century, the term would only partially describe Golia's music. The other side of the coin is a meditative music drawn from Eastern, sometimes distinctly Japanese, sources—an especially effective forum for his flutes. On *Slice Of Life* Golia succeeds in melding the two approaches in each composition, especially *The New Tenor Tune*, which opens with tranquil flute musings and seques into a tough tenor workout. Golia continues to be a reliable source of engaging music.

Gunter Hampel is one of the few avant garde "multi-instrumentalists" who doesn't have a discernable main axe. Hampel forwards a crisp, lyrical, and distinctive approach to the vibraphone. He is also one of the few bass clarinetists to usually stand outside the awesome shadow of Eric Dolphy. Finally, his command of the flute can be compared in a favorable light with that of the leading exponents of the instrument. Vocalist extraordinaire **Jeanne Lee** and **Thomas Keyserling** (whose silvery flute and creamy alto are featured on several of Hampel's Galaxie Dream Band dates) are at ease with this typical Hampel program of bright, lyrical pieces centered around shimmering vibes, flowing, ethereal meshings of voice and winds, and light bluesy songs. Though *Companion* pales in comparison to some of Hampel's early work, and Keyserling's work remains somewhat in the background, the interaction between Hampel and Lee is at its usually high level.

Tenor and baritone saxophonist **Ted Harris'** second outing may have been more accurately titled "... Presents Veterans of Jazz," as there are no bona fide giants, and only a few truly top-drawer players, in the lineup (trumpeter Richard Williams; euphonium flame-keeper Kiane Zawadi, a.k.a. Bernard McKinney; altoist Charles Williams; pianist Hank Edmonds; bassist Ray Drummond; drummer Vernel Fournier, a.k.a. Amir Rushdan). Except for two versions of the leader's *Lo's Delight*, a mid-tempo blues, and the Dameronesque *Rhonda*, the material and treatments are starkly standard: *The Song Is You*, *Stella By Starlight*, etc. Harris keeps a low profile as a player, never stepping out beyond taking the lead in a few ensemble passages, seemingly content to let Richard Williams, Zawadi, and Drummond carry much of the load. The music is honestly delivered, yet the sparks fly only occasionally and rarely touch off the kind of chain reaction within an ensemble that gives a standard a new lease on life.

Harris' true gift seems to be as an organizer, and as such he has made his "Giants of Jazz" series a viable perennial showcase for mainstream jazz artistry.

Perhaps more so than Hampel, it is difficult to discern **Karlton Hester's** principal strength. He is an exceptional flutist whose technical prowess is infused with warmth and wit. But perhaps more importantly, *Hesterian Musicism* reveals him to be a composer with a breathtaking range of materials that are skillfully wrought in both refreshing chamber configurations and his impressive 12-piece Contemporary Jazz Art Movement. Either *Visitor From The Outside* or *For The Affect Of It* provide a persuasive case in point, though neither are wholly representative of Hester's palette. After an Eastern-hued statement by Hester and oboist Sonja Williams, tenorist Dwaine Spurlin leads the ensemble in a pointedly baroque fugue on the former, which unfolds, via an igniting Kamau Seitu drum solo, into a briskly paced reiteration of the themes and fine solos by Spurlin, Hester, and trumpeter Larry Douglas. The latter song, scored for two flutes and bass, compresses such varying materials as Kirkish work-song phrases and languid airs in a compact five-minute framework. As each composition reveals a different facet of Hester's imagination, *Hesterian Musicism* is as recommendable as it is diverse.

Trombonist **Benny Powell**, a big band veteran of more than 30 years, has divided his second date between a quintet taped in L.A. (with reedist Herman Riley, bassist Andy Simpkins, pianist Gildo Mahones, and drummer Donald Bailey) and another recorded in New York (with tenorist Clifford Jordan, pianist Mickey Tucker, bassist Ray Drummond, and drummer Vernel Fournier). Surprisingly, the resulting program does not support a dichotomous, East Coast/West Coast approach, as each session presents a lean, driving brand of mainstream music. Powell's solos tend to mix slide and mouthpiece techniques to overcome the trombone's intrinsic difficulties with bop and its derivatives. His agile, warm-toned lines on *The Highest Mountain* and *Taliah Jihad* stoke the fires in a way that is particularly inspiring to Jordan and Fournier. Either quintet could have more fully left its mark if given the entire album, though one would be hard pressed to speculate which of these fine units would have better utilized the extra space. *Coast To Coast* makes a cogent case for Powell as a top-drawer player and leader.

Though the Santa Barbara-based Nimbus label has focused on the docu-

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RECORD REVIEWS

mentation of pianist/composer Horace Tapscott's work, it has not precluded releases by such deserving talent as Roberto Miranda and guitarist **Thomas Tedesco**, whose self-produced debut with Ocean (Miranda, trumpet legend Bobby Bradford, drummer Onaje Sherman Ferguson, and percussionist Sartuse) is both challenging and rewarding. Tedesco's compositions tend to originate in formal terms—the simultaneous 5/4 and 7/8 rhythms of *The Doubleness Of Time*, the expansion of funk rhythms on *Number 26 (Free Disco)*, and the flow-and-ebb, suite-like construction of *Morning Tide*—that Ocean's fluid interaction renders in Ornette-like, slightly latinized hues. A flawless technician who tends toward intricate, yet never routinely virtuosic, single-note lines, Tedesco, as do Miranda and Bradford, has the ability to slide between lead and ensemble roles, percolated by the twin-carbureted work of Ferguson and Sartuse. Beyond the merits of the individual musicians, Tedesco and Ocean have the formidable group identity that few such ensembles achieve on their first recording.

Of all the present recordings, the debut of pianist **Marshall Vente's Project Nine**, a Chicago-based "nonet + 1," whose mainstream repertoire reflects the leader's NEA-funded studies with Gil Evans and Dave Matthews, is the most uneven. The problem does not lie with the uniformly fluent performances of the ensemble, though vocalist Joyce Garro is vulnerable to the liabilities of a kittenish, supper-club stylist. Vente's own compositions provide most of the album's high points, especially *Slightly Dukish*, an etude for Richard Corpulongo's clarinet that smoothly seques into a solid arrangement of *I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart*, and *Warmest Regards From Chicago*, whose ascending triplet figures provide a fine base for Corpulongo's Bird-like alto and Vente's swirling clusters. The treatments of such chestnuts as *Honeysuckle Rose*, Kirk's *Bright Moments*, and Waldron's *Soul Eyes*, however, lack distinction, and Corpulongo's *Trick Lady* is an unsatisfying pastiche of jazz-rock postures. *Endless Intensity* suggests that Vente is still sharpening his skills and that future projects

will be more impressive.

The average avant garde trivia whiz will remember saxophonist **Bert Wilson's** work with Sonny Simmons, Smiley Winters, and the New Creative Arts Ensemble during the '60s heyday of the New Thing. Like many musicians who came of age in that era, he believes his work to be as serious as his life, an assertion that is strongly conveyed on *Kaleidoscopic Visions*, whether or not the listener is aware of Wilson's confinement to a wheelchair since being stricken by polio at the age of four. Ably supported by drummer Bob Meyer and bassist Hein Van De Geyn, Wilson—who is equally effective on soprano, alto, and tenor—forwards "modern music in the Jazz tradition" that is structurally rich. Yet, while 13-bar blues, classical Indian modes, whole-tone scales, and complex harmonic cycles are the building blocks of Wilson's compositions, his improvisations have a hard, cooking edge that cuts through to the heart of the work.

New Music Distribution Service (500 Broadway, NYC 10012) should have all of these albums in stock. —bill shoemaker

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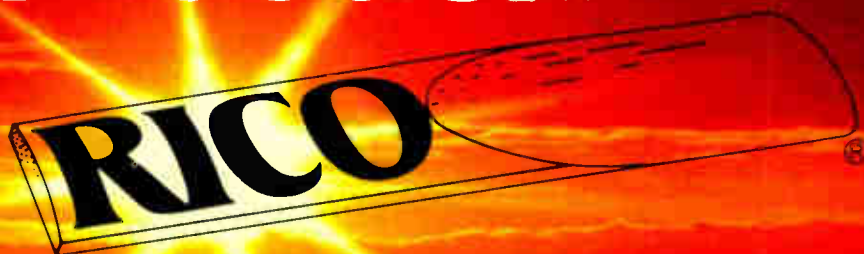
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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SOME THINGS YOU JUST CAN'T BUY BY MAIL.

In March 25 this year, the night before she was to compete in the State Solo and Ensemble Festival, Laurin Buchanan dropped her piccolo. The accident knocked several keys out of alignment; the instrument was unplayable.

Fortunately, her local dealer in Kalamazoo, Michigan, was open as usual the next morning. And two hours after she'd brought it in to him, just two hours before Laurin was scheduled to perform, Don Stevenson completed his repairs.

For Laurin, this story has a happy ending: her well-regulated instrument allowed her to win State honors.

For people like Don Stevenson, the story isn't over. Every year, more and more band directors and consumers are tempted to buy mu-

sical instruments not locally but by mail order.

Low overhead, the direct result of a system devoted exclusively to selling with little or no provision for service, makes it possible for these direct marketing operations to undercut the local dealers' price structure. In point of fact, the local dealer's overhead is higher because he does a great deal more than simply warehouse merchandise: he must first develop and then maintain the musical interests in his community.

His business must provide many different services for school music programs, private teachers, community and church groups, and interested individuals. All this requires a local dealer's investment of time and money, an investment

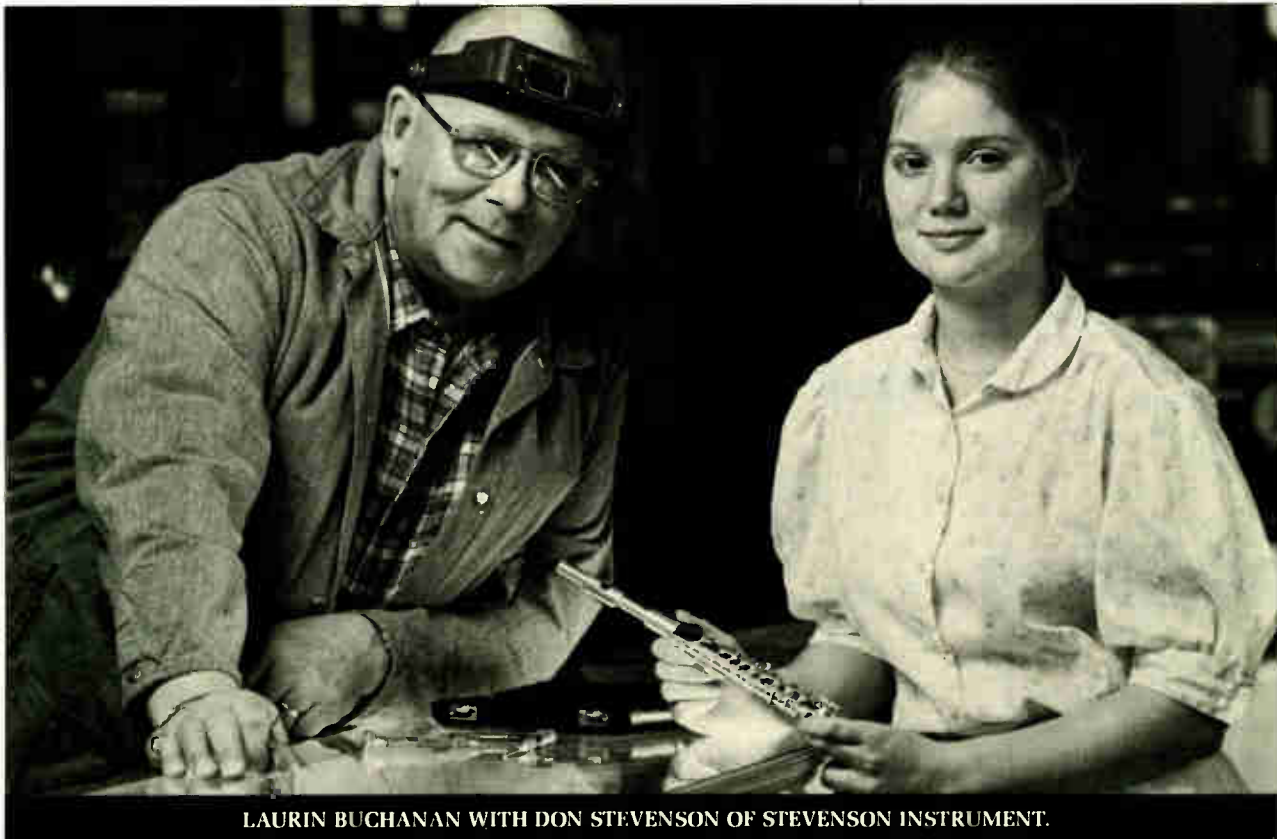
he hopes will provide a return.

Laurin Buchanan may have saved money had she bought her woodwind through the mail. And Don Stevenson would have fixed it just as well, just as fast—that's the way he is.

But as discount mail order houses make it increasingly difficult for local dealers to operate in the "black," the situation may well change. And then one day, Heaven forbid, the morning after you drop your instrument, the Don Stevenson in your community just might not be open as usual.

This issue is a real concern to the editors and publisher of *down beat* magazine. We ask you to support your local music dealers because of the support they provide to you.

Something like that you just can't buy by mail.



LAURIN BUCHANAN WITH DON STEVENSON OF STEVENSON INSTRUMENT.

down beat
The Contemporary Music Magazine

1 SONNY ROLLINS. *STRODE RODE* (from *SONNY ROLLINS*, Prestige). Rollins, tenor saxophone.

It's okay to turn it down, Sonny won't mind, he's burnin', and every now and then something hits you subliminally—something jumps off—a timbre, a note. What a pretty sound he gets! Sonny's always been one of my favorite musicians. I used to play tapes for Don Byas in Paris. Don loved Trane; he'd say, "That's my boy." He knew all the cats, but he'd listen to Sonny for a long time then get a look on his face and say, "Who's that?" Stars? Five stars! One hundred! In fact, give him some money!

2 BENNIE WALLACE. *MONROE COUNTY MOON* (from *BIG JIM'S TANGO*, Enja). Wallace, tenor saxophone.

Is that Ben [Webster]? Well, it's somebody playing like Ben, then. Arnett Cobb, one of them cats? No, that ain't Ben; he's getting away from the changes. Probably one of them young cats like Bennie Wallace. The blues is essential to what we're doing, and Bennie's got a nice feelin' on this, nothin' wrong with it.

That's why I love Trane. Coltrane was a consummate blues player. If he never played nothin', boy, he played the blues. 'Cause if you can't play the blues, as Prez says, you can't play shit. That's the baddest shit. Don't nobody write it for ya. *Chasin' The Trane* is probably one of the most important pieces of music since *The Firebird Suite*.

Bennie's good, but he doesn't have the harmonic foundation Coltrane had. Now [Steve] Grossman's got the harmonic foundation and more, he's interpreted all Coltrane gave, but he ain't got what Bennie's got—that nice, big bottom sound. Or his originality. Of course, Bennie listens to guys like me; I played like that in 1964. I appreciate that; I like his style.

3 COUNT BASIE. *WHIRLY BIRD* (from *BASIE!*, Roulette). Neal Hefti, composer; Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, tenor saxophone.

That's Basie! Hefti! *Whirly Bird*! You read me loud and clear. Aw, that's Jaws. Eddie. I used to listen to him every night. *Alllll* night. That's one helluva sound. I got into Ben through Eddie. Jaws was in a regular group with Shirley Scott before Stan [Turrentine]. Them was some big shoes to fill. You shoulda heard Jaws and Shirley! Yeah!

I put Jaws and Trane together: each can play all over his horn just as much, only different. Eddie can go from low Bb to CCC pop-pop! He'd play *I'll Remember April* so it was surrealistic! He's kinda homespun, you know. You can't learn

Archie Shepp

By FRED BOUCHARD

Archie Shepp is as big and individualistic in person as his sound is on tenor saxophone, as variegated and unpredictable, as polemical and passionately articulate. About 12 hours after playing the Jazz Coalition's All Night Concert on Marathon Eve in Boston, Shepp showed up dressed to the teeth, examined my record collection, loosened up my unplayed upright with probing selections (*Pannonica*, *Lush Life*, *It Could Happen To You*), and otherwise made himself right at home.

Passionate romanticism and entrenched traditionalism have always shone through Shepp's thorniest music, whether with Cecil Taylor in 1960, the great BYG sessions a decade later, or working with his own groups today. In any context, Shepp transcends pigeonholing, as is evidenced by his last four SteepleChase duo albums: devastating reexaminations of spirituals and the blues with Horace Parlan, redefinitions of Charlie Parker tunes with N-H.Ø. Pedersen, electronic ex-



GIUSEPPE G. PINO

plorations with Jasper Van't Hof.

Shepp eschewed Blindfold Test rules much as he did with Leonard Feather in his last two-parter (5/5 & 5/19/66): everybody got five stars; he'd guess who was playing (usually accurately) and talk about them after he found out who it was; his fascinating commentary rode right through the tracks.

that in no school. His intervals aren't connected, but he makes them work.

4 RICKY FORD. *CHELSEA BRIDGE* (from *FLYING COLORS*, Muse). Ford, tenor saxophone.

Is this Dex[ter Gordon]? Well, he sounds like Dex.

FB: It's a direct and acknowledged influence.

AS: My generation? Nope, younger. Well, it must be Ricky Ford. Nice tone! Big sound! I love him. To get these ballads like Miles . . . I heard Wynton [Marsalis] play *My Ship* . . . whew. Ballads are the biggest challenge—you can hear every minute of every hour of every year a guy has put in on his horn with a ballad.

5 GIUSEPPE LOGAN. *DANCE OF SATAN* (from *THE GIUSEPPE LOGAN QUARTET*, ESP). Logan, tenor saxophone. Rec. 1964.

Is he younger than me? American? Distinctive saxophone sounds end with Coltrane, Ayler, even myself. I think I almost know his sound. Is that Ornette [Coleman] on tenor? Eric [Dolphy]? Sounds like Eric. Marion [Brown]? Marion's got some of that shit going, but he doesn't play as technically as this cat. [John] Tchicai? Getting warmer? It's funny lis-

tening to this shit.

FB: I tried to recreate some history here. This is Giuseppe Logan, whom you correctly identified with Leonard Feather in 1966. I played it because you made some very cogent comments on the Vietnam war at the time.

AS: I thought of Giuseppe, but I didn't say it because I haven't heard him in so long. Things I said then I wouldn't say today. There's treachery and terror on the streets. Like Allen Ginsberg said, the best minds of my generation have been destroyed. It ain't the time to talk too much. You can't tell it like it is. This is still the rock & roll era, so long live rock & roll. Jazz is dead. not rock & roll, at least as a popular music. Even Stan Getz, to be played on the radio, better play bossa nova, not *Hershey Bar*.

Musicians have to make a commercial statement today to be even considered pragmatic. Anything else is for dilettantes, aficionados, museums. Jazz today is a museum piece. The media doesn't deal with it. Michael Jackson is the Coltrane of our time. Radio was a more virile idiom. Today it's the image that counts, not the sound. If you look good, it doesn't matter what you play. Like the Rolling Stones, if you don't have a good light show, you're f*ck#ed up. **db**

Michael Gibbs

After a nine-year teaching hiatus, the talented composer/arranger is hot to return to the active scene.

BY FRED BOUCHARD

Michael Gibbs plunks down two large steaming mugs of tea on the butcher-block countertop of his former house in Jamaica Plain, MA, now filled with packing boxes, and smiles with a giant glint in his eyes. "I'm embarking on a third nine-year cycle," says the composer/teacher/trombonist from Rhodesia. "I spent '65-74 in London as a free-lance trombonist and arranger, then '74-83 back at Berklee College teaching, and now we're off to New York. I want to do anything I can as a composer—films, jingles, arranging. I'm excited and terrified: I've a family to feed [wife Cilla, teenaged daughters Louise and Nicola] and no job." Not to worry. The meticulous composer championed by Gary Burton (Burton has recorded over a dozen Gibbs compositions over the years—*Tanglewood '63* is revived on Burton's latest ECM album, *Picture This* [1-1126]—as well as Gibbs' large-ensemble works on *Seven Songs For Quartet and Chamber Orchestra* [ECM 1-1040] and *In The Public Interest* [Polydor PD 6503]) has already made a few nips at the Apple, producing guitarist Kevin Eubanks' debut and *The Young Lions* LPs for Elektra Musician, writing string ballad arrangements for Angie Bofill and Stacey Lattisaw for producer Michael Narada Walden, strings on Mike Mantler's *Something There* (Watt), and work on albums by John McLaughlin, Jaco Pastorius, Peter Gabriel, and Joni Mitchell. He's done a few soaps and film scores, and former student Red Neinkirchen is getting him involved with a music production studio on Madison Avenue. When he hooks up his phone in his new Park Slope (Brooklyn) address, it'll soon be ringing off the wall.

Gibbs was schooled in Boston (Berklee, '59-63), played music in London, taught in Boston, and is now ready to commit himself fully to his first love—composing. At the crossroads again, he's given to reminiscing on his career. "Gil Evans and Herb Pomeroy were major inspirations as a writer. I stole Evans' voicings and ideas for years—it was like he



was teaching me new vocabulary in a familiar language. I was learning the rules at Berklee, and he was breaking them—the flat nines in the trombones on *My Man's Gone Now* [on Miles Davis' *Porgy & Bess*] were a no-no, and the four trombones voiced very low on *Oh, Bess* were below interval limits. I still use his ideas but can make them sound more like me.

"Herb liked my writing so much that he hired me to play in his big band; I took Gene DiStasio's place when he went on the road with Kai Winding in '61. At the same time I was in Herb's wonderful writing classes—line writing, Ellington, and private composition one-on-one—what a luxury! It was discipline I learned from Herb—he made me weigh-up each note before I wrote it into a chord, think deeply about it. Extreme examples of that thought came up when I had to voice a simple C triad for 80 members of the London Symphony [John McLaughlin's *Apocalypse*, Columbia KC 32957] or the same situation again on Joni Mitchell's *Paprika Plains* [*Don Juan's Reckless Daughter*, Asylum BB-701]. It took me hours! I got that attitude from Herb." Important classical composers for Gibbs are Ives (for layering and phasing of sound) and Messiaen (for scales that freed his harmonic conception, as on *Antique* from *The Only Chrome Waterfall*, Bronze ILPS 9353).

Friends prevailed upon him to go to London, where Gibbs "made my living on trombone in groups and studios, especially with Johnny Dankworth, who got me much work as a writer." (Gibbs wrote special arrangements for Dankworth and Cleo Laine when they were honored at Berklee's 1982 commencement program.) "But players and writers do not overlap: it's a master/slave relationship. As a hiring writer I could no longer be hired by musicians. Even after nine years, I never felt that I could get close to my fellow musicians in England.

There was only music, joking, and drinking in pubs. When I tried to get below the surface, they'd change the subject. With Americans, there always seemed to be a more vital, personal interaction.

"When I came back to Berklee at Gary's suggestion to teach for a year, America felt so good that I decided to stay. Gary encouraged me greatly with my writing. And the kinship I feel with Steve Swallow and Bob Moses is really brotherly." (These men will be core members of a band Gibbs will tour England with in November.)

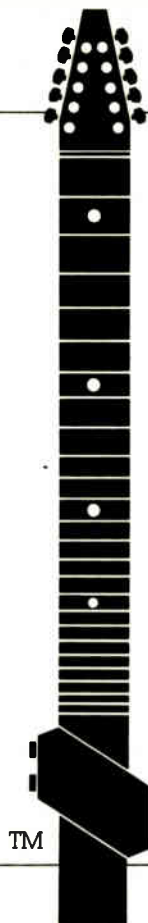
The Berklee College of Music has been home and haven for Gibbs since '74, and he has enjoyed his teaching there, selecting courses on his own—composition, content and analysis, and three arranging classes (lecture, practical, and advanced). "My first year I was composer-in-residence, and it didn't matter if I taught or not. I'd just finished *Apocalypse* and simply showed what I'd done. In the classroom I discovered I liked teaching, worked, and got good at it. Berklee is a technical college; I got the students to discover their own essence through technique. I love Berklee, it's very unique in the world and very up-to-date. If I wanted to teach 90 percent of the time, I'd stay here, but I need to get out and refresh myself. They've totally revamped their audio department, you know. They know how important audio is to the industry and the students, and they've gone and put in a 24-track and a smaller studio, new production courses and major, the lot. I'd gear future courses in jazz arranging to the studio, not the big band. That's where you make a living, that's what the industry needs, and Berklee knows it."

Teaching has had the gradual and inevitable drain on Gibbs' creative work, and it's time to turn it around. Cilla, delightfully outspoken, says, "This move is essential to Mike's career. He's gotten out of touch with writing, and it's not

good for his soul. I've seen him functioning out in the real world at a very light level of creativity, and I'll love to see him doing that again." And the wheel comes full circle: just as the high quality of his composing and arranging moved Gibbs away from playing trombone into writing scores and commissions, his success with writing them has renewed his interest in performing again. That November tour to England and Europe, financed in part by British Arts Council Grants, has him thinking about new scores for a 12-piece band, and getting his instrumental chops back in shape. Naturally, such an ensemble could also work part-time around New York. Gibbs plans to play second trombone behind Chris Pyne, and will keep a Prophet synthesizer on-stage to color pieces, much as Gil Evans does. "When I asked Steve Swallow if he'd like to play some keyboard as well as bass, he was so excited he said he'd play the Prophet with his right hand and a poly-synthesizer with his left!"

What Gibbs is reaching for in his music these days is more rhythm. "I like pop music because it makes me want to move, but it must have enough sophistication to appeal to the musicians. I like starting concerts with an all-out rock & roll piece, yet I don't want to waste the talents of a Kenny Wheeler. I went to a Peter Tosh concert, and within two minutes everyone was on their feet, but the music is not boring; I want that combination. I talked to drummer D. Sharpe last night, who's doing very exciting things with his band. When I listen to pop like Peter Gabriel's *Shock The Monkey*, I listen past the rhythms into the colors of the music. My two favorites are Weather Report and Pat Metheny, whose concerts are overall events, total experiences, like movies. That's the best of all." Metheny and Gibbs collaborated on a Gibbs annual Berklee concert a few years ago, and that was a total experience—superb writing and inspired improvising complementing and enhancing each other. "Programming intelligently is also a kind of composing I want to achieve; Carla Bley does it well."

Gibbs' move means gaining new neighbors—Bob Moses, Mike Hyman, and Bob Mintzer all within walking distance—and losing an old one—Gary Burton who had moved just down the block when he returned to Berklee. "We're still close and sometimes talk about projects involving a singer. Cathy Berberian died before we could approach her, but we're thinking about a strings and vibes ballad album with a very prominent vocalist." It looks like the world is Michael Gibbs' oyster again, and he's wielding a sharp pencil to pry it open. db



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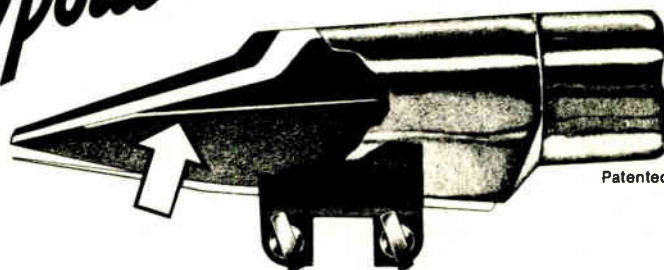
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HANK CRAWFORD AND DAVID "FATHEAD" NEWMAN

JAZZ SHOWCASE

CHICAGO—"Each of my horn players," comments Ray Charles in his autobiography, *Brother Ray*, "had to be able to stretch out on jazz tunes, play a lot of complicated figures and also have that basic, bluesy, down-home sound."

Hank Crawford and David "Fathead" Newman fit those requirements to a "T." Their careers have run virtually parallel: the Dallas-bred Newman cut his chops beside Ornette Coleman in Red Connor's big band, before hitting the road with Lowell Fulson and T-Bone Walker; Memphis-born Crawford, a college-trained musician, backed B.B. King and Bobby Bland on Beale Street. Newman joined the Charles band in 1954; Crawford came on board in '58 and became Ray's first music director. Both saxophonists left Charles to record craftsman-like blues-bop sessions in the '60s, then rode out the '70s with funk-factory productions before reemerging as straight-ahead jazzmen.

On this night, Crawford and Newman took to the stage in vested suits, as if to emphasize their new-found respectability. The two swapped solos on *Front Bait*—Newman playing a cool Lester Youngish tenor to Crawford's lilting Charlie Parker-style alto—and harmonized like blood brothers in the soulful choruses. Pianist John Young's trio was in extraordinary form—Dan Shapera walked his bass with an irresistibly resonant authority, and Wilbur Campbell drummed with impeccable restraint, while Young himself sparkled with elegance and pungent wit.

Crawford took the spotlight on a poignantly lyrical reading of Billie Holiday's *Lover Man*, punctuating the haunting refrain with tricky bop flourishes and bluesy moans. His sweet, round tone grew in power and momentum through Illinois Jacquet's *Robin's Nest*, building skillfully to an urgent, yet tightly controlled climax. Never coarse or flashy, Hank's blowing was a purist's delight—relaxed and breezy, and leavened with a sleekly refined dose of funk.

Newman eschewed his customary tenor on his solo turn. After whispering the changes of his *Thirteenth Floor* to Young, he picked up his flute and essayed the modal theme with a clean, wide-open intonation over Shapera's arco bass before leaping into African-

forest flutters and Middle-Eastern vampings. Unperturbed by the lack of rehearsal, Young comped effortlessly, reaching into the piano to play harp-like glisses on the strings. Newman, on soprano, breathed fresh life into the Frank Sinatra chestnut, *One For My Baby, One For The Road*, swinging the straight horn with the same full, unpinched tone that distinguishes his tenor and alto work.

Fathead and Hank joined forces for the finale, a romping, rollicking blues. Crawford whipped through the changes with prowess and vigor, and Newman glided his Texas tenor with smooth but forceful facility, breaking occasionally into gorgeously muted honks and smears. It was, all in all, a masterly display of taste and technique, of the sort that should ultimately lay to rest the invidious r&b stereotype that has dogged these fine players for too many years.

—Larry Birnbaum

down beat HAPPENING

GRAND BALLROOM
HYATT REGENCY

CHICAGO—The 1983 down beat Happening will stand as a classic in the 11-year history of this variegated musical evening, maintaining the now traditional excitement and excellent musicianship of previous affairs. The annual event, produced by down beat and emceed this year by local jazz dj Frank Lee (WXFM), falls on the closing eve of the NAMM (National Association of Music Merchants) International Music and Sound Expo and is a night-time entertainment highlight for NAMM conventioners.

Street Corner Symphony opened the show with a finger-popping, a cappella do-wop set. A regular feature of this jazz/rock band's club act, the six-voice choir sang such favorites as *Street Corner Symphony* (of course) and *Let The Good Times Roll*. The St. Louis group (sponsored at the Happening by Sunn Musical Equipment) is currently making a splash on the Chicago club circuit and announced that they have just finished their first album.

Next up was John Chrisley Jr. (Hohner Inc.'s latest discovery), a 13-year-old blues harp virtuoso who performed as if he'd paid a lot more dues than flunking a spelling test. Little John took up the harmonica a year-and-a-half ago after attending a Muddy Waters concert, and since has become a protege of Junior Wells. The young harpist was backed by Chicago's John Campbell Trio—Campbell, piano; Kelly Sill, acoustic bass; Joel (the Mole) Spencer, drums—with Henry

Johnson adding the blues guitar licks.

The Campbell Trio held their positions and quickly changed musical gears to back the straight-ahead jazz of trumpeter Red Rodney, who was presented by the E.K. Blessing Co. Rodney announced that the evening marked his 40th year as a jazz musician and appropriately entranced the audience with such classics as *So What*, *On Green Dolphin Street*, *Night And Day*, and *I Can't Get Started*. The members of the trio, though merely a gleam in their fathers' eyes when Rodney was already a bebop veteran, played a finely swinging complement to the trumpet with impressive improvisations by Campbell. This segment definitely received five stars from the Happening crowd.



Red Rodney

Following on Red's jazz coat-tails was the Country Swing group sponsored by MCI/Daion Guitars. Country music veterans Ken Frazier (guitar), Bud Carter (steel guitar), Dick Gimble (bass), and Tom Meyer (drums) lightened the Happening mood with a set of down-home swinging favorites.

Next, the unique pairing of trombone and acoustic piano opened listeners' ears as virtuosos Phil Wilson and '82 "deebie" winner Makoto Ozone purified Happening airwaves with inspired renditions of *Stella By Starlight*, *Here's That Rainy Day*, *Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave To Me*—tunes featured on their album *Jams And Jellies*. Wilson sent chills down many a spine with his trombone version of *Donna Lee*—a show-stopper to make Charlie Parker proud. The duo was sponsored by Yamaha.

Last, but definitely far from least, the Chicago-based, D'Angelico-sponsored Henry Johnson Quartet closed the '83 Happening with an electric approach to jazz. The energized group included

Johnson (who has been featured with Ramsey Lewis, Grover Washington Jr., Groove Holmes, and Sonny Stitt, to name a few) on guitar; Bob Long, piano; Frank Russell, electric bass; and Robert Gates, drums. Each member proved an exceptional soloist, and as an ensemble they were most impressive.

Dr. William Fowler, **down beat** Education Editor, coordinated the show, and sound was done by the Chicago Music Company.

—albert de genova

JACKIE AND RENE McLEAN

SWING PLAZA

NEW YORK—The Freemans (Von and Chico) and the Marsalises (Ellis, Wynton, and Branford) have given impetus to the teaming of the generations in jazz units. Jackie and Rene McLean have worked together in the past, but, of late, papa Jackie has kept on his professorial robes in Connecticut and hasn't been seen much haunting New York's jazz clubs. He recently made the trip south to Swing Plaza, and while he packed his burning alto saxophone, he also transported a bit

too much parental pride.

From note one, Jackie made it clear that it was to be Rene's night—they were going to be playing Rene's compositions, and the younger McLean was to call the shots. With Mulgrew Miller on piano, Phil Bowler on bass, Freddie Waits on drums, and Kimati Denizulu on percussion, the set in question opened with *Jackie Mac's Dynasty*, a spirited bebop composition. Jackie seemed to be holding back—perhaps not wanting to be put in the position of cutting his son. This was the problem all evening—Jackie McLean is a competitive, biting player who can meet most instrumentalists on their own terms; he's a peerless bopper, but he also has the equipment for wide-ranging free playing. By comparison, Rene is a rather run-of-the-mill reedman—he can play a number of horns, he can write pleasant pieces, he can solo ably, but he is not in his father's league.

By sharing the spotlight with his father at peak form, Rene would have come up short. With Jackie tethering his solos, the two men were on equal—if somewhat dull—ground. Only when Jackie stepped front and center for his feature, *Old Folks*, did his gritty, forceful playing

come to the fore. Jackie is a very honest, very emotional player, and he vivified his solo with soulful cascades of notes and a little bit of growling. Waits, normally a too-busy drummer for my tastes, here hung in with brushes and moved things along nicely. The rest of the rhythm section kept things on track, occasionally getting stuck in a long, clichéd tune, such as Rene's *Zimbabwe*, and disappearing. Miller turned in one delightful solo before the night was over, however, playing odd, fragmented phrases that kept turning in on themselves.

Since Jackie McLean has made himself such a rare bird on the club circuit, I would have preferred to spend the evening listening to him ignite his usual batch of standards and not-so standards. As it is, this was a fairly unsatisfying evening. It's as if one went to see an evening with Frank and Nancy Sinatra and found that the repertoire they were performing was Nancy's. That's not to say Rene's pieces are comparable to *These Boots Were Made For Walking*, but that Jackie wasn't on familiar footing and didn't rear back and blow. Still, Jackie McLean with his wings clipped is better than no Jackie McLean at all. —lee jeske

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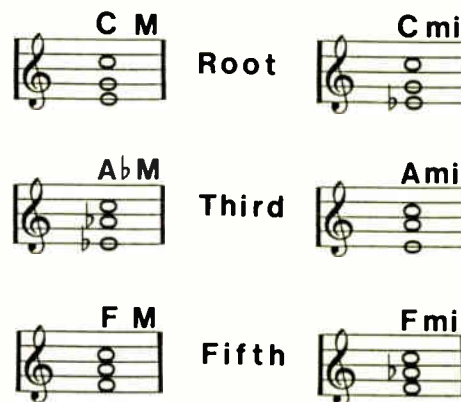
HOW TO tame the tone row—Part II

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

William Fowler, composer/clinician/professor (University of Colorado, Denver) holds a PhD in Music Composition and is db's Education Editor.



This article is the second in a series showing various ways to harmonize a tone row. Part I (db, Aug., '83) defined the tone row (sounding all 12 notes of the chromatic scale in any order before any one of them recurs) and demonstrated ways to accompany the row without using standard chords, thus freeing it from belonging to some particular key. This part of the series demonstrates tone row harmonization by parallel standard chords, a method which provides familiar harmonic materials without establishing a traditional tonal center. Upcoming parts of the series will demonstrate tone row accompaniment by standard chords in random order, then by standard chords within standard chord progressions, a method particularly useful in jazz adaptations of tone row techniques.



Any given melodic note can be a part of its accompanying chord, say the root, the third, or the fifth of an accompanying triad. Here, for example, are the three Major triads and the three minor triads which could accompany the beginning C of Mark Hiskey's tone row (illustrated above):

When a row consists entirely of Major triad roots, one set of parallel accompanying chords results:



Or when the same row consists entirely of Major triad thirds, another set results:



Or when that same row consists entirely of Major triad fifths, still another set results:



Adding a seventh to each triad along the row will increase harmonic tension:

1). C⁷ F^{#7} B⁷ B^{b7} F⁷ D^{b7} D⁷ E⁷ A⁷ A^{b7} E^{b7} G⁷



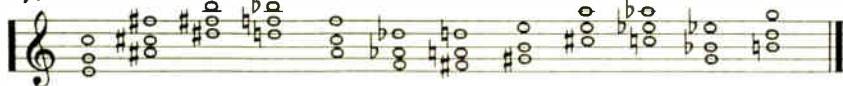
Adding a Major 10th below each root along the row will enrich each vertical sound:

1). C F[#] B B^b F D^b D E A A^b E^b G

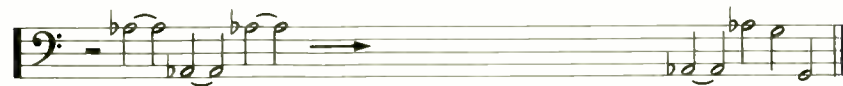


Adding a pedal tone in the bass will vary the degree of dissonance at each chord shift:

1). C F[#] B B^b F D^b D E A A^b E^b G

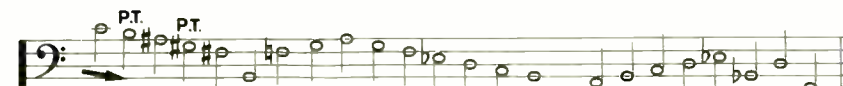


1). C F[#] B B^b F D^b D E A A^b E^b G



Adding a bass line will allow contrary motion and passing tones:

1). C F[#] B B^b F D^b D E A A^b E^b G



Because the inherent tonal characteristic of the minor triad is more pastel than that of the Major triad, parallel minor triads along the row yield more transparent harmony than parallel Major triads do:

4). C^m F^m B^m B^b F^m C^{#m} D^m E^m A^m G^{#m} D^{#m} G^m



5). A^m D^{#m} G^{#m} G^m D^m B^b B^m C^{#m} F^{#m} F^m C^m E^m



6). F^m B^m E^m E^b B^b F^{#m} G^m A^m D^m C^{#m} G^{#m} C^m



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Adding a seventh to each minor chord along the row slightly thickens the individual vertical sounds without obscuring their pastel quality:

4). Cmi⁷ F#m⁷ Bm⁷ Bbm⁷ Fm⁷ C#m⁷ Dm⁷ Em⁷ Am⁷ G#m⁷ D#m⁷ Gm⁷



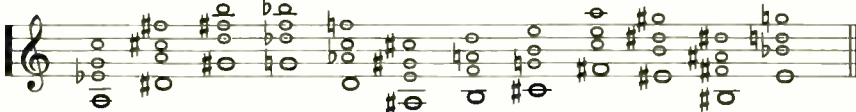
But adding a Major 10th below each root transforms the individual minor triads into rich Major seventh chords:

4). Cmi F#m Bm Bbm Fm C#m Dm Em Am G#m D#m Gm



And adding a minor 10th below each root transforms the minor triads into individually active half-diminished seventh chords:

4). Cmi F#m Bm Bbm Fm C#m Dm Em Am G#m D#m Gm



Constructing quartal chords by adding successive Perfect fourths below each note in the tone row again establishes a pastel harmonic texture:



The reader should now explore the harmonic effects of adding pedal tones below parallel minor triads and of adding walking bass lines to them. For further exploration, here is a different type of tone row, one which suggests the key of C Major during its first six notes, then the key of G^b Major during its last six notes:



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Anthony J. Cirone, percussionist with the San Francisco Symphony, is also an Associate Professor at San Jose St. University, percussion consultant for the Belwin-Mills Publishing Corp., and a clinician for the Avedis Zildjian Co.



The following daily practice routines are actually used by Louie Bellson. They are excerpted from Master Technique Builders For Snare Drum, compiled and edited by Anthony J. Cirone (© 1982, Belwin-Mills Publishing Corp., Melville, NY; used with permission). In addition to these Bellson exercises, the book offers daily practice routines used by 20 other pros—from Joe Morello, Ed Soph, a host of classical cats, marchers, and others.

Practicing is a vital part of the growth of any musician. It spells education, and an educated musician is one who can play and really know his/her craft. There are no shortcuts. Interest, patience, practice, and experience (with a little care for the body) will make you bloom into a beautiful flower.

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Book Reviews

MINGUS: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY

by Brian Priestley (New York: Quartet Books, 1982, 308 pp., \$24.95, hardcover).

"Critical Biography" is the key to what is to be found in this handsome, well-written account of the stormy life and career of Charles Mingus. This is a carefully constructed, chronological guide through Mingus' life using as signposts the various recordings the bassist/composer made. "One of my subsidiary aims," writes Priestley in his introduction, "... was to provide a context and a counterweight for Mingus' book [*Beneath The Underdog*]." For anyone familiar with that memoir-as-fantasy, Priestley puts the events in their proper order and identifies many of the pseudonymous characters in the book. Otherwise, *Mingus: A Critical Biography* stands on its own as a fine, sensible biography, but its strong point is its analysis of what went into the music of Charles Mingus. Those looking for a kiss-and-tell book will be disappointed. Priestley covers the seamy side of the Mingus personality only on the surface—the gory details are here, leavened with a biting wit, but they take a back-seat to the fine dissection of Mingus' cut-and-paste composing style and unusual bandleading technique.

Priestley is on firmest ground when he has got his ear to his turntable. Musical examples are given, and the way Priestley walks us through *The Black Saint And The Sinner Lady* ("... not only the most monumental of Mingus' works but the one which most nearly combines his various compositional approaches in a convincing whole.") is exceptional. He has a sharp ear and doesn't fall into the biographer's trap of loving every piece of work his subject pursues. When Mingus sets himself up for a zap, Priestley zaps him. Obviously the best way to read through this book is with a hardy collection of Mingus records at your disposal. Using the 35-page discography as a guide, one can walk away from this volume with a fine understanding of Mingus' seemingly haphazard, yet frequently brilliant, method of music-making.

One wishes, however, that there was more. Mingus was a colorful personality, and Priestley is an excellent writer. But he is an English writer and, the economics of publishing jazz books being what it is, he didn't have the opportunity to conduct first-hand interviews with the dozens of people who have Mingus stories to tell. So he had to rely, in great part, on previously published interviews and magazine articles for his information. Fortunately he has the good sense to



Mingus in 1976.

counter these with the requisite grains of salt, but one wonders if, now that Mingus is gone, people might not have been willing to part with some insights into the man's character. Priestley has corralled Dannie Richmond, Jimmy Knepper, and several others, but such obvious subjects as Mingus' children (there are at least five offspring from at least four wives—the details are less-than-clear) are not called upon.

So we learn that Mingus was only one-quarter black and that his father was "cruel" and liked to pass for white. We learn that Mingus had a penchant for white women (Priestley, unfortunately, keeps referring to these women by the color of their hair, rather than their race, to get that point across) and that, when the music business turned sour, he would constantly go to work in post offices, something which his father had done. And, of course, we are treated to displays of the Mingus temper—a knife fight with Jackie McLean that ended with McLean's weapon buried not far from Mingus' heart; a brawl with Alonzo Levister that resulted in four broken chairs and much smashed glassware; an incident where the massive Mingus threatened Max Gordon, the diminutive owner of the Village Vanguard, with a kitchen knife; the story of Mingus trying to frame Jimmy Knepper by mailing him heroin (after Mingus had rearranged the trombonist's teeth); the time Mingus threatened a "blonde" lady with a gun; the occasion he pelted saxophonist Bobby Jones with onions and cucumbers; etc. The anecdotes are here, but there is little follow-up, little amplification. We read about Mingus' confinement in Bellevue Hospital, but learn little more about it than what is already available on record sleeves. Mingus is a good subject for a detailed personal biography, but that is yet to be written. The most interesting details then, to those already familiar with the Mingus life and career, is the portrait of the dying Mingus desperately

trying to stave off the fatal throes of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis by visiting a Mexican healer and subjecting himself to such treatments as the drinking of iguana's blood. Mingus' last wife, Susan, is purportedly working on a full account of Mingus' final days, and it will no doubt flesh out what is available here.

All in all, this is a useful book in that it takes details from the life of one of our finest jazz musicians and lays them out clearly and plainly for the first time. But it is even more valuable for its serious treatment of the music that will remain the Mingus legacy. —lee jeske

JAZZ PIANO: A JAZZ HISTORY

Billy Taylor (Dubuque, IA: Wm. C. Brown, 1982, 264 pp., \$9.95, paperback).

To this reviewer's knowledge Billy Taylor's *Jazz Piano: A Jazz History* is the only published work attempting to deal with the complete history of jazz piano—a formidable task for any writer, even for one as knowledgeable both in practical jazz playing and in the ways of academia as Billy Taylor. Indeed, *Jazz Piano* sprung from Taylor's doctoral dissertation at the University of Massachusetts. It now emerges just about shorn of pedagogy as a readable, insightful work on this broad and challenging topic.

Running through Taylor's chronicle of jazz styles from pre-ragtime through the avant garde is the author's thesis that jazz styles represent an understandable musical continuum. For example, Taylor sees bop not as a revolutionary movement which consciously set out to create a new music but as a "logical and natural evolution from the earlier jazz styles." He coins the term "prebop" to identify the transitional musicians (himself included) whose handling of rhythm, harmony, and melody led into bop and post-bop styles. Thus, he presents bop as the "logical extension of swing, not an abrupt departure from it." Similarly, Taylor understands ragtime not only as a form which crystallized into printed piano music, but as the logical extension of earlier ballads, coon songs, minstrel show music, and brass bands. Taylor's view of jazz history also refreshingly debunks the myth that the history of jazz can be seen simply as a series of fortuitous master/pupil relationships, that jazz progressed solely from the hands of one great innovator to another. So Taylor's work is peppered throughout with excursions into the work of minor players whose talents are worthy of wider recognition. As Taylor points out: "There is a romantic notion that jazz has

been developed primarily through the impact of the personal innovations of a few giants. Giants in any field exemplify the best, but giving them proper credit for their personal achievements should not obscure the significant contributions of innovators who, though not as well recognized, added much to the common vocabulary."

Taylor supports this position with plentiful musical examples. Indeed, for the practicing and aspiring jazz player these examples may well be the most valuable feature of his work, making it a kind of source book of pianistic structures, devices, and idioms. Other useful features include extensive, chapter by

chapter discographies, lists of method books, critical works, and an outline of jazz piano history. A unique feature is a running series of asides which are set off from the body of Taylor's text and recount his recollections of jazz players who influenced his playing. So we are given vignettes of his encounters with the likes of Jelly Roll Morton, Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, and Art Tatum; of sessions at Minton's; of Taylor's two-year stint as house pianist at Birdland; of his experience organizing the Jazzmobile. All of these add informative, interesting personal touches.

Listeners to National Public Radio may find much of the above reminiscent, be-

cause NPR has broadcast *Taylor Made Piano*, a 13-program series hosted by Taylor which parallels the material presented in *Jazz Piano*. The programs make a welcome adjunct to Taylor's book. In addition to allowing Taylor to make his case with full-length, audible musical examples, the tapes also afford him the space to elaborate on his points while seated at the piano. As in *Jazz Piano*, Taylor is his urbane, genial self. A welcome complement to a welcome book.

For information on obtaining tapes of *Taylor Made Piano* write Yvonne Hancher, National Media Programs, University of California (San Diego), La Jolla, CA 92093.
—jon balleras



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ACCESSORIES



Reunion Blues Gig Bags

REUNION BLUES CORP. (San Francisco) has just introduced flute and clarinet bags to their professional quality line of leather gig bags. The single flute case bags are padded and lined with a plush fabric, and are made to fit piccolo, B- and C-foot flutes, as well as alto flutes. The

new additions feature leather handles and adjustable shoulder straps. Additionally, Reunion Blues also offers three combination bags for carrying a variety of flutes, clarinets, music stands, and sheet music in one bag. These bags are also padded and feature pillow dividers to prevent scratching. As with their other leather bags (for trumpet, saxes, percussion, and guitars), Reunion Blues also manufactures the new bags in cordura nylon fabric with the same features.

BRASS FAMILY



Holton T-101 Trumpet

Designed for the dedicated trumpet player is the new HOLTON (G. LEBLANC CORP., Kenosha, WI) T-101 Symphony B \flat trumpet which features the company's popular playing characteristics, critically accurate craftsmanship, and precise acoustical design. The one-piece 4 $\frac{13}{16}$ -inch hand-burnished bell adds brilliance and superior projection; the standard .459-inch bore maintains better control in all registers. Monel pistons and double-slotted valve guides provide superior action and better wear. A first-valve U-pull and third-valve ring result in precise intonation. The T-101 comes in a lacquered brass finish with nickel-silver outer slides; silver plating is available.

GUITAR WORLD



'83 Ovation Collectors' Series

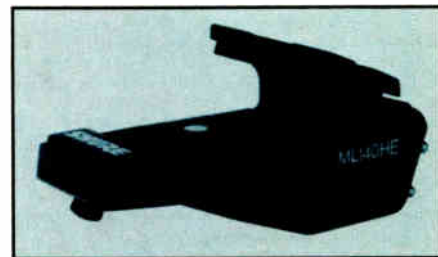
OVATION INSTRUMENTS INC. (a KAMAN company, Bloomfield, CT) has announced the availability of their second annual Collectors' Series Model—the

1983. The first Ovation production super-shallow bowl model, this cutaway guitar features a striking gray/black sunburst finish, genuine abalone rosette, and a fingerboard inlay pattern that includes a "1983" block inlay at the 12th fret. Also featured is the piezoelectric pickup/preamp system, Kaman Bar neck, special bowl label, and serially numbered certificate (the first dozen or so have gone to the likes of Alan Holdsworth, Daryl Hall, Nancy Wilson, and Al Di Meola). This limited edition model was only manufactured in the summer of '83, so move quickly if you want one.

Duncan SA-1 Acoustic Pickup

New from SEYMOUR DUNCAN PICKUPS (Santa Barbara, CA) is the Duncan SA-1 Acoustic Pickup, small enough not to block the sound hole and with a natural aerodynamic shape so the sound goes around it. The easily clipped-on SA-1 is a humbucker in a $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch diameter tube with two coils inside to cancel out 60-cycle hum, is fully shielded and, because of a carefully adjusted magnetic field, offers balanced response with no overbearing treble.

HOME STEREO



Shure MLI40HE

At the premium end of the SHURE BROTHERS INC. (Evanston, IL) newly restructured line of stereo phonograph cartridges is the streamlined MLI40HE which features many of the innovations of Shure's state-of-the-art V15 Type V—including the Microwall/Be stylus shank (with the extremely high stiffness-to-density ratio that provides accurate high-frequency trackability with the lowest effective mass currently available), the Dynamic Stabilizer (which compensates for record warp while removing dust and static electricity from record surfaces), and the Side-Guard Stylus Protection System. The heart of the MLI40HE's new body design—streamlined for maximum efficiency—is Shure's Bifold-Paraflex humbucking coil core which provides greater efficiency of energy transfer and maximum channel separation. Full accessories are included. **db**

Di Meola. "I was trying to find myself, or find the kind of music that suited where I was going with the guitar. I had grown up on rock and loved it but found it a very limited kind of music for expansion on your instrument. I started listening to bluegrass, especially Doc Watson, which really helped me develop my speed. I really dug Kenny Burrell and Tal Farlow at the time, but I also knew that it wasn't what I ultimately wanted to do. I wanted to do something new, something that nobody was doing."

Perhaps his single biggest guitar influence at the time was Larry Coryell. "I used to go down to Greenwich Village to see him play at little hole-in-the-wall clubs. Wherever he was playing, I'd be there."

Around the same time, Chick Corea was experimenting with a free jazz group called Circle, which Di Meola didn't quite relate to. "It was something to expand my mind, but it wasn't something I could translate to guitar. Later, though, he came out with his *Light As A Feather* group, which was very melodic and very inspiring. But when he came out with the rock-style *Return To Forever*, it suited me perfectly. I knew that was where I wanted to be."

In 1971 Di Meola enrolled at the Berklee College of Music in Boston, majoring in instrumental performance. By the second semester he was playing with the Barry Miles Quartet, having dropped out of school for six months of intensive independent study with the keyboardist. The band broke up in 1974 after precious few gigs, and Di Meola re-enrolled at Berklee to study arranging.

A few months later, he got a call from Corea. Di Meola's friend, Mike Buyukas, had made some live tapes of the fiery young guitarist performing with Barry Miles and had secretly set up a one-man assault effort on Corea, bombarding him

with tapes until he finally relented and gave a listen to this guitarist from New Jersey.

"I was just sitting around my apartment in Boston on Friday afternoon," Di Meola recalls, "when Chick phoned and asked me to come to a rehearsal in New York. I couldn't believe it. It blew my mind. It was really a dream come true. In 10 minutes I packed some clothes in a bag, got a ride to New York, and never saw that apartment in Boston again." After a weekend of rehearsals, Di Meola debuted with *Return To Forever* at Carnegie Hall. The following night, he was playing to a crowd of 40,000 in Atlanta. The meteoric rise of a guitar star had begun.

As for his current reunion with his old RTF mates, Di Meola says, "We had talked about doing it a couple times in the last few years, but it really seemed like a dream. I personally didn't think it would happen, but I'm really glad it did. We've all remained real good friends through the years, even though I didn't see Stanley and Lenny that much—they spend a lot of time in Los Angeles. I saw Chick a number of times, though. We played together on a couple of my albums, and I played on one of his, so we stayed in touch. In fact, I did a show with him and Tony Williams in Tokyo. So our interest in wanting to get RTF back together just grew naturally."

He adds, "I really don't need to be doing RTF or The Trio—God, I could just keep on doing my own thing with my own touring band or in the studio with the Fairlight—but I'm doing these things for the love of it. It's so hard to turn down the offers to play with such great people. I don't want to lose the relationship I have with them. It just makes me a better player. And what I'm trying to do is use the knowledge and inspiration I gain from playing with these master musicians and turn it into something new—new colors, new rhythms, new grooves. It may not be jazz, but personally I don't care. It's the direction I want to go. Whatever sounds fresh and new and exciting to me, that's where I want to go now." **db**

BELLSON

continued from page 22

came by to hear him, and from then on we couldn't afford Joe any more." When Johnny Carson first brought the *Tonight Show* to the West Coast for occasional two-week stints, Bellson and his bandmembers would fill in for Doc Severinsen's New York crew. Subsequently, Severinsen recruited many of his regulars from Louie's group, among them Pete Christlieb, Don Menza, Snooky Young, Conte Candoli, John Audino, Jimmy Zito, and Dick Spencer. "When they decided to come out to California for good," Bellson avers, "Johnny and Doc offered me the job. I told them, 'I have to work with my wife; I work with my own big band; I do clinics,' so they sent for Eddie Shaughnessy, and then they wanted me to try to split it with Eddie whenever I could. But I haven't been on the show for over a year—I've been on the road."

In the past decade Bellson has composed a number of novel works for symphonic-cum-percussion orchestras, often in collaboration with Jack Hayes. Between dates for Norman Granz' Pablo label and Carl Jefferson's Concord Jazz, his recorded output has been prolific, both with his big band and combo, not to mention his numerous sideman credits. His *Dynamite* and *Note Smoking* LPs (the latter a direct-to-disc audiophile pressing) were nominated for Grammy awards in successive years. "We got beat out by Ellington one year and the next year by Basie, so that's not so bad," Louie chuckles. His most recent releases are both hard-swinging big band sessions recorded in England—*London Scene* on Concord and *The London Gig* on Pablo.

Not all of Bellson's recordings are of mainstream jazz—once he even made an album with James Brown (*Soul On Top*—King KS 1100). In 1977 he cut *Ecue* for Pablo with an all-star cast of latin percussionists, including Walfredo De Los Reyes, Alex Acuña, Francisco Aguabella, Manolo Badrena, and Luis

Conte. "Norman Granz called me one day and said, 'I want you to do something with some Afro-Cuban players,'" Louie relates, "so I thought of Walfredo De Los Reyes, because I always see him in Las Vegas, and he's a great player. I called Walfredo, and he said, 'Come down this Sunday, because Alex Acuña and Luis Conte will be there with a whole bunch of authentic players.' So I heard these guys playing, and I was afraid to sit in with them. Really, I was shaking—one of the few times in my life—but I played with them, and it started to happen, and I really felt good. When we did the album, I just had a ball, because I learned so much. I don't think it sold that well, but it's one of those rarities, and it's a good one."

Bellson has visited Africa twice, the first time after his wife had been appointed special adviser to the United Nations by president Gerald Ford. "Boy, what an experience that was," he says, "to listen to the drummers and the dancers from Ghana. There's no way to describe it—you've just got to hear it. They opened up avenues that I didn't even realize existed. It made my composing blossom out more, and my playing became better. It turned my head completely around."

A disciple of Jo Jones, Chick Webb, and Max Roach, Bellson finds much to admire in the work of contemporary percussionists, from rockers like Steve Smith of Journey to "free" drummers like Elvin Jones. "I remember Stravinsky's comment on 'free form'—he said, 'Don't forget, the word *form* is still there.' But I think the level of musicianship is very high today," Louie concludes. "When you've got guys like Tony Williams, Steve Gadd, Billy Cobham, Lenny White, and Harvey Mason to compete with, you can't just ride on your name and coast. I wouldn't know how to do that anyway—I couldn't get up on the bandstand, because I would feel guilty. The fact that I get a chance to hear a lot of new guys—and there's a lot of new rhythms happening and things going on—and you keep your eyes and ears open, that's what really makes you a great player." **db**

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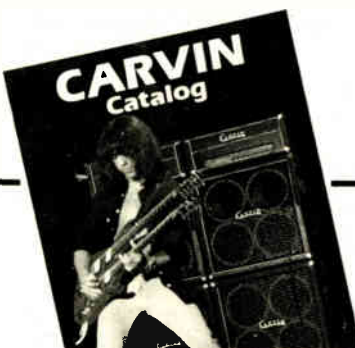
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Even with the use of all this hardware, Sly and Robbie's music possesses a natural feel and human pulse. Their productions for Black Uhuru, especially *Red* and *The Dub Factor*, and the nine-year-old, personally owned Jamaican-based Taxi label—*Sly And Robbie Present, The Sixties, Seventies, & Eighties*—are aural landscapes dotted with cricket and bird noises, muscular, booting grunts and groans, and phantasmal cries that evoke everything from slave cargoes to Pentecostal gatherings to erotic embraces. Yet, the mix is uncluttered because these sounds reinforce the spare, staggered trebly upbeats, bass backbeats, breathy pauses, and nearly imperceptible soul-rocking organ, resulting in rhythms with orchestral depth and complexity. They have become so proficient as players and producers that the Sly/Robbie riddim enhances most reggae variations, whether it's the roots reggae and dub of

Augustus Pablo or the Revolutionaries, rock steady trios like the Paragons or Mighty Diamonds, or the silken pop of lovers' rock vocalists like Jimmy Riley, Gregory Isaacs, or Dennis Brown. One or both their names appear on probably half the reggae albums in any record store, although some of their rhythm tracks may well have been "borrowed" without permission.

This practice (one that would violate copyright and residuals rules in the U.S.) doesn't bother them. "Sometimes you feel good, because people like it and you've captured an audience," Sly pauses, "if the guy did good with it. Sometimes they spoil the riddim. They pay you one time for the riddim and may use it five or six times."

Although Sly is unbothered by the recycling of prerecorded tracks—a custom indicating the paucity of studios and the expense of electric instruments for aspiring musicians—he criticizes imitators. "There's quite a few new musicians coming up, like the Raddics and Barnabas as a drummer, but they're not really creating something special. They're just playing what's already there. They can play you know . . ." Robbie finishes the sentence, "But they have to take time to create. In Jamaica a musician would say he's not going to play any funky music, or disco, or soul music. He's just going to play reggae music. That's bad. The more you can learn and open yourself up to all music, it will help you in the future."

Neither is encouraging that reggae sell out, just that the musicians diversify. That's why they revive ska tunes like Roland Alphonso's *El Pussy Cat* or the Skatalites *Independent Anniversary* (actually the Beatles' *I Should Have Known Better*) and play Meters-style funk vamps. Sly also seems partial to love songs. "Love don't mean us two persons alone. I can love someone and not be intimate with that person. So I figure we can sing a love song to reach out to more people with a music like reggae just coming still. Someone may not know what reggae is, but they may recognize a song like *Only Sixteen* and like it."

On this point Robbie offers another opinion. "What we need not only in reggae but in the world singing industry is people to write about everyday social living. To go into the street and try to merge with the crowd. Right now most of the singers, them writing about themselves."

Regardless of the commercial and political fate of reggae, the breezy flow, hop, and steady backbeat of the Sly Dunbar/Robbie Shakespeare sound is destined to become the house rhythm of the '80s. If it means staying in the studios, they don't mind because they have no aspirations to tour constantly or lead a performing band. That's "too much headache. When you have the responsibility you feel nervous. It's fun being part of a backup band." Exuding confidence that riddim will prevail Robbie grins, "Even as the backup, we're still in charge." **db**

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The Art Of Bootlegging

BY MICHAEL CUSCUNA

Creative artists live a difficult life, working constantly at their craft so that they can express their creative visions and hopefully continue to be innovative. They must struggle with economic hardships in a mediocre culture. These problems are compounded by the injustices and oversights in the record industry and at the performance level.

About 14 years ago, I had as a frequent house guest, Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup. He was a warm, generous, and modest man as well as being a brilliant songwriter and blues singer. He was in his 60s then and still picking crops in Virginia in the summer and in Florida in the winter to support his family. At the same time, his songs were on million-selling albums by Elvis Presley, Elton John, Rod Stewart, Creedence Clearwater Revival, and others. His songs and style had shaped and launched Presley, who periodically paid him only lip service. He was subsisting at or below the poverty level while his songs were generating literally millions of dollars. His manager Dick Waterman went after the thieving publishers who had manipulated him out of his copyrights and publishing and who had not even paid him his songwriter's share of the money. A legal case was made. It went through the ponderous legal channels with postponements, appeals, and such. When the final court award of about \$400,000 (an insultingly low figure) came down, Arthur had been dead for more than six months. He picked crops to the end, while others wore his silk suits, drove his Rolls Royces, and sipped his cognac. Strange fruit.

Such effronteries have reached a new height. No longer is it necessary to trick the anxious and the hungry into signing away their lives or to play on their naivete to blatantly steal their money. Now, it seems that it is quite fine to issue bootleg tapes as albums without the slightest appearance of legality and without ever bothering to meet the artist from whom you are stealing. Bootlegging has evolved from small, sloppy operations like Boris Rose's many labels to established, seemingly legitimate labels with mass distribution.

A perfect example is the release of two Dexter Gordon albums in the past year or so: *Jive Fernando* on Audio Fidelity-Chiaroscuro records and *Gordon's Gotham* on the Everest label. The latter is espe-



Dexter Gordon—ripped off?

cially insulting as its slick cover and title vaguely simulates Gordon's successful CBS album *Gotham City*, in a conscious attempt to deceive customers into thinking that they are buying Dexter's latest album. The material on these albums comes from horribly recorded tapes done at the Both/And Club in San Francisco a number of years ago. Since the musicians had no intention or knowledge of being taped, the performances were casual, loose, blowing sessions. Many of the listed tune titles are abortive guesses made from stage announcements and are embarrassingly incorrect.

Dexter Gordon was signed exclusively to Prestige Records at the time these night-club performances were recorded; thus, these albums violate that contract. The musicians were never paid or even notified; that is an infringement on their rights and services and in violation of the musicians' union regulations. No contract was made with Dexter for the release of this inferior material that was never intended for recording, so he has had no rights and no income from it. Since correct titles were never researched and mechanical licenses were never requested, this is an infringement on his copyrights.

Everest at the same time issued illegal Freddie Hubbard and Joe Henderson/Woody Shaw tapes as well. But Audio Fidelity went them one better—someone made a home taping of various cuts from Lou Donaldson albums on Blue Note and Chess, and sold them to Trip/Springboard Records. Trip issued the album after carefully insisting on an indemnification clause with the tape seller and without ever searching into the question of ownership or rights for the material. When they merged with Audio Fidelity, they reissued the same

bogus album.

Unfortunately, the laws that protect us from such piracy are enforceable only with a great expenditure of time and money. How many artists have the resources necessary to take these crooks through the cumbersome legal process? And how sensible is it to tie up \$10,000 in hopes of recovering \$4,000? Class action by a unified group of artists against a violator would be the only circumstances under present conditions where justice could be served. The law becomes useless when the injured parties are powerless to enforce their rights. Unscrupulous record companies can function outside the law with ease and audacity.

In some instances, one solution is to legitimize a bootleg by securing the original tape and making a deal between the artist and an honest company, and issuing the original tape with professional production. This would at least guarantee that the artist reaps all future income, and would slow down sales of the bootlegger. I have used this technique with French recordings by Cecil Taylor and Charles Mingus.

But there should be some sort of organization set up to stem the tide of bootlegs by issuing some kind of legal clearance and approval for legitimate albums. Distributors, retailers, and customers would then be able to recognize illegal discs and act accordingly. Meanwhile, it should be the responsibility of the press to investigate and make known such flagrant rip-offs.

When a real artist spends his or her life mastering an instrument and creating a unique musical language, and puts heart and soul and mind on vinyl that can be had for a mere \$7 or \$8, he or she is giving us something precious and priceless. It is a bitter irony that one's fans create a market for material that hurts the artist's income and reputation. I am sick of watching artists struggle and even die while "The check is in the mail," and while pirates boldly rip off all concerned. If the courts are too costly and slow, if BMI and ASCAP are too indifferent, if the musicians' union locals are too busy with weddings and bar mitzvahs, the time has come to start a campaign at the most significant level, that of the consumer.

The dissemination of information about bootlegs is one that will protect the consumer from inferior fidelity and performance, will help rectify the injustices that the artist experiences, and will exact some degree of justice at the grassroots level. Can we continue to ignore what is going on and be tacit accomplices to the lowly greed of immoral people? **db**

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