

Wynton Marsalis but can play. The Messengers have reached institutional status, kind of like a small-group, post-bop update of the 50s Basie big band. It doesn't matter who's in the group, it cooks regardless, and Blakey's press rolls are as uplifting as the Basie reed sections riffs. This unit will keep me popping my fingers, thank you, until the next Marsalis comes along.

**Woody Shaw** — *Lotus Flower* (Enja/PolyGram). Shaw's quintet's latest lacks the sense of contrast guest stars Gary Bartz and Bobby Hutcherson gave its last two LPs. The pace here is too unrelentingly brisk, even on the nominal ballads. But the trumpeter has matured into a consistently stimulating soloist and his band, with or without guests, is one of the most distinctive hard-bop units now

active. An average effort for Shaw, but still rewarding.

It's hard to prove it by this month's meager crop, but jazz still gets issued on American labels too.

**Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson & Roomful Of Blues** (Muse). Some of Vinson's *entendres* are so double I had to listen twice to make sure I got them, but this is the meatiest album he's made in years, even better than the Pablos with Basie, at least in terms of his own singing and playing. I only wish someone would record Joe Turner with the crude but effective white R&B revivalists who back Vinson so enthusiastically here.

**Tom Guralnick** — *Albuquerque* (Cleo/via NMDS). Realizations from a solo saxophonist who experiments with magnetic tape, vacuum tubing, trombone

mouthpieces and mutes jammed in the bell of his horn. The usual assortment of ominous and/or zany things going bump in the night for the most part, but I'm impressed by "Blues Solo I," a swollen Ayler-like tenor line that fragments into multiphonics and explosive, anguished vocal effects.

**Jan Garbarek** — *Paths, Prints* (ECM).

**Eberhard Weber** — *Later That Evening* (ECM). **Katrina Krinsky & Trevor Watts** — *Stella Malu* (ECM/PSI). Garbarek is an expressive voice, a real original, perhaps even an innovator in his own way. But he doesn't speak to my condition, as the Quakers say. I'll concede, however, that here he's found an instrumental combination (Bill Frisell's guitar, Jon Christensen's drums and Eberhard Weber's powdery bass) that melts his ice-age tenor and soprano and gives his solos an affecting, tearlike shape and flow. Frisell, along with Lyle Mays and Paul McCandless, also turns up on the Weber date, which is at once ascetic and self-indulgent—the usual ECM conundrum. It's kind of pretty anyway, though I'm sure proponents of this kind of thing will claim a lot more for it than that. Representing the ECM ethic at its most appealing is the album of sober duets between Krinsky, a pristine classical pianist, and Watts, a British saxophonist with a heady lyricism and real momentum to his lines. M

**Mankey** from pg. 76

He went on to produce half a dozen albums for CBS and Arista, perhaps the best-known of which are the debuts of the Pop and 20/20. Arista was said to have had giddily high hopes for the former, but "Clive Davis' interest in mainstream hits led them to push the more ballady things, even though I thought their strength was as a grinding guitar band." Explaining their hiring a long-dormant former mentor of Three Dog Night for their second album, one of 20/20 was overheard to explain rather pointedly, "Earle Mankey's not a producer—he's an engineer."

"Well, there's no accounting for taste," our implacably good-natured hero manages to chuckle in response. "They seemed to make an obvious attempt to be modern on that second album, with songs like 'Nuclear Boy' and so on, but without being overtly electronic; I think the one I did sounds a lot more electric."

After this third album for the label—the debut of Elton Duck—was pronounced unreleasable by Arista, Mankey kept depression at bay by investigating the applications of his Apple computer in the studio he'd set up in the guesthouse behind his Thousand Oaks home with the 3M 16- and 2-track machines he bought from the Beach

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