

Arnold J. Smith on Europe/Lew Tabackin on Sax/Jamey Aebersold

\$1

Vol. 1 No. 9  
Nov. 1 - Dec. 15/ 1977

# MUSICIAN

*player and listener*

Toshiko -  
Tabackin  
Ornette Coleman  
Frank Zappa  
Badrena..  
Acuna..  
Pastore..

## FESTIVALS

Norman Crossman/Max Salazar on Latin/Jazz-Rocks/Jazz Briefs/Records



# Select what you want in a record cleaner.

## Convenience in use and storage.

You shouldn't need a separate shelf, elaborate motions or an act of Congress to clean your records. A comfortable, hand-held instrument that works best on a rotating turntable is ideal.

## Effectiveness against micro-dust.

Tiny, invisible dust particles hide in delicate record grooves and can be ground into the vinyl. Only a slanted (directional) fiber using special ultra-small fiber tips can scoop up, rather than rearrange, this micro-dust contamination.

## Effectiveness against chemical contamination.

Fingerprints and vapor-borne oils will deposit into channels of a record groove. Such contamination hides from adhesive rollers and all dry cleaning systems. Only a special fluid plus micro-fibers can safely remove such audible, impacted deposits.

## Total removal of contamination/fluid.

Capillary action—the lifting of fluid by small fiber surface tension—is totally effective. You want to get contamination off the record, along with any fluid traces.

## Lasting construction.

You want quality. A record cleaner can last a lifetime. A plastic wonder can crack into oblivion—or you can purchase the hand-rubbed elegance of milled walnut befitting the rest of your audio system.

## Ultimate economy.

The value of a truly fine record cleaner is justified by the cost of replacing your record collection. Fifteen dollars is a small investment in long-term protection.

## All of the above.

**DISCWASHER, the Superior  
Record Cleaner.**

See the finer audio dealers for a demonstration.



discwasher, inc. 1407 N. Providence Rd., Columbia, MO 65201

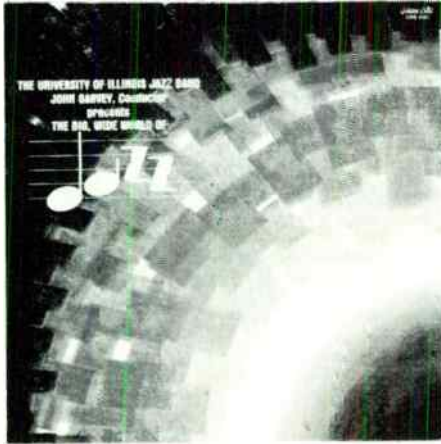


# GREAT NEW ALBUMS

## destined to be Jazz Classics

### THE BIG, WIDE WORLD OF JAZZ The University of Illinois Jazz Band John Garvey, Conductor

CRS-4161 . . . . \$7.98



Corner Pocket  
Ballade  
In the Mountains of Georgia  
Bokhara Ornament  
Deja Vu  
Manoir de mes Reves  
Thandi

### THE MEMPHIS NIGHTHAWKS live at The Stabilizer

CRS-4162 . . . . \$7.98



Ory' Creole Trombone  
Messin' Around  
Way Down Yonder in  
New Orleans  
The Blues My Naughty  
Sweetie Gives To Me  
Oriental Strut  
Buddie's Habits  
Of All the Wrongs  
Panama  
Dr. Jazz  
Wolverine Blues

**BE AMONG THE FIRST TO OWN THESE OUTSTANDING RECORDINGS.  
IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY, ORDER DIRECT BY USING THE COUPON BELOW.**

**GOLDEN CREST RECORDS, INC.**  
220 Broadway, Huntington Station, N.Y. 11746

Please send me copies of:

- \_\_\_\_\_ CRS-4161  
THE WIDE WORLD OF JAZZ @ \$7.98
- \_\_\_\_\_ CRS-4162  
THE MEMPHIS NIGHTHAWKS @ \$7.98

Enclosed please find the sum of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ as  
payment in full. I understand you will ship Parcel Post  
prepaid. (No C.O.D.'s please.)

SHIP TO:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

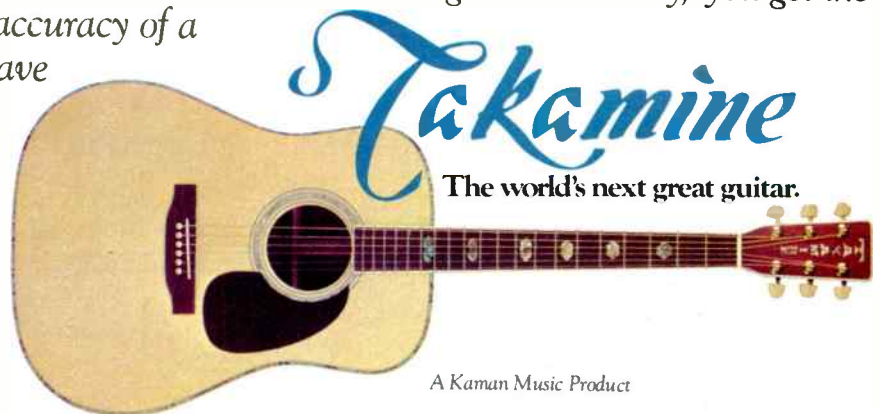
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_





**Before you buy any dreadnaught guitar, play and price a Takamine.**

*You can spend a lot of money on a traditional dreadnaught guitar. Or, you can spend a whole lot less for a Takamine that looks and sounds just as good. Takamine buys the same choice ebony, mahogany, rosewood and spruce that other guitar makers buy. Takamine matches, prepares and assembles these woods with the same strict standards. And, Takamine uses the bracing patterns and construction methods that have been proven in years of use. A Takamine guitar has all the elegance and hand-built quality of the finest traditional guitars. Because Takamine builds their guitars this way, you get the full, rich tone and the playing accuracy of a much more costly guitar. We have even added subtle refinements like an adjustable tension rod to the traditional design. When you buy a Takamine guitar, you're buying a premium instrument—in sound, in appearance but not in price.*



A Kaman Music Product

For a complete catalog of Takamine guitars, send \$1.00 to: Takamine, Dept. M, Box 592, Bloomfield, CT 06002.

### Publisher's Letter

Festivals - and New Writers  
 These are the catchwords of this Nov/Dec issue of MUSICIAN. Some real scorchers have added themselves to our already incendiary list of writers. Arnold Jay Smith, who you'll remember from somewhere, graces our pages for the first time as a regular columnist. His first two pieces deal with Jazz in Europe, but if you think transcribing the articles off the backs of French postcards is easy... forget it. Lew Tabackin has taken on our Sax Clinic this month. He'll be alternating with the volcanic Dave Liebman on the clinic, so there are some exciting things in store.

Who is better suited to author an Improvisation clinic than Jamey Aebersold? We promised Jamey no snow in Indiana this winter if he wrote us a hot clinic and of course he came through. Warren Nunes, noted jazz author and teacher, demystifies jazz guitar in his first of a regular Guitar Clinic series. Our newly added Latin Clinic is authored by Max Salazar of WBAI-FM in New York. We also welcome Rafi Zabor to our contributing editor staff with his fine piece on Ornette Coleman. Next month, Rafi takes on Charlie Mingus.

The issue is packed. Toshiko Tabackin, so articulate in their interview with Zan Stewart; Frank Zappa, the great white hope of teenage America, and the excitement of the Arcosanti, Russian River and Monterey Festivals (the latter penned by Herb Wong). On top of that is the interview with the Weather Report percussionists, Record Reviews, Jazz Briefs and the rest of the Clinics. How did we fit it all in? We've expanded our pages by eight this month and we hope to continue the expansion on into the future. Support our advertisers, subscribe and pray for the economy, and we'll keep growing. Support the Post Office, write us a letter and let us know what you think.

6 Omette Coleman: 'Dancing In our Heads'	10 Da Capo: Expatriots Arnold Jay Smith
12 Jazz-Rocks: Italian Fusion Robert Henschen	
14 Latin: Lo Dice Todo Max Salazar	
16 AM-FM: Steely Dan's Big Hit? Joshua Baer	
18 Rhythm & Blues: R&B Alumni Joe Scherzer	
41 Avant-Garde: Instrumental Theater Ed McLean	
24 Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Interview Zan Stewart	
20 Festivals: Monterey, Arcosanti, Russian River... Herb Wong, Robert Henschen:	
46 Saxophone: The Overtone Series Lew Tabackin	
32 Percussion: Badrina/Acuna/Pastore Thomas Lackner	
36 Record Reviews 39 Jazz Briefs	
52 Drums: Brushes Norman Grossman	
42 Improvisation: Jazz Fundamentals Jamey Aebersold	
48 Guitar: Recycling 4-string Chords Warren Nunes	
44 Contemporary Harmony: Diatonic Progression Ron Delp	



30 Frank Zappa:  
A Study In Survival  
James Riordan

54 Dog's Life  
Dwight Schouze

#### Contributing Editors

Zan Stewart	Stan Seckler
Herb Wong	Norman Grossman
Emmett Chapman	Thomas Lackner
Jonathan Baird	Ron Delp
Joshua Baer	Robert Henschen
Don Muro	Joe Scherzer

#### Photography

Herb Bauer  
 Joseph L. Johnson  
 Veryl Oakland

**Publisher** Gordon P. Baird

**Production** Ann Campbell

**Executive Editor** Sam Holdsworth

#### Distribution Coordinator

Ward Churchill  
**Distribution**  
 Chuck Vintere  
 Lynn Wilkins

#### Circulation

Janis Stahkuth

Musician, Player and Listener is published eight times a year (every six weeks) by Amordian Press Inc., P.O. Box 1882, Boulder, Colorado 80306 (303) 443-5800. Musician, Player and Listener is a trademark of Amordian Press Inc. © 1977 by Musician, Player and Listener, all rights reserved. Controlled Circulation paid at Boulder, Colo. 80302. Subscriptions \$8.00 per year, \$15.00 for two years, \$22.00 for three years. Foreign subscriptions add \$1.00 per year. Manuscripts, photos and artwork are welcome, however, we can assume no responsibility for their return through all due care will be exercised.



# Ornette Coleman

"Dancing In Your Head" is the best jazz record of the year, a grand and irrational celebration of music and life . . . but where has Ornette been all this time?

By RAFI ZABOR

**H**ere is Ornette Coleman, an acknowledged major figure on the American music scene for the past eighteen years, and he's just released his first record in seven years and made his first concert appearance in New York (where he lives) in six. Something must be wrong. Fortunately it is not the music. His new album, "Dancing in Your Head," is pure jubilation, the best jazz record of the year, and is like nothing you have ever heard before, even from Ornette. I only hope it gets heard as widely as it deserves to be. The first thing you hear when you put it on is a rolling bass figure in 2/4 over which two semi-tuned electric guitars are nodding rhythm and blues. Then the bass plays a strong figure, the drums rattle up, and there is Ornette on top, repeating a dance-like eight note phrase forever in a grand and irrational celebration of music and life. Madly it goes on and on, for much longer than you could imagine if you haven't heard it, until you think it will never stop, then finally resolves in a Calypso tag, after which the two guitars whang away completely out of tune for a few bars. Then the whole thing repeats. After that, Ornette solos until the return of the head some ten or fifteen minutes later. If you turn the record over, you'll get the same thing. It's impossible to describe this music. It sounds like the whole city of New York dancing, like an entire block party, a feast. Unless you are a great worrier, it will have you dancing around your own room. It is not just a matter of rhythm. The music appeals to something basic in us, and sets it free. So let us talk about innocence awhile.

When Ornette first came to national prominence in 1959, there was a lot of talk about how he was a musical anarchist out to destroy, presumably for abstract reasons, what remained of conventional harmony and tonality in jazz, but those of us who enjoyed him then heard something else entirely.

Ornette's music seemed like the pure essence of the blues freed of the formal



trappings it had picked up over the decades, and all Ornette's notebending refusals to align his music with Western pitch seemed not an intellectual attack on whatever was conventional or handy but the result of the fact that Ornette was hearing something different in himself and wanted to play it. The music was an affirmation of, among other things, the pure human cry of the blues. Not, it would seem, a very difficult point to grasp, but it took some people awhile to catch on. It was the Sixties after all, and there were other horrors to worry about: Coltrane, Dolphy, Cecil Taylor . . . Some called it the New Thing, others Anti-Jazz. Ornette was one of the main people to blame.

After the breakup of the original quartet with Don Cherry, Ornette's own playing began to grow more simple and songlike. In later years,

when he took up trumpet and violin and had his ten year old son Denardo play drums in his group, it grew more broadly obvious that Ornette was a radically innocent musician for all his compositional sophistication, as, for instance, the later Matisse was a radically innocent painter. Ornette was playing from the heart and you could hear it. When he opened at the Vanguard with David Izenson and Charles Moffett, everyone remarked the new simplicity of his phrasing. He was playing new-thing-pan-tonal Texas blues, with an admixture of children's songs. And he hardly worked at all. There was a concert at Town Hall that got recorded. For part of it, significantly, he played with R & B backup. He traveled to Europe with the trio, where he was able to work a bit more. There was some talk in the music press that he was asking for too much money. There was some talk from Ornette that he was trying to preserve his dignity as an artist. He had begun to compose 'classical' pieces for string orchestra. He vanished from public view for years at a time. One wondered what had happened to him.

**I**n 1970 or '71 I was shocked to learn that the Ornette Coleman Quartet would be appearing for a week at Mandrake's, a rock club in Berkeley, California. The other musicians were Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden and Eddie Blackwell, the men with whom he had recently recorded "Friends and Neighbors" at his own Prince Street loft. The music at Mandrake's was superb. I went four nights in a row and got to talk with Ornette for awhile, standing at the bar. I met an extraordinarily gentle man who was alive to the possibilities of music but who had been hurt repeatedly and badly by businessmen connected with the music scene. Dollars and cents were not his forte. He told me how much money he owed. Then, without self-importance or personal bitterness against the other

# ELO's next two albums are here.



## OUT OF THE BLUE

A new album by Electric Light Orchestra is always a special event. Now, out of the blue, comes even more ELO than you bargained for. Two records, seventeen new songs by the most important group recording today.

All songs written and produced by JEFF LYNNE.  
On Jet Records and Tapes Distributed by United Artists Records. UA™



© 1977 United Artists Music Inc. All Rights Reserved. O-1000000



musician, he told me that he had read in Time magazine that Dave Brubeck had announced his retirement. "You know, we're the same age," he said. "He's ready to retire and I feel as though I haven't even had a chance to get started yet." The only reason he was on the West coast was that a personal friend of his had been associated with an arts festival in Vancouver, and had gotten him a gig there. Another friend had known the owner of Mandrake's. He had no real manager and there was no firm prospect of continued work in New York or anywhere else. I asked him if he might move to Europe and he said no. "They appreciate you there," he said, laughing, "but I'm an American and I'd like to be able to make my music here at home."

I felt relieved a year or so later when I read that he had picked up a Guggenheim fellowship for his classical compositions, and that his works were being performed by symphony orchestras abroad. Two excellent albums had been released by Columbia. Then there was silence. It lasted for years and that brings us back to "Dancing in Your Head."

Reading about it, rather than hearing the thing itself, there are several other things you might think this music resembles. One is the mantric use of repetition in the work of Terry Riley, LaMonte Young and Steve Reich, and while Ornette is familiar with their work, there is no essential resemblance. Where their music is insular and deliberate, Ornette's is celebratory and spontaneous. Listening to him you have the sense that the man is so full of song that he must sing beyond limits, beyond reason, beyond the bounds of space and time. The main thrust of 'Theme from a Symphony,' is eternal, not because it repeats itself, but because it is united with a source of inspiration that is itself eternal. There is a reservoir of joy in us and this music reaches it.

For all its guitars, is this music Fusion? In the face of this much pleasure, do we really care? Before playing free jazz in Los Angeles, Ornette played with R&B bands throughout the Southwest, and this new music has as much to do with that old music as it does with contemporary Fusion. No, it is Ornette's gift to be a musician truly beyond category, to be at once more brilliant and more simple than his contemporaries and to create a music that is beyond category itself.

**"Any person in today's music scene knows that rock, classical, folk and jazz are yesterday's titles. I feel that the music world is getting closer to being a singular expression, one with endless musical stories of mankind."**

Like other geniuses before him, he simply is not affected by the forms and categories that provide other musicians with both careers and stumbling blocks alike. He sees past all that. He is onto something more basic and essential; his inspiration is liberated, free. As he remarks in the beautiful liner notes to this album: "Any person in today's music scene knows that rock, classical, folk and jazz are yesterday's titles. I feel that the music world is getting closer to being a singular expression, one with endless musical stories of mankind." These are the words of a man for whom all music is one, and who is open to the whole of life. His *harmelodic* concept, in which all melodies, rhythms and harmonies are of equal value within a given composition, is directly tied with this openness of inspiration.

**H**is two long solos on this record are something else again. Both of them are fine, but I'd give the longer one of the first side the edge. Ornette cuts loose with what has been called his "blues-drenched" sound while the rhythm section galumphs along in two behind him. When he wants to flat a note he flats it, even when it's the tonic. One of the two guitars seems to be playing in an unrelated key. Shannon Jackson is credited as the only drummer on the date, but I think I hear a second one, while Jackson plays a powerful 2/4 that pushes the whole band along, plays a less severely coordinated set of breaks and fills. I think it is Ornette's son Denardo. If this is harmelodics, I love it. It suggests a world of multiple possibilities, multiple joys. I don't want to reduce a musician as brilliant and complex as Ornette Coleman to one facet of his talent, but in this music he has done something so revolutionary that I think the radical innocence of it all needs to be pointed out. It wins you over. People may look a bit worried when this record begins to play, but that generally does not last. Right through the look of worry comes an endless smile almost from another world, and that smile has recognized something that it remembers well.

Almost more impressive than the two long variations of "A Theme from

a Symphony" is the short cut that ends the second side, "Midnight Sunrise," a collaboration with the master musicians of Joujouka, Morocco. These musicians, who were recorded in the Sixties by the late Brian Jones, are dervishes who play a classical music that has probably gone unchanged for hundreds of years, if not longer. In "Midnight Sunrise" Ornette improvises while they play an obviously composed piece, and it is to his credit that he is able to meet them more than halfway. The Joujouka music, which may seem rough to ears used only to Western pitch, is radically different in form, content and, I suspect, intention, from our own music. Ornette places himself in this unfamiliar context without losing his own musical identity in the least. He leaps and cries, plays pure blues, sounds almost prehistoric. From the sound of the recording, which fades out at a transition, there must be a lot more of this on tape. I would love to have a whole album of it, but I doubt that anyone will release it. Unlike the rest of the record, this is not exactly accessible music.

The patriarch of the new music scene — a scene which includes such formidable saxophonists as Julius Hemphill, Anthony Braxton, Oliver Lake, Arthur Blythe and others — has at least for the moment re-emerged.

His Carnegie Hall concert in July  
 VERYL OAKLAND cont. on page 35







# JAZZ AIDS by Jamey Aebersold and Others

- IMPROVISING JAZZ by Jerry Coker (paperback). Excellent introduction to jazz theory. \$2.95
- THE JAZZ IDIOM by Jerry Coker (paperback). A must for teachers! This book can give you a boost once you've begun to improvise. \$2.45
- PATTERNS for JAZZ by Jerry Coker et al. Excellent book for daily practice. Treble clef. Teaches you to play in all keys and really helps develop your ears! \$14.00
- SCALES for JAZZ IMPROVISATION by Dan Haerle. Dan takes 21 scales and shows how to use them and transposes them in all twelve keys in treble & bass clef. \$6.95
- JAZZ TRUMPET TECHNIQUES by John McNeil. Special book designed to help solve certain problem areas of jazz trumpet playing. A much needed book. \$2.95
- PENTATONIC SCALES for JAZZ IMPROVISATION by Ray Ricker. Study of Pentatonic scales in modern jazz complete with many exercises and licks. Six portions of transcribed solos by C. Corea, H. Hancock, J. Farrell, J. Henderson, K. Jarrett and W. Shorter. \$7.95
- TECHNIQUE DEVELOPMENT in FOURTHS by Ray Ricker. An advanced book of the treatment of fourths in modern jazz. Loads of exercises and patterns with chord symbols for direct application in playing situations. \$6.95
- LYDIAN CHROMATIC CONCEPT by George Russell. An advanced book dealing with the application of scales & melodic concepts used by the jazz masters. \$26.50
- CHARLIE PARKER ORIGINALS in CONCERT KEY. A book of 30 songs written by the great Charlie Parker. Concert key only. \$2.95
- HUGE JUMBO JAZZ FAKE BOOK by Bill Lee. 1,002 jazz songs in concert key with chord symbols and words. 70 songs by H. Silver, 20 by S. Rollins, 20 by M. Davis, 32 by Duke and many, many more. \$19.95
- BIRD LIVES by Ross Russell. Hardbound reading book of the life of Charlie Parker. Outstanding book with an inside view of Bird's life. \$10.95
- CHASIN' THE TRANE by J. C. Thomas. Hardbound book of the music and mystique of the late John Coltrane. \$7.95
- THE ART OF MUSIC COPYING by Clinton Roemer. The music copyst Bible for composer, arranger, student, teacher. Large paperback. \$11.95
- STANDARDIZED CHORD SYMBOL NOTATION by C. Roemer & Carl Brandt. A uniform system for the music profession. Paperback. \$3.95
- THE PROFESSIONAL ARRANGER & COMPOSER by Russ Garcia. One of the countries standard text for big band writing. \$7.95
- THE JAZZ CLINICIANS QUARTET "PLAY for YOU!" featuring Jamey Aebersold, alto and tenor; Dan Haerle, piano; Rufus Reid, bass and Charlie Craig, drums. An album showcasing these outstanding musicians/clinicians. Chord progressions for each of the five songs and two transcribed solos provided. Can also be used as a play-along record for bassist, guitarist and pianist. \$5.95
- DIFFERENT DRUMMERS by Billy Mintz. A unique, in-depth study into the styles of the great drummers of our time, with hundreds of exercises and solos in their styles, sections on developing foot and hand coordination, stick control, two against three, sub dividing bars, bios, discography and an important instruction record. \$4.95

## COMBO ARRANGEMENTS

- COMBO ARRANGEMENTS by JAMEY AEBERSOLD. Scored for Trpt., Alto, Tenor (Bone opt.), and rhythm section. Intermediate level with scales and chord symbols written in each measure to encourage soloing! Piano voicings and chord symbols are given. Bass notes as well as chord symbols are given. Each arrangement. \$4.00
  - Horizontal—Modal Blues
  - Bossa Nova De Jazz
  - Sunrise—Easy Jazz Rock
  - Blue Note—Med tempo jazz
  - Beatitude—Latin Rock
  - Hot Shot—Easy Rock
- DAN HAERLE JAZZ-ROCK COMBO SERIES. 12 combo arrangements scored for Trpt., Tenor, Alto, Bone, and rhythm section. Each arrangement. \$4.00
  - To Oliver—ballad waltz
  - What's the Modal—up tempo swing
  - The Search—jazz/rock one key
  - Free As the Breeze—jazz samba
  - Dirge for Our Dying Cities—rock funeral march
  - Swamp Stomp—Latin rock in 2/4
  - Pentatonic—jazz rock busy lines up tempo swing
  - The Spirit Soars—bossa nova in 2/4
  - Ostinato—medium jazz swing
  - Shuffle On—K.C. blues style
  - The Essence—lunky, soul rock fun chart
  - Ms. Bird—bebop jazz
- SUPER SAX ARRANGEMENTS off record. 7 charts of advanced difficulty. Original Charlie Parker solos transcribed and scored for 5 saxes, trpt. (bone opt.), and rhythm. Per arrangement. \$10.00
  - Be-Bop
  - Cool Blues
  - A Night in Tunisia
  - Salt Peanuts
  - Lover Man
  - Groovin' High
  - Blue 'N' Boogie
- JOHN COLTRANE ARRANGEMENTS transcribed from original Blue Note recordings: Blue Train, Moments Notice, Lazy Bird and Locomotion. Scored for Trpt., Tenor, Bone and rhythm. All four arrangements (no transcribed solos) only. \$8.50
- HORACE SILVER combo arrangements off record. Doodlin', Creepin' In, The Preacher & Room 608. Scored for Trpt., Tenor and 3 rhythm. All four for only. \$5.00
- 4 NEW HORACE SILVER COMBO CHARTS taken off record. Song for My Father, To Whom it May Concern, Incentive & Out of the Night Came You. Scored for trpt., tenor & 3 rhythm. Each arr. is \$5.00

## JAZZ SOLOS TRANSCRIPTIONS

- 28 MODERN JAZZ TRUMPET SOLOS transcribed by Ken Stone and edited by Jamey Aebersold. Brand New. An outstanding collection of modern jazz trumpet solos by 15 jazz greats. Solos are in Bb key with chord symbols above each measure. Solos by Miles Davis, Clifford Brown, Dizzy Gillespie, Freddie Hubbard, Fats Navarro, K. Dorham, B. Little, C. Baker, Lee Morgan, A. Farmer, R. Brecker, B. Mitchell, C. Terry, T. Harrell & W. Shaw. \$4.95
- CHARLIE PARKER'S BEBOP for ALTO SAX. Four solos off record by Charlie Parker. Confirmation, Ornithology, Yardbird Suite and Moose the Mooche. \$2.95
- CHARLIE PARKER SOLOS for Bb and C keys. Different solos than the above. Nine solos transcribed off records with piano accompaniment. \$3.95
- DIZZY GILLESPIE SOLOS for Bb and C keys. 14 transcribed solos off records by Dizzy with piano accomp. \$4.95
- LOUIS ARMSTRONG SOLOS in Bb key only. 20 beautiful solos by Louie exactly as on records. \$3.95
- JAZZ STYLES & ANALYSIS for TROMBONE by David Baker. History of the trombone via trans. solos. 157 solos in bass cleff off records by known trombonists. \$15.00
- JAZZ STYLES & ANALYSIS for ALTO SAX by Harry Miedma and David Baker. 125 transcribed and annotated solos by 103 famous alto saxophonists. \$12.50

## BASS BOOKS

- THE EVOLVING BASSIST by Rufus Reid. An indispensable aid to developing a total musical concept for jazz and symphonic bass players. Spiral bound and full of tips to better bass playing. \$12.50
- EVOLVING UPWARD—Bass Book II by Rufus Reid—BRAND NEW! Shows how to approach and execute in-thumb position for acoustic bass. Descriptive photos and concise exercises teach the entire fingerboard as well as the high register. \$7.50
- NO NONSENSE ELECTRIC BASS by Joe Cacibauda. This book is a beginning method book for the students who may not always have a teacher to consult. Covers tuning, picking, music notations, counting rhythms, etc. \$4.95
- WALKING ON CHORDS FOR STRING BASS by Richard Davis. 20 bass lines with chord symbols just as Richard would walk them. \$5.00

## DAVID BAKER BOOKS

- JAZZ IMPROVISATION by David Baker. A practical theory book aimed at performance. Comprehensive method of study for jazz players. Spiral bound. \$15.00
- ARRANGING & COMPOSING for the SMALL ENSEMBLE by David Baker. Shows how to arrange & compose for jazz rhythm & blues & rock for the combo. \$15.00
- ADVANCED IMPROVISATION with 90' cassette rhythm section by David Baker. A challenge for any advanced player. Songs on cassette written in book in concert key with chord symbols. Spiral bound. \$25.00
- JAZZ IMPROVISATION for STRINGS VOL 1 by D. Baker. Comprehensive method of jazz study for Violin & Viola. Spiral bound. \$12.50
- JAZZ IMPROVISATION for STRINGS VOL 2 by D. Baker. Same as above. For Cello & Bass. \$12.50
- EAR TRAINING for JAZZ MUSICIANS book with 2 cassettes by D. Baker. Designed to aid the jazz player in improving his hearing, his recall and his ability to respond rapidly to musical stimulus. A must for everyone! Spiral bound. \$20.00
- CONTEMPORARY TECHNIQUES for TROMBONE by D. Baker. An excellent method of study for any trombonist. Sometimes called the Arban book for bone. \$25.00

## PIANO BOOKS

- Six books of piano solos and songs by four all time jazz piano greats. Most all solos and songs are written for two hands with chord symbols just as the masters play them.
- CHICK COREA: 16 tunes including Spain, 500 Miles High, La Fiesta and You're Everything. \$6.95
  - BILL EVANS #1 6 transcribed songs—Interplay, Time Remembered, Very Early, etc. \$2.95
  - BILL EVANS #2 5 transcribed solos and 1 song—Funny Man, Orbit, etc. \$3.95
  - BILL EVANS #3 5 transcribed solos and 15 songs off records—Peri's Scope, Elsa, Peace Piece, etc. \$3.95
  - HERBIE HANCOCK: Over 45 of his greatest hits such as Cantaloupe Island, Maiden Voyage, Toys, One Finger Snap, Watermelon Man, Chameleon, etc. \$7.50
  - HORACE SILVER: 53 transcribed songs exactly as recorded by Horace... Sister Sadie, Nica's Dream, Nutville, Silver's Serenade, Strollin', Tokyo Blues, etc. \$6.95
  - THE ERROLL GARNER SONGBOOK 21 songs based on recorded versions. Just like Erroll plays—two hands. \$6.95
  - JAZZ/ROCK VOICINGS for the CONTEMPORARY KEYBOARD PLAYER by Dan Haerle. A must for any keyboard player who needs new voicings! An important, intermediate method includes voicings, principles of chord function, substitutions, melody harmonization by one of our leading jazz educators. \$4.95
  - A STUDY in FOURTHS by Walter Bishop, Jr. New book dealing with the interval of the perfect fourth in jazz. Includes 5 originals for two hands. Taken off record. \$4.50

## A NEW APPROACH to JAZZ IMPROVISATION

Jamey Aebersold

\$8.95 per volume includes LP & Booklet)  
A series of books & LP stereo records which allow you to learn to improvise at your own pace. Can also be used for classroom teaching. Each volume contains a stereo record and accompanying booklet. Booklet includes parts FOR ALL INSTRUMENTS: treble & bass clef, Bb & Eb parts in each book. Special stereo separation for rhythm section has players. Left channel has Bass & Drums, right channel has Piano & Drums. The back-up rhythm section on records is outstanding! Makes you want to play. The most widely used improvisation method on the market.

- VOLUME 1 "A NEW APPROACH"—Beg. Int. level. Contains Dorian minor tracks, Blues in F & Bb, 24 measure song, Cadences, Cycle of Dom. 7th's & one 11/7 track. Scales are written in measures and chord tones are notated. Chapters on Melody, Blues scale, Time, Modes, Exercises, Chords.
- VOLUME 2 "NOTHIN' BUT BLUES"—Beg. Int. level. 11 different Blues in various keys and tempos. This volume is truly fun to play with Rhythm section on LP grooves! Scales and chord tones are written.
- VOLUME 3 "THE 11/7/1 PROGRESSION"—Int. level. Probably the most important musical sequence in modern jazz. A must for all jazz players! Supplement includes 11 pages of 11/7/1 exercises to be applied with LP 8 tracks to improvise with and practice in all keys.
- VOLUME 4 "MOVIN' ON!"—Int. Adv. level. A Challenging collection of Aebersold's & Dan Haerle tunes. Book contains melodies and needed scales/chords for all instruments. Only for the brave!
- VOLUME 5 "TIME TO PLAY MUSIC!"—Int. level. Similar to Vol. 4 except the songs are much easier. Modal Voyage, Killer Pete, Groovitis, etc. Next logical Vol after Vol 1 or 3. Lots of variety.
- VOLUME 6 "ALL BIRD"—Adv. level. 10 songs written by Charlie Parker. Ron Carter, bass, Kenny Barron, piano, Ben Riley on drums. Record has excellent bebop feel! Best way to learn these famous tunes: Now's the Time, Yardbird Suite, Donna Lee, Confirmation, Billie's Bounce, Dewey Square, My Little Suede Shoes, Thriving from a Rift, Ornithology & Scapple from the Apple.

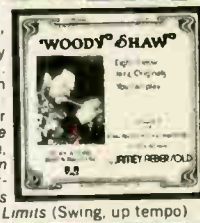
## FOUR EXCITING ADDITIONS . . .

Rhythm section on records is outstanding.

- VOLUME 7—"MILES DAVIS" Eight classics written by Miles Davis. Int. Adv. level. Unique way to learn 8 of the most popular songs of the Fifties. Four, Tune Up, Viread Blues, The Theme, Solar. Dig. Milestones (old Milestones), Serpent's Tooth.
- VOLUME 8—"SONNY ROLLINS" Nine classic jazz originals written by Sonny Rollins. Int. Adv. level. Contains 8 of Rollins' most famous tunes, in their original keys. Doxy, Si Thomas (Latin, then swing), Blue Seven, Valse Hot (one of the first 1/2 jazz tunes), Tenor Madness, Solid, Pent Up House, Arregin, Oleo.



- VOLUME 9—"WOODY SHAW" Eight jazz originals written by Woody Shaw. Int. Adv. level. Rhythm section is currently with Woody Shaw and their familiarity with the songs makes it easier for you to play. Includes Little Red's Fantasy, Katrina Ballerina, Blues for Wood, Moontrane, In Case You Haven't Heard Tomorrow's Destiny, Beyond All Limits (Bossa Nova, slow), Beyond All Limits (Swing, up tempo).



- VOLUME 10—"DAVID BAKER" Eight beautiful originals by David Baker. Int. Adv. level. One of the most prolific composers in jazz today. Tunes offer a wide variety of styles and tempos. Includes Autil, Le Roi, Kentucky Oysters, Passion, Black Thursday, Bossa Belle, Soleil d'Altamira, Le Miroir Noir.



## TO ORDER

Send check or M.O. Free postage in the USA for 3 or more items; add 50¢ postage for 1 or 2 items. Canada add \$1.75 per record, 50¢ for books. Foreign add \$2.00 for one book & LP set; 60¢ each additional set. No C.O.D. USA funds only.

# JAMEY AEBERSOLD 1211-V AEBERSOLD DR., NEW ALBANY, IN 47150





# EUROPE

*Is Europe really the only place to play "real" jazz and be truly appreciated? Whatever it is, to most it still ain't home.*

As we mature (isn't that an awful word?!) better yet, as we chronologically proceed through life, we are taught certain "truths." Our parents, friends, particularly authors, teachers, voices from the cosmos, our religious leaders all gang up on us to tell us what we should believe. Oh, all is in good conscience; they feel they are giving us "direction," making us better citizens of their respective spheres of influence. If we're lucky enough, we come through it with a modicum of need for therapy; the degree of head-help may vary with the era and the latest style of repression and propaganda.

One of the tenets we in the jazz world have always been taught is that "Europe is better." At first we hear about the older musicians, in my case Sidney Bechet and Josephine Baker. Then the list begins to grow; Oscar Pettiford, Ben Webster, Dexter Gordon, Stan Getz, Phil Woods, Art Farmer, Slide Hampton, and so many more that a young kid jazz lover begins to question himself. "Is Europe really better? Is the racial thing so tough here (it was the mid-'50s) that blacks run where their music is paramount over all else? Then what about Getz and Woods? 'Oh, they are drug addicts,' I'm told. 'They ran away from the authorities,' my elders counsel me. I feel the welling of anger fed by

confusion and frustration. "Bullshit!" I scream, not aloud, of course. Verboten in my house.

While it is true that some Americans leave these shores to work abroad, most return in some manner to visit friends, relatives and just touch the only place they care to call home. Others, like Getz and Woods, MUST do it here or feel they haven't made it at all. (In Woods' case, his departure was precipitated by a cruel press who would not let him live his life with his woman. Unfounded accusations followed innuendos until Phil and Chan split. The two were married and lived many good years together.)

Recently, we have seen the triumphant, if perhaps temporary, return of Gordon, Hampton and Farmer. Slide has made the announcement that he plans to stray no more and he looks marvelously trim and happy. Farmer has been Creed Taylor-ized (and that ain't all that bad, brother. More on THAT topic in a later column.) and he, too, seems to be content to lay stateside for a minute.

Dexter is the most content expatriot around. He has a wife and child in Scandinavia. Of course, Utopia isn't all that it's cracked up to be, but if Dex is any example of what a tenor saxophonist's life can become with TLC, he would be foolish to give it up.

Both Getz and Woods are at new peaks in their respective careers. Getz

has begun experimenting with electronics and, if I know Stan, he will make it work as lyrically as he does it acoustically. Woods is way ahead on that score. He followed the pioneering Sonny Stitt on electrified mouthpiece when he recorded with his European Rhythm Machine in the early '60s.

I seem to be making a case for extended tours of Europe. We haven't seen the return of Kenny Drew, Kenny Clarke, Jimmy Woode, Ed Thigpen and so many others who have vied for the "good life" of radio orchestras and occasional live gigs. The recordings that have come out on Inner City (Music Minus One group) and MPS indicate relaxed atmospheric conditions.

One erstwhile expatriot is an innovator of a larger magnitude than he is given credit for. His name is Joe Gallivan, and the reason for the "erstwhile" is his own uncertainty about where he belongs. Joe and I have been acquainted with each other for some time and he has indicated via telephone conversations from England that while he is content with what is happening across the pond and the reception that he is accorded there, he still yearns to make it "back home."

"I have been doing this for the last seven years, travelling back and forth, staying for long periods of time, coming home. It's gotten to the point where they won't let me back in (to England)," Gallivan stated somewhat ironically. He records for Compendium Records in Oslo, Norway, and he sells well. His attitude is somewhat

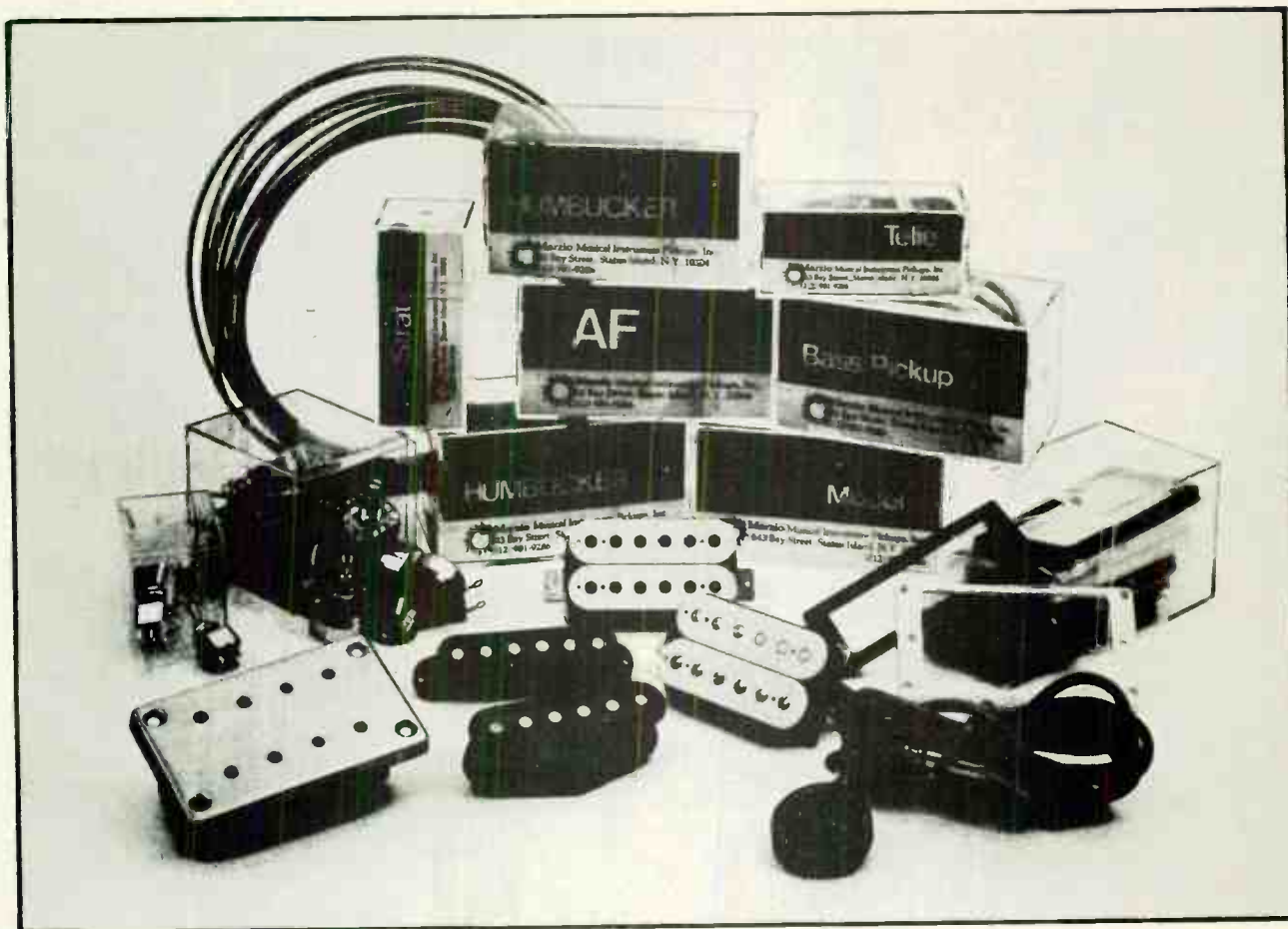
cont. on page 19



Joe Gallivan

ARNOLD JAY SMITH





# DiMarzio pickups.

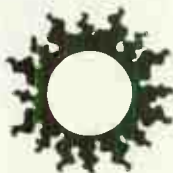
DiMarzio manufactures the most complete line of pickups and guitar hardware on the market. So, it's no wonder that when today's leading musicians use a pickup, they use a DiMarzio.

There are many reasons why you should be using a DiMarzio. Our unmatched Dynamic Range. An exclusive Tailored Frequency Response for optimum sound. Pickups for the music you're into, from our Super Distortion model (the original –

and the hottest pickup on the market) to our vintage PAF to our new Acoustic Model.

Aside from our great sound, you'll also like our 5 year warranty with options for second owner transferral. Plus the ease with which any DiMarzio is installed.

So, check out our high output long sustaining pickup, the hottest sound around. You'll see why DiMarzio is really on stage, everywhere.



**DiMarzio**  
Musical Instrument Pickups, Inc.

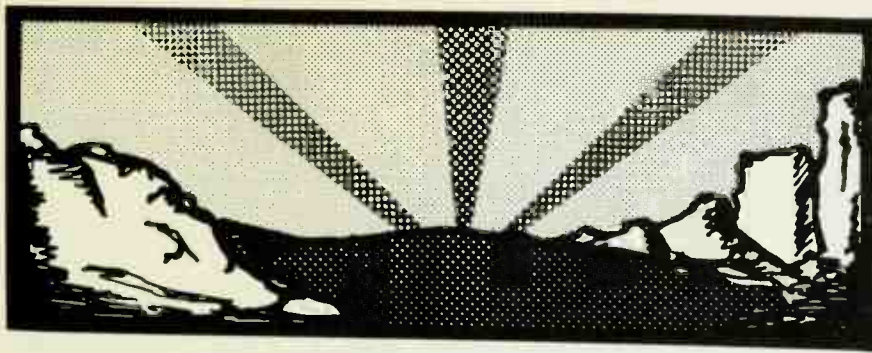
Dept. R, 643 Bay Street, Staten Island, N.Y. 10304 (212) 981-9286

Write for a free color catalog on our full line of pickups.

Available at fine music stores throughout the U.S.

Exclusive Canadian distributor: GHI Music Sales, 5000 Buchan St., Suite 506, Montreal, Quebec H4P1T2

# On stage, everywhere.



## Italian Fusion:

*Legions of suave Italian crooners have given way to excitingly diverse jazz and fusion bands such as PFM, Perigeo and Nova who are beginning to make their mark on the American scene.*

Most observers agree that, by almost any standards, the jazz-rock scene in Italy has been one of the black holes of contemporary music. Legions of suave Latin crooners make the national charts with cheap, quasi-romantic replicas of "Volare," and most of the good music heard by Italians is imported from England and the U.S.

But for the past five years, several groups of Italian musicians have been making an impression on their hipper countrymen, and their reputations have spread to Europe and America. Tony and Gino Malisan were instrumental in the formation of Esperanto, an all-continental coalition who managed a couple of decent albums on A&M. Fellini actor Francesco "Big" Di Giacomo led an impressive grouping called Banco, a band that never received the exposure they deserved. But a more successful forerunner of these groups, and the first totally Italian group to "make it" on any kind of mass scale, was Premiata Forneria Marconi, better known as PFM.

English art-rock producer Pete Sinfield (King Crimson, Roxy Music) was heavily involved with PFM's formidable debut on *Photos Of Ghosts* (Manticore), which led to subsequent popularity in the States. The group's early music drew on rock and classical influences, Sinfield's imaginative lyric writing, and the jazz tendencies of keyboarder Flavio Premoli and violinist-reedman Mauro Pagani.

But *Photos Of Ghosts* was a hard act to

follow, and later LPs found the paisanos losing their creative touch, upping the volume knobs, and shuffling between record labels. The intervening years seemed fraught with personnel changes and other problems. The new *Jet Lag* on Asylum, however, goes far towards re-establishing secure musical footing in the space age... it's PFM's best disc in four years. Cuts like "Left-Handed Theory" and "Jet Lag" cover progressive terrain, often reflecting the more international profile of PFM's present lineup (two non-Italians have infiltrated). The writing is consistently solid, the soloing has vastly improved, and the band finally exerts some distinctly ethnic personality on "Peninsula," "Cerco La Lingua," and "Meridiani." PFM has found a new flight plan and they again seem to be heading straight ahead.

### Perigeo

While the PFM story is by now familiar to art-rock fans, the jazz side of the Italian story has yet to be told. For the last four-odd years, a jazz-rock outfit called Perigeo has been playing with stunning modernity on three RCA albums. Led by bassist Giovanni Tommaso, who has long been prominent in Italy as part of the Lucca Quintet (heretofore called the MJQ of Italy), Perigeo first reached American ears in '75 with *Genealogia*, a tremendous collection of Weather Reportish compositions, sizzling electric keyboards by Franco D'Andrea, and spacious soprano sax by Claudio

Fasoli.

*The Valley Of The Temples* carried Perigeo's banner into 1976, sometimes featuring the guitarisms of American Tony Sydney, and unusually alternating spacy electronic scorchers with beautiful, acoustic ballads. Despite the group's continued brilliance on this second album, public exposure remained a problem... folks just have trouble relating to a band of veritable unknowns living in the Mediterranean. So in mid-1977, with various members suffering from financial, health, and personal problems, Perigeo pulled together enough to make that inevitable business move that confronts more obscure European groups... a western trek to North America in search of fame and fortune.

Recorded at RCA Toronto, the new *Fata Morgana* may represent something of an artistic compromise on Perigeo's part. Toned-down, less futuristic, and utilizing a heavy dosage of strings, the album slides into a cooler groove that seems tailored for greater sales. Drummer Bruno Biriaco is forced to take some of the steam out of his poundings, and the whole approach is lighter and less rock-influenced.

*Fata Morgana* does have its moments.



Some new looks and sounds from the Italian scene.



Sydney's long "Tarumbana" ebbs and surges between pensive acoustic guitar and a lively, near-Tyneresque tempo by D'Andrea. "New Vienna" develops an intriguing chant/melody, and "Fata Morgana" proves multi-faceted enough to transcend the over-production. Still, it's almost as if Perigeo is struggling to keep its creative energy in check. They're not yet getting hung up in cliches, but this is no time to get flabby. I say let that Perigeo energy go! ■

### New Lights

RCA is now pushing Italy's biggest pop star, Lucio Battisti, onto the American scene. Battisti's sound is usually high-quality, and albums like *Io Tu Noi Tutti* have combined dramatic melodies with funkily enjoyable rhythmic. More recent work (*La Batteria*) has shown Lucio verging on disco, and this year's English language debut on *Images* (after extensive tutoring by RCA) is not as pioneering as European sources would have us believe. One writer from *Melody Maker* went so far as to claim that Battisti has "30 times" the imagination of Cat Stevens. Don't believe everything you see in print.

Jazzwise, Enrico Rava's association with Manfred Eicher is beginning to yield some international notoriety. The trumpeter's second album for ECM, *The Plot*, finds Rava back in company with John Abercrombie (guitar), Palle Danielsson (bass), and Jon Christensen (drums). Most of Rava's tunes are tense and abstract jams, often too esoteric and self-disciplined for even my ramshackle tastes. The title track is a striking exception . . . great soloing, counter rhythms, and a glazed blue finish that brings the listener down slowly.

But the best has been saved for last, and the most progressive new stars from Italy are Renato Rossett (keyboards), Elio D'Anna (reeds), and Corrado Rustici (guitar), who form the nucleus of Nova. In the process of moving to England for the taping of *Vimana* (Arista), Nova suffered the loss of an entire rhythm section. But things started clicking again when Narada Michael Walden (Mahavisnu Orchestra) took over the skins, and British producer Robin Lumley of Brand X brought in that band's Percy Jones (bass) and Phil Collins (percussion), plus primo tabla master Zakir Hussain from Shakti. Since the recording session, guitarist John Goodsall (Brand

cont. on page 35

# Reliability



DOD Electronics announces its new 200 series product line. All 200 series products are assembled in an extra rugged pressure die cast case. Long life switches. Jacks and pots are used throughout. Each unit is individually hand assembled & tested. There is new confidence in music sound reinforcement with DOD.

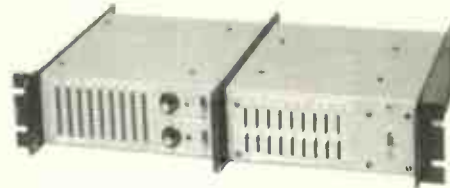


Electronics  
Company

Telephone  
801-485-8534

495 East  
2700 South  
Salt Lake City  
Utah 84115

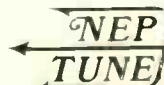
## who cares?..... we do!



Equalize a room in a matter of minutes? With the 909 Real Time and its companion the 910 Graphic you can do a professional job of matching your PA to any room. Used separately or together you "see" your sound as well as hear it.

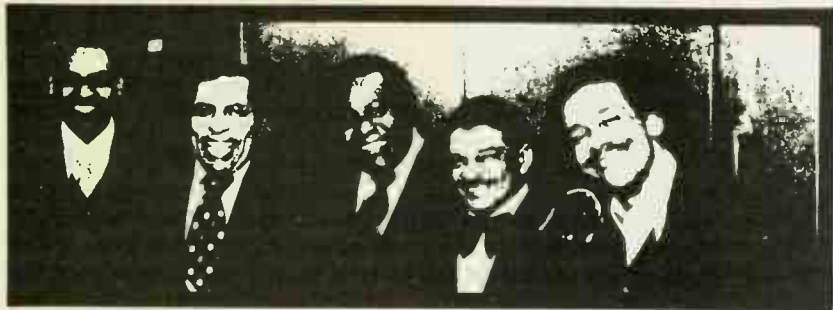


6 Channel mono & 8 Channel Stereo mixers for PA & recording. Professional quality, low noise, Hi & Lo impedance, Monitor buss, Reverb and much more at practical prices. See these and other Neptune products such as our 100W Power Amp at better music stores nationwide.



ELECTRONICS  
INCORPORATED

934 N.E. 25th Ave. Portland, Ore. 97232



## 'Lo Dice Todo' Barnburner

*"Waves of fever-pitched fans rocked Avery Fisher Hall. They screamed, whistled, foot-stomped, applauded and refused to let Cachao leave center stage."*

**T**he "Lo Dice Todo" concert, held this past March 7th at New York City's Avery Fisher Hall, will be remembered as one of the golden moments of Latin Music history. Persuaded by the courageous foresight of producers Rene Lopez and Andy Kaufman, the Caytronics Inc. and its president Joe Cayre gave the go ahead for its staging. Salsoul and Merricana artists repeatedly brought a capacity crowd to its feet with penetrating Afro-Cuban rhythms and noteworthy solos.

Beginning at 8 p.m. and lasting until the stroke of midnight, the sounds of guaguancos, son-montunos, danzons and afro-bembes, reverberated throughout this famous concert hall. These musical presentations were all great, but the outstanding virtuoso performances of Cachao, Charlie Palmieri and Gonzalo Fernandez caused tumultuous standing ovations, with many supporters virtually shocked into a stupor. What they saw was too incredible to believe.

Since the late 40's I have seen Machito floor Latin-jazz aficionados at Bop City and the Royal Roost. I've caught Tito Puente's breath-taking performances at New York's Palladium and at Birdland. I've shaken my head in disbelief while watching Arsenio Rodriguez at the Waldorf Astoria. Cal Tjader's music intoxicated me at a Schaffer Beer Concert in Central Park, and I was swept away with delirium when Eddie Palmieri

brought the house down at the Beacon Theatre during the 1976 Latin Times magazine awards. But, Cachao, Palmieri and Fernandez have added this concert to my "unforgettable moments" list because of its aura of sensual excitement. To see a quiet, orderly audience turn into a vociferous bunch of people was a rare sight indeed! Cachao was given such an overwhelming standing ovation, you would think he had conquered Mars. I doubt that anyone could truly describe what took place that evening. It was the "once in a lifetime concert." You had to be there to see it... to hear it... to feel it... and even then I'm not certain you would have believed it.

The success of Lo Dice Todo is another vital step in bringing the exciting Latin beat more exposure and hence the popular acceptance it so much deserves. Intended as a lively artistic effort, the event succeeded magnificently and sent a message to competitors and miscreants. Via top quality musical arrangements, the musicians spoke with such a verve their message could not be misunderstood. This concert moved Chocolate Armenteros, Grupo Folklorico, Conjunto Libre, Conjunto Roberto Torres, Conjunto Saoco and Cachao out of the shadows of obscurity. To be sure, they have no intention of returning. Cachao's prominence was felt during the mid-50's after he introduced "la descarga" (impromptu jam session) in Latin music. His talent

and contributions were ignored by music historians, disc jockies and the media. But this night he made them all aware of who he is via a performance so rare, so emotionally exciting, I doubt that he, Palmieri and Fernandez could repeat it again.

The concert opened with Conjunto Saoco, whose eight members were dressed like Cuban farmers in white guayabero jackets, white trousers and red bandanas around the necks. With microphone in right hand, Panama hat in left, vocalist Henry Fiol began the evening with "Platanzo," a stimulating guaguanco. This Sonora Matancero-like sound, which blared from a pyramid of tweeters, woofers and midrange speakers on each side of the stage, was warmly greeted with applause and whistles. Saoco's act was climaxed by a sensual Afro-Cuban ritual dance, taken from a religious ceremony. To the guaracha "Motigua," from stage left, came an attractive olive-skinned dancer named Iliana. Her sultry looks and short lustrous black hair contrasted with a red flared skirt and skimpy white blouse which exposed her midriff. In a colorful and frenzied fashion, she and Fiol flew all over the stage. Their bodies gyrated as if a current ran through them. Iliana threw herself on the floor and jerked convulsively while Fiol snapped his red bandana over her. Trumpeter Ken Fradley ended the act with a solo while the audience rose to their feet, applauding enthusiastically.

Five minutes later, vocalist Roberto Torres's band was in place, ready to play. Torres, in fluent Spanish, mentioned his singing credentials: Orquesta Broadway, La Sonora Matancera, and the groups he co-headed with Chocolate Armenteros and Javier Vasquez. He opened with El Caminante, the tune with which he's identified. Torres' strong stage presence, while performing, was one of the highlights of the evening. His body oscillated to the pace of his shaking maracas and he caused wild bursts of applause when he held notes, at times for twenty seconds.

In less than five minutes fourteen musicians in tuxedos, one in white pants and red shirt holding a tres guitar, were introduced as Conjunto Libre. Little handsome Nelson Gonzalez was out of uniform, but it didn't matter; whenever he plays his ax, you're glad he's there. When percussionist Manny Oquendo walked on stage, the audience rose and gave



him a one minute ovation. After thirty years of paying dues, Oquendo's calloused, meaty hands were finally recognized for their exceptional percussion work in the orchestras of Tito Punte, Tito Rodriguez, Vincencito Valdes and Eddie Palmieri.

After Libre's performance the stage was set for the moment in Latin music history no one expected. Ten violinists, including Alfredo DeLaFe, Eddie Drennon and the lovable Pupi Legaretta, walked to their seats and sat down. M.C. Roger Dawson's voice boomed as he announced "Charlie Palmieri." The white spotlight caught the popular pianist standing near his piano, smiling and waving to the applauding crowd. After the clamor died down, Dawson introduced El Gran Cachao as "the man who invented the modern charanga rhythm." Everyone stood up and applauded in what sounded like hundreds of galloping horses. The spotlight followed the grinning Cachao to center stage; he looked up at the tiers, and waited for silence. He leaned his head toward the stem of his acoustic bass, passed his bow over it, producing a droning sound. After a few seconds, he straightened up, looked over his left shoulder and nodded to flutist Gonzalo Fernandez. Acknowledging the cue, Fernandez began the introduction (el paseo) to the danzon "Jovenes Del Ritmo." Within a split second my mind was transported back to the Cuba of the early 40's. Through the danzon's introduction and the melody (2nd part), I imagined myself in a Havana dance salon listening to the legendary Arcano Y Sus Maravillas. Cachao was playing a typical Arcano arrangement. Immediately a thought occurred to me: Cachao wrote the tune he was playing, and he arranged it, therefore he must have written and arranged the music modifying the danzon that Arcano made famous for the last four decades.

When a break in Jovenes Del Ritmo occurred, the violins began swinging a syncopated mambo phrase. Ecstasy appeared on appreciative faces as bodies swayed and eyes closed in euphoric concentration. It, too, sounded like an Arcano recording except Chihuahua Martinex was on timbales, not Ulpiano Diaz. Rolando Valdes, not Gustavo Tamayo, scraped el guiro. Julian Cabrera, not El Colorao, thumped el quinto (conga drum). Charlie Palmieri, not Jesus Lopez, was at the keyboard. Gonzalo



FELIX CARTAGENA

*Cachao greets the crowd in a rare photo at the concert, (cameras were forbidden.)*

Fernandez, not Arcano, was riffing on flute. But Cachao was in front of me, slightly hunched over, plucking strings on his bass, smiling, looking over occasionally toward Palmieri, who was playing with the gusto of the Phantom of The Opera planning revenge. When the tune ended, overly zealous fans stood and thunderously applauded. Cachao's words preceding his next tune were, "this rhythm was invented in 1937 (el Danson Mambo)!" Adelante, a danzon Arcano recorded in 1948, followed. It grew in excitement by teasing the listeners, beginning with the melody, right back to the intro, then introducing a second melody, until the mambo finally arrived. The spotlight caught Charlie Palmieri leaning forward on his stool, his lightning fast fingers moving in a blur on the keys. After his fiery solo, a break was followed by pizzicato strings and flute montunos. The concert hall was in a furor. The performance was so arousing it compelled many to behave madly. During the clamorous ovation, Cachao smiled, nodded in several directions, then pointed to his musicians and said, "a todos los profesores aqui" (to all the professors here with me).

"Se Va El Matancero" continued Cachao. "Is a danzon which I dedicate to you" (pointing to the audience).

Once again the performances of Cachao, Palmieri and Fernandez caused havoc. Emotion was straining the interior of Avery Fisher Hall. Waves of fever-pitched fans rocked the auditorium. They screamed, whistled, foot-stomped, applauded and refused to let Cachao leave center stage. The bedlam continued for five minutes. Roger Dawson's plea to keep the show moving was drowned by the din. The roar gave way to silence when Cachao removed a microphone from a stand and said, "I'm sorry, but we rehearsed only three numbers." He walked off the stage while the theatre shook with the incredible audience reaction.

Grupo Folklorico followed, giving a good account of themselves with the tunes Cuba Linda, Anabacoa, Chocolate En 6/8 and Canta Ebioso. But somehow they just couldn't stir the emotions Cachao did. Backstage, an emotional Cachao was mobbed by well wishers. He admitted he was surprised by the audience's reaction. In 1952, when flautist-bandleader Gilberto Valdes introduced the danzon to New Yorkers with this city's first Charanga, he failed to match what Cachao did this evening, even though Valdes' music was every bit as exciting. "Many years ago," said Manny Oquendo, "I dreamed that Cachao and Arcano played at Carnegie Hall . . . and were a smash . . . but not like what happened tonight." Charlie Palmieri, in a jolly mood, added, "It was a gas . . . I love this type of music and I admire Cachao . . . it was a labor of love."

Lo Dice Todo concert was drama, energy, cultural pride, a need which was fulfilled. And the satisfaction didn't stop there. The Salsoul and Merricana artists not only succeeded in entertaining an audience, they educated it. A few people laughed at the idea of staging this concert because the artists lacked sufficient exposure. One competing record company tried to sabotage it and failed. They tried to get Local #802 to stop the concert because many of the musicians did not belong to the union. Rene Lopez and Andy Kaufman were not only sure of themselves, but they made it possible to expose the exceptional talent of Cachao and perpetuate it via the Salsoul LP "Cachao 77." It's a must for any Latin fan. ■

*Max Salazar is a writer and broadcaster from New York with a regular Latin show on WBAI-FM.*



## Steely Dan's Big Hit?

*Pop radio hits are becoming nauseatingly positive and can even turn a good poker hand sour. Steely Dan brought the boy four princes but can they do as well with the "12-18-year-old-record-buying-public?"*

Last week I was playing poker at a friend's house in Monterey. I was down a few dollars, the game was moving quickly and I needed a big hand to get back in and contend. My friend, whose name is Marty, has one of Marantz' larger receivers in his living room and he had turned the dial to a Top 40 station which had a chronic case of Multiple Fleetwood Mac. (MFM, a disease which forces afflicted stations to play "Rhiannon," "Dreams," and "You Can Go Your Own Way" at least three times an hour, reached epidemic proportions earlier this year. There is no known cure.) I managed to ignore the station for a few hands by concentrating on the game, but one thing I couldn't ignore was the streak of bad cards coming to my side of the table. The streak worsened with each hand and, by the time I got the deal, Stevie Nicks was going through her witch-in-the-throes-of-orgasm routine in "Dreams" and I was ready to fold before even looking at my cards.

Then the AM station came to its senses and played "Kid Charlemagne," Steely Dan's ode to Augustus Stanley Osley. Skillfully, forcefully, the lyrics floated across the room and started warm reactions in my ears, my heart and my hands.

*While the music played*

*You worked by candlelight*

*Those San Francisco nights*

*You were the best in town*

*Just by chance you crossed*

*The diamond with the pearl*

*You turned it on the world*

*That's when you turned the world around . . .\**

I dealt five cards to each player. Before looking at my cards, I announced to the other players, "I'm going to take this hand." Then I added, by way of explanation, "That's my favorite band on the radio."

"Who's that?" asked Marty?

"Steely Dan," I said. I picked up my cards. They were shocking: a full house of three Jacks and two 7s.

"Steely who?"

"Steeley Dan," I told him. "Don't tell me you've never heard of them."

"I've never heard of them," said Marty. He opened the betting by throwing some chips into the pot. Everyone saw his bet. I didn't raise.

Marty asked for three cards, and each of the other players also took three cards. Realizing that a pat hand might scare off all these players, I kept my three Jacks and drew two cards, hoping that the other players would put my non-raise and two-card draw together and figure me for a possible straight or flush.

Marty opened the second round of betting. Steely Dan sang to my cards:

*Every A-frame had your*

*Number on the wall*

*You must have had it all*

*You'd go to L.A. on a dare*

*And you'd go it alone . . .\*\**

The fourth Jack sat there, staring at me, next to a king. Four Jacks. Unbelievable.

Richard, the player to Marty's left, raised and the other players tossed in their chips. I raised. Marty's head jerked up. "Hit that flush, huh?" He folded his hand. Richard say my raise, and raised me the maximum. The other players folded. I saw Richard's raise and raised him. He saw my raise and raised me — the fifth and final raise. I called his raise and asked him what he had. He put down a full house of Aces and 4s. I showed him my four Jacks and pulled in the pot.

The next day, as an act of thanksgiving, I decided to look into the question of Steely Dan's radio popularity. Steely Dan is far from unknown, but why, I wondered,

should the band which consistently produces albums with the best instrumentation and most intriguing lyrics of any rock albums in America be without the kind of monster singles which have become a matter of course for Fleetwood Mac?

I called Steely Dan's record company, ABC Records, and spoke with some people in the promotion department. They told me that all of Steely Dan's albums have gone gold, and that each one has taken less time to go gold than the last one, but that none of those albums have ever yielded a big hit single. One of the people I talked to offered this explanation: "Choosing singles from Steely Dan's albums has been one of the toughest things we've had to do. Even when we've had good response to a single, like with 'Rikki Don't Lose That Number,' we haven't been able to follow it up. Naturally, we'd really like them to have a hit single because an album that does a half-million without a hit single will do maybe a million-five with a single. I just don't think their songs have the kind of hook that's necessary for the 12-to-18-year-old single-buying public."

With the phrase "12-to-18-year-old single-buying public" ringing in my ears, I gathered together my Steely Dan albums and played my favorite cuts. Then I turned on my radio and found a Top 40 station. I heard an ad for Adidas shoes, a song by Stevie Wonder, then an ad for Breck shampoo followed by the Emotions' "You Get The Best Of My Love." Then came an ad for Chevrolet, followed by an ad for Chevron gasoline. Then Peter Frampton's voice started to sing "I'm In You," and I turned off my radio.

I thought about the songs and ads I'd heard on the radio. All of them had been overwhelmingly — and almost nauseatingly — positive. One would never guess, after listening to 20 minutes of such sugar-coated programming, that, as Steely Dan puts it in "Any Major Dude Will Tell You":

*Any major dude with half a heart*

*Will surely tell you my friend*

*Any minor world that breaks apart*

*Falls together again . . .\*\*\**

This is not to say that the music and ads on the Top 40 stations were without message or content. It's just that the message was always the same, whether it was Peter Frampton's insinuation that he was "in" me, or Chevrolet's insistence that I buy a Chevette sometime in the next twenty



minutes. The radio's message was blanket utopia: everything's great, there's nothing to worry about, love is in the air, so let's do it! Every moment was predictable, acceptable and in total conformity with the enjoy-life attitude of a 14-year-old high school student whose eating, sleeping and thinking requirements are met automatically. The world, to such a person, is a joy ride, a romance without attachments, an affair free of consequence. The only real issue is, am I, or am I not, in love?

Steely Dan's not only speaks from another world, they discuss that world in another language:

*Babs and Clean Willy were in love they said  
So in love the preacher's face turned red  
Soon everybody knew the thing was dead  
He shouts  
She bites*

*They wrangle through the night . . . \*\*\*\**

As composers, their power grows out of a familiarity with the decadent phenomena which appear at the end of an era, rather than the optimistic, sunshine-and-butterflies positivism which Top 40 radio presents as ongoing reality.

I thought about Steely Dan's love for Duke Ellington, and I thought about the way Steely Dan ties together all the loose ends of rock, jazz and folk music. I remembered that twelve years ago there was another artist whose albums went gold, but whose singles never made it. Finally, the artist wrote a song which, in five minutes and fifty-nine seconds, managed to tear the lid off of adolescent American hypocrisy in a way that was so compelling, so vulgar and so accurate that the song went right to the top of the charts. The artist was Bob Dylan, and the song was "Like A Rolling Stone":

*. . . You never understood that it ain't no good*

*You shouldn't let other people get their Kicks for you*

*You used to ride on a chrome horse  
with your diplomat  
Who carried on his shoulder a  
Siamese cat  
Ain't it hard when you discover that  
He really wasn't where it's at  
After he took from you everything he could  
steal . . . \*\*\*\**

Even today, some Top 40 stations still play "Like A Rolling Stone." But, now that Dylan has built a mansion in Malibu, suffered through a Hollywood divorce and joined the establishment he used to criticize, I think even he would admit that the field is wide open.

Some time between now and 1980, you will turn on your radio and a wild voice will be there, not just telling you how imperfect and decadent the world is, but opening up a whole Pandora's box of unforgettably flawed phenomena — phenomena which will picture the veneer of false optimism so skillfully that, as a great wild voice of the '60s once said, "May you never hear surf music again."

This time the wild voice will be right out of the '70s, and it will belong to Steely Dan. Steely Dan is due for a hit — the hot cards are ready to land on their side of the table. The song will achieve instant popularity; it will be like the amusement park mirror which no one can stop looking at, not because it makes everyone look so beautiful, but because its distortions are so close to the truth. The song will be a hit, it will hit very hard, and if we're lucky, Top 40 radio will never be the same.

\* from "Kid Charlemagne," copyright 1976 ABC/Dunhill Music, Inc., (BMI).

\*\* from "Any Major Dude Will Tell You," copyright 1974, American Broadcasting Music, Inc. (ASCAP).

\*\*\* from "Haitian Divorce," copyright 1976 ABC/Dunhill Music Inc. (BMI).

\*\*\*\* from "Like A Rolling Stone," copyright 1965 M. Witmark & Sons (ASCAP).

## If you're into guitar



get into...

# Guitar Player

the magazine for guitarists  
of all styles—all levels.

Interviews with top guitarists. Articles and columns on instruments...equipment...playing techniques. \$12 for 12 monthly issues. See your music dealer, or write today to:

## Guitar Player Magazine

Box 615-NJ. Saratoga. CA 95070

### performers ... composers

**HOME-STUDY COURSES - BASIC AND ADVANCED THEORY. COMPOSITION, ARRANGING, EAR TRAINING.** Concise and simple-to-understand lessons... a unique & effective way to learn *modern* music, with personal assistance by our faculty.

If you're a beginner or advanced amateur, or a professional musician who wants - and needs - to learn more about harmony, chord voicings, rhythm, improvisation, arranging & composition, etc., then send for our catalog today!

### APPLIED MUSIC SCHOOL

Dept. M 505 W. Hillsboro Ave. Tampa, FL 33603

**N.Y.'S DISCOUNT  
MUSIC DEPT STORE  
JUST A FREE CALL AWAY!**

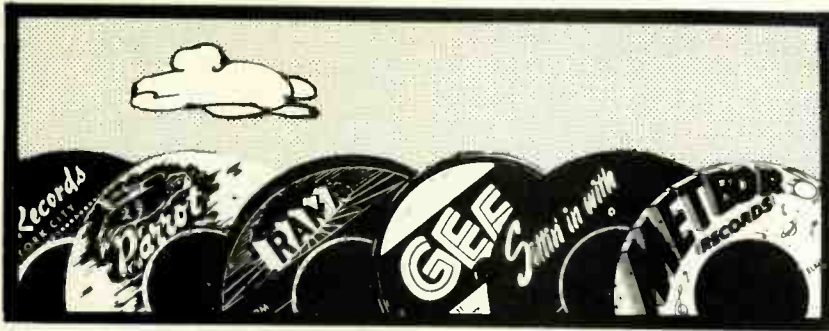
800-645-3518

### SAM ASH MUSIC STORES

301 Peninsula Blvd  
Hempstead, NY 11550

Buy at discount direct from our 6 huge stores and warehouse. All musical instruments, amplifiers, electronic keyboards, discos, PA's, pianos, organs, accessories, music. Call for prices or mail your list of questions. NYC area residents, please visit us in person. NY state phone 212 347-7757. Since 1924





## R&B Alumni

*Rhythm and blues is the school that started off such people as Esther Phillips, Marvin Gaye, Laura Nyro, Smokey Robinson and, of course, Elvis.*

**R**hythm 'n blues is a tough school. Classes are held on a street corner or in a subway arcade, and competition is fierce. Students are taught to express hard emotion through the sound of their voices. Not just the lyrics, but the sound. There's no money to look forward to, and usually no future. Very few graduates get any recognition at all.

And yet, if you thumb through the bins at your local record store, you'll find album after best-selling album by singers who got their start doing R&B harmony. Of course, most aren't singing R&B now. Soul, pop, jazz and rock are much more lucrative, whereas R&B has never really gone beyond the regional level.

Consider, for example, the current popularity of Marvin Gaye as compared with his pre-Motown career with The Moonglows. The vocal group did manage a few "cross-over" hits in the late 1950s and early 60s, including "The Ten Commandments of Love," but Gaye remained an obscure background singer until he reworked his style and emerged as a top soul artist.

Or take Esther Phillips. She's finally received well-deserved acclaim for her jazz stylings and blues ballads. Few fans are aware that in 1951, the 14-year-old Little Esther caused a sensation in the R&B world. Her rather erotic recordings with such aggregates as The Robins, Dominoes and The Johnny Otis Band remain classics to R&B enthusiasts.

Little Richard was less than a sensation as the unbilled lead singer of The Tempo Toppers, a down-home R&B group that recorded a few sides for the Houston-based Peacock label around 1954. Patty LaBelle and The Blue Belles paid their R&B dues for years before scoring big as Labelle. And certainly Jerry Butler and Curtis Mayfield enjoy more success on their own than they did with the original Impressions ("For Your Precious Love").

The list of R&B alumni is lengthy. It includes Etta James, Dionne Warwick, Barry White and even jazzman George Benson. Soul groups that recorded first in the R&B vein are the Isley Brothers, Gladys Knight and The Pips, The Spinners, Temptations and Four Tops. Some rock 'n roll immortals like Sam Cooke and Clyde McPhatter began with vocal groups. Jackie Wilson, who suffered a stroke and massive brain damage two years ago, replaced McPhatter as lead of The Dominoes in the early 1950s. Clyde had left that quartet to join the original Drifters.

If you've noticed a predominance of Motown artists on the roster, there's a good reason. The streets of Detroit abounded with R&B groups in the 1950s, and Motown founder Berry Gordy recruited talent from their ranks. One of Berry's early proteges was Smokey Robinson. In the mid-50s, the young Robinson forged his singing style by studying records of Nolan Strong and The Diablos, an energetic Detroit group that literally recorded in

a garage. Despite the unfortunate lack of production values, The Diablos managed to create atmosphere, largely through unusual harmonies and Strong's haunting tenor lead.

Smokey Robinson, enthralled by the effect, drilled his own novice group until they could practically duplicate The Diablos' recording of "Adios My Desert Love." A tape from this period survives, and it's fascinating to hear just how much Smokey sounds like Nolan Strong. Robinson organized The Miracles in the late 1950s, turning out five excellent R&B records before "Shop Around" fame, but the influence of the late Nolan Strong is evident even today.

On the West Coast, the R&B nightclub circuit provided training for two unlikely aspirants: Frank Zappa and Mother-to-be Ray Collins. In the early 1960s, they learned the basics by playing gigs with black groups and penning R&B songs like "Memories of El Monte," which was recorded by The Penguins. Zappa has included R&B material on many of his Mothers of Invention albums, though usually in a semi-satirical manner.

At about the same time, 3,000 miles away, one Laura Nyro practiced harmony in a New York subway station (ideal for an echo) with her after-school R&B group. Years later, Nyro acknowledged her roots with the LP "Gonna Take A Miracle." Most of the cuts, which feature background by Labelle, are updates of R&B standards. The best is a stirring version of an old Diablos song, "The Wind."

Strangest of all is the case of a Canadian teenager who somehow made a record in 1956 for RPM, an L.A.-based R&B label. The boy's uncertain lead vocal on "I Confess"



Curtis Mayfield as a youngster singing with Jerry Butler and the Impressions.



contrasted with the rough harmonic style of The Jacks, a popular black group. Understandably, the record went nowhere. A year later, after changing his style radically, Paul Anka had his first hit.

Much has been written lately about the influence of rhythm 'n blues on the late Elvis Presley. His R&B roots are most apparent on the rare Sun recordings, done in 1954 and 1955. RCA, which bought the masters along with Elvis' contract, recently reissued the sides on an excellent LP called "The Sun Sessions." The record offers all of Presley's Sun output, including some previously unissued material. Outstanding are the spirited renditions of Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup's R&B tunes, "That's All Right, Mama," and "Good Rockin' Tonight."

Speaking of old Presley recordings, it appears that people all over the country are combing thrift shops for Sun and early RCA 45s. On a record-hunting trip in the Chicago area, I encountered several individuals in search of discs, including an elderly woman who said she wanted them for her grandchildren. In Toledo, a thrift shop manager told me a number of people asked about Elvis records the day following his death. Original Elvis Sun 45s in good shape are worth anywhere from one to five hundred dollars depending on the title. These are the current prices, they're sure to be worth much more very soon. Keep your eyes open but be aware, there's plenty of others presently on the same trail. ■

## Da Capo cont. from page 10

bitter about those who "control things" here.

"There's a different attitude (in Europe) toward creative music than there is here. You are able to make records, but it's a hard way to travel if you are not well-known. The record companies there ask me what I like to do. They make suggestions, but I am free to reject them."

Gallivan, like so many other musicians here and abroad, feel that the U.S. jazz scene has been stifled by money, record contracts and rock in such a way as even those who are making it have settled into a groove. And we all should bear in mind what Clark Terry says. "The only difference between a groove and a grave is the depth."

"It borders on the criminal," Gallivan went on. "We actually get our records played on the state-owned

radio stations. I honestly believe, what with play lists and programming (in the U.S.) there is something changing hands before a record gets played."

A word about Gallivan. Joe is a percussionist who played with the Gil Evans Orchestra. His work on drum and other synthesizers was first heard with Evans. He has played trap drums and synthesizer with jazz and rock musicians. But it's his pointed remarks that make him the subject of this column.

"I don't say that ours is the only music, or that commercial music as it stands should not exist, but when companies monopolize the industry and abuse the privilege of having artists on their roster, that irks me.

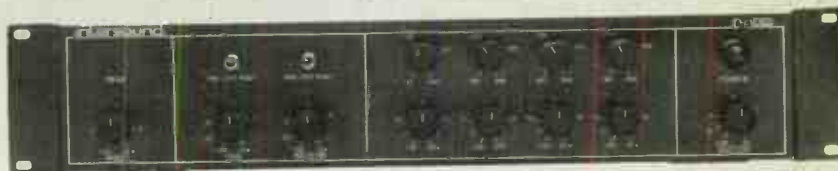
They could improve music, create a new standard of the art.

"European record companies haven't got the big overhead, but they pay us on time and fairly; and they treat us so well. Maybe it's all of those middlemen (here) who are more interested in their own careers than the careers of the artist. Hey, who are they, after all, without us?"

And so it continues. "Europe is better" remains on the minds of jazz musicians. I'll say this much: don't knock it 'til you've tried it.

I'll have more about what's happening when I return from the Continent and Great Britain, hopefully laden with tapes of "new" European sounds. ■

# QUIET RELIABLE intersound



### Minisix Series

Six inputs, Hi and Lo equalization, balanced and unbalanced outputs. Stacking input. LZ61: Balanced inputs. HZ61: Unbalanced inputs.

### R100 Series

Reverb. Line driver. Four band equalizer. Independent level and routing functions. RV100: Center-Variable® Equalizer. RX100: Graphic equalizer.

intersound  
**The Quiet One**

The Intersound people can tell you more. Write Box 1864, Boulder, Colorado 80306.



# FESTIVALS

## Arcosanti in the Desert.

By Bob Henschen

**H**idden away in the northern Arizona desert, not far from two-horse Cordes Junction, a supersonic city-structure called Arcosanti rises from a bleak and beautiful mesa. Eerie half-domes called apses range across the ridgetop and 40-foot high vaults complete the unearthly panorama. An abandoned set from the filming of "Star Wars?" Not quite, but the planned Arcosanti community will be no less futuristic.

The first full-sized project of ecological architect and philosopher Paolo Soleri, Arcosanti embodies the principle of "arcology"...a new way for man to build and live in natural surroundings. Arcosanti will eventually be a self-

sufficient, non-polluting metropolis that grows vertically rather than horizontally, combatting urban sprawl without sacrificing open space and other comforts. Funded by proceeds from the sale of wind chimes called Soleri Bells, plus the profits from infrequent concert events such as this annual festival, Arcosanti is already impressive but advances at a snail's pace. All labor is done by architecture students who pay the Cosanti Foundation a semester fee to come and work, or by ongoing volunteers who remain religiously devoted to the Soleri vision.

The internationally reputed, and disputed, Paolo Soleri oversees his city creation with the aloof spirituality born



of genius. He leaves the festival production to Bruce Joseph, a program director of impeccable taste who last year brought in Gato Barbieri, Shawn Phillips, and the goodbye performance of Lookout Farm. For Arcosanti Festival '77, taking place the weekend of October 1 and 2, Joseph lined up the McCoy Tyner Sextet, Gary Burton Quartet, Tom Rush, Richie Beirach's Eon, Dave Liebman and Tabla, Jackson Browne, the Paul Winter Consort, and a host of top classical musicians, dancers, thespians, and multifarious cultural interests. A whole series of seminars and workshops, funded by grants from health and medical institutions, centered around a "Celebration of Health and Healing" theme.

The big drawing card for many Arizonans was Jackson

of well-tempered progressive pieces: Carla Bley's "Ictus," Chick Corea's "Sea Journey," and Eberhard Weber's "The Colours Of Chloe." Also merging perfectly with the spacy, organic surroundings was perennial Arcosanti supporter Paul Winter, though his eclectic Consort was relegated to an anti-climatic, post-Jackson Browne finale late Sunday night, when most folks were already tangling hopelessly with a constipated parking situation.

But Arcosanti's "most valuable player" award could very easily go to jazz-classical pianist Richard Beirach, a gentleman who seemed to be everywhere. His trio Eon, with bassist Frank Tusa (Lookout Farm) and drummer Eliot Zigmund (Bill Evans), opened Saturday's festival with a superb set of contemporary and improvisational symphonettes. Zigmund is constantly inventive in his support role and can solo interestingly when called. Tusa's upright technique has been freed-up by the diversity of past playing situations (from the jazz-rock Lookout Farm to acoustic duets with Badal Roy), and he showed his unconventional dexterity with Eon.

Beirach is something of an avant-garde romantic. He has a propensity for building grand melodic introspections, yet he can swing and bop into any and every upbeat groove. In conversation that afternoon, Richie waxed enthusiastic over Eon's reception and his continued progress on the acoustic piano. "I'm through with electric keyboards," he vowed. "The grand piano has so many possibilities...it's a machine that has been perfected for fifty years. It's all right there, right now." He couldn't name a single electric keyboard that didn't "suck," and went on to reminisce about the 1932 Hamburg Steinway that Manfred Eicher set him up with last June. Used on Beirach's solo piano date for ECM, this beautiful grand was reportedly the last such



ELLEN BARNIS



VERYL OAKLAND



Clockwise from the top: Phil Woods at Russian River; Ted Curson at Monterey; Horace Silver at Monterey and Dave Liebman blowing at Arcosanti.

Browne, and it was his presence that led to a tremendous overflow crowd on Sunday. But with the much-desired larger gate came traffic problems, an ironically unhealthy cloud of road dust, and one flaming kook in the crowd...a rifle-toting cowboy who threatened 10,000 people just prior to Jackson Browne's evening set. Stage spotlights isolated the man against the desert mountain-side, and he was eventually persuaded to relinquish his weapon without incident. Linebacker-sized guards quickly converged on him, but not before the entire Arcosanti audience experienced several moments of paralyzing fear.

McCoy Tyner's pianistic assault was obviously a festival highlight, and Gary Burton's Quartet played a flawless set

instrument to be made before Hitler transfigured the piano plant into a tank factory. Richie maintains the quality control has never been the same since.

Anyway, Beirach touched down three more times during the Arcosanti annual. On Saturday afternoon, he and Dave Liebman sat in with Badal Roy's group Tabla, an interesting co-mixture of East meets West, but a group hampered by a female songstress named Radha. On Sunday morning, Richie played solo piano for a phenomenal series of improvs by the Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company. And Sunday afternoon brought about piano/sax duets with Horizon colleague Liebman, as the duo expanded on originals "October 10th" and "Repeat Performance," plus Miles' "All Blues" and Trane's "Your Lady," which Dave dedicated to the following act, McCoy Tyner.

Speaking of McCoy, will somebody please get that man a



sound crew. Every reviewer of his recent performances has complained about the P.A. system not being up to par. This is not the problem, the P.A. here was excellent. The problem is that everything is miked so closely, and everyone in the band, especially McCoy, hits so hard that they overload the mikes and the result is a very dense, muddy sound. The density is certainly a part of Tyner's intent, I don't think the mud is. The music was incredibly hot with dazzlingly beautiful solo passages, but much of it, especially the lower register, was lost in the rumble of overdriven miking equipment.

One other unusually festive highlight should be mentioned, a multi-media, Environmental Light Show that climaxed Saturday night's concert. From a darkened amphitheatre in the ravine below Arcosanti, the crowd scanned the bizarre city skyline as Paul Winter's lone horn called mysteriously from the distance. A drum corps-augmented Consort then advanced the mood with haunting synthesizers, and then the city lights began to flash, with surrealistic dancers profiled in circular windows and torch bearers outlined atop the large apses. A procession of glowing orbs descended the cliffside, fireworks incited the crowd, and dozens of nubile maidens swirled onto the main stage clad all in white.

Working themselves, and the audience, into a near-pagan frenzy, the girls eventually jumped from the stage and led the entire throng down to the festival's field stage where Paul Winter & Co. drummed for several hundred madly frantic dancers. For more than an hour this earth ritual stomped along with festivallic exuberance, even sweeping Musician publisher Gordon Baird, reportedly against his will, into the fevered sway. It was the kind of scene we'll never see repeated at Monterey...

## THE MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL — IT'S 20TH

By HERB WONG

Champagne in silver goblets and oysters on the half-shells! Dancing on top of seats and boogieing in the aisles . . . floating soap bubbles and jetted balloons . . . that's how some of the fans celebrated the Monterey Jazz Festival's 20th anniversary, a year from its chronological adulthood. In its usual series of five concerts in its protected outdoor pine-rimmed space, the festival environment and its trappings held an attraction to its fans at least equal to the aura the music has apparently built up through the years — an alchemy sustaining ample mysticism to draw 30,250 paid admissions over the weekend. Some of the people present were those who have been obedient to some quizzical inner impulse for all twenty years. As my own experience with the fest began with its birth in 1957 and stretches to this 20th season, admittedly my impressions are steered by my association with it.

For any jazz festival to reach a longevity milestone of 20 must be an object of some wonder and congratulations as it must also be an easy victim of much dissection and abuse. Speculations aside, the fest followed its general blueprint of the last decade infused with eclecticism and some complacency, juggernauted with occasional high-amplitudinous moments of exceptional music. Most of the patrons, for instance, have long long genuine interest in Roy Burns, Mundell Lowe and others of the perennial 'hallowed' cliché. It is a thermodynamic law that musical entropy will surely precipitate if fresh new faces and sounds are not seriously invited to perform and contribute to the dynamics of the idiom. Beyond artistic survival, the integrity of the original MJF Statement of Policy of 1961 is critically at stake.

Although I personally would have reveled at the ideal reappearance of 20 or more of the most significant jazz performers of the past nineteen years — to make up the program of the 20th, perhaps it isn't a feasible "feat"? If we

accept the basic concept that we must acknowledge and celebrate the evolution of jazz via the jazz musicians themselves as living histories, then the in vivo content could have seen the return to stage of the following peak performers, among others who are still alive and swinging on earth: Monk, Mingus, John Handy, Bola Sete, Keith Jarrett, Phil Woods, Big Mama Thornton, Jimmy Witherspoon, Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, James Moody, Gary Burton, Oscar Peterson, Ornette Coleman, Jean Luc-Ponty, or Bill Evans, etc. Groups or individuals in the current active sphere of jazz but who have not appeared at MJF might have given it a more celebratory punch: Weather Report, Chick Corea's Return to Forever, McCoy Tyner, New York Jazz Quartet, Brecker Brothers, Yusef Lateef, Art Pepper, Dexter Gordon, Jackie McLean, Eric Kloss, etc. Another constructive notion is to revive from the early years of MJF the entre-acts (held between major slots on the main concert agendas) to introduce new/seldom heard musicians . . . it would be a groove! There is a growing number of new works that deserve consideration for the fest; "commissioned" new works do not necessarily have more content validity than other special works in existence or are in process. The Creative Composers Workshop, for instance, may have appropriate material. Teddy Edwards' recent extended work, *Blue Saxophone*, is yet another exciting, fresh piece of music. Speaking of Edwards, there are gobs of remarkable musicians on the Pacific Coast ranging up to Victoria and Vancouver areas which would fill several festivals without duplicity . . . and shouldn't we mention the ten or more big bands that are strung from the Southland to British Columbia! If the Airmen of Note can be invited as they were this year, any one of these bands stand as viable candidates.

Now that recommendations have been made, I wish to acknowledge the rationale for the annual free blowing jams as an important expressionistic model of jazz. So, although festival director Jimmy Lyons and musical director John Lewis are panned frequently for dwelling on "a parade format of players" a la JATP sessions, I find the format to be a splendid vehicle in keeping the essence of jamming/improvising alive — indeed, something to celebrate in a jazz festival. I firmly believe that the real object of change is once again the personnel line-up; the remedy is obvious.

The 1977 MJF did evoke applaudable celebrations of magical music. It was with great anticipation that I awaited the first appearance of the Ted Curson quintet on opening night (I had been touting it since hearing them at Western Washington Univ. early in the year and expected a hot response at Monterey). The Curson unit did sneak up and turned the crowd on into high gear. The startlingly magnificent David Friesen calmly opened the set with a singing bass solo on his *Children of the Kingdom* — the open confidence and absolutely stunning brilliance of his music caught the audience completely off guard and hushed everyone as a single organism. The magicalness of his performance became one of the most discussed events. David's work with the quintet was a trip of surprises and new adventures. Without apparent travail, David Friesen (in retrospect) soared supremely above all the musical peaks of the entire festival.

Curson himself was ebullient and warm in his playing and pianist Jim McNeely was all over the instrument — from a ballad duet with Ted's lyrical flugelhorn on *My Old Flame* to the hard post bop and neo-Mingus-isms. And wow, Nick Brignola's amazing alto-like nimbleness on the baritone and powerful space shearing solos were devastating. Man, he loved to play and his long thick skeins of ideas flowed with hot volcanic-like energy. And drummer Ron Steen knows where "one" is at all times. The Curson quintet is a super-thermo . . . a relentlessly hard swinging, cohesive combo. No question that it was the best jazz in town!

Not an infrequent MJF guest, the Count Basie Orchestra



was warmly received. No surprises . . . the paragon of swing. Basie's predictability of the selections, you must always vote "YEAH" for every note, every bar, every tune. You just can't fight the ultimate in swing! Joe Williams raised the temperature to close the concert with joy jumpin' and blues hollerin'. It was beautiful.

In the last dozen years the Saturday afternoon concerts have ritualistically been centered more on the partying, carnival-flake out atmosphere than on heavy jazz. And this year, instead of the usual blues-show format, a non-jazz "Mardi Gras" soaked up the program . . . a trade-off which offered little to the bona-fide blues/jazzophile . . . but, it was fun-festive.

Veteran Horace Silver's quintet provided very bright moments on the capacity-filled Saturday eve bill. His group crackled and swung with unwavering, straight ahead mastery on material like Silver's *Senor Blues* and *Togetherness*. The School of Silver Sounds brought forth the raw, emotional playing of Lawrence Schneider on tenor and Lew Soloff to the forefront; fitting in smoothly were Chip Jackson's sweeping bass and drummer Eddie Gladden's solid, flawless work.

Mention must be made about the California All-Star High School Jazz Band and its emergent prominence. This year's 21-member band, selected through a rather strenuous weaning process during the end of the spring semester, was close to being the best performing edition in the seven years since the beginning of this jazz education enterprise. Several composer/conductors worked with the band; Benny Golson and George Duke (who debuted his excerpts from *Contemporary Keyboard Suites: for Multiple-Keyboardist and Orchestra*) were raving about the professional facility and solo maturity of the young players. They played the crap out of all the charts. Don Schamber, director of the All-Star bands for the last three years said,

HERB WONG



The Count, of course.

"This band is a monster — scary!" Unquestionably a source for joy.

The youngest group of Jazz Messengers I've seen with Art Blakey blew up a wild storm. The "New Messengers" featured three eruptively talented horn players stoked by the powerful and imaginative drumming of their leader. I was particularly impressed with David Schnitter, whose rich lode of ideas were expressed with taste and finesse. Blakey's was the peaking group of the final concert.

Vocalist Betty Carter, whose 1975 triumph was a real corker, was excellent but not as lustrous in comparison with the past; she was, nevertheless, a smashing relief and added to the salvation corps of the event.

Summarily, the groups which provided the amazing, saving grace shared common characteristics . . . by coincidence? Ted Curson, Horace Silver, Art Blakey, Count Basie and Betty Carter represent a non-fusionist school, prefer acoustic bass/piano and, with the exception of Basie, — all are 'products' of a comparable period in the history of jazz.

The 21st MJF can be and perhaps must be the most celebratory year. I look forward to that eventuality. ■

## Russian River and St. Francis debut in the West. By HERB WONG

**I**s there really something to the jazz renaissance? Is it a short-term rash or a welcome, micro-epidemic with hopefully long term effects? The San Francisco Bay Area was hit by an affliction I shall refer to as "jazzfestivalitis" which in three successive long weekends began with the pre-eminent grandpere, the Monterey Jazzfest passing through its 20th cycle and winding up with debut festivals — "The First Annual Russian River Jazzfest" and "The First Annual St. Francis Jazzfest."

All three fests represent in toto a keen, fascinating sense of tophophilia — the effective bond between people and their environment, including perceptions, attitudes and values. This not coincidental sense of place, I believe, contributes to the positive memorable vibes and motivation to begin the generic lineage of the respective two new festivals with specific follow-up plans for 1978. They express a sharp-pointed departure from the prosaic concert hall, auditorium or even amphitheater type of setting . . . articulating a precise need for alternative built-environments and/or natural, biotic environments for festival sites.

I turn my remarks specifically to the two newly-born festivals. First, the Russian River Jazzfest was held by the edge of the tranquil waters of the Russian River which course by the resort community of Guerneville — 75 miles north of San Francisco, comfortably cupped in moist Lower Transition Life Zone of the Coast Range mountains where the dominant conifers are the stately Coast Redwoods and Douglas Firs. A funky, ad-hocish structure bedecked with multi-colored fabrics on the pebbly, sandy Johnson's Beach was the stage for the two beautifully warm, sunny afternoons.

Multi-reed player/composer Mel Martin's hard blowing Bay Area recording group — Listen — featured his vigorous and lyrical work and some great George Marsh drumming. Their excellent opener was followed by two long-standing favorites of mine — vocalist Irene Kral and pianist-composer Alan Broadbent; this elegant pair graced the program with consummate irresistibility and creative taste drawing from their three records together . . . "Where is the Love?", "Gentle Rain" and "Kral Space."

One of the swingiest, star-studded big bands led by Johnny Coppola (former lead trumpet with Barnet, Kenton, Herman, etc.) helped to carve an indelible jazz niche in this riparian setting with a large helping of attractive charts and front-burner type solos from the 20-man band, based in the Bay Area. Can't miss with brilliantly incisive veteran statesmen like Pepper Adams, Hadley Caliman, Julian Priester, Cal Tjader, Eddie Henderson and Herbie Steward (yes, Herbie S. of the Herman 'Four Brothers' fame). Whew! A gas of a band!

Phil Woods' Sextet roared in to cap the first day with a scorching, well-balanced set — another luscious main course and scrumptious dessert combined in one! I wonder how many of the people at the fest realized what an epicurean jazz delight the first day was! It could have easily ended there with complete musical fulfillment.

Dizzy Gillespie launched the second day with charismatic powers while the sun-drenched throngs of fans relaxed in an array of beach furniture, shorts and trappings, making up a gorgeous collage of scents, sounds, objects, people, and a million groovy sights. Success was pervasive on all levels by mid-afternoon (financially as well). Bobby Hutchinson's group, Eddie Duran's trio and Matrix IX brought the event to a coda to be picked up again next fall. The shared support by the local C of C, County Bd of Supervisors, a mini-grant from California Arts Council and local private funds made it a veritable community affair. The Russian River Jazzfest will ripen into premium quality with judicious care.

cont. on page 35



**INTERVIEW**  
BY ZAN STEWART

The Toshiko-Tabackin Big Band is one of the truly original big bands left. Co-leaders Toshiko Akiyoshi, pianist/composer, and Lew Tabackin, reed soloist, are remarkable for their energy and dedication to the disappearing art of big band jazz and for their attitudes about what it means to play and contribute to jazz without being a recognized 'genius' (although some would disagree).

VERYL OAKLAND

# TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI LEW TABACKIN

**T**oshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin are a remarkable couple. The two have had the intelligence, foresight and staying power to exist primarily as jazz players (she's a pianist, he plays reeds) for, at least in Toshiko's case, twenty years or more. The two met in New York in 1967, were married in 1969 and moved to North Hollywood, California in 1972, where they live now with their daughter, Michiru Mariano (herself a student of flute), who was born of Toshiko's previous marriage to alto saxophonist Charlie Mariano.

The two come from wildly diverse backgrounds. Akiyoshi was born in Darien, Manchuria of a large family while Tabackin is the only son of a Philadelphia Jewish family.

Nevertheless, they make a perfect pair. They share similar attitudes about music in general, jazz in particular and life overall.

After moving West, Toshiko brought out some big band charts she had written before and called a rehearsal. This was 1972. Little did she realize that she was planting the seeds of the Toshiko-Tabackin Big Band, one of the finest ensembles in modern jazz and one fast gaining international recognition.

At first, pickings were slim. The band had a few gigs at Pasadena's 'Ice House' but the real opener was their own production, a concert at the intimate Wilshire-Ebell Theatre, an event that made LA's Jazz people sit up, take



notice, and start spreading the word about this gorgeous new unit. RCA Japan started recording them (the discs are distributed domestically about a year after the recording dates by RCA U.S.) and some major jazz festival jobs followed in the wake of their arrival.

Today the Tabackins devote the main of their time to the band and to their individual instruments, though Toshiko spends more time writing music than she does at the keyboard, much to her lament. While the band is their principle source of income, they both have done some small group playing and have been involved as small group producers for Japanese labels. The key point is that these two are able to make their living doing what they love and believe in.

Toshiko and Lew both lack the bitterness that sometimes accompanies those in the position of underdogs, and their sense of humor is in excellent working order. When not doing music, the Tabackins can be found on the tennis court or at the sushi bar.

ZS: Toshiko, how did you get into the career of a jazz player, from your roots in the East?

TA: Well, I started playing piano when I was six. Then, after the Red Chinese took over Manchuria, my family was forced to go back to Japan (Akiyoshi was of Japanese descent even though born in Manchuria - *ed note*). All we could take was what we could carry, no jewelry or valuables of any kind. So we went to Beppu, on the southern island of Kyushu. I was 15 at the time. I got my first job at 16 in a band that had a violin, accordion, alto sax and piano. I was walking in the streets of Beppu one day when I saw a sign reading: 'Pianist wanted - Dance Hall.' I hadn't played in some time and I really wanted just to touch a piano, so I went to the hall and saw the manager. He asked me if I could play and I said 'yes' and he hired me on the spot. I didn't have any audition and he told me to come back that night. The violin player gave me the book and it was all chord changes, with no melody. I had never seen anything like this before and I asked 'what is this?' He was surprised, so he said 'Why don't you play something?' I played Beethoven's Concerto #3 and the violinist was quite pleased and he said, 'It's ok, I'll show you about that stuff tomorrow. Just do the best you can tonight.' So I just played by ear. I could hear dominants and tonics and I got through. I made 1000 yen a month which amounted to about three or four dollars.

LT: Let me ask you this. You didn't know how to play changes and the guy showed you. Well, after a point you had to play a tune once in a while, right?

TA: Yes, everybody took a turn playing the melody.

LT: Where did you get your concept of what it was going to sound like?

TA: I didn't have a concept. I just played out of the hit-kick book. It had the melody and the changes. We just went into one right after another with this book.

LT: I understand that, but there's a stylistic thing no matter what you're playing. If you have the changes and the melody, you have a choice. The thing is not written out completely, so where did your ideas come from?

TA: Of course, they came from the violin player, the accordionist. You imitate them.

LT: I'd like to hear tapes of those sessions. (laughs)

TA: I'd also stride and play boogie woogie.

ZS: Where did you hear that?

TA: It was written. All different kinds of boogie were written.

LT: The reason I asked was that when I was in the Army, we did a dance job with a classical pianist who'd never played that way before and it was kind of comical. He tried to improvise and I was wondering what his influences in that direction might have been. So when somebody comes out of nowhere . . .

TA: Me! (laughter)

LT: . . . where do you start?

TA: You start with the next guy. It was a rough job but I finally had access to a piano so I could practice. And 1000 yen was very attractive to someone 16 years old. After about a month a Japanese man approached me and said 'I've been listening to you and you play good piano but if you think this is jazz, you're wrong. I can see you becoming the best jazz pianist in Kyushu.' This was my first motivation. I later went over to his home and he played Teddy Wilson for me, my first jazz record. I thought 'Oh, jazz can be so beautiful.' His runs were so even, like the same size pearls on a string; those famous runs going up and down. That's when I became a serious student of jazz. I joined a band led by a Mr. Yamada and was with him ten months and then I decided to go to Tokyo. Mr. Yamada gave me a letter of introduction and 5000 yen and I went. The first job I went for the man asked me to play a solo on 'Near You!' I said I didn't solo and he was very disappointed. He said he'd have

---

**"There's a difference when you play in a white band sax section. In a black band, out of the Ellington tradition, the way you play saxophone completely changes. Your throat opens up, your horn vibrates, the notes don't always hit right on, they move, they bend . . ."**

---

to get somebody else. So I said, "Well, I'll try it." And I played the solo and got the job. This was a great job because it was with a show band and we had to sightread everything. We played Army camps, sometimes three a day, behind various acts. You know as far as Japan goes, I really had 'dumb luck.' I had easy success. At that point I was a pioneer in the jazz field and if you were just a little bit better than the next guy, you got the job. I eventually went on to make astronomical sums and became the highest paid studio musician in Japan, working two jobs that paid 50,000 yen a month each. At that time, the average college graduate was making 6000 on his first job, so it was a lot of money. Then Oscar Peterson heard me play and suggested that I come to the States and I did, arriving in Boston in 1956 to go to Berklee School.

ZS: Was Berklee a fine school then?

TA: Yes, it was small and quite good. I met some lasting musical friends there. Gene Cherico was in the class behind me, Jake Hanna in the same class, and Bill Berry was two years ahead. We all ended up working together a lot, especially Gene and Jake. I spent 3½ years in Boston then I moved to New York.

ZS: Is that where you and Lew met?

**Y**es, I had been in New York since 1959 and knew a lot of musicians, mostly jazz players. So on New Year's Eve 1966 I sat down and thought 'What have I accomplished in my ten years in U.S.? Not much.' So I decided to have a concert to prove myself. I rented Town Hall and produced the show myself, wrote all the music, even sold tickets. I called Bill Berry and asked him to contract the band. I told him I wanted a few key players like Mariano on alto, Joe Farrell on tenor, maybe Jimmy Knepper on trombone. Then just before the concert, Bill phoned and said 'Joe Farrell can't do it, he's going to California with Thad Jones and Mel Lewis, but don't worry I've got somebody just as good, maybe even better for the gig.' So I asked him who he was and he said 'Lew Tabackin'

and I'd never heard of him in my life. As I said, I'd been around most of the good jazz players in town, so I thought to myself, 'He can't be that good' (laughs). But I didn't have any control over the situation and I was very unhappy. Shortly thereafter I received a call to sub on Clark Terry's band, playing at the Five Spot. It's a small club and the rhythm section works across from the horns and you can't see them. We started off with a D flat blues. I played a few choruses and then I heard this tenor coming from in back of me and it really sounded like Lucky Thompson or Don Byas, which was rare at that time because everyone was into Coltrane. He sounded so great and his style was modern, more like Rollins or Trane, but with this different sound. It was a funny mixture. I was really knocked out. I finished the first set and called Bill Berry and said 'I found the tenor player,' and Bill said 'Who's that?' and I said I didn't know, that I was subbing on Clark's band, and Bill asked me to describe this guy. 'Well,' I said, 'He looks a little like Sherlock Holmes.' And Bill says 'That's Lew Tabackin,' and that's how we met.

ZS: Did you go up and introduce yourself?

TA: Well, that time I didn't. I did the next time we met at Jim and Andy's (*ed note* — the former hangout for all NY jazz people, now closed) and we eventually started playing quartet jobs together. Then he started coming over for dinner and we got married in 1969. He helped me stay in music.

ZS: How's that?

TA: I was doing some heavy thinking about my relationship with the music world and whether I was an asset or not. I was seriously thinking of quitting music and had enrolled in a computer programmer's course. I had a child to support (Michiru was born in 1963) and, after all, music is such a fragile business — you can't tell tomorrow from yesterday. I was always a musician because I had a love for music and I felt that I could earn a living. But after Town Hall, I felt I had nothing to offer, but Lew convinced me otherwise. I had the quartet book and he suggested that we start rehearsing. So we did and we played a couple of concerts. It helped me through a bad period. That was when we were seeing each other a lot and we started thinking that there were a lot of things between us, like he's the only son of Jewish parents, and Jewish families are very tight. And I'm older than he is. We both felt that we shouldn't see each other again, but we didn't both feel it at the same time. Anyway, Buddha says we were meant for each other.

---

**“I had a realization that I was not the next Messiah, the next Charlie Parker, and it was a real letdown.”**

---

ZS: Lew, how about your musical ancestry?

LT: I played the flute in junior high, I really wasn't interested in it but it was a nice, social thing. In high school, things changed. There was a kid next door who was a couple of years older and I looked up to him in a way because he had a fancy car and played drums and listened to jazz records. West Coast stuff like Brubeck and Mulligan. I thought that was kind of hip and every so often I'd hear what I thought was a jazz flute player and I began to think there was hope for me. After school the kids in orchestra would jam sometimes and one time I played and I was really thrilled. I didn't know what the hell I was playing but it was such an exciting experience, even though it must have been awful. So I was encouraged at 15 and, of all people, Frankie Avalon was in school at the same time and played trumpet and his father owned a club. Frankie decided to put a R&B band in there and he needed a tenor sax. I had been studying clarinet and my teacher found an old Conn tenor and I got the thing

and in a couple of days I could get a pretty good sound. Sounded like Al Cohn. I used to listen to him and liked his fat sound. So I could play after a week or two and rehearsed with the band. I couldn't read or anything but I followed the guy next to me. Then I started going to Sunday afternoon sessions and I guess I had a lot of nerve because I'd get up there and play blues, or 'rhythm' changes, and I learned by trial and error. I'd listen to all these guys that were better than me, then come home and try to figure out what they were doing. It was kind of great. By learning to play jazz, music itself took on a reality that was lacking before. I even became interested in the flute a little. I was in the all-city orchestra and I took an audition that made me eligible for a scholarship to the Philadelphia Conservatory. They had a very traditional program there, so I studied flute and no saxophone.

ZS: Any run-ins with famous players at this point?

LT: Well, we used to get these fraternity house gigs at U. of Penn. and others that were great because all the kids would get loaded or split and we could play whatever we wanted. So we ended up jamming. I remember getting enough nerve to phone Ray Bryant, who was the top player in town. We tried to get whomever we considered the best jazz players so that we could learn from them. And we'd try to get into a musical situation no matter what the job was. If we were at a wedding, we'd still play one or two up-tempo tunes, whether they liked it or not. It has always been an adversary relationship between musician and audience. But we were determined, and that's how we learned to play. We'd jam some place and blow our brains out. It was an important period, taking it one step further.

ZS: You had been listening to Coltrane at this point. What was your involvement with him?

LT: Nothing personal. I was very shy and I would sneak into clubs where you were supposed to be 21 and listen in a corner, be mesmerized by it all, and then go home and practice. My involvement was always from afar.

ZS: How much were you practicing?

LT: Well, at that time, I was practicing quite a bit. I feel I got into music at a late age, 15, and I had a lot of time to make up. I would practice hard, 'til my jaws hurt, my lips hurt. I'd just go up to my room and blow. I never put a time thing on it. I don't know, five, six hours, maybe more. After my first year of school I had a realization that I was not the next Messiah, the next Charlie Parker and it was a real let down. You have this dream of how you're going to change music — it might be a naive idea but if you felt you were just going to be another player, you probably wouldn't get into it. But I felt I had something special and when I realized that I wasn't it, I kind of cancelled for a year. But then I thought about it and I finally discovered that the important thing for me was to make a statement. Whether it was going to change music or not, I saw the value of the personal statement. So I got back into it.

ZS: Any interesting experiences come out of the school adventure?

**I**n 1960, before my last year, I got a chance to go to Europe. A bunch of us put a band together and went to New York and auditioned for one of those student cruises they used to have. We played over and back but while the boat was in Europe we had free time. For me it was incredible getting a trip overseas since I came from an economic level that didn't include such things. I hung out in Copenhagen, meeting musicians, playing a lot, getting a few gigs. I met Niels-Henning, the bass player, and Palle Mikkelborg, who was a scared, young trumpeter then. He's quite a writer these days. These people found me a place where I could practice and I'd work out all day and gig all night. I went to Paris, and was into Trane and could play 'Giant Steps' and things like that and since there was a time lag of about two years, I was kind of looked up to. It was a nice feeling at 20 or 21. We stayed over about a month, all told, and then it was back to



**“There’s something that happens when you play every night; you come to terms with yourself and learn your strengths and weaknesses.”**

MIGUEL TEJADA-FLORES



Philly. And was that a culture shock. The European thing was such an exhilarating experience, it turned my whole life around, made me feel so much better about myself.

Then some of us from school put together and entered one of these jazz contests and our band came in last place. We were playing ‘But Not For Me’ with Coltrane’s changes and ‘Giant Steps’ and like that and the other bands were playing West Coast junk. The judges thought we were crazy but we were roaring. Out of that gig I met pianist Bernard Pieffer who offered me a job on a concert of his. We played traditional, free improvisation and many other styles. I enjoyed that because it was quite a challenge.

I followed school with a draft into the Army, eventually winding up at Fort Monmouth, N.J., where I met pianist Don Friedman. He used to play in Asbury Park with guitarist Tal Farlow, so I’d go over and sit in. It was great.

After the service, I headed out for New York, got a little job on 93rd street and practiced my ass off. I met a guy from the Army and he got me a weekend job in the Catskills that paid the rent. I finally got a job in town with Les Elgart, and we’d travel out for two weeks at a time. I could hardly read. I hadn’t had any big band experience so it was a whole different trip. Les liked me and let me play one tune a set with the rhythm section, which was a gas. Then his brother Larry used me for a while. He was the opposite of his brother, tight and inhibited. But it was good discipline because I learned to read a little bit.

**ZS:** Wait a minute. Graduating from a conservatory should have made you a fluent reader.

**LT:** It doesn’t work that way. Reading classical music has nothing to do with playing in a dance band. There are many symphony players that aren’t great readers because it isn’t a sight-reading gig — you’re learning repertoire. Anyway, I was with Larry for a while and didn’t like it. He wanted me to play that cool, white style of tenor so I just screwed around with him and played all different styles. I’d play one tune like Ben Webster and the next one completely outside. I was hoping to get fired but it didn’t work.

I started to get more calls and one of the best was with Cab Calloway. I don’t know how I was recommended but it was an important job for me because it reaffirmed the way I felt about playing. These guys were really doing it. So I just opened up my throat and blew straight ahead. George Dorsey was playing a great lead alto, very lyrical, and I tried to play along with him and absorb his attitude. The tenor player was Eddie Barefield, also a top player. The whole thing was very positive.

Then I started to sub a lot. It was fantastic to be in New York, meeting, listening to and playing with all these fine players I’d practice like mad because I didn’t know who I’d be setting next to. I played with all the greats: Joe Farrell, Frank Foster, George Coleman, Joe Henderson, Zoot Sims.

They’re all strong players and you feel you have to maintain. It’s not a competitive thing, it’s more to do with integrity. If you have a couple of choruses, you want to say something. Every opportunity is important and that raises your whole level of playing. You feel strongly that you want an individual approach because all these people you might emulate might be the ones you end up working with.

While I was with Clark Terry’s band, I discovered an attitude I had about big band playing and learned how to better fit into the large group context. If I had a solo, that was it, I didn’t care how much it had to do with what was going on. I finally realized that was an anti-music attitude. So I learned how to come out of what was happening and maybe take it somewhere else, but not be iconoclastic about it. Listening to Clark Terry taught me a lot and made me a more mature player.

**ZS:** Tosh, to get back to you, what did you do after the Town Hall concert?

**TA:** When I met Lew, I was working as a solo player at the Five Spot. I was really tired of forming groups and breaking them up when the work ended, and there’s so much responsibility in the business end that has to be taken care of. So I was lucky enough to be working solo at the Five Spot. If Mingus or some other group came in, I’d just work opposite them. So when the owners, the Termini brothers, decided against a jazz policy, Art D’Lugoff, the owner of The Village Gate, offered me a solo gig at the Top of the Gate. That was my home base. I wasn’t making a lot of money but I was getting by.

**ZS:** Lew, what about you after Town Hall?

**LT:** I had a little trio at that time and I was with the big bands of Clark Terry, Duke Pearson, Joe Henderson and Chuck Israels. Sometimes I’d play with Thad and Mel, occasionally with Elvin’s trio or Don Byrd’s band, and small groups with Atilla Zoller and Don Friedman. But the trio gig was at the La Boheme, and it hardly paid anything. We’d work maybe six nights a week for a month and then I’d go out and work to save up enough bread to do it again. I played with Jimmy Lovelace, the house drummer, and the bass players would be whoever could do it for the bread. I used Cameron Brown a lot, sometimes Reggie Workman. Like I said, we were working for peanuts, \$10 a night a man at the most, sometimes 5, usually 8 but it was an excuse to play. It was something to do and it was important to play every night. There’s something that happens when you play every night; you come to terms with yourself and learn your strengths and weaknesses and you try to develop. A little later, I started subbing on The Tonight Show with Doc Severinson’s band, which was good experience. I started to learn what you need to know to function in a studio context.

**ZS:** Toshiko, tell us about your experiences with Bud Powell, your major influence on piano.

**H**e's my favorite. Bud Powell and I really have karma — I feel mystical things about him. The first pianist I heard when I was growing fast musically, in a jazz sense, was Bud Powell. He hit my heart more than anyone else. I had heard and liked Oscar Peterson, Shearing, Errol Garner, but Bud was it and I became a student of his. I purchased all his albums and I feel he's one of the few players that didn't have a bad record until way late in his life.

I came to the U.S. in January, 1956, arriving in Boston on Sunday, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It turned out that it was Bud Powell's closing night at Storyville, the famous club. I went down to hear him and Ed Thigpen, who I knew from Japan, was the drummer and he asked me to sit in and I played one set. When I was finished Bud just stared at me . . . one of those famous, long stares. Then he really started laughing and took a deep bow and I could tell he was laughing with me, not at me.

Later I had a trio at the Hickory House with Gene Cherico and Jake Hanna and Bud was working down the street at Birdland. He had a bodyguard that watched him and they used to come into the Hickory and listen to me play and sometimes I'd ask him to sit in and he'd play a little. Then I was working in Philadelphia at the Showboat and he was around the corner at the Bandbox and he'd come in and forget to go back for his next set so the bodyguard would have to come and get him. I'd bump into him quite often. Then later, in 1964, I was playing in Paris at the Blue Note and a French artist came up to me and said "I have all your albums and I have never heard anybody, especially a woman from Japan, so influenced by Bud Powell. He's here in Paris at a sanitarium suffering from tuberculosis, and he spends weekends at my house. Would you come to dinner?" I have a picture in my mind of that day. He was quite fat and he spoke to me more that day than any other time. At dinner he told me I was the best female jazz piano player and I just cried. It really was an honor. I always felt very warm towards him. He knew I had compassion, really a great love for him. That's why he used to ask me for money. In Paris he asked me for \$500, which I didn't have, and that's when I really cried. He might have wanted the money to go back home.

**ZS:** Lew, you used to be more influenced by John Coltrane but, as Toshiko said, you have this rich Don Byas sort of sound. How did that happen?

**LT:** Well, I was at one time heavily influenced by Trane but I knew there was something else that I was trying to get at. I still had a harder edged sound, more like Trane.

**ZS:** That sound was more related to the way you were coming up as a player?

**LT:** Yes, it was a gradual evolution and I started hearing another kind of sound. I would listen to old records and hear the difference, and whether the sound is better or worse is a matter of opinion. But I could feel these things changing inside me. I had already started to get into the Don Byas thing, some Ben Webster, not so much Coleman Hawkins, yes, Lester Young, too. I had been investigating that style. These elements started to come out. That's the most difficult thing about playing, I believe. The technical side is one aspect, but it's hard to find what your true voice is. It's so easy to go with what you think is the hip thing to go with and so hard to put all these elements into your own thing. And New York is the greatest place to do that, because there's something about the place that draws you out. It was in New York that I realized that I don't feel a conflict between the different styles of jazz music. People talk about swing music and then be-bop came in and there was a revolution and all the swing players hated the beboppers or the beboppers were really turned off by Coltrane and Ornette. I wasn't around but I don't think the really heavy swing players were turned off by be-bop or the boppers by Trane. I kind of realized that one night when I played with Roy Eldridge and the next day played with avant-garde

drummer Sunny Murray and I didn't feel a conflict. I felt I could think of the music as one entity.

**ZS:** To change subject and move up a few years, in my listening to the band, there seem to be a lot of Lew Tabackin solos. Any particular reason for this, Toshiko?

**TA:** Well, if you're listening to the records, and especially the 'Road Time' album where we are actually in concert and each concert consists of two hours of solid music, we try very hard to balance things. But there are relationships between the writer and the solo player. One thing I feel is that the writing has to be on the level of the solo and vice versa; they can't be unbalanced. In big bands this is difficult because most players aren't strong as soloists, compared to small group players. I think it has a lot to do with economics. We're talking about a road band. Our band is a little unusual, we're on the road part-time, but a band that makes its living on the road can't usually afford great solo players, and great soloists usually won't stay with a big band. But there have been combinations, like Pres and Basie or Duke and his fabulous players. I feel very fortunate that Lew and I have that relationship and that it's a good combination. And no one can say "Gee, Lew plays all the time and he's not saying anything." I have a difficult time because there are a lot of great players in the band and yet it's co-led. That's why Lew is co-leader, he's the principle soloist, and that's very important. Besides, Lew is a very rare player. I don't feel I'm prejudiced because we talk about this and we both try to look at it objectively. One of the things about being good friends is that we can criticize each other when necessary. Good advice is priceless.

**LT:** I feel relieved, though, when we get on the gig and I don't have to play on every tune. But when some of the major people aren't there, I have to play a lot. It's more effective not to play so much and it's easier on you. People get tired of it, no matter how good you are. But if it's a question of a lesser player filling in on a part, or my playing it, I know I'll do a better job. There's a real dilemma in being a jazz musician. At a concert there's a lot of responsibility; a lot of money has been spent, people are anticipating a good time, something's gotta happen. You can't let down and have a nothing solo yet you can't play great without low moments to play above. When you reach a certain level, Rollins and Konitz are examples, you can get away with bad solos because of reputation.

**ZS:** Toshiko, don't you try to write for specific players, as Duke Ellington did?

**TA:** Yes, but Duke didn't have a studio band. He had a band of basically solo jazz players, and they really lived together. That made the difference.

**LT:** Duke had the ideal situation because he had the individual voices and he put them into an ensemble and that's something you can't buy and something you can't write.

**I**t's hard on me because I write slowly and Lew is the only one I can count on to be there. And it seems as soon as I have a few tunes, it's time for a record date. And each record has to have a solo by Lew, at least one. I'm not really complaining. I'm just looking at the problem as it is. I'm really a jazz player and not all that well-schooled; I started as a jazz player and the schooling came later, as far as writing is concerned. So I know what I want as far as jazz is concerned. Yet 95% of the members of the band have a different background than me; they're academic. I have to learn how to realize their musicianship, so in the last couple of years I've started to hear different things. My basic problem is that I don't have jazz players; they're studio players. They read well, play well, solo adequately. But I want a jazz band — that is my problem. I'm not trying to sound arrogant but I feel this is true. So I try to write a built-in roughness because they are too good, too well-crafted and everything comes out too pretty. Basie's band is the only band working today that's carrying on any of the tradition of the old days.





VERYL OAKLAND

**LT:** There's a difference when you play in a white band in a sax section. In a black band, out of the Ellington tradition, the way you play the saxophone completely changes. Your throat opens up, your horn vibrates, the notes don't always hit right on, they move, they bend. For me the first experience of going from a white band to working with Cal Calloway was a scary thing because all of a sudden it felt right — I could relax and play. White bands come from a different tradition, have a different sound.

**ZS:** Lew, why do you think there seems to be a lack of solo players, or players who are interested in carrying on the great jazz tradition?

**LT:** I think there's a lack of tenacity. I think people just get tired of busting their ass and after a certain age, it gets more difficult to do that. When you're young, you have all that idealism and energy but you get a little older and it gets hard to maintain that purity. There's the economic aspect of it, the acceptance thing. I was in N.Y. and strange things were happening. 'Blood, Sweat & Tears' was a big hit and, all of a sudden people started thinking about ways to make it. Like 'if these guys can do it, so can we.' BS&T was making an incredible amount of money. So all these jazz-rock groups popped up all over the place. It had a kind of residual effect because a lot of die-hard jazz musicians that were really hanging in there started to take a second look. They started to compromise their attitudes. Also there's a thing when you reach a certain age that you don't want to be thought of as old-fashioned; you don't want to be considered a relic and, unfortunately, that's maybe what many people think of jazz music in its purer form.

**TA:** Jazz is different. It will never be popular and shouldn't be popular. People expect too much. If you're a classical musician, you don't think about becoming a pop star. If you get involved with art, you stay involved with art. People don't need jazz. Anything that people don't need it not going to be a big money maker.

**LT:** We're victims. As soon as you realize it's art music, then you realize the inherent limitations. You aren't supposed to make a whole lot of bread. But you can get by. There's

always work. You have a limited audience throughout the world. You put all the audiences together and you can make a living. If you have a demand in Europe and you don't take advantage of it, don't complain.

**ZS:** Why have you stuck with it?

**LT:** I guess I get strength from the fact that somebody has to stay back and, I don't know how this might sound, do the other thing. Maybe I'm the kind of person that likes to go against the grain. When everything goes right, I want to go left. I'm just trying to come to terms with what I am and take it to its logical conclusion and not be sidetracked by all the bullshit that I see around me. I'm trying to keep that out of my life, keep it in perspective. There are a bunch of people doing all the 'hip' things, and making all the 'hip' records, and making a lot of bread. That's not where my head is at and I'm disappointed and frustrated in that I wish I could do more. Make a bigger impact or contribution. Maybe someday I will. You just have to do what you believe in and let everything else take its course. I'm not going to change. I mean I'll try to get my playing richer and more meaningful but that's about all I can do. I'm not an innovator but I can make a contribution. Even making a small contribution is important. You have to believe that or you just give up and let the giants play. There is room in music for people who can make a statement. Might not necessarily be earthshaking, but there is room and there has to be. Otherwise we'd all be gone and there'd be five or six players.

**ZS:** You worked with Doc Severinson's band for a number of years, a job you have openly said was distasteful. Do you feel you compromised yourself by working that job?

---

**“We're victims. As soon as you realize it's art music, then you realize the inherent limitations. You aren't supposed to make a whole lot of bread.”**

---

**LT:** While I did that, I never lost touch with my dream; my attitude remained intact. I never took that thing seriously. I always knew what I had to do and what I wanted to do. Many times, I thought of it as a subsidy; it subsidized out our band when we were first starting out. We wouldn't have been able to do many of the things we've done if I hadn't had this income, and I think of it in many ways as a positive thing. This may sound like a rationalization, but negative experience can make you stronger. It's very easy to get into it and say 'Wow, I've got this gig, I don't have to worry about music or art... I've got it made.' Which many people do. Fortunately, I never did. I always kept it in perspective. I knew what it was and what the advantages of it were and many times it bugged me. But I had to make a decision whether to quit or to do it. It enabled me to put several things into action, like it got the band started. It wasn't my project; I was doing a service. I could have been driving a cab or selling insurance to make a living. That's what I think of most commercial situations, and now I'm finally reaching a point where I can almost eliminate that day gig thing from my life. I can almost survive just by being a jazz musician. Which is my ultimate dream.

**ZS:** Toshiko, what's your dream?

**TA:** Well, I do have one dream, though it kind of pales in comparison to Lew's lofty one (laughs). I'd like someone to come along and say, 'OK, it's your date, do whatever you want, you have an unlimited budget, write whatever you want, just do what will completely satisfy you.' I wonder what it would be like to have enough of a budget so that I could pay my copyist and I'd be paid adequately, too. I wouldn't have to worry about overtime, or anything like that. I think that would be great. ■

# Frank Zappa: A Study In Survival

Zappa has managed to get away with more than most in the music business by using a unique combination of musical outrageousness and business savvy.

**W**hen you think about Frank Zappa you have to admire the ability the man has to get things done. Every musician must have some sort of business head even if it is knowing when to nod yea or nea to his manager's whims. Actually, it takes a good business sense just to find a decent manager anymore. Imagine what it must have been like for young Frank Zappa trying to talk labels into signing the Mothers of Invention back in 1964 (when fusion had something to do with the bomb). Not only did he do it but he managed to get rock's first conceptual double album released as his first lp. How?

"It wasn't easy. I just talked like a son-of-a-bitch. Before they knew it they had two records in the pile."

And so it is with Zappa. He just does things that most find impossible and then goes on. It's the same in his music.

"On 'Zoot Allors' I played most of the instruments. I just wanted to try it and I feel it's closer to what I wanted to achieve on a per album basis than the others. I had played keyboards, synthesizer, bass, and guitar before but I always left the drums up to somebody else."

It's no secret that Zappa has worked with some of the best musicians in the business or that it is plainly understood that he is the boss of the band.

"That's my job. I buy all the equipment, I pay all the salaries, I pay the crew, I provide the transportation and I'm the boss. I select the repertoire and just like in a symphony orchestra . . . the guy waving the stick tells you when to start and when to stop. Being in my band is the best musical education any of my musicians will get. Some of them realize it but a lot of them don't until they're out of the band. Besides that, you get paid to learn and you get to travel around the world while you're doing it."

Sounds like a nice gig. The competition to join Mr. Zappa's band is usually pretty high but the standards are even higher.

"I look regularly for percussionists. I like percussion stuff but so far there's only one percussionist that I've worked with that can do what I dish out. And that's Ruth Underwood. I'm spoiled because I know if I give

something to Ruth I'll get it played. She just happens to be the best. I can give her the hardest stuff and if she can't sight read it she'll take it and learn it. She'll have it memorized and play it with very good consistency for the duration of the tour. Her time concept is precise. She's got an internal atomic clock that ticks off fractions of sixty-fourth notes. She'll make the rhythm section sound like it doesn't know what it's doing because she's so exact. If I could find two or three people of that quality who were roadable I'd use them regularly but it's hard to find people that are suited to the stuff that I do. There's millions of musicians out there but not too many of them can fit into this band."

Zappa's rigid standards extend beyond the music and include detailed assessment of the group's stage equipment. Most major groups rent at least part of their equipment but not Zappa. "To me renting equipment is a bad way to do it for two reasons. One, when you rent the equipment you never know how well it's maintained. Two, you get a crew with that equipment. They work for the sound company and the only thing they care about is that equipment. They don't care about your music and they don't care about your show but they do care about the equipment. Then you have the lighting company. Now they have their equipment that they care about and they don't care about the sound and they don't care about the show. What happens is that a lot of groups go out with three separate crews. They have their roadies to set up the band equipment, the light guys, and the sound guys . . . and they all hate each other's guts. They could care less whether or not they get along if or your shows goes on because as long as they show up with the truck full of stuff, they get paid. They got no allegiance to you because as soon as your show is done they go out with the next guy. To me that's a bad way to make music. I got five guys in the band and I got twenty guys in the crew. Most of the guys in the crew been with me for three or four years. They're one of the best crews on the road. I own all the equipment so there's no squabbling between the light guys and the

sound guys. They all help each other out. It's two forty-five foot trucks full of equipment and they can set it up in three hours and tear it down in an hour and a half."

**Z**appa has amassed a great deal of respect in the music business since the Mothers came on the national scene in 1965. Among the honors as an innovator is a Cleo award for the music to a Luden's Cough Drops commercial that he did in 1967. The hit single and total commercial success have eluded him however, and the biggest reason for this is lack of airplay by the nation's broadcasters.

"Listen, broadcasters are pigs. They'll play anything that can keep the ratings up. There used to be a time when if your single was over two minutes and thirty seconds you best not even mail it to the stations. It's stupid but that's the way it was. Now they got Frampton's multi-long band job number and it gets played. Hey wow, is this a trend toward longer singles? No, it's just different. Every once in a while a smart promo man will slip one of those things in there and a radio station will play it, and people will buy it and somebody will start the trend. People make the music for various reasons. Some people do it just so they can get a hit record and make a buck, some people do it as an experiment . . . some people do it because it's an easy way to get laid. There's all kinds of different motives for getting into the music business but the final arbitrator of taste for the American people is what gets played on the radio. Now you get into another set of emotional problems. You have people who program stations because they are behind the ratings of another station which is highly formatted and they have to compete by playing what they describe as the "hit format." So it's the hit format versus the standard formula and as soon as the station that's behind in the ratings takes over then they become the formula and the other station wastes away. I was talking to a guy at a radio station in Toronto who said they could have the best ratings in town by playing something like "Stairway to Heaven" eighteen times a day."

Zappa is also highly regarded as a producer and he gets a steady stream of offers to produce other acts. Last year he accepted one from Grand Funk Railroad. ("Good Singing, Good Playing").

"They called me up and asked if I'd





VERYL OAKLAND

*"It's all money. That's the only thing. It's not what the music sounds like. You could be a hunchbacked gnome. They don't care."*

like to produce an album for them. I told them I'd never heard their music before because I don't listen to the radio. So I went to their studio and they played me some tapes. I met the guys and watched them play. I thought they were nice guys and we could get along together so they gave me a bunch of their old albums to listen to and we got together again and decided to do it. Producing's hard work. You have to take the responsibility for, shoulder the emotions of, and technically knead your way through the material of somebody else's imagination. I figure that a producer's job, the way I see it, is to be the intermediary between the band and the engineer. In this case I was the engineer so I didn't have much trouble there. They do the music and you get it on the tape. And you mix it to their specifications because it's their song. I consider them (Grand Funk) good musicians. They know what it's supposed to sound like. If you have a group that has a strong direction and has some idea of what they want to express then that's what the producer ought to do."

Zappa loves to do movies. He plans for several and his "Two Hundred Motels" was a landmark "rock movie."

"I'd love to do a monster film. I want to do a comedy, musical, pornographic monster movie. "Two Hundred Motels" wasn't pushed very much. It came out at the same time as "Fiddler On The Roof." They were both filmed and released by the same company. Ours cost six hundred and seventy nine thousand dollars. 'Fiddler' cost twenty-two million dollars. Which one do you have to get your money back on first?"

In spite of his many hassles with

commercialism and poor promotion Zappa continues to be a figurehead in rock and fusion music. The reason he has survived so long in the business is because he knows how to talk the language of the people in the music business.

*"It's all money. That's the only thing. It's not what the music sounds like. You could be a hunchbacked gnome. They don't care."*

A poor attitude you might say but one which has enabled Frank Zappa to accomplish an incredible amount without sacrificing his personal integrity as an artist. In a business based on making concessions, Frank's only ones are the popcorn and tee shirt stands outside his shows. And yet, as of this moment, Zappa is completing a new record deal that will see the birth of Zappa Records with a four album set to be out very soon. All in all it's not too bad for a freak with a briefcase. ■

## Dog's Life

cont. from page 64

"Why yes! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!! Why ever did you ask, Mr. Dale?"

"It's Baird" "Oh sorry . . ."

"Aren't you going to listen to the tape?"

"Oh we never do that here! It's all done off the premises by a separate evaluation committee. Our fingers never touch the music!"

"Like a Donut Shop, huh?"

"What!?"

"Nothing . . . nothing . . . er . . . would you have an extra air sickness bag?"

"Why yes . . . we have them right here. What color would you prefer? Red, mauve, Cerrise or Tartan?"

And so it goes into the long, hot night of the music biz. Agents come and go, they collect their little strings of bands like necklaces of seashells. How long does it take to get off the trip of being worn around some agency's neck?

What's the alternative? Skywriting? Publicity stunts? Mass murder??? Blackmail? Advertising is too expensive. The only cheap billboards are in central South Dakota and they're pretty bulky to carry around. So what's a band to do? How about the band doing it own booking? Where are you going to end up playing? In the practice room most likely. The band doing their own booking often does real well at getting the "artistic" variety of gig; the outdoor concert, chic parties, laying of library cornerstones and political rallies, but as far as the money gigs are concerned, they have a slippery habit of eluding the outstretched fingers of the average "book-it-yourself" band.

What that agent has that you don't is a card box filled with names and telephone numbers of local and express club owners. You could become an agency yourself with your own cards and make the calls yourself. Tell them you're the So-and-So agency and that you're willing to demo your Best Band for them and look at that price! Of course, you'll have to get a convincing "beautiful, baby!" down in your spare time. All agents worth their salt have a snappy "beautiful, baby!" at their permanent beck and call as well as assorted other fruity agency sayings . . . Agents have everything on file cards and he gives each club a tickle on Tuesday through Thursdays. He pays his social/business calls to the clubs every month or so to keep the account lubricated, but is there any reason you couldn't do all of the above. You probably will have to don a suit at some point (preferably leisure), but who knows . . . you might enjoy it! Just be prepared to hold your breath occasionally. If you do it, make a business out of it. That's the only way you'll get the band booked. Who knows, maybe you'll end up booking other bands . . . maybe you'll turn into one of those guys other bands are waiting to be called back by. Who knows? Maybe you'll even change your name to Murray . . . beautiful, baby! ■

alex  
**ACUNA**



manolo  
**BADRENA**



lee  
**PASTORE**



Photos by Paul Kominsky

By Thomas Lackner

**H**ey, Tom, this is Les DeMerle, you've got to come down to the Cellar on Monday night to check out the action I've got going. Manolo and Acuna from Weather Report are coming in to play with my band. It should be good; see you then." The late-night phone call clicked to an abrupt close, but not before a dose of big-city adrenaline flowed into my sleeping small-town veins. "It should be good" seemed to be both an understatement and an optimistic forecast of a musical event that could either climb to incredible highs or plummet to bombastic overindulgence, depending on that elusive musical prerequisite — sensitivity. On one hand sits the best percussive partnership to descend on Weather Report since the Eric Gravatt-Dom Um Romao coalition — a magic combination of ethnic vitality, funky propulsion, and jazzy looseness. On the other hand, we have a drummer with incredible chops and power in the person of Les DeMerle. Could so much drumming talent survive its component parts and make music? It would be interesting.

Les' huge set easily takes up a quarter of the available space. His group, Transfusion, has four horns, keyboards, bass, guitar, and vibes. Acuna and Manolo need room for their drums, timbales, and percussives. "I have that under control. Lee Pastore called today and said he wasn't going to miss this. Now there isn't room for the band. They'll play later in the night. It will just be drums at first. What are three crazy Latinos and a mad be-bop

rocker going to do to a stage full of drums?"

"Le-esss" The voice trails off plaintively, succumbing to the roar of Les' continuing warm-up. I turn my gaze to the side door, just in time to see Manolo bound through, an exuberant smile lighting his face as he hears and sees the drums. "How you doing, man?" He leaps at Les, gives a quick hug, then jumps back and gingerly examines the set, eyes wide with a truly uncontrived delight. "Can I try them?" The accent is thick Spanish. The moment that he sits down, he is off on one of those loose, yet angular sambas that seem so elusive to drummers who do not grow up with Latin music. He stops for a second and looks around the kit with that same child-like, wide-eyed grin of appreciation, nods deeply to Les, lets out a belly laugh, and starts playing again.

As the samba continues, Alex Acuna saunters in time to the music. He is a short man who resembles the image I have of Don Juan' the Yaqui sorcerer, as a young man. He stands in the doorway, enjoying the music. When Manolo finally sees him, they both collide in the middle of the stage in bearhugs and whoops of recognition. Weather Report has been on a break between tours, and the two have been busy on their own. Manolo has been playing around Los Angeles, and Alex has just flown in from New York, where he was backing Diana Ross.

Les calls Alex into the front room to pick his choice of drum set for the evening while Manolo brings in his timbales and percussion. As these are

being set up on stage, Lee Pastore walks in with his congas. The big, red-headed giant of fusion conga playing lets out a bellow of greeting to which everyone responds with a cascade of licks from their instruments. He looks around the crowded stage. "Where the hell am I going to set up?" A space is found on the far left. Don Moors, the vibes player in Les' band sets up an electric Osi drum and a circular stand of about 25 cowbells at the very rear of the stage, which now looks like a cross between the showroom of the Professional Drum Shop and the ethnic instrument collection at U.C.L.A.

When everything is set up and everyone has tinkered, tested, tuned and warmed up to their satisfaction, Les says, "Why don't we go into my office and sketch out what we're going to play? By the way, would you mind if Tom talked with you guys?"

It just so happens that I have a long list of questions that I have been compiling since that phone call, in the hopes of doing an interview with Alex and Manolo. Having Lee along is an extra treat since, although I have heard him extensively, I know nothing about him. The boys look dubious at first — not another dry interview before the gig. But when Les produces a bottle of wine, the prospect of a wet interview leads everyone into his office.

**MUSICIAN:** Why don't we start with some basic information? I had never heard of you before you joined Weather Report, Alex; and I had only



heard about you from people you had jammed with, Manolo. What were you doing before Weather Report? Were you living in this country?

ALEX: Yeah, I was living in Las Vegas. Working at the Hilton, backing all the acts.

MUS.: How long were you there?

ALEX: Only a year. Before that I was in Puerto Rico for about ten years.

MUS.: Is that where you grew up?

ALEX: No, I grew up in Peru. Then when I was eighteen I first came to the United States. Played with Perez Prado — I played with Lee.

LEE: That was my first major gig.

ALEX: He did a tour here in the states with Perez Prado.

MUS.: How long ago was that?

ALEX: Thirteen years ago. 1964.

LEE: I had only been playing for two years. That was my first major album.

ALEX: Yeah, me too, here in the States.

LEE: It still sounds good. It was on United Artists. It's called Light Action, by Perez Prado.

ALEX: It had a lot of Beatles tunes on it.

LEE: Then he split to Mexico and dismantled the band. We were real square then, you know.

MUS.: How about you Manolo? Where are you from?

MANOLO: I'm from Puerto Rico. I've been working in different places — New York, Miami, with the Minski Follies, you know. Worked with all different kinds of people.

MUS.: How long have you been with Weather Report?

MAN.: A year and a couple of months.

MUS.: How long have you been with the group, Alex?

ALEX: It will be two years in October.

MUS.: (It feels alright now? It keeps sounding better and better.

ALEX: I know, man; we put some Latin things in there. (He grins shyly as Manolo laughs)

MUS.: Really! I caught your concert up in Santa Barbara. Both your groups were beautiful. (Lee Pastore plays with Al Dimeola's group, which opened for Weather Report on their last tour).

LEE: They blend in with each other. Al's group is a very high energy trip while Weather Report sneaks in and out of different moods, you know.

MUS.: Yeah, they fit together well. Are you still on tour together?

LEE: No. After that Al's group went to New York with Jan Hammer's group. We were featured there. Jan has an excellent, excellent group. He's a monster piano player!

MUS.: They've got a good drummer, too.

MAN.: Who is that?

LEE: Tony Smith — he plays the odd times real good.

MUS.: How about you, Lee. Where are

you from?

LEE: I'm from Managua, Nicaragua. I came here when I was fourteen, fifteen years old. I've played with a lot of people — Billy Cobham, Don Ellis, Todd Rundgren, Carly Simon, James Taylor — you know. I've been doing a lot of studio work lately. I also got my own group, which I sold to Atlantic in 1973 — a seven piece Latin/rock group. When that didn't record, I went back to New York and got the gig with Cobham.

LES: Didn't Weather Report do a tour with Billy's group?

ALEX: Yeah. We did a tour with him in Europe, but Lee had already split.

LEE: Billy just signed with Columbia. That company is making good bread with fusion groups, you know. They do good in the charts, like Heavy Weather.

MUS.: Is Weather Report going to make a new album soon?

ALEX: I think we will make one on the next tour — live in Europe. Then, when back, we'll make another one.

MUS.: How do Zawinul, Shorter, and Pastorius bring in new pieces to the group? Do they know pretty much what they want from the start?

ALEX: They bring sketches and tell us sort of what they want. Then we work on it till it feels good to everyone. Then we go and record it. That way every tune is different.

LEE: In my experience, the only guy where I really had to open charts was Don Ellis. I worked with him for five years. When we did the French Connection, he was really like a freak, directing and all that shit. In most groups, I'm surprised. I go to New York and see Al DiMeola. They don't have charts, nothing. They play everything by ear, you know. When I got the gig with Cobham, he auditioned I think about 20 conga players.

## Mangual Knows!

You better believe he does! Being the world's greatest bongo player he ought to. For 16 years he made history with the legendary Machito orchestra. He's traveled the world over with Erroll Garner (here his axe was conga). He's even dazzled audiences in the birth place of rhythm — Africa.

If you're serious about your music do as this leader does, and . . .

Trust the leader®

**LATIN PERCUSSION** INC.

P.O. BOX 88 • DEPT. MA PALISADES PARK, N.J. • 07650



Check out Mangual's latest album Buyu on Turnstyle Records



Send 50¢ for catalog.

He would take them to a session, pay them scale for a demo, and put the chart in front of them. He'd say, "You have two ways to do this. Either read it or play it." Then he starts taking off like this . . . Rhum ba-ca chonga cha-ca ba-ca — you'd have to hit the "one" with him. If you missed it would be, "But, sorry, Bye. That's it." Luckily, I had the training in odd times from Don Ellis and with the Indian beats and all; so I fit in.

LES: What were the first times he hit you with?

LEE: Nineteen-four — Spanish Moss was the audition ( Lee scats the pattern. Soon all are singing) If I didn't hit "one," he would have said, "Bye." Ray Barreto couldn't play with Billy in those times. Billy had to cut his tracks out on the odd-time cuts. You know how Ray plays, Manolo.

MAN.: Yeah. I played timbales with him.

LES: He's coming into town. Going to play the Whiskey with a rock trip.

LEE: He's smart. If you do just the jazz trip, you're going to starve, man.

LES: I was with Les McCann today. He's opening at the Roxy tonight and will do a live recording there. He's doing a strict funk thing — super commercial. There's one eight-bar solo for the horns in the whole show — Charlie Owens is doing it. I said, "You can leave your reed at home, man." (Laughter)

LEE: With Al, it was nice because we could solo, play hard, stretch out, and still get paid pretty good. You can build up your chops. If you just play commercial gigs and never get to solo, and have to play soft, you never get to be a good conga player, man.

MUS.: Do you get to stretch out in Weather Report?

ALEX: Yeah, a lot.

MUS.: Are you both going to start playing trap sets?

ALEX: Yeah, on the next tour.

MUS.: Are you going to both play traps at the same time, or are you going to switch?

ALEX: Everything . . . Sometimes both sometimes switching. Sometimes we'll both play just percussion.

LEE: Alex and Manolo really work together, man. With Al, the group played so fast, you didn't have time to even think. When the guy takes off like a jet plane, you just go along. (He imitates one of DeMeola's machine-gun like solos. As Lee scats with staccato notes, Alex jumps on an imaginary horse and rides around the room in time to the music, causing Manolo to collapse in hysterics.) People loved it, though. they just freaked.

MUS.: Are you still with Al?

LEE: I think so. I don't know what he's doing. He wants to go to Europe to study with Paco DiLucia some more.

**A**t this point the conversation falls totally into Spanish. Occasionally names like Eddie Palmieri and Patato sneak through. When Alex notices my quizzical expression, he goes back to English.

ALEX: I just saw Patato Valdez.

MUS.: Here in town?

ALEX: No, in New York. I just came back from New York with Diana Ross. Man, that guy is a master.

LEE: Really. It's been so many years; all the people hear about are Mongo or Tito Puente. Patato looks like a midget when he plays congas.

ALEX: He was playing with his own group. He's the same size as the conga. (Laughter) I thought I was small, but I say, "Hello Patato." (He leans over, as if talking to someone half his size. This provokes two or three minutes of laughter and further jokes in Spanish.) He's got more energy than all of us.

LEE: He's about sixty.

ALEY: When he's not playing, he's jumping all over the place, man.

LEE: Mongo's about sixty, too.

LES: Jesus, he's in good shape!

LEE: Those Cuban black guys, they never age.

ALEX: Patato is *fast*, man! He's played with everybody. He sounded good with Herbie Mann, Joe Farrell, Elvin Jones.

LES: Didn't he play with Willie's band (Willie Bobo) here in L.A.?

ALEX: Yeah, but now he's playing back in New York.

LES: He lives in New York?

ALEX: He lives in Puerto Rico, Miami, New York. Nobody knows where he lives. Nobody knows if he has a family or not. Nobody has his address, nothing.

MANOLO: All of a sudden, he'll be selling fruits in Puerto Rico. He's crazy, man. One day, I came out of my house and saw him. "Hey, Patato, what you doing?" "I'm growing bananas. Taking a break!" (Laughter)

(After another long exchange in Spanish, Les looks at me and says, "You got any more specific questions?" I look wistfully at my sheet. Only a couple of my intended questions have even been asked. "No, I'm just letting the tape run." By now Alex, Manolo, and Lee are rummaging through Les' extensive record collection. Lee notices Hermeto Pascoal's album, "A Slave's Mass.")

LEE: (Reading from the record jacket) "Special effects with live pigs." Ha Hoaa. (Everybody crowds around to see the photo of Pascoal with the pig.)

LES: Yeah, that pig's got great time! (Laughter)

(They put on the album and are singing and dancing around, admiring Chester Thompson's drumming.)

LES: Okay, let's kind of talk down a sketch of what we're going to do. What

I thought we could start with was Manolo's singing.

MAN.: No, Les. I don't feel like singing, really.

EVERYBODY: Oh, come on. Drink some more wine, etc.

LES: It's really an exciting way to open the groove. Just a little bit.

MAN.: Oh, just a little bit to start the groove — what groove?

LES: Let's start with a samba and put in that figure I showed you, Alex.

(Alex pulls out a master chart with a syncopated figure to use as a background theme as they trade solos. Suddenly Alex, Manolo, and Lee leave to get more wine from the kitchen. Les looks at me "They're like the Schlitz Malt Liquor Bull. It should be a good concert.")

The opening piece was excellent — a blend of power, chops and sensitivity that personified the art of drumming in the hands of great musicians. The ensemble opened with Manolo's singing, as planned, and went into a fast samba. But from then on, any adherence to whatever basic sketch that there might have been was replaced by the spirit and intuition of the moment. The trading of solos was delightful, at first following an eight-bar pattern counter-clockwise from Les to Manolo, to Lee, to Alex. Gradually, however, the solos extended (or shortened) to any length that felt right. The rest of the ensemble provided sensitive backing in a changing collage of polyrhythms and textures. Les seemed to be the instigator of the changing feels, shifting from a samba to a Latin six-eight, to fast rock, to sixteenth-note funk. Everyone followed with amazing sensitivity. At one point Les waved the ensemble to an abrupt halt and Don Moors came in on the electric Osi drum. This wooden slat drum had a pick up and a wah-wah pedal attached to it, providing Moors with an instrument of remarkable rhythm and textural capabilities. After a brief solo, Les kicked the ensemble back in with the same fast opening samba. After a few more rounds of traded solos and some incredibly loud, high energy ensemble riffing, Les started an ostinato pattern into which everyone gradually fell. When this pattern was all that was being played, Les waved the piece to a close — twenty-five minutes of playing at the utmost intensity.

After this, Les called out the Robinson brothers, Rex and Robbi on bass and keyboards respectively, who, incredibly, found a space for their instruments to the right rear of the stage. Rex started an uptempo funk pattern into which everyone jumped with gusto. In the context of funk, the sheer number of percussionists tended to clutter the feel. But, in the spirit of



the evening, the piece worked, especially when each drummer took an extended solo. Manolo shone on this one, playing incredibly propulsive timbales. The highlight came when "a cappella" solos were traded around several times before Pastore started a six-eight pattern which turned into a rollicking shuffle when the whole group came back in. Somehow this feel became a montuno groove, which in turn changed into the tune, "Spain." Both Alex and Les demonstrated their skills with the samba, trading the task of handling the ostinato bass drum pattern while the other soloed in syncopated angles and cross times. Manolo played with a unique blend of cowbell patterns and triplet-type drum fills — dancing in delight. The fact that Lee Pastore could be heard at all without the benefit of amplification is a tribute to sheer brawn on the congas. Having to play as hard as he was, some of the intricacy that he is capable of had to fall forfeit to the no-frills playing. But he supported the evening's proceedings sensitively — and managed to get some good solos off as well.

When "Spain" crashed to a close, well over an hour of high-energy percussion had left both the audience and musicians drained but satiated. It really is a catharsis, experiencing physical music like this — the deep magic of the drum. It is an added bonus when players of the caliber of those

involved on this night create this magic. But the quintessence of the evening lies in the fact that these musicians have an unabashed love of playing, of drums, of fun, and of life itself. This was constantly affirmed to me throughout the afternoon and evening that we spent together. Alex best summed it up as we sat backstage after the concert. He was wringing his shirt out — a stream of sweat (literally!) poured to the ground. He laughed and said, "I used to sweat this much when I was a kid. This is still as much fun as it was then!" ■

**Jazz-Rocks** cont. from page 13 X), bassist Doni Harvey (Automatic Man), and drummer Rick Parnell (Atomic Rooster) have become touring members of Nova.

"Vimana" is an ancient Sanskrit word for Unidentified Flying Object, and the title cut demonstrates a proclivity for both Eastern and astral musicality. Starting with an acoustic guitar mantra, "Vimana" soon revs into a high-speed foray of McLaughlinesque dexterity, peaks, drops off into floating quietude, and then spaces out into jazz sax and sundry percussion... an extraordinary opening. The balance of the LP is equally diverse, and Rustici's English vocals on "Night Games" and "Driftwood" don't detract at all from the manifold instrumental

colorings. *Vimana* is a super introduction to a band that should set new standards for the Italian fusion cause. ■

**Ornette** cont. from page 8 included his more usual music and that of his new electric band. Where he goes from here is nobody's guess but his own. "Dancing in Your Head" has a larger potential audience than any other Ornette Coleman album — I have seen documented disco freaks go wild over it in a New Jersey record store — and although it has been reviewed favorably everywhere, including *Rolling Stone*, I wonder whether it will find more than a small fraction of that vast audience. A&M Horizon, which has released at least one other classic record in addition to this one — Charlie Haden's *Closeness* — is about to be absorbed into the larger A&M family and it is hoped will expand promotion on this sort of record. Even if it were, I wonder if anyone in the business would know what to do with music as fresh as this. What it all amounts to is that a unique American artist has produced a great work of art — and is, for all I know, continuously producing great works of art — and fewer people are aware of it than ought to be. ■

## Festivals

 cont. from page 23

The second fresh new festival with potential for continued interest and enhancement is the St. Francis Jazz Festival held in San Francisco's Grace Cathedral. The marvelous setting makes it easy to reclaim memories of the sacred concerts by Duke Ellington and Jon Hendricks, Cal Tjader and Vince Guaraldi. Fourth Day — a non-profit group of volunteers of all walks of life has, in the past, sponsored "Concerts for the Hungry" at the Cathedral — the first West Coast cathedral founded in 1862 — completed its re-building by 1964; it sits on the crest of Nob Hill with its spendorous Gothic design.

The basis for the festival had several elements: (1) to reflect a Christian way of sharing — via funds to help the needy and hungry, (2) to set up a music scholarship fund for deserving Bay Area high school musicians and (3) to establish the festival as an official part of the already existing components of The Festival of Saint Francis — the San Francisco Art Festival and the S. F. Film Festival, all in honor of St. Francis of Assisi, the patron saint of San Francisco. There exists attempts to link the freedom symbolized by jazz and the spirit of St. Francis.

Musically, the highlights include the always 'perfect' flute playing of Hubert Laws who was aided by the Oakland Youth Symphony Orchestra whose combined sounds sang through a system of more than two dozen specially mounted speakers on the Cathedral pillars, cutting down the time delay. Despite early acoustical snares, Kenny Rankin, whose lyrical voice and guitar offered pleasantries with a minimum of jazz (bolstered by the presence of Roy McCurdy on drums who had a miniscule slot for expression), provided a low-keyed cushion for Laws to ride on. However, with the exception of a duet with bassist Bob Magnuson on Rollins' *Airegin*, Hubert's set was short of drive and momentum although articulated with finesse and

pinpoint accuracy. Likewise, the premiere of Pat Williams "The Prayer of St. Francis" was politely interesting and seldom approached any peaks of substance.

The afternoon performance of the California High School All-Star Band was hampered by technical aspects but they played extremely well; Tjader who is no exotic visitor to the Cathedral as a jazzman, did predictably well.

The coupe de grace and strongly redeeming concert was the final one featuring Dizzy Gillespie's sparkling quintet. Diz was astonishing in his rich solos; he played as if he was a strapping young bebop revolutionary! He was so beautiful, I tripped on back to the days when I first heard him in the late forties. Perhaps he was inspired by his environmental awareness of the magnificent and symbolic setting — flanked and crowned by the spectrum of stained glass windows. Sitting a mere six feet in front of him, I sensed his interconnectedness with what the concert and place signify.

Finally, the genius of bassist Dave Friesen embellished the Cathedral with a thoroughly beautiful mini-solo bass concert, the essence of improvising. He adds color and a vibrant pulse of life to his playing. Finally, he was joined by E. Yamamoto on piano and trumpeter Eddie Henderson on a long set that included a remarkable interpretation of *There is No Greater Love*, which found Henderson evoking sounds of the middle period of Miles Davis and stimulated affirmation by Friesen in his bass interactions with Yamamoto. The three had never met before and extended the concept of community and warmth between people via their unexpectedly elevating meshing of abilities and a fitting conclusion to a somewhat uneven series of concerts. Transcending maiden voyage problems, the St. Francis gig shows clear signs of contributing abundantly to the stated causes for its' creation and to the jazz idiom in the future. ■

# Records

## Freddie Hubbard Bundle of Joy

Columbia JC 34902

Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Ernie Watts, sax and flute; Azar Lawrence, tenor sax; David Garfield, Michael Stanton, keyboards; David T. Walker, Craig McMullen, Jay Graydon, Rick Littlefield, guitars; Henry Davis, Curtis Robertson Jr., Eric Ward, bass; Ed Greene, Carlos Vega, Fred Alexander, drums; Paulinho Da Costa, congas; and many others on trombones, trumpets, oboes, harp, celeste, saxes, strings and vocals.

## Bobby Hutcherson Knucklebean

Blue Note BN-LA789-H

Bobby Hutcherson, vibes and marimba; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; George Cables, piano; Manny Boyd, flute, soprano and tenor sax; James Leary, bass; Eddie Marshall, drums.

**F**reddie Hubbard and Lee Morgan were the heirs apparent to Miles Davis as pure jazz, hard jazz, trumpeters — until Lee Morgan ended up on the wrong end of a smoldering woman and Miles Davis made it plain, at least for a little while, that no one was going to succeed him as anything as long as there was juice in his sockets and air in his lungs.

That left Hubbard, in a sense, an heir to an outmoded fortune, an inventor disinherited from his idiom. Miles had, it might be said, moved the family estate — in directions that Hubbard could not, or at least would not, follow. Hubbard seems to have responded by squandering his own estate — by breaking up his territory into small plots, and not particularly well-defined or well-protected ones.

It must be said first of all, that Hubbard is a superb musician — perhaps our best trumpeter today, at least as long as Miles maintains his fretful silence. Hubbard has a big, muscular, commanding tone, astonishing in its sheer energy. And it is astonishing to hear how fluently Hubbard can handle his strength; at his best, he is huge poetic mass — a football tackle dancing flawless pirouettes, a freight train waving fluidly in the breeze. Brilliant as he was, Lee Morgan never achieved this sort of synthesis of brute force and grace. There was always a soft-hued, polished rim around his playing, an

almost feminine elegance. It was wonderful to hear, but it seldom set the heart to pounding.

Hubbard can make hearts pound. And he does it best when he plays real, heart-stirring music. These two albums, one under Hubbard's own name and the other under Bobby Hutcherson's, but featuring Hubbard generously, show two of Hubbard's territories. His own lp is blatantly common stuff, with bass lines and vocal drivel we've all heard by now, a dozen times or more — mostly on albums by people who, unlike Hubbard, would be nothing at all without such things. There are plenty of good musicians besides Hubbard on *Bundle of Joy* (Ernie Watts and Azar Lawrence, for two — each playing one good solo), and Hubbard certainly sounds proficient as usual, and sometimes even vaguely interesting, but this is basically the same old stuff. One has the feeling, on lps like this, that any better-than-average musician, on any instrument, could fill the soloist's part efficiently, producing music that was no better and no worse and no more or less exciting than this.

Hutcherson's lp, on the other hand, is a heart-stirrer — because of the leader's sharp, joyful playing, because of the cohesiveness and vigor of the band (which includes George Cables on keyboards, Manny Boyd and Hadley Caliman on reeds, James Leary on bass, and Eddie Marshall on drums), and because of Hubbard — who solos on four of the six tracks, and one of whose solos, on "Sundance Knows," has a shimmering, shouting potency that sounds as good as anything he played in his best, hot, hard young days with Art Blakey.

Hutcherson, incidentally, deserves great credit for persisting in playing jazz (though he has certainly strayed on occasion) — even though he remains on Blue Note, which doesn't seem to take too kindly to real jazz these days. Freddie Hubbard, on his own, plays well and sounds as if he wishes, conceptually at least, that he were Herbie Hancock or Chick Corea. Freddie Hubbard, in Hutcherson's intense and honest context, plays beautifully and sounds as if he wishes he were still entirely himself. — *Colman Andrews.*

## Airto Moreira

### *I'm Fine. How Are You?*

Warner Bros. BS 3084

Airto, percussion; Hugo Fatturoso, keyboards; Byron Miller, Abraham Laboriel, Jaco Pastorius, bass; Tom Scott, sax & flute; Raul

Da Souza, trombone; Charles (Icarus) Johnson, Oscar Neves, guitars; Lavoir de Oliveira, Manolo Badrena, percussion; Ruben Rada, Flora Purim, Airtto, lead singers.

## Pete & Shiela Escovedo

### Solo Two

Fantasy F-9524

Pete Escovedo, timbales, congas, vocals; Shiela Escovedo, timbales, congas; Abraham Laboriel, bass; Billy Coghlan, drums; Mark Soskin, keyboards; many others, too numerous to mention but all good.

**I**f you can use a criterion such as "ability to survive repeated listenings," then I really like Airto's new album, *I'm Fine. How Are You?* I have listened to it in its entirety five times in the last twenty-four hours; and it still managed to hold my interest with the same freshness and imaginative use of texture that permeated his first releases on Buddha Records and his first two albums on CTI. I don't believe that the success of this record lies totally in the playing, which is excellent throughout. Airto's talents, for one, seem to have risen, full-bloom, when he descended from Brazil on the United States music scene. I feel that the production and arrangements on this album are the secret of its special effectiveness. Not only are the rhythm tracks clear and crisp, but the solos, vocals, synthesizer shadings, and percussion textures and effects all sneak in and out of the tapestry with a clarity and directness that always maintains musical interest. Co-producer and engineer Kerry McNabb, a talent whom I have admired since first hearing the engineering work on George Duke's *The Aura Will Prevail*, is largely responsible for this. His amazing ability to get a human, yet "dry" and "contemporary" studio sound is coupled, with great results, to Flora's and Airto's rapidly maturing sense of production.

The tunes themselves are a wonderful blend of Brazilian folk and fusion feels. Hugo Fatturoso's arrangements and keyboard playing are some of his best work to date. I have never heard a synthesizer sound so good in an "ethnic" context. (Unless one can consider portions of Josef Zawinul's synthesizer approach to be "ethnic" approximations, which I do not). The use of the string synthesizer on the title tune is one of the few times that I have heard its essentially saccharine nature successfully avoided. In general, the playing is straight ahead, with the premium being placed on texture rather than soloing. In the



context of Airtó's concepts, this is the best approach he can take since his magic, and the magic of Latin music in general, often lies in its cooperative nature — taking simple components to make an incredibly direct, complex and beautiful music. This is epitomized in the tune, "Happy People," which really is the happiest song that I have heard for quite a while.

I must be a push-over for good production this month because I like Pete and Shiela Escovedo's album *Solo Two*, for precisely the same reasons that I liked Airtó's current release. The music is Latin, but rather than of Brazilian persuasion, it burns with an Afro-Cuban fire that would do such masters as Patato proud. The production and drumming chores are handled by Billy Cobham — and I have never heard him sound cleaner or more direct on both counts. The playing is excellent — sensitive and cooperative with much the same resultant success as on Airtó's album. The shining musician here is, in my opinion, Shiela Escovedo on timbales and, especially, on congas. (She is unbelievable on the cut, "Solo Two.") She is sure to make dents in the essentially "macho" world of Latin percussion because she is a *mother!* The tunes range in feels from a traditional six-eight (The first part of "Azteca Mozambique" reminds me of a remarkable record — released by Verve a few years ago — made by Patato and Totico that contained only Cuban street music — no pop filler.) to the funky fusion of Cobham's "Fantasy Junction" and, with the exception of "Clean Air," there isn't a weak cut in the bunch.

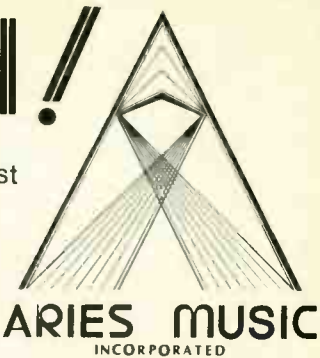
In summary, these are two of the best Latin records that have come across my ears this year. I cannot recommend one over the other except by geographical preference. If you like Brazilian-influenced music, buy Airtó's album. If you are an Afro-Cuban or Salsa fan, buy *Solo Two*. But if you are a Latin fan at all, buy one or the other, or both. Such a fortuitous combination of good, unpretentious production and excellent, straight ahead playing is hard to come by. — Thomas Lackner.

**Jose Mangual  
Buyu**

Turnstyle Records

Jose Mangual, bongo, guiro, cowbell, tamborim; Carlos Valdez, conga tamborim; Tito Puente, vibes, marimba, surdo, tamborim; Bobby Rodriguez, bass; Luis Ortiz, trumpet, synthesizer, cuica; Dick Meza, tenor sax, flute;

# It's syn-ful!



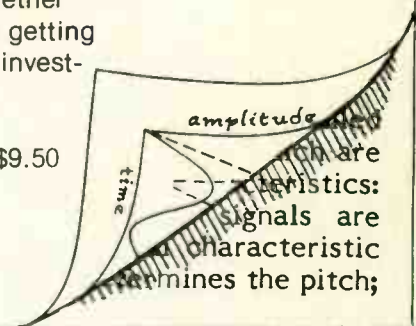
Some synthesizer manuals are insulting — just simplistic patches meant to imitate acoustic sounds. Others are boring, esoteric or over-written. We felt the need for a manual that was both thorough and comprehensible — a real teaching tool, not a sales tool.

So we asked The Boston School of Electronic Music to write it. When they were done, we realized we had more than an Owner's Manual. We had one of the best pieces of literature on electronic music synthesis available.

Whether or not you own an Aries — whether you're experienced, or just considering getting a synthesizer — this is one of the best investments you can make: ORDER NOW!

ARIES OWNER'S MANUAL 96pp. . . \$9.50

Shetland Industrial Park  
Salem, MA. 01970  
(617) 744-2400



Jimmy Knepper, Keith O'Quinn, Barry Rogers, trombone; Artie Azenzar, Richard Tee, piano; Victor Paz, Mike Lawrence, trumpet; Hugh McCracken, guitar; Selson Powell, tenor sax, flute; Ralph MacDonald, percussion; Steve Gadd, drums; Anthony Jackson, bass.

Among those eager to break salsa to a wider audience are, understandably, the people at Latin Percussion. Turnstyle is their label and *Buyu* by Jose Mangual, arguably the best bongo player in the Afro Cuban style, is one of their first releases. It is a relaxed date, reminiscent in some ways of the kind of jazz records that were cut in the late Fifties, not particularly earthshaking but almost always tasty. The rhythm team of Mangual, Patato Valdez and Tito Puente play as expertly as you would expect, and there is some very strong trumpet work from the newcomer Luis Ortiz. One of the things this record has going for it is the modesty of its musicians; they enjoy playing together, love the music and have no need to show themselves off. There is enormous maturity here. Mangual's own playing never lapses into technical display, but pushes the music forward with apt and unexpected accents and dynamic

nuance. The only real concession to the mercenary spirit of the times if 'Black & Brown Boogie,' in which Mangual meets the New York session heavies to no great effect, but to no great harm either. 'Bomba a Puerto Rico.' It's the most traditional music on the date, full of crossrhythm and counteraccent, and also the one that best suggests how hot the *salsa* can get when there are master chefs cooking it up. A little more of this might have made this good album a great one, but even so *Buyu* must come pretty highly recommended. — Rafi Zaber

**Pat Martino  
'Exit'**

Muse MR 5075

Pat Martino, guitar; Gil Goldstein, Piano; Richard Davis, bass; Jabali Billy Hart, drums. Recorded New York, Feb. 1976.

**Neils-Henning Orsted Pedersen  
'Jaywalkin'**

Inner City IC 2041

Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Philip Catherine, guitar; Ole Kock Hansen, piano; Billy Higgins, drums. Recorded Copenhagen, December, 1975.

## Jack Wilkins

### 'Merge'

Chiaroscuro CR 156

Jack Wilkins, guitar; Randy Brecker, fluegelhorn; Eddie Gomez, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums, piano. Recorded NYC, January, 1977.

Here are three new records, made between 1975 and 1977, but all recently released, that display the fecund efforts of some young, vibrant, important string players; guitarists Pat Martino and Jack Wilkins and bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen. Though conceptually the discs are quite diverse, there is a basic oneness of intent, that being, to my ears, to transmit the essence of jazz. Each of these works could not be mistaken for anything but the real article: good strong blowing by top notch, A-1 artists. Their combined recorded energies amount to nothing short of delight, the performances by each group maintaining the always strived for level of excellence.

Martino's 'Exit' puts the plectrist in a most comfortable setting, supported by old friends Richard Davis and Jabali, and present accompanist Gil Goldstein. The music is the fare that Martino has favored for years in an unhampered context: standards, up tempo originals, bossas and ballads. He's managed to put these various styles into a successful whole on 'Exit.'

The title track has a simple three-chord riff for a melody, after which the participants meander around a tonal point, exploring possibilities of direction. Then Davis walks at a fast clip and 'Exit' becomes a straight-on cooker, the kind Martino can really dig into. Goldstein climaxes his solo with an ascending chromatic passage that's effective. The piece has a good feel to it.

Martino balances the allegro of 'Exit' with the not-often-heard Duke Ellington classic, 'Come Sunday,' played in a ballad tempo throughout, with each soloist musing reflectively. This piece of music, when performed with the dignity its composer intended, is a joy to hear.

'Three Bass Hit' is the guitarist's bop original, perhaps just a step up from Ray Brown's 'Two Bass Hit.' Anyway, a little be-bop never hurt anyone. The leader is in fine fettle and his cascading serpentine lines continue to amaze. Hart is a dynamic percussionist and his zeal keeps 'Three' constantly moving.

Mancini's 'Days of Wine and Roses' shows off the most stunning aspect of the Martino musical showcase, that being his large, ringing, incredibly attractive sound. There is a certain relaxed quality that he exudes from the guitar that few others can touch.

The date also includes Kenny Dorham's 'Blue Bossa,' which the gang rips through uproariously and Benny Golson's modern jazz classic, 'I Remember Clifford,' written for the great Clifford Brown and evocatively rendered by the quartet.

Niels-Henning, Europe's top jazz bassist, first recorded when he was 15 with Bud Powell and the career he's having is what everyone who heard him then naturally expected. It is a pleasure, though, to see and hear that the young viol player is so well-rounded and able to fit into any musical situation.

Here on his debut album, 'Jaywalkin', Pedersen travels a number of roads in his musical journeying, and from what we hear, he likes all the stops along the way.

'Summer Song' is a down-home churchy kind of thing, with good feeling, that has the leader doing most of the preaching. 'Sparkling Eyes' is a swinger with some nice rhythmic interpolations. Guitarist Catherine shows, as he does throughout the disc, that he can play plenty jazz without rock, though he's combined the two with a degree of success on numerous occasions. Hansen displays his pianist chops on this up-tempo number.

Antonio Carlos Jobim is a master of soothing songwriting and 'Felicidade' is a bonafide example. Niels is the major soloist here, Catherine backing him on acoustic guitar. The bassist can put simple and complex ideas together, interweaving them into a euphonious tableau with sometimes subtle yet startling results.

We turn to the blues and have Charlie Parker's line, 'Cheryl,' with Niels and Ole dueting the melody. At this hell-bent tempo, even the standard form of jazz, the twelve bar excursion, offers a challenge but these young masters are quite up to the task. Catherine solos with particular acumen.

The title track is based on the blues but utilizes a less-confining format. Here, Catherine heads toward the heavy metal side of things, becoming almost overly shrill in his outing but managing to hold himself back just enough to keep it all in one groove. Niels and Higgins don't let the stuff

get out of hand.

As a balancer, there's the pretty 'That's All,' which closes out the date. The leader plays a soft, charming solo on this one.

Jack Wilkins is a remarkably fluid string player who has been associated with Buddy Rich, among others. This is his second date as a leader and *Merge* is top-flight jazz.

Wilkins' line, 'Fum,' opens the proceedings and it's bad, based on a latin vamp that goes to four-four during the choruses, with some very powerful blowing from the leader's hands. Wilkins has developed a warm, open sound that, tied with his thoughtful melodic statements, makes his solos worth considerable attention. Randy Brecker is out of his funk bag and sounds excellent playing some non-nonsense material for a change. Rhythm support is tops as well.

'Papa, Daddy and Me' is a DeJohnette piece, only one of the well-constructed, imaginative works Jack is putting out these days. 'Papa' lilts along lightly and the drummer also reveals himself to be quite a pianist in an over-dubbed solo of some consequence.

'Brown, Warm and Wintery' is another by the drummer, featuring the leader on acoustic, an instrument he doesn't play often. DeJohnette abandons his trap set to work out on the keyboard. It's a quiet moment, a bit of respite from the surging energies of the other tracks.

'Falling in Love With Love' moves along at a good trot, and lets bassist Gomez get his ideas out. He has a light, buoyant approach that works well with his technical facility. DeJohnette drives the group in his own inimitable way. It's a shame that man can't seem to get the same coalescence on his recording dates that he does on others.

The album closes with a duo, Wilkins and Gomez up on Chick Corea's 'Spain,' with the bassist doing a bit of blowing. The players have the tune under their respective belts and ideas come easily with no lapses in time or pulse that often come in a setting minus a drummer. But these two had worked extensively in New York prior to the recording and their affinity comes through on this work.

All three of these albums are recommended without reservation. For a change here are younger players affirming the traditions of the past, and that, in a time when so many simply reject the traditional, is indeed refreshing. — zan stewart



# BRIEFS JAZZ BRIEFS



By Colman Andrews ..... c.a.  
Rafi Zabor ..... r.z.

Keith Jarrett, *Byablue*, ABC-Impulse AS-9331.

This album has an odds-and-ends feeling about it (there is one solo piano track, two trio tracks, several quartet tracks, etc.), but it flows smoothly and holds together nicely. The other musicians are Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden, and Paul Motian — Jarrett's recent regulars — and the music ranges from some sinuous Eastern-sounding cuts (with Jarrett playing a measure of soprano) to the strange and brilliant title track. — c.a.

Lee Konitz, Paul Bley, and Bill Connors, *Pyramid*, *Improvising Artists I* A1 37.38.45.

This is delicate, good-mannered jazz pointillism. Konitz still has a very unusual, almost daring sound on alto, Bley's piano continues to just outguess the most careful listener, and Connors' guitar is wonderfully percussive, wonderfully eloquent. — Gary Peacock, *Tales of Another*, ECM-1-1101.

A solid, lucid trio date (with Keith Jarrett and Jack DeJohnette), led by one of the great bassists of the lyrical avant-garde. Peacock's technique is dazzling, and the calm beauty of his lines is sometimes absolutely riveting. Jarrett plays hard and well (his energies seem truly inexhaustible), though his droning singing-to-himself seems particularly loud here, and is particularly distracting. — c.a.

Sonny Fortune, *Serengeti Minstrel*, Atlantic SD 18225.

Fortune is a very clean, bright player, with an urgent sound that lends itself particularly well to soprano — though he also plays flute, alto, alto flute, and piccolo on this lp. Assisted by musicians like Kenny Barron, Jack DeJohnette, and Woody Shaw, he blows capably through some familiar-sounding but pleasant charts with off-handed ease. — c.a.

Alberto Favero, *Suite Trane (In Memorium John Coltrane)*

Catalyst CAT-7914.

When I first heard this lp on an Argentinian label in 1971 or so, I was struck with two things: The extraordinary *intelligence* of Favero's writing (and his is a formally written piece, subtitled "5 Movements for Jazz Orchestra & Soloists"), and the diligence with which both writer and players avoid parody or imitation of Coltrane himself. These impressions hold up in 1977. This is very attractive, very moving music; Favero's cleanly ringing piano and Bernardo Baraj's soprano are particularly fine. — c.a.

Ella Fitzgerald, *The Rodgers and Hart Songbook*, Verve VE-2-2519.

Rodgers and Hart were the single best American songwriting team of the 20's and 30's, both for their individual brilliance and for the incredible consistency of their skill. Ella Fitzgerald is, of course, Ella Fitzgerald, and her fantastic ability to completely transform popular music without in the least disfiguring it serves the composers as well as they have ever been served. (Only Lee Wiley's interpretations of R&H have come close to this level of understanding.) This two-record set, recorded in 1956 with the Buddy Bregman Orchestra, and out-of-print for far too many years, has most of the best-known R&H songs — "The Lady is a Tramp," "Manhattan," "Mountain Greenery," "It Never Entered My Mind," "Blue Moon," etc. — and also plenty of slightly lesser-known masterpieces, like "Here in My Arms," "Spring is Here," and "I've Got Five Dollars." An absolutely first-rate album. An essential. — c.a.

Tom Scott, *Blow It Out*, Epic (Ode) PE 34966.

Just another Richard Tee/John Tropa/Hugh McCracken/Steve Gadd/Eric Gale/Chuck Rainey/Ralph McDonald/et al. sleep-walking rhythm session, this time behind saxophonist Tom Scott, a nice young man who was so talented so early that he never got the chance to develop even a shred of individual style. — c.a.

Horace Parlan, *Arrival*, Inner City 2012.

This is one of those expatriate dates, in this case recorded in Copenhagen in 1973, which joins American musicians who probably would not otherwise have recorded together — for geographical and/or stylistic reasons — with competent, derivative European players. The Americans are Parlan, Idrees Sulieman, and Ed Thigpen; the

Europeans are Danish — tenor man Bent Jaedig and bassist Hugo Rasmussen. Parlan has always been an interesting player, very closed-in and spare, something of an underreacher in a not unattractive way, but this date has a tepid, muddy sound to it — which is only partly the fault of the recording studio. — c.a.

Rob McConnell & the Boss Brass, *The Jazz Album*, Attic LAT 1015

A Canadian big-band album (the reeds and rhythm are as boss as the brass), vaguely in the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis bag. The remarkable guitarist Ed Bickert plays two good solos (one quite long one on "Body and Soul"), and the overall feeling is a contented one, even if the music is not exactly overwhelmingly original. — c.a.

Jack DeJohnette's *Directions*, *New Rags*, ECM-1-1103.

Jack DeJohnette is a furiously animated drummer, and a superbly precise one — a descendant of Louis Bellson, in a way. His group includes the admirable John Abercrombie, whose guitar sometimes shows a plodding thoughtfulness, even on fast numbers, reminiscent of, say, Tal Farlow's fluid musings. *New Rags* is almost a straight-forward blowing session, and almost a very good one. c.a. Jean-Luc Ponty, *(Enigmatic Ocean)*, Atlantic SD 19110.

Jean-Luc Ponty is a confident musician, and one whose ideas are rooted firmly in that respectful and fascinated view of jazz tradition European players often have. Probably for these reasons, his recent albums have been about as good as this kind of music gets — this kind of music being vaguely frenetic, heavily amplified, jazz-rock-electronica. *Enigmatic Ocean* is warm, muscular stuff, not at all enigmatic, and sometimes (on "The Trans-Love Express," for instance) genuinely stirring. — c.a.

Gene Harris, *Tone Tantrum*, Blue Note BN-LA760H.

More like a tone *sulk*, if you ask me. Harris used to be a better-than-average in the groove-funk-soul idiom; he plays about the same today, but the quality of jazz piano-playing in general has improved to the point that he now sounds slightly worse-than-average. And the monotonous rhythm-and-blats context he now plays in falls even more quickly than the g-f-s stuff did. Blue Note, a label that once helped to illuminate contemporary jazz, continues these days to try to obfuscate it. — c.a.

*Gil Scott-Heron and Brian Jackson, Bridges, Arista AB 4147.*

Gil-Scott Heron is a master of political doggerel (as his Last Poets days dramatically demonstrated), and he is also a first-rate R&B singer, with a warm, resonant, engaging tone that lies somewhere between Lou Rawls and Brook Benton. I'm not entirely sure that the medium suits the message in this case, though while Scott-Heron sings lines like "And what would Karen Silkwood say to you/If she was still alive," for instance, I have to keep reminding myself that I'm not listening to "Rainy Night in Georgia." — *c.a.*

*Steely Dan, AJA, ABC*

It's obviously Steely Dan, always perfect and never quite great. All the right touches though, disjunct lyrics and not a lot of guts. Too many studio musicians spoil the broth, but it gets better as it goes along. The title cut is lovely, highlighted by a fine Wayne Shorter solo, good Steve Gadd behind him, but can you really listen to someone singing in a trembly voice: 'I crawl like a viper through these suburban streets'? That's from 'Deacon Blues,' the refrain of which is nice. Other highlights: the catchy 'Peg' and 'Home at Last,' which shows a little passion. In the end one likes it. There's intelligence operating here, and much good taste. Pretty cover, too. — *r.z.*

*The Great Concert of*

*Cecil Taylor, Prestige P-34003.*

The real thing, Cecil Taylor is sometimes confusing and sometimes maddening to listen to, but he is never boring, never false. He roves the piano restlessly, orchestrally. He might almost be called "meta-pianistic" — for at least some of his music transcends the piano and comments on it. This three-record set is actually one long piece, called "Second Act of A," recorded in Saint-Paul-de-Vence in 1969 and released previously in three shifts on the French label, Shandar, as *Nuits de la Fondation Maeght*, vols. 1-3. (The otherwise excellent annotation on the American release, by the way, gives the impression that the recording was made in Paris, when in fact it was made some 450 miles or so southeast). Taylor is abetted here by his longtime alto player Jimmy Lyons, by Sam Rivers on soprano and tenor (sounding mighty powerful, if not always on Taylor's frequency), and drummer Andrew Cyrille, who is the new-wave Connie Kay. It is indeed a great concert — but it is also one which

takes great care to listen to. — *c.a.*

*Lonnie Liston Smith, Live!, RCA APL1-2433.*

I hope that Lonnie Liston Smith, the cocktail-lounge Cecil Taylor, someday finds the cosmic paradise he is apparently looking for as he leaps with such great flourishes over his various keyboards. Meanwhile, it's good to know that his audiences are so easily enthralled by his search. And that a talented reedman like David Hubbard can play this twaddle and still keep some of his force and fire. — *c.a.*

*Jimmy Smith, It's Necessary, Mercury SRM-1-1189.*

It is perhaps a comment on the state of jazz recordings today in general that this lp — a straightforward, highly professional, rather happy-sounding bit of ultimately inconsequential blowing — feels so wonderfully good and fresh. Smith believes in easy, swinging music, and makes us believe in it too — and the fact that his ensemble includes Harold Land and Teddy Edwards (the elder princes of West Coast tenor), Blue Mitchell and Ray Crawford doesn't hurt a bit. Ten years ago, an album like this would have been a commonplace; today it is a rare gem. — *c.a.*

*John Taylor, Norma Winstone, and Kenny Wheeler, Azimuth, ECM-1-1099.*

A delicate, unusual album — a trio consisting of Taylor on piano and synthesizer, Winstone on vocals (wordless and otherwise), and Kenny Wheeler — who has a diamond-sharp but somehow dreamy sound — on trumpet and flugelhorn. It just misses being haunting, and it just misses being jazz, but it is admirably crafted and pure. — *c.a.*

*Collin Walcott, Grazing Dreams, ECM-1-1096.*

Internationalist mysto-crappo by a quintet of terrific musicians — Collin Walcott on sitar and tabla, John Abercrombie on various guitars, Don Cherry on trumpet, etc., Palle Danielson on bass, and Dom Um Romao on miscellaneous percussion. I have a built-in prejudice against albums by Westerners which have writing in Eastern scripts on them — but once I got past that, in this case, I found myself struck by the beauty of some of the music, and by the inventiveness of nearly all of it. It also has a great title. — *c.a.*

*Stomu Yamashita, Go To, Arista AB 4138.*

Stomu Yamash'ta (as his name used to be spelled) was among the more flamboyant and talented of the Japanese post-War avant-garde. He

was first known as a percussionist, and later as an actor and mime and an exponent of the modern use of traditional Japanese musical instruments of all kinds. Lately, he has become more Western in his musical focus, and has been playing synthesizers quite a lot. *Go To* is a curious, variegated, demanding album that is sometimes jazz, sometimes late-'60s electro-rock, sometimes electronic-classical, and sometimes perfectly undefineable. Among the participants are guitarist Al Dimeola, English pub-rock star Jess Roden, and pianist Peter Robinson — the latter an associate of Yamash'ta's since the days of the glorious Red Buddha Theatre. — *c.a.*

*George Duke — Reach for It*

*Epic JE34883*

Fonky. There are good musicians here, but nothing to set this apart from the mass-produced general run of things, nothing distinctive, no original melodic sense or creative impulse. Good practitioners using the available materials to make a record and a buck. All the playing is good: Leon Ndugu Chanler plays well throughout, and Stanley Clarke adds some fire to the audio porn of 'Watch Out Baby', but it's factitious stuff. On the cover, Duke is photographed grinning with two foxy models who probably don't know him from Adam. — *r.z.*

*Nona Hendryx — Epic PE34863*

Good sound, good band, strong voice but one misses the contrasts of Labelle. While this material might have been all right for the trio, it cannot be carried by Nona's heavy, inflexible voice along. It's too bad, because one expected better from her. Do we really need her posing with leathers with a Bowie knife on the cover? On the inside sleeve, her band is holding her upside down and her bass player is eating her foot. Thank God for a little humor. — *r.z.*

*Phoebe Snow — Never Letting Go*

*Columbia JC 34875*

Someone may be able to find a reason for getting excited about this but it's hard to figure out what it might be. Nice sincere girl here, but it ain't art. Where's Carmen McRae? Ok, let's be serious; maybe if she had a small group behind her instead of brass, strings and rhythm, this would sound less silly, but Ms. Snow's genuine gifts are swamped by the Hollywood production on this disc. Next time a small band, please. — *r.z.*





## Instrumental Theatre

*As a composer I feel compelled to engage in increasing measure with silent materials. Therein I see no substitute for actual composing, but on the contrary the confirmation of the conceptual definitions which stand in the dictionary for the word composition, 'setting - together,' and 'mixing;' likewise we consciously accept the usual 'tone-setting.' But aside from terminological speculations, the application of musical thoughts to pure theatrical thoughts is self-explanatory. Word, light, and motion are comparable in manner to the articulation of pitch, timbre, and tempo; the sense and nonsense of all scenic events reach no workable realization if there is no musicality; the presentational means of the 'homme de theatre' sooner let themselves be inspired by bonafide methods of composition than from anything else.<sup>1</sup>*

**M**auricio Kagel is an important European composer whose works since 1960 have successfully combined music and theatre. He has coined his unique genre *instrumental theatre*. In instrumental theatre the performers are not only musicians but actors as well. Their gestures during performance are invariably theatrical, and these gestures (which include movement about the stage) are handled by Kagel as integral structural elements.

An example of Kagel's instrumental theatre is his *Pas de Cinq*, a piece for five performers who walk on a pentagonal ramp structure (also a revolving stage) carrying walking sticks. The course of their wanderings is carefully structured. The music in *Pas de Cinq* consists entirely of the percussive sounds of their steps on the ramp and the sounds of the walking sticks. These sounds, amplified via microphones, are

also carefully structured. The effect of this piece is a unified visual and auditory experience to the spectator.

Composers as well as performers may well benefit from Kagel's ideas. Performers who play on a stage to the public, whether they know it or not, are engaging in a quasi-theatrical art form. Consider the situation:

*The audience is assembled - it has arrived for a performance. The performers enter the stage, take a bow, and are greeted by applause. They assume their places upon the stage, pick up their instruments, and tune up. They wait for the audience to settle itself, pause significantly, and begin to play. After the piece is finished, the tension relaxes, and the audience responds with applause. The performers bow and exit. If the applause is prolonged, they return and bow again and exit. This process may be repeated according to the enthusiasm of the audience.*

This *modus operandi* is understood and accepted by performers and audiences universally. It is a direct carry-over from the romantic (19th century) tradition. While there is nothing wrong with it per se, it is by no means sacrosanct, and it can even be changed or discarded altogether.

A composer or musician can manipulate this tradition to his advantage by modifying its elements in an unorthodox way. Consider the chilling humor of the Italian Futurist in his play *Detonation*, reproduced here in its entirety!

### CHARACTER

#### A BULLET

Road at night, cold, deserted.

A minute of silence. - a gunshot.

#### CURTAIN

*Detonation* deals in part with unfulfilled expectations. More than fifty years since its inception, it is no doubt still capable of creating a riot at the box office.

The following are just a few possibilities of altering traditional expectations:

1) By manipulating the customs of the concert stage, theatrical results are possible in what would otherwise be an ordinary performance. In 1975, for instance, I wrote *Applause Piece* for a solo performer and an off-stage sound engineer:

*A lone performer enters the performing area dressed in formal attire. He plays a short piece of his choice, about two minutes in duration. He takes a deep bow, acknowledges applause, and leaves. Meanwhile the applause has been recorded on a tape loop by the off-stage engineer. Before the applause of the audience dies out, the recorded applause begins, heard through*

<sup>1</sup> Mauricio Kagel, notes to 'Pas de Cinq,' program notes of the Munchen Werkraumtheaters, No. 11 1965-66 (not paged). Translation from the German by E. McLean.

*loudspeakers placed strategically throughout the auditorium. The sound engineer then alters, distorts, and amplifies the recorded applause electronically. The piece ends at the discretion of the sound engineer.*

2) A piece may be considered as having begun when the first spectator arrives, or when the first performer enters the performing stage, or during the act of tuning the instruments, and so on. Preliminary actions can grow organically into unexpected theatrical events.

3) The performers' attire, as well as the placement and choice of instruments may be conceived theatrically. It is not necessary for the performers to have a fixed place on stage.

4) Every motion by a performer may contain a theatrical meaning. Physical gestures may be composed.

When theatre meets music on equal terms, extreme care must be exercised — especially if the artists involved have primarily musical backgrounds. To proceed otherwise would be an open invitation to bad taste and gimmickery. If theatrical elements are structured with the same care and sound judgement as musical elements, then good results are possible. To requote Kagel: "The presentational means of the 'homme de theatre' sooner let themselves be inspired by bonafide methods of composition than from anything else."

The objection may be raised that since instrumental theatre has its origins in music rather than theatre, theatre becomes a prostitute to music. This would be true if the purpose of instrumental theatre were not a total integration of music and theatre. It may be further rebutted that in the past music functioned in a supportive, incidental manner to the theatre. (A crass example: The hero is killed. The percussionist provides a loud crash (gunshot) followed by wailing strains from the violins). Of course, there are no assurances that such tasteless biases will not occur — these risks are inevitable whenever new art forms originate. Kagel himself raised another objection once: "Why turn good musicians into bad actors?" The question proved rhetorical — he did not have a pat answer, because this is yet another risk that must be overcome.

For those composers and performers who have grown weary of the "concert stage ritual" (as it has sometimes been referred to) a new direction is now possible. New artistic forms develop and flourish via the synthesis of older forms. ■

## IMPROVISATION

By Jamey Aebersold

# BASIC JAZZ FUNDAMENTALS

When a person asks me how to go about learning to play jazz or improvise, one of the first questions I ask him is . . . "who do you listen to?" His answer tells me a lot about himself and enables me to begin with some knowledge of his prior musical listening experience. If the person says Boots Randolph, I know he will be oriented towards the melody of a song and a blues style rather than Bebop tradition. If he answers Weather Report, I assume he is more into sounds, probably electric sounds and more than likely doesn't have a thorough background in theory, scales, chords and harmony in general. This isn't always the case but my experiences have taught me that our listening habits tell more about us than we realize.

I have always thought it would be ideal to learn to play jazz by first taking a course in jazz history, jazz theory, and try applying these various concepts and styles on your given instrument so you can see and hear how the music actually developed. By so doing, you can better understand how a Charlie Parker, Stanley Turrentine, Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, or Wes Montgomery came about. There is no limit to man's imagination and what he can do with an instrument. History has told us the musician who is best equipped with knowledge of his instrument, theory, concept, style and history of the music he is trying to play will have a much stronger chance of contributing in a valid, lasting way to that music.

Most jazz musicians, like all other musicians the world over began by studying with a teacher. A good teacher can guide you as you struggle to overcome basic problems of playing an instrument and then offer you motivation and encouragement as you learn to play and create *music* and not just play an instrument. I have always felt that one who can improvise music is somehow closer to the essence of what music is; he takes from what he has developed and weaves something brand new that can be called his own. Creativity is the spark that allows this to happen. All people are creative. Some just work harder at being creative and therefore seem to have more to offer.

In jazz, the jazz masters, innovators, or leaders all seem to have a firm grasp of the fundamentals of music. They know their scales, chords and melodies from memory. The phrases they play often are not new but have been played before; they just seem new because of the authority with which they are played. Each jazz musician borrows from his predecessors and then adds to that knowledge in his own unique way. Some musicians try to be creative without listening to others on records or in live performances. I feel they are short changing themselves because no one gets anywhere solely on his own. The ego will play strange tricks on us all from time to time. My hobby is listening to new players to hear what it is they will add to the spectrum of music. Jazz in particular knows no boundaries. That is one reason why it is so special; you, too, can contribute to jazz history!

Since the common ground seems to be a certain knowledge of theory, ear training, listening to others and hours of disciplined practice, I would like to share with you some exercises that will help give you a strong foundation in jazz as well as music in general.

Some of the exercises may seem simple, but remember, the tempo can always be a little faster, or, are you as agile and smooth in the less familiar keys as you are in C or Bb? Does a quicker tempo mess up your articulation or make the time suddenly feel shaky? The most common idea or exercise can come to life in the hands of someone who is trying to be creative. How often have we said, "why didn't I think of that?"

Any pattern, lick or exercise that you play should ideally be practiced in major, minor (dorian), dominant 7th, and half-diminished keys. The jazz greats have the ability to make a given mental musical idea fit the scale or chord symbol that they are presently faced with. The more facility you have with ALL types of scales, not just major or minor, the better your chances of effectively communicating with your audience.

The following list of scales includes the five most important and most used scales. You should transpose and practice them in all twelve keys. For a complete scale syllabus you can write to me, care of Musician magazine and I will send you one.

Music is not a selfish art form. It can only truly be enjoyed by ears. Music is a special way of communicating and you can learn to contribute best by building from a strong foundation.

Here are some rules to follow when practicing these exercises:

1. Memorize each example as quickly as possible.
2. Play the patterns, licks, exercises in ALL keys.
3. Use your inner ear to mentally hear the notes before you play them.
4. Practice with a metronome and increase your speed daily.
5. Wind players should slur rather than tongue.
6. Keyboard and string players should play legato rather than staccato.
7. Be PATIENT. Really good things always take a little time!

1. First 5 notes of scale



2. Scale to the 9th







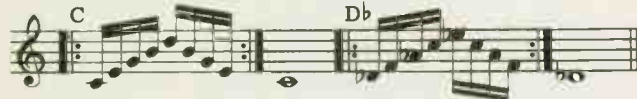
3. Triad: root, 3rd, and 5th of scale



4. 7th chord: root, 3rd, 5th, and 7th



5. 9th chord: root, 3rd, 5th, 7th, and 9th



The following two exercises are a combined review of the above. Number 6 is the 9th chord ascending and the full scale from the 9th, descending. Number 7 is the reverse of number 6.



The above exercises are shown in three keys, ascending in half steps. You should practice in all keys and use several different root sequences to give your practice schedule variety. Try some or all of the following root sequences. Just use the letter name as the root of whatever scale, chord or exercise you are going to practice. Each numbered line goes through all twelve keys.

Jamey Aebersold, the well-known author and clinician, will be writing the regular *Improvisation* column. Jamey has written ten books and has six more in the works, check his ad for titles and prices. He has published various combo works and works regularly as an independent clinician on sax and improvisation.

1. C Db D Eb E F F# G Ab A Bb B C
2. C F Bb Eb Ab Db Gb B E A D G C
3. C D E F# Ab Bb / Db Eb F G A B D
4. C Eb Gb A / Db E G Bb / D F Ab B
5. C B Bb A Ab G Gb F E Eb D Db C
6. C Eb Db E D F Eb Gb E G F Ab  
Gb A G Bb Ab B A C

Wind players don't seem to align themselves with the blues scale as quickly as a guitarist or keyboardist. The following exercises are designed to facilitate working with blues scales.

8. Blues scale



CHORD SYMBOL	FIVE BASIC CATEGORIES	SCALE NAME
C		Major
C7		Dominant 7th
C-		Minor (Dorian)
C0		Half Dim. (Locrian)
C $\flat$		Diminished (8 tone scale)

### WHOLE & HALF STEP

CONSTRUCTION	SCALE IN KEY OF C	BASIC CHORD IN KEY OF C
W W H W W W H	C D E F G A B C	C E G B D
W W H W W H W	C D E F G A B $\flat$ C	C E G B $\flat$ D
W H W W W H W	C D E $\flat$ F G A B $\flat$ C	C E $\flat$ G B $\flat$ D
H W W H W W W	C E $\flat$ E $\flat$ F G $\flat$ A $\flat$ B $\flat$ C	C E $\flat$ G $\flat$ B $\flat$
W H W H W H W H	C D E $\flat$ F G $\flat$ A $\flat$ B C	C E $\flat$ G $\flat$ A(B $\flat$ )

HARMONY

# DIATONIC PROGRESSION

ron delp

In the first two articles we covered diatonic harmony and diatonic chord scales. Next comes putting the two together, but first I want to further impress upon you the importance of diatonicism.

The scientific facts of acoustics, combined with 300+ years of musical convention, enable us to hear harmonies (chords) in groups. Chords work together to produce tonality in the same way sentences work together to produce paragraphs. In other words, small units relate to one another and produce larger units. It is the *relationship* that we are interested in at this point. In other words, the relationship of two or more chords which work together to produce a tonality, or key.

While the far majority of contemporary "serious" music, and a good deal of '70s rock and jazz is not particularly tonal (key oriented), 99.8% of the music the world has heard since 1600 IS tonal, and tonal music is what we are working with at this time.

## IV-V-I PROGRESSION

Just about everyone is familiar with the IV-V-I progression. This order of chords is the cornerstone of traditional harmony and the all-time favorite rock progression, so I assume all readers have played, or at least heard this progression.

From the last issue of Musician you learned that a IV chord is subdominant, the V chord is dominant and the I chord in tonic — subdominant/dominant/tonic. This order of chord function prevails in most tonal music . . . not all, but most. In the key of F major, IV = Bbmajor, V = Cmajor and I = F major. In contemporary music (particularly jazz) you know that the IV chord is maj7, the V chord is dominant 7 and the I chord is maj7. Thus, we will call the IV, V and I chords in F: Bbmaj, C7 and Fmaj7:

key of F:

IVmaj7	V7	I maj7
Bbmaj7	C7	Fmaj7

Play these three chords on piano or guitar and you will hear the Fmaj7 chord as a "resting place." You probably know the C7 to F movement as a *cadence*.

## I-VI-II-V-I PROGRESSION

This is another progression that has been (and still is) worked to death. In the key of F these chords are:

key of F:

I maj7	VI m7	II m7	V7	I maj7
Fmaj7	Dm7	Gm7	C7	Fmaj7

Again, as we are dealing with today's harmony, each chord in its basic form is a 7th chord . . . not a triad. Remember that VI and II chords are of the m7 variety, V7 is dominant and I is maj7. The functions for this progression are:

F:

I maj7	VI m7	II m7	V7	I maj7
Fmaj7	Dm7	Gm7	C7	Fmaj7
(tonic)	(tonic)	(subdom)	(dom.)	(tonic)

So we have two tonic chords, then subdominant and dominant, and a final cadence to tonic again. A few examples of standard tunes that use this progression are "Blue Moon," "More" and "I've Got Rhythm." You can probably name at least ten more.

Both the IV-V-I and I-VI-II-I progressions are completely diatonic; all of the chords in each progression belong to one key, in this case F major. By the way, one should learn these progressions in every key. Doing so (in the head and on the piano or guitar) is a great way to learn chords and become comfortable playing in different keys. We'll get to voicing later, so for now just play each chord in root position on piano.

You probably noticed that in the I-VI-II-V-I progression the subdominant chord was II m7 instead of IVmaj7. The II m7 chord has become the more common subdominant chord (thanks in part to the Be-bop period of jazz in the 1940's), through IV is still used, particularly in rock and country music.

## II-V-I PROGRESSION

In commercial and jazz tunes the II m7-V7-I maj7 progression is certainly the most common progression you will find, and you definitely should learn "II-V's" in every key. It should be unnecessary to list them all, but you might want to do so on your own. For example:

KEY	II m7	V7	I maj7
C	Dm7	G7	Cmaj7
Db	Ebm7	Ab7	Dbmaj7
D	Em7	A7	Dmaj7
Eb	Fm7	Bb7	Ebmaj7

. . . and so on. If you never learn anything else about harmony, you should know the "II-V's" in all keys.

As with the previous progressions, the II-V-I outlines the tonality of the I chord. Gm7-C7-Fmaj7 states the tonality of the key of F. Remember, it is the chords working together that do this. For example, Gm7 by itself cannot make us hear the key of F. Why? Because a m7 chord can be a II chord, III chord or a VI chord. Thus, Gm7 can be II in F, III in Eb or VI in Bb. When the C7 (V7) chord follows it our ear starts hearing the progression move. Play Gm7 to C7 to Fmaj7.

If you were to change one of those chords the sound would NOT be logical. For example, play:

- 1) Abm7 C7 Fmaj7
- 2) Gm7 Db7 Fmaj7
- 3) Gm7 C7 Amaj7



The Abm7, Db7 and Amaj7 chords above sound strange because they do not conform to the tonality of the other chords — they do not belong in the key of F. Not that a progression such as those above *can't* be used (anything is possible), it's just that they aren't logical, either theoretically or to our ears. If one understands the logical, the illogical (which is usually more fun!) is a breeze.

## SCALES FOR THE II-V-I PROGRESSION

From last month's article you learned that II chords use the dorian scale, V chords use mixolydian, and I chords use major. Therefore, the scales for the II-V-I progression in F are:

The diagram shows three musical staves. The first staff is for Gm7, labeled '(G dorian scale)'. The second staff is for C7, labeled '(C mixolydian)'. The third staff is for Fmaj7, labeled '(F major)'. Each staff shows the notes of the scale with black dots indicating the notes.

All three scales are actually F major — G dorian is F major starting on G, C mixolydian is F major starting on C, and F major is, of course, F major. AS ALL THREE CHORDS BELONG TO THE KEY OF F, ALL THREE SCALES ARE ALSO F MAJOR. So, if we had a tune with II-V-I progression in F, our melodic notes for composition or improvisation would be the notes from the key of F. Simple enough? Yes, it really is quite simple. There is one little "but" that we must clear up before you start working with these scales, something that we will call (for lack of a better term) *avoid notes*.

### AVOID NOTES

In each scale there is one or more notes that clash with the chord. In less tonal forms of music these notes might fit right in, but in most musical situations they will sound too dissonant. The avoid notes for dorian, mixolydian and major are:

DORIAN — the 6th degree of the scale

A musical staff showing the notes of the G dorian scale. The 6th degree, F natural, is circled and labeled 'AN' (avoid note).

MIXOLYDIAN — the 4th degree of the scale

A musical staff showing the notes of the C mixolydian scale. The 4th degree, F natural, is circled and labeled 'AN'.

MAJOR — the 4th degree of the scale

A musical staff showing the notes of the F major scale. The 4th degree, Bb, is circled and labeled 'AN'.

The avoid notes are the same in all keys, ie: the 6th degree is the avoid note on ALL dorian scales, the 4th degree is the avoid note on ALL mixolydian and major scales. If you have a piano handy, play these chords with the avoid notes:

Three musical staves showing chord voicings for Gm7, C7, and Fmaj7. The avoid notes are circled and labeled 'AN'. For Gm7, the avoid note is F natural. For C7, the avoid note is F natural. For Fmaj7, the avoid note is Bb.

Sound pretty bad don't they? The reason is that the avoid note produces a minor 9th (b9th) interval against one of the chord tones occurring below it. The 6th on dorian is the exception — it doesn't produce a b9th but it is still considered an avoid note. (More on dorian later).

### AVOID NOTES SHOULD NOT BE USED MELODICALLY

- 1) attacking simultaneously with the chord
- 2) on any strong beat (1 and 3 in 4/4)
- 3) when accented or sustained

Three musical staves showing avoid notes used melodically. Staff 1: C7 chord with a melodic line starting on the avoid note F natural. Staff 2: Gm7 and C7 chords with a melodic line starting on the avoid note F natural. Staff 3: Fmaj7 chord with a melodic line starting on the avoid note Bb.

Avoid notes can be used (melodically) as long as they occur on weak beats. You can think of them as passing tones. See this example:

A musical staff showing a melodic line over a II-V-I progression (Gm7 - C7 - Fmaj7). The avoid notes (F natural and Bb) are used as passing tones on weak beats, indicated by 'ok' below the notes.

### SOMETHING TO PRACTICE

If you plan to write, play or teach in the contemporary idiom you **MUST** become familiar with the modal scales as they provide the basis for the more creative scale forms used in jazz and popular music in general. The piano is the best instrument to use as you can play both chords and scales. If you play a horn or other melody-only instrument it would be a good idea to have a friend play a chord on piano or guitar as you play the appropriate scale. Or you might want to tape record several chords and play against the tape. Just running the scale against the chord is the best place to start:

A musical staff showing a Gm7 chord with the G dorian scale played against it. The scale is labeled '(G dorian scale)'.

You can invent some exercises using the scales:

A musical staff showing a Gm7 chord with a scale exercise. The exercise consists of eighth notes with triplets, labeled '(G dorian)' and 'etc.'.

Then put the II, V and I chords (in one key) together and run the scales:

A musical staff showing a II-V-I progression (Gm7 - C7 - Fmaj7) with scales run against each chord. The scales are labeled 'Gm7', 'C7', and 'Fmaj7'.

# Overtones



I am performing this assignment with great humility, and with a great sense of responsibility to my fellow reed players, who will hopefully read these articles.

I hope to deal with the various problems we are confronted with, such as mouthpieces, reeds, instruments, etc. In future articles, I will interview some of the noted players here in U.S.A., and also, from time to time, have them write articles of their own. Also, I would appreciate any letters, letting me know of any problems or ideas for forthcoming articles.

As far as my own playing is concerned:

I use a Mark VI Selmer 200,000 series, gold plated tenor, a7 star Otto Link hard rubber mouthpiece with a 3½ Rico reed. My current flute is a gold Haynes, french model with a low B foot. I use a Haynes wood piccolo and a Muramatsu alto flute.

The reason I use an Otto link is that it is one of the few mouthpieces that has a sufficiently large bore to accept the air necessary to create a full bodied sound throughout the horn, especially in the bottom, and still can produce enough edge when needed. The reed, I feel, should be hard enough to allow darkness, but free enough to insure the flexibility needed to execute the sometimes awkward musical ideas I fall upon when improvising. The 3½ reed is about as close as I can come to a workable strength. I must, however, point out that I spend an incredible amount of time searching for usable reeds, not to mention the unbelievable expense. Since the quality of a reed can mean the success or failure of a performance, I personally feel that no expense or mental anguish is too large a price to pay for finding this elusive creature. A certain amount of compromise is always necessary however; but in the words of a New York philosophy professor, Paul Weiss, "you can't win, but you can try."

Equipment aside, the basis for good sound, I feel, is found in the amount and utilization of air. Many saxophonists, professional and amateurs alike, aren't prepared to pay the

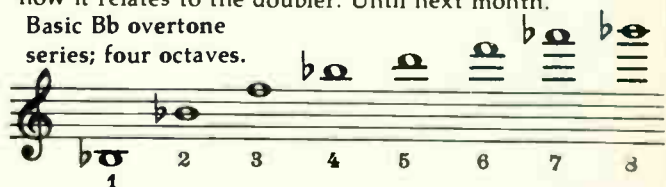
price for a good sound. If a good big sound is desired, there must be a tremendous effort made to increase the amount of air put through the saxophone. Even when playing softly, you should feel the reserve power behind the note. Good support through diagramatic breathing, is probably even more important than embouchure for creating a superior sound.

Another neglected aspect of saxophone playing is understanding and utilization of the overtone series. Reed players sometimes concentrate on moving fingers and pressing buttons, entirely overlooking the fundamental basis for the various notes on their instruments, the overtone series. Familiarity with this series, allows the player to hear and feel the note, and develop true embouchure placement. Each note takes on a reality of its own. A great deal can be accomplished by just spending time on the low B flat, and moving up & down the overtone series. (Refer to diagram). Allow the sax flexibility, don't be rigid, don't be afraid of motion in the jaw. Check placement by placing a partial of the overtone series, then check it with the correct fingering. This is the key to discovering meaningful embouchure placement. I don't use too tight an embouchure and try not to take too big a bite on the mouthpiece.

As you have probably figured out by now, saxophone playing is a very personal affair. The player must experiment and discover what works best for him. I have discussed just a few of the concepts that I feel are important in achieving my approach to tenor saxophone playing. I hope you readers will find what I have written useful.

My next article will be devoted to flute playing, and also how it relates to the doubler. Until next month.

Basic Bb overtone series; four octaves.



When you have the scales under control in ALL keys, try improvising something using the scale tones. Remember not to use avoid notes directly with a chord attack, on a strong beat, or as an accented or sustained note. Don't try to be flashy . . . just play something logical and effective:

11. (F major) (F dorian) (Bb mixolydian) (Eb major)

12. (G major) (G dorian) (C mixolydian)

You can string II-V-I's together as in this progression to "How High The Moon":

G: Imaj7	F: IIm7	V7	Imaj7
Gmaj7	Gm7	C7	Fmaj7
Eb: IIm7	V7	Imaj7	
Fm7	Bb7	Ebmaj7 (etc.)	

Here is a sample "improvisation"

PRACTICE!





Warren Nunes, (world renown as the author of the Warren Nunes Jazz Guitar Series, Hansen Publications, Inc.) is generally felt by those familiar with his musicianship to be one of today's foremost jazz guitarists. As a teacher and clinician his goal has been to provide his students with practical and comprehensive solutions to the problematic study of modern jazz improvisation. In his first column Warren demonstrates how recycling standard chord voicings allows the player to use his favorite chord forms according to their multiple callings.

# 4 String Chords

Figures 1, 2, and 3 demonstrate three primary callings for a standard 4-string chord form. The musical notation and scale degree numbers located directly below each chord diagram illustrate basically how the recycling process works.

**FIG. 1**  
Cma9 (NR)

**FIG. 2**  
Em7

**FIG. 3**  
Gb

Exercise I demonstrates how our basic 4-string chord form (indicated by \*) has been recycled through two basic I-VI-II-V turnarounds in the key of C.

**EXERCISE I in C**

**EXERCISE II in D**

Exercise II recycles our basic position through two II-V-I progressions in the key of D.

**EXERCISE III in G**

Exercise III demonstrates the recycling process through progressions in the key of G.

In each of the above three exercises (Ex. I, II, and III), the recycling process takes place within a given key center. The following three exercises (Ex. IV, V, and VI) demonstrate our basic 4-string chord form recycled through mixed key centers. All key centers used in each exercise are indicated beside each example at the left hand margin.

**EXERCISE IV - MIXED KEYS C, F, Bb, Eb**

**EXERCISE V - MIXED KEYS D, G, C, F**



# STUDIO

## EXERCISE VI - MIXED KEYS G, C, F, Bb

All six exercises contain chords which have been recycled. In order to better understand how the recycling process works, it is recommended that the reader follow carefully the manner in which our basic 4-string chord form (indicated by \*) is re-used within each exercise. Copyright © 1977 by Warren Nunes All Rights Reserved. For information concerning Warren Nunes jazz guitar seminars and private instruction, call or write: P.O. Box 466, Hayward, CA. 94543, (408) 246-9724.

NEXT LESSON: FINDING CORRECT TONAL CENTERS FOR SOLOING.

# AT LAST SOMEONE DID IT!

**G. I. F.** BY INTONATION SYSTEMS  
T.M.

## Guitar with Interchangeable Fingerboards

"... THE FINGERBOARDS SNAP ON AND OFF A GUITAR AS EASILY AS CASSETTES CAN BE CHANGED ON A TAPE RECORDER. 'INTERCHANGEABLE FINGERBOARDS' IS A SOLUTION TO THE MECHANICAL PROBLEMS POSED BY THE INTEREST IN NEW SCALES, AND IT CONNECTS WITH THE INSTRUMENT OF OUR TIME, THE GUITAR."

*Michael Lorimer*

MICHAEL LORIMER

### DOZENS OF FINGERBOARDS:

- Pure Intonation (for Unparalleled Purity of Tone)
- Cultural • Historic • Microtonal
- Custom Scales
- Fretted and Fretless Bass
- Available in Fine Classic, Electric, and Steel String Guitars

I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE G.I.F. I AM ENCLOSING \$1 FOR CATALOG PLUS RECORD.

MY NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

MY ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

SEND TO I.S., P.O. BOX 932, FAIRFIELD, IOWA 52556





**BARCUS-BERRY** has brought out a new 4-Channel Mixer designed for use with P.A. systems, acoustic transducers, electric keyboard instruments and high impedance microphones. The M-4 Mixer has a battery powered circuit (no power line required) and features 4 high impedance input channels, main and monitor outputs, wide range treble and bass controls plus master and monitor levels, LED battery monitor and overload indicators plus coupling jacks for multi-mixer operation. The unit goes for \$129.00 and is quite a nifty little item. Write Barcus-Berry, 15461 Springdale St., Huntington Beach, Cal. 92649.

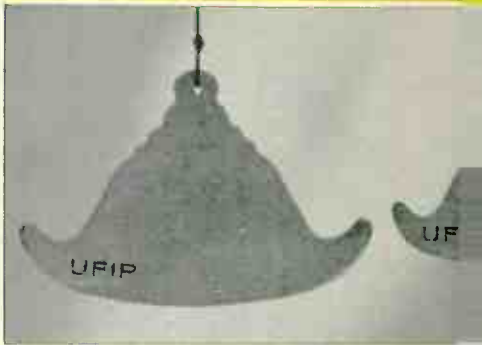
The **POLYTRON** from **CRUMAR** is a complete package of synthesizer electronics, including 2 ADSR circuits, LFO modulation, VCF and VCA, without its own keyboard. The point is that the Polytron converts keyboards to synthesizers. This signal-triggered unit modulates the signal output usually connected to the amplifier and adds

From out of the minds of Mad Scientists comes the **ELECTRO-HARMONIX** Talking Pedal Speech Synthesizer. From extensive research in the characteristics of speech, an advanced solid state circuit has been designed employing critically resonant filtering of the instruments input to create the vowel series "A-E-I-O-U" (and sometimes Y?) at specific positions on the pedal sweep. Consonant sounds can be obtained from percussive type input, such as hard plucking, etc. Thus, by selectively moving the pedal and varying picking styles, one can produce "foot speech." Whew . . . the future is here, eh what? Contact Electro-Harmonix, 27 W. 23rd St., N.Y.C. 10010, but if a foot answers, hang up.



**DOD** has brought out a six-band instrument equalizer, the **EQ-602**. Shown here in a remarkably gregarious pose, the 602 covers the frequency spectrum necessary for guitar, bass, piano, organ, synthi, mike, etc. to adjust them for room acoustics or accent a particular tone range. DOD is not the most famous of effects co's but musicians we know who use them have given them only the highest ratings. DOD, 495 E. 2700 South Salt Lake City, Utah 84115 and tell em who sent ya.

**BEST**



**NEW LITERATURE**

One of the more impressive sound catalogues that has whisked its way into our attentions is the **COMMUNITY LIGHT AND SOUND** Professional Products Catalogue. Sound Catalogues have a way of looking just like the last one that the postman dragged in, but this book is attractively bound, coherent, well-written and straightforward. Plus, it does some very interesting comparison tests with other products, comparisons in which Community occasionally fares less well than their competitors. Write to C.L.&S. at 5701 Grays Ave., Phila., Pa. 19143 for further info. The book goes for \$3.00 but seems well worth it.



Some companies bring out a new product every year or every six months or just slap tailfins and a new shine on an old product and call it **NEW! IMPROVED!!** etc. but **LATIN PERCUSSION** seems to come out with five new percussion instruments every month. Each is utterly original and

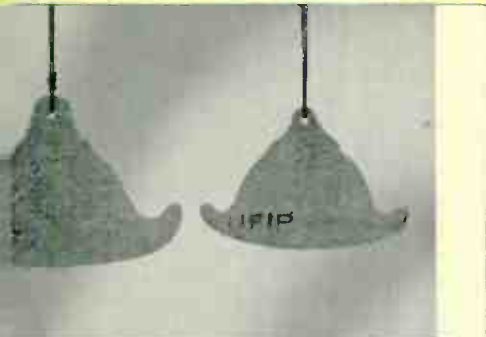
Not much comes free these days. Cataloges even cost money. Like the peep show: "You gotta pay to look . . ." However, **ZILDJIAN CO.** at P.O. Box 198, Accord, Mass. 02018 invites you to write for a Free



the synthesizer sound to the instrument. The Polytron also features a unique ADL with three phasing circuits for additional orchestral strengths, such as cello and violin simulation. Write MTI at 105 Fifth Ave., Garden City Park, N.Y. 11040 and they'll fill you in an CRUMAR, Giannini and North Drums.



# BUYS



represents the state of the art of percussion. Pictured here are LP's new **BURMA BELLS**, made of a special alloy bronze, they measure 9½", 7" and 5½" across and produce a totally unique sound. Write LP, 454 Commercial Ave., Palisades Park, N.J. 07650 and ask them for a catalogue.

catalogue of all their versatile cymbals. The new and the old, the making of a cymbal and all the information a drummer could ever want are contained, so drop them a line.

Intonation Systems has come up with a major breakthrough in guitar technology: a system of interchangeable fingerboards which allows the guitarist to play a huge range of previously impossible scales. For the first time guitarists can play music from East India, Arabia, ancient Greece, Indonesia, Medieval Europe and others. The ingenious system is based on a series of interchangeable fretboards using a simple system of pins and slots. Each fingerboard is fretted according to the scale desired and can be slipped on and off the guitar without removing the strings or changing the tuning. The entire range of the Takamine classical guitars will be available through Intonation adapted to the new fingerboard system. They will also adapt almost any other classical guitar to accommodate the fretboards as well as making custom fretboards in scales not usually offered. Some scales currently available are Indian (10 basic scales or "thats"), Arabian, Chinese, Indonesian, Pythagorean (ancient Greek), Mean tone, Equal Temperament, 18/17 (early lute and guitar system) and a lot of others. So precise quarter tones, semi-tones, 16 tone scales and the like are available to the guitarist without impossible tuning and fingering contortions. Write Intonation Systems, P.O. Box 932, Fairfield, Iowa 52556 for all the information on present and future developments.



## Intonation System

### Here's One We Know You Haven't Seen Dept.

Here are the **DIAMOND CUTTER** Wooden Headjoints for metal-bodied Flutes. The purpose is to allow the Flutist the versatility of a wooden sound and a metal sound on

one flute. They come in grenadilla, rosewood and maple and are made to fit each flute that orders. So tell your flute and have it write Musician, Dept. DC, P.O. Box 1882, Boulder, Colo. 80306. Prices vary with wood.



World Radio History

# brushes



In the last few years, the growing interest in brush technique has become quite apparent. In most forms of popular and creative music, the use of brushes has grown by leaps and bounds recently. I have exposed my students to brush techniques for years without dictating their use and application in any way. The following examples are the basic beats to be learned in the main stream jazz style. They may also be applied to any time signature. There is a place for brushes in every style, and it's up to you to find it.

Before you try the brush beats, let me make sure you understand my terminology.

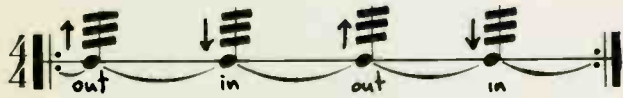
- 1 - Strokes:
  - a) Tips and Flicked.
  - b) Flat brush helped by thumb.
- 2 - Scrapes (Swishes):
  - a) Tips

- b) Flat (wider sound)
- c) Bent with pressure for louder scrape.
- 1 - STROKES:
  - a) TIPS AND FLICKED.
  - b) FLAT BRUSH HELPED BY THUMB.
- 2 - SCRAPES (SWISHES):
  - a) TIPS
  - b) FLAT (WIDER SOUND)
  - c) BENT WITH PRESSURE FOR LOUDER SCRAPE

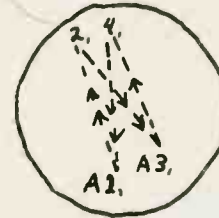
The above techniques will enable you to obtain just about any sound you've heard except metallic effects possible with the ringed end. Check your fulcrum for intensity and firmness because the use of bounce is limited with brushes. With obvious exceptions, anything one can do with sticks one can do with brushes. With proper miking even volume may be attained.

### Basic Jazz-Dance-Brush Beat

Left Hand  
(scrape)



Right Hand  
(stroke)



Feet

"4 Feel"

L.F. H.H.

R.F.

"2 Feel"

L.F. H.H.

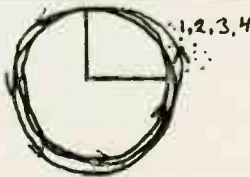
R.F.

For more intensity, the L.H. may be played as a full circle.



### Basic Jazz Ballad - Brushes

- L.H. A) 1 circle per beat (scrape).  
B) Very slow and double-time; two circles per beat.



- R.H. A) Tip with "flicking" motion in the upper right section of drum.

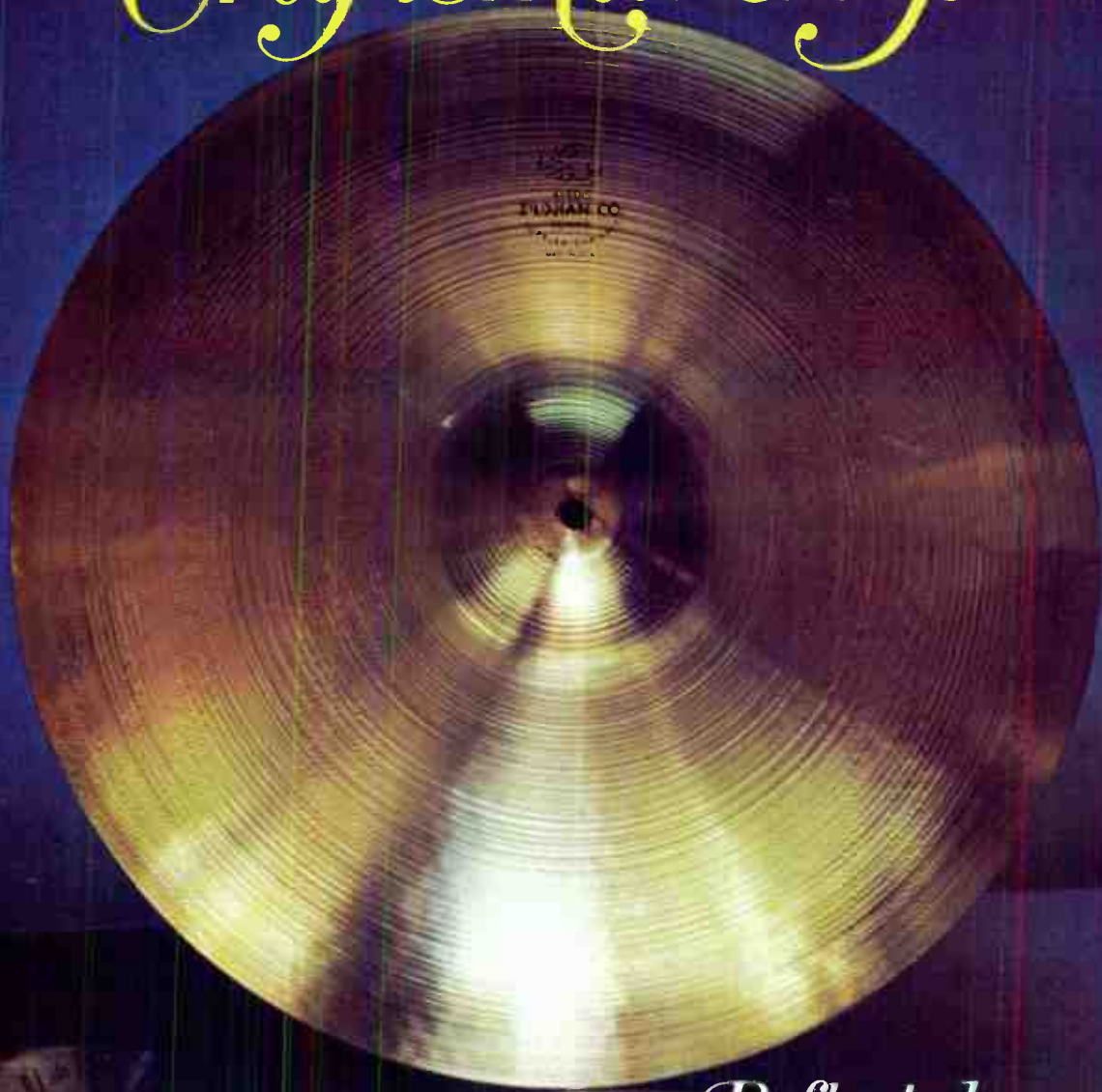
Feet: Same as before.

### Some Right Hand Possibilities:

Any Combination



# *Cymbal Craftsmanship*



*Reflected  
by  
Zildjian*

"The Finest in Cymbal Sounds Since 1623"





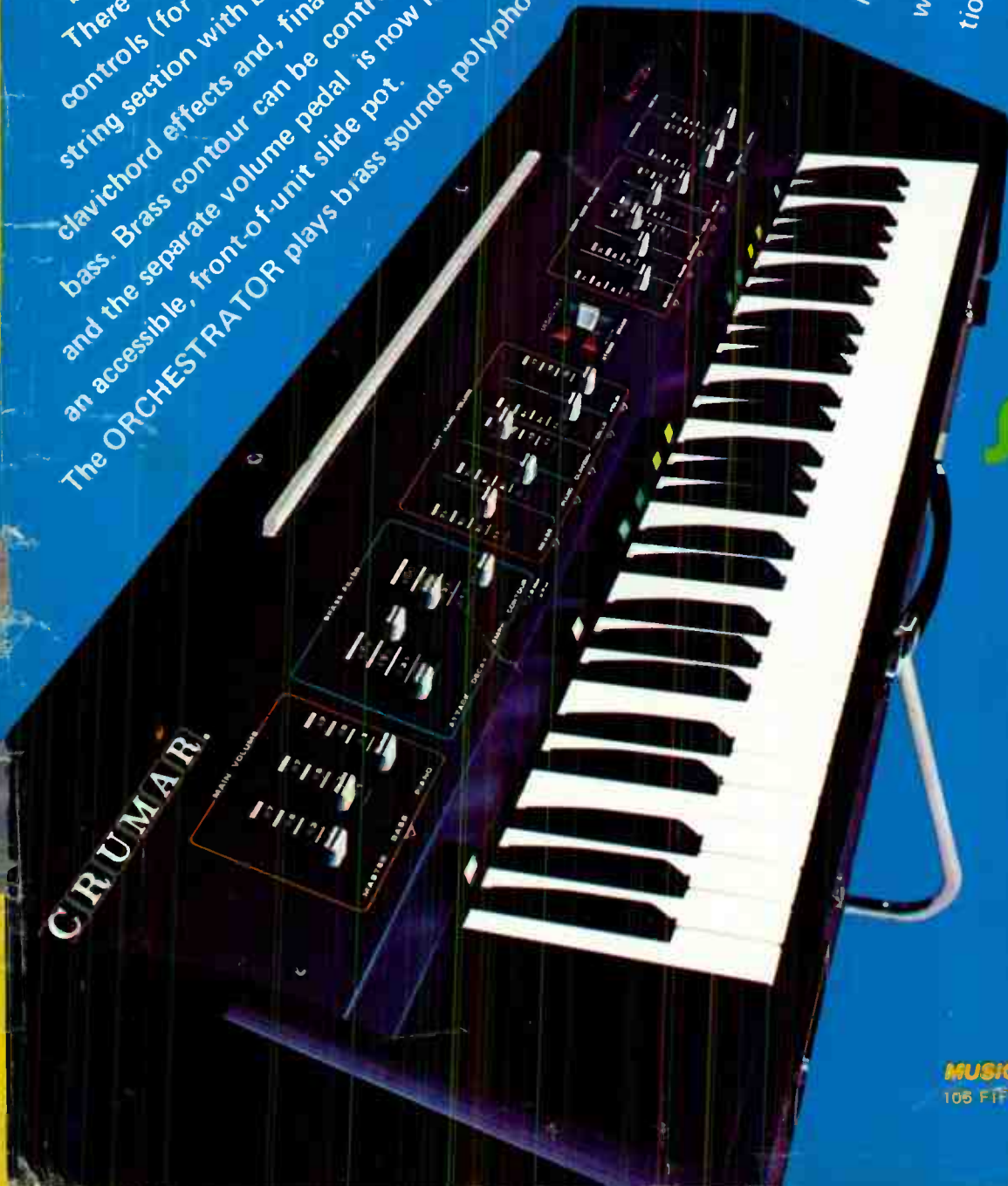


# ORCHESTRATOR

by **CRUMAR**

One master control panel on the new OR-15 ORCHESTRATOR by Crumar controls four separate voicings. There's a brass section with four different filter controls (for attack, decay, emphasis and contour); a string section with both violin and cello sounds; piano and clavichord effects and, finally two full octaves of rich-sounding bass. Brass contour can be controlled by a unique new foot pedal and the separate volume pedal is now light-controlled. The ORCHESTRATOR plays brass sounds polyphonically with an individual keying system for independent triggering. For still further flexibility, the OR-15 features new fingertip switches for instant changes in voicing as well as split-keyboard operation to separate voicings on either half of the keyboard. With a new string filter control, string sounds can be varied in brilliance for effects that go well beyond the preset modes. The output is split three ways, into main, piano and brass. All in all, the new Crumar ORCHESTRATOR is the most versatile and dynamic keyboard on the market.

With a new string filter control, string sounds can be varied in brilliance for effects that go well beyond the preset modes. The output is split three ways, into main, piano and brass. All in all, the new Crumar ORCHESTRATOR is the most versatile and dynamic keyboard on the market.

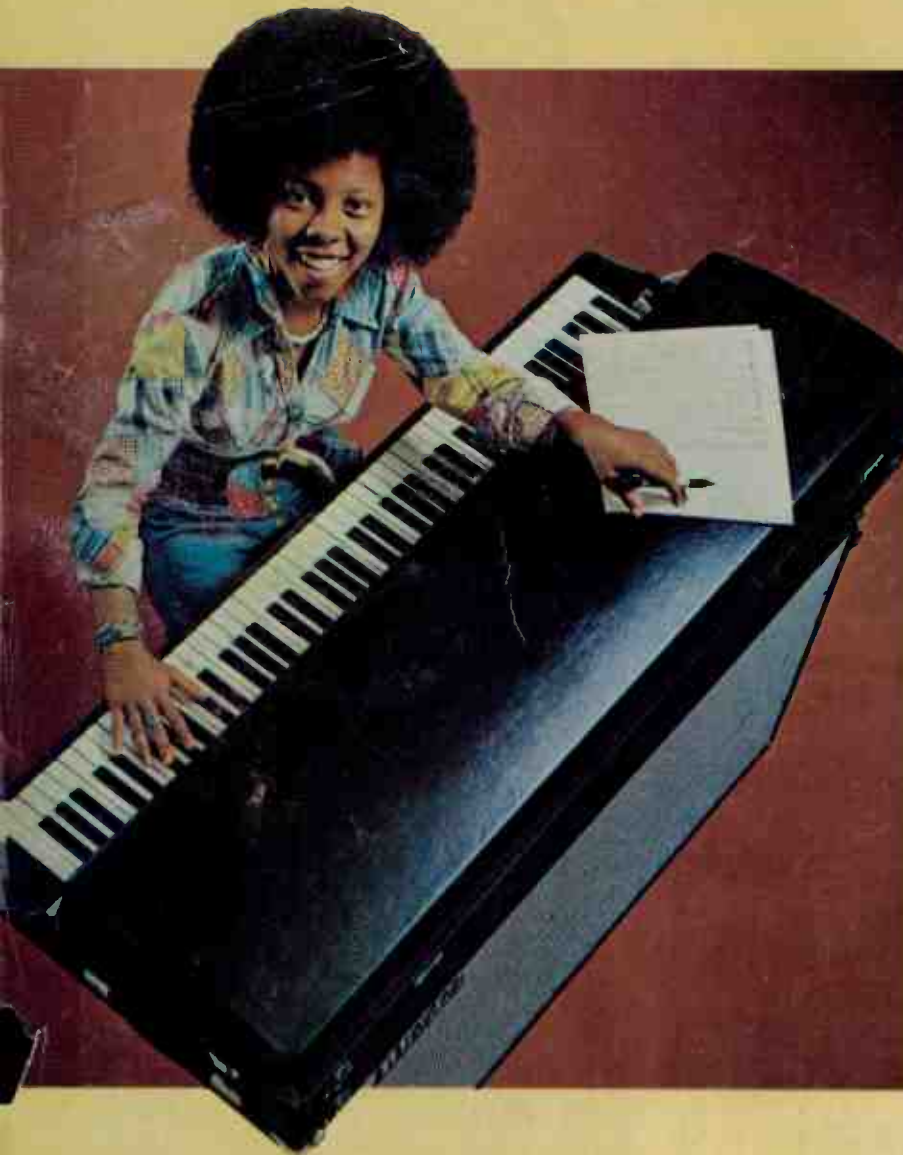


# STRINGS, BRASS, PIANOS, BASS



**MUSIC TECHNOLOGY, INCORPORATED**  
105 FIFTH AVE., GARDEN CITY PK., N.Y. 11040

# Patrice Rushen. If she did any more with a Rhodes, she'd be Wonder Woman.



Patrice, you've played with people like Jean-Luc Ponty, Stanley Turrentine, Lee Ritenour and Flora Purim for some time. You wrote, arranged, produced, played and sang on your new Prestige album, *Shout It Out*. And you're studying film scoring?

Yes, and I just finished arranging the strings and horn tracks for a real talented singer here in L.A. And oh yes, I play a little Fender<sup>®</sup> bass.

That's a lot for someone so young.

Well, I started early. My folks enrolled me in a pre-school music program at the University of Southern California called "Eurythmics." I started piano—classical—at five. But I didn't get into jazz until I joined the Jazz Ensemble at Locke Junior High. I sat on pillows to reach the keys.

When did you get your first Rhodes?

In high school, a Suitcase 73. Going from piano to Rhodes was easy because the feel is so similar. I still compose on my 73 and take my Suitcase 88 on the road. That's all my gear because Rhodes has a very special color and texture to its sound and blends so well whether I'm playing traditional jazz or jazz-funk like in *Shout It Out*.

Do you customize?

No, I get any effect I want with just the vibrato. Of course, the instrument is so adjustable you might say it can be customized for any player by the dealer when he sets it up. Both of mine were adjusted for the timbre and touch dynamics I like. They feel natural and comfortable. When I need a change, the switch from standard to stretch tuning is a snap. The sound is something else.

What does the future hold for Patrice Rushen?

A lot, I hope. After all, I'm only twenty-two!



Nothing sounds like a

## Rhodes<sup>®</sup>

CBS Musical Instruments, © 1977 CBS Inc.