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the contemporary
music magazine

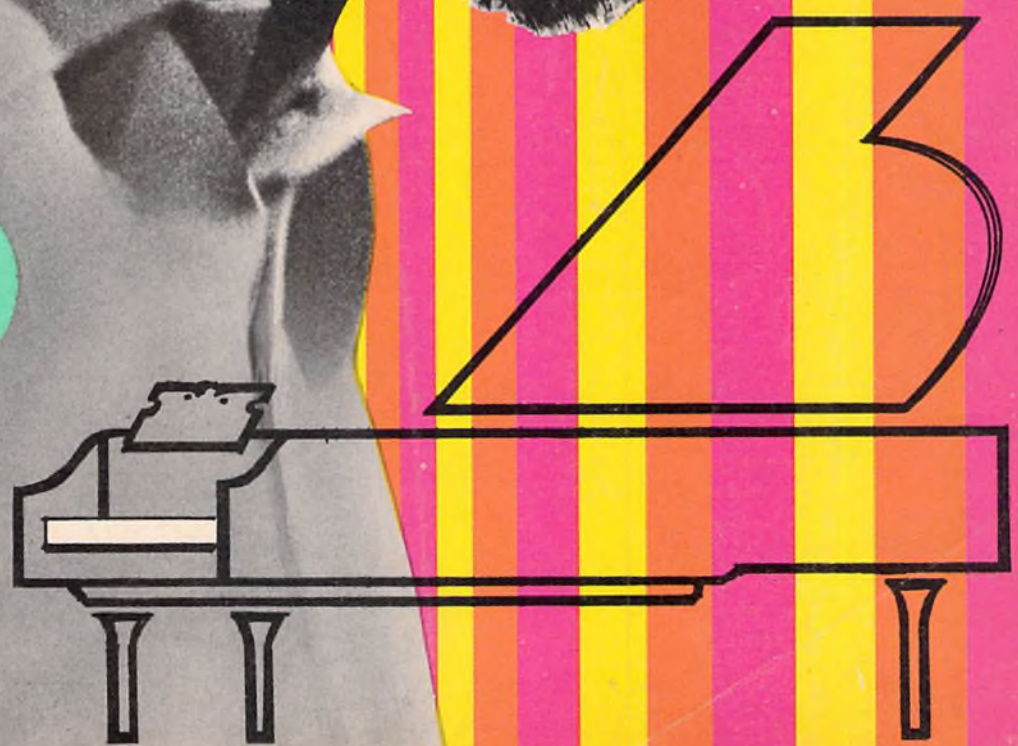
down beat

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A KAMAN COMPANY

down beat

September 11, 1975

Vol. 42, No. 15

(on sale August 14, 1975)

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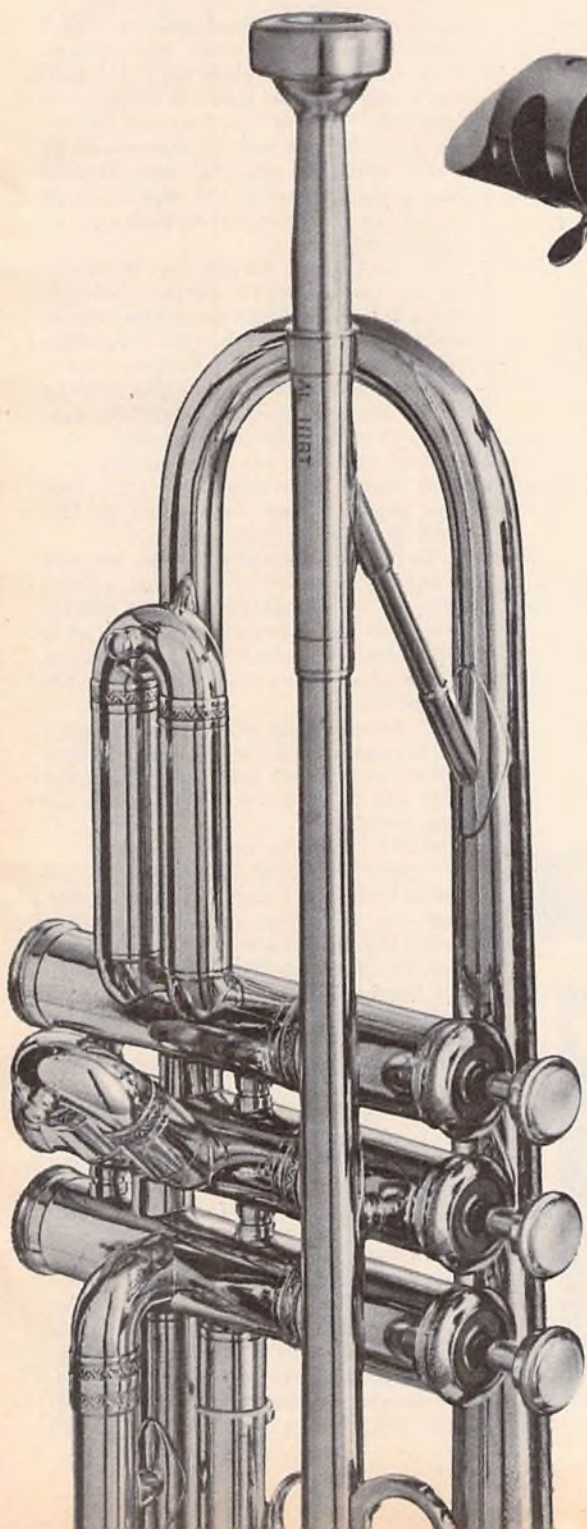


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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Summer is just about over. It's either back to school or working—or trying to work—at whatever keeps you going. But if you don't yet know what you're after, listen to those who do. Or think they do.

Mick Goodrick is simultaneously (and that's his dilemma) one of the few truly innovative guitar players around today and a dedicated, charismatic guitar teacher at Berkeley. As the demand for his professional services increase and the flood of talented students threaten to overwhelm, he seeks relief. He—and many players/teachers—seek a rationale of how to deal fairly with his obligations to students and to himself.

Goodrick, and his younger colleague, Pat Metheny, ask the universal question, "Can I afford to let music—or any other creative force—take over my whole life?" The question is rhetorical, the answer is known to all "successful" players. You become a full person only when you meet the demands of the music. Before you reach the deep, peaceful waters, you must endure the countless hours of playing-practicing-playing-studying-playing-listening-playing.

Donald Fagen is the principal spokesman for his partner Walter Becker about the Steely Dan band. Fagen's comments are refreshingly realistic, just this side of cynicism. "Music is an art which self-destructs; you follow the harmonic series into higher intervals and on into atonality, where it all falls apart. That's what happened after Coltrane. . . .

"Rock and roll is in the same boat to a lesser degree. Everything has already been done partly because there wasn't all that much to do in the first place.

"To become excessively popular, you have to cater to the whims of mass taste, which I don't feel we've done. Popularity is relevant to business but irrelevant to music, and we're only in business to the extent that we have to stay in business so we can afford to make music for fun."

Bill Basie's self-assessment is like his playing, economical and true: "I never set out to change anything or blaze any trails. Still don't. Just go out and do what I do. I'm just being myself."

McCoy Tyner also knows who he is.

"When I was about 15, [music] became central to my life. I wasn't interested in anything else. To become a musician, you have to live that life. You really have to live it. You just can't say, 'Okay, I'm a musician.' You begin to learn the instrument, and then the instrument becomes really an instrument, and then it becomes an extension of you. Then you say, 'Now I'm becoming—maybe—a musician.'

"I now feel very free. That's why the music's coming out. I know that only I stand in the way, nothing else."

Tyner, while talking about Coltrane, utters the constant condition of all good players and teachers: "He was looking for the stars you can't see."

Recommended: *Music Handbook '75* with its useful *Guide to Music Careers* and other worthwhile data (see page 47); the newly published *Jazz Styles & Analysis: Alto Saxophone* (see page 44); and the tear-out-and-mail Readers Poll ballot bound into the center of this issue.

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You Don't Need A Weatherman . . .

Guess what I saw on TV last night—Weather Report! Last week I saw Herbie Mann and, a few weeks before that, Herbie Hancock. Where's Donald Byrd, he'll be coming along. Let's hear it for Don Kirschner. It's the first time I ever saw this type of band on national TV. It's about time, America!
 Rob Taylor Portsmouth, Ohio

Toots For Maynard

Thanks for the dynamite article on Maynard Ferguson and the band (db, 6/5). Maynard never disappoints anyone. It's too bad about guys like Pete (Moss) Jackson. If he can't take the musicians' life, what's he doing living it? You would think his experience with Lin Biviano would teach him how lucky he is. What does Pete think, that we are a bunch of rock freaks listening to the most exciting big band jazz today? I must admit Bruce Johnston brought up a good point, that is that we MF freaks dig Maynard's flugelhorn too. As exciting as MF can be, he can play beautifully too.
 Drew Freeman Bristol, R.I.

Down With Putdown

I think it's about time that some of the so-called jazz musicians came off their trip. I'm talking about the cats who are putting people like Les McCann, Ramsey Lewis, the Crusaders, Chuck Mangione, etc. down, because they say that these musicians are not playing true jazz per se. These people

are playing exciting, moving, and beautiful music, expressing what they feel inside. Who cares if it doesn't fit into your definition of jazz?

Let's be thankful they're not boring us to death with those old worn-out progressions of an era gone by. Let us sit back and enjoy this fine music.

P.S.—Loved the article on Earth, Wind & Fire.
 Joseph Lucchesi Milwaukee, Wis.

Trouble In Paradise

On Monday night, April 14, I saw John McLaughlin at the Roxy Theatre in Allentown. A waste of four dollars! John, you have the worst band I have ever heard. Who are you trying to kid, playing all funk stuff similar to a high school rock band. . . . McLaughlin, you're sad, man, real sad.

It's obvious why your old band left you. Also it's obvious that you have burnt yourself out with that religion kick.
 Norman Stein Easton, Pa.

The Year Of Mercer?

Since 1962, there has been an interesting cycle every four years in which one big band surfaces and soars to incredible heights. Those bands were Woody Herman ('62), Buddy Rich ('66), Stan Kenton ('70), and Maynard Ferguson ('74).

In 1978, I'd place my money on Mercer Ellington. The seeds of transition are present today and I've got a feeling we are in for one hell of a surprise.
 Colin N. Brown Willowdale, Ont., Can.

Funk Phoofer

What's wrong with the funk? I am tired of hearing about these slick commercial bands getting all the mention in your magazine. It appears to me that the funky soul sounds are becoming more and more stagnant. They all sound alike, the same as the majority of bands in the popular music field.
 Orange, Tex.

Open Letter To R.T.

Dear Ralph Towner,
 This letter is in response to your db interview (6/19). I am a classical guitarist and got a real laugh from this ludicrous article about you and your music, especially when you spoke of your technique and "the special way of plucking *you* developed."

Over 50 years ago, a man named Segovia (ever hear of him?) developed the idea of allowing the string to roll off the fingertip before striking the nail to eliminate nail noise. Also, the "very complicated" classical technique that seems to involve you so, "volume, tone, and accent for individual notes and groups of notes within the total chord," is taught and explained in the first ten pages of any elementary classical guitar method book, or in your first ten lessons, whichever comes first.

As for my opinion of your playing, when I used to hear Paul Winter's group I always thought, "Man, if this group only had a decent guitar player. . . ." Your interview has firmly convinced me that you are just another guitarist who is "asleep at the wheel."
 Yale Fineman Philadelphia, Pa.

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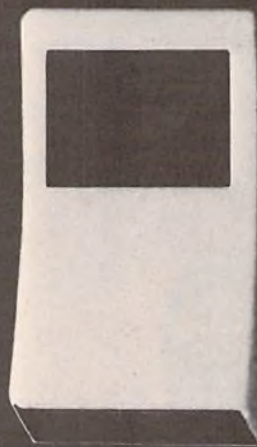
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SHOWBOATIN'—PART 3

The chronological totality of jazz experience amassed on this, the third of Holland America Cruises' Showboats, boggles the mind. Earl 'Fatha' Hines, Dave Brubeck with Paul Desmond and the Brubeck kids, Dizzy Gillespie, Carmen McRae, Wild Bill Davis and the World's Greatest Jazz Band each performed two sets spanning jazzdom's time warp.

Leonard Feather showed some movies and slides, including the 70th Birthday Party thrown for Duke Ellington at the Nixon White House. The showing was in honor of Mercer Ellington, who came aboard with another edition of a Duke Ellington Orchestra. To merely state that this band is younger would be a gross understatement.

Fatha made the unfortunate error of repeating, word-for-word, joke-for-joke, note-for-note and quote-for-musical quote, two shows. Marva Josie could sing a dirge at a cremation a hundred times and still turn an audience inside out. Rudy Rutherford, clarinetist, brought all his reeds and sat in every night of the week-long cruise turning a green-haired rock group, who knew their stuff, into musicians.



Carmen sat in with Diz, and vice-versa, including a set they performed for the crew only. Both sat on the stage apron and sang; yeah, Diz sang too! Brubeck did a set for the crew as well, and in son Darius' words, "I've never seen him so excited." He did an extended duet with Desmond on a ballad that had them both sweating.

The WGJB was as sterile as Wild Bill and Jimmy Tyler were down-home funk and blues. Carmen's and Diz' sidemen, Al Gafa, John Giannelli and Frank Collett, sat in at any lounge, at any hour, just "to keep our chops warm. How can you sit around with all of this music happening?" Frank asked.

And that's what Showboat 3 was all about, music through the night and into the dawn. There were more people on deck watching the sunrise each morning than there were at breakfast. Clarinet duels between Rutherford, db Critics Poll TDWR winner Perry Robinson, and Peanuts Hucko; percussion abstracts by Danny Brubeck and Hinesman Ed Graham; reed battles by passengers with clarinets and saxophones; a ten-year-old pianist who comped *C Jam Blues* alongside a 14-year-old drummer—these were some of the things that kept us awake.

Showboat 4 debarks in December with Sarah Vaughan, Ahmad Jamal, Woody Herman, Stan Getz, James Moody and Billy Daniels slated to be on board.

—a. j. smith

Teo stays busy

One would think that Teo Macero had his hands full what with exclusively producing all of Miles Davis' albums, most of the jazz reissues, and many of the other pop releases stemming from Columbia. But Teo recently put together an evening of original pieces with co-composer/saxophonist Lee Konitz at Cooper Union, and then went on to conduct his own ballet score at Julliard School of Music.

The Konitz concert combined live performances by both reedmen (Macero also played tenor and alto), a quartet made up of Dave Shapiro, bass, Jimmy Madison, drums, and Harold Danko, piano, plus a tape recorded string section. Also on the program were classical performers pianist Zita Carno and Max Pollikoff, whose violin presence is noted on many album liners.

This was one of a series of Cooper Union "Music In The Making" concerts originally presented by David Broekman and continued by Howard Shanet and Macero after Mr. Broekman's death. The performance was dedicated to him by Teo. The ballet, *Ride The Culture Loop*, was part of a tripartite offering at Julliard's Theatre. Teo composed the score, with choreography rendered by Anna Sokolow. The company was a large one (41 on the stage and 19 in the pit) with Macero's alto solos being featured.

Kenton Socks Nashville



Stan Kenton has joined hands with Buddy Rich in lambasting country music. According to a recent interview in *Billboard*, the Kenton declares c&w to be one of the most abysmal of musical forms.

"The so-called music that comes out of Nashville, the Grand Ole Opry and the attendant offshoots that are identified as 'real American music' are a national disgrace, possibly the lowest level of contemporary music. I am against almost everything that Nashville stands

for. . . Listen to the lyrics of the country tunes; they whine and cry, they play on sympathies, they wail of misfortunes of the downtrodden, misused, mistreated masses. This is ignorant, perverted music, full of self-righteousness and self-pity. It is tastes that this musical product should be so well received. . . ."

Details of the Rich/Kenton RAIN (Rid America of Idiotic Nashville) Crusade will be reported as they become revealed.

potpourri

A recent concert by Eric Clapton at Long Island's Nassau Coliseum was climaxed by one of the more spectacular multi-guitar jams of the century. *Stormy Monday* was given an eighteen-string salute by Clapton and fellow British adept Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, plus the other man in the white suit, Carlos Santana. Despite the super-summit overtones, some excellent music was actually played. The latest edition of Santana's band, incidentally, has added Ndugu on drums.

There was an industry rumor circulating at press time to the effect that Rahsaan Roland Kirk has signed a quarter-million dollar deal with Warner Brothers Records, who also recently pacted with Alice Coltrane. By the time you read this, rumor may be fact, but it seems there's a small matter of Kirk's contract with Atlantic, which has yet to run out . . .

Parent company ABC Records has tapped Esmond Edwards as the new V.P. and General Manager of the Impulse label.

The next in the series of Jimi Hendrix recordings to be released by producer Alan Douglas and Warner/Reprise Records will be called *Midnight Lightning*, due in October. It will feature "the kind of music Hendrix was playing toward the end of his life, music composed within a free structure that allowed him space for experimentation," according to Douglas and coproducer Tony Bongiovi. No

word was given on personnel, which may include John McLaughlin and Larry Young, if legalities can get straightened out.

The synthesizer's best friend, Todd Rundgren, is now underway with building plans for the first video studio specifically designed to produce music-oriented programming. Video records, as they seem to be in the rest of the industry, are the ultimate goal, Todd indicates.

Chico Hamilton has signed with Blue Note Records and has gone into the studio for a new LP. Hamilton just finished scoring a new, feature-length cartoon for animator Ralph Bakshi, who gave us *Fritz The Cat* and *Heavy Traffic*.

Just as we're beginning another school year (some of you, at any rate) it might interest you to know that vocalist Mabel Mercer and pianist Mary Lou Williams were the recipients of honorary degrees last May. Ms. Mercer was honored by the Berklee School of Music (the first woman ever to be), and Ms. Williams by the Manhattan School of Music.

Poll goof: Drummer Alphonse Mouzon was inadvertently misplaced in last issue's Critics Poll. Al received 14 votes, which should have placed him in sixth place, ahead of Roy Haynes in the listing of top winners.

db

downbeat NEWS

WRVR SOLD

After much rumor and discussion in the New York jazz community, radio station WRVR-FM has been sold to the Sonderling Corporation. The price mentioned was \$2.3 million.

Sonderling vice president and secretary, Roy Sonderling, stated that the call letters would remain the same and that 'RVR "will retain a large portion of the jazz, as well as airing black programming." That "large" portion was rumored to be about 48 hours per week. The station, now dubbed "Jazzradio," is currently sending out 22¼ hours per day, including live remotes from night clubs.

Sonderling currently owns WWRL, an AM, black-oriented station, but no simulcasts are scheduled. The contract needs Federal Communication Commission approval and the FCC will listen first to the WRVR Listeners Guild, representing musicians, artists and several black community organizations. Plans are underway for other groups opposed to the sale to join forces with them.

Riverside Church, owner of 'RVR, has been seeking a buyer for the financially plagued station. Station manager Bob Orenbach expects to remain with the new owners. It was under Orenbach that some of the larger advertising accounts were brought in, but apparently not enough.

Prior to the purchase, Sonderling owns six AM and four FM stations in the U.S. as well as a TV outlet in Albany, New York. Sonderling indicated that the reason for purchase is the station's strength on the FM band.

It may take as much as ten months for FCC approval of the sale, and the Listeners Guild intends to prolong that. They feel that black groups were not given equal opportunity to bid for the station. While two other New York black stations, WBLS-FM and WLIB-AM are both black owned and operated, Sonderling and 'RVR are not.

For those who care, write to db's New York Correspondent at 2714 Sylvia Drive, North Bellmore, N.Y. 11710 to find out what you can do.

Benny Returns



LARS SWANBERG

The whatever-happened-to syndrome has been much in vogue lately, what with nostalgia freaks popping up with books and articles on everything from how to make a proper egg cream to another Bogie bestseller. In jazz, there need not be a vogue, for most of the great ones are easily traceable to the studios, Europe, the Orient, Hollywood, or any bandstand nearby. Sometimes it smarts a bit when jazz "loses" a talent the size of Benny Golson to Hollywood. That came in 1967 after the Jazz Messengers (*Blues March, Along Came Betty and Are You Real*, all from the same album that gave us Bobby Timmons and *Moanin'*) and The Jazztet with Curtis Fuller and Art Farmer up front.

Golson's work for Dizzy Gillespie and Tadd Dameron is legendary and he recently brought them all back to New York (Town Hall) in a program of his own music with the Collective Black Artists. Benny came out in straight pin stripes and was greeted by the disappointingly small audience as though in his own living room; he had never been away. Proof of that was evidenced by the way he handled the classics, *Whisper Not, I Remember Clifford, Stablemates*, and the finale, *Killer Joe*.

The concert got under way at midnight amid much pomp to the trade (a party earlier in the week, and much press release material) but little in the way of public notification. Benny picked the tunes (all originals) and did most of the arranging. Musical director Jimmy Owens did *I Remember Clifford* and *Just By Myself*, while Dick Griffin handled the chores on *Blues March*.

Conspicuous by their absence were those TV and movie scores alluded to above. This was a no-salt-in-the-wound reunion between the Apple and a former habitue.

—a. j. smith

10 □ down beat

FINAL BAR

Timothy Charles Buckley III died in Santa Monica, California, Sunday, June 29, 1975. The singer/song-writer/guitarist/screen-writer/poet was 28 years old.

Born on Valentine's Day, 1947, in Washington, D.C., he was raised in Orange County (Bell Gardens, Cal.), becoming life-long friends with poet Larry Beckett, folk singer Jackson Browne, bass player Jim Fielder, and screenwriter/novelist Dan Gordon.

In 1965 Tim recorded the first of his nine albums and began a ten-year singing career, which reached its popular pinnacle from 1967 to 1970, following his hit record *Goodbye And Hello*.

While Buckley was commercially classified almost exclusively as a "folk" or "folk-rock" singer, he was in fact one of the most astonishingly capable and imaginative improvisational vocalists on the entire contemporary music scene.

Constantly in musical transition, he delved into composed songs (*Tim Buckley, Goodbye And Hello, Blue Afternoon*), jazz colorings (*Happy/Sad, Lorca*), and odd time signatures and free vocal/instrumental improvisations (*Lorca, Starsailor*).

In his last albums, Buckley focused on funky rock, deriving much of his material from Soul and Latin influences. *Greetings From L.A., Sefronia*, and his final LP, *Look At The Fool*, are uneven in impact but contain such impassioned works as *Sweet Surrender* (from L.A.); *Because Of You* (on *Sefronia*); and *Look At The Fool and Who Could Deny You* (from *Fool*).

At the time of his death he was performing, composing new songs, writing a comic screenplay, and being considered as the number one choice for the leading role in a new film on Woody Guthrie.

His mood was vibrantly positive, but while partying in L.A. after a Texas performance, he drank too much and then casually ingested what proved to be concentrated morphine. His clean system could not take the accidental overdose, and he died in his home shortly thereafter. He was not, nor has he ever been, addicted to or in any way dependent upon either alcohol or drugs.

He is survived by his wife Judy, his son Taylor, his mother Elaine, and his sister Katey. A benefit for the family was being organized at presstime.

—lee underwood

Frank Holzfeind, manager and later owner of the Blue Note, Chicago's famous jazz club from 1947 to 1960, and personal friend of hundreds of jazzmen, died in Chicago on June 26 at age 75.

Frank studied violin in his youth, but never played a professional note of music. He was unique among club owners in being devoted to jazz and its performers, unlike most proprietors who operate with income in mind, rather than the product. He probably was one of the most popular employers among musicians.

A Wisconsin farm boy from the Black River Falls area, Frank moved to Milwaukee as a teen-ager, and came to Chicago in 1920, going to work in the offices of the Chicago & North Western Railroad. He organized and managed bowling leagues for the rail line, and eventually was hired by Harold Wessel in January, 1945, to manage his Lawrence Bowl on Chicago's northside.

After the alleys burned down, Wessel and Holzfeind bought and operated a basement lounge in the Loop called Lipp's Lower Level. By the autumn of 1947 the place had come on hard times and Frank, after listening to Dave Garraway's old radio jazz show, the *1160 Club* on WMAQ, consulted with Dave about the feasibility of a jazz club.

The Blue Note, in the cellar at 56 W. Madison Street, opened on Nov. 25, 1947, with Muggsy Spanier's and Herbie Fields' bands sharing the stand. From then on, all the stars appeared there—Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, Stan Kenton, George Shearing, Buddy Rich, Sarah Vaughan, Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Anita O'Day, Nat Cole, Dave Brubeck, Ahmad Jamal, and so on.

The Blue Note was high-rented out of its Madison Street cellar and reopened in a second-floor location around the corner at 3 North Clark Street in February, 1954. It was a spacious room, seating around 600, and it became perhaps the most famous jazz hall in the nation.

But after a few years, the downtown area started to fade, costs mounted higher and higher, and on the night of June 13, 1960, while Al Hirt was playing an engagement, Frank closed the doors permanently.

He is survived by his wife, Catherine, and by two daughters and one son who used to hang out at the Blue Note when they were tiny toddlers and still share their late father's love for jazz. —will leonard

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McCOY TYNER

SAVANT OF THE ASTRAL LATITUDES

by Lee Underwood



HENRY J. KAHANEK

McCoy Tyner is no longer regarded merely as "John Coltrane's piano player." Since leaving Coltrane's quintet, in which he played for nearly six years (1960—Dec. 1965), Tyner has become recognized in his own right as one of the most powerfully communicative improvisational pianists in the world.

Critics dig deep in an attempt to linguistically match the thunder of Tyner's music: crashing dissonances, shattering polyphony, volcanic eruptions, messianic drive, propulsive rhythms, rumbling pedal points, resonating bass tones, chromatic storms, murky sonorities—massive black chords, dark, thick clusters, a jungle of tones clawed out of the keyboard—meteoric, cataclysmic, churning, demonically intense—pummel, wrench, launch, whiplash, onslaught, attack . . .

All of this about a 36-year-old musical genius, who as a boy of 13 thought "piano playing was for girls."

Mr. Havershaw, a piano teacher, lived up the street from the Tyners in Philadelphia, where McCoy was born December 11, 1938. It was his mother who suggested lessons. McCoy tried it and liked it. Soon, his interest became a passion.

"It was a tremendous outlet," he recalls. "When I was about 15, it became central to my life. I wasn't interested in anything else. I would study a month's school work in three or four nights, and still pass. I took lessons from Mr. Havershaw, and practiced at a lady's house across the street every day until her husband came home from work.

"After I got my own piano, we used to call jam sessions in my mother's beautician shop at home. Musicians came from all over the city and set up around the hair dryers. Lee Morgan, Bobby Timmons, and Reggie Workman used to come, as did many older musi-

cians. John Glen—no relation to the astronaut—used to play chordal things on the saxes before Coltrane did. Jimmy Carsons, a trumpet player, and Frisbee, a tenor player, used to get the changes for all the standards from Sonny Stitt and Sonny Rollins. Henry Grimes, the bassist, came in from South Philadelphia. It wasn't long before I began to get a musical perspective of the whole city.

"Bud Powell lived around the corner in the Trinity Apartments, and he used to come and practice and play on my piano. We would follow him around and get him to play. He was, of course, one of my inspirations. They used to call me Bud Monk when I was young."

McCoy enrolled at the West Philadelphia Music School, and later attended the Ganoff Music School. At 17, when he was gigging with Calvin Massey's band at the Red Rooster, McCoy met John Coltrane for the first time. "He was down-to-earth, but at the same time definitely on a different plane as far as his mission was concerned."

In 1959, McCoy played with saxophonist Benny Golson, later joining the Jazztet with Golson, Art Farmer, and Curtis Fuller. He played with them for six months, and then, in 1960, joined John Coltrane. "Being with John was a very helpful period for me," explains McCoy. He was a musical master. He showed me how form can be flexible, how you can mold music. His music allowed us to use our own creativity and our own ideas as far as that molding was concerned.

"When the group first started, we would play set forms, developing only certain things. But after awhile, the music became very flexible. We would shape it as we went. It wasn't a preconceived thing at all, just a concept we developed as we went along. You can't play like that with everybody.

"We came a long way together and we understood each other, just as in any other type of relationship. Whatever we did, everybody was there responding to it. We didn't have to second-guess about anything, and we could depend on each other. It's hard to find sidemen who really understand that kind of relationship in music without explaining it. That's the thing. There's a maturity involved."

You were considerably younger than John. Did you ever have identity problems? Were you ever afraid of losing yourself in John's personality?

"That could have happened very easily, but John never told us what to do. He never dictated to us or told us what to play. We were compatible. That's the only answer I can come up with. We became part of a unit, let's say a train, and John was the conductor. We were allowed to experiment with our own styles, do our own thing. We were four or five components, individually designed, but still working together as a total whole, bigger than any single one of us. We all created this thing together, but we needed somebody to guide it."

Technically, how did you get to the place where you can play almost anything you can hear?

"There's nothing like working. I practiced a lot when I was very young, and I developed a little technique, but, you see, it's not the technique. It's being able to interpret what you feel at any given moment, being able to let that happen. I learned that from John. It's just like driving a car. A guy goes to school to drive a car, and they show you a lot of techniques, and you can technically drive it, but, man, when you get out there, and you're confronted with the traffic, then you really learn how to drive. You have to learn.

"It's the same thing with music. I always practiced a lot, I had technique, but what happened was that I had to learn how to interpret my feelings. Then I could make use of that technique. I had to get into the traffic.

"John understood that. That's why everything he played made sense. It had meaning, because he learned how to express himself and utilize his technique. I had to grow and learn how to express myself. From working all these years, I have had a chance to develop my technique a little more from being on the front line.

"With John, you know, I had to do something. I just couldn't sit there. It really challenged me. I had to learn to utilize what I had. Until you learn to utilize what you have, you can't grow much further. Then you have a foundation to build on towards the next stage. For some reason, the more you learn about what you're doing, the more you can naturally evolve to the next stage. Like with plants—you give them the right nourishment, and they'll grow."

The other night there were such overwhelming cross-currents of your rhythms and the drummer's rhythms that I thought, "My God, how can they feel the change coming on?" And yet everybody would arrive at the changes at the same time, whirling right on into the new dimension together.

"Music is like a person that has a pulse. Even though the body is moving in different rhythms, our legs and arms moving in different ways, we nevertheless have the fundamental pulse of the heartbeat. It gives us life. It's the same thing with music.

"There's a pulse with music. You start the tune off. You know what time you start it off at, what your tempo is, the feeling the music gives you, and a certain rhythm the tune has. But you can do so many things on top of that, so many different currents and movements, just like our bodies. I think once you can understand what that is, you have the freedom to make it like elastic."

Is that a conscious direction on your part?

"Yes. It began with John, but since then I've grown and gotten more flexible in the use of the instrument. After all these years, the piano and I have finally become friends.

"To become a musician, you have to live that life. You really have to live it. You can't just say, 'Okay, I'm a musician.' You begin to learn the instrument, and then the instrument becomes really an instrument, and then it becomes an extension of you. Then you say, 'Now I'm becoming—maybe—a musician.' The piano and I have known each other, but we were kids then. Only after years of going through trials and overcoming certain resistances together can you really become friends. Only after trials. I now feel very free. That's why the music's coming out. I know that only I stand in the way, nothing else.

"It varies from one night to another, but sometimes it's easy to get in tune with yourself. Then there aren't any divisions. You are free. When you reach that point, you can release yourself, eliminate yourself. That's when the music really takes on its own life."

When McCoy speaks of trials and tribulations, he withdraws slightly and folds his arms, for it has been only in the last three or four years that he has become recognized by

the critics and the public alike as a creative titan.

John Coltrane, in the interim between Miles Davis gigs, was at one point about to take a job as a construction worker. McCoy was faced with a similar dilemma when he left Coltrane in '65. "I went through a very difficult period in which I had to decide whether I was going to do what I'm doing now, or whether I was going to do something else. It was a rough time, about five years."

You weren't playing?

"I did some duo things in New York at a place called Pee Wee's, and a few college gigs. I did some sideman recording dates, and I worked for awhile with Ike and Tina Turner and with Jimmy Witherspoon. I won't say it was bad music. I didn't feel bad about it. I learned a lot. I just felt another setting would have been more conducive to my style. I just wasn't working that much, and my Blue Note records weren't being released, not like they should have been. They just didn't care too much. Now they're sparsely putting out some of that material, like *Asante* (recorded 1970), but I don't even want to hear it. It's old."

What did you do during that period of time to make it through?

"I've been a Moslem since I was about 18, but even if you accept the religion, it's like anything else—like music, it takes awhile. During those five years, I saw I had to rely on

"I feel that everything that happens to me in my life is for a reason. What I'm saying is that when you really look at the situation, it's a total world situation. I see links between all musics. At the core of the music there are links."

my faith a good deal. My faith in the Creator increased tremendously. I had to learn about my essence as a person, and just what the connection is between me and the Creator. That period was difficult, but it helped me."

What is that connection?

"Many people have a tendency to look at life negatively instead of positively, but I think the negative is there only to accentuate the positive, like a test. All of us have endured tribulations, but to let that embitter us doesn't make any sense. Negative things seem to work on the person who has the negative feelings, more than on the persons or conditions you feel negative about. *You* become the victim. When things were rough for me, I didn't want to victimize myself twice by thinking negatively.

"If I get a couple of trees, and if I don't prune those trees, one tree will grow over the other and stunt the growth of the other. So I have to clear it out. I have to allow it to grow and breathe. That tree has to breathe. We're the same way, man. No one is innocent of not having a few weaknesses, like negative thinking. If we can clear those weaknesses away, we can allow our strength to grow.

"You can get up in the morning and feel bad, that happens. But try to think of something positive, and that will kind of brighten

up the day a little bit. They say faith can move mountains. Well, I believe it. I believe in miracles, because I had a big mountain there after leaving John."

How did you survive?

"Well, I was trying to keep the greens on the table for my wife and family. I was frustrated and upset about my condition, so it was a very difficult adjustment. But certain miracles happened during that period that sustained me. Sometimes I would get overpayments on royalty checks in the mail. I'd try to pay part of the check back, and the guy would tell me to forget it. And the overpayment would be just enough to pay my bills. Pennies from heaven! That happened a couple of times. Miracles, man.

"I had a little apple tree in the back yard, and even in the city it grew apples. I would take my apples and put them in the juicer and make apple juice. And I'd eat canned fish. I made it like that. Sometimes I'd get a sack of potatoes."

What kept you going so you didn't just buckle and get a job?

"I was getting ready to do that. I'll never forget how this guy used to take me to the airport when I'd get a college date once in awhile. I mentioned to him, 'Hey, man, if ever you need a driver, just let me know, and I'll gladly drive a cab.' The guy looked at me like I was crazy. I guess he figured—I took you to the airport, and you go to these gigs, and now you come lookin' for a job? You? A cab driver?"

"When they had a subway strike, a lot of people got stranded. So I started privately giving people lifts for a couple of bucks sometimes. It wasn't on a regular basis, or anything. But sometimes I'd see people stuck in the snow or on the street, and I'd need gas money, so I'd give 'em a lift.

"I'm pretty flexible when it comes to making adjustments, although I don't think I'd like to adjust back to that! I have a strong will in terms of what I have to do."

Why do you think the period after John happened?

"It's hard to say. I often asked myself the same thing. There was a lot of emphasis on rock, and a lot of commercialism . . . There was a five-year period there where people sort of turned off to music. Radio stations moved in that direction. I think that had a lot to do with it. They weren't playing . . . music.

"People don't get to hear enough good jazz, good blues, good ethnic music, or good foreign music on the air. They're saturated with manufactured music, not real music. I hate to think that industrialization has taken over music, but I think it's kind of like that. If you get used to eating hamburgers and pizzas, you forget what good food is. I don't object to people listening to whatever they want to, but they could probably develop a taste for music if they had a chance to hear it in proportion to the other stuff.

"I think the radio industry could be a tremendous help, and it would be economically feasible for them, if they could take a longer range point of view. Instead of saying, 'What's going to sell this week,' they might say, 'Okay, let's think in terms of two years, three years, and build up an audience, and get this thing really rolling!'"

Do people need a certain amount of escapist music?

"There's room for everybody. But at the same time, the purpose of music is not just es-

cape. We also need some form of enlightenment, and I think music serves that purpose. If you eat good food, you feel full and nourished, not just stuffed. I think music is the same thing. My sense of newness, of revitalization, makes me feel better when I play or listen to good music. I feel like I have fulfilled my function."

Over the years, McCoy recorded numerous albums for Impulse, including *Live At Newport* and *Plays Ellington*. He then moved to Blue Note, where he recorded *Time* and *Expansions* among others. Since signing with Milestone in 1972, his career has begun to skyrocket.

Sahara, his first Milestone LP, won the 1973 **down beat** Critic's Poll Award as Record of the Year. It was also nominated for two Grammys: Best Jazz Performance by a Soloist, and Best Jazz Performance by a Group.

At the 1973 Montreux Festival, McCoy recorded a live double album, *Enlightenment*, which won the Montreux Jury's "Diamond Prize" as the year's best recording.

In the 1974 **down beat** International Critics Poll, McCoy tied with Keith Jarrett as top pianist, won first place as combo leader, and as composer, copped the Talent Deserving Wider Recognition category. In the Reader's Poll of that same year, he placed first in the Piano category. Just recently, McCoy's combo again was voted into first place in the 1975 **db** Critics Poll.

This year, *Sama Layuca* (recorded 1974) was nominated for a Grammy as Best Jazz Performance by a Group, and McCoy's performance of Coltrane's *Naima* (from McCoy's solo album *Echoes Of A Friend*, recorded in Japan in 1972, recently released here) was nominated for a Grammy in the Best Jazz Soloist category. (The friend was Coltrane: *Naima* is Coltrane's first wife's name.)

McCoy's latest Milestone LP, a double album entitled *Atlantis*, presently approaches the top of the jazz charts and is "bubbling under" the Top 100 on the *Billboard* pop charts.

McCoy said of John Coltrane what he might very well say of himself: "John felt that music was like the universe . . . It's like you look up and see the stars, but beyond them are many other stars. He was looking for the stars you can't see." McCoy also "looks for the stars you can't see," refusing to compromise his music in any way whatsoever.

"He just won't do like Herbie Hancock or those other people," said Bob Mercer, Promotion Director for Fantasy-Milestone Records. "He likes acoustic piano, not electric piano, and he won't play so-called commercial music."

"Nor will he edit his records to get radio play. There have been times when if he would only cut down a piece to four or five minutes he could have gotten more airplay and sold more records. But he won't edit them. He is truly an artist. His music is his life. He couldn't care less about editing his performances just to sell more albums."

The same integrity that forced McCoy and his family to worry about "greens on the table," now reaps awards, recognition, a wider degree of popularity, and enough work to enable him to occasionally take his wife and three boys on the road with him. "My wife is a jewel to me. During that bad period, she

gave me a great deal of spiritual help and support. She was 15 and I was 17 when we got together. Her Moslem name is Aisha, which means 'truthful, the truth.'

"My oldest boy, Ibrahim ('the beloved'), is 13 and plays the alto saxophone. Ishmail ('one who bears') is nine and plays clarinet and drums. My youngest son, Nurdeen ('light of religion') is five and plays the piano."

"My spiritual name is Sulaimon ('protected by God') Saud ('ascending'). The names are nothing to hide behind. They are simply ideals to try to live up to."

SELECTED TYNER DISCOGRAPHY

Featured

ATLANTIS—Milestone M55002
SAMA LAYUCA—Milestone M9056
ECHOES OF A FRIEND—M9055
ENLIGHTENMENT—Milestone M55001
SONG OF THE NEW WORLD—Milestone M9049
SONG FOR MY LADY—Milestone M9044
SAHARA—Milestone M9039
ASANTE—Blue Note LA223-G
TIME—Blue Note 84307
EXTENSIONS—Blue Note LA006-F
THE REAL MCCOY—Blue Note 84264
EXPANSIONS—Blue Note 84338
TENDER MOMENTS—Blue Note 84275
NIGHTS OF BALLADS AND BLUES—Impulse S-39
"LIVE" AT NEWPORT—Impulse S-48
PLAYS ELLINGTON—Impulse S-79
REEVALUATION: THE IMPULSE YEARS—Impulse 2-9239 (an anthology of some of McCoy's work for the label).

with John Coltrane

BALLADS—Impulse S-32
KULU SE MAMA—Impulse S-9106
"LIVE" AT BIRDLAND—Impulse S-50
"LIVE" AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Impulse S-10
A LOVE SUPREME—Impulse S-77
MEDITATIONS—Impulse S-9110
MY FAVORITE THINGS—Atlantic S-1361
OLE COLTRANE—Atlantic S-1373
COLTRANE JAZZ—Atlantic S-1354

I understand you meditate every day.

"I meditate when I can. It sometimes helps me free myself from thinking about the physical, material things. I begin to ponder about things, and it relaxes my mind."

McCoy's present quintet includes saxman Azar Lawrence, 22, who left Elvin Jones' quartet in April of 1973 to join McCoy in May of that same year. Although he is repeatedly compared to John Coltrane, the young tenor/soprano saxophonist continues developing and honing his own distinctive style. With one solo disc of his own he is rapidly emerging as a forceful and unique musical personality.

Playing with McCoy, Azar realizes, is an invaluable growth-experience. He also knows that someday it will be time to move on, just as McCoy moved on from Coltrane. "I feel that there is a lot of finishing to be done," he said to Gene Perla (**db**, Sept. 13, '73). "I can express myself with McCoy, and when I'm no longer able to, then I'll form my own group."

Bassist Joony Booth, formerly with Tony Williams, has been with McCoy for the better part of three years. Throughout the swirling rhythms and the flows and counterflows of McCoy's music, it is Joony who maintains the

unswerving, rock-steady bottom. He is a sensitive bassist, not given to flashy pyrotechnics, an essential thread underlying and linking the oceanic waves above him.

Drummer Wilby Fletcher, from Wilmington, Delaware, "was recommended to me after I let Alphonse Mouzon go," says McCoy. "He worked with me for awhile, but he was young, 19 or 20, and not that experienced, so I got Billy Hart. Wilby worked with Charles Earland for a year, but he listened to my music constantly and wanted to come back. He now has been with me for almost a year, a very good musician."

Perhaps the most visually spectacular member of McCoy's present quintet is Brazilian percussionist Guilherme Franco. "Guilherme was doing a lot of recording in New York when I met him about three years ago. He came to a recording session of mine, invited by Billy Hart, and just layed all his percussion stuff out. I said, 'Who's this? What's all this stuff?' Well, in Brazil he had been listening to my music. I wasn't expecting what he played. I didn't know what was happening! But he fit in so well where it was needed that it was really beautiful. If he picks up a shaker-gourd or a set of bells and it doesn't fit, he'll put it down and pick something else up. He's really beautiful. A good musician."

You toured Japan in January this year. How was the audience and critical reception?

"I love Japan. They respect this music as an art, and put it on a high pedestal. And they take care of you over there. They handle all the baggage for you and set up all the equipment. They have their Japanese pop music, of course, but it's not unusual to hear jazz on the radio or TV in prime time. They basically seem to like serious music, music with depth. Maybe it's because their culture teaches them a certain amount of discipline and concentration. I really don't know, but they listen."

And the critics?

"I've been getting a good critical reception here and in Europe and Japan, but in the early part of my career they were critical of John. It was difficult for critics, because he was new, and there was nothing to compare him to. But John worked extremely hard to perfect what he was doing. They didn't criticize me as much, because I was still a classroom student.

"Being a critic is a very difficult role to play. Like people ask me what I think of the electric piano, but what I think is only one man's opinion. I can't think in terms of *opposition to*—I'm doing this, because someone else is doing that. I feel as though I'm doing something because I *like* it. It appeals to me. I've played electric piano enough to know what it is, but I just appreciate the acoustic piano, you know?"

"Now, a lot of people read and accept a critic's *opinion* as being The Truth, and in art that's a very difficult place to be in. I think it's good to have people who can inform the public about what's going on. There's nothing wrong with that. But it's a big responsibility being a critic. I don't think just anybody can assume that responsibility."

"I think the critic should love the music, that's number one. He should at least appreciate the thing that he's criticizing. In Japan and Europe, they seem to take more time to listen and study and investigate what they're criticizing than they do here, although some people do here, too."

Mixing The Modes For The Masses

STEELY DAN

by Jim Bickhart

Steely Dan tops the list of paradoxes in the mainstream music business these days. Pop and rock aficionados find them everything from dazzling and skillfully complex to hopelessly trivial while peer musicians respect them for their technical capabilities and consistency. But Steely Dan looks at itself with a certain amount of cynical distance. Donald Fagen, the New Jersey-born keyboard player who along with Walter Becker forms the writing and playing core of Steely Dan, epitomizes the paradox. A long-time jazz fanatic, he finds the classic, formal approaches to music challenging, sees rock as simpleminded, and jazz stagnating. At the same time he accepts the enduring qualities of pop music which keep it in the forefront of the marketplace. And all this he does with a straight face, at least as straight as Donald Fagen's face ever gets.

Fagen's musical vehicle is the keyboard, which he handles with a fair amount of chordal and rhythmic acumen. "I used to listen to a lot of jazz radio in the east," he says. "My hero was Red Garland from Miles' quintet. My first instinct was to try to play like him, but I could never quite get the sound, so I fell into playing rock and roll."

The roots of Steely Dan lie at a small, upstate New York liberal arts college called Bard, where Fagen first met Becker. "I was there to study literature while Walter was there for ignoble reasons at best; he eventually flunked out. We seemed to be the only two people there who had listened to the old jazz radio shows. We were also into what was considered progressive rock at the time, Frank Zappa and the Beatles, the Byrds and so forth."

Bard, with its small enrollment and small-

STEELY DAN DISCOGRAPHY

CAN'T BUY A THRILL—ABC 758
COUNTDOWN TO ECSTASY—ABC 779
PRETZEL LOGIC—ABC 808
KATY LIED—ABC 846



town location (Annandale-on-Hudson), couldn't support too many desperate groups of musicians. What few there were inevitably ended up in close proximity. So it was with Fagen and Becker.

"Walter had been playing guitar. He was once in a group with Randy California, who's since gone on to Spirit. We played together and began writing songs and got into the music business through writing. We thought we would 'sell' our songs, peddle them in the New York sleazo music business. We figured \$50 a song was a good price, but it turned out to be a little more complicated than that."

Their original intentions called for commercial material, and they tried to pen slick charts. But the duo didn't get very far. "We hired out as musicians to pay the bills. We played in the backing group for Jay and the Americans on the revival circuit, tried to form our own groups and did some sessions. Mostly demo sessions, to begin with.

"We did an album date for Eric Mercury, a black singer. Gary Katz was the producer. He was an independent producer—which is polite in New York for 'bum.' He heard some of our songs and found them interesting."

In song publishing, "interesting" usually means "I don't understand this, but I don't hate it and I can't use it." Yet Katz, for one,

did not discourage the pair.

"He got a job in LA at ABC Records and he talked the head of the company into bringing us out as staff songwriters. There was an underlying intention of forming a band, so he also brought out a couple of guys he'd found in Boston, including Jeff Baxter, and Denny Dias, with whom we played in a group in New York. We would rehearse after hours in an office at the record company.

"That was just as well. Trying to write for other singers wasn't working. We couldn't control the songs lyrically. The pop mold often demands a boy-girl love theme, which we weren't providing. People would hear the tunes, turn around and head out the door. One got covered by Barbra Streisand, with Richard Perry producing. He changed the bridge and messed around with the song a lot."

The distinctiveness of Steely Dan material is almost unanimously considered the band's strongest point. Even those who don't find much to relate to in the lyrics are intrigued by the nature of the songs. Fagen and Becker have evolved a cooperative writing style over the years they've been working together, one which involves collaboration on both lyrics and melody.

"One of us generally comes up with a ger-

minal idea, usually from the same type of inspirations other writers draw upon. We usually work things out on piano. It's easier to develop harmonic interest that way, though you can sometimes find a nice tune without it.

"I think of each piece as a composition, so the arrangements are integral to the actual composition. It's a classical approach, not so much formal as traditional. It's more traditional to western music than model, formless rock and roll."

Steely Dan's tunes tend to be very well thought out, very structured. There's not a lot of room for improvisation except in certain live situations, in which the band creates new sections of songs specifically to develop instrumental space. The recordings reveal songs whose form is true to established molds.

"I'm fond of the pop structure and the blues structure," says Donald. "It's fun to adhere to certain rules about length and structure and still put them through twists and grotesqueries. One of the most interesting things in pop music certainly is to set limitations and then take occasional liberties. Because of those liberties, people sometimes don't realize how much blues we do; usually at least one per album."

While the groundwork for Steely Dan may have originally rested in Fagen and Becker's material, the band began as an actual playing entity, one which did live gigs in the Southern California area well before anyone had ever heard of their records. As such, they allowed themselves to be portrayed as a recognizable unit of personnel. In rock circles, especially those concerned with commercial matters, that means audiences eventually come to care as much about who's in the band as what the band plays.

"It's obvious to anyone really interested that Steely Dan is a conceptual group, like jazz bands have always been. Not that I'm saying we're a jazz band by any stretch of the imagination. But whoever's in the band is in the band. We use different people for different purposes, and people we like to work with tend to reoccur in the rotation. It's a good way to avoid stagnation. That's a chronic problem with pop music, the stagnation caused by using the same people over and over. We choose the band to suit the piece."

Because they're not operating in a particularly dynamic musical scene, Steely Dan have to search for the musicians they want to augment their core group. They listen to records with that in mind, and keep an eye on musicians they meet at their own concerts.

"It takes a process of getting to know who's around and to know where to find them when you need them. Once you find people who will subordinate to your trip, you can get somewhere. The best musicians will be able to subordinate either to themselves or to someone else. It comes down to discipline."

Steely Dan's four albums feature a core of three performers, Fagen, Becker and guitarist Denny Diaz, plus several "band members" who have come and gone. In addition, there are large handfuls of session musicians, like guitarists Elliott Randall, Rick Derringer, Ben Benay, Dean Parks and Larry Carlton, percussionist Victor Feldman and saxophonist Jerome Richardson. Fagen, Becker and Katz weave the various combinations into a fairly homogeneous blend, with no particular song requiring anything so tangential as to erase the band's distinctive signature.

Amongst Steely's most noteworthy recorded moments are the album tracks in which riffs and solos leap out from the overall texture and take the spotlight. It doesn't happen often, given the nature of the premeditated arrangements. *Reelin' In The Years*, a major hit single off the band's first LP, features both improvised and set guitar parts which single-handedly have won them considerable attention amongst technicians in the audience.

"Elliott Randall, a guitar player we know from New York, played that. He was hot that day; he did it all in a few minutes. He's a masterful improviser, but he's had a lot of bad breaks in terms of group affiliations, so you don't hear of him all that much.

"We write some of the solos much as we do other parts. For instance, Dean Parks played a written solo on *Rose Darling* from *Katy Lied* (the band's fourth and latest LP). Of our regular people, both Walter and Denny Diaz play guitar. Walter has an interesting blues style, not unlike Jeff Baxter's. He's very creative and rhythmically interesting. You'll find his solos on *Black Friday* and *Bad Sneakers*. Denny is versatile; he plays anything with a lot of changes, like *Your Gold Teeth*."

There seems to be a superficial drift away from commercial "hooks" on Steely Dan recordings. Perhaps as a result of the surfeit of time available prior to the first LP (released in 1972), the music had a rockish angularity to it, obviously the product of considerable thought and rehearsal. Reduced time to write, a shorter span between recording sessions, and weeks spent on the road all contribute to the reduction of advance work Fagen and Becker are able to do. The result is more fluidity.

"I find it hard to look for trends in what we're doing," says Fagen. "We write whatever we write and we arrange however we arrange. But I think it's fair to say we're getting more spontaneous, going with the flow in the studio more than we used to. But it's never been a matter of contriving anything to be commercial; the most obvious examples, like *Reelin' In The Years*, were not contrived. They were composed and then improvised upon."

Donald doesn't abound with predictions about his or anyone else's specific future, but he's got plenty of thoughts on the evolution of contemporary music.

"I don't have any goals; I just enjoy making records. It's fun, it's something to do, you make a little bread, you know? I just bought a new synthesizer to fool around with, an ARP Odyssey. It's not too overwhelming, but the one I had before was even more elementary. I tend to have a low electronic consciousness. Electronic, even electric instruments tend to have comic purposes. They don't have that classic tone quality musicians and technicians worked for hundreds of years to develop. 20 years of electric instruments and it's all gone. I think it's one aspect of the End of Art.

"I'm a jazz fan. I listen to my local jazz station (KBCA), but I haven't heard anything really new at all since about 1965. I still like to listen to my old Blue Note and Prestige albums; the best new records are the Fantasy re-releases of old stuff. You might say both Walter and I have a somewhat narrow spectrum of taste when it comes to that sort of thing.

"I like Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane up to the point where he self-destructed jazz. He got a little too smart and ventured into realms where man should never tread. I also dig Mingus, Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, Eric Dolphy, sax players in general, and great rhythm sections. Also Miles' quintets.

"Chick Corea, Larry Coryell and all these people, what they are trying has all been done one way or another. It's all pseudo-Stravinsky. The only difference is your deterioration of tone quality due to electronics, and the subsequent difference in the overall sound. There haven't been a lot of opportunities for growth other than atonality. Music is an art which self-destructs: you follow the harmonic series into higher intervals and on into atonality, where it all falls apart. That's what happened after Coltrane.

"Rock and roll is in the same boat to a lesser degree. Everything has already been done, partly because there wasn't all that much to do in the first place. I think we're rabid examples of the deterioration, but we're examples and commentators at the same time.

"It's interesting how rock and roll seems to be able to revive itself periodically. There's some strange regenerative quality in all that simplicity. You can get away with playing the same thing over and over again and audiences don't mind. In fact, they seem to prefer it."

Steely Dan, while identifiably purveyors of rock and roll of one sort or another, perform their version of the repetitive trick with chord progressions which take more than 20 seconds to learn. Consequently, the music sounds downright complex by simplistic pop standards, and the band has attracted a large number of fans who consider them sophisticated. It's an illusory sophistication, however, partly undone by the basically simple song structures and the ultimate realization that the lyrics actually *mean* something.

"None of it matters," concludes Fagen. "We're mainly in this for ourselves anyway. To become excessively popular, you have to cater to the whims of mass taste, which I don't feel we've done. Popularity is relevant to business but irrelevant to music, and we're only in business to the extent that we have to stay in business so we can afford to make music for fun. I'm pleasantly surprised at the level of acceptance we've attained. It's far beyond my mother's wildest dreams." db

"... Steely Dan is a conceptual group, like jazz bands have always been. Not that I'm saying we're a jazz band by any stretch of the imagination. But whoever's in the band is in the band. We use different people for different purposes... It's a good way to avoid stagnation. That's a chronic problem with pop music, the stagnation caused by using the same people over and over. We choose the band to suit the piece."

COUNT BASIE

A HARD LOOK AT AN OLD SOFTIE

by
John McDonough



JOHN McDONOUGH

What's the Count Basie band really like? There was a time in another era when you could address that question with sure-footed certainty. Today you play the equivocation game.

"How do you think your band should sound, Count?"

"Like it *should* sound," he says firmly. Then silence. That's not a good enough answer, he realizes, as the interviewer sits sternly before him, withholding his next question. He must go on, it seems.

"Like I should sound. Not like I should sound like somebody else sounds. Not like the arranger thinks that he thinks it should sound. Like it should think . . . that is . . . I think that the people think it should sound."

Or something like that. The fact is that no one seems to have decided for certain what the Basie band should sound like. As a result, the great Count Basie travels the world with just about the best studio band in the country. Back in the years when Basie established the reputation on which he's been riding ever since—and that would roughly be his first 10 years outside of Kansas City, 1936 to '46—no one even had to ask such questions. All you had to do was listen. Because then, the band's identity was part of its internal fiber. Its sound was unmistakable and came from deep within its ranks.

But that hasn't been the case for nearly a quarter-century now, as a long line of arrangers have imposed sometimes conflicting shapes on the band from the outside. It has been a very high grade of arrangers, indeed: Neal Hefti, Quincy Jones, Frank Foster, Chico O'Farrill, Ernie Wilkins, Oliver Nelson, Sammy Nestico, and—most recently—Jeff Steinberg. Combined with the high level of musicianship Basie has always had, however, the band became a showcase for the arrangers' handiwork. Slick exercises in big band craftsmanship dominate scores in which blasting ensembles, wailing sax sections, and shouting brass explosions are built around the contrasting tick of the whispering rhythm section. It's all stitched together with thor-

oughly predictable drum fills that have not changed from Sonny Payne through Butch Miles, the current drummer. Since Basie likes those contrasts and the fat wall of sound around him, we may assume that this represents his creative control. But when arrangers like Wilkins and Hefti began shaping the sound of the Harry James and Tommy Dorsey bands in the '50s, the idea of a clear, distinctive, independent Basie band became clouded in a degree of anonymity. When the freelance arranger rules, the band becomes the instrument, not a force itself.

Sam Nestico, Basie's current arranging favorite, writes much in the Hefti-Wilkins tradition. Aboard since about 1970, he's the chief architect of Basie's relative conservatism among big bands of the '70s. But a look at the Basie discography over the last five or 10 years shows a perplexing multiplicity of directions. There are the Disney and Bond LPs, the albums with all kinds of vocalist from Bing Crosby to the Mills Brothers, and such sleepy, neo-Basie projects as *Have A Nice Day* (Daybreak 2005).

Then there was the unusual *Afrique* LP for Flying Dutchman. Suddenly Basie was into Pharoah Sanders, Albert Ayler and Gabor Szabo. Jim Szantor, reviewing the record for *db*, mused over the implications: "Could this mean that perhaps Basie wants to be considered a jazz force again? Might it be a turning point for the heretofore slumbering giant of the big band community?"

Basie seems as bewildered by all the turning points as anyone. Asked if he's proudest of any particular record project in recent years, he thought, shrugged his big shoulders and said, "I don't know. No. There's no LP I'd single out." Perhaps the reply was due to his reluctance to pass public judgement on the work of other musicians and arrangers. (He declined an invitation to do a *Blindfold Test* for exactly that reason.)

But by that very fact, he acknowledges the Basie band's dependence on others for its aesthetic character. Did the *Afrique* LP take

form under Basie's direction? "The idea was really Bob Thiele's," Basie recalled. "He thought we ought to do some of this stuff 'cause we hadn't before. He worked the project out with Oliver Nelson. It was really Oliver's record, you know. But I liked it. He did some wonderful things which we still play. Wanted to do another LP along that line, but something happened.

"Sure it's different, but I'm perfectly comfortable with it. I like it. A lot of people like it. That's what most important. Why do people hire me? For what I'm tagged for. But a little flavor of something else won't hurt. It's not ever going to dominate our program, but it'll always be there to some extent."

There's a chart Basie currently plays called *Funk*, sort of the token rock item on the schedule. "A Jeff Steinberg thing," Count said. "He did it like I asked him to do it," he added pointedly, as if to reassert that it is *his* band still. "I told him my kid would like me to play something new. Something 'neat,' he calls it. I always like to tell him that that square stuff put him through college. But it's a nice change of pace."

If the Basie band wears many hats, however, there's still enough of the original concept left to surface from time to time and let the world know the Count Basie band is still unique. The band has never traveled without first-class soloists: Joe Newman, Thad Jones, Frank Wess, "Jaws," Eric Dixon, and so on. At Chicago's Mr. Kelly's, the marvelous Jimmy Forrest just about stopped the show with his *Body and Soul* and capped the night with a driving performance on an *I Got Rhythm*-based original by Nestico.

But most important is the rhythm section. Since the very beginning, the band's best and most characteristic material has been built from the rhythm section out, so to speak. Consider how many of the band's charts, even today, resemble that rock upon which Basie built his church, *One O'Clock Jump*. First, a chorus or two by the rhythm section—Basie always considered himself a section man—then to the tenors or brass, then the rest of the band. No matter how top heavy and lumbering the charts have become over the years, most have paused for a chorus or two to acknowledge their debt to that source.

Recently, Norman Granz has further showcased the foundation, but for more than a chorus. The critically acclaimed *For The First Time* (Pablo 2310 712) is a more vivid monument to the quintessential Basie concept than nearly any of his recent band albums.

"I never thought innovation as such was very important. Not when you have to think about it . . . If you're going to come up with a new direction or a really new way to do something, you'll do it by just playing your stuff and letting it ride. The real innovators did their innovating by just being themselves . . . I let the writers talk about innovation."

"That was Norm's idea," Basie chuckled. "You know it wasn't mine. But it was real fun. In fact, we just finished another trio session with my bass player, Norm Keenan, and Louis Bellson, but this time we added Zoot Sims. It's mostly blues and some other things. Norman Granz is a blues man, you know."

How about Fred Green?

"I guess Granz didn't want a guitar. For myself, Fred definitely fills out a rhythm section. But there are times we want to play around a little and get loose. Fred keeps you in there, you know—pretty strict."

For those who would like to see Basie become an innovator on the band scene once more, the association with Norman Granz is perhaps a disappointment. But actually, Basie could not have a more sensitive producer, save perhaps for John Hammond. Granz knows what Basie does best, and his policy, therefore, is a simple one—let him do it. The result has been the freshest Basie work in some time.

It may be that Basie is not likely to become the contemporary jazz orchestra that Woody Herman, Don Ellis, Stan Kenton, or even Buddy Rich or Jones/Lewis have developed into. Innovation seems to be of little interest to the once great innovator of the '30s—perhaps because he never thought in those terms.

"Never thought of it. Never really have. Not really. Never thought innovation as such was very important. Not when you have to think about it. 'Now I'm going to innovate.'

What does that mean? Just something new for the sake of something new. If you're going to come up with a new direction or a really new way to do something, you'll do it by just playing your stuff and letting it ride. The real innovators did their innovating by just being themselves. See what I'm getting at? Truthfully, I never set out to change anything or blaze any trails. Still don't. Just go out and do what I do. People know me by now. So they don't think I'm innovating. I'm just being myself. I let the writers talk about innovation."

It's a good point. If innovation is really just a matter of being yourself artistically, as it is to Basie, then innovation is a matter of instinct, not intellect. How does an artist top himself after innovations have been absorbed? He doesn't. The artist simply continues being himself. If he continues to find new directions to explore within the framework of his innovation, he'll hold the interest of his audience.

Consider a handful of major movers in jazz—Armstrong, Ellington, Parker, Eldridge, Gillespie, Coleman and a few others. Almost without exception, each brought to jazz a single seminal concept that extended the frontiers for all who followed. Yet, for the most part, none ever brought forth a second basic new approach. They simply spent a career being themselves developing a single cornerstone of innovation. The original basic concept becomes the thread binding together

a life's work. It allows the perceptive listener to hear the mind of Beethoven in the quartets and sonatas, as well as the symphonies. It's a pattern occurring frequently on all creative fields—art, literature, music, even scholarship. Beard had his economic determinism; Turner, his frontier thesis. Wells has his *Citizen Kane*; Freud, his *Interpretation of Dreams*. That each was able to follow these explosions of insight with creatively rich careers that explored, expanded, developed, and matured these cornerstone works is testament to the fact that they were major innovations and not just clever ideas. An innovation requires the perspective of distance to recognize. Close up, it's easily confused with invention.

Invention is the outgrowth of innovation, like flowers are the outgrowth of their branches and roots. A genuine innovation can produce unlimited masterpieces of invention. But they shouldn't be confused.

The history of jazz could probably be told in a few chapters—maybe a dozen—dealing with the artists who made the key breakthroughs. But how many artists could command two chapters?

Parker? *Donna Lee*, *Koko*, *Ornithology* and *I'll Remember April* are all bound by a single conceptual common denominator. One chapter, thank you.

Armstrong? Surely, no one thinks of *Sweethearts On Parade* (1931) apart from the family of masterpieces that also includes *West End Blues* (1928) or *Basin Street Blues* (1954). One

chapter.

Or Ellington? From *Creole Love Call* (1927) through *Transblucency* (1946) and *Turquoise Cloud* (1947) to the sacred concerts; from *Mood Indigo* (1930) through *Dusk* (1940) to the intimate voicings of *Such Sweet Thunder* and other later works; from *Clarinet Lament* (1936) to *4:30 Blues* (1971); from *Creole Rhapsody* (1931) through *New-World-a-Comin'* (1944) to *Harlem* (1951) and *Far East Suite* (1966), we are confronted with great variety. But they are all wildly original blossoms on a single tree.

Of course, in each of these and other cases there are changes, new ideas and approaches, stylistic alterations, progression, and above all, growth. But an innovation, by definition, is very big indeed. Big enough to accommodate vast change and growth. And not only the change and growth of its discoverer, but of his disciples. How many careers have followed fruitfully in the innovative paths of Armstrong, Hines, Gillespie or Coleman? Too many to name here. Finally, after being fully explored and exploited, someone finds a seed. And miraculously, the old innovation gives birth to a new one and the process of discovery and consolidation begins again.

How many artists might justly occupy two chapters in a history of jazz? Based on my working definitions, only Miles Davis comes to mind, assuming that his performances of the '70s are ultimately worth a chapter. The point is, however, that in comparing them with his work of the '50s, one is led to the inescapable conclusion that this artist has become the product of two separate and independent root systems. The exception which proves the pattern.

And what of Count Basie? For him, there will always be that gloriously innovative ensemble of the late '30s that forever changed for the ears of millions the possibilities of what a big band could sound like. The one that demonstrated that a band could move with the swiftness of a small group, the one that opened up the drum-bound rhythm sections of the day to unconceived of flexibility, and the one that framed the work of the most original soloist since Armstrong—Lester Young.

In recent years, some unique samples of that band have become available to younger ears via LPs of live recordings from broadcast performances. They've proliferated on a variety of labels (Collectors Classics, Jazz Archives, Jazz Society, Jazz Unlimited), regarded by some somewhat condescendingly as "bootlegs." Although they're not "bootlegs" since broadcasts aren't owned by record companies, they are LPs for which the performing musicians were not paid commercial recording fees. And that's the rub to some, even though the passage of 25 or 30 years makes the question somewhat academic.

I handed Basie five such albums recently between shows at Mr. Kelly's and asked for his reaction, expecting some fireworks since it involved individuals profiting on the Basie name without Basie authorization. "What do you think?" I asked, moving back a few steps.

"What do you want to know about this?"

"Does it make you mad that this was stolen from you?"

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Cowell's piano and compositions have graced the ensembles of Max Roach, Charles Tolliver, Bobby Hutcherson and Jack DeJohnette just to name a few. On this album, he has assembled an all-star group that includes trumpeter Woody Shaw, vibist Bobby Hutcherson and saxophonist Tyrone Washington. The sextet explores each tune with fire and brilliance.



With two all-star groups that include Lee Konitz, Ted Curson, Robin Kenyatta, Cecil McBee, Barry Altschul and others, Hill returns to the recording scene with a magnificent album that finds him in quintet, quartet, trio and duet settings. His writing and piano playing remain breathtaking and original. This is Hill's first American recording in six years, after securing his place in the jazz world during the sixties with several classic albums for Blue Note.



Bley is one of the master keyboard innovators. This double album offers two sessions, one in the studio and one live, with his classic trio that included drummer Barry Altschul. The live recording offers the trio stretching out on their two most popular compositions, "Mister Joy" and "Blood" in a fabulous display of spontaneous creativity and interplay.




This album was the first for this important saxophonist who has been an integral member of the groups of Ornette Coleman and Keith Jarrett. With his own San Francisco quartet, Redman's style and compositional abilities are brought to the foreground. Also featured is bassist Raphael Don Garrett, formerly sideman with John Coltrane and Roland Kirk.



Lake is a brilliant saxophonist and composer, destined to play an important role in the future of contemporary black music. A native of St. Louis, Lake has played with Anthony Braxton, Lester Bowie and other leading figures in the new music. This first album under his own leadership finds him in a variety of settings, providing a multi-dimensional view of music.



Hanna, whose reputation as an important sideman with many of the most significant musicians in the jazz world, has certainly come into his own with this spectacular solo piano performance at the 1974 Montreux Jazz Festival. His style is rich, lyrical and highly creative. This album includes a powerful, unique tribute to Duke Ellington and several of Hanna's own compositions, including the beautiful tone poem "Perugia".

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RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

★★★★ excellent, ★★★ very good,
★★ good, ★ fair, ★ poor

WEATHER REPORT

TALE SPINNIN'—Columbia PC 33417: *Man In The Green Shirt; Lusitanos; Between The Thighs; Badia; Freezing Fire; Five Short Stories.*

Personnel: Joe Zawinul, Rhodes piano, melodica, acoustic piano, Tonto, Arp 2600, organ, steel drums, out, mzuthra, vocals, West Africk, xylophone, cymbals; Wayne Shorter, soprano sax, tenor sax; Al Johnson, electric bass; Alyrio Lima, percussion; Ndugu, drums, tympani, marching cymbals.

★★★★★

The texture of music, like the texture of cloth, is frequently determined by the spaces between the weaving of melodic lines. Adding space, one might think, is a simple matter: all that is necessary is to refrain from playing. Actually, the reverse is true, because the artful use of space requires not only absolute control of one's instrument, but an almost clairvoyant knowledge of what other musicians in the group are doing.

After several years of experimentation—both successful and unsuccessful—Weather Report has arrived, so to speak, at the crossroads of space conceptualization, a magical point at which all the musicians seem to feel each other without effort. The result is this brilliant album, *Tale Spinnin'*, a mixture of folk song and sophisticated jazz in a charming, unpretentious synthesis.

Most of the compositions, even those written by Zawinul, bear the unmistakable stamp of Shorter's thinking. Like Shorter's recent solo release, *Native Dancer*, the melody lines are crystal clear and seem to be suspended over a canyon of flowing rhythms. But the rhythmical approach has changed since Weather Report's earlier recordings. It sounds less automatic, less programmed, and more—for want of a better word—down-home. *Tale Spinnin'* moves like a dream sequence, shifting from theme to theme in a haze of fantasy.

Badia is an exotic tone poem featuring Zawinul's lyrical vigor and a collection of unusual instruments like the West Africk (new to me), the out (pronounced "oot"), and the mzuthra. On *Freezing Fire*, Zawinul uses his Arp 2600 synthesizer to copy the slurs and intonation of Shorter's sax, and the technique works remarkably well.

Man In The Green Shirt is inspired, presumably, by one of Zawinul's experiences in the Virgin Islands: "There was this incredible old man, black and old, the blackest eyes you ever saw. Now everybody was dancing and nobody paid any attention to him; he was wearing a long green shirt. The music was unbelievable." Whatever the tale behind the tune, *Man In The Green Shirt* achieves a

20 □ down beat

peaceful blend of acoustic and electronic sounds within a well-defined boundary.

A more free-form composition, *Lusitanos*, gives Shorter and Zawinul room to romp around in, and I think that the sax work here is the most delicate on the album. *Between The Thighs*, by far the most suggestive selection, reminds me of a stylized street dance, like a scene from the film *West Side Story*.

I highly recommend this LP, especially to those who haven't listened to Weather Report lately. My imagination has been captured, and that doesn't happen often. —kriss

MICHAL URBANIAK/FUSION

FUSION III—Columbia PC 33542: *Chinatown (Part I); Kuyaviak Goes Funky; Roksana; Crazy Kid; Prehistoric Bird; Bloody Kishka; Cameo; Stretch; Metroliner; Chinatown (Part II).*

Personnel: Urbaniak, violin, violin synthesizer; Urszula Dudziak, synthesizer, percussion, vocals; Wlodek Gulgowski, electric piano, electric organ, Moog synthesizer; John Abercrombie, Larry Coryell (track 6), Joe Caro (track 3), guitar; Anthony Jackson, bass guitar; Steve Gadd, Gerald Brown (tracks 3, 6), drums; Bernard Kafka, vocal (track 8).

★★★★★

I haven't listened to Fusion's first two albums with systematic attention—a lapse which I plan to rectify soon—so I can't compare the latest release to them. All I know is that this is remarkable music, a true fusion of Urbaniak's Slavic background, his presumptive familiarity with modern "classical" music (Webern, Cage, Stockhausen, et al.), jazz, rock, and his own bizarre inventions. (Can it be coincidence that the guest vocalist on *Stretch* is named Kafka?)

What is perhaps most remarkable is the variety of melodic and harmonic textures that such a small group achieves. *Chinatown* is a gorgeous unison line in $\frac{7}{4}$ played by violin and guitar, and there's some more attractive unison writing for piano, violin, and Dudziak's unique voice on *Roksana*. The latter piece illustrates the variety I speak of: the melody is stated in $\frac{3}{4}$, and this segues into a bass solo in $\frac{6}{8}$ which is similar enough in feeling to be related to the first segment, but different enough to provide genuine contrast. This is followed by a Dudziak scat vocal. Her vocal technique is indescribable; if you've heard her before, you know what I mean, and if you haven't—well, imagine the girlchild of Ella Fitzgerald and Leon Thomas, on peyote, singing Polish folk songs backwards. Any help? Dudziak gets off a little upward gliss at the end of her solo here that's guaranteed to produce goose pimples. Urbaniak on violin and Gulgowski on electric piano follow with their own solos, forceful and intelligent but necessarily anticlimactic. *Kid* is entirely an unaccompanied vocal solo, and is equally breathtaking. It's in harmonics throughout, which I assume are electronically manufactured; if not, Dudziak's natural equipment is even more frightening.

Some other good arrangements: *Stretch* is an infectious riff in $\frac{9}{8}$; *Bird* is in a locomotive $\frac{3}{4}$ and features a driving Moog solo by Gulgowski; *Kuyaviak* is the most interestingly conceived chart on the session. Its frenetic, Slavic-sounding first theme moves into a slow-rocking $\frac{3}{4}$, in which Gulgowski solos on Moog. Jackson does a bass reprise of the Slavic motif, and then the drums, percussion, and violin join in to launch a stirring Urbaniak solo.

Also fine: Coryell's acid rock solo on *Kishka*, and the concept of *Cameo*, which resembles a sound track for a journey into internal anatomy, complete with the vocalized "Aah"s of the impressed tour group. In fact, there isn't a bad cut on the album, and Urbaniak has carved out an original, compelling sound that demands to be heard, eliciting both visceral and cerebral responses.

One reservation—namely, that the rhythm, while variegated in meter, is surprisingly and uncomfortably similar in accent. In much of the new electronic rock, rhythm is played with mechanical precision: the figures are syncopated and funky and all, but the effect is inhibiting rather than releasing. There isn't enough space here to analyze the problem fully, but it surely has something to do with the fact that African rhythm—which is, after all, the mother of all of our contemporary music—does not require nor even value precision of this sort. The African beat has a certain width in time, while the European beat theoretically resembles a mathematical point in having no duration. It is from this flexibility, perhaps even more than from syncopation and polyrhythms, that swing, the chief identifiable rhythmic component of all black music, derives. The question then becomes whether it is sensible to base music upon black rhythmic concepts while removing the flexibility built into those concepts. I don't know; I know only that even with such fine, original music as Fusion's, I often feel locked into a rhythmic straitjacket, which cannot help but diminish the emotional force of the total experience. —heineman

GATO BARBIERI/ DOLLAR BRAND

CONFLUENCE—Arista AL 1003: *The Aloe And The Wildrose; Hamba Khale!; To Elsa; Eighty First Street.*

Personnel: Barbieri, tenor sax; Brand, piano and cello.

★★★★★

GATO BARBIERI

IN SEARCH OF THE MYSTERY—ESP 1049: *In Search Of The Mystery; Michelle; Obsession No. 2; Cinematique.*

Personnel: Barbieri, tenor sax; Calo Scott, cello; Sirone (Norris Jones), bass; Bobby Kapp, drums.

★

South American saxophonist Gato Barbieri, and South African pianist Dollar Brand momentarily linked up in Milan back in 1968. The resulting music as captured on this disc is graced with austere mystery and passion, continual engagement and response, complement and contrast.

Brand's *Aloe*, the most provocative confrontation on the album, unfolds with a single note line climbing from bass to mid-keyboard. The saxophonist unravels a phrase that lengthens, receiving punctuation from the pianist's high note clusters before it doubles back upon itself, alone. Barbieri establishes a very basic harmonic framework, embellishing every twist of phrase with controlled intonation. He is joined by Brand on cello, whose entrance is as smooth as a cloud drifting through a dark sky. After the cello slashes open a storm of energy, Barbieri blows one of his finest jaw-clenched tenor statements. Returning to piano, Brand romps with his hands in parallel precision. The players state their theme together, Gato with

wide vibrato a la Trane, Brand running percussively contrary, spinning folklike lyrical figures in the high notes.

Brand's eclecticism and his personal variety of expression apparently stimulated Gato to pay close attention and not waste a moment of his performance. For the material on LP is highly charged, at times abstracted and evasive, but never predictable or repetitious. *Hamba Khale!* is the most straightforward take, a hymn or processional presented with almost devotional respect for the purity of its line. *Elsa* receives solo treatment from each of the artists. Brand, open to every influence, mixes Monkish rhythms with high life chords, flutish folk tunes with the anguished strains of Barbieri's spare melodic-harmonic ideas. Gato, in a rare unaccompanied spotlight, strings together shards of octaves, splintered notes, and phrases that jag from squeals to hoarse whispers.

Street is a duet based on the material of the preceding solos. Brand shifts to an ostinato pattern, and Barbieri spreads his thick, hot tone as though it were a rich sauce. Brand cooks up strangely rolling right hand ripples that break over his bass and Gato asserts himself with bottom horn fullness, then thins his airstream: Brand brushes the piano wires softly, once.

These hugely individualistic stylists contribute equally to the atmosphere of sensitivity and receptiveness: the flexibility of their response and their ability to extend themselves results in gravely beautiful improvisations.

The ESP reissue was recorded a year and a day before the Arista LP, and Barbieri's vocabulary is surprisingly smaller on this ear-

lier record. Though he shares solo space with cellist Scott, Gato is forever jumping in on the man, whose playing is of greater interest despite Barbieri's intensity. The saxophonist rips and snorts and tears his reed apart, then starts all over again, with little development or resolution. Sironi is throbbing and insistent, a veritable strong man in the rhythm section, despite the fact that he has been terribly underrecorded. Kapp keeps pace adequately with snare rolls and cymbal ticks, but toward the end of side one indulges in some tasteless bomb dropping.

The compositional material is so weak that it's difficult to distinguish any difference between the titled pieces. Besides the addition of a color cover photo of Gato, the only difference between this edition and the original is that side one breaks off mid-phrase here, not a significant improvement over the first pressing, on which the tape can be heard running out. Altogether, this record is of interest mainly for Calo Scott's dry, clear ideas, which are unfortunately scuttled by the overly enthusiastic saxist.

—mandel

PAUL DESMOND

PURE DESMOND—CTI 6059 SI: *Squeeze Me; I'm Old Fashioned; Nuages; Why Shouldn't I; Everything I Love; Warm Valley; Till the Clouds Roll By; Mean To Me.*

Personnel: Desmond, alto sax; Ed Bickert, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In commenting on how he developed his unique alto saxophone sound, Paul Desmond said, "I think I had it in the back of my mind that I wanted to sound like a dry martini." In *Pure Desmond*, the "dry martini" has been

further rarefied—the vermouth has all but vanished!

This consummate set of performances is "pure" Desmond for several reasons. First, there is the use of the melodic and harmonic materials supplied by such exponents of the American popular song as Kern, Porter, and Ellington. Transforming each tune's given elements into personal and compelling interpretations which dazzle because of his romantic tonal warmth and classic structural simplicity, Desmond teases out not only the musical but the extramusical as well. On *Mean To Me*, for instance, the Desmondian melancholy and hesitancy are so palpable that one feels as if eavesdropping on an intimate conversation. This conjurer's ability to evoke images, atmospheres, and emotive contexts is also exemplified in his rustic yet urbane treatments of Duke's *Warm Valley* and Kern's *Till The Clouds Roll By*.

Aside from reaffirming Desmond's position as one of improvised music's premier lyricists, *Pure Desmond* also brings to the spotlight the considerable talents of Canadian guitarist Ed Bickert. Recalling the successful collaborations of Desmond and Jim Hall (e.g., *Take Ten*), Bickert displays the precise kind of warmth, taste, and subtlety required by Desmond's approach. A masterful accompanist, Bickert is also a polished soloist. On *Squeeze Me* and Reinhardt's *Nuages*, Bickert tastefully alternates long liquid single note lines with gently strummed chordal passages much in the manner of the aforementioned Mr. Hall. Completing the rhythm section are Ron Carter on bass and Connie Kay on drums—their finesse and professionalism are awesome!

—berg

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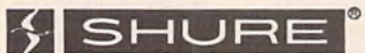
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VASSAR CLEMENTS/ DAVID BROMBERG

HILLBILLY JAZZ—Flying Fish 101: *San Antonio Rose; Texas Blues; Take Me Back To Tulsa; Delta Blues; Fais Do Do; Breakfast Feud; Browns Ferry Blues; It's Dark Outside; Panhandle Rag; Blues For Dixie; Cherokee; Sentimental Journey; Back Home In Indiana; Sitting On Top Of The World; Crazy 'Cause I Love You; Hang Your Head In Shame; Vassar's Boogie; Little Rock Getaway; Yellow Sun; Gravy Waltz; C Jam Blues; Tippin' In; You All Come; Lust Song For Shelby Jean.*

Personnel: Clements, fiddle, viola, vocals; Bromberg, guitar; Doug Jernigan, steel guitar, dobro; Bobby Kennerson, piano; Ellis Padgett, bass; Kenneth Smith, electric bass; Sam Pruett, guitar; Mike Melford, guitar, mandolin, piano; D. J. Fontana, drums; Gordan Terry, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

VASSAR CLEMENTS

VASSAR CLEMENTS—Mercury SRM-1-1022: *In The Pines; Peking Fling; Sweet And Sassy (Breakdown); Long Way Around; Good Woman's Love; Night Train; Vassillie; Kissimme Kid; Mocking Bird; Lonesome Fiddle Blues.*

Personnel: Clements, fiddle; Charlie Daniels, Jim Colvard, Grant Boatwright, Billy Sanford, Jeff Hanna, guitars; Bobby Wood, piano; John Hartford, banjo; Marty Stewart, mandolin; Doug Jernigan, steel guitar; John McEuen, guitar, banjo, mandolin; Wayne Poore, Joe Allen, bass; Billy Cartier, Larrie Londin, Eddy Anderson, drums.

★ ★ ★

I suspect a lot of **db** readers won't dig *Hillbilly Jazz*. The title of the set defines the problem: despite the widespread detente between formerly warring musical idioms over the past decade or so, the barrier between white rural and black urban styles remains, with a very few exceptions, a Berlin Wall of prejudice and mistrust. There may be a lot of good musical and sociological reasons for this state of affairs, but a glance at the historical evidence suggests that this artistic apartheid hasn't always been with us. This extraordinary set reconstructs a half-lost golden period of American music with a skill and sensitivity that makes it all sound new.

Hillbilly jazz—or western swing, or whatever label you want to hang on this label-destroying sound—was the original fusion music, a lusty hybrid which flourished in the pre-war Southwest, particularly the Texas-Oklahoma-Louisiana area. Rick Ulmer lays the history out in an erudite, if rather schematic, booklet which accompanies the album. But the music itself is the proof. Delta blues, Cajun sounds, rockabilly, white gospelish tunes, selections from the bluegrass and pre-bluegrass repertoire, big band rockers associated with the likes of Ellington and Basie, pop standards, "classic" Western swing numbers and half a dozen originals may make strange bedfellows, but the offspring is no artificial freak, just a healthy, happy, bouncing baby. Not all of the Western swing bands played all of this music, of course, but Clements, Bromberg, and company do; and they seem to have been pretty accurate in defining the total scope of this music, from which not only Chet Atkins and Ernest Tubb, but also Charlie Christian and Charlie Parker, can validly claim at least indirect descent.

Nor is this a static museum piece. These musicians shake off the dust from the first track (Bob Wills' *San Antonio Rose*, of course) onwards, and it never gets a chance to settle again. Bromberg, as always, picks with skill, clarity, and consistent taste; but the real star is Clements, a veteran bluegrass fiddler who, while denying any conscious influence

from the "hot jazz" masters like Stephane Grappelli and Joe Venuti, nevertheless brings a sophisticated jazz feel to his playing. His supple melodies, phrased with a refreshing freedom and contempt for bar lines, almost overcome the recurrent rhythmic monotony which is this relaxed set's main drawback. His sound is clean and technically flawless. Jernigan's steel guitar work, while far more restrained than the playing of the western swing giants such as Leon McAuliffe and Speedy West, is nonetheless tasty; and the rhythm support is solid, occasionally too much so for my taste. Without discounting the efforts of Dicky Betts, Asleep At The Wheel, and other artists, *Hillbilly Jazz* strikes me as the best re-interpretation of western swing, with the most careful attention to its jazz roots, that I've yet heard. Fans of Duke Ellington and Ernest Tubb alike—to name two musicians whose pictures grace the same page of Ulmer's tract—ought to check out this two-disc set.

The Mercury album showcases another side of Clements' playing—the rough, gutsy pyrotechnics of the electrified fiddle breakdown. This is a foot-stomping Vassar, with surprisingly little sacrifice of grace and lyricism. Unfortunately the set doesn't provide too much else of interest. Jernigan, stepping out more, proves himself a sizzling, driving steel player (catch Doug and Vassar swapping fours on *Long Way*), and John Hartford (Clements' former employer) contributes some exciting banjo work. But the problem is overkill: annoyingly heavy drumming, a pas-sel of studio guitarists, and a generally noisy, cluttered sound weigh down too many tracks. The album works best on the straight-ahead breakdowns like *Sweet & Sassy*, and falls down on gimmicky numbers like *Peking and Good Woman's*. —metalitz

CHICAGO

CHICAGO VIII—Columbia PC33100: *Anyway You Want; Brand New Love Affair (Parts I and II); Never Been In Love Before; Hideaway; Till We Meet Again; Oh, Thank You Great Spirit; Long Time No See; Ain't It Blue?; Old Days.*

Personnel: Lee Loughnane, trumpet, vocals; James Pankow, trombone; Walter Parazaider, woodwinds, vocals; Terry Kath, guitar, vocals; Robert Lamm, piano, organ, vocals; Peter Cetera, bass guitar, vocals; Danny Seraphine, drums.

★ ★ ½

I hate this album as some jilted lovers hate their old flames: out of a sense of disappointment, even of betrayal, for having been let down. In October, 1969, I reviewed Chicago's first album—gave it four stars, said it was better than anything BS&T had done, laid on the complimentary adjectives. In July, 1970, I reviewed *Chicago II*—said it was still good, sometimes brilliant, but disturbingly repetitive, that Chicago's sound (like the city from which the group takes its name) seemed to be atrophying. Lots of water over the dam since then; lots of raps (some deserved, some not) from the critics, lots of angry ripostes (some justified, some not) from the band. I see no reason to revise my prognosis, however: indeed, after six years, it's no longer a question of potential, but of actuality. The only new thing to add is that the inspired horn charts, largely Pankow's, have been pushed ever further into the background, and there are long stretches on this album when one might forget entirely that there are three talented horn players in this band.

Well, to the music: *Anyway* is good-time



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rock, mildly exhilarating but undistinguished; *Brand New's* vocal (Lamm, I think: never have been able to keep the vocalists straight) has intense grasping mannerisms, uncomfortably similar to Tom Jones', which neither the music nor the lyrics call for, so that the entirely instrumental *Part II* is a welcome relief, coming complete with Pankow's patented licks for three horns.

Hideaway is third-rate Led Zep—i.e., sixth-rate music—only somewhat muted: a repetitive riff with little variation except the gradual crescendo. Chicago has always leaned far too heavily upon Kath, a good but unspectacular guitarist who consistently attempts to be spectacular; time after time, he's called upon to carry, even to manufacture, a tune's climax, and usually, as here, he simply isn't up to it. *Till* shows attractive promise: it's a pretty melody in 3/4, but of course when Chicago ought to stretch out, to try variations on a tune that might support them, they close shop early.

Harry Truman is a sort of music hall tune with some cling-cling-cling piano backing, and Pankow gets off some wonderful fills behind the vocal. The lyrics however jump on the current sentimental handwagon by being designed to apotheosize a courageous, honest, but rather short-sighted and unimaginative President.

Spirit is another uninteresting guitar feature: toward the end, Kath and Cetera combine on a sharp, exciting duet, but this is the only highlight. The cut ends with appalling abruptness, ragged, not in unison, evidently unplanned, and certainly illogical. *Long Time* is Bee Gees harmony over a thin Sgt. Pepperish chart.

The last two cuts are pretty decent. *Blue* resembles *Anyway*, but the arrangement is denser and livelier, a sort of three-part dialogue among horns, piano, and guitar. *Days* is typical Chicago; there's even a direct reference to *Make Me Smile* in the first chorus. Possibly this is an intentionally humorous allusion, given the title: if so, the joke's on the band, since Chicago's music hasn't changed sufficiently to provide the desired contrast.

As I write this—weeks after it was sent me to review, I abashedly admit—*Chicago VIII* sits atop *Billboard's* list of best-selling albums, and it has been there for quite a while. Good, that means nothing I say can hurt it; and that means I can indulge fully my despair over what might have been. —heineman

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

SONNY ROLLINS

SAXOPHONE COLOSSUS AND MORE—Prestige P 24050: *Moritat*; *Blue Seven*; *Strode Rode*; *St. Thomas*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Kids Know*; *House I Live In*; *I've Grown Accustomed To Your Face*; *Star Eyes*; *I Feel A Song Comin' On*; *Pent-up House*; *Kiss And Run*.

Personnel: Rollins, tenor sax; Clifford Brown (tracks 10-12), Kenny Dorham (tracks 6-9), trumpet; Tommy Flanagan (tracks 1-5), Wade Legge (tracks 6-9), Richie Powell (tracks 10-12), piano; Doug Watkins (tracks 1-5), George Morrow (tracks 6-12), bass; Max Roach, drums.

THE BRIDGE: SONNY ROLLINS—RCA APL1-0859: *Without A Song*; *Where Are You*; *John S.*; *The Bridge*; *God Bless This Child*; *You Do Something To Me*.

24 □ down beat

Personnel: Rollins, tenor; Jim Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; H. T. Saunders (track 5), Ben Riley, drums.

Over the years *Saxophone Colossus* has taken its place as a classic of modern jazz literature. Its stature has come to rest on one track in particular, *Blue Seven*; and to a lesser extent, *Moritat*. Gunther Schuller, Max Harrison, Don DeMicheal, Martin Williams and others have all called it a "masterpiece," a word tossed about rather glibly in criticisms but rarely with such high-level unanimity. Although John S. Wilson dismissed it as "simply tiresome," it has held the boards well over the years and comes to us now in its third incarnation, augmented by some pleasant extras from roughly the same period.

Rollins has frequently been accused of harshness during this time (the 1956-57 period), of angry aggressiveness. Perhaps from the perspective of the Getzian '50s, he may have sounded harsh. But there's little evidence of such harshness here, today. The players of the '60s were to teach us what harshness really was. The fact is Rollins comes off on these sessions as firmly in control of his flow of ideas, developing his themes with a mellow, no-nonsense tone.

Blue Seven is based on a simple, engaging little theme that provides a remarkably strong unifying thread throughout the piece. In fact, the thematic unity of *Blue Seven* is really what all the "masterpiece" talk is about. But that shouldn't scare you. This isn't esoteric or obscured in layers of subtlety. Its cohesiveness is as absorbing to the ear as it is rare in the free atmosphere of modern jazz. And although it's never been noted, the rhythm section deserves as much credit for the success of the piece as Rollins' ingenious spontaneity. Roach and Watkins provide a homogeneous continuity throughout, from Watkins' opening bass line to Roach's well-organized solo, with never the slightest excess or hint of self-indulgence. The balance of the session is of a high order, but less immediately striking than the unique *Blue Seven*.

The sides with Clifford Brown are from the heyday of the famous Brown/Roach group, which brought a level of hard-bitten vitality back to a jazz scene somewhat intellectualized by the moody coolness of the early '50s. *Kiss And Run* is typical of the group at its hard-bopping best, as are *I Feel A Song* and *Pent-up*. That "harshness" is more evident in the swift, sometimes emotional exchanges of these tracks. The brittle lines of Brown are a crackling delight throughout.

The Rollins of 1962 heard on *The Bridge* LP is not substantially different from the musician of 1956. His tone seems to have distilled into an even more pure tenor sound of blue steel hardness. The lack of sentiment is equally evident in his sardonic lines. The tenderness of *Where Are You* and *Child* is sensitive but not romantic.

John S., the session's most advanced work, edges toward the fringes of freedom then being probed deeply by Coleman and Coltrane. Rollins' lines here seem more fragmented than usual and his sense of the whole a bit less sure. Also, the main body of the performance has little to do with its avant garde opening and closing statements.

The title track offers a good deal of nervous energy sandwiched between a characteristically simple theme stated in twitch-

readers poll instructions ballot on opposite page

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2. Use official ballot only. Please type or print names.

3. **Jazzman and Rock/Blues Musician of the year:** Vote for the artist who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz/rock/blues in 1975.

4. **Hall of Fame:** Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to contemporary music. The following previous winners are not eligible: Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Sidney Bechet, Bix Beiderbecke, Clifford Brown, Charlie Christian, Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Eric Dolphy, Roy Eldridge, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Coleman Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson, Jimi Hendrix, Earl Hines, Johnny Hodges, Billie Holiday, Stan Kenton, Gene Krupa, Glenn Miller, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Wes Montgomery, Jelly Roll Morton, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Django Reinhardt, Buddy Rich, Sonny Rollins, Pee Wee Russell, Bessie Smith, Billy Strayhorn, Art Tatum, Cecil Taylor, Jack Teagarden, Fats Waller, and Lester Young.

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

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ing spasms. But Rollins develops an aggressive momentum that swings hard when he's not playing with half steps every few bars.

Jim Hall's quick harmonic ear on guitar is a welcome addition, but Ben Riley's drums, while discreet and always correct, are essentially a passive element designed more to support rather than actively contribute. The challenging artistry of Max Roach is missed. But this is Sonny's show, we must remember. And it's a good one. —mcdonough

DIZZY GILLESPIE

THE GIANT—Prestige 24047: *Manteca*; *Alone Together*; *Brother K*; *Wheatleigh Hall*; *Stella By Starlight*; *I Waited For You*; *Girl Of My Dreams*; *Fiesta Mo-Jo*; *Serenity*.

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Johnny Griffin, tenor sax (tracks 1, 3, 4, 8); Kenny Drew, piano; Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums; Humberto Canto, congas.

COLEMAN HAWKINS/ PEE WEE RUSSELL

JAM SESSION IN SWINGVILLE—Prestige 24051: *Jammin' In Swingville*; *Cool Sunrise*; *Spring's Swing*; *Love Me Or Leave Me*; *I Want To Be Happy*; *Phoenix*; *So Glad*; *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*; *I May Be Wrong*; *Vic's Spot*; *Years Ago*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-4: Joe Newman, trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Hilton Jefferson, alto sax; Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax; Tiny Grimes, guitar; Claude Hopkins, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Bill English, drums. Track 5: Cliff Jackson, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; J. C. Heard, drums. Tracks 6-11: Joe Thomas, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Buddy Tate, tenor sax, clarinet; Al

Sears, tenor sax; Danny Barker, guitar; Jackson, Benjamin, Heard. Recorded 1961.

Two first-rate entries in the valuable Prestige twofer series. The Gillespie, not previously issued in this country, was made in Paris in April, 1973, and contains some of his finest recorded work of recent times.

And that, friends, means some of the best trumpet playing imaginable. Dizzy is still in his prime, both artistically and technically, his mind as razor-sharp and his chops as awesome as ever. Nothing has been lost; on the contrary, something has been added. Call it maturity, wisdom, whatever: there is an emotional force in such work as on *Brother K* (the trumpeter's tribute to Martin Luther King) and the lovely *I Waited For You* (a Gillespie composition from the mid-'40s) that plumbs deeper than before. And Dizzy is still adding to the trumpet vocabulary he invented—check out *Girl Of My Dreams* for some new things.

Girl is altogether a delight. Dizzy Harmonized, in an insinuating, medium-bounce groove (fine brush work by the old master, Kenny Clarke, with whom Diz here reunited) that has kinship to Sweets Edison. *Alone Together* contains more masterly improvisation, and *Stella* is a definitive interpretation of that much-abused tune. In fact, the only throw-away is *Manteca*, which sounds like a warmup exercise for the rhythm section and never gets into anything—at least not on the level maintained elsewhere.

Kenny Drew has some nice moments, and comps just right; the same can be said for the remarkable Mr. Pedersen. It's good to hear from Johnny Griffin, who's been under wraps

too long as far as recording is concerned. He gives a sample of his undiminished speed on *Wheatleigh*, and of his lyrical side on *Brother K*. A visit home by this splendid player is overdue. Clarke, in addition to stoking the fires, has some exciting exchanges with Dizzy, and Canto gives Diz the Latin spice he likes. The recording is a bit too spacey for my taste—at times, the rhythm overbalances the horns. Jazz of this kind doesn't benefit from eight or 16 track technology, unless it's all mixed down to a nice two. But don't let it bother you; this is grand music.

The studio jam session was recorded in 1961 and first issued on Prestige's excellent but rather short-lived Swingville label. There are two units involved: one with Jimmy Hamilton as musical director, the other with Al Sears in that position. The Hamilton-Hawkins bunch is a bit more polished than the Sears-Russell group, but both are solidly rooted in what has been called the mainstream tradition.

The two outstanding pieces are taken at rather slow tempi: *Cool Sunrise* (an attractive composition by producer Esmond Edwards) by the first group, and *Long Ago* (a straight-ahead blues) by the second. As the soloists come up to bat in order, none go hitless. The jazz era that spawned most of these players stressed individuality, and these men have unique accents in their musical speech. Russell's clarinet and Vic Dickenson's trombone are among the most personal sounds in jazz, but everyone here has his own: Hamilton's elegance; Hilton Jefferson's unusual phrasing; Cliff Jackson's left hand, unlike any other stride pianist's; Buddy Tate's sure swing and Texas accent; Sears' staccato gruffness; Hig-

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Bob Blumenthal, *Boston Phoenix*

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Byron Belt, *Long Island Press*

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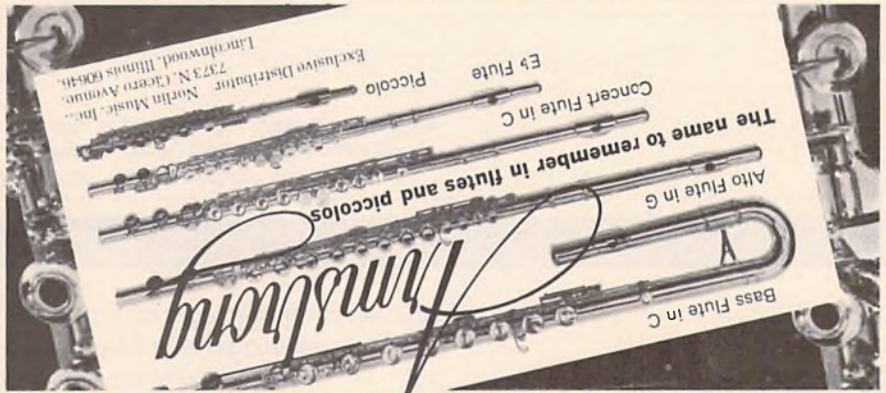
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Throughout this release the quality of playing

This observation holds true even down to years as a group leader.

maintained fairly constant throughout his 20-odd the first of these releases attests, has revolutionary stages, Silver's musical vision, as whose work has gone through several clear

Unlike the music of Hancock and Corea, artists and leaders of the last two decades. ample, though not entirely representative, an This fine trio of Blue Note twofers gives us

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HORACE SILVER

Special mention must go to trumpeter Joe ginbotham's Morse code riffs.

Thomas, first of all because his name was left off the album's personnel listings and goes unmentioned in the liner notes, but also because his classic, serene and beautifully toned playing is so well showcased here. Joe Newman, the youngster in this bunch, takes a back seat to no one.

And then there's Coleman Hawkins, *primus inter pares* but not acting like a star, just taking his turns. But what turns, especially on *Surtise*. That's authority! Where Hawk is direct, Pee Wee is oblique, but these two have rightly been promoted to leader status in this repackaged (with Dickenson and Thomas close behind, and happily still among us) Note, by the way, that Tate takes the fine opening clarinet solo on *Years*, following Danny Barker's moving guitar. And let's not forget Tiny Grimes, or Claude Hopkins, and both teams of bass and drums. This was an all-pro gathering. There should be room in everyone's musical universe for this kind of mature, unpretentious, from-the-heart jazz.

—*morgenstern*

is high, and it should be, considering that present are such musicians as Art Farmer, Woody Shaw, Louis Hayes, Bob Cranshaw, Joe Henderson, Hank Mobley, and in later groups, Charles Tolliver, Stanley Turrentine, Randy Brecker, Bennie Maupin, Mickey Roker, and Billy Cobham.

Silver's own playing needs little discussion. Like Monk, he's been able to turn only fair technique to his advantage. Like Basie, he's a master of twisting simple, singing riffs inside out. While Hancock and Corea have only recently begun to reach out to larger audiences, Silver has been striving to "communicate" all along. His solos invite the listener to mentally sing along with them. Just when things appear easy, they become instantly complex, as a one finger riff explodes into a locked hands keyboard shout.

Those interested in tracing the evolution of a musician's musical style should take special pleasure in this Herbie Hancock release, for unlike Silver, Hancock's musical conception has been constantly evolving, its colors shifting like his now-famed chameleon.

The earliest of this material dates from 1962, done while Hancock was a member of Donald Byrd's group. Several pieces now seem quite retrogressive, when looking back to the hard bop groups of the late '50s; this sensation is heightened by the presence of such players as Dexter Gordon and Silverite Hank Mobley. *Empty Pockets* has Hancock in a Winton Kelly-like setting, with ringy, dandified octaves and cute bluesy fills. The feeling is similar on *Driftin'*, a Jazz Messengers-styled finger popper.

The popular *Watermelon Man* couldn't have failed to suggest certain commercial

possibilities to Hancock, for present here are several jazz-rock tunes that evidently spun off from the popular instrumental hits of the early '60s. *Blindman*, *Blindman* has a *Side-winder*-type riff going on, as does *And What If I Didn't*. These are not this reissues' most satisfying tracks.

Like that chameleon, Hancock changed rapidly during this period. The 1963 recording of *Triangle* (a piano plus rhythm track) points both to Herbie's *Inventions and Demensions* period, as well as to the classic sextet period of the late '60s. The real watershed, of course, is *Maiden Voyage*. It's hard to believe this was recorded ten years ago; it still seems so fresh. This is an indelible performance, with a memorable and often imitated collection of solos.

The final large grouping of tunes here comes from the late '60s, when Hancock experimented with a sextet including such players as alto flutist Jerry Dodgion, bass trombonist Peter Phillip, fluegelhornist Thad Jones, and bassist Ron Carter. This is Hancock in his coolest, most impressionistic period. Those inclined toward musical source hunting might well trace the lineage of this band to the Miles Davis/Gil Evans *Birth Of The Cool* groupings of 25 years ago. Hancock evidences the same concern with low register brass densities; he has the same introspective, understated musical approach. *Speak Like A Child*, a lilting Latinish piece, floats along in slow motion. Similar muted brass tonalities are found in *Toys*, and a third piece from this period, *Speak Like A Child*, also features innovative tone colors, brooding dissonances and oblique voicings. Here Hancock's solos are completely mature and liberated from the

mannerisms of the hard bop pianists.

The Chick Corea anthology we have here is anything but cool; this is Corea at his hottest, during his most probingly experimental period.

Again the issue of communication comes up. This is musicians' music. That these players are communicating with themselves is evident; that they're reaching anyone else isn't quite so clear. (Corea's own action in leaving Circle to form Return To Forever strongly suggests that he was dissatisfied with the direction his earlier musical experiments took.)

We have here seven trio performances, featuring Corea in the company of bassists Dave Holland and Miroslav Vitous and drummers Roy Haynes and Barry Altschul. Also included are three septet pieces, including such players as Woody Shaw, Hubert Laws, Bennie Maupin, Jack De Johnette and Horacee Arnold. This latter group, according to Leigh Kaplan's liner notes, was a progenitor of Circle, the acclaimed group Corea was to form with Anthony Braxton.

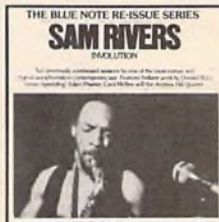
The trio performances are strikingly in the tradition of Paul Bley's trio work in the early '60s. (Drummer Altschul worked with Bley.) Melody, harmony, and rhythm are definitely outside and, with the exception of the languid *Ballad I* and *Ballad III*, the tone of these performances is nervous, angry, and aggressive. Most coherent is *Now He Sings, Now He Sobs*, done in a more or less regular meter in three. *Matrix*, a classic solo, is energetic, yet seems also overly abstract and mechanical.

The septet pieces (*This*, *Jamala*, *Is*) are similarly difficult. The mood is much reminiscent of Ornette Coleman's combo work: bitter, intense, at times frantic. In short, in

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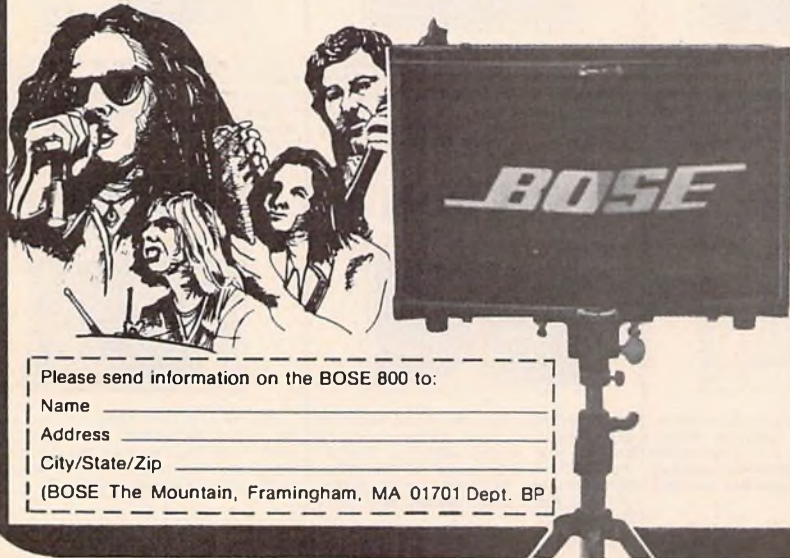
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1975 this reissue seems to be mostly of historical value, giving us an idea of Corea's musical activity between 1968 and 1970, as it led to his eventual mellowing out.

These records comprise an important anthology, one especially valuable for newer listeners seeking a detailed look at the past work of three very important musical forces.
 —balleras

MILES DAVIS

MILES DAVIS & HIS TUBA BAND: PRE-BIRTH OF THE COOL—Jazz Live BLJ 8003: *Why Do I Love You; Godchild; S'il Vous Plait; Moon Dreams; Hallucinations; Darn That Dream; Move; Moon Dreams; Hallucinations.*

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Mike Zwerin, trombone; John Barber, tuba; Junior Collins, french horn; Gerry Mulligan, baritone sax; Lee Konitz, alto sax; John Lewis, piano; Al McKibbon, bass; Ken Hagood, vocal.

Here is an LP of enormous significance—something akin to the Dead Sea Scrolls of modern jazz. We all know, and most accept, the classic stature of the Davis Capitol sessions of 1949 and '50. Well, here, in air checks from the Royal Roost, is substantially that same repertoire performed in the group's only public engagement a full four months before the first Capitol date.

If a sense of perfection pervades the Capitols, these "workshop" performances are best characterized by their comparative uncertainty and sense of experimentation and discovery. These are not sloppy, however, only looser and more spontaneous. They will be an absolute treasure to all familiar with the definitive sides. Their somewhat altered personnel and strikingly different solos occupying the now-hallowed spaces in the classic scores are real ear openers!

Davis at this time was seeking an alternative form of expression to that fashioned by master boppers Parker, Gillespie, Navarro, et al. Their virtuosity made it virtually impossible for serious younger musicians to meaningfully extend their work still further. So Davis found a new direction at the confluence of the harmonic essence of bop and the rich ensemble sense Gil Evans and Gerry Mulligan had brought to the bands of Claude Thornhill and Gene Krupa-Elliott Lawrence, respectively. The results heard on this record are a highly restrained, sometimes introspective, bop line disciplined still further within the framework of sensitive and detailed scoring. This is true chamber jazz.

The appropriateness of the form seems reflected in Davis' playing, which is firm and sure within its technical limitations. This is Miles as a resident of his own house, not a servant in Parker's. It would be arbitrary to say that he's better here than on the Capitols. I don't think he is. Just different. The same goes for Konitz, Mulligan and Lewis. Dig Lee and Gerry on *Hallucinations*.

As if all this wasn't enough, we are also treated to two charts never recorded. *Plait* is a contrapuntal Davis chart juxtaposing a somber theme against a bright boppish line. *Why* is a fine Gil Evans scoring of the Jerome Kern tune.

This is an LP of basic importance to any jazz collection. On a level with the recent Charlie Christian/Lester Young and Wichita Parker discoveries. The sound is excellent. An import from Peters.
 —mcdonough

Barry Miles



GENE PERLA

by Charles Mitchell

Barry Miles' first and only previous Blindfold Test occurred in the March 5, 1959 db, at the tender age of 12 years. At the time, Barry was the youngest musician ever to take the Test, and the Leonard Feather-administered session was the result of Miles' current protege status on drums. Barry commented on tracks by Chico Hamilton, Philly Joe Jones, Max Roach, and the soundtrack from *Peter Gunn*, among others.

Today, now spending all of his musical time on keyboard configurations, Barry rides the crest of the second wave of fusion musicians, along with George Duke, Clive Stevens, Klaus Doldinger, and others who have added their electric statements to the first-wave fusion manifesto set out by Corea, Hancock, McLaughlin, and Davis. Barry's group, Silverlight, has one LP out on London Records; and Miles' own two discs for Mainstream, *White Heat* and *Scatbird*, are also excellent introductions to his excellent, exploratory talent as composer and soloist.

This latest get-together focused on keyboardists and fusion musicians. Barry was given no information about the records played, which he chose not to star-rate.

blindfold

test

1. STANLEY COWELL. *Ibn Mukarr Mustapha* (from *Illusion Suite*, ECM. Cowell, piano, kalimba, composer; Stanley Clarke, bass; Jimmy Hopps, drums).

I really don't have an idea of who that was. It was a very nice combination of African, Brazilian, and free types of music. There was a great rapport between the pianist—I imagine he was the same person as the kalimba player—and the bass player. When it got into the samba kind of feeling, I really wanted to hear a different type of thing than what the drummer was playing, and sometimes it was rough getting from one section to the next. But in general, the main thing that struck me was the rapport between the lines of the pianist and the bass player.

2. HAMPTON HAWES. *Web* (from *Northern Windows*, Prestige). Hawes, piano, composer; Spider Webb, drums.

That's what I call "now" music. There isn't anything particularly futuristic about it. Everything was very well done with it. It reminded me a lot of some of the things off of the Billy Cobham records; in fact it might have been Billy Cobham or Steve Gadd or maybe even Bernard Purdie on drums. I don't know who the piano player was. The track didn't really knock me out, other than that it was a particularly professional type of thing. Probably would be nice to dance to.

Mitchell: Believe it or not, it was Hampton Hawes.

Miles: Hampton Hawes was one of the major influences on my piano playing when he was with the Contemporary label, during the '50s. I understand his trying to make a change, to get into different kinds of music, but considering his capabilities based on past performances, he seems to be negating the beautiful elements that the older mu-

sic had. I just wish that all of the great musicians who are turning to new directions would keep some of the beauty and powerful elements of their older music in mind when they play their new music. That happens all too rarely.

3. PATRICE RUSHEN. *Traverse and Buttered Popcorn* (from *Prelude*, Prestige). Rushen, composer, piano, Arp synthesizers; Tony Dumas, bass; Ndugu, drums.

There was a lot of empathy in the first trio cut, and the tune had very nice changes. The drummer reminded me in places of Roy Haynes, and the bass player had a lot of things going that sounded like Ron Carter. I really couldn't name the pianist; a lot of the lines reminded me of Herbie Hancock, but there really wasn't the rhythmic definition that he has in a lot of his playing. What I heard on the synthesizer on the second track was very nice. It didn't sound like the kind of synthesizer I play. It could have been an Arp; I play a Moog. You can tell the difference by the attack of the note produced on each instrument, and pitch quality. This particular synthesizer on the record sounded like a synthesizer, whereas the Moog can get away from that to sound like a horn, guitar, or other instruments.

Both tunes were very nice. There wasn't any particular melodic quality that stood out in either. On the first tune, the changes reminded me of *Stella By Starlight* a great deal. Nice changes; it was nice to listen to.

Mitchell: Having been something of a child prodigy yourself, did that sound like a mature player to you? (*Rushen is just this side of 20 years old.*—Ed.)

Miles: At this point, I don't feel that there was a certain total strength in the execution of some of those lines. The recording of the acoustic piano

could have been stronger in the first number; maybe that had something to do with it. It was a light touch, with few rhythmic accents that could have brought out more of the good lines with better definition. But it was a nice player, whoever it was.

4. KLAUS DOLDINGER. *Raga Up And Down* and *Lemuria's Dance* (from *Doldinger Jubilee*, German Atlantic). Doldinger, tenor sax, composer.

The best thing about the first piece was the drummer. The sax player seemed to have certain problems with lines, the ideas weren't really there, and rhythmically he didn't execute the lines that he did play very well. There was obviously some influence of Coltrane there, but that came through mainly tonally, rather than through the actual notes and solos played. The composition itself didn't really interest me; there wasn't that much going on harmonically or structurally in the piece.

The beginning of the second tune (*recorded with Passport—Ed.*) sounded like it would have gone well in certain segments of Haight-Ashbury in the late '60s. There's nothing in there, again, that really interests me personally; but I'm sure that a lot of people would enjoy that type of music because of the Zappa influence. I never really got into the jazz things that Zappa has done. I think his strength is in his approach to rock and classical music rather than jazz.

5. PAT REBILLOT. *Pastorale* (from *Free Fall*, Atlantic). Rebillot, electric keyboards, acoustic piano, composer.

The nicest thing about that piece is the mood that was set. The time signature on it was some kind of 11 divided into 6 and 5. That kind of approach doesn't really interest me too much because often it seems that things get written in 7 or 11 just for the sake of writing a piece in a funny time signature. Unless you're doing something interesting on it, like some of the Indian players do, it seems to me that it would be very hard for a person who's not really into different rhythms to understand where the beat is. That was probably one of the most difficult things about the Mahavishnu Orchestra. It was hard enough for me to tap my foot to some of the things they were doing metrically, even though it was beautiful. So I can imagine how the general public reacted—it's a little alienating, though in Mahavishnu's case not terribly so.

This particular piece was slower, with some nice changes. A pleasant cut. (*After Rebillot was identified:* That's a little disappointing to me, actually, because I know that he's capable of more than I heard on that tune.

6. KING CRIMSON. *Starless* (from *Red*, Atlantic). Robert Fripp, guitar, composer; Ian McDonald, alto saxophone.

I'm going to take a wild guess and say that was Led Zeppelin. I rather liked that cut, actually, because it was vibrant, alive, and there were things happening. The part that disappointed me the most was the sax solo; the improvisation wasn't really happening. I like Led Zeppelin more than most of those groups, incidentally, because they don't make an attempt to get into classical and jazz too much, like Emerson, Lake, and Palmer or others. When some of these bands start playing jazz, or what they think is jazz, they make asses out of themselves to anyone that knows jazz at all. I didn't notice too much of that tendency in this group, except during the saxophone solo. All in all, it was a pretty striking cut.

Afterthoughts: Among newer music, I'm very much in favor of what Miles is doing on *Get Up With It*, Jan Hammer's work, most of what Chick is doing, and I liked Mahavishnu's *Apocalypse* for the writing and orchestration. As far as older stuff goes: the Candid/Barnaby *Mingus Presents Mingus* album with Eric Dolphy, anything by Miles from the '60s, and the Clifford Brown/Max Roach group. Max is my idol. db

Profile

MICK GOODRICK



BOSTON MOODY

At its essence, the current Gary Burton Quintet is all strings and sticks, and this reduction is visually reinforced by seeing them on stage. Bass guitarist Steve Swallow stands at the apex of a triangle of fretted instruments, 22 strings delineating the mystical polygon whose magical properties have been invoked since primitive sorcery. Running through the triangle, skewed, is the straight line drawn by those who wield sticks against metal and skin—vibist Burton and drummer Bob Moses.

But the triangle: it was revered by the Greeks for its simple grace and symmetry, doubled by the Hebrews to form the symbol for a people, multiplied still further by the Egyptians to design their timeless tombs. In the Middle Ages, the alchemists used the triangle and its variations to represent fire, earth and water. It represents harmonious completeness.

Anchoring the legs of the Burton triangle are guitarists Mick Goodrick and Pat Metheny. They have other things in common besides their loci in bandstand geometry. They respect each other's playing—highly enough, in fact, to work occasionally as a duet in their hometown Boston, with a tandem collaboration on LP in the works. Both have strong ties to the Berklee College of Music, as students and teachers. And both are committed to the goal of being successful as people as well as attaining musical competence.

Pat Metheny is only 20, yet he has already taught guitar at two major colleges and been a member of the Burton group for a year. Born in Lec's Summit, Mo., he grew up jamming in Kansas City and went to the University of Miami after high school. "I only went there for one semester," he explains. "Then I got hired there as a teacher; I taught for a year, and then I met Gary at a festival, and it ended up that he got me a job teaching at Berklee, when I was 19." While at Berklee, he shuttled frequently to New York, where he worked with vibist Dave Friedman and pianist Paul Bley.

About six months after joining the Berklee faculty, Metheny was invited to join Burton, who had decided to expand his traditional quartet for 36 □ down beat

by neil tesser

mat into a quintet. It was a fateful move; Metheny had been first inspired to take up jazz by hearing Burton in concert.

The job also demanded difficult transitions for the young guitarist. To begin with, Metheny had never played 12-string guitar, which he now plays exclusively in the quintet. "But when we tried it with both Mick and myself playing 6-string, it sounded too much the same. I'd always heard a 12-string in Gary's group—that is, before Mick came along—and so we tried the 12-string. It added another texture—in fact, it didn't even always sound like another guitar.

"It was real hard at first," he continues, his Missouri drawl still untouched by his East Coast sojourn. "The 12-string is harder to play, from just a technical standpoint, and it was also real hard to just stay in tune with the vibes. The vibes are just a row of tuning forks, and the 12-string's tuning ... the octaves, all the overtones—well, it was hard.

"But more than that, it was a matter of finding a new voice. Since I was such a big fan of Gary's, and I knew what the guitar player in his group was supposed to do, I had to find something else to do besides that. Mick was covering that end just great. In a way, it was kind of like adding another set of vibes to the Modern Jazz Quartet. It took about four months of really hard growing pains before things started sounding real good."

Metheny has been getting deeper and deeper into the 12-string's experimental potential. He now spends much of his spare time working with a new tuning system, whereby several of the string pairs are tuned a fifth apart. "It sounds like some weird overtones or something," he confides. He's now preparing for his first ECM date as a leader, which will include the specially-tuned 12-string, bassist Dave Holland and drummer Bob Moses.

Goodrick concurs that Metheny's new role in the quintet was tough to work into. "I'm glad I wasn't asked to do what Pat had to do," he says. "In the beginning, the material we were working with had already been arranged for the quartet for so long that the roles were pretty well defined. Coming in to add another part was extremely difficult. Since then we've had material specifically arranged for five pieces, and that makes it a little easier."

Although Mick Goodrick expresses relief that he wasn't in Metheny's shoes, those who've heard him play will agree that he probably could have handled the situation admirably. At 29, he is perhaps the single most sought-after guitar teacher in fret-laden Boston, a city where there are roughly "six guitarists per building," he cracks. He started on the instrument when he was 11, in his native town of Sharon, Pa.; he got into jazz at 15, and his experiences in the Stan Kenton Summer Band Camps convinced him to enter music. After high school, he spent four years at Berklee, where he got his degree in education, after which he was invited to slay and teach.

"After four years of teaching, I figured, 'Well, I've given back what I've taken,' and I decided I'd be better off teaching privately. Not with any bad feelings towards Berklee, but because it would then be easier to get away in case any work came up." By his own admission, Goodrick has played with few "name" musicians before Burton, although he does appear on Woody Herman's Cadet LP Woody and Jack De Johnette's recent Prestige date, *Sorcery*. He also worked in Boston

PAT METHENY



BOSTON MOODY

with a trio including Woody's erstwhile pianist and arranger, Alan Broadbent, and former Mahavishnu Orchestra bassist, Rick Laird.

Obviously, both guitarists have been intensely involved with the music education process. Metheny, who will not be continuing his Berklee post in the coming term, is still too young to have arrived at any hard-and-fast conclusions about the music education system; Goodrick, though, has observed it from both sides, from outside as well as within educational institutions.

"Up until fairly recently," he says, "my experiences in jazz education have been pretty good. I've worked at some of these summer band camps the last few years, and I think it's rewarding from the standpoint of the experience the kids get. Just being there, the atmosphere of being involved with music all day long, regardless of who was playing or what they were playing, makes quite an impression. So from that standpoint, anything that anybody tries along these lines might be worthwhile.

"But past that, it's hard to tell. My own views on education are, I suppose, best seen in the way I'm teaching now, selecting private students out of all the people who want to study, and doing some workshops. But at this point it's not so much jazz education as it is musical education, or better, people education.

"You see, throughout my teaching career, I've been concerned with teaching music, or actually, how to play guitar. But in the last couple of years I've been changing to the attitude of what is it that people are interested in learning besides music, and why would someone want to do that. And you get more concerned with the individual rather than the music per se.

"I'm getting away from mass movements in education, getting involved in more of a specialization field. At this point, I look at most of the students that I deal with as having a certain kind of problem—otherwise they wouldn't be that good. After all, most people don't devote 10 or 15 or 20 years to learning to do one thing real well. There's not anything necessarily wrong with that, but it does indicate someone's maybe trying to

compensate for something. I've seen this in my own case, and in other people, too.

"There's good and bad in people like this. There's a certain weird motivation to get involved with music so intensely at such an early age. Yet at the same time they seem to have talent, a certain persistency in sticking to the one thing.

"So I see it now as this: the music is wonderful, it's very important, it's a good way to make a living, all of these things. But in addition, there's a certain sacrifice a person makes in learning to do this one thing so well. My view now is that a person, after a certain point, has the right to see what it is he gave up, and get it back.

"One way to put it is that it's one thing to make music your life—and it's another thing to make your life music."

The result is that Goodrick's guitar lessons often take on the air of a music therapy session. "If students come in and want to learn about nothing but music, and they ask questions about guitar, fine, I'll tell them whatever I know. But a lot of them don't seem to ask those things: they're talking about what's bothering them. And in many cases I see that what's stopping these kids from doing what they want to do musically has less to do with a lack of musical knowledge than with a lack of understanding of themselves."

Obviously, Goodrick is not recommending that his educational theories replace the mainstream in that field, although he would like to see some others adopt his ideas. "But it wouldn't be good if

everyone taught this way," he says, "because there are a lot of things, elementary things, that either I can't do or I won't do at this point." And, he adds, his type of teaching is really correctional in nature; if no one taught the traditional way, there would be no call for Goodrick's method.

Metheny agrees with Goodrick on theory, even though his own experience hasn't yet revealed the type of students Goodrick speaks about. "My teaching isn't nearly at that esoteric stage," he admits bluntly. "I don't even consider myself a teacher, but rather a good player who's helping out these other students. I mean, I'm still learning at a fast rate myself." But Metheny's decision to quit teaching is rooted in another angle of Goodrick's hypothesis, and Mick is speaking for both of them when he explains his own personal rut:

"I finally began to see that I'd just been doing one thing—music—for so long; and when I finally realized that I was at least competent at it, it occurred to me that maybe I could start to learn to do other things." What kind of other things? "Well, I suppose, meeting people in a different light than before. It seemed like the only friends I had were musicians. Now, there's nothing wrong with musicians, but I saw that all I did was teach, and play, and listen to records and talk to musicians and hang out, and think and feel nothing but music all the time."

And yet, throughout history, music—like all the other arts—has needed inspiration as a spark. As

Mick Goodrick points out, history is rife with this kind of footnote: "Well, I went to a restaurant, and I had a really good meal, then I took a walk in the woods for two hours, and when I got back home I wrote this symphony." Simplified, yes, but the theme remains valid. Still, as is seen in Goodrick's students, in his own career, and in conservatories all over America, very little emphasis is put on this matter of inspiration—of the artist being a whole person—until much too late.

"There's no emphasis placed on the emotional side of it. That's just assumed, taken for granted. Very seldom do you hear anyone really talk about it, because most people don't really understand it that much. They don't see that it's possible to work on your emotions the same way you work on practicing scales." Not only is it possible, Goodrick is saying, it's mandatory.

It ties into Metheny's real reason for giving up his Berklee faculty spot. "I'd get up at 8:30 in the morning, go teach from nine until six, come home, sleep a little, then go gig till midnight or one, and start all over the next day." Both Goodrick and Metheny agree it's a good pace to maintain for awhile, providing invaluable experience. "But," adds Goodrick, "it's like the story of the monk who's sent away to live in a cave by himself for a year. The idea is not so much what happens to him when he's away, but rather what happens when he comes back into society."

Brothers Goodrick and Metheny are returning to the fold. db

caught... Mahavishnu smolders, Beck rises from the ashes in Phoenix . . .

Don Cherry returns to the Five Spot . . . NAMM happens in Chicago . . . "Superaxes" merge in L.A. . .

MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA JEFF BECK GROUP

Exhibition Hall

Phoenix, Arizona Civic Plaza

Personnel: Mahavishnu Orchestra: Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, electric guitar; Raiphe Armstrong, bass; Michael Walden, drums; Stu Goldberg, keyboards; Steven Kindler, violin; Carol Shive, violin; Phillip Hirschi, cello; Russel Tubbs, reeds; Norma Jean Bell, tenor and soprano sax.

Jeff Beck Group: Beck, electric guitar; Max Middleton, keyboards; Wilbur Bascomb, bass; Bernard Purdie, drums.

"If you can only get to one concert this season," the national publicity campaign said, "this is the one." The evening certainly had its moments, but certain new developments lessened the impact of the event: Jean-Luc Ponty and Gayle Moran were gone from the Orchestra, Mahavishnu's stage sound was painfully impacted, Billy Preston did not make the tour with Beck despite rockland rumors, and the king-sized guitars of John McLaughlin and Jeff Beck never really met.

Mahavishnu Orchestra #2 did not play at Phoenix Civic Plaza . . . Mahavishnu Orchestra #3 did. Personnel shifts make this a new band. McLaughlin's traditional opener, a moment of meditational silence, was predictably shattered by the usual ZZ Top consciousness of today's concertgoers, who shouted colorful remarks like: "Who cut your hair?!" and "Rock and Roll, baby!" The latter request was voluminously honored. After all, nobody screamed "Get into that jazz thing!" or "Be artistically creative!"

The M.O. concentrated on replaying *Visions Of The Emerald Beyond*, but overamplification blurred all chances of nirvana. Despite the fact that strings and horns were elec-

trified (or equipped with condenser mikes), most mid-range pitches were lost in an ungodly mound of sound. The most pleasant diversion was tenor saxophonist Norma Jean Bell, funkily attired in an outrageous, white fur "chubby" top and black satin pants. Her tenor was generally lost in the noise, but when given solo space she wiggled and wailed. At one point, after delivering a hot soul blast, Ms. Bell dropped her axe to her waist and strummed it aggressively while dancing "irreverently." A nice change.

McLaughlin's guitar suffered from the poor

stage sound too. His double-decker guitar was gone, and his improvisational method, the most influential since Hendrix, was not particularly fresh this time around. Despite having surrounded himself with musicians of similar religious bent, McLaughlin did not achieve the *musical* aura of the East. Integral to the first M.O. was John's practice of sitarizing his instrument and dialoguing with the percussive, tabla-like synthesizer of Jan Hammer. But he has no adequate foil in the new band, and is forced to drive hard with few creative breathers. As the group blew



DANIEL FOOTE



DANIEL FOOTE

into *On The Way Home To Earth*. McLaughlin did establish a rapport with his young rhythm section while the others sat out. Armstrong's bass solo was high and fast, Walden's time-keeping crisp and diverse. All in all, the program begged for at least one gentle moment, maybe some acoustic guitar or an ethereal vocal from the now-absent Ms. Moran. But the merely adequate set burned all the way to its close, after 90 minutes.

During the half-hour equipment change, Rod Stewart look-alikes and their suburban Phoenix groupie-alikes waited for the rock of Jeff Beck. What they actually got was a taste of jazz and funk. Beck's "new direction," mistakenly hailed as a Mahavishnu derivative by a myriad of critics, is a logical development for a remarkable talent. Prior to the concert, a Sri Chinmoy devotee passed out incense and maintained that even Jeff Beck "is getting into Mahavishnu." But the alleged Mahavishnu influence proved more indirectly compositional than directly stylistic. Beck's guitar technique is completely individual, employing more spaces than McLaughlin's,

with an enduring propensity for the blues. And rhythm.

Beck's 75-minute set opened and closed with funky excerpts from his hit album *Blow By Blow*, cuts like *Constipated Duck*, *Air Blower*, and *You Know What I Mean*. In between, Jeff's group played jazz-rock with a vengeance . . . and adequate acoustics. Hulking Bernard Purdie was a focal point. Rocking back and forth in excellent spirits, Purdie complimented Beck with his usual combination of power and finesse.

After the introductory funk numbers, Purdie got the pace motivating for an extended *Freeway Jam*. Soloing at first over the top of a rush-hour pace, Beck then moved the tune into a long slowdown. Using a metal slide to pick above the frets, he dallied brilliantly with a melodic offshoot for almost two minutes before yielding to Middleton's electric piano break, Beck talking back with his guitar between keyboard phrases. Jeff then soloed again, this time in a crying blues style, with a pouting sound, and then a beautiful, waterfalling fade down the fingerboard to

cap a superb performance.

A faithful rendering of Stevie Wonder's *Superstition* followed, coupling Beck's mutronic vocal (his only of the evening) with Middleton's clavinet—funky enough; if Jeff Beck has a musical guru, it's not as much McLaughlin as Stevie. Beck then switched from his Fender Stratocaster to his jet black Gibson, while Middleton took an interesting, unaccompanied fling on an almost overlooked grand piano. His rollicking, gospel-New Orleans fusion subsequently eased into the smooth intro for Beck's haunting guitar phrases and Wonder's *Cause We've Ended As Lovers*. This was the concert's high point. Beck sobbing high and clean, Purdie with one brush and one stick, Middleton comping on electric piano, and Bascomb providing a rich bottom.

Beck's group closed fast with the guitarist soloing one-handed and Purdie pounding barehanded through a broken-stick-at-a-crucial-moment. Their one encore continued funky—the rock crowd was pleased. Hopes for a third set with both guitarists and both rhythm sections, as happened in New York, were erased by the sudden authority of bright house lights. —bob henschen

DON CHERRY

Five Spot, New York City

Personnel: Cherry, pocket trumpet, electric piano, wooden flutes, African dusengoni; Frank Lowe, tenor and soprano saxophones; Hakim Jami, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Cherry's two weeks at the Five Spot followed appearances there by Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman, and preceded gigs by Sun Ra and Sonny Rollins. Obviously, the rejuvenated Five Spot is once again The Place in the Big Apple.

Although it would be nice to hear Sweden-based Cherry playing with Coleman again, the two are musically miles apart these days. Coleman is still tilling the same fertile ground he discovered years ago; Cherry has broadened his vision to include African, Indian and Oriental influences.

A representative set of Cherry's music included an eclectic mixture of these musics, introducing numerous melodies written in



JAN PERSSON

scales not usually heard by Western jazz devotees. These melodies were developed concisely through solo and group improvisations, each segueing into the next. Jami either kept a drone going, or played complementary patterns that, along with Higgins' multi-textured drumming, gave Cherry and Lowe a heady, throbbing pulse for propulsion and inspira-

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tion. (A healthy Eddie Blackwell filled in for Higgins one Saturday night. His knowledge of Eastern and African rhythms fit in perfectly. Roger Blank and William Parker—of the fine Melodic Art-tet—also sat in on percussion and bass respectively.)

Cherry switched instruments frequently. He used the electric piano primarily for his vocals, which ranged from an Oriental-sounding funky blues to evocations of Indian scales, such as Sa Ri Ga Ma Pa Dha Ni Sa. (Colorful appliquéd wall hangings around the bandstand depicted these scales and other figures derived from Eastern and African art.) He ended each set by singing the Incredible String Band's *May The Longtime Sunshine*, an endearing wish for universal peace and happiness.

Most of the Five Spot audience heard the dusengoni for the first time. It's a stringed instrument with a shovel-shaped vibrator on one end and a large round resonator on the other. It produces a strong, hypnotic sound. Cherry is fond of playing it on street corners, and a piece on his *Relativity Suite* was named after it (though the instrument itself is not played on the album).

Lowc stuck mostly to tenor, and despite his intensity (at times he appeared ready to foam at the mouth), his playing was generally stiff, a quality fortunately lacking in his looser cohorts. He was most effective when creating high, rhythmic overtones—somehow they sounded joyous and warm instead of shrill and grating. It's not an easy accomplishment in the upper extremes of the horn.

Cherry, meanwhile, has become a walking encyclopedia of music. Hearing him is both an educational experience and highly in-

vigorating entertainment. It's very fresh, accessible music, it's well-played, it features and encourages intelligent improvisation, and it makes you want to dance. What more can one ask for?
—scott albin

db HAPPENING V

Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago

Personnel (instrument brands indicate company affiliation):

Bobby Christian Big Band (Ludwig Industries)—Ken Dybisz, Ed Palermo, Joe Zack, Bob Frankich, Ray Nergaard, reeds; Boris Steffen, Mike Walters, Joe Hubieki, Bruce Golden, Pail Himmurovich, trumpets; Bob Portie, Edwin Williams, Ned Thoma, Art Linser, trombones; Christian, vibes; Norm Christian, drums; John Nasshan, Latin percussion; Bill Hall, bass; and Jeff Jacobs, guitar.

ARP NAMM JAM—Mike Brigida and Tom Piggott, ARP synthesizers; Cleve Pozar, drums.

Gary Burton (Musser) vibes; Rich Matteson (Gelzen) euphonium and valve trombone; Norm Christian, drums; Bill Hall, bass.

Bruce Bolen Octette (Nortin Music)—Bolen (Gibson) guitar, Richie Evans (Gibson) bass; Larrie Londin (Pearl) drums; Terry Fryer (Moog) keyboards; Art Hoyle, trumpet; Sonny Seals, tenor sax; John Avant, trombone; Lenny Dress, baritone sax.

Electric Martini (Conn)—Carol Jones, Dale Zieger, Chuck Wright, organs; Bobby Christian (Ludwig) drums.

Matrix—Mike Hale, Jeff Pietrangelo, Larry Darling, trumpets/flugelhorns; Kurt Dietrich, Fred Sturm (Holton) trombones; Michael Bard (Selmer) woodwinds; Randal Fird (Fender) bass; Tony Wagner (Fibes) drums; John Harmon (Rhodes 88) piano, (Moog) synthesizer, arr.-comp.

Chris Swansen (Moog) monophonic synthesizer; Jon Weiss (Moog) modulation; Don Crocker (Moog) polyphonic synthesizer.

Bill Porter (Olds) trombone; Ed Avis, Bill Dinwiddie, and Mike Bezin, trombones; Art Quinn, piano; Steve LaSplina, bass; Freddie Silver, drums.

Emmett Chapman (L. D. Heater), The Stick; Bobby Grauso, (Fibes) drums.

Session players—Roger Pemberton (Conn) tenor sax; Bill Howell, trombone; Danny Lamb (Musitronics) guitar and Mu-tron synthesizer; and other players from previously scheduled groups.

Equipment credits: Allec P.A. system; Bose speakers (for ARP NAMM JAM); Selma porta-desks; Ludwig drum set; A. Zildjian cymbals; Helpinstill piano pickup.

In joint sponsorship with the National Association of Young Music Merchants, down beat hosted its annual industry party, Happening V, at the June Music Expo of the National Association of Music Merchants (NAMM) in the Grand Ballroom of the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago. As in previous Happenings, participating musicians were made available by the musical instrument manufacturers exhibiting at the Music Expo.


Bobby Christian's well-known Chicago rehearsal band opened the Happening with a well chosen selection of big band charts. The band was tight, and loose, and very much pleased the standing room-only audience of music dealers and suppliers.

The ARP NAMM Jam showed off the power of its mighty synthesizers—aided and abetted by Cleve Pozar's capable drumming—in a 20 minute set climaxed by an all-stops-out *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

Gary Burton patterned his set to the temper of the audience and swung fast and furious on a group of standards. At Burton's request—and to the audience's delight—Rich Matteson showed what it is to play jazz on the valve trombone and the euphonium. Burton and Matteson seem as an unlikely a duo as you could imagine, but they have played together on many occasions at the Summer Jazz Clinics and various festivals. The results are invigorating.

Next came the presentation of the third annual Gene Krupa Award by Jo Jones to Roy C. Knapp, venerable Chicago teacher of Krupa, Louis Bellson, and many great and

continued on page 44



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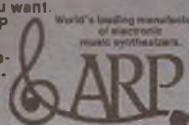
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"How do you mean, 'mad?'" he puzzled. "Of course not. Stealing? How can you say that? I think it's wonderful. People are thinking about you. I think it's beautiful that someone does this. This stuff would be dead otherwise, just tossed away. Bother me? Hell, this is wonderful. Are you kidding? That this stuff should be alive. Money? Who cares? That makes no difference. If whoever's putting this one out (he holds up Jazz Archives' *Count Basie At The Chatterbox*)—Jerry Valburn, you say?—can make a couple of bucks, great! It's helping me by keeping my music in the ears of people. This was a fantastic band. I'm proud of it. And I'm happy people still find it exciting and of value.

Some of the people who pick up this LP, hear it and dig it will be paying \$7.00 to sit down in Mr. Kelly's tonight. Right?"

As he looked at the *Chatterbox* record, he chuckled. "Who's this cat on the cover?" looking at himself 35 years before. "God damn, that was a band. I consider it a great tribute that someone would put this out.

"Look," he points out to old friend Oliver Woods. "Claude Williams. Wow! Damn good violinist. He missed Kansas City and went home. Still there, I think. Once he left, I never felt there was a place for a violin in the band. Wouldn't know how to use one once we got going. Duke was probably the only one. He knew how to use anything."

The reminiscing spell was broken when Sonny Cohn came to convey some messages and take care of some other business—routine, day-to-day matters between the boss and his band manager.

"Want some bread for tomorrow night?"

Cohn asks. "Gonna give Grey that yard tomorrow. Want some too?"

"Of course," Basie says with mock indignation.

"Well, OK then, Chief," as he peels off a single \$500 bill. "I told Grey he'll get his tomorrow. Unless you want me to give him this and you can wait 'til tomorrow."

"You wanna get hurt?"

Basie got hurt earlier that day—at the race track. He said the devil made him do it. Actually, it was Chicago Daily News jazz critic Ray Townley, who picked him up for an interview and took him to Sportsman's. The following day, CBS News asked to film him at the track, so it was out again, this time to Washington Park. It would all be perfectly fine, except that Basie has been earnestly trying to quit the horses. Last year, he went out only four times—"sneaked out," at that. Back in the old days, he'd bet on anything that would run on the premise that "there's a winner in every race." He's had some good days, but more bad ones. So he's tried to give it up. "No matter how good I try to be, the devil's always there saying, 'I'm gonna get you broke again.'"

The band is starting to gather on the stand for the late show at Mr. Kelly's. There are a couple of young faces peering from behind the instruments, but most of the men are seasoned vets. One of the young ones, drummer Butch Miles, is genuinely charismatic and has an electric presence behind the drums that one day could make leadership of his own band more than just an idle dream. He looks like Buddy Rich, to boot.

The seasoned character of the Basie band

is largely the result of its relatively small turnover. When a vacancy comes along, it's not necessary for Basie to tap the rich supply of young talent coming out of the colleges. Herman, Kenton, Ferguson, and a few others have pretty well cornered this market. Someone else in the section or the band will suggest a replacement. Or one of the many alums or old friends around the country get tapped. Harry Edison, practically a charter member from the '30s, has put in time in recent years. Roy Eldridge became a section man for a few months back in the '60s. Even Jo Jones, who shaped the original innovations of the Basie rhythm section, almost rejoined in 1967. Harold Jones came in ultimately, but Count still thinks the world of Pooche. And, of course, "Lockjaw" Davis floats in and out from year to year. To a large extent, the Basie band is a closed organization.

When it plays those sometimes cumbersome, overweight arrangements, the original dream of a band that played with the swift flexibility of a small group may seem a long way off. But there's always Count Basie himself around to remind us that the dream is nearer than we might think. He sits at his piano with his Tab cola at his side, almost Buddha-like as his lower lip juts forward like a soup ladle. He wears a pixieish expression that's almost a cross between Mephistopheles and the littlest angel. When relaxed, his puffy features resemble those of a basset hound with its face at half mast. From a distance, his portly figure looks like two balloons, one atop the other.

Then the band stops, the rhythm section snaps along, and the pianist comes forward tweaking the keys so gently. That's what the Count Basie band is really like. **db**

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continued from page 14

To what extent do you consider yourself linked to the African heritage, to the African music and to the African traditions, as opposed to white, European, Western traditions?

"Over the years, I've collected and studied musics from all over the world. I try to learn as much as I can from all music. I think it's important to understand the origins of these musics, because there are elements that are vital in presenting how I look at my music. I like the African rhythms, and I've been directly and indirectly involved with African music ever since I was a kid. By the same token, I have some string quartets by Debussy.

"I feel that everything that happens to me in my life is for a reason. What I'm saying, is that when you really look at the situation, it's a total world situation. I see links between all musics. At the core of music there are links.

"I have a dulcimer, which I've amplified. I use it as a sound-effect, a mood-setter. Now, if you check out the Middle East—Israel, the Arab countries, Iran—or if you check out the Far East, that dulcimer sounds something like a sitar, or other Eastern instruments. So what I see is a total thing in music. And the older I get, the more I realize that."

The artist and our society have always had an ambiguous love-hate relationship. Do you see that changing?

"Ultimately, I believe the Creator is in control of things, but we have many influences in our lives. Some things we can change, and other things we can't. There's the survival problem, for example. I'm not just saying this. There is a survival factor. It is very difficult for many serious musicians to accept the fact that they can't even work, or play what they want to play.

"I think there should be more of a chance for people to work and express themselves. I think there should be some area within the structure of things that can provide this opportunity for musicians to do what they have to do."

Such as government sponsorship?

"Something. Some form of work, whether state, federal, or private sponsorship, that gives serious musicians a chance to do what they have to do. If musicians can just function, I think that would help. If they can just function. They might not get all the exposure that the commercial things get, but if artists can just function, that's important.

"You see, it's *vital* for some people to play music that is art, to involve themselves in music on that level. It's *vital* for them to do that, whereas somebody else might not need that, or be able to function on that level, and that's fine with them.

"But some other people *have* to develop their full potential. They *have* to work on a higher level. And I've seen it not only in music, but in painting, dance, and other areas. Some people would rather not eat that regularly. They just want to paint what they want to paint, and come out with something that's really good.

"So . . . you know, it all depends on what level you see, and just where you can function best. Some people just want to survive, and others want a tremendous amount of money. They need that for some reason. Others *must* be able to function on a level of high artistry, and they can use help from our society. I guess it just boils down to what you feel, and what you need for your happiness." **db**

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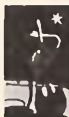
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HOW TO understand the Stick

by Dr. William L. Fowler

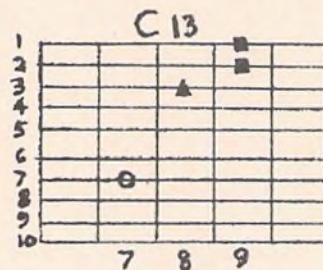
Just about 5,000 years—that's the time it took for the Ravanastrom, the King of Ceylon's one-string, to develop, through the ancient Greek Kithara, the medieval Chitarrone, the Renaissance Vihuela, then the classic guitar, into the American electric guitar. And they were all alike in their method of tone production: one of the player's hands had to pick or bow or strum the strings. But now Emmett Chapman has opened a new chapter in the fretted-instrument saga: he's freed the right hand from its pick-bow-strum role—he's developed that Chapman Stick. The King of Ceylon could play only a single melodic line on his one-stringer. But Emmett produces bass lines, chords, and melodic lines all at once on his stereophonic, electric ten-stringer.

Picture two separate, five-string, 26-fret fingerboards, each with its own pickup and amp, one fingerboard with the full range and more of the guitar, the other extending from middle D down to an augmented fourth below the low E of the string bass; mount those two fingerboards side by side on a single perfectly flat surface; secure that dual fingerboard diagonally across the chest by means of a shoulder strap and a belt hook; then any or all of the four fingers on each independent hand can tap individual strings or groups of strings down against the frets. And each tap, its volume determined by its force, will send sound through the amplifying system. Small wonder Emmett calls his functionally new fretboard a *touchboard*: it's artistically sensitive to his fingertips. On his Stick, he can sustain and slur melodic lines, he can run a complex bass line, he can fire a fusillade of cross rhythms. He can satisfy anybody's stylistic tastes—jazz, rock, avant-garde, legit. And through the flexibility of two independent hands working simultaneously, he can combine effects, functions, and even styles.

The Stick is not just-invented or unknown: The present, apparently-perfected instrument is Emmett's prototype number four: many articles about Mr. Chapman, his Stick, and his performances around the country have been written, including a *db Profile* (Feb. 27, 1975). Emmett has developed virtuoso performance capabilities, and several forward-looking, top-notch performers are now studying the Stick (Emmett supplies a series of instructional lessons with the purchase of his instrument). So now's the time for more particularized information on the Stick, its notation system, and its performance techniques.

TUNING: Open string tuning starts with the first (highest-pitched) string at middle C. The five melody strings work down in uniform fourth intervals: C, G, D, A, and E. The sixth string is the lowest pitched bass string in Bb, one half octave below lowest E on bass. The five bass and cello range strings work upward in uniform fifth intervals: Bb, F, C, G, and D.

NOTATION: The stick uses fingering diagrams of left-hand bass and chords



and right-hand scales.

The fingers are coded 1st—○ 2nd—● 3rd—▲ 4th—■. The tonic, or first scale note, is marked by a "T" through the finger symbol, depending on which finger taps it. Fret spaces are numbered from lower pitch on the left to higher pitch on the right. The strings are shown with the highest pitched "first" string at the top of the diagram.

PLAYING POSITION: Holding The Stick in its upright position (headpiece pointing up) put your right arm and your head through the strap loop, so that the strap is held under your right arm and over your left shoulder. Then engage the hook onto your belt or pants three or four inches right from center. You may have to move the buckle over to your left to make room for the hook. The Stick should now be in playing position without any support from the hands. The position of The Stick is more nearly vertical, while the guitar is held more nearly horizontal. The angle from straight vertical is about 35° to your left, so that the headpiece is over your left shoulder, and the tailpiece is at your right thigh. This 35° angle lets both hands play in very natural positions, almost like tapping your fingers on your chest.

BASIC PLAYING TECHNIQUES: The left hand grabs chords and taps bass lines from under the touchboard, in the fashion of guitar or bass, while the right hand taps melody and shapes chords from over the touchboard, more in piano fashion.

Both hands can cover all the strings, but the right hand mainly plays the five melody strings, numbered one to five, and the left hand mainly plays the five bass and cello range strings, numbered six to ten, but also plays chords on both sets of strings. Fret-wise, a comfortable range for the left hand is around fret spaces three to nine, and for the right hand, around fret spaces nine to seventeen.

Preliminary exercises should include effects with either hand, like string bending, sliding, and various types of vibrato. Right-hand chords can be bent to a higher pitch, or can slide in parallel formation. Right-hand vibrato can be from the elbow, from the finger, the hand, or across the frets to the next higher fret space. Each of these body motions has its own musical and emotional effect. They are not synonymous.

Bending and vibrato of all strings should be toward the center of the width of the touchboard, so that the bass strings are bent inward in one direction, and the melody strings are bent inward in the other direction.

Vibrato across the fret is done with the forearm at the elbow, and can be understood as a trill. With volume and fuzz it is heard as a broad vibrato.

Sliding can go anywhere; either up or down, or an innuendo going up and down, in vocal style. Guitar effect pedals and boxes add variety and glamour to bass and especially to melody. One or two wah pedals, then fuzz, then phase-shift from Stick melody pickup to amp gives much versatility and dynamic (programmatic) control.

Try playing a wah pedal with your left foot for comfort. The right foot forward would be inconvenient, your right leg hitting the tailpiece of the instrument. Bass played clean through the bass amp with no effects is desirable.

The Stick is best played standing upright. Since body language is so important on this subtle instrument, don't forget to sometime play it straight through both amps, with no pedals, so that you can stand on both feet. In advanced performance some of the best rhythmic ideas come this way.

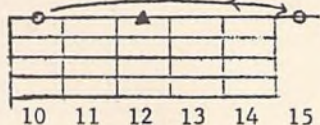


A STICKY BLUES by Emmett Chapman

For a graphic look at the notation system for the Stick, here are samples from Mr. Chapman's instructional course.

EXTENDED BLUES

Try this low two-finger scale position for C blues.



After your third finger taps the high tonic note (string 1, space 12), slide your first finger up to space 15 on the first string for an expressive high note. Practice moving up and down these three notes until you're fluent at it.

This lick brings your first finger up to space 15 and to a new position of the same C blues scale. This higher position also leads to a first finger slide up to yet a higher position (string 1, space 19).

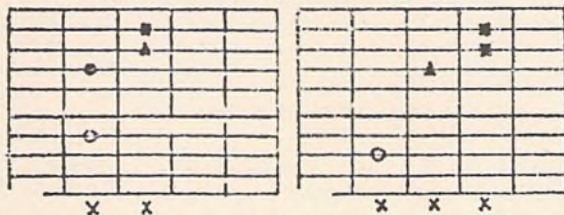
Also, you can slide up to the next higher position on any string.



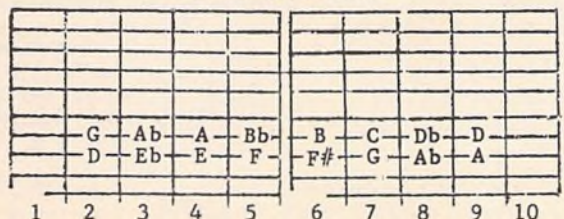
Improvise on the low scale position while your left hand tries these chord changes to a 12-bar blues:

$\begin{array}{l} \text{||: } 4 \\ \text{||: } 4 \end{array} \text{ C+9 } \quad \text{F\#13} \quad \text{||} \quad \text{F13} \quad \text{B+9} \quad \text{||} \quad \text{C+9} \quad \text{C\#+9} \quad \text{||} \quad \text{C+9} \quad \text{F\#13} \quad \text{||}$
 $\text{F13} \quad \text{B+9} \quad \text{||} \quad \text{Bb+9} \quad \text{E13} \quad \text{||} \quad \text{A+9} \quad \text{||} \quad \text{Eb13} \quad \text{||}$
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+9 Chord and 13 Chord



Bass Reference



The +9th chords have the tonic bass note (the root) on the seventh string, and the 13th chords have it on the eighth string. The fret space and bass string where the root is played tells you what the chord is.

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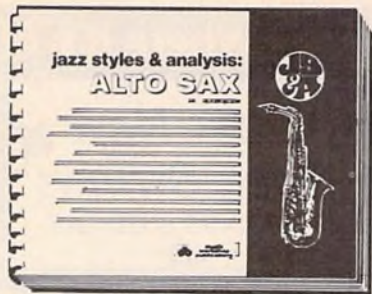
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Jazz styles & analysis: ALTO SAX by Harry Miedema, edited by David Baker. Chicago: down beat Music Workshop Publications, first edition 1975. 104 pps. 11" x 8 1/2", spiral bound: 125 transcribed and annotated solos from 103 alto saxophonists
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Short of actually playing with jazz musicians, studying and playing their accurately transcribed solos are invaluable learning experiences. The goal is not to imitate but to gain a sense of what we at the professional level continuously strive for.
 —Cannonball Adderley

It still seems incredible to me what Charlie Parker and other innovative soloists could create with such spontaneity and musicianship. Listening to and studying their improvised compositions open to all of us the unlimited genius of the human mind.
 —Paul Horn

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- Fingerings for Altissimo Register, with charts
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jazz styles & analysis: ALTO SAX is an essential learning aid and reference work for alto saxophonists at all levels of competence; serious contemporary players of any instrument interested in acquiring a basic jazz repertoire; arrangers and composers; and all music libraries.

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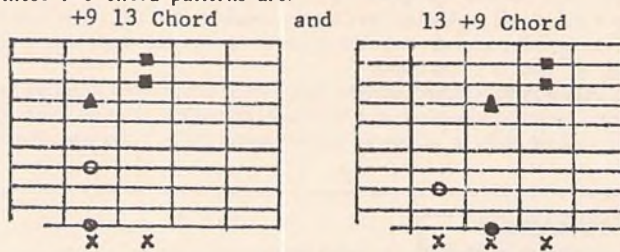
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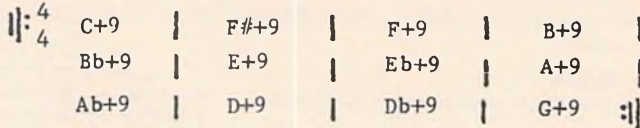
So if you tap to bass (root) on the eighth string, third space, the chord must be a type of Eb chord.

These two finger patterns (the +9th and 13th chords) take you around the circle of fifths (or fourths), and since they are basically seventh chords, they have "forward" momentum to resolve ever onward by ascending fourth intervals (or descending fifths).

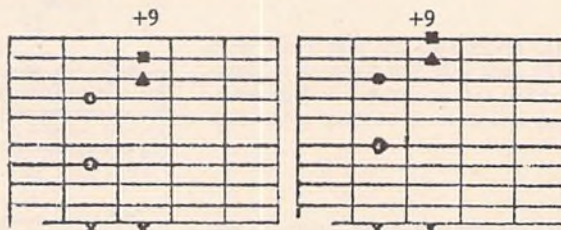
Variants of these two chord patterns are:



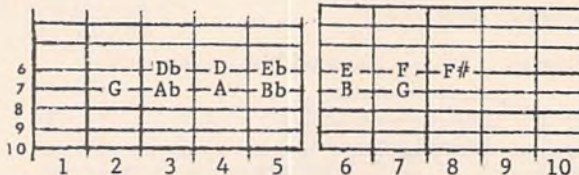
Another concept of a 12-bar blues relates to the twelve-fold cycle of ascending fourths:



Two finger patterns that fit all these chords:



Here either the sixth or the seventh string is tapped for the bass root.



This blues, harmonically radical, can be placed against a single C. blues scale.
 • Emmett H. Chapman 1974

CAUGHT

continued from page 39

near-great drummers. Frank Ippolito, owner of the Professional Percussion Center (N.Y.C.), originated the Award, which was made to the late Zutty Singleton last year and to Krupa himself in 1973.

Bruce Bolen, an exec for Gibson guitar and a fine player, made his fifth appearance at a db Happening in as many years. For this set, Richie Evans wrote several special arrangements in a rock/blues/free bag well executed by four of the best horn players in town.

The Electric Martini was a straight-ahead, no chaser trio featuring pleasant pop uptunes on a variety of Conn organs.

Matrix was the hit of the Happening. A cop of nine players/educators from the Appleton (Wis.) area, their arrangements were inventive, their performance flawless, and their excitement contagious. Because of time limitations, the group didn't show off any of their longer works, which were so successful with the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra several months ago. But what they did—and the improvisations by all hands—brought the house to its feet.

Billy Howell, Chicago trombonist and educator, played, *a capella*, several choruses of

When The Saints Go Marching In, in honor of Bill Abernathy (see Final Bar in next issue) who "couldn't be with us tonight."

Chris Swansen came on the next day—but that is, after midnight—but he was worth waiting for. The former New York studio trombonist has been working with Bob Moog for several years as composer-in-residence and general musical advisor . . . and it shows. Swansen gets more real music out of a synthesizer than anyone this listener has heard. His sidemen, Weiss and Crocker, have been part of the trio for some time, so the whole presentation is fluid and beautifully controlled.

Bill Porter led his jazz trombone choir through some nice and neat charts to close the scheduled portion of the Happening, but a surprise guest was Emmett Chapman who demonstrated what wondrous music can be wrought from his Stick.

Several combinations of players—including Roger Pemberton on his shiny, new Conn tenor; and Danny Lamb and his Mu-tron II foot operated synthesizer—jammed until 3:00 a.m.

Execut all until 8:00 p.m., June 28, 1976 in the same arena.
 —charles suber

Perspective

NEW NOTES FROM BLUE NOTE by Charles Mitchell

Long-time jazz fans will no doubt have noticed the changes in Blue Note Records over the past several months. One of the last bastions of all that was pure and holy in mainstream/avant-garde jazz, Blue Note—a subsidiary of United Artists Records—has moved steadily in the direction first pointed out by Donald Byrd's *Black Byrd*, the album that was a commercial watershed for the label in 1973. It's a slick sound, anathema to critics and evidently a spark to the interest of LP buyers, if one can judge by the latest sales charts. The sound has been created, in large part, by producer Larry Mizell and George Butler, newly-named V.P. and General Manager of the label. It involves primarily the creation of electronic-funk backgrounds, highly danceable, over which jazz solos by the featured artists are laid, with an emphasis on melody and the incorporation of rock and soul elements. So far, the most successful of the Blue Note artists have been Byrd and Bobbi Humphrey.

The key word here is "crossover," just as it seems to be currently at Columbia Records, CTI, and other labels that feature a strong or total jazz orientation. It's the opening up of new territory for the previously category-limited artist and label to explore in terms of audience exposure. Blue Note has also followed the pattern of Columbia and Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone in releasing "Twofer" double albums featuring old material from their rich vaults. Nine such packages were put on the market early in the spring, all culled from LPs still in the Blue Note catalog. The recent Blue Note twofer release, however, contains previously unreleased or hard-to-get material of much more interest to the collector.

Alvin N. Teller, U.A.'s new president, formerly worked with Bruce Lundvall at Columbia in New York (db, July 17). Now based out of the west coast, Teller shared his views with us recently on the new directions for Blue Note, how they're evolved, and how they're marketed.

Teller stresses "virtuosity and a fresh approach" when he, Butler, and the rest of the a&r staff hunt out new talent. But Blue Note also has sought out the kind of acts that will diversify the label's line-up. "We've signed our first vocal talent, for instance," notes Teller. "There's Waters, a soul group, Marlena Shaw, and Carmen McRae."

Like many other companies these days, Blue Note takes an active hand not just in the recording of its artists, but in their entire careers. "I think it's impossible for any label with a genuine interest in an artist *not* to want to make sure that the career is being handled well on all levels," Teller states. "We're primarily concerned with the musical direction, of course. When an act is signed, there'll be meetings scheduled with our a&r people to determine exactly what kind of approach is needed to achieve the goals the artist has in mind. But it's always the artist who has the final decisions on the way his musical career is going to go."

It seems that Blue Note has signed a lot of artists recently who are interested in crossing over to larger audiences and wider record sales. Bobby Hutcherson, for example, was one of Blue Note's last holdouts for a straight "jazz" approach. But when it came time to do his recent *Linger Lane*, he himself chose a more pop-styled rhythm section, musicians who could work in rock, soul, and jazz styles comfortably. The result was more airplay on FM radio, and generally higher sales. Horace Silver recorded *Silver 'N Brass*, a big band date that had a slicker sound than his "United States of Mind" efforts (not to mention the '60s groups), and instantly was rewarded with a hit on the Billboard Jazz Chart, an ever more important barometer of the way crossover tastes are running.

What is Teller's reaction to those who say—critics, of course—that the crossover approach is mere commercial pandering in the



guise of improved communication with the audience? It's been quite a while since Donald Byrd got a decent review in the music press. "It's a cliched attitude," Teller states flatly. "It's certainly not the critic's place to pass judgement on the way an artist like Donald Byrd, who is a prominent educator and respected musician, chooses to express himself. I think Donald Byrd would be shocked at any accusations of 'commercial pandering,' because he's a man who takes his music very seriously."

"Blue Note was primarily a jazz label until not too long ago, and I think that a primary jazz attitude for a long time was to disdain commercial success. The members of the jazz community would immediately jump on any musician who was lucky enough to have a commercial hit—especially the critics. Well, that attitude, as I said before, has become nothing more than old hat. There's nothing preventing a musician from following a legitimate musical course and becoming a commercial success. Too often in the past, the so-called 'pure' music (meaning 'straight' jazz) was regarded as the only music with integrity. That attitude is changing. Commercial music has integrity, much of the time."

Regardless of what the "old jazz" position is, in both its positive and negative aspects, those who fondly recall Blue Note days of yore, when the label was involved in recording history-making music without very much regard to commercial capabilities, will doubtlessly be pleased with the seven recent additions to Blue Note's reissue series. These feature newly-discovered sides from the Blue Note vaults by Paul Chambers and John Coltrane, Cecil Taylor, Sam Rivers, Lester Young, Jackie McLean, Andrew Hill, and Gil Evans. They had been preceded by a nine-album release of material already available on other Blue Note LPs, and prompted the question to Teller about the commercial purpose of the new series. Are these new twofers intended to replace existing catalog

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items, relegating such classics as Horace Silver's *Song For My Father*, Sam Rivers' *Fuchsia Swing Song*, and Herbie Hancock's *Maiden Voyage* (to name only three of hundreds) to the cut-out racks of out-of-print obscurity? Or are the discs merely intended to turn new listeners on the further wealth of musically valuable old Blue Notes available? "It's primarily the latter reason," Teller claims, "though we are constantly reviewing the catalog, finding out which albums are selling only a few hundred copies over a long period of time."

What about the bulk releasing philosophy on the reissues? Wouldn't it be easier on the consumer if the albums were released one or two at a time, rather than eight or nine at a single shot? With the present system, it seems as if it would be difficult for the serious, but budget-minded, collector to keep up. "The mass releasing program," Teller replies, "is really designed for the retailer, so he can work on a large display that will catch the buyer's attention. If we release just one or two packages in the series at a time, they'll get shoved back into the jazz section of the store, where fewer people will notice them. This marketing philosophy is really designed to get the jazz records out of dusty old jazz bins in most record stores. This way, not only the hard-core jazz fans will see the albums, but also the buyer who may be interested, but not enough to dig for the items. We get much better overall sales on the series this way, and retailers are also much more inclined to take more pieces of merchandise if there's a co-ordinated campaign to sell the albums." This seems like a good point, especially since buyers of all types of LPs have so much product competing for their eye and ear every month.

Whether artistically and historically for better or worse, more modern recording and marketing techniques have increased the visibility of the Blue Note label markedly. This visibility can be very important to the artist who wants to get his music heard. When asked about what he feels makes the Blue Note label worthy of special consideration by a new artist over a larger company when it comes time to sign, Teller cites "the well-integrated operation that a smaller company like Blue Note can offer. In most large labels, promotion people are off in one corner, the marketing department is off in another, with the a&r department in a third. At Blue Note, all the departments work more closely together to give the artist the best possible opportunity to get his or her work heard by the greatest number of listeners."

Whether or not the musicians now recording for the Blue Note label have succeeded in issuing material that maintains some kind of musical integrity while reaching more people and becoming qualitatively "less pure" is a matter of opinion. Most would agree that Bobbi Humphrey and Donald Byrd are not playing "jazz" anyway. As Teller himself says, "Blue Note is no longer solely a jazz label. We are becoming much more of a contemporary/progressive music label." But behind that umbrella phrase lie some significant assumptions about the music business—assumptions that anyone can discern from listening to the new music issued by Blue Note and the older music being reissued on the label's twofers. Reactions to that comparison—and the corporate philosophy it reveals—will surely be as variegated as the tastes of each listener.

TONY RIZZI AND HIS SIX GUITARS

Donte's, Los Angeles

Personnel: Rizzi, Tim May, Jim Wyble, Grant Geisman, Mike Rosati, guitars; Pete Christlieb, tenor sax; Charlie Shoemake, vibes; Luther Hughes, bass; John Perett, drums.

The principle behind the exciting Tony Rizzi And His Six Guitars is essentially the same as that of Supersax. With five horns, Supersax plays the music of Charlie Parker. Using a five-guitar ensemble, guitarist/composer/arranger Tony Rizzi plays primarily—but not exclusively—the music of Charlie Christian (the “sixth” guitar).

The conceptual difference is that while Supersax duplicates Parker's records note-for-note, Rizzi uses the raw material of Christian's classic solos only for the first chorus; the rest of each composition/arrangement is pure Tony Rizzi.

The five guitars constitute one band, while the “band within the band,” as Rizzi calls it, consists of vibes, tenor sax, bass and drums. The total full sound of this nine-piece group is forceful, heavily swinging, and vibrantly original.

Rizzi opened his first set with *Honeysuckle Rose*, the medium-up version Christian recorded with Benny Goodman's big band. The newness of Rizzi's sound leaped out and instantly captivated the full house of 20 to 50-year-olds, establishing the mood and musical pace for the entire set.

While Christian's lines soar, their inherent force and power are further emphasized and enhanced by Rizzi's five-part harmonies. Rizzi spreads the range widely, but the effect is one of extremely close and inner workings, due to the rhythmic unity of the five guitars. As the 52-year-old Rizzi said, “We are five voices saying the same thing that Charlie said with one.”

Rose Room followed, the slowly elegant and sophisticated Benny Goodman sextet version, which featured strong tenor solo by Pete Christlieb and crystalline vibes by Charlie Shoemake. Throughout the evening, Christlieb and Shoemake's improvisations captured the spirit of Goodman-Christian's bebop/swing, simultaneously filling the room with a personal spirit of now, a fine and imaginative blend of past and present.

The medium-fast *I Found A New Baby*, based on a Christian outtake not familiar to most guitarists, featured an extraordinary section of contrapuntal guitar playing, with five lines contrasting and complementing each other like streaks out of a Jackson Pollock canvas.

Rizzi made it clear that after writing Christian charts—which are absolute bears to read, by the way—he enjoys switching to other material.

That night he played versions of *Stardust*, *Tea For Two*, Stevie Wonder's *You Are The Sunshine Of My Life* (featuring improvisations by the talented guitarist, Tim May), and the first public performance of a new chart based on Woody Herman's evergreen *Four Brothers*. While the last of these was shaky in spots—the impact of the sound, after all, rests in large on the absolute perfection of synchronized part playing—the overall effect was a

goosebump.

Tony Rizzi and His Six Guitars have yet to be recorded. They have been performing for less than a year, but these ears say they are fully ready now, and whatever company picks them up just may have a gold mine on their hands.

With his ebullient compositional work, the blend of past and present material, the stunning technical proficiency of every musician in the band, his ability to eradicate the so-called “generation gap,” and his powerful five-guitar sound alone, Rizzi most certainly is on his way to a long and successful career.

—lee underwood

CITY SCENE New York

The big news is THE CONCERT starring, in alphabetical order, Count William Basie, First Lady Ella Fitzgerald and Chairman Frank Sinatra at the Uris Theatre starting September 8 . . . Bemelman's Bar at the Hotel Carlyle features Marian McPartland starting September 2 . . . Jazz Vespers at St. Peters, 64th and Park, has Errol Parker August 24 . . . It looks like Teddy Wilson and Martha Tilton at Michael's Pub thru August . . . The Other End has live entertainment nightly after a lapse. They've taken over the Bitter End next door for larger quarters . . . Sweet sounds out of Sweet Basil almost every night this summer . . . Tuesday's are special at Condon's when guests sit in with Balaban and Cats . . . Don Elliot, the miscellaneous instrument poll winner of yore (mellophone), making some noise at Stryker's Pub and Shephard's . . . Jazzradio WRVR, although sold, maintains a new quad broadcast policy from the Village Gate alternating Mondays. The equipment is the experimental CBS-SQ quad method . . . Upstairs at the Top Of The Gate, a summer festival has been gathering steam with Charles Mingus in August 12 thru September 14. The festival was inaugurated with a gala feast starring Ahmad Jamal . . . Juanita Fleming sang her way into Buddy's Place recently and will show up at Trude Heller's disco for live performances beginning September 15 . . . Meanwhile, at Buddy's for August, look for Maynard Ferguson and Stan Kenton (not concurrently). September 8, Buddy's band returns with Mel Tormé for an encore . . . Helen Humes' beautiful pipes remain at the Cookery until Mary Lou Williams comes in later in September . . . The Golden Fleece has kept Duke Jordan's long engagement a secret. They are on Seventh Avenue South . . . Patty Wicks sits at the piano weekends at the Angry Squire . . . Studio 77, Ali's Alley, stars Rashied Ali nightly . . . Sun Ra hits at the Five Spot in mid-August . . . Joe Cocker appeared unannounced at Mikell's and broke up the place. Roy Ayers and Gordon Edwards alternate for August and September . . . Max Gordon's Village Vanguard brings in Yusef Lateef August 12, Clark Terry August 19, Archie Shepp, August 26, and McCoy Tyner is pencilled in for September . . . Things get hot at St. James Infirmary almost any night . . . The Countsmen, Buddy Tate, Earle Warren, Franklyn Skeete, Ronnie Cole and Ran Ramirez, appear regularly at concerts around

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town. Their next is September 12 at Cami Hall . . . Boomer's features **Charles McPherson** August 13 thru 16 with **Cedar Walton** in August 20 . . . New jazz spot: **Tangerine** on East 75th Street . . . The Schaeffer Music Festival in Central Park continues with **Sha Na Na** August 15; **Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen**, **Charlie Daniels Band** August 16; **Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons** August 18 & 20; **Poco and Deadly Nightshade** August 22; **Melanie and Jimmie Spheeris**, August 23; **America**, August 24; **Todd Rundgren's Utopia**, August 25; **CTI Summer Jazz** with **Grover Washington, Jr., Ron Carter, Joe Farrell, Hubert Laws, Idris Muhammad, Chet Baker, Hank Crawford, Bob James and George Benson** August 27; **Aerosmith** August 29; **David Bromberg; Janis Ian and Eric Andersen** August 30; **Uriah Heep** September 3; **Miles Davis and Chuck Mangione** September 5; **Richie Havens and Orleans** September 6; **Savoy Brown and Hydra** September 8; **Average White Band** September 10; **Barry Manilow and Melissa Manchester** September 12; **John Sebastian and Lori Lieberman** September 13. Check local papers for times and updated schedule . . . Long Island Sounds: **Joe Coleman's Jazz Supreme** at The Riverboat, Jericho Turnpike, Smithtown, features **Ernie Wilkins** August 20, **Arnie Lawrence** August 27 . . . New entry, **Someday Lounge**, No. Merrick, brings jazz weekends with **Roy Haynes**, August 15 & 16; **Lee Konitz**, August 22 & 23; **Chet Baker** August 29 thru 31 . . . Happiness is a lobster bake and jazz outdoors under the aroma. That's at **Gosman's Dock**, Montauk, alternating weekends which started July 13. Free, folks—the jazz that is . . . At the Calderone, Hempstead, **Todd Rundgren's Utopia**, August 27 . . . **Sonny's Place**, Seaford, will show **Warren Chaisson** August 15 & 16; **Cheryl Paige**, August 22 & 23; **Bob Kindred**, August 29 & 30; **Sal Nistico**, September 5 & 6; **Tone Kwas**, September 12 & 13 . . . Westbury's Music Fair stars the **Jackson Five** August 26 thru 31 . . . Northward it's **Tom Jones** at Westchester Premier Theatre, Tarrytown, August 18 thru 24; **The Spinners** and **B.B. King**, August 26 thru 31; **Frankie Laine** and **Pat Cooper** September 2 thru 7 . . . **Roberta Flack** brings a promotional tour to the War Memorial, Utica, August 28; The Broome County Arena, Binghamton, August 29; the Convention Center, Niagara Falls, August 30; the War Memorial, Syracuse, August 31 . . . New Jersey looks like: **Jazz Vespers** at Memorial West, Newark, N.J. Sundays . . . **Gulliver's**, West Patterson, shows **Urbie Green** August 15 & 16; **Roy Haynes** August 22 & 23; **Errol Parker** August 29 & 30; **Guitar night** has **Bucky Pizzarelli** August 18 and **Jack Lillo** August 25 . . . At the Convention Hall, Asbury Park, **Harry Chapin** comes in August 23 . . . August 22 brings **Faces**, **Rod Stewart**, **Ten Years After** and **Lynyrd Skynyrd** into Roosevelt Stadium with the **Doobie Brothers** and the **New Riders of the Purple Sage** in August 31 . . . The Waterloo Music Festival, Stanhope, will feature **Teresa Brewer** and the **World's Greatest Jazz Band** August 16, **Benny Goodman** and septet, August 23 . . . Where has **David Amram** been? August 15, he will be at a free lunchtime concert at the fountain in Lincoln Center with a chamber orchestra and jazz guests. August 16 & 17, he will be in Brooklyn Parks with the Brooklyn Philharmonic and jazz soloists. August 29, find David at the South Street Seaport Museum with some friends . . . Yes, there's more on JAZZLINE 212-421-3592.

CHICAGO

Ratso's seems to be the happening spot in town at the present time, what with the demise of the Jazz Medium. Owner **Bob Briggs** and booker **Ray Townley** have come up with an attractive decor, expanded dining facilities, and an impressive mix of local and national talent. Sunday brunches are musically presided over by the solo piano of **Judy Roberts**. Mondays are given over to the **Swingtet of Don DeMicheal and Jerry Fuller**, with Tuesdays reserved for the brother act of **George and Von Freeman** (heading a group that includes **John Young, Wilbur Campbell, and Dave Shipp**). The "name" line-up at the club looks like this for the next few weeks: **Stanley Turrentine**, August 13-17; **Phil Upchurch and Tennyson Stevens** with the **Kitty Heywood Singers**, August 21-23; **Esther Phillips**. The first week in September sees a tentative on **Jack DeJohnette's** exciting new band, **Direction**, with **John Abercrombie, Alex Blake, and Peter Warren** . . . Still no signs of life on the **Joe Segal-Jazz Medium-Jazz Showcase** front, but never count Joe out for very long . . . Sax whiz **Santez** has split from **Stretdancer** to get a trio together, but the band will continue on at **Biddy Mulligan's** on Sheridan Road August 13-16. **Mighty Joe Young** is in from the 20th through the 23rd, and **Koko Taylor** shouts it out August 27-30. **Cactus Jack** plays on Sundays, with the **Rocky Davis Band** on Mondays and the **Great Rock Trip** Tuesdays . . . The **Quiet Knight** is mostly folk, as is **Amazingrace**, through the early part of September, but look for an early fall return of the **Gary Burton Quintet** and other ECM heavies like **Eberhard Weber** and **Ralph Towner** at **Amazingrace**.

St. Louis

Late in May, two performances of The CoonTown Bicentennial Memorial Service were given at Washington University. Musical director for this elaborate multi-media presentation of music, film, dialogue, and acting was **Julius Hemphill**, who, along with **Baikida E. J. Carroll** and **Fontella Bass**, composed the musical score which seemed to document, in a non-chronological order, the history and varying styles of jazz. The performing ensemble consisted of Hemphill (alto and soprano saxes), Carroll (trumpet, flugelhorn), Bass (actress, piano, vocals), **Floyd LaFlore** (trumpet), **J. D. Parran** (tenor sax, alto clarinet), **Victor Reef** (trombone), **Charles Scales** (tuba), **Marvin Horn** (guitar), **Eric Foreman** (bass), **Charles Payne** (drums), **Karen Vest** (actress), and **Malinke**, who was credited as the playwright. Those concerned are attempting to raise enough funds to take CoonTown to New York for performances there . . . In a less expansive vein, Hemphill and ex-Ornette Coleman bassist, **Arzinia Richardson**, gave a duet performance at The Community Association for Schools of the Arts on July 6. Hemphill, who has an album on the Arista label soon to be released, is back in town working on another album . . . The St. Louis Jazz Quartet (clubbing it under the name of **Jeanne Trevor and The Saint**) opened a new riverfront club—The Rivermen's Trading Company—on June 28. Owners **Kevin Griffin** and **Ms. Petey Lucier** intend to "maintain high standards in folk, rock, and jazz" by booking such bands as **Jeanne Trevor and The Saint**, **The Expression Jazz Quintet** (who may also be working The

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Hiroshi Suzuki is taking his trombone back to Japan for a visit, and he intends to set up a tour for his Vegas sextet. Rick Davis' new eight-piece group recently played after hours at the Gays & Dolls. The band boasts an impressive line-up: Davis, tenor, Joe Bonatti, alto and soprano; Chuck Foster, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Santo Savino, drums; Don Baldwin, bass; Bobby Thomas, elec. guitar; Del Blake, percussion; Scott Cramer, keyboards. The Musicians' Union is pretty active with Wood's vocals are backed by Rick Sheer-wood (keyboards, synthesizer), Danny Golden (bass), and Bill Peterson (drums). The Kansas City Symposium of Modern Music de-buts with a Genesis Concert at Joffitt Auditorium of Quigley Studios on Troost August 17th at 3 p.m. Slated to appear: the Dean Stringer Jazz Music Company, the Steve Herold Trio, and Ron Roberts' Concert Ensemble. Charlie Parker Week is set for August 25-31. Plans include orchestra, stage band, and ensemble performances. Contact the Parker Foundation in K.C. . . . KANU still has the market cornered with 36 hours of jazz programming per week. Everything from way-back-when to Weather Report 91.5 on your FM dial.

LAS VEGAS: Keyboardist Ron Feuer, percussionist Alex Acuna, and singer Cheryl Crain-ger, all from Vegas, are joining Miroslav Swan Song on weekends. . . . The Lighthouse on Harbor Island is getting into jazz, recently

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Orphanage), and Third Circuit and Spirit (with Floyd LaFlore, J. D. Parran, Marvin Horn, Eric Foreman, and Papa). Scheduled thus far for late August and September are The Back Means on vibes and trumpet, Everette De-Van (organ) and Orestie Tucker (drums), and 23; and The Expression Jazz Quintet, Aug. 27, 29 & 30, and also September 5 & 6. For further information call 231-8256. . . . To close out a summer of heavy scheduling, Pan-ther Productions brings in The Guess Who, Aug. 21, and Uriah Heep, Aug. 27, at Kiel Auditorium. . . . The Mississippi River festival closes the final two weeks of August with R. E. O. Speedwagon (replacing a cancelled Loggins and Messina), Aug. 15; Peter Nero (with the St. Louis Symphony), Aug. 17; Mac Davis, Aug. 18; Jefferson Starship, Aug. 19; and The Osmonds with Munch, Aug. 20. Cancelled performers (as in this writing) were Linda Ronstadt, The James Cotton Band, the Pointer Sisters, Olivia Newton-John, Caravan, Michael Murphy, and Phoebe Snow. Replacements and/or additions were Joan Baez, Hoyt Axton, Ike and Tina Turner, Luther Allison, Lonnie Liston Smith, Ace, Poco, The Duke Ellington Orchestra conducted by Mercer Ellington, Head East, Ramsey Lewis, and Roberta Flack. Other changes will no doubt occur.

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featuring **Cal Tjader** . . . The Conception Bay Fish Co. has had **Clarence Bell** and **Spectrum** lined up for weekends . . . The Aspen Public House is now dark . . . Local radio is moving more and more towards jazz. **KSDS** (88.3 fm) is all jazz from noon to night, thanks to **Rich Upton's** leadership, and **Douglas Coffland** and **George Bricklemeyer's** assistance. **Ron Galon** hosts Saturday night jazz on **KPBS** (89.5 fm) and has occasionally offered live in-studio concerts by **Sam Preston**, **Jim Plank**, and **Stream**. **XHIS** (90.3 fm) has 24 hours of soul & jazz, **KFSD** (94.1 fm) has jazz from 11PM till dawn, and **KDIG** has **Esquire Holmes** laying down the sounds on Sunday evenings.

PHOENIX: The **Don Phillips Quartet** moves their jazz-rock from the Anchorage-Hawaii to the Boojum Tree for August. Special events coming up include **Cal Tjader** 8/17, the **Armstrong Music Company** 8/31, the **Lou Garno Latin Jazz Quintet** 9/7, **Herb Ellis** 9/21 (tent.), and **Armand Boatman** for the month of September . . . The **Celebrity Theater** plans **Three Dog Night** 9/2-3 and **Donovan** 9/19 . . . After a scorcher of a summer, **Balcony Hall** may reopen, and the **Varsity Inn** gigs may get going again on Monday nights. **Grant Wolf's Night Band** closed the June dates out with **Bruce Fowler**, **Don Rader**, **Ladd McIntosh**, **Bob Graham** and **Lanny Morgan** sitting in, and boy did they cook! . . . Jazz education continues to flourish at A.S.U., M.C.C. and elsewhere. Arizona State is adding to its curriculum this semester with **Survey Of Jazz Styles and Evolution of Jazz** . . . **Charles Lewis**, who played for the students of an A.S.U. jazz dance class, continues to pull SRO crowds at the **Hatch Cover** on Sundays and Mondays . . . Drummer **Dave Cook** and soprano saxophonist **John Hardy** lead the Vanguard at Phoenix Reuben's.

San Francisco

The Reunion on Union Street has been showcasing a diverse selection of local jazz groups along with appearances by name jazz acts. Pianist **Mark Levine** and his nine piece jazz ensemble hold forth on Monday nights. The ensemble includes some of the finest jazz musicians in the Bay Area playing original compositions and arrangements by Levine and others. Pianist **Jim Lowe**, who has led groups both here and in Europe since the 50's, performs mostly original music with his group on Wednesdays. **Leila and Co.**, one of

the most refreshing groups currently working in the Bay Area appear every Thursday. Vocalist **Leila Thigpen** is a strong and persuasive singer who works comfortably and imaginatively in a number of styles. She receives solid backing from her group in performing original compositions, jazz and bebop standards. Fridays and Saturdays are reserved for jazz acts such as **Eddie Henderson**, **Woody Shaw**, and **Art Pepper**. **Hal Stein** leads a Sunday afternoon jam session followed Sunday evening by the Brazilian-based vocals and music of **Claudio** and **Jaime** . . . A recent **Keystone Korner** engagement by **Alice Coltrane** and her band was highlighted by a live Warner Bros. recording session. Coming up at **Keystone Korner** are **Grant Green**, Aug. 12-24; **Freddie Hubbard**, Aug. 26-31; and **Joe Farrell**, Sept. 2-7 . . . **Bluesmasters Sunnyland Slim** and the **James Cotton Band** performed before a wildly enthusiastic capacity crowd at the **Mondavi Winery Summer Festival**. **Sunnyland Slim** made a guest appearance in **Jon Hendricks' Evolution of The Blues** and played two concerts in the **Santa Cruz** area. He also announced the release of his latest album on his own, Chicago-based, **Airway Records** label. The **James Cotton Band** will go into the studio in early August to begin work on a new LP to be produced in New Orleans by **Allen Toussaint** . . . **Bob Marley and The Wailers**, **Stan Getz**, **Kinky Friedman** and **The Meters** checked into the **Boarding House** recently. Scheduled to appear are **Barbara Cook**, Aug. 19-24; and the long-awaited appearance by the versatile **Ellen McIlwaine**, Aug. 26-31 . . . **Jon Hendricks** has rejoined the cast of **The Evolution of The Blues** now in its 11th month at the **On Broadway Theatre**. Featured with Jon are vocalists **Millie Foster**, **Verlin Sandles**, and **Bianca Thornton** and dancer **Sandra McPherson**, backed by the **Vernon Alley Quintet**, which includes **Vernon Alley**, bass; **Eddie Marshall**, drums; **Larry Vukovich**, piano; **Melvin Seals**, organ; and **Tricky Lofton**, trombone . . . Coming up at the **Great American Music Hall** are **Jean-Luc Ponty**, Aug. 15-16; **Les Paul**, Aug. 22-23; **Oregon**, Aug. 29-30 and **Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee**, Sept. 3 . . . **Keith Jarrett** will make two concert appearances as part of the **Cabrillo College Music Festival**. In a prelude concert on Aug. 14 at 7:30 p.m. at **Magarita's Cantina** in **Santa Cruz**, he will perform his own works and those of **Garrett List**, **Joseph Haydn** and **Dr. Louis Ballard**. On Aug. 15 at 8:30 p.m. in the **Cabrillo College Theatre** in **Aptos**, he will perform an original composition, **In The Cave**, **In The Light for Strings**, **Percussion and Piano**.

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