

OCTOBER 23, 1975

50c

the contemporary
music magazine

down beat

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BOB
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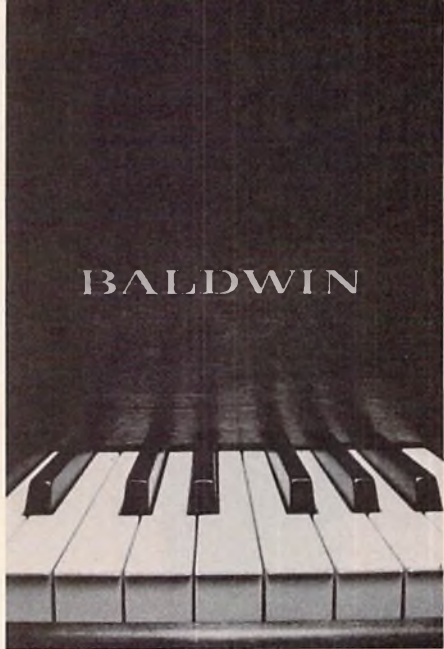
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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Thematically, this issue deals with contemporary arrangers and composers: Quincy Jones, Bob James, and the brothers Heath; short, careful looks at Chris Brubeck and Guilherme Franco; the acute, blindfolded remarks of Marian McPartland; and the workshop expertise of Billy Byers.

This is our first opportunity to talk publicly with Quincy Jones since his recovery from brain surgery last year and the formation last spring, of his new fusion group. Q has no qualms talking about what has become important after teetering on the brink. He says, simply: "I don't have to pretend to be anything else but who I am, in love or work." (The interview was held prior to the death of Julian Adderley from a cerebral hemorrhage. Jones and Adderley were co-chairmen of The Institute of Black American Music, formed in 1971—a fact precedential to Jones' current preoccupation with his film and score on the evolution of black music.)

A direct example of Quincy Jones' influence on his contemporaries—and, therefore, on contemporary music—is Bob James, the arranger/composer for, among others: Roberta Flack, Grover Washington, Jr., Maynard Ferguson, and Hubert Laws. James explains the influence this way: "I was introduced to Creed Taylor [CTI records] by Quincy, who, if you charted my life in music, you would find at my every turning point."

The chart opened when the Bob James Trio (Ron Brooks, bass; Cleve Pozar, drums) won top honors at the 1962 Notre Dame Jazz Festival judged by Quincy Jones, Henry Mancini, Bob Share of Berklee, Don DeMichael of *db*, and me. (I recall Mancini's admiration for James' beautifully crafted score for trio featuring electric fan, oil drum set, tape recorder, and various other sound makers.)

Bob James is (rightly) concerned with the plight of today's school-trained jazz musicians. "What are they going to do" with their big band techniques? Actually, several things happened at that '62 school festival that relate to James' concern. The North Texas State U. stage band, under the direction of Gene Hall, had won everything in sight in 1960-61. But in '62 Gene Hall was at Michigan State U. and fronted a new band that "won out by concentrating on making what was played swing; the others, especially North Texas, seemed more concerned with complexity" (*db*, May 24, 1962). Also that year, Jamey Aebersold's Indiana U. Jazz Combo ("a group somewhat influenced by Ornette Coleman") was the runnerup to the James trio. Aebersold today is one of the most influential player-educators directing students to the creative pleasures of small ensemble jazz.

Thanks to *db* education editor Bill Fowler, trombonist/arranger/composer Billy Byers tells us "HOW TO design your Basie-type chart." Byers details how the Basie framework, built upon three basic song formulas, allows soloists their own voices—a deceptively easy style that Quincy Jones and others have found so effective.

Next issue: Dewey Redman, Kenny Barron, Stanley Turrentine, a review of the Monterey Jazz Festival, and other noteworthy people and events.

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So Long, Cannon

I'd like to tell you a story about an unselfish, sensitive, musical giant . . . by the name of Julian Cannonball Adderley. The story . . . centers on his opening night at Milwaukee's Summerfest. Being a friend for many years, I was not only excited with anticipation of hearing the group, but also quite eager to say hello to Cannon and brother Nat. I hurried to the backstage entrance . . . and after the usual greetings . . . Cannon suggested that Nat hold my hands so he could chop them off. This was typical of Cannon's way of paying a compliment. Being an alto player myself, I was naturally flattered. . . . In fact, I can't remember a time . . . when Cannon wasn't praising some new or seasoned talent.

I told Cannon my parents were in the audience and asked if it would be possible to dedicate a tune to them. . . . He not only dedicated the tune, but in addition praised me . . . in terms elegant enough to suit royalty. . . . I watched my parents beam with pride and tears start in my mother's eyes. After the set, I thanked him (unknowingly, for the last time). So long, God bless you, Cannon, I love you. . . .
Bunky Green Chicago, Ill.

Fuel For The Fire

I see Stanny Kenton is at it again (db, 9/11). I guess the grapes are puckering up his mouth pretty rough, as he hears about some of the bread country music purveyors are wallowing in.

Now, he has a good point. Some of the lyrics in it really stink; some of it is

downright male chauvinist; some of the performers' voices leave serious doubts in a listener's mind as to the performers' gender. . . .

But let's face it. Has Stan ever sat down and really dug the overall sound of it? Probably not. He probably can't stand it—the sight of all those greenbacks probably has ruptured his stomach! But you, have you really sat down and digested some recent, progressive country stuff, something by Larry Gatlin, Billy Swan, Kris Kristofferson? Do it, and let your ears tell you where they're going. . . .

Rhythmically, Kenton can say something to me too, but let him leave other people alone. What does he want, egg in his beer?
Liz Pittington Mount Rainier, Md.

I agree 100% with Buddy Rich and Stan Kenton on country & western music. Country music is the lowest form of music there is. . . . If there were more musicians with backbone and courage to speak out about such injustices, maybe the public would sit up and listen and realize what garbage country music is and what true art jazz is!

Larry Miller Brooklyn, N.Y.

September Cheers

Your September 11 issue is to be recommended. Thanks for a totally inspiring and well-conducted interview with McCoy Tyner. His elevated consciousness came through loud and clear and left me feeling great about the art of music.

Also thanks for the article on two guitarists who have captured my attention:

Mick Goodrick and Pat Matheny.
Nels Cline Los Angeles, Cal.

Bugged In Long Beach

I was really bugged by two letters you printed in the 9/11 db, both direct insults to two superior musicians—Ralph Towner and John McLaughlin.

It disturbs me that these readers had to write to make their negative views public.

P.S.—My roommates and I wish to join the Kenton/Rich RAIN program (db, 9/11).

Rich Shemaria Long Beach, Cal.

Poll Reverberations

I would like to congratulate the critics on their choice of Joe Pass as guitarist of the year. He has released many stunning works during the past year. I feel that Pass is an unparalleled guitarist.

Darrell Tucker Address unknown

Your '75 Critics Poll shows just how useless these polls are. For example, it lists Thad Jones/Mel Lewis as the winning big band, when the Buddy Rich band doesn't get a vote. Buddy's band can sight-read charts that the "winning" band couldn't play in a year. . . .

These polls are based on popularity, not musicianship. . . . Next year why don't you blindfold a chimpanzee and let him draw the names out of a hat? You have a good magazine, so why ruin it with junk like these polls.

Also, three cheers for the cat that put Muzak in its place (db, 8/14).

Kent Wieland Medicine Lodge, Kan.



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Bringing The Sound To The City



Jazzmobiler Bailey gives award to WRVR General Manager

NEW YORK—A unique organization operated by musicians with state grants has been plying the streets of the city in a trailer. In keeping with the tradition started at New Orleans funerals where the musicians would ride back from the gravesite in the wagon that brought the deceased to its last resting place, Jazzmobile tours the city's parks, playgrounds and supermarket parking lots in a truck laden with sound equipment, pulling a wagon behind it. It is in this wagon that the greats in jazz set up shop and blow.

President Billy Taylor and Executive Director Dave Bailey are constantly active on the jazz scene in one way or another. On August 5, the Jazzmobile pulled up to Grant's Tomb on the upper westside of Manhattan and Art Blakey and the current Jazz Messengers got out, comprised of David Schnitter, tenor sax, Bill Hardman, trumpet, Walter Davis, piano, Chin Suzuki, bass, and Blakey, drums. The familiar tunes were ever-present. *Along Came Betty*, *Blues March* and *Moanin'* all were heard. "This man just loves to play, and play, and play," Dean Webb was heard to exclaim. Dean, his fellow disc jockeys, and the staff of radio station WRVR were saluted by the Jazzmobile organization this night, despite the already transacted sale of the station to "soul" interests.

"When we heard that the station had been sold, we canceled our original tribute to them," Bailey announced. "But we thought that if we went ahead with this, it might draw some more attention to the fact that 'jazzradio' is going off the air."

Bailey, promoter Don Friedman, various splinter groups and db rep A. J. Smith are trying to garner enough protests to barrage the Federal Communications Commission, thus possibly delaying action for a long while.

In any case, Grant's Tomb never had it so good. At its peak the crowd reached 4000. "This is the place to pay and learn," pianist Walter Bishop, Jr. said into my ear. "Just look around. Sure you pay your dues, but it's all a learning experience, constantly." Bishop was referring to the throng on the steps of the Tomb, the surrounding concreted areas, the grass, everywhere but in the vault. "It's not this way in L.A.," Bishop said shaking his head. (Walter is back home after an extended teaching sabbatical in southern California.)

Specially prepared plaques were presented to WRVR for its meritorious service to the jazz community, and to Art Blakey for his undying contributions to jazz. The inscription mentioned all of the Messenger sidemen that have gone on to great careers in the last 30 years.

Emcee Ernie Jackson expressed what was on all of our lips. "The only thing that's dead around here is Ulysses, not jazz. And he's down there with his ol' lady swingin' his ass off."

Don't Let Go!!!

NEW YORK—Producer Jack Kleinsinger of "Highlights In Jazz," monthly series of jazz concerts at New York University, was attacked in waning daylight in a busy section of the city recently. The muggers pushed Kleinsinger to the ground after he refused to give up the proceeds from his last concert. His lip was cut requiring some stitching (four) which was administered nearby. Said Jack when asked why he didn't give up the wallet without a struggle in the first place, "I work too hard for these concerts. There's little or no profit in them and these funds go toward expenses, like musicians pay, etc. It didn't seem right. Besides, I don't think I thought much about it. I just felt outraged, that's all."

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potpourri

The current jazz action has encouraged Hansen Publications of New York to make plans for the issuance of some 50 jazz folios during the upcoming 12 months. Hansen is engaged in an effort to sign up publication rights covering jazz of all persuasions. Recent Hansen folios include material from **Herbie Hancock's** *Thrust* and *Headhunters*, the **Brecker Brothers** Arista album, and from **Randy Weston's** Arista/Freedom release.

Hansen's most ambitious folio will appear in November. The 600-page giant will be called *The Big American Jazz Book*, with initial publication price set at \$19.95. The book contains 1002 tunes, ranging from **Scott Joplin to Hancock**.

The state of Florida recently set September 15 as **Cannonball Adderley Day**. The late saxophonist would have been 47 on that day.

The **Grateful Dead** are now utilizing computerized synthesizer sounds. The band's keyboardist, **Ned Lagin**, states that use of the computer allows electronic synthesis and processing techniques to be stored and

used, enabling performance "pitch, timbre, and rhythm time-frames of reference to be used interchangeably in very complex relationships." Lagin's setup includes a \$25,000 Interdata minicomputer, an Arp analog synthesizer, 16 digital-to-analog converters, Arp digital and analog keyboards, and satellite micro-compressor systems and interfaces.

The first person to correctly guess how long this all takes to be setup on stage wins an old and slightly-warped copy of *American Beauty*.

If you haven't heard, **Motown** has signed **Stevie Wonder** to a 13 million dollar contract, stipulating at least one album annually for the next seven years. With 40 minutes on each disc, figure out what that comes to a minute.

The rumor mill has composer/arranger **Bob James** headed to **Columbia**... **Warner Bros.** and **Bob Krasnow** signing **Funkadelic** and **George Benson** to the jazzed-up Burbank label... and the rampaging **Bob Marley and the Wailers** slated for a fall return to the States to reinforce the burgeoning reggae craze. db

Chess/Checker Purchased

ENGLEWOOD, N.J.—The acquisition of the Chess/Cadet/Checker record label from GRT Corp. has been announced by Platinum Record Company, Inc. Platinum purchased the entire Chess catalog for an undisclosed amount.

Included in the deal are some 25,000 original masters, encompassing the fields of jazz, r&b, gospel, blues, and rock. The new owners intend to continue releasing product under the acquired logos, thus perpetuating the legacy of the labels.

DeKalb Clinic Scores



Louis, With Blackboard

DEKALB, ILL.—The summer music clinic held at the U. Of Northern Illinois at DeKalb was a huge success. Clinicians for the six-day mid-August affair included Horacee Arnold, Joe Henderson, Woody Shaw, Eddie Gomez, Jo Ann Brackeen, Jamey Aebersold, Rufus Reid, and Sam LiPuma, among others. The session was highlighted by a two-day appearance by drummer **Louis Bellson**, who conducted master classes.

Clinic classes were held in the

morning, with 20 different combos participating. Master classes were held in the afternoon. Members of the faculty performed in various combos. Approximately 150 students attended. Shaw, Henderson, and Arnold appeared with their regular units.

According to drummer Arnold, the clinic clicked because "the students were willing to accept any criticism. At the end of the week you really got rewarded by watching them play."

BARRY STARK



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PARADE LEADS TO RATSO'S

CHICAGO—Windy Citiers who thought that New Orleans jazz had made its final trip to this city when Louis Armstrong followed Joe Oliver up here were pleasantly surprised when Harold "Duke" Dejan literally paraded his Olympia Brass Band into Ratso's Restaurant on the North Side's Lincoln Avenue, down the street from the legendary Biograph theater.



JON BALLERAS

Olympians shake paws with clubsters Briggs and Townley

After being greeted by former db associate editor-turned-Ratso-manager Ray Townley, the band marched in formation and drew some enchanted fans, followers, and the usual village idiots into the club before breaking into some spirited, timeless New Orleans music.

The band's timing, however, was less than perfect. Coming into town after a ten-day stint at the Illinois State Fair, the Olympians were delayed by some of Chicago's seemingly perennial expressway construction. The listeners who remained were treated to some excellent music. Among the band's personnel are Milton Battiste on trumpet; Nowell Glass, whose father is

said to be New Orleans' oldest living jazz musician; and Duke Dejan himself on alto sax and vocals. Dejan started the band in 1960, and his aggregation has since toured Europe seven times. Last year the Brass Band cut a privately distributed recording at Sea-Saint Studios in New Orleans.

The street parade was only one of many interesting events

that have already occurred at Ratso's since it began booking national talent in June. With the aforementioned Townley in charge of booking acts and busboy-turned-gourmet-restauranteur Bob Briggs in charge of the extensive menu, the 280-seat capacity club has become the town's hottest nightspot.

Featured acts have included the Brecker Brothers, Gato Barbieri, Esther Phillips, Stanley Turrentine, Gil Scott-Heron and the Midnight Band and Howlin' Wolf, with a slew of other big names scheduled in the near future. Cover charge is three dollars per set, with a two drink minimum. The excellent cuisine is optional.

FINAL BAR

Bernie Green, composer, arranger and conductor, died in Westport, Conn. in early August. He was 66.

Green stayed on the outskirts of jazz, straying into big band sounds by hiring some of the best studio men on both coasts. His recordings often utilized small groups for sheer effect, such titles as *Bernie Green Plays More Than You Can Stand In Stereo*. But his talents far outstripped the recognition he received. At his death he was collaborating with Bernard Jaffe on *Independence Blues, A Play With Music*. Composed for the American Bicentennial, the play traces the development of American popular song over the 200 year history of the United States.

Green's contributions to television have been largely overlooked, unless you happened to be listening to backgrounds for Sid Caesar, the United States Steel dramas, Garry Moore, Hallmark Hall of Fame, and the General Motors and Ford 50th Anniversary specials. (For those of you who may have forgotten, Caesar was a jazz saxophonist and Moore a fastidious jazz enthusiast.) Ford's 50th starred Mary Martin and Ethel Merman among others, and featured a lengthy medley by the two on stools alone on stage with nobody but Green in the background, off camera, as usual.

His themes included *The Detective* and *The Fat Man* on radio, and *Mr. Peepers* on TV. He also recorded an interesting composition called *Futura* for RCA, in which the sound actually travelled from speaker to speaker via the then-new equipment of splicing tape, rheostats and balance controls.

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Bartz Bounced From Air

LOS ANGELES—Saxophonist Gary Bartz was recently interviewed by Gerald Wilson on Los Angeles' station KBCA. When asked to explain why many musicians, himself included, have an aversion to the word "jazz," Bartz stated "that the word came from the whorehouse, where jazz meant to screw." KBCA owner and general manager Sol Levine was listening to the early afternoon broadcast on his car radio. According to Bartz, it was only a matter of minutes before Levine had called the station, instructing Wilson to terminate the interview.

Bartz said he was "angry" about the decision. "Gerald and I," he said, "were involved in a serious discussion." He called the termination "wholly unjustified." Levine later admitted that Bartz's language was "not obscenity *per se*," but that it was "bordering on gutter language" and "not language we would use in a family setting." Levine said he acted because "there was no assurance it wouldn't get worse."

According to Bartz, the station was soon flooded with calls, expressing surprise and protest. "I don't think anyone was insulted but the owner (Levine)," Bartz claimed, suggesting that Levine was "afraid of the FCC." Levine claimed that response to his decision was both pro and con, adding "you can't always go by that, anyway." "It was a matter of taste," he asserted, "a regrettable situation."

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JAN PERSSON

Roosevelt Sykes

CHICAGO—Small but sturdy Delmark Records has announced that it has purchased the entire master catalog and trademarks of the United and States labels. The two U/S labels were Chicago-based outfits in the '50s, at first specializing in blues and jazz, but later venturing into pop, country & western, and folk styles.

Future marketing plans state that jazz product will appear on

Delmark; blues on Pearl; r&b on the reactivated States label; and certain unspecified oldies anthologies slated for Delmark.

Artists to be featured in the upcoming Delmark releases will include: blues — Roosevelt Sykes, Junior Wells, Memphis Slim, Robert Nighthawk; jazz — Tab Smith, Jimmy Forrest, Paul Bascomb, Chris Woods; r&b — The Blazers, The Hampton's, The Dandeliers, The Earls.

New Releases

Late fare from Atlantic includes *Bad Luck Is All I Have*, *The Tiger Of San Pedro*, *Eddie Harris*; *Waterbed*, *Herbie Mann*; *E. C. Was Here*, featuring live performances by *Eric Clapton*; *Thirteen Blue Magic Lane*, *Blue Magic*; *Hotline*, *J. Geils Band*; *Mother Focus*, *Focus*; and *Eddie*; *Pump Iron*, *Alvin Lee*; *Made in Germany*, *Amon Duul II*.

Phoenix, *Bill Watrous* and *the Manhattan Wildlife Refuge*; *The Dragon Is Dancing*, *Jimmie Spheeris*; *Son*, *Fine*, *Loggins & Messina*; *Illegal*, *Flo & Eddie*; *Pump Iron*, *Alvin Lee*; *Made in Germany*, *Amon Duul II*.

John Lewis; and *Song For My Lady*, *Jon Lucien*.

Autumn goodies from Elektra/Asylum include *Prisoner In Disguise*, from country-rock warbler *Linda Ronstadt*; *Portrait Gallery*, *Harry Chapin*; *Com'n Back For More*, *David Blue*; and *Some Days Are Diamonds*, *Dick Feller*.

Cayre Industries has entered the American market via releases on the Different Drummer label. DD goodies include *From Russia With Jazz*, featuring *Prince Igor's Czar*; *Children Of All Ages*, highlighting *Arnie Lawrence*, *Pat Rebillot*, *Ron McClure*, and *Randy Brecker*, among others; and *Buddy Fite* feature *Born To Run*, the third *Plays For Satin Dolls*, featuring *guitarist Fite*.

Recent Columbia additions include *Born To Run*, the third *Plays For Satin Dolls*, featuring *guitarist Fite*.



Q LIVES

by Lee Underwood

They call him "Q," but his name is Quincy Delight Jones, Jr. His instrument is the orchestra.

When he settles back into the leather couch of his high-ceilinged, white-walled, sky-lighted office at the A&M studios and says, "I think sleeping is a waste of time," he doesn't sound the least bit pretentious. If anything, you wonder when the 42-year-old composer/arranger sleeps at all. In seven years, for example, Q completed 52 film scores, including *The Pawnbroker* (his first), *Mirage*, *In The Heat Of The Night*, *In Cold Blood*, *Bob And Carol And Ted And Alice*, and *The Getaway* (his last, 1973).

"I write very fast," Quincy smiles, lighting a cigarette. His quick eyes mirror the match-flame, and the brisk pace of his speech reflects the alert and penetrating intelligence infusing every word.

"I'm like the character in the movie *Casanova 70* who can't get it on with his lady except in the face of danger. I couldn't get any feeling for a movie until three to five days before the score was due. Then, the music just flew out! Melodies, harmonies, orchestrations—the whole bit. It comes straight from the gut then, and it's right. I've done many films in only four or five days."

His numerous television credits include *Sanford & Son*, *Ironside*, *The Bill Cosby Show*, *The Wide World Of Entertainment Roasts Redd Foxx*, and *Duke Ellington We Love You Madly*, which he also co-produced with Bud Yorkin.

His last album, *Body Heat*, went gold and skyrocketed him to broad public acclaim. All of his three immediately preceding LPs won Grammys: *Walking In Space* (best jazz instrumental of the year); *Gula Matarari* (best instrumental composition and best instrumental arrangement); and *Smackwater Jack* (best instrumental pop, rock or folk performance). His latest A&M record, *Mellow Madness*, has just been released, sparkling with funk and commercial appeal.

Not content with merely being a powerhouse behind film, television and recording studio doors, Quincy also leaps into the roaring arena of live performance. In Japan, tickets went on sale in October and immediately sold out for every one of his 34 April concerts. The audiences were wildly enthusiastic, even to the point of storming the stages. And in late June of this year, he embarked on still another tour of the U.S. His energy seems to know no bounds.

He attends yoga classes six days a week, 90 minutes a day. He radiates health, strength, perspicuity, and love of life, in spite of the fact that in August of 1974 he rolled the dice with death and almost lost.

"I was at home lying in bed, and I passed out. When I came to, my wife said, 'The ambulance is coming,' but I didn't know what



KATSUJI ABE

she was talking about. I felt excruciating pain in the back of my head. At that time, I could feel death. I could feel the blood just wobbling out of my body. In those few minutes, I felt what it would be like not to be here. I said, 'Hey, I'm goin', but I'm not ready yet.' My youngest daughter, 14 months, doesn't even know me yet."

Two blood vessels (aneurysms) had popped in Quincy's brain. The odds were 70 to 20 against his surviving. He underwent a crucial emergency operation, crucial because the doctors had to first discover the cause and locations of the bleeding, and then repair the damage.

"I had amnesia for six days afterwards. When I came back, I was really surprised. It was like I had lived through my own funeral. There's messages from your friends and loved ones, and it's like you're gone. It's weird."

Brain aneurysms, according to Quincy, are transferred genetically. Two months after the first operation, "We had to go back in, because they found the same condition on the other side of the brain, an aneurysm that was hot, that was alive, ready to pop.

"I didn't think I would make it through the second one. I was lucky once, but you can't expect it two times. And when you come out of the second one, you gotta knock something strong. I had good doctors, a lot of friends, and a lot of blessings from Up There.

"The will has to be permeated with a strength greater than all the bullshit you think is important," Quincy explains, pensively rubbing his cheekbone with his index finger. "I didn't realize that fact before. The doctor said, 'We can do 30% of it, and we can sew you back up with what we've been taught, but if you don't really want to be here you won't be.'"

Quincy fought to stay alive. Was his fight

based on a fear of dying, or on the fulfilling of a purpose?

"The fear of dying leaves, because you're so full of morphine and demerol. Medicine makes dying so easy. All you gotta do is turn your head a quarter of an inch the other way and say, 'Bang! Who needs this. I've had enough.'

"I wanted to live because I love my family. I've never been happier in my life. I love my old lady, and I've never dug my four kids so much. My wife makes everything so beautiful. There's communication there. And—hey, man!—you want to get back!"

Quincy's attitude since the operation has significantly altered. "I continue to be on the sanitation department," he smiles, "because when they do that to you, they scrape all the bullshit out of you with shovels.

"My doctor said she watched me for seven and a half hours while they were digging in the brain. She said, 'I can tell you've taken a lot of things many times to save people's feelings and not to hurt them. From now on, I want you to let everything out that you feel, because suppressing your feelings takes its toll.'

"So now, I've been letting it all hang out, not holding anything in. It's an incredible feeling to be just what you are. Hey, this is what you see, and this is what you get. This is who I am. I don't have to pretend to be anything else but who I am, in love or work. I do what I like around people I like. And there's just no other reason to do it, because at that time, they didn't give a damn how much money I had or how much talent I had: none of that meant shit. The chips were down, and none of that meant anything at all. I have an obligation from here on in to be just who I am, and nobody else."

Quincy lives his honesty musically as well

as personally, because "you get to a point where there's a totality—what your life-style is about, what *you* are about. You're gonna write what you are anyway, and maybe I didn't know that before. I've been in situations before where I *had* to write from an emotional standpoint, because I never knew how to technically cop out and cover over what I was confronted with. Sometimes I've wished I did know how to technically cover over, but now it's something else. I don't even want to do that any more. You get that second shot, and you say, 'I'm not gonna blow this, man!'"

Born in Chicago in 1933, Q moved to Bremerton, Washington with his family when he was 10. His father, a sometimes guitar and trumpet player, worked in the Navy shipyards there, but soon moved to Seattle, where Quincy "got the music bug" and began playing the trumpet at age 12 or 13.

"I used to babysit for Joseph Pole, a trombone player who had the Navy dance band. I'd babysit for him just so I could read his orchestration books. Instead of stock arrangements, he had charts that were written out by hand. To see a trombone section voiced with four parts used to really turn me on," Quincy chuckles. "That was better than any ten broads I knew at that time. I was in love with it."

In Bumps Blackwell's band, Ray Charles showed the young trumpet player how to arrange eight parts with everybody playing different notes. "He hit a Bb 7 on the piano, root on the bottom, with a C7 right on top of it, and it was all over! That's it, baby! All over! I'm gonna put eight notes in every chord I ever write!"

The Palomar Theater in Seattle was a Northwest jazz mecca to the teenage Jones. All of the major acts of the day passed through, including Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Count Basie and Billy Eckstine.

"I couldn't pay, you know, so I'd sneak into the dances," muses Q, a twinkle in his eyes. "Or I'd carry in one of the musician's baritone saxes and get in that way. I'd beat 'em to the gig, just *be* there!"

"I'd get goosebumps standing in front of Louis Armstrong's band, or watching Eckstine, or watching Bobby Tucker's fingers when he played *Caravan*. Those cats were like bringing me a message of what was *really* goin' on in the world out there. And I could see all those things I'd been listening to on records for so long written down on paper."

Quincy made friends with many of the musicians. "I'd bug 'em to death. Like Clark Terry, God bless him, taught me how to put my horn on my mouth right. And one time Billy Tucker came through with Billie Holiday. We were about 14 or 15 years old, and Bobby got us to play with her. When he came back through, he was with Billy Eckstine, so we played together—and all of my life, right up to now, Billy Eckstine has been a guideline and a friend to me. He's taught me as a friend, as a musician, and as a businessman. He led the way."

Receiving a scholarship to the Berklee College of Music (which then was called the Schillinger House), Quincy took a train from Seattle to Chicago to Boston, "and got a little pad across the street from the Hi Hat where

all the cats used to play. Stan Getz was across the street. Joe Gordon was workin' in town, and so was Charlie Mariano and Nat Pierce. I took ten subjects a day and gigged every night, making \$55 a week. It was beautiful! It was what I wanted to do—learning music all day, and playing it all night."

Through Janet Thurlow, a singer and friend from Seattle, Q landed a job with Lionel Hampton. He left Berklee ("and you never go back, you know") and toured with Hampton from 1951 to the end of 1953 in the trumpet section, along with Clifford Brown, Art Farmer, and Benny Bailey.

"I think that's when I decided I'd better go out and write. Clifford and I used to discuss it, because you have to put all your time into what you're gonna do. Here I was a 'junkie' on writing, and he was a 'junkie' on playing. To play like that, you gotta put *all* your time into it. I decided to put my time into writing."

In Hamp's band, Monk Montgomery played the first Fender bass ever made, "and nobody really knew what that instrument meant. It's not the same as an upright bass, you know, and it completely turned the music of today around."

Quincy also experienced his first European tour. "Over here," he muses, "we had the racial hassles and the sociological trips, but

"We played Turkey . . . Greece . . . and we came back and played the White House for the Correspondents' Association. Then we went to South America for the same kind of trip."

The next several years were a mixture of music and big-time business for Quincy. In 1957, he studied classical music with Nadia Boulanger in Paris, and became the Musical Director of Barclay Disques.

Returning to America, he became the Musical Director of the Broadway show, *Free And Easy*. He took the show to Europe, but it closed in Paris during the Algerian crisis, "and, man, I got my ass kicked," he recalls.

"I was supposed to meet Sammy Davis, Jr. in London. He was going to join the show, and we were going to take it back to Broadway for two years, which would have been a great way to get the band started. But that never happened. We never met Sammy Davis. The show folded. Our guaranteed transportation was to leave in two days. Either we were on that plane, or that was it. We were cocky then, and we decided to stay in Europe and try it.

"I ended up staying in Europe ten months with all those dudes and their families. And they were expensive cats: Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, Clark Terry, Melba Liston, Budd Johnson. . . .

"Economics and aesthetics do not ever relate to each other, because musically you can't control economics. You can get out of you only what you have *in* you—a cat writes *what he can write*. My music is my reflection of what my feelings are at the time. There is no common denominator between what bottom-line profit and loss statements are and what 12 notes are, no correlation whatsoever."

over there it was really free by comparison. It was great to get that positive input at 19 years old."

At the end of 1953, Q quit Hamp's band to strike out on his own. For three years he "scuffled around New York, writing for James Moody, Count Basie, Ray Anthony, Tommy Dorsey—you name 'em, I wrote for 'em."

In 1956, he had a conversation with Dizzy Gillespie that took about 15 minutes. "Dizzy said, 'You can do it only when you're young, kid—get me a band together and write me a history of jazz. I'm going to Europe with Jazz At The Philharmonic, and I'll meet you in Rome afterwards.' Just like that!"

"I was game, so I got the band together. It was the first State Department touring band. Joe Gordon, Billy Mitchell, Marshall Sterns, Herb Land, a beautiful band. Sure enough, three months later we get off the plane in Rome, and there's Dizzy playing *Sweet Lorraine!* Those first-time experiences are the things that hold you together, you know? It's the equivalent of taking the boat with Christopher Columbus, 'cause you don't know what's gonna happen.

"We played Pakistan. The people had never seen trumpets or trombones before, and there we were doing the history of jazz. They didn't know who Louis Armstrong was, let alone Lunceford.

"Scufflin'? God damn! I hocked everything I had, and we played anywhere we could—Spain, Yugoslavia . . . ten months! I almost committed suicide then, because of the pressure of keeping 30 people alive. Phil Woods had his dogs, too.

"Anyway, we got back home. I hocked all my publishing companies, but still owed money for years. We played Basin Street East with Eckstine and Peggy Lee, and a few gigs, but then I had to cut it loose."

Through his friend Irving Green, who owned Mercury Records, Quincy got a job. He became a businessman, and a good one. In a year, he was vice-president. "I started to pay back my bread, and I learned the music business backwards and forwards.

"When Mercury merged with Philips of Holland, I *really* got an education. It was an eight billion dollar a year company that gave us executive courses, which showed me what it was all about: as artists, we are just another serial number in a profit and loss log.

"When I had the band, I was very idealistic. I liked the musicians, and I liked what we were playing. 'We will *make* it, man!' I said. But we didn't make it. We were slaughtered. And it was only because of money. That was a great lesson.

"I'll never forget the seven years I spent with Mercury. As artists, here we were, thinking about sharpened and flatted ninths, while

those cats are talking about your profit and loss column. As an artist, you are functioning on one level, while corporate thinking is on a totally different level.

"It was an educational trip which took me away from being afraid of systems. I lost the fear and awe of the system. Once you can dissect it, and it is transparent, you don't have to fear it. It's no longer in control of you.

"I got out because I got tired of it. They offered me a million dollars to stay with the company for 20 years. I figured that was my whole life and my whole soul, and I didn't want to be there. The music was calling. I couldn't stay behind a desk all day for 20 years."

Irving Green did let Quincy take occasional breaks to write music. In 1963, Quincy locked himself in a West Side New York apartment for two months and wrote the score for *The Pawnbroker*. Over the next two and half years, he wrote *Mirage*, *The Slender Thread*, and *Walk Don't Run*.

"With *Walk Don't Run*, I made up my mind in 1966 that I was going to leave Mercury and sink or swim with films. And the movies started coming. I wrote 52 of them in seven years."

Quincy is happy to have done movies "because they presented me with problems and situations I would never have been confronted with outside of film—dealing with preconceived dramatic structures to which I had to add my two cents. But I didn't feel it was enough. It was fantastic money, but you were only a 10% contributor to the movie. It was like dope. I just had to kick.

"I became interested in films, but in terms of making my own. I considered whether I wanted to be a film composer on the side of totally taking orders—and I'm not a very good order-taker—or whether I wanted to be able to make my own mistakes a couple of times, dealing with the whole pastiche of sight and sound the way I wanted to.

"I bought some books, and I've decided to try to make some movies of my own. I got a funny attitude towards life now: do what you gotta do, and try what you gotta try. Take the leap, take the chance, do it."

For next year's Bi-Centennial, Quincy is working on a major project. He plans to have a film of the evolution of black music. He will release a soundtrack album for that movie, a book on the same subject, and a television documentary on the making of the film, the album, and the book.

The seed of this new evolution work (as yet untitled) was a piece called *Black Requiem*, a 50-minute work which he and Ray Charles performed in 1971 with the Houston Symphony Orchestra, a full gospel choir, a *concerto grosso* group, and numerous soul/jazz musicians, including Billy Preston, Grady Tate, Joe Newman and Toots Thielemans. The theme was based on the memory of the black experience from 1510, through Demarvis and Nat Turner, up through Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, Jr.

"My father died, and I know how much shit he had to take. I think back hundreds of years ago, and it must have been the same thing. A lot of cats had to die, and it was like they had never lived. Their deaths were in vain. What did they die for? Everybody forgets what it was about. *Requiem* was about that: it was a black requiem.

"You see, I've lived through the Lester Youngs and the Charlie Parkers. I lived that,

SELECTED JONES DISCOGRAPHY

MODE—ABC 782

QUINTESSENCE—Impulse S-11

THE GREAT WIDE WORLD OF QUINCY JONES—

Trip 5514

NDEDA—Mercury SRM 2-623

WALKING IN SPACE—A&M 3023

GULA MATARI—A&M 3030

SMACKWATER JACK—A&M 3037

YOU'VE GOT IT BAD GIRL—A&M 3041

BODY HEAT—A&M 3617

MELLOW MADNESS—A&M 4526

so I don't have to have anybody explain the reality of that to me. But I found out there was a tremendous contradiction between African music from the time blacks hit Virginia and New Orleans and what the musicologists had to say about it.

"The musicologists tried to deal with African music and its extensions in terms of the European art forms, whereas the African forms had nothing to do with that. African life was a total life force harnessed to the music.

"We didn't have writers, but we did have the music, and the music was the vehicle to carry the remnants of black history. The true history of blacks is not in our history books, but in the music. The only blacks I ever heard of in school were Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver. It was like nobody else existed. We had no folk heroes in any books, ever. Our history is all locked in the music and is passed down in its different forms through that music."

When Quincy sat down to create his new evolution of black music piece, he embroiled himself in a mammoth labor of creative research which is still in process. "I wanted to see what the common denominators are between African life-styles and Afro-American life-styles. I wanted to see how religion, sexuality and the whole African life force was tied in together with what we have, how there is no difference in planting and harvesting under a free country attitude or under the bondage we have here. We have the same techniques. We got the work song, and music is heavily tied into circumcision rites, virginity rites, planting, harvesting, relaxing. And there is a lot left over from Africa to here, all over the world."

Quincy went through 600 books. He went through anthropologists, musicologists, sociologists, and hundreds of recorded musical works. He went back through the histories of Haiti, Trinidad, Brazil, the Gold Coast, even back to the Berbers and the Moors. "One by one, I got hooked. I got strung out on it for eight months non-stop.

"Then I said, 'Okay, that takes care of the African and the black thing. What about the first sounds of things? What was it that emotionally inspired man to make the first drum?'"

"So I went back into the evolution of the symphony orchestra and paralleled that with the evolution of musical instruments. I couldn't stop! I traced 34 African tribes from 1510 to the present, the way they split up into the Muslim thing here, the Macumba thing over there; the field blacks, the slavery, the difference in musical background, the differences in the physical things.

"And since two years ago, all these studies

have been inspiring me musically, the way the European influences were brought against the African blacks into a big collage. I've been writing about it, trying to boil it down into an 80-minute form. I hope that when I finish this new work, it will span the time from the African past to the present and make all historical generations one."

The question of historical time is integral to Quincy's present thinking and musical activities. Describing his friend Billy Eckstine, who is in his 60s, Billy's son, Ed, who is in his early 20s, and himself, Quincy says, "When the three of us sit in a room, there are 20 years between each one of us, but there is no separation at all.

"I would have to be crazy to think that all the things I felt and loved are hipper than what Billy was into or what young Ed is into now, because Billy and Ed don't do that to me. Their minds are democratic.

"Wouldn't we be sick if we were sitting in the room and saying that what B was into was the only thing that's happening, but the things I felt and Ed feels are invalidated and have no meaning? That's ridiculous, you know? I never want to shut my mind musically, or any other way. I never want to feel that everything that has already happened is all that ever will happen. That's sick, man, that's sick. I dig B's life-style, and I dig Ed's. It goes around like a circle. To me, there's a whole beauty to that."

Quincy is plugged into the mainstream of time. With his deep, broad knowledge of the past and his eager and constant eye on the future, he totally merges his perspective and his spirit with the vibrating present.

"There is nobody qualified to sit around and say whether today's music has more or less musical validity than what happened 20 or 30 years ago. There is nobody qualified to say the quality was there in 1948, and that stays the essence of quality forever.

"Nobody had more goosepimples than I did in 1948, but this is not 1948. It really doesn't turn me on to hear a rhythm section that functioned well in 1948.

"I don't think anybody in music should be subjected to the thing that says, 'Man, you did that great then—stay there!' That's the stupidest thing I ever heard in my life. It's ridiculous. If you've done it once, if you've tried it, fine! If it comes back, floats around again, that's fine, too. But focuses change."

Certain critics have nevertheless lambasted Quincy's *Body Heat*, *Gula Matari*, etc. when comparing these works to earlier records such as *Quintessence*, *Ndeda*, *Mode* or others. Has Quincy in fact "sold out"? Has he consciously or unconsciously diluted his music and compromised his musical integrity in the interests of commercial success?

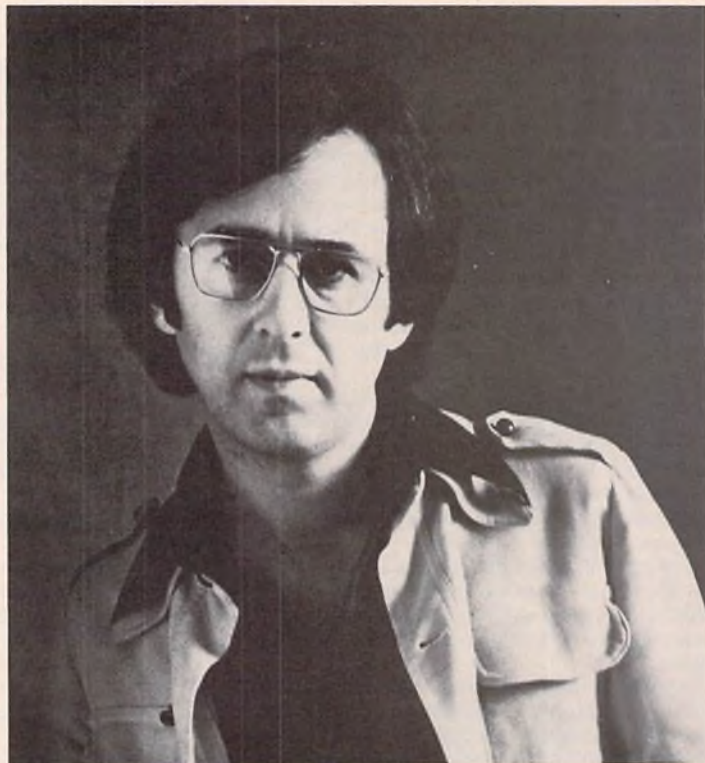
"Listen," he snaps, "if I made you an offer of a million dollars to write a commercial tune, but you don't have it in you to write a commercial tune, then you can't write it, man.

"Economics and aesthetics do not ever relate to each other, because musically you can't control economics. You can get out of you only what you have in you—a cat writes what he can write. My music is my reflection of what my feelings are at the time. There is no common denominator between what bottom-line profit and loss statements are and what 12 notes are, no correlation whatsoever.

"It's not enough to sit there and rationalize

From ESP to CTI . . . with **BOB JAMES** —Crossover King

by Arnold Jay Smith



What do Roberta Flack, Grover Washington, Jr., Sarah Vaughan, Maynard Ferguson and Hubert Laws have in common? The answer is their association with Bob James. Pianist, composer, arranger James has lent a guiding hand to all of the above personages and left an indelible imprimatur on his personal efforts as well.

All of Grover Washington, Jr.'s albums have highlighted the James pen; there are fresh ideas about to spew forth, for both Hubert Laws and Maynard Ferguson. Sarah Vaughan toured for awhile, utilizing Bob's accompaniment. But the most fruitful relationship came about when Bob did the chart for Roberta Flack's *Feel Like Making Love*. The ideas flowed and James' own collection called *One* was the result. The initial hit from that album was, to no one's surprise, *Feel Like Making Love*.

The musical Bob James is classically trained. His parents clearly saw that he had talent and jumped at it, a story that you've no doubt heard before. But this story has a twist. After a few successful recitals, Bob decided

the classics, while a good basic education, were too confining. He would use his facility and superior reading skills to express himself. He turned to jazz for its freedom, and arranging for the multiplicity of voices and modes it offered.

The following interview took place at James' rustic, off the beaten path residence, in the hills overlooking Ardsley, New York.

Smith: When you enter a recording session for other artists, what goals do you expect to achieve from it?

James: There are many. Successful records that will sell, that's the economic facts of life, the lowest goal, commercial potential. If it's a new artist, I study what he's done up to this point. Most of the artists now with CTI I have worked with before. Most of the time I am responding to what Creed Taylor wants to do with that artist. Early on, it was his direction and my arranging, but progressively I have gotten more involved in all stages of what we do, material, artists, instrumentation, so much so that I have just completed producing an album of my own for him. It's

the first one for CTI that has come from outside of Creed Taylor himself. Gabor Szabo is the artist involved. The way it came about was funny. It started out as a Gabor-chosen group and rather than fly them to New York, I went to Los Angeles. As it turned out, we used other people anyhow, but I was committed to producing it.

Smith: In other words, you were simply told what to do and you turned out the charts?

James: That's what it was in the past, but it won't happen any more. Creed and I have developed our relationship to a joint effort. We confer about material. We'll exchange ideas about tunes that I have, or he'll tell about his ideas, and we'll say we love 'em or hate 'em. Even the artist brings in his ideas, so it becomes a collaborative thing as we approach the studio. After that it may evolve further, spontaneously.

Smith: In your own sessions, does Creed dictate what kind of sound will come out, or was it an accident that Eumir Deodato stumbled upon *2001*?

James: No, it was an evolutionary process. In looking for virtuoso performers, we tend to seek crossovers rather than pure jazz improvisational items. We want appreciation by a larger audience. It's been Creed's idea for years to take jazz and make it enjoyable to general audiences as well. That's indirectly why we end up taking classical themes which are familiar to large numbers of people, such as *2001*, or *A Night On Bald Mountain*, so that they have something to grasp onto before they even begin to hear it. They feel more at home when they realize that it is an entirely different interpretation than they are used to, than they would if it were an original jazz composition. We are seeking not only classical themes, but anything with a strong melody; it's like bringing standards back into the repertory with solid jazz interpretations.

Smith: Which is nothing new. Classical

"There is some compromise, but the respect for jazz remains throughout, on my part and Creed's. The compromise does enter into the size of the audience we want to reach. I hate formulas, because as soon as you develop one, along comes something that disproves it . . . our goal is for sales without compromising talent or intent. It's extremely difficult, but that could be why we have this amalgam of sounds where things can no longer be called 'jazz' or 'soul,' or whatever."

theme material has been used by all of the big bands in the '30s and '40s, from Freddie Martin's theme (Tchaikovsky) through solid interpretations by top arrangers for Benny Goodman. And later Duke Ellington did two suites, *The Nutcracker* and *Peer Gynt*, both masterpieces by Billy Strayhorn.

But there are other types of crossovers that can lend themselves to original interpretive elements. George Benson, for example, can be straight ahead jazz, r&b, soul, rock, pop. What do you do with him?

James: I haven't done anything for Benson, it's all been Don Sebesky. But there is definitely a market that is extremely specialized out there. Professionally, when I am called in to do a job as arranger, it is not a purely aesthetic assignment. There is some compromise, but the respect for jazz remains throughout, on my part and Creed's. The compromise does enter into the size of the audience we want to reach. I hate formulas,

SELECTED JAMES DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

ONE—CTI 6043
TWO—CTI 6057
EXPLOSIONS—ESP-Disk 1009
BOLD CONCEPTION—Mercury SR60768

as a featured sideman

Ron Carter: BLUES FARM—CTI 6027
Paul Desmond: SKYLARK—CTI 6039
Chet Baker: SHE WAS TOO GOOD
TO ME—CTI 6050
Chet Baker/Gerry Mulligan:
AT CARNEGIE HALL—CTI 6054 & 6055
Hubert Laws: CRYING SONG—CTI 6000
Hubert Laws: AFRO-CLASSIC—CTI 6006
Hubert Laws: THE RITE OF SPRING—CTI 6012
Hubert Laws: MORNING STAR—CTI 6022
Hubert Laws: AT CARNEGIE HALL—CTI 6025
Don Sebesky: GIANT BOX—CTI 6031/32
Gabor Szabo: MIZRAB—CTI 6026
Gabor Szabo: RAMBLER—CTI 6035
Stanley Turrentine: CHERRY—CTI 6017
Stanley Turrentine:
DON'T MESS WITH MISTER T—CTI 6030
Stanley Turrentine:
THE BADDEST TURRENTINE—CTI 6048
Sarah Vaughan:
THE MANCINI SONGBOOK—Mercury SR 61009
Sarah Vaughan:
THE NEW SCENE—Mercury SR 61079
Sarah Vaughan:
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD—Mercury SR 61122

as an arranger

Hank Crawford:
WE GOT A GOOD THING GOING—Kudu KU 08
Hank Crawford: WILDFLOWER—Kudu KU 15
Hank Crawford: DON'T YOU WORRY
'BOUT A THING—Kudu KU 19
Eric Gale: FORECAST—Kudu KU 11
Johnny Hammond: HIGHER GROUND—Kudu KU 16
Ildris Muhammad: POWER OF SOUL—Kudu KU 17
Grover Washington, Jr.:
INNER CITY BLUES—Kudu KU 03
Grover Washington Jr.:
ALL THE KING'S HORSES—Kudu KU 07
Grover Washington, Jr.:
SOUL BOX—Kudu KU 12/13
Grover Washington, Jr.:
MISTER MAGIC—Kudu KU 20
PHIL UPCHURCH TENNYSON STEPHENS—Kudu KU 22
Hubert Laws: THE CHICAGO THEME—CTI 6058

as a producer

Gabor Szabo: MACHO—Salvation SAL 704

because as soon as you develop one, along comes something that disproves it. But we do try to think in ways that relate to where our audience is. Helen Reddy and Paul Simon, or even the Beatles, do not find favor in all markets. There is a large segment of the music buying public (and I say "buying" not only with direct record dollars but sponsors' products on radio) that is used to Aretha Franklin, Roberta Flack, Stevie Wonder and the Stylistics. It is a fluke when we crossover those lines, except through interpretation of the composer's tunes. The formula comes in (and as in all formulae this is a generality); our goal is for sales without compromising talent or intent. It's extremely difficult, but that could be why we have this amalgam of sounds where things can no longer be called "jazz," or "soul," or whatever.

Smith: Like the logo says, "Contemporary Music." What do you look for in hiring musicians: excellent readers, good potential for solo work, or just competent sectionmen?

James: We are in two different worlds here; those that are used for overdubs are separate. The Harry Lookofsky's and other string players are excellent readers, but it all must be written out for them. They are totally reading oriented. That's not to say that they can't also improvise. Lookofsky swings on Quincy Jones' *Smackwater Jack* album, but the solo was written out for him. Our music is done in stages. We have the non-written oriented people for whom a certain psychology is required. You come in with a written arrangement and they are immediately intimidated, or worse, they are obedient, which is the last thing you want them to be. As an arranger, you try to make it as simple as possible, with the bare minimum of stuff, and get THAT out of the way as fast as possible and get down to it. We want the intensity and energy. I'll try anything I can to keep from getting that academic atmosphere because it's death. I've even tried time changes, mixing tempi, intra-phase modulations, because I feel once that intense energy goes and the rhythms are all in place, boredom soon follows. Now I'm not at home playing all funk or totally free music either. There must be some organization; music demands a combination of both.

Smith: You alluded to overdubs. Creed uses them almost exclusively on albums augmented by large sections. Why?

James: Once we get the rhythm tracks down, the virtuoso studio musicians move in. It's a disciplined medium where you have sensational New York musicians at your disposal. Those guys can read fly shit the first time down and make it sound great. With all of the musicians in the studio at one time, there is the possibility that one of the 20 will squeak and we will have to do the whole thing over. It's a time element in that case. We can get Jon Faddis, Marvin Stamm, or any of a myriad of artists that play with warmth and fire, and we can concentrate on getting their job done, with solos. So why do we have to go through the hassle of all of those bodies in one studio, with the possibility of leakage of sounds where you may desire strict uni-channel effects? True, the exchange of ideas and the vibes that are transposed from artist to artist may be missing, but we don't feel that warrants bringing everyone together at once. We will do that in the case of a horn section being so integral a part of the rhythm as to make one or the other sterile. If

Faddis' solo chores are based on a space left by Milt Jackson, and the music is written that way, he'll be in there with Milt. So there is no strict formula—again that word—in this regard.

Marshall, Missouri, a miniscule town somewhere between Kansas City and St. Louis, is not noted for its jazz, or for its classical music, for that matter. But it was home for Bob James beginning in 1940. There were some good private piano teachers however, and, starting at age four, Bob's parents had him at the exercise books. "They saw something there and pushed at it."

By the time he was out of high school, Bob was convinced that music was going to be his life. So the search for a college with a "great" music school began. The University of Michigan got the nod. "They had a sensational music curriculum, but nothing happening jazz-wise. Consequently, I became very frustrated there and ended up asking my parents if I could switch to Berklee, because I had heard that that was the big jazz school." An interesting sidelight here is that Bob was not the disciplined type, nor did he have an overwhelming desire to practice. Yet his charts were tight and his ideas took shape only after rehearsals. "After one semester at Berklee I found that, while the music was great, it was not what I wanted from a college education." So it was back to Michigan and into the composition department—classical, mainly.

Jazz was a sidelight, in clubs, "developing my jazz education on my own rather than in school, which I think is still preferable to the academic approach."

Smith: Can jazz be taught at all?

James: I think it can. I think anything can be taught. The problem with jazz academically is that there are too many kids in jazz programs in college that are being trained to come out with a tremendous amount of skill and knowledge with no place to go, no place for them to work. Jazz educational systems are based on stage bands and big bands that are an anachronism, except for the few bands that still exist, like Thad and Mel's, or Maynard's. They are exceptions to what is happening in the music business today. You've got thousands of young people coming out of Indiana, Michigan, North Texas State, blah, blah, to what? I was down in a small college in New Jersey, Jersey City State College, and they are all over the place, just great. We spent some time in discussion groups and the feeling I kept getting was one of frustration about telling them what to do. The harder they worked developing skills of playing big band jazz music, the more I kept thinking, "Where are they going to go? What are they going to do?"

Smith: They'll go to California and spend their lives in studios.

James: How are they going to get into that studio? Even the studio work is not that deep for that many people. Look down the list of names on studio dates and you'll see the same names that were there 25 years ago. These guys are not about to relinquish their spots simply because some technically proficient young lion fresh out of college has come by and asked them to. Time will tell. One theory is that they will create a whole new kind of music merely because they are there in such

The HEATH BROS

Together Again For The First Time

by Leonard Feather

The ill wind that wafted the Modern Jazz Quartet apart blew some accidental good when it had the effect of bringing together, for the first time in their long careers as renowned professional musicians, the three Heath Brothers.

Percy, born in 1923, was the first to establish the Heath name in jazz. He was followed a few years later by James Edward Heath, who in those days was sometimes affectionately known as Little Bird (which may have had something to do with the change of ax noted below). Born in 1926, Jimmy was the middle brother. Albert, almost nine years younger, was not prominent on the scene until 1958, when he toured as the drummer with J.J. Johnson's combo.

Recently, the Heath Brothers played one of their joint gigs at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, California, with pianist Stanley Cowell rounding out the quartet. During that time they dropped by the studios of KBCA as guests on my Sunday afternoon program. Following is the essence of the family conversation that took place between records.

Feather: I want to get into the history of the whole Heath family. I should give it first to the senior citizen. Percy, you must remember back . . . you were born in Wilmington, and your brothers born in Philadelphia, right?

Percy: I was born in Wilmington, N.C. I was told we moved to Philadelphia when I was about eight months old.

Feather: How did it get to be such a musical family?

Percy: We got it from Pop, I guess . . . well, my mother too. Our father was a clarinet player in an Elks-type marching band. From early childhood we remember music around the house. My mother and her mother were choir singers, so I guess I was just born right in it. We also have a sister, who is the oldest child. She was taking piano lessons, but she gave it up early.

When I was very young I was taking violin lessons up until my graduation from junior high school. But I always admired the bigger guy back there with the bass, so it was natural that about ten years later I would end up playing the bass.

Feather: It wasn't one of those cases where they gave you the bass because it was the only instrument left?

Percy: Oh, no. I was never big enough in junior high school. I was a little guy until I went into the Air Force, then I grew about four or five inches.

Feather: Then Jimmy came along about three years after you were born. Jimmy, what do you recall of your early days?

Jimmy: When I was about 14, Pop bought me a saxophone and I took it apart! Ironically, I got it back together. I wouldn't dare to take one apart now. But at that age I was curious. That was an alto saxophone, and years later I found Charlie Parker to be insurmountable. I couldn't do anything with that; rather than trying to compete with Charlie Parker, I decided to change my instrument to a tenor, and I could still play Charlie Parker, but he wouldn't know it!

Later I developed writing more than playing. For a while I was concentrating on writing compositions, maybe 40 or 50 that are published. Then I started to play soprano and the flute. More recently I've written a 172-page suite for 35 people, on a grant from the State Council of New York. It hasn't been played yet; it's called *Afro-American Suite Of Evolution*, in which I tried to follow the whole heritage of the music from Africa to the avant garde. We're now looking for 35 people to perform it and someone to pay 35 guys to play it. Only the writing was done under grant. We're looking for somebody to pick up the tab on performing; the Bi-Centennial celebration seems a logical opportunity.

Percy: Jimmy, you left out a big gap in your early stuff. Jimmy was 18 down beat



playing saxophone in the high school band first, then he was on the road professionally while I was still in the military service. Also, Jimmy's been playing longer than any of us.

Feather: Now, Tootie, Albert Kuumba, you came along when Jimmy was about eight or nine years old?

Albert: Right; when you were speaking before, that was before I came into the picture. But now I'm in the picture . . . I had two older brothers who were my major influences. I was fortunate enough to be a witness of some rehearsals or workshops that my brother Jimmy used to have in the living room of our house. I've seen some people there like John Coltrane, Dizzy Gillespie . . . oh, I could name all the people that are successful or great artists of today; I saw them as a child. That was the basis of my education, to experience these workshops and listen to music from my childhood on till now.

Feather: Did you have any actual drum teachers?

Albert: Yes, I did; but I can only give credit to myself actually, because what I learned from drum teachers, I don't do none of that now. . . .

Feather: I guess you could rightly say that you taught yourself. Did you start with the brothers? What were your first professional jobs?

Albert: I left home when I was about 18, started to travel with a group led by a tenor saxophone player named Fats Noel. Mal Waldron was the pianist. And the saxophonist's brother played bass. We had a quartet and played music . . . I think they categorized it as rhythm and blues.

Feather: Jimmy, did you also have experience in rhythm and blues groups?

Jimmy: Yes, I have run the gamut. I've played behind r&b people, and Billie Holiday and Sarah Vaughan and all the jazz people. Also I've played behind some of the current rock artists who were big stars when I was playing in a house band in Philadelphia. It was one of my students who was leading the band at the Uptown Theatre, so I had some experience playing with Sam Cooke, James Brown. . . .

Feather: I noticed in the Encyclopedia of Jazz that Jimmy and Percy both have listed Miles Davis and Howard McGhee as people you've played with. Did you both play together with them?

Percy: Yes, we were together with Howard McGhee. That was the first big time job I got. I'd been playing about a year and a half; I didn't really know anything. I was house bassist at this club called the Downbeat in Philly, and they used to bring headliners in to play with us. McGhee came through there one time and played with the rhythm section. He knew Jimmy too.

Feather: Tootie, were you too young to be part of that?

Albert: Oh, yes, that was 1947-8.

Percy: But before that I had played with a good rhythm and blues band . . . the first band I was with in 1947—Joe Morris, he'd been in



VERYL OAKLAND

Lionel Hampton's band. That was a very hip band; there was Philly Joe (Jones) on drums, Johnny Griffin was playing tenor, Elmo Hope was playing piano. The style was really that houserock-shouting thing which was a fad at that time, and it's probably the basis for the music of the last ten years.

Feather: I'd like to ask each of you what was your main ambition or direction in music? Percy, you wound up with a job that lasted 22 years with a certain type of music. Jimmy, you wound up being very famous as a composer, but didn't become part of the New York scene. And Tootie, you also have your own direction. How did those things come about? How much was due to chance and how much was deliberate?

Albert: I'm almost at the point now where I feel like I'm about to play like I've always wanted to play. This is due to a lot of influences, a lot of people, some of the younger musicians. I can only say that I'm trying to just keep moving.

Feather: Who would you say were your first important influences? And the later ones too?

Albert: Well, I'd rather not call names; I don't want to get into a name thing. Just people in music.

Feather: You've spent quite a bit of the last decade in Scandinavia, haven't you?

Albert: Yes, the last three or four years I've been in and out of Scandinavia. My base is there now, and I'll be back there soon. I'm traveling all over the world playing and enjoying myself.

Feather: Are you still going to try and work with your brothers whenever you can?

Albert: Oh, yes, as long as it lasts, I'd like to be part of it.

Feather: Jimmy, how about your life?

Jimmy: I really want to be the best musician I can be and I've been working on that for 30-some years. The fame and popularity you were talking about that I never got, that doesn't really bother me. I am successful, I feel that I am successful in myself and my family. I can take care of them without any problem, so I feel fortunate that I have been able to do that. The size of the reputation doesn't really matter. I have been fortunate enough to go to quite a few places all over the world, and I've never had any problem communicating with people when I get there.

Feather: You've also had a wonderful record racked up of people who have recorded your compositions: Junior Mance, Blue Mitchell, Milt Jackson, Friedrich Gulda, Mongo Santamaria, Eddie Harris . . . and I'm sure there are dozens more.

Jimmy: Miles Davis, Cannonball, Herbie Mann, Groove Holmes, Art Farmer, Clark Terry . . .

Feather: So your fame really has spread in two ways, through your performances and through your compositions.

Jimmy: Really; some people would call me a musician's musician or something.

Feather: Percy, you were the first to settle in New York.

Percy: Yes, I moved to New York in 1949 permanently. I started playing bass in 1946 and almost immediately I was traveling with a singing trio. They wanted to stay in the cocktail-trio type of music and I was interested in the so-called bebop music.

Feather: Was that right after you came out of the Air Force?

Percy: Yes, I used some of the money to buy a bass. I heard a record with John Simmons on it and Coleman Hawkins; and John used to drop a beat . . . he had a way of syncopation he used to play in the bass line. And I said, that's the instrument I'm gonna get. Then it came back to me that ten years before I'd really wanted to play that one anyhow.

Jimmy came home from off the road with Nat Towles' dance band out in the midwest, and he said if you're gonna buy an instrument, I'm gonna come back home and learn about this new music, 'cause he'd heard of Charlie Parker.

Feather: Percy, how did the MJQ come about from your point of view?

Percy: We were playing together in what was called the Milt Jackson quartet. Kenny Clarke had just come back from Europe and was playing with us. John came up with the idea that he didn't want to write music for somebody else's band, which he had been doing all along. So the idea came up that it should be a partnership, and he would contribute the music and the direction of the music, which was an idea he had about how that formation could best perform. It grew from that in 1952 when we organized—and 22 years of my whole career were devoted to the elevation of the music in a sense. It was getting jazz up out of the tavern. Not that playing in a tavern isn't a part of it, but it didn't have to be the total way of presenting jazz—you didn't have to go sit down and drink booze to listen to jazz. We tried to put it on the level of the concert stage.

Feather: I think that was John's whole idea, and obviously it was yours, too.

Percy: I went along with it because I felt that way about the music, and didn't think it should be stigmatized like that or categorized as a certain type of music. In my lifetime—I'm 52 years old now—I've seen it called everything from "race music" on, and you had to go in and ask for a race record to get any jazz. It was segregation all over again.

Feather: So the MJQ really accomplished something important?

Percy: Sure. We witnessed that recently. We performed a month in Europe a few months ago. We went to a few of those places the Modern Jazz Quartet had performed years before. I asked the promoter, what about certain places? And he said, "But, Percy, you must understand, that was the MJQ, and no other jazz is accepted in those places." So the Quartet has been places where in maybe another ten years other jazz artists will be able to perform. That's part of the reward for the years of work and sacrifice, the stature that was attained by the group . . . which was what we set out to do.

Feather: It's been said by some people who have heard you with the Brothers that you express yourself with a passionate and extroverted style not characteristic of you with the MJQ. In other words, you play freer in this new context.

Percy: Well, that's a listener's opinion. I've heard this controversy about the quartet all along; but certain music demands a certain presentation. Some of the pieces that we played were quite extensive and the concentration is tremendous; you can't really witness it unless you are part of it. And in order for that music to come off, there had to be a certain precision in the written parts. These compositions were worked out to not personally project yourself. We worked very hard on making every instrument up there as important as the other. So there was a tremendous effort to do this. I'm gratified the audience notices that that type of concentration isn't necessary for the type of playing I'm doing now.

You must consider there's a horn and in order to be a group sounding unit, like a oneness of sound which I'm used to concentrating on, everything up there has to be heard. So there's a different style that's necessary, I feel, with a wind instrument in the ensemble. It changes the drum; it has to be more pronounced. And then, too, I've played that way on many recordings. And on some parts of an MJQ program, if you didn't pat your foot and loosen up out there, it was your own fault, your own restriction, 'cause we were doing it up there.

You'll hear that on the latest record of the MJQ, which was of that final concert we played last November—you'll hear the whole gamut.

Feather: Tootie, you spent a great deal of time in Europe; do you find any basic difference in the attitude of promoters and/or audiences and musicians from what you find in this country?

Albert: Yes. I think the European promoters are the biggest gangsters in the world. They're more elegant than American promoters. As far as the audiences are concerned, to me people are the same all over; if you're honest and the audience can feel what you're doing they respond to it.

Feather: Did you have any difficulty finding compatible musicians to work with—either European or expatriates?

Albert: No, no difficulty . . . it's the same anywhere.

Feather: Would you go along with that too, Jimmy?

Jimmy: I've been to Europe about ten times in the last six or seven years and I found, just going over and spending one month at a time, doing things with the radio station, with the big bands, writing and performing with them, is something I don't have an opportunity to do in America. Because I'm not the top person. If you're not the top person, they leave you out in America. I think there's room in Europe for American musicians of all eras. They still like Milt Buckner, Buddy Tate . . . they like a wider variety, from the so-called Dixieland all the way through to the so-called far out or whatever. That's something I observed.

Feather: I think you must be right, because you haven't done that much big band writing in this country, have you?

Jimmy: No, I wrote a couple of things for Ray Charles and for Milt Jackson and a big band; but over there I've done six or seven half-hour shows in Copenhagen; four or five in Oslo; two or three in Brussels; and several in Vienna, with the state radio orchestras.

Feather: The amazing thing about that is we don't even have live music on radio in the U.S.—with very rare exceptions, such as KBCA. To commission a work to be performed on radio doesn't exist at all.

* * *

Feather: Tootie, how was it working with a classical pianist like Friedrich Gulda, who had turned to jazz? Did he seem to adjust pretty well?

“ . . . I needed that time out when the MJQ broke up to think about what happened. I still feel that Jackson made a mistake in not just sticking it out a little longer, because it really had turned around for us. . . . I had a feeling of the resurgence, and a lot of young people who had never heard us in the whole 20 years that we'd been around . . . were finally discovering our music.”

Albert: Yes, I think he's an excellent musician; he has superb technique which helps him express himself in whatever he's doing. But his feeling . . . that's something you can't learn. It just didn't feel right.

Feather: Did he manage to make any progress during the time he was playing jazz?

Albert: I only recorded with him a couple of times, so I don't really know that much about his development. I haven't seen him in many, many years now.

Jimmy: As a composer, I'd like to say something about Mr. Gulda. When he recorded that waltz of mine, *Ineffable*, he told me that would be the most famous waltz in the world. But according to my royalty statements, I think he lied . . .

Feather: Well, according to your royalty statements, Jimmy, which have been your most successful compositions?

Jimmy: I think *Gingerbread Boy* has been recorded by more people, so that would be the one I got the most money from. Herbie Mann recorded a tune of mine called *Project S*.

Feather: Which do you have the most frustration about, that *should* have been more widely known and wasn't?

Jimmy: I made a whole lot of secret albums! Many of my compositions I did myself, and I thought they were good enough. But without distribution, and without the so-called big name, they never really got around, they're still secrets.

Feather: Percy, it's been a year since the MJQ broke up. I did interviews with both Milt and John recently about it. I'd like to get your opinion of how the breakup has affected each of you individually. As far as you're concerned, have you been doing what you wanted to do since you left it; or do you miss it?

Percy: Well, 22 years is a long time, and we spent about ten months out of the year together. Of course, you miss that, and the friendships that were there. But people ask me things like, "How does it feel to be free of that?" They seem to think that John put some kind of restrictions on us. It wasn't John Lewis that put restrictions on us, it was that the *music* demanded that we sound like one thing up there, as close as possible; and we worked on that. So it's the audience's concept of what they want to hear from us.

Being out here now . . . the first six months I just went fishing . . .

caught one 30 pounder! I had to think it over a while and try to figure out what to do.

Feather: That's your great contribution to the Monterey Jazz Festival through the years, you'd come in with some fish.

Percy: Remember a couple of years ago when we had a big bluefish I'd caught the day before; that was a prize-winning fish for the state, I got a trophy. I should have mounted that fish . . . but we ate it. But I needed that time out when the MJQ broke up to think about what happened. I still feel that Jackson made a mistake in not just sticking it out a little longer, because it really had turned around for us. As far as the financial reward that he expected from the group—he obviously needed more money than I did; I was comfortable, satisfied. I couldn't build up a future, but as long as it kept on going, we were cool. So I thought it was a very bad time to break up, because I had a feeling of the resurgence, and a lot of the young people who had never heard us in the whole 20 years that we'd been around—for ten years they'd been listening to other music—were finally discovering our music.

So I thought it was a mistake. And all the sacrifices my wife had made staying home all those months with our three boys, she had gone through that sacrifice for the good of this music, and I felt it was sabotage on her time. But in another way it was cool, because I got an opportunity to be with my brothers, which I hadn't had for those 20 years. On this recent European tour we did, I found we didn't need the familiarization other musicians, strangers, would have to go through. We had instant communication; it was beautiful, and I'm really enjoying it very much. Then I had that little toy (the cello) to play with . . . 'cause Tootie plays flute, and I figured I'm a dummy if I can only stand up there with a bass.

Albert: I didn't play flute too much at the Lighthouse, because our repertoire is so vast I didn't have an opportunity. But I've been playing it on a suite called *Smiling Billy*, dedicated to Billy Higgins. I've recorded on flute with Yusef Lateef on Atlantic, on *The Gentle Giant*.

Feather: How do the three of you feel about the electronic innovations, about the so-called "free" jazz which has no definite pulse, no definite chords necessarily?

Albert: Well, I like the direction music is going. I think there's some good things being done with electronic groups. I like it.

Jimmy: My son, Mtume, who is the percussionist with Miles Davis, is always trying to get me to record with electric instruments. I believe that anybody who likes electric instruments can play them. I just don't believe everybody should be twins . . . that every time somebody does something, somebody else should jump on that same handwagon. I like the saxophone plain.

Percy: I'm one of those old die-hard guys. After so many years of striving for the purest, fullest sound you can get, it seems rather ludicrous to me to run it through some distortion. It's really a waste of a lot of years. You can put anybody, somebody with no tone quality of sound, and run him through the machine and he sounds just like you. Gee, I'd feel like a fool if I would accept that. So, for me . . . Bob Cranshaw gave me one of those electric basses, and I don't get the vibrations from it, baby. You know that instrument of mine is accused of being sexual, anyhow; but I got to have that big vibrator there moving all the air in the room, and even if you don't hear the note you'll *feel* the note. So as far as my instrument is concerned, I don't think I like the electronic aspect at all.

That music to me, I'm really bored by it; by the stagnation and the repetitious rhythm . . . I'm really bored . . . Tootie's younger than I am, so I got it by 12 years. . . . I may be just too narrow-minded about it, and my association with purity in music of all those years has really ruined me. I just can't stand it. In the first place, it's too loud. And the distortion just irritates me. If I want to get riled up, I can go into one of those places and subject myself to it.

Albert: What you looking at me for, Leonard?

Feather: I was not looking at you accusingly; I was just interested to see your reaction on an opinion from your brother that is obviously . . .

Albert: I respect my brother's opinion . . .

Jimmy: Did you check me? I was in the middle . . . just like in age!

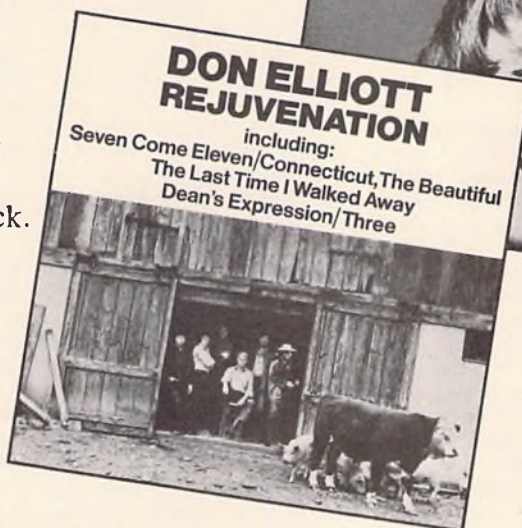
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John Lewis—No stranger to the down beat audiences, John visited the top spot innumerable times with the MJQ. Now he's here with his first solo effort, "P.O.V." Its exciting original compositions, John's effortless keyboard excellence and a fine group of jazz greats are everything you'd expect from the master.

Bill Watrous—There's uncaged excitement loose in the streets. It's Bill Watrous' new album, "The Tiger of San Pedro," and it's a whole new category of big-band jazz. Bill Watrous and the Manhattan Wildlife Refuge with "The Tiger of San Pedro." Pure animal energy.

Don Elliott—Don's back to the forefront with his new album, "Rejuvenation." He topped the polls for 8 consecutive years with his mellophone work; now he's back in great form on mellophone and vibes with an album full of some of the most unusual—and best—jazz of his career. "Rejuvenation." Don Elliott's back.

John Lewis, Bill Watrous and Don Elliott. Winners, all. On Columbia Records.



**Leading
Candidates
for the Polls.**

RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

***** excellent, **** very good,
*** good, ** fair, * poor

GARY BURTON/ EBERHARD WEBER

RING—ECM (Polydor) 1051: *Mevlevia*; *Unfinished Sympathy*; *Tunnel Of Love*; *Intrude*; *Silent Spring*; *The Colours Of Chloë*.

Personnel: Burton, vibraharp; Weber, acoustic bass; Mick Goodrick, guitar; Pat Matheny, 12-string guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Bob Moses, percussion.

The idea as I understand it was to team the Burton quintet with several European musicians. But ultimately the sole addition was Weber and the results are remarkably dark and brooding.

The quintet by itself is a fascinating unit drawing much of its textural character from the double guitar instrumentation which creates intricate layers of sound and rhythm. The feel is almost mathematical, yet deceptively open. This is a precisely structured group that remains free enough to integrate one or more musical voices. In this instance it's German bassist/violinist Eberhard Weber who is assimilated. Weber's acoustic work here is as much involved with tone exploration as anything; it tends to approximate human vocal sounds—deep cries and moans. His overall contribution is somber, almost Gothic, adding a tonal bottom within the frame of this music that fills it with mystery.

The six compositions selected for *Ring* attest to Burton's own ongoing infatuation with melody and structure. Three of the pieces (*Sympathy*, *Love* and *Intrude*) are by English composer Michael Gibbs, with whom Burton has been associated on two previous albums. Gibbs' writing is at times austere but nonetheless compelling. *Love*, for example, is based on a simple five note phrase repeated over and over with slight variation, followed each time by a brief space. It is uncluttered and devoid of extraneous ornamentation, designed instead to explore structure and melody. Weber is absolutely eerie on this piece, sounding like a melancholy wind searching for cracks in an old window frame.

Sympathy is based on a Spanish theme—an overly simple description—with improvising space for Burton and Goodrick, whose guitar work is consistently impressive. The piece is short, just over three minutes, and builds incessantly when driven by Moses, the guitars and Swallow's electric bass. *Intrude*, performed by Burton, Moses, Matheny and Swallow, develops from an opening percussion passage that increases in intensity and force. The rhythmic pace is taken over by the whole ensemble and played out.

The remaining three compositions include one from Goodrick (*Mevlevia*), Weber's *Chloë*, the title piece from his own ECM al-

bum, and *Spring*, by Carla Bley. Bley's offering is a lengthy introspective construction based ostensibly on *Stella By Starlight*, containing a striking bass exchange between Swallow and Weber.

An album such as this is difficult to describe, since it is complex but accessible, bleak yet exhilarating. It demands much, from both musician and listener. —nolan

JEAN-LUC PONTY

UPON THE WINGS OF MUSIC—Atlantic SD 18138: *Upon The Wings Of Music*; *Question With No Answer*; *Now I Know*; *Polyfolk Dance*; *Waving Memories*; *Echoes Of The Future*; *Bowing-Bowing*; *Fight For Life*.

Personnel: Ponty, violins, violetra, string synthesizer (track 3); Patrice Rushen, keyboards; Ralphie Armstrong, bass guitar; Ndugu (Leon Chancellor), drums; Dan Sawyer, electric guitar; Ray Parker Junior, electric guitar solos.

***** 1/2

Violinist Jean-Luc Ponty has put together a well-paced, unified and sweet-tempered LP in the high-energy vein, and it is eminently listenable. Although it was planned and recorded while Ponty was still playing in the Mahavishnu Orchestra, *Upon The Wings Of Music* serves nonetheless as a sort of declaration of independence for the French fiddler, who, after detours with Frank Zappa and Mahavishnu, is finally hitting the open road with his own inalienable concept.

That concept has roots, though, in Ponty's previous endeavors. Like the recent work of his former employers, this is not a blowing date. Rather, it is an album reflecting Ponty's penchant for writing and his desire to play music more structured than that of the European "free" scene, which he left in 1972.

Ponty composes with variety and flair, from the busy funk of the title tune to the balladic *Question*, to the multi-sectioned *Polyfolk Dance*, which starts and ends in 19 but goes through more meter changes than a harried postal clerk. There is variety, too, in the solo assignments. There are brief solo breaks in any given song but no open jams anywhere. For example, Ponty takes no solo at all on the delightful *Bowing-Bowing*; on *Waving Memories* we hear the best of several largely mediocre guitar solos; and on the Kraftwerkian *Echoes*, Ponty plays alone in an over-dubbed performance with intelligently-employed echoplex.

Ponty, in fact, plays intelligently throughout, with authority and grace, but not always with excitement. When he does, as on the album's finale, he's a corker. The other main soloist is Ms. Rushen, now 21. Her synthesizer break on *Bowing* is an object lesson in how to match melody contours to timbre. But on the title track, her electric piano is filled with Herbie Hancock licks, and they come so fast and furious that it turns into a headhunting parody.

With drummer Ndugu, we find strengths and weaknesses cut of the same cloth. He brings a heavier touch, and a more African rhythmic drive, to the contemporary drum style than most of his fusion colleagues, yet it prevents him from attaining that light speed exemplified by Cobham. Similarly, he is more adept than most at keeping the beat while obscuring it, subtly avoiding an ostentatious pulse; yet sometimes he loses it altogether.

Still and all, a fairly promising re-entry into the recording scene for Ponty—and a surprisingly gentle fusion album. —tesser

ROSCOE MITCHELL

THE ROSCOE MITCHELL SOLO SAXOPHONE CONCERTS—Sackville 2006: *Nonaah*; *Tutankhamen*; *Enlorfe* (dedicated to John Coltrane); *Jibbana*; *Eeltwo I*, *Eeltwo II*; *Oobina* (Little Big Horn); *Tutum*; *Nonaah*.

Personnel: Mitchell, alto sax (tracks 1, 3, 8, 9); bass sax (track 2); soprano sax (track 4); tenor sax (tracks 5-6); soprano-bass sax duet (track 7).

OLD/QUARTET—Nessa N-5: *Old*; *Quartet*; *Solo*.

Personnel: tracks 1-2—Mitchell, alto, soprano saxes, clarinet, harmonica, "little instruments"; Lester Bowie, trumpet, harmonica, "little instruments"; Malachi Favors, bass, "little instruments"; Philip Wilson, percussion; track 3—Mitchell, alto sax, "little instruments".

Discussing Roscoe Mitchell, it's nearly impossible to avoid superlatives: he is one of our unacknowledged legislators. At worst he's a "musicians's musician" and players as diverse as Hancock and Braxton would sound far different these days without certain Mitchell discoveries. His major achievement is the "old" quartet that finally evolved into the Art Ensemble of Chicago, for it offered the crucial ensemble reorganization of post-Ornette, post-Ayler jazz. Until recently his solo work has been overlooked, which makes the brilliantly vigorous Sackville LP all the more welcome.

What divides composition and improvisation? Like Cecil Taylor, Mitchell here thinks in highly structured outlines, though his extraordinary concept of rhythm often makes for delightfully odd forms. Note the twining of theme and supporting lines in *Eeltwo I* and *II*, a work as consciously disturbed and extremely organized as any of Taylor's. *Tutum* is wilder and even more complex, with contrasts of dirge and happiness revealed early, the opposites creating a centrifugal force that eventually yields extremes, the work ending on a question. The lyrical *Oobina* has simultaneous soprano and bass saxes interrupt the two in dialogue, suspended tones and trills combining in a thematic form as cohesive as a sonnet. These are immensely careful, thoughtful creations, whatever their immediate impact on the empathetic listener.

Yet Mitchell observes no limiting rules: *Tutankhamen* (Favors' theme) is anti-melody, anti-lyrical, and his beginning crushes those theorists who claim you need a rhythm section to swing. Timing creates the tension of the first *Nonaah*, with that mysterious concluding note, while the other is a happy rush with staccato notes and wild leaps. *Jibbana* is Sylvester Cat vs. Tweety Bird, sweet horn-top tones vs. growls, and the key to all these is the freedom of tempo and time to move at will. Mitchell's message: rhythm is the placement of sounds and space in tension, and line is the secondary product of sound *per se*. This is certainly the principle of *Enlorfe*, a study in breathed high tones, barely audible organ-like harmonies, and two clarinet-like projected instants the nearest that he comes to accent in any traditional sense.

Why solo? Because here Mitchell communicates absolutely directly. Nobody else hears rhythm as such a flexible element. Yet in 1967 he'd found three alter egos, and the success in accommodating startling content to self-evolving form is the more amazing for the vast potential of Free music. The personalities are certainly individualistic—Bowie, the sorrowing clown in tramp's costume; Favors, the complex, terrifically sensi-



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tive virtuoso: Wilson, the sly, multi-colored monster—and Mitchell's subtle mediation unified and guided this four-headed entity into utterances simultaneously organic and apocalyptic.

Lawrence Kart's excellent liners tell all you need to know about *Old Quartet*. *Old*: Wilson's cymbal sound and press rolls accompany Bowie's encapsulated history of the trumpet (complete with plunger growl), while the beauty of Mitchell's phrasing is a surface for deeply felt blues in two choruses—a perfect introduction to today's music for your unreconstructed friends. *Solo* has nothing to do with Mitchell's solo sax works—it's a miniaturization of the quartet thrust, though preoccupied with order and sound. *Quartet*: the spontaneous play of personalities, now united in agreement, now probing one another, the self-revelation of four fascinating beings that can only be realized in relation to one another.

Since early Ornette, jazz has opened up vastly different directions. I know very well that at least monthly some writer somewhere hails some new record as the most important statement since the Ten Commandments. In *Quartet* each man has returned to the very basics of music, with a directness that Cage, Stockhausen or Muddy Waters could scarcely imagine. Like you and I, the individuals define themselves, the wellsprings of emotion contain vast possibilities. Since Mitchell, Bowie, Favors and Wilson are such thoroughly sensitive people, the natural movement of stimulus/response, the tension of interplay, the varieties of comedy, tragedy, the essential material of human existence may be translated back to us in a wholly understandable abstract language.

The achievement is as monumental as '23 Oliver, '30s Ellington, mid-'50s Monk, or Morton's 1926 Peppers. More, *Quartet* suggests the height of this group's powers—certainly Wilson has never been better on LP—and the record is crucial to understanding the meaning of contemporary jazz.

—litweiler

HUBERT LAWS

THE CHICAGO THEME—CTI 6058 S1: *The Chicago Theme; Midnight At The Oasis; You Make Me Feel Brand New; Going Home; I Had A Dream; Inflation Chaser.*

Personnel: Laws, flute, arrangements (tracks 5 and 6); Bob James, arranger (tracks 1-4) and keyboards; Dan Grolnick, piano solo and clarinet (track 5); Ron Carter, bass (tracks 3 and 4); Doug Bascomb, bass (tracks 1, 2 and 5); Stanley Clarke, bass (track 6); Steve Gadd, drums; Andrew Smith, drums (track 6); Ralph McDonald, percussion; Joe Beck, guitar (track 1); George Benson, guitar (track 2); Eric Gale, guitar (track 3); Richie Resnicoff, guitar (track 4); Phil Upchurch, guitar (track 1); Mike Brecker, tenor sax (track 6); David Sanborn, alto sax (track 1); Randy Brecker, trumpet; Harry Cymman, Gale Dixon, Max Ellen, Paul Gershman, Emanuel Green, Harold Kohon, Charles Libove, Harry Lookofsky, David Nadien, Matthew Raimondi, violins; Al Brown, Manny Vardi, violas; George Ricci, Alan Shulman, cellos.

★ ★ ½

This LP seems geared for the disco trade, not a bad end for a record, but a rather limiting perspective for the talents of such a musician as Laws. Pleasant as it is to hustle to, the title track is as thoroughly forgettable as a James Bond soundtrack. *Midnight*, introduced by *King And I* strings, is a mediocre tune the flutist gets through only once, before wandering into BS&T's *Spinning Wheel*. Here Benson takes a round-toned solo that leads into some unenlightened phrase trading and a

disinterested fade out. *Brand New* is memorable only for Eric Gale's wire-taut guitar solo.

Goin' Home is arranged by Bob James, the surreal collage finally destroying Dvorak's simple, unassuming folk melody. It must be considered a major work for James, with its employment of unusual sound effects, sub-themes in counterpoint, generous violin parts and *Shaft* guitar licks. The result is a thick mix, perfectly timed. Laws blows hot—in doubletime—connected to the arrangement by a low-mixed saxophone running a bass line. The effect is gratuitous.

Hubert himself is responsible for *Dream* and *Chaser*. *Dream* has a seductive line stretched over clavinet comping and a simple electric rhythm section. A second flute part is overdubbed. Michael Brecker steps out of the James' arrangements to duet with Laws on *Chaser*; the flutist plays rings around him. Interestingly, there's no melody on this selection from which to improvise.

But Laws is swamped beneath the clutter of bump rhythms, mindless melodies, ersatz violins, elaborate arrangements, overdubs, train effects, trumpet fanfares, and sidemen fluent with secondhand funk. Somewhere under it all, the strongest flute in jazz is obscured. We'll have to wait for another LP to see if Hubert can return to stage center. —mandel

PAUL MOTIAN

TRIBUTE—ECM 1048: *Victoria; Tuesday Ends Saturday; War Orphans; Sod House; Song For Che.*

Personnel: Carlos Ward, alto sax; Sam Brown, acoustic and electric guitars; Paul Metzke, electric guitar; Charlie Haden, bass; Motian, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Paul Motian's *Tribute* is a landmark in the career of an outstanding percussionist. It is simultaneously a reminder of past achievements (such as his fruitful collaborations with Bill Evans and Scott LaFaro, '59-63); a documentation of a decade's growth and evolution; and a promise for future musical explorations of integrity.

The prime character of *Tribute* is its selfless quality. Instead of the music being a vehicle for an egocentric athleticism (the "I can play faster, higher, louder, longer" syndrome), the musicians working with Motian have harnessed their considerable virtuosity for the loftier goal of musical expression. The result is a synergetic musical interplay of unusual sensitivity and emotion.

This high level of musical integration is exemplified by *Victoria*, which opens with Sam Brown's acoustic guitar and Motian's deft brush-cymbal work. The warm, almost Mediterranean atmosphere is then intensified by Carlos Ward's urgent yet laconic alto. Instead of executing sheets of sound or running break-neck arpeggiated and chromatic figures, Ward creates his compelling long note lines (largely half and whole notes) from an insistent, haunting tone quality and a poignant sense of phrasing. Brown's fine acoustic solo reemphasizes the sultry Mediterranean overtones before Ward returns for the final statement of Motian's line. Throughout, Haden's bass and Motian's brushes shift the non-metric *Victoria* from one pulse zone to the next. The challenge of this liberated and slowly-paced time frame is more than met and the cut emerges as the four musicians' collective and evocative vision.

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the Vanguard to back K. C. Jones at the Safari's French Quarter till October 11. Prince Shell is back on keyboards. Dave Cook plans a winter trip to (!) Alaska to check out the scene there ... Cook, Byrd, and others, known collectively as Master Charge, enliven the Sunday jams at the Century Sky Room. Stan Devreaux is the regular ... the Boojum Tree in Phoenix has Armand Boatman thru October. The Scottsdale Doubletree Inn should keep its musical standards high under the managerial eye of Dave Spradling ... following the Vanguard at Reuben's is a group that includes Pete Martin on organ ... the Armstrong Three, led by former M.C.C. keyboarder Dale Armstrong, is entrenched at Caravan Inn ... organist Jimmy Van, formerly of the soulful Truckin', plays in Home Cookin' at Anchorage Hawaii ... Flavours is at the Warehouse Sundays, and Oak Barrel during the week ... Grant Wolf's Night Band is at the Varsity Inn on 10/13 and 10/27.

SAN DIEGO: The University of California at San Diego, located in La Jolla, plans big things for this musical year. Freddie Hubbard, Dick Gregory, Keith Jarrett, Bill Evans, Feliciano. Coming up on October 14 is "Visions of Power," selected readings by Burgess Meredith from the writings of Carlos Castaneda. Jazzman Charles Lloyd will accompany the readings with flute ... the Back Door at San Diego State U. has Airtio 10/3, Chuck Mangione 10/6, and a possibility of Leon Thomas, Esther Phillips, and Horace Silver on 10/20. Call for the definite word ... Fat Fingers usually has pop-rock, but Kirk Bates brings in some jazz ... Epiclye is at Dave Grayson's Safety Club on Sunday afternoons ... Southwestern College has a fine big band that plays occasional concerts. A young trombonist named Scott Johnson did a fine job on Don Ellis' *The Blues* at this summer's India Street Art Colony Jazz Fest.

St. Louis

Panther dates list Michael Murphey (Oct. 12), John Prine and Steve Goodman (Oct. 18), Papa John Creach (Oct. 25), Ramsey Lewis (Nov. 2), and Sparks (Nov. 29)—all at the Ambassador, with Loggins and Messina (Oct. 23), Kiss (Oct. 31), and Pavlov's Dog! Mark-Almond (Nov. 27) at Kiel Auditorium. Herbie Hancock and Billy Cobham will perform at the Kiel Opera House on November 12 ... St. Louis appears to have two extremely active local jazz spots—one is The Orphanage on Euclid Avenue and the other is The Rivermen's Trading Company located just north of the Gateway Arch. The two have almost literally been trading local jazz bands back and forth and the juxtaposition has proven most interesting. For the month of October, Rivermen's features Jeanne Trevor and the St. Louis Jazz Quintet on Mondays, as well as the first weekend. The Expression Jazz Quintet is scheduled every Wednesday night, and Third Circuit In Spirit plays there the middle two weekends. Third Circuit and Expression should also be appearing at the Orphanage, with Expression down for the 4th, 10th, 18th, 24th, and 31st, probably playing opposite Third Circuit ... Oliver Lake validated a return visit to St. Louis by sitting in at the Orphanage ... The Mississippi River Festival closed out its season in late August; a surprise performance was given by the Brecker Brothers.

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ard Harding of the Quiet Knight has announced some blockbusters including **Chuck Mangione and Esther Satterfield**, complete with concert orchestra, at the Arie Crown, Oct. 11; **Miles Davis and Michal Urbaniak's Fusion** at the Arie on the 12th; **Betty Carter and Trio**, at the Quiet Knight from the 15th to the 19th; and **Freddie Hubbard** at the Belmont Ave. location for five days beginning the 21st.

SOUTHWEST

PHOENIX: The Celebrity Theater has a full slate lined up. Following **Frank Zappa** and **Shawn Phillips** in early October are **Tower of**

Power 10/12, Bonnie Raitt and Tom Waits 10/21, and Leo Kottke 10/26 . . . the **A.S.U. Jazz Ensemble** has free concerts planned for October 9 and November 6 . . . **Elton John** put in an Oct. 3 appearance at A.S.U.'s new Activities Center. Associated Students are hoping for **Tim Weisberg** in early December, to be accompanied by the **Charles Lewis Quintet** . . . Lewis continues at the Hatch Cover on Sundays and Mondays, and does educational concerts in the schools . . . the **Vanguard** has ended their three year stand at Reuben's in Phoenix. Soprano saxophonist **John Hardy** is free-lancing it for awhile, and guitarist **Jerry Byrd** has joined **Dave Cook &**

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Rev. John Garcia Gensel, presiding . . . At the continuing series of concerts and lectures sponsored by drummer **Oliver Jackson** and reedman **Budd Johnson** at the Bank Street College Auditorium, 603 W. 112th St., a Dixieland group will appear October 14th. This is the second of six programs. Call 212-865-5203 for the entire program . . . **Marian McPartland** is still at Bemelmans Bar at the Hotel Carlisle . . . In New Jersey, Three Sisters, West Patterson, has jazz all week, with big names in on weekends . . . Gullivers, down the road from Sisters, features **Jackie and Roy**, October 10th and 11th; **Phil Woods**, October 17th and 18th. Guitar night has **Harry Leahy**, **Ron Nesto** and **Wayne Smith**, October 13th; **Didi Pattirane** and **Dave DuTemple**, October 20th . . . Long Island's only seven day gig,

Sonny's Place, Seaford, sets up **Warren Chiasson's** vibes, October 10th and 11th; **Ken McIntyre** is in October 17th and 18th . . . In No. Merrick, Long Island, look for the Someday Lounge with stars on weekends . . . **Jimmy Roselli** and **Louis Prima** are set for the Westchester Premier Theater, Terrytown, through October 13th; **Joey Bishop** and **Doc Severinsen** are due October 14th through 19th . . . Concerts East, presenters of the shows at Hempstead, L.I.'s Calderone Concert Hall, bring on **David Bromberg**, October 11 . . . The Jazzmania Society, 14 East 23rd Street, has initiated an afternoon series of concerts for Weekenders. They hit at 3 pm Saturday and Sunday . . . Showboat 4 sails from New York December 13 with **Stan Getz**, **Woody Herman**, **Ahmad Jamal**, **James Moody**, **Sarah Vaughan** and **Billy Daniels**. Call Holland America Cruises for more info . . . Buddy's Place has **Stan Kenton** October 20 . . . The Statler Hilton in Buffalo, N.Y., features **Earl Fatha Hines** with **Marva Josie** October 7 thru October 19; **The Untouchables** are in October 21 . . . The Other End's Monday and Tuesday night jazz policy does not mean there's no music throughout the rest of the week. **David Amram** comes in from October 8 thru 12; **John Lucien** does October 15 thru 19 . . . **Charles McPherson** is at Boomer's October 8 and October 15 thru 18; **Soul Samba** with **Ray Armando** hits October 13 and 14 . . . Sweet Basil show parts of **Oregon** with **Ralph Towner**, **Glen Moore** and **Larry Karush** in October 8 thru 12 . . . SAVE JAZZ ON THE AIR IN NEW YORK. WRITE CITIZENS COMMITTEE TO SAVE JAZZRADIO, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010.

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CHICAGO

Long-time Rush St. hotspot **Mister Kelly's** has been sold, thus ending the club's policy of booking live entertainment. New owners are entrepreneurs of successful disco the Bombay Bicycle Club, who plan to turn Kelly's into a swank disco, with cuisine as a sideline. Selling the club was a painful experience for owner Paul Wimmer, who only recently had been forced to relinquish his interest in the London House. The void left by the Kelly's denouement leaves once-busy Rush St. without a mecca for top name entertainment . . . Busy at picking up the slack and the buck as well, **Ratso's** on North Lincoln fronts a frenetic lineup for October. The list includes **Kinky Friedman and His Texas Jewboys**, Oct. 8-12; **Martin Mull**, Oct. 13-14; **Jack DeJohnette's Directions** featuring **Alex Foster** and **John Abercrombie** plus the **Joe Henderson Quintet**, in what has to be a spectacular double-billing, Oct. 15-19; **El Chicano**, Oct. 20-21; and **Airto** with his new unit, Oct. 22-25 . . . Amazingrace, that Evanston throwback to peace-and-love days, provides **Eddie Harris**, Oct. 10-12; **Geoff Muldaur** (Ms. Maria's other half), Oct. 17-18; and **Martin Mull** (again!), Oct. 19-20 . . . Howard Stein dares to bring **Rick Wakeman** and his Round Table delusions to the Arie Crown on the 19th . . . Rich-

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the arrangement and play through the original melody again, adding a final short coda.
 Now the arrangement itself will be laid out. And the arranger's eagle eye can shift through the pages of score paper to spot some especially interesting material to convert into an eight or 12 bar intro. But if he can't find the right material, no matter. A rhythm section improvised intro, based on the opening phrase of the song, is what Basie himself would probably prefer. . . .



VOICING THE COUNT

by Fowler and Byers

Here are three examples of voicing from the Count Basie orchestra, all on *More Hits of the 50's and 60's* (Verve V/V6 8563), arranged by Billy Byers. The song is *Wee Small Hours*.

Example I is in the traditional block voicing where sections duplicate at the unison or at the octave. This voicing is quite easy to write, but there's a problem in range. It can only be used within a melodic range of about an octave and a quarter.

Handwritten musical score for Example I. It features staves for SAXES (Top 4 Saxes, 2nd Eb Alto Sax, Tenor Sax, 2 Trumpets, Trombone, Bass), 4 TRPTS, 4 TRBs, and Rhythm. The saxophone parts are written in block voicing. Chord symbols include Ab, Am, Bb, Bm, C7(b9), A9, Ab9, C9, and Db9.

Example II is the voicing suitable for a soft, low-register shout chorus. Unison duplication of low register trumpets and alto saxes is the secret of the warm sound.

Handwritten musical score for Example II. It features staves for 2 Alto Sax, 2 Tenor Sax, Banjo, 4 TRPTS, 4 TRBs, and Rhythm. The saxophone parts are in unison. Chord symbols include Am, Gm, F#m7, B7b9, G#m7, and Gm.

Example III is the voicing suitable for a loud, high-brass shout chorus. There is sometimes a change of voicing—open to close or close to open.

Handwritten musical score for Example III. It features staves for Sax, 4 TRPTS, 4 TRBs, and Rhythm. The saxophone parts are in high-brass voicing. Chord symbols include F#m7, C9sus4, F#m7, D7(alt), Gm, C9sus4, F#m7, and Gm.

When changing from one system of voicing to another—most often necessary when the melodic line leaps or the total range of the melody exceeds a tenth—the change should be made after a rest or a staccato note. Other wise the clunkers from voice-leading irregularities will drive everybody up the wall.

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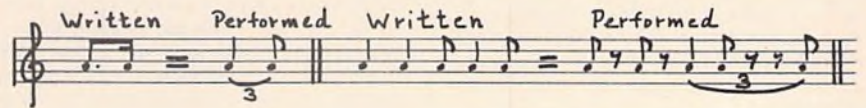
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**LAST CHANCE TO VOTE
IN THE READERS POLL
SEE PAGE 38**

HOW TO design your Basie-type chart

by Billy Byers via Dr. William L. Fowler

In the making of a Count Basie arrangement, we have to observe a few ground rules. Otherwise, it will sound like Les Brown, Benny Goodman, or anyone else but Basie. The whole band must play with a triplet feel. This can be written as dotted eighths and sixteenths, but in the actual playing it comes out as triplets, a feel known throughout the world as shuffle time.



We must have this rhythmic feel throughout the arrangement, be it fast or slow. A rhythm of perfectly even eighth notes, like in rock tunes, for example, cannot be recognized as the Basie style. The chords can be Basie chords, the voicings can be Basie voicings, but without the triplet shuffle no band can remotely resemble Basie. Both acoustic guitar and bass will play four beats to the bar. They won't catch many anticipations, but when they do the triplet feel must be evident. The piano will be of primary importance. It will have to imitate the Count's playing. So the pianist will have to research, through listening to records, those particular nuances which distinguish Basie's fills and solos. At the same time, any arranger seeking the unique Basie band sound should digest anything that Neal Hefti, Buster Harding, or Frank Foster has written for the band; they all are well within the Basie tradition.

It has long been a famous gag among all the rest of us that Basie's band only plays three songs. There's *I Got Rhythm*, there's *The Blues*, and there's *That Other Thing*. The *I Got Rhythm* pattern, A A B A, consists of four eight-bar phrases, the first two alike and perhaps a coda built into the last. As everyone knows, the *Blues* pattern is 12 bars. But there can be a coda to extend it to 14 or 16 bars. The *That Other Thing* pattern, A B A C, again consists of four eight-bar phrases, and again a coda can be built into the last phrase. This formula is evident in *Rose Room* or *The Sheik of Araby*.

Getting outside these three basic song formulas makes the authentic Basie format very hard to conceptualize; repetitive structure in songs is essential to building up swing tension levels. If the song being arranged doesn't fit any of these three patterns, it's best to find another song or write an original which does. But if the song just has to be a song of the day which doesn't fit, adding a seventh to the tonic chord will at least make the sound a little more bluesy. Flatted sevenths are preferable to major sevenths here.

Now, with the ground rules set, we can get down to the business of writing the arrangement. Most arrangers spend a lot of time trying to write intros, then tearing them up. Most inefficient! They never get around to the arrangement itself! So I suggest that we title the first page, leave an eight to 12 bar blank space for the intro, and go right on to the body of the arrangement.

Whatever tune we have chosen will have a statement of the melody right after the intro. This melody can be played by any group of horns in the band. It's often just a simple statement by unison saxes, for example. But whatever is done with the melody, it mustn't use too much sostenuto: it should be clean and spare. The piano fills and the clear rhythm section beats need rests in the melody to leak through, to produce the Basie charm.

Understatement of volume and register width is also typical of the Basie first chorus. Brass, especially, should avoid high and loud. But at the end of the first chorus, the format changes. A lick should be added to the melody—something related to the tune, or maybe an accompaniment figure, or something foreign to the tune if it is striking enough. This lick will be a sendoff for the solos, a separation of the body of the tune from the upcoming solos. The sendoff lick should be of short duration, but more interesting than the tune itself.

The first solo will emerge from the sendoff lick, like the sun rising from the mountains. Then the lick will stop and the solo can be accompanied by rhythm section alone—another of the charming Basie contrasts.

At this point the arrangement usually becomes a succession of solos, some accompanied by rhythm section alone, some adding section backgrounds. Solo instruments should not be accompanied by their own sections; sax solos, for example, are best accompanied by trumpets, trombones, or any combination thereof; trombone solos cut best through low register trumpets or sax section backgrounds; trumpet solos are clearest when accompanied by trombones and/or saxes. In short, solos sound best when accompanied by dissimilar tone colors. But as a soloist approaches the end of his solo, all accompaniment except rhythm section should drop off. His concluding statement is best made in the clear.

After a decent interval of solos, the arrangement comes to the shout choruses, each either an eight bar phrase or the 12 bar blues. Material for the shouting, I strongly suggest, should be based on the lick used for the solo sendoff. A good procedure is to play this lick first time around with the low end of the orchestra, and softly. Then, on the second phrase when the volume increases, it can be reorchestrated with the brass up an octave so they're in a brilliant register or, if the skips in the lick are too wide, in another key that will allow the trumpets to be in their optimum high register groove.

In the soft shout chorus, the pianist can make the fills. But in the loud shout chorus, the drums are best.

Right here in the arrangement, half way through the A A B A or the A B A C patterns or having played two blues phrases, an arranger has two options. He can finish by completing the A A B A or A B A C patterns through an eight bar piano or drum solo, followed by a final, more rousing, eight bar shout chorus with a built-in coda. Or he can choose to go back to the top of

with Hubert Laws. After that, he began hiring me enough so that I felt a chance to find a home in a musical area where I could make a living and be involved playing and writing music I love. It's been too good to be true.

Smith: Besides Q, do you have others that you consider mentors or influences?

James: I always found it beneficial to search for musical inspiration outside the jazz field. When I was looking to jazz players, I found it too easy to be derivative and copy something that I liked. I went through my period of idolizing Bill Evans because I loved his voicings and would try to play them.

Smith: I idolized Oscar Peterson and gave up the piano.

James: Lionizing Art Tatum would do that to me. I left Evans because that has an element of super-introspection, and I like to feel more outward, aggressive. I like to challenge people, force people, listeners, to come to grips with my music either in a positive or negative way. I want the statements I make to reach out, as opposed to being passive and waiting for people to choose to sneak into that private world or not. For example, the cut that was the most popular on my first album, *Feel Like Making Love*, was the easiest one to deal with, the most easily likeable.

Smith: Do you prefer to play the piano or arrange?

James: I like both. I feel more comfortable playing even while I'm conducting. That may be a security blanket. If I hear something in the arrangement that I don't like, I feel I can always play something that will make up for it. I sometimes force myself to get away from the piano and concentrate on the arrangement that I'm working on. It's only lately that I've been noted as an arranger, since Creed. (N.B.: ESP-Disk has just reissued a 1965 date of mostly experimental pieces by Bob called *Explorations* where pianist James and composer James meet head on. Reviewer Pete Welding, in a recent *db*, called it . . . "an invigorating, continually probing set by an iconoclastic pianist who communicates a deep involvement with his materials and who never shucks in his development of them.")

James: Creed has taken up my cause and has utilized my talents in all ways, as an arranger and as a pianist, both live and in the studio. We all go through the emotional schizophrenia of deciding which talent will out, and the gnawing guilt of spreading oneself too thin wells up. For me, the dichotomy will remain. There will always be two sides of Bob James. If one suffers because of the other, if either my playing or writing chops wane due to over-concentration in one area, that's just my niche. I have resolved to treat it as an asset rather than as a liability.

Smith: Which artists have you felt most involved with?

James: Coming from the classical background I was happily subjected to, I naturally gravitate toward those who challenge me in other fields. Hubert Laws has both a classical and jazz bent. He brings an entirely different approach to a session. Grover Washington, Jr. has an instinctively great melodic sense and is able to relate to anything you do as far as arrangements are concerned. This makes him a super artist to work with. He is able to enhance anything that I've ever done. I've been his only arranger, and it's not because of our commercial potential that we stay to-

gether. It's a perfect marriage. He responds to whatever I set down for him.

Smith: The new concept of arrangers only having to write around the featured artist tends to make me slightly uneasy. Could you explain what you do?

James: We have had occasions where we have all been together, rhythm and orchestra. The results were not as happy as if they were done separately. We can always add some French horns there, or some strings going over the top here. I was just as upset about it as you are and fought it for quite some time. The whole idea of multi-track recording has given birth to new forms of creativity. With the loose rhythm section and soloists having concluded, I can concentrate on nothing else but how to enhance them. With the rhythm sitting there on tape and me being able to make reference to it anytime I choose, it's an arranger's dream.

Smith: Do you utilize different forms of direction, such as "head" charts as opposed to written arrangements, or do you play them off against each other?

James: The "head" things are done on the rhythm dates. If the concept is for larger orchestra, like on *A Night On Bald Mountain*, where a production is called for, I have to go in with at least a road map. Otherwise the drummer, for example, is going to come out looking like a fool: with some big, heavy brass licks, the drummer won't be punctuating them. It's going to sound like he didn't make any of the accents. I have to give him some clue to the intensity of what's going to happen on later overdub. I'll even write specific charts for some rhythm players. Steve Gadd is one of the world's great readers of all times—everything straight the first time. For his kind of drummer, written parts are just an adjunct to what goes beyond them, while they're still giving you all the hits that you need on that written part. For those that feel uncomfortable with a chart, I'll just let them feel it out to get the full impact of their respective talents. Again, we don't want any player to feel he's on a reading date.

Smith: What are your feelings about electric instruments?

James: I like them. Synthesizers still leave me with mixed emotions. I have a goal to make mine sound warm rather than cold. I happen to be a Tomita fan. We have spoken about doing an album together, but he doesn't like jazz at all. He claims he can't play it. But he liked my *Night On Bald Mountain* and through an interpreter we briefly discussed a record date. He seemed worried about rhythms. I told him that was my department, not to worry.

Bob James does not seek to remain in one category. In his own words, "I'm looking for challenges, a lot of different things, assorted stimuli. I want to do as many conceivable musical things as possible outside of jazz." To date, Bob has written incidental music for New York City Center's *Edward II*, the Saratoga Arts Festival, the APA Repertory, as well as the score for a short-lived Broadway musical called *The Selling Of The President*, loosely based on Joe McGinnis' book by the same name. With the backing of the power at CTI, we might hear a symphony, concerto, or even an opera streaming forth from his prolific quill in the near future. **db**



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large numbers and that they can do it. This, to me, is a dangerous element in jazz education. And this is a comparatively good time for jazz.

All of which brings us, full circle, to young Robert James, fresh out of college, without a job in the Big Apple, playing intermission piano and writing. His first legit job was with Maynard Ferguson's band. "I hated the road, so that didn't last too long." The year was 1963 and Birdland was still in flower. "Sarah Vaughan came in one night and sat in, played with us, and, as luck would have it, she was looking for a pianist."

This was during Sassy's tenure with Mercury, a recording company that boasted Quincy Jones as a vice-president and a&r man. The label issued the premier disc by Bob James and Trio, in conjunction with the Divine One herself. "We had played and won the Notre Dame Jazz Festival in 1962 and Q and I met. (He was one of the judges, and the recording was one of the prizes.) Sarah came to him and asked his advice for her accompanist." The original trio was James, Omar Clay, drums and Larry Rockwell, bass, later replaced by Herbie Mickman. "Those four years (from 1965 through 1968) was a real education for me. Working with Sarah is like working with Dizzy Gillespie—a true musician, a great jazz artist. She played piano so well that when I didn't know what to do while we were working out some new ideas, she'd sit down and show me. But you reach the end of creativity after awhile, and the road gets to be a real drag on family life."

Smith: What does a jazz musician do, who knows about the road and its dues-paying (and receiving) elements, and who hasn't the experience nor the reputation to make it in New York City as a solo act?

James: He goes to those studios we spoke about earlier and he does what I almost, but not quite, regret having done—jingles. I arranged and played for the jingle jungle and became deceptively comfortable with the money. During this period, I became very uneasy and extremely unhappy. I felt that if I was going to have to end up with music being just an occupation, a job where I had to tune out on the things that were important to me musically, I just couldn't handle it. There came a time that the worst thing I could think of would be the best thing for the jingle. I was getting good at it—that formula again. But I woke up one day and thought, "I've got to stop or I'm gone for good, out to pasture, finished." I even felt like going back to teach college somewhere, something rewarding. And my chops and mind would not turn around when I went out to gig. I was used to taking the easiest way out. I was introduced to Creed Taylor by Quincy, who, if you charted my life in music, you would find at my every turning point. He is totally involved in music all of the time, and with the people that are so involved also. He hired me to play on *Walking In Space* and I even did one of the arrangements, *I Never Told You*. It was Creed's date (for A&M) and just prior to his CTI venture. In fact, I did some arrangements on the first album he did: *Crying Song*,

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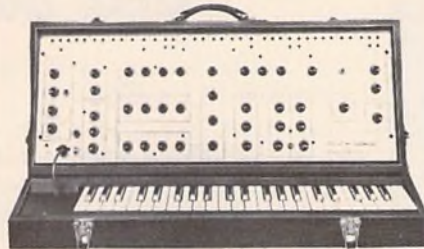
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and decide, 'To hell with it. I'm going to be commercial!' That's not enough, you can't control it. You either are commercial, or you're not, because you can't communicate bullshit.

"It's a presumptuous and condescending statement to say, 'I decided to be commercial.' If you say that, the people will know you're talking down to them.

"Musically, you gotta believe, you gotta feel everything you do. To say you're gonna be commercial is not enough, because if you're not involved with a passion, an energy of totally believing what you're into, the essence won't be there. You hear that every day, music by people who say they want to be commercial. That's as big a fallacy as saying your reading hurts your swinging. They have no relationship at all.

"I think it's just as hard to try to pull the successful experiences you had in 1948 up to the present, saying that 1948 was commercial, that then my natural feelings happened to be in line with what was acceptable, and that since everybody dug it then, they should dig it now. That doesn't make sense either, does it?

"I will never understand when I hear people talking about 'This cat is selling out. That cat is selling out.'

"Do people really want to see Hubert Laws and all those cats die in the gutter with a needle in their arms to prove to themselves that they are great artists? Bullshit. Hubert Laws can outplay any other flute player alive in classical, jazz, popular, r&b and on stage. But I don't want to see him banished off to an ivory tower asylum somewhere to prove it.

"All the guys from my era used to have a syndrome of 'What will the other cats think?' We were jackin' off the other musicians. Well, do you do that? Or do you communicate with the people. You can fool another musician, but you can't fake out a teenager or a layman. They won't take it, man. You see, a layman has no technical frame of reference. He just says, 'Man, I dig it!' or 'Man—that ain't gonna get it!' He don't know nothin' about no flatted 9ths or chromatic scales or nothin' else. You tell him the *truth*, and that's it.

"An artist can't sit around and say whether what he does is going to be either commercial or immortal. An artist just does what he does, and it either has validity or it doesn't. Other people 70 years from now pronounce it trash or art.

"When you like something, and you know what it sounds like, and you know better, you don't have any choice. And if it communicates and sells, then that's your gift!

"You're damn right I want to make money off music—I *have* to make money off of it, because music is all I know how to do. But that doesn't determine what I compose, or I would have been rich a long time ago: I would have aimed at it, and I wouldn't have known any better.

"Anybody who says, 'I'm tired of composing art and starving—I'm gonna go commercial,' doesn't know what he's talking about.

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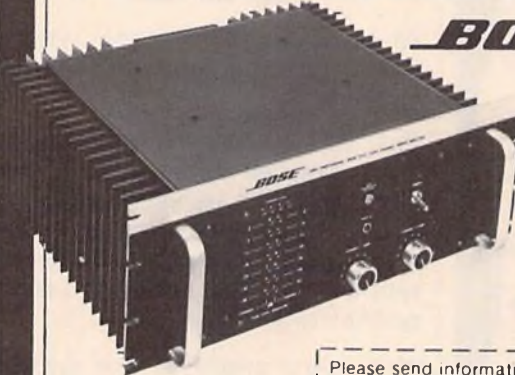
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electric basses; Jeff Williams, drums; Badal Roy, tablas and auxiliary percussion).

The debut of a new group is always an event. And when the group is built around the talents of a super musician, the debut becomes a super-charged affair. Such was the case with the unveiling of guitarist Pat Martino's new unit at The Bottom Line. Martino and cohorts have steered his course toward a fusion of the intricacies of jazz and the electric intensity of rock. And on this maiden voyage, my reaction—as well as that of the crowd—was, "Watch out! A new wave has rolled in from Philly."

Like a Buddha with eyes closed, Martino sat almost motionless in the group's center, providing cues and controlling each composition's evolution. On the set's opener, pianist Goldstein's *Open Roads—City Lights*, Mar-

tino's guitar and Hanlon's tenor commenced with a series of interlaced rubato arabesques. Martino then coupled a slight nod of his head with a subtle downward movement of his guitar to signal the rhythm section's entrance.

After stating the melody and essaying a driving set of variations, Martino turned the spotlight over to Goldstein. Sensing that the intensity of Goldstein's tentative probes into his equipment's electronic/aesthetic possibilities had ebbed, Martino brought Goldstein into an exciting set of counterpoint dialogues which displayed the pianist's technical and academic accomplishments. This ability to refocus the flow of energy by redirecting in-decision is a hallmark of leadership. It also involves an acute awareness of a fellow musician's strengths and weaknesses. By these criteria, Martino continually demonstrated his

ability to give meaningful leadership to his younger and less experienced cohorts.

Musically, the fulcrum is Martino. His playing has never been better. A geyser showering incredibly complex yet direct jets of tonal invention, his strong, warm tone rightfully dominates the group's output. His supporting cast furnishes a rich and supple rhythmic and textural background. And the solo voices of Hanlon and Goldstein show promise of bigger and better things.

I was also impressed by Martino's repertory. The set I caught included Goldstein's *Open Roads—City Lights*, Martino's *Birds of Passage—Starbright*, and Eric Kloss' *Love Will Take You There*—all challenging and meaty compositions from both audience's and musicians' points of view. No accusation of coping out with a big, glib, funky, bubble-gum beat can be made here.

Open to debate, however, is the penetrating metallic electric sound of amplified instruments combined with volume levels set at high. Devotees of a chamber/acoustic sound ideal and concerned audiologists would no doubt protest. On the other hand, there are the younger rock-nurtured segments of today's music audience which crave the experience offered by powerful amplification, an experience described by McLuhan as tactile, a totally involving encounter where music enters and floods the ears, eyes, nose, throat, skin, etc.

Sharing the bill with Martino was Dave Liebman and Lookout Farm. This collective merging and submerging of five strong and individual egos has produced a music unusually potent in its spirituality and intensity and in its textural and rhythmic design.

Among Lookout Farm's assets is Liebman's expert handling of his horn's electronic possibilities. On soprano, Liebman produced a varied range of tonal colors by shifting his instrument's position relative to the microphone. With the bell pressed directly to the mike his tone was hard and piercing. As he moved the left-hand position of the soprano toward the mike (so that the G finger was closest) the timbre became mellower and rounder. Liebman also used two mikes, each set up for different color orientations, and alternated between the two. He also enlisted the wah-wah and the echo delay to impressive advantage. With Liebman, electronics are a bona fide extension of a musical palette utilized with taste and imagination. Horn players investigating the potentials of electronics should definitely check on Liebman.

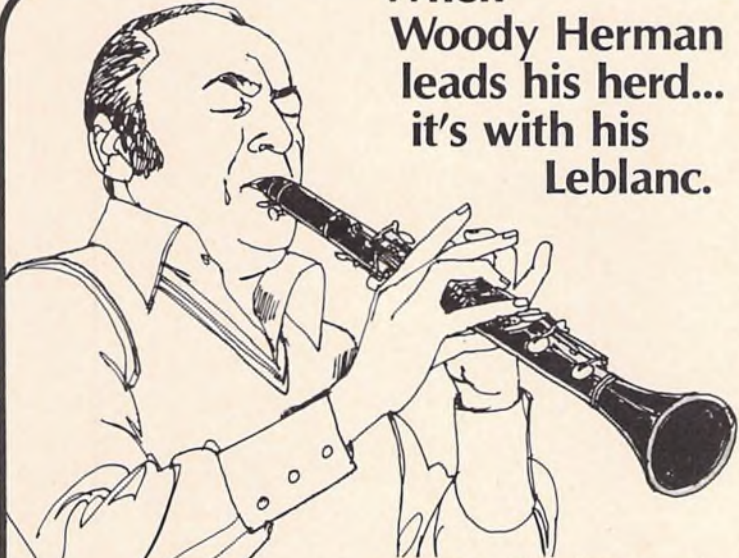
Richard Beirach is the fast-rising piano talent profiled in the last issue of *db*. His inventive counterstatements with Liebman, along with his own soloing, make him an integral contributor to Lookout Farm's weaving, swirling explorations. Of special interest was his acoustic work on Liebman's *Pablo's Story* and his use of a reedy drone generated by an Indian harmonium on Liebman's *Satya Dhvani (True Sound)*.

Frank Tusa's superb electric and acoustic bass playing, Jeff Williams' strong drumming, and Badal Roy's tabla and percussive accents combined to form the bedrock under the rich Lookout Farm surface soil. Listening and feeding and coalescing, they admirably undergirded the flights of Liebman and Beirach.


A final word about The Bottom Line. It's the kind of club that most musicians and music lovers dream about.

—chuck berg

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he showed signs of a mellowing romantic voice to go beside his hit-them-hard-and-deep attitude of past outings. *B* was originally arranged for Johnny Hodges and was dedicated to him this night. It was also unfortunately marred at the outset, as Nelson's alto part failed to coincide with the rest of the band. He stopped, admonished them with a curt, "You're not playing the same tune," and continued after a pause. I know they "just flew in," but why include it if it wasn't rehearsed? *125th Street* was written to commemorate Jazz Day, 1965 on a commission by the City of New York. The bandstand came alive as each soloist finished to cheers and jokes from their fellows. Brown, Ellis, Bryant and Wolfert were featured. Garnett, by the way, returned with Nelson to sunny California to take up studio residence.

The concluding segment from *Swiss Suite* finished the set, as the rhythm section and percussionists held sway in an up-tempo bossa beat. The ensemble wound it up in a blazing finish, and we stood as one and applauded accordingly. "Coming from New Yorkers, this is really something," Oliver stated as he glanced around the room.

I caught two sets of Dizzy's big band, one the first week (without Faddis, Bags and

Payne) and one the second. Believe me, Faddis makes all the difference. He is on fire either in ensemble or out front trading Dizzysisms with his mentor. His chops fly to high A's when the trumpet section riffs.

The whole attitude of the band was so much brighter during the second week. They were loose, aggressive, alive, cheerful, and willing to please their leader and the audience. A good comparison might be *Things To Come*, introduced by Birks as the classic example of a bebop number. The first week, *Things* was ragged. There were missed cues; fast tonguing in the breaks never made it. Bags came on during the second week's *Things* and the breaks were clean and crisp; I can't help but think that Faddis also had a good deal to do with that. The written riffs behind Jackson were echoed a half-chorus later by Longo's piano. Heath even anticipated an old Dizzy riff blowing "ooh haba dooooo-do wah" to applause from the partial patrons. Cecil Payne, back with Gillespie after many years (he was the original bottom with old band), was personally greeted afterwards by Diz and Bags—a reunion of sorts, as Bags, too, came out of that band.

The good feeling was shared by the rest of the band as they double-timed behind Payne

and Turk Mauro, who also soloed on baritone. *Everything Must Change* showed the ballad wizardry of Bags, as the rest of the band laid out. It was simple, direct, and beautiful. *Con Alma* took the place of the previous week's *Olinga* as the Gillespie-plus-rhythm feature, adding vibes to the rhythm, exciting as Gillespie soared while Bags comped.

Manteca was the rousing closer of both sets. Percussion held sway as Weston, Roker and Dizzy on cowbell took a chorus. Montego Joe, in the first version, did some interesting contrasts using the wooden slats on the side of his conga. Danny Moore's solos in both sets were superb. —arnold jay smith

PAT MARTINO DAVE LIEBMAN AND LOOKOUT FARM The Bottom Line, New York City

Personnel: *Martino Quintet* (Martino, guitar; Bob Hanlon, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute; Gil Goldstein, piano; Ed Schuller, electric bass; Anton Fig, drums);

Lookout Farm (Liebman, soprano and tenor saxophones, flute; Richard Beirach, acoustic and Fender Rhodes pianos; Frank Tusa, acoustic and

down beat 40th annual readers poll

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

HALL OF FAME (see rules)

JAZZMAN OF THE YEAR

ROCK/BLUES MUSICIAN
OF THE YEAR

TRUMPET

TROMBONE

FLUTE

CLARINET

SOPRANO SAX

ALTO SAX

TENOR SAX

BARITONE SAX

ACOUSTIC PIANO

ELECTRIC PIANO

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GROUP AWARDS

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instructions

Count down has begun for the 40th **down beat** Readers Poll. This is the last time—until midnight Oct. 17—readers have the opportunity to vote for their favorite musicians.

Make your opinion count—vote! Your favorites need your support. Cut out the ballot, fill in your choices, sign it and mail to **down beat/RPB, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606**. You need not vote in every category.

VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Oct. 17.

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, Ben Webster, and Lester Young.

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

6. **Jazz and Rock/Blues Albums of the Year:** Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series indicate volume number.

7. Make only one selection in each category.

here's your ballot

motivated him to leave Brazil, coupled with a lack of professional recognition. "I've been playing these sounds for many years in jazz groups," he explained, "but if you do something very good there (in Brazil), nobody knows about it. If you do something very good here, everybody knows. That's the difference."

Guilherme sees his role as clearly distinct from the trap drummer's: "Percussion nowadays is the frame for the picture inside. It gives more beauty to the center. The percussion surrounds the music with more colors and directions, creating new situations at the moment . . . The trap drummer usually has four drums which are almost the same, and his cymbals are similar, too, so he has to put his mind in a different framework. My instruments are completely different from each other: low, high, splash, dry. You know, sometimes one note—POW!—will wake someone up to the music."

Berimbau, *cuica*, and *pandeiro* may be new words to our ears, but these instruments date back to long before the Africans were brought to Brazil on Portuguese slave ships. "There are two ways I play these instruments," Guilherme explained. "The basic folk way is very old, and I do use folk beats still. But when I play with McCoy, because of his new sounds, I have to develop a new technique. I have to invent things. McCoy is a very warm and very open musician, so it's easy for me to play with him."

Guilherme plays with an assortment of fifty instruments stationed on the available floor space at his feet. (Of course, he is emphatic about counting everything—from tiny whistles to kitchen utensils—as instruments.) Though he is quick to switch from one to another, there is



NACIO JAN BROWN

method to the seeming madness on stage. "Sometimes I stop for a few minutes because I have to think. I play according to what I'm hearing. Some people think if you have a lot of instruments, you can pick up anything. That's not true."

Though Franco's instruments come historically from Africa, Brazil, and various regions of South America, in a practical sense they come from everywhere. A donkey skin bongo was handmade by a friend in Brazil; a paper-thin 22" gong was sold to him personally by Robert Paiste (President of Paiste Cymbals in Switzerland); the rack of bells (which the author has dubbed "witches hats") was created by Peter Engelhart, a Berkeley, California instrument-maker; and his other instruments come from manufacturers, hardware stores, junkyards, and kitchens. Some of them were also made by Guilherme at a friend's factory in Brazil. "I like having a personal connection to all these things. When you can play your own ideas with instruments made by your own hands, the vibrations you can give to the audience and the other musicians are much stronger."

Considering the simplicity of the instruments involved, the variety of styles in which they are played is remarkable. Guilherme's playing, for example, is recognizably distinct from Airtó's. "He was born from one mother. I was born from another mother. He plays his things. I play my things. It's the normal difference between two people," Guilherme said. "But he is serious, and I am serious."

Franco laughed as he recalled his rapid ascent into the jazz vanguard: "When I played these ideas in Brazil, everyone was calling me crazy."

db

caught... Big Bands in the Big Apple . . .

Electronic consequences at the Bottom Line . . .

FRANK FOSTER AND THE LOUD MINORITY

New York University,
New York City

OLIVER NELSON

Bottom Line,
New York City

DIZZY GILLESPIE BIG BAND

Buddy's Place,
New York City

Personnel: *Frank Foster and the Loud Minority:* Foster, C. I. Williams, Doug Harris, Bill Saxton, Mario Rivera, Kenny Rogers, Rene McLean, woodwinds; Wayman Reed, Roy Burrows, Genghis Nor, Joe Gardner, Sinclair Acey, trumpets; Charles Stephens, Kiane Zawadi, Bill Lowe, Dick Griffin; Bill Davis, tuba; Mickey Tucker, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Charlie Persip, drums; Roger Blank, Budd Johnson, Jr., percussion.

Oliver Nelson Big Band: Nelson, Jerry Dodgion, Frank Strozier, Pee Wee Ellis, Danny Bank, Frank Foster, woodwinds; Bobby Bryant, Jimmy Owens, Richard Williams, Lou Soloff, trumpets; Garnett Brown, Sonny Russo, Jimmy Knepper, Dave Taylor, trombones; Mike Wofford, piano; Shelley Manne, drums; Brian Torff, bass; Ted Dunbar, guitar; Ray Armando, conga.

Dizzy Gillespie Big Band: Gillespie, E. V. Perry, Danny Moore, Al Bryant, Eddie Preston, John Faddis, trumpets; Cecil Payne, Pepper Adams, Billy Mitchell, Turk Mauro, Jimmy Heath, Buddy Pearson, woodwinds; Rod Levitt, Kiane Zawadi, Charles Stephens, Ted Kelly, trombones; Mike Longo, piano; Earl May, bass; Mickey Roker, drums; Al Gafa, guitars; Montego Joe, Azzedin Weston, congas; Milt Jackson, vibes.

Three contrasting bands all performed in the Big Apple in the span of two weeks time—three unusual big bands, the non-touring kind, together because they liked to be. It showed.

The Loud Minority has been together only for rehearsals and an occasional gig. They are not a working group. This time around, they were brought together under the aegis of Jack Kleinsinger's "Highlights In Jazz" and literally frightened us all out of our seats. All of the pieces were written by Foster, who painstakingly prepared the entire concert program. He had written 11 items for the Minority and hoped to play them all for the sold out crowd; but the wild enthusiasm that greeted the early solos by the leader himself and Saxton on tenors proved their undoing. The Loud Minority is so exciting and so taken with itself that the band just kept it up until all members had their say.

Roger Blank's devilish use of about as unusual an assortment of percussion instruments as I have ever seen, guided fellow percussionist Johnson into proper orbit. Persip, no slouch on traps either, drove the band constantly. The very aware audience was keen to pick up on what he was doing behind the ensemble passages, as his tight rolls effectively built into crescendos parallel with the written passages.

C. I. Williams bent and wound his way through *There Will Be A Time* on alto. The soprano may be the reed that goes best with electronic instruments, but alto is so much more flexible for slurs and tonality, especially in the hands of a rough-hewn romantic such as Williams.

Hip Shaker proved crowd-pleaser as a string of seat-of-the-pants solos was unwound by Zawadi, McLean, Rivera, Burrows, Taylor and Foster. Tucker kicked the whole thing off with a gospelish soul chorus or three. A tight, well-rehearsed orchestra, the section work solidly behind every soloist.

Oliver Nelson's group was brought into the Bottom Line by Bob Thiele on a bill that featured Leon Thomas, Theresa Brewer, Tom Scott and Sonny Stitt. Only Nelson and Thomas were in opening night, allowing the band more room to maneuver. Oliver's west coast friends—Manne, Wofford and Bryant—took their turns as the brass blew some familiar Nelson charts apart. *Self Help Is Needed* turned out to be a test-the-mikes warm-up. I don't think it was intended that way, but Strozier was all but drowned out by an over-miked piano. Oliver was quite outspoken as he stopped the proceedings until proper levels were set.

Proof that stock riffs for Nelson are hard work for most other bands was offered in *Yearning*, as the leader soloed after working on top of the ensemble. A quick change of mood occurred when the band suddenly quit, leaving only Oliver and rhythm, then Oliver with Dunbar, then Oliver doing the ensemble riff while Williams, Owens and Wofford had their say.

Skull Session featured Dunbar using Wes Montgomery octave patterns quilted into triplets making it sound almost like a synthesizer. Manne effectively punctuated. *Miss Fine*, *125th Street and 7th Avenue*, and *B, B & B* are older Nelson items reworked for this band. Soloff's was the only solo on *Fine*, and

Profile

CHRIS BRUBECK

by frankie r. nemko

Being born in 1937, I was lucky enough to grow up with the first generation of Brubeck music. Being *reborn* almost 40 years later I'm lucky enough to be growing up with the *second* generation of Brubeck music!

It would, of course, be unfair to compare Brubeck *père* to any of the Brubeck *fiils*, so I shall deal with Chris as a completely individual entity. What he represents in the 1970s is not necessarily what Dave, his father, represented in the '40s, '50s and '60s. The music of Sky King, the group Chris is currently touring with, is a synthesis of everything he and the other members of this basically cooperative organization have acquired through their backgrounds, education, influences, exposures, likes and dislikes.

I found the main thrust of Sky King's music was communication; and more importantly participation. Chris said he felt his music wasn't complete until it's taken and done something with. "I don't want to just be playing to a wall, or some reflective surface—a crowd of Medusas! I would hope that audiences are aware of the fact that they really determine how good or bad a concert is, that they absorb and give back the energy.

"One of the best things that happened on the tour with my father in the Two Generations package was that those same people who were into the Fillmore rock era trip—the howling and everything—when it got to jazz, all of this aggressive, physical reaction was like a new inspiration for the jazz musicians with my father."

Chris doesn't necessarily see Sky King as a "rock group" in the generally accepted sense. Being identified with Dave Brubeck, he found that at first people did expect him to be a jazz musician. "But my taste is so diverse. I've been listening to every conceivable kind of music since I was a kid, and I certainly like rock music . . . most of it. When Sky King started out we expected to be a rock band that would appeal to the most intelligent audience of rock music. However . . . we've been finding out there *isn't* a most intelligent audience, man! The people that like us are basically those who are into the jazz-rock fusion, like Passport, Chick Corea etc.

"So, just by the flow, we started being a little jazzier . . . and we like it. So far it's been like we're nurses going round the country taking the temperature of each city. I'm sure that every city has *exactly* the audience we're looking for. But we have to be on a bill with the right person. For instance, we had one of our most successful engagements in Denver, at a club which has a listening clientele—and played opposite Harvey Mandel."

But at the Starwood in Los Angeles, where I first heard Sky King, they were presented as the warmup act for the late Tim Buckley. Tim's large and loyal L.A. following made the first two nights very strange for Chris and the rest of the group.

As Chris describes it: "Tim's band was very physical and dancey. We did a show at 9 p.m. and noone was there; then Tim went on and the place was packed; then we came back and everyone left. I didn't mind them loving Tim, of course, he was a fine artist . . . but I just was wishing some people would stick around and give themselves an opportunity to hear something different."

All was not lost, however, because by the last couple of nights at the Starwood, the dance floor was crowded for Sky King, and there was a lot of

silent and less active appreciation being manifested.

I found Chris Brubeck to be an extremely sensitive and spiritual man. "Some of my favorite moments in life are melancholy ones. That's the easiest time for me to write good poetry. You know, I went to see Mahavishnu once and he asked the audience for a moment of silence—he didn't get it. That makes no sense to me because you'd think that music would be safe from any sort of negative atmosphere. I've read a lot of mystical books concerning what music is all about; it's got to be the key to a lot of things. It's been around in every culture, every civilization. I've never met anyone who didn't like some kind of music. But I've known



ANDREW PORCH

a lot of people who don't like other people . . . and you'd think that (love for each other) would be universal.

"My goal with Sky King is to try and get our message across both musically and philosophically. If our brothers and sisters would only start worrying about each other—positively, I mean. Sometimes you just don't know if your contribution means anything at all; yet, on the other hand, I know that *everything* has some kind of lasting effect. All our experiences, good and bad, are put away in our big computers . . . and I ponder on them a lot, so I can really understand exactly why they happened. I talked to Chick Corea about this recently; I asked him, do you still get people who just give you a hard time? Like we run into some guys who'll say, 'Hey, man, we wanna boogie,' and I get disappointed because I realize I'm overestimating the listener.

"Chick said to me, 'Yeah, man, we still get hassled. But whatever you do, don't ignore them . . . really acknowledge them.' Even though superficially I'm sometimes bothered when audiences don't like what we're doing, at a much deeper level of myself I know it's a good sign that we're ahead of where a lot of people are at. That's the challenge of playing music, you know."

Chris Brubeck, at 23, is ahead of many of us. He is self-assured, confident, constantly moving forward, never afraid to take chances. He and Sky King are an integral part of the new music on our scene—the brave new worlders!

GUILHERME FRANCO

by len lyons

Ever since Airtó Moreira added the irresistible spice to Miles' *Bitches Brew*, the word *percussion* has taken on a new meaning for jazz listeners. Airtó's work with Miles wasn't simply a professional break for Airtó; it was also a breakthrough for contemporary jazz. It demonstrated that the percussionist in a jazz ensemble need not be limited to the 'time-zone' (time-keeping or accenting), but could color and flavor the whole sound of the band, infusing it with the originality of a new genre.

Though it was Airtó who won wide commercial acceptance for Brazilian, African, and home-made instruments, he is not the only one using them to strong effect on the American jazz scene. Guilherme Franco, from Sao Paulo, Brazil, has been an integral part of McCoy Tyner's quintet for well over a year. His playing is energetic, sometimes furious, and visually conspicuous. Yet the band is tighter for his presence. He weaves the different elements together with a multi-colored yard of rhythms and sounds, making explicit the already implied percussive themes in McCoy's music.

Encouraged by Airtó's success, Guilherme came to the United States in the summer of '73. By September, he was touring with Keith Jarrett and recorded the *Treasure Island* album with him. Shortly afterwards, he recorded *Cry Of My People* with Archie Shepp and a session with saxophonist Carlos Garnett. The latter date led him a bit circuitously onto Tyner's bandstand. McCoy was then at the Village Vanguard, using drummer Bill Hart, who was also on the Garnett recording session. Hart invited Guilherme to come down to the Vanguard, and Guilherme arrived with his instruments.

Franco, now 28, has been playing both trap drums and a variety of small percussives since he was 11. "The musicians in Brazil are very personal about their music," he explained. "They incorporate the ideas in their minds and bodies because they learn from the streets. We don't have great schools of music like Juilliard. The instrument is your teacher. This makes you very close to it. You have to give the instrument your soul when you are learning it . . . Brazilian percussion instruments are very difficult. Even the *pandeiro* (a heavy tambourine), which you don't play like the tambourine here, is very hard. You have to play it for a long time and become integrated with it."

In Brazil, Franco worked actively in every genre from the classical to the experimental. He was percussionist in the Sao Paulo Symphony Orchestra (from '65-'68) and simultaneously played in a pure percussion group, a trio who improvised collectively on two hundred instruments. (Needless to say, audiences were somewhat hard to find.) Though Guilherme learned a great deal through the orchestra, the improvisational group was closer to his heart. "The most enjoyable thing I played with them (the Orchestra) was Stravinsky's *The Rite Of Spring*, but even then, you have to play the music the composer wants. It's not *your* music."

The jazz idiom came early into Guilherme's life. *Gene Krupa In Hi-Fi* was the first album he ever heard (in '59) and it influenced him to play trap drums. Later, it was John Coltrane and Miles Davis who reached him. "Max Roach," he said, "was one of my great teachers. Of course, he doesn't know it."

Brazilian rhythms are full and rich, and they encourage variety, spontaneity, and creativity. But according to Franco, the music business in Brazil does not. The university audiences are receptive to jazz and experimental music, but not the music industry, for which "you have to play commercially and follow the producers' directions—or they won't record you." It was this inhibiting factor that

Marian McPartland



by Leonard Feather

Like Billy Taylor and a growing number of other responsible citizens, Marian McPartland in recent years has extended her activities to encompass innumerable areas beyond the actual playing of jazz—especially in the field of music education.

Early in 1974 she conducted a nine-week pilot project teaching jazz at predominantly black public schools in Washington, D.C. She has given concerts and workshops at Howard University and Harvard. More recently she started a new venture, playing in institutions for delinquent children.

Along with all these endeavors she has continued to operate her own record company, Halcyon, founded in 1969; has been active as a composer (her *Ambiance* was recorded by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, and *Twilight World* by Tony Bennett), and has toured internationally, often as a solo pianist. Last year she visited South America in a piano package with Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson and Ellis Larkins. During all these undertakings she has evolved into a major artist of complete self-assurance.

Ms. McPartland's last *Blindfold Test* appeared in *db* 12/31/64. Her first was conducted with her ex-husband and good friend, Jimmy McPartland, 4/18/52.

Blindfold

Test

1. CLIFFORD BROWN-MAX ROACH. *Jordu* (from *Jordu*, Trip). Brown, trumpet; Roach, drums; Duke Jordan, composer; Richie Powell, piano; George Morrow, bass. (Recorded 1955.)

I love that tune by Duke Jordan . . . nice arrangement. It sounds to me either like Clifford Brown or somebody that liked him a lot. He sure did do a lot of the things that Clifford did.

That was made quite a few years ago, I'd say, sometime in the '50s. The rhythm section could be one of many; nobody leaped out at me. I was really listening to the trumpet. I'd give it four stars.

2. COLEMAN HAWKINS-BUD POWELL. *Shaw Nuff* (from *Hawk in Germany*, Black Lion). Hawkins, tenor sax; Powell, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

Back to the bebop era. Regardless of who that was, that tempo was just on the edge . . . if I'd been playing there I think I'd have felt very, very nervous. In fact, I felt it had a very nervous quality to it; they just kicked off the tune a little too fast, I think, plus I was thinking about the more sophisticated recording techniques now that could certainly have picked up the piano a little better.

It probably was Bud Powell, or some Bud Powell follower. I was also thinking it could possibly have been Toshiko, but I'll still stick with Bud . . . and maybe Max Roach and one of those rhythm sections like Curley Russell on bass. But

due to the fact that they never really set anywhere, I'd just have to give that two.

Bud was a great influence on me. When I was at the Hickory House, I used to tear over to Birdland between sets to hear him. And he used to come to Hickory House a lot and sit in. I've certainly heard him in better shape than on this record—on *Poco Loco*, for example which was so fabulous.

3. ZOOT SIMS. *Fred* (from *Zoot Sims Party*, Choice). Sims, tenor sax; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Mickey Roker, drums; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Neal Hefti, composer.

I'm quite mystified; I noticed they could have tuned that piano! I don't know that tune, but it sure is nice. I would call that a very jaunty tune . . . that could possibly be Zoot, and it could possibly be Jimmy Rowles, and it could possibly be the thing they did at Jerry McDonald's . . . Choice Records.

That's a nice record, had a good feeling. I was listening to the drummer, and loving what he was doing. Four stars.

4. JOE ZAWINUL. *In A Silent Way* (from *Piano Giants Vol. 1*, Prestige). Zawinul, composer, electric piano; Herbie Hancock, electric piano; Woody Shaw, trumpet; George Davis, flute; Earl Turbinton, soprano sax; Joe Chambers, Billy Hart and David Lee, percussion.

Whatever it is, I know it . . . I can't place it . . .

and I just love it. That kind of music just knocks me out. To be able to sit here and look out at the scenery and listen to something like that puts me in a great mood.

It does sound like one of those things Joe Zawinul did—I have a record by him called *The Third Stream*—and he seems to go in for, I guess you'd call it, a pedal tone bass with all kinds of improvisation happening over it. And it has a suspended quality like it's really never gonna end or resolve . . . very beautiful.

I don't know who that solo player was, but it was gorgeous. I can't say too much about the players, except that, for me, is a five star record.

5. DUKE PEARSON. *Lost In The Stars* (from *It Could Only Happen With You*, Blue Note). Pearson, piano, arranger; Kurt Weill, composer; Al Gibbons, saxophone.

Ooh, that's a beautiful song; that's another one I have to have! I've heard it . . . I don't know the title. And I don't know the players. I don't really have too much to say: I'm just sitting here and enjoying it—the echoes.

You'll have to tell me who that was; but it was beautifully played. I'd rate that five stars for the tune, the playing, the conception, the quality . . . even though I didn't know too much about it.

6. GERRY MULLIGAN. *The Lonely Night* (from *Feelin' Good*, Limelight). Mulligan, clarinet; Mulligan-Judy Holliday, composers.

If you're trying to give me a really pleasant afternoon of listening to music, you certainly are doing it. It's a shame I have to exercise my brain trying to figure out who's on this record . . . it's such a pleasure sitting and listening to something so pretty. That's my kind of music, I guess; I loved the little touch of the strings in there. That's another tune I don't know; obviously somebody's original. Again, something very beautifully done. You must be playing these things because they're the kind I like to hear.

I couldn't figure out who the clarinet player was. Years ago somebody said to me, 'Piano players shouldn't only listen to other piano players; they should listen to horn players.' And it's very true . . . I've got some of my very best ideas, or ideas for ideas listening to horn players . . . to the chords, effects and beautiful moods like that one. That's another five star for me.

7. YANK LAWSON. *Old Fashioned Love* (from *That's A Plenty*, Bob Thiele Music). Lawson, trumpet; James P. Johnson, piano, composer; Pee Wee Russell and Ray Ekstrand, clarinets; Brad Gowans, valve trombone; Eddie Condon, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; Tony Spargo drums. (Rec. 11/20/43.)

For a moment after the opening, I thought, ah, Fats . . . but it wasn't, and then it developed into something rather tired. That bothered me, because the thing sort of laid there and that's not what I think of as a really good example of that type of playing.

I think Pee Wee was on this. And it sounded to me as if they had all been decanted by the time they got to the end of the record. I'm nonplussed as to who it was . . . except for Pee Wee. It could have been Wild Bill, but I don't think it was.

It sort of reminded me of the last set at Condon's! It didn't particularly knock me out . . . two stars. But I did like Pee Wee's, or whoever it was's, solo. And it started out with a little more optimism than it wound up, because the piano player obviously wanted to have one tempo, and the rhythm section took it down to where they thought it should be.

db

Again, Howard McGhee is hip throughout, though certainly less high-tensioned than in *Vol. 1*. Dodo and Wardell also generally appealing (*Stupendous*, A, is better than B for everyone concerned except Bird). Throughout, the high tenor sound and Young-derived lines are superficially related to this once-in-a-lifetime Parker style, but even at Gray's best (*Cheers*, D) he's emotionally limited. The *Home Cooking* tracks are jam session Parker with the occasional carelessness and cliché that implies, excellent in the first chorus of *III* and all of *II* (where, in the bridge, he implies—for the only time on this LP—the vastness of his emotional range).

Vol. 4 is New York Parker, eight months later, and the change is terrific. *Dexterity*, B, is the Great Parker, the virtuoso of structured emotion. *Bongo Bop*, A, is remarkable for the satiric quality inherent in the bold staging of his blues phrases, and the staged quality per-

sists in the first chorus of B, pain, then sorrow emerging as the work progresses (note the easy, flowing Miles). Three takes of *Dewey Square* are terrifically dramatic, A strongly structured, B including some high notes in the bridge that hint at an imagined joy quite incompatible with the grim reality outlined in the rest of the solo, C expanding—at moments, explosively—on the extremes of contrast. *The Hymn* is show-off Bird blues, far better in Take B, while the growth of *Bird Of Paradise* from *All The Things You Are* in three takes is fascinating. Hear a mood-breaking phrase in B lead suddenly into the Latin section, and how mournful is the recurring thread that unifies the more deeply-felt C.

Two versions of *Embraceable You* are acknowledged masterpieces. A is the one with the opening phrase repeated five times and no hint of the original theme except a crying reference near the end. B opens in an entirely

different mood and flows into emotions equally complex, the feelings, the questions, the conflicts, the dismissals as perfectly defined as they ever have been in the recorded history of jazz. Throughout the LP, Miles' evolving style hints at individuality in medium tempos, still in Gillespie's shadow at fast and slow, irritatingly frivolous in *Embraceable*, A. All of Jordan's brief solos seem to be random excerpts from a longer (unheard) solo.

Vol. 5: Jordan is in a better mood, Miles, open horn for a change, is more coherent, Roach is at his best. *Bird Feathers* is excellent for everyone. I love the isolated note that anticipates each Bird phrase at the beginning of *Klact-oveeseds-tene*, A, replaced in B by a run, a fine, tightly logical structure, and Jordan fairly dancing through his solo. In *Scraple From The Apple*, C, Bird is fluent, straightening out the awkward pause that mars B, Max in stimulating interplay with Miles. Bird's wealth of emotion extends far beyond the pretty confines of *Don't Blame Me*, the opening four measures of his bridge are incredible—and maybe the only reason he makes momentary *Don't Blame Me* theme fragments is to show how his rhythmic and tonal variety completely transcend the original. Three versions of *Out Of Nowhere* seem preoccupied with where to place a slurred descending decorative phrase, A a bit disjointed, B expansive, taking off from the theme, highly decorated, C with more brittle, spaced phrases at the beginning. The rest of this LP is the alternate and two duplicates noted above.

And *Vol. 6*: Bird's new Selmer, a richer sound, super blues solos, especially *Bongo Beep*, C, with the legendary firecracker up his ass. *Quasimado*, A, reflects a bit of *Embraceable* a month later, but B is more vigorous and emotionally contained. His *Charlie's Wig*, B, solo is perhaps the best of the three here, though a wonderful phrase enters his improvised bit in the theme of D. The two complete *Crazeologys* offer a more emotionally complex Parker, while the final, more somber *How Deep Is The Ocean* is weaker than the first take, with lovely phrasing. Despite the melodism and even flashes of wit in his *Drifting On A Reed*, B, solo, J.J.'s inclusion is a mistake. Granting his style is rather more mature and far more confident than Miles', it's also more trivial in intent, an embarrassing distortion of swing stylists in *Crazeology*, dreadfully silly in *Charlie's Wig*, E. Miles, on the other hand, by and large has it together on open horn, wiping out the trombonist in *Quasimado* and *Beep*. Jordan is variable, fine in both *Quasimados*, *Beep*, C, and *Crazeology*, D, especially sly and tense in *Beep*, B. Especially behind the brass, Roach is strong and sensitive, again and again rescuing Johnson from the consequences of his folly.

These come from the peak of Parker's career, chronologically simultaneous with Savoy and JATP Parker. A treasure of bootlegs is beginning to appear on ESP, lunatic-named Amalgamated labels (Richelieu? Bombasi?) and elsewhere, and the Parker renaissance will surely gain momentum from the recent purchase of the Savoy catalogue by Arista. No need to add superlatives: Parker's music abstracted and reassembled America in wholly accurate definition, cleared away all obstructions, and gave us joy in reaffirming the content of his times. —litweiler



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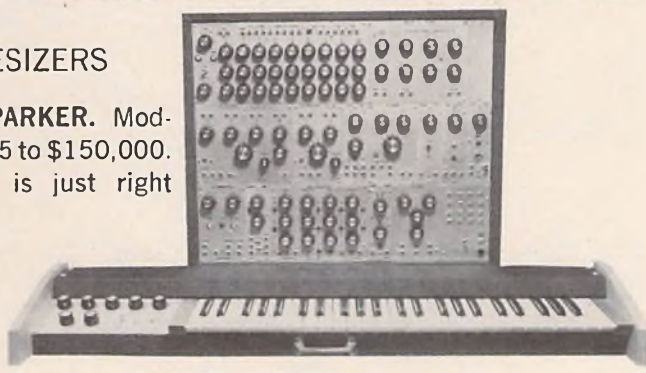
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In *Tunisia*) while others vary approach drastically and still others evolve into a final, ideal form. Invariably Parker selected the final take for release as singles, but these were not always his best solos.

The Famous Alto Break excerpt *Vol. 1* is the only time in three that Bird negotiates the extraordinary 4-measure *Tunisia* intro, but otherwise, for Bird and everyone else, Take 5 is most satisfactory. Curiously, the final *Moose The Mooche* is duplicated intact, except for even scratchier sound, on *Spotlite 105*, but takes 2 and 3 both feature first-class Parker, and 2 includes a bit of outstanding Lucky Thompson tenor. From the beginning (*Diggin' Diz*) Parker's sound and style are completely personal. The first and final *Yardbird Suite* takes are here, the latter the famous version, with an infinitely cleaner theme bridge. *Ornithology*, takes 3 and 4, are very great alto works, and especially in the latter, his long, breathless lines presenting fabulous rhythmic shifts to make very beautiful melody.

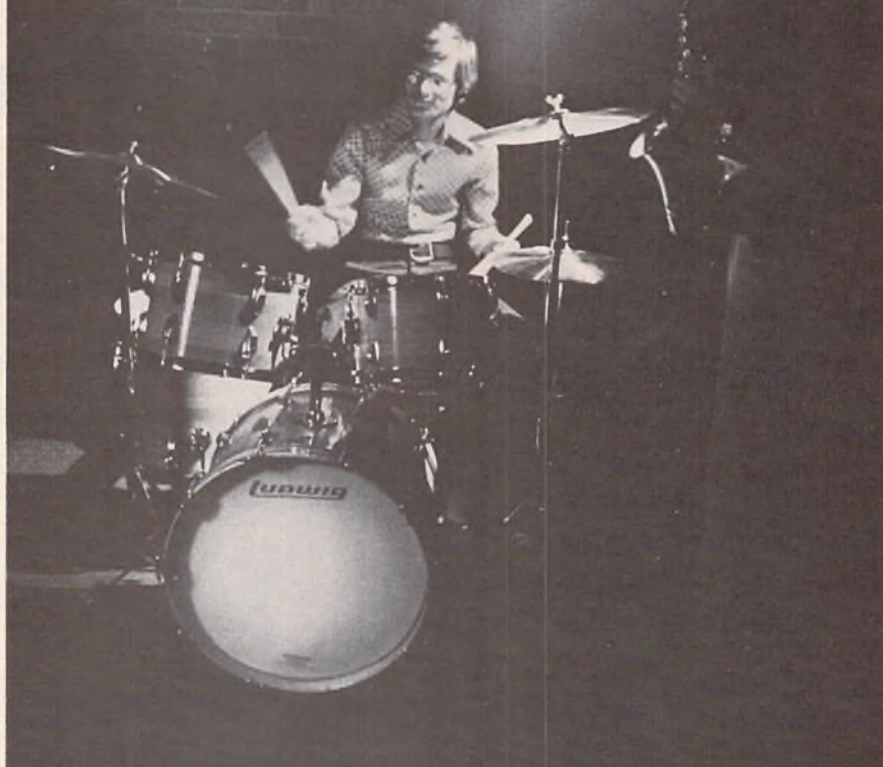
Loverman is, contrary to the liners, a perfectly-timed work made cohesive through thematic references, though *The Gypsy*, all Parker, is a drag notable only for some pointless eccentric accenting, and he's hopeless on the other two July tracks. Howard McGhee is valiant in the fast pieces, the rhythm section uninspired. The March date is Miles, Lucky, Dodo, and guitarist Arv Garrison, whose vulgarized Django style works better than Barney Kessel's vulgarized Christian in *Vol. 3*. Did Benny Carter's alto influence Miles (*Moose, 3*)? He's only intermittently a bopper (*Ornithology, 1*), his phrasing usually swing-based. Lucky is a decisive swing stylist with the presence to expand on and contrast the moods Parker and the others state, with strong results in *Ornithology, 2* and 3. Note how the plaintive pleas of Parker in *Tunisia, 5*, especially the second strain, are nursed into anger by the tenorist. *Vol. 1* is, for the most part, a stone monster.

Vol. 2 is Bird's quartet with an irritable Erroll Garner, and side 1 shows the vocal problems of Earl Coleman. It's Garner's aid that gets the singer through the original *This Is Always*, Bird's solo straight in contrast to his take 1 solo. The blues sensibility that Parker refined and defined for all time is revealed in astounding breadth in *Dark Shadows*, take C, but two solos in other takes are flowingly constructed and almost as soulful. (Take D, with Garner like *Gangbusters*, is also duplicated in *Vol. 5*, in a somewhat cleaner version.) Of the two vocal-less works, *Bird's Nest* is less interesting and take B is altogether the best of the three. Truly excellent alto vitiates three versions of *Cool Blues*, the piano making mocking theme answers in Take A ("*Hot Blues*"), lapsing into his pop thing in the others. Throughout the date, Red Callender proves by far the best bassist yet to record with Bird, playing with grace, intelligence and (note *Always*, both takes) beauty.

Vol. 3, recorded only a week later, is curious. Parker is extremely relaxed, not at all inclined to smash bar lines or chord barriers, expansive or decorative or powerfully expressive phrases absent, each improvised strain beginning on the beat or laid back. The result is, as the liners say, "floods of melody", the very lyrical Happy Bird at work: light in *Relaxin' At Camarillo, E*, lovely in *Cheers, B*, and especially C and D, smoking tenorist Wardell Gray in *Chasin' The Bird*, both takes, making love to the *Stupendous* changes.

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pet choir in the second chorus). Pianist John Malachi and the confused altoist John Jackson solo prominently, but more interesting is Budd Johnson, very good in *Airmail* though retaining the glib element so persistent in his work. In those days Gene Ammons was doing a rough-toned version of mid-'40s Prez, with an outstanding perception of Young's structural means. But best is the budding Fats Navarro. He *burns* his *Opus X* bridge, his opening phrase a fine contrast to the pleasant swing theme in *Airmail*, deep seriousness entering midway through his solo. A wonderfully conceived two choruses in *Love Me* find the immensely assured trumpeter moving with little sarcastic edge, the structure allowing his ideas to flow into self-contained statement.

Yet it was a transitional band, though the jazz schism is hardly as dramatic as in the Norvo session. Surely Red intended that Dizzy star, for the original takes of each of the four songs favor the trumpeter (though the *Hallelujah* alternate in *Spotlite 105* features more dashing Diz). In fact, he is in good form throughout, muted or open horn, whereas Parker's solos are a mixture of original ideas and the most conventional, almost Willie Smith-like, swing alto. Best is an incredible chorus in the original *Slam Slam*, but his four measure break in the original *Congo Blues* is equally strong. An alternate *Congo* has Bird and Diz paraphrasing *Yankee Doodle* and *Taps* to open, implying contempt for their weaker colleagues. Norvo is divided stylistically between Hampton and Teddy Wilson, while Wilson's piano and Slam Stewart's bass are time-killers and poor Flip Phillips sounds hopelessly spaced out. The value of the session is strictly in Parker and Gillespie, and the original *Slam Slam* and the *Spotlite 105 Hallelujah* stand out in every way.

Given the problem of finding talented players to work with, Marmarosa's emergence must have been a godsend to the boppers. His line is certainly fluent and hip, his sense of dynamics versatile, his technique so skillful and harmony so sophisticated that Powell is the only possible advance. He is not a melodic player in the least, but his swing and rhythmic feel derive from the best of Tatum and Hines, his structural method simple but expert. In *Cosmo Street*, D master, his line moves by harmonic alternation, eventually adding little arpeggios, breaking open the rhythm for his second solo. The other side of Dodo is the cocktail style of *Trade Winds*, pretty though it is. The *Tone Paintings* are an odd mix of themes—Debussy set to stride style, gay lines leading to sullen held chords, harmonies that predict the very worst of solo Tristano—and like most of the rest of the LP, it's nice and interesting music. Next to the pianist's seriousness, cellist Harry Babasin sounds, to be polite, very limited. Most of these tracks, by the way, date from Dec., 1947.

There remain the great Parkers—eight studio dates and one bootleg—from Feb., '46 through Dec., '47. Needless to say, the chronological order is a vast improvement over the scattershot Savoy, and the music is usually superior to the Verve. Three LPs cover the turbulent Los Angeles period, while the others are *the Bird* band in New York (Miles, Max Roach, the ever-dour pianist Duke Jordan, bassist Tommy Potter). They provide a fascinating glimpse into the way Parker's mind worked, for some solos repeat outline or detail from take to take (note *Night*



The Esther Phillips Charm

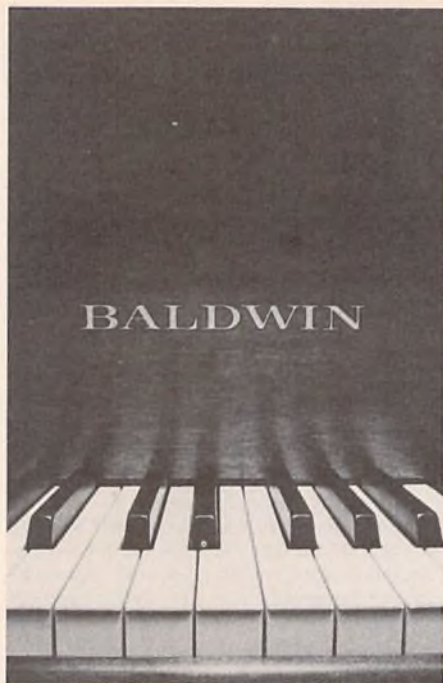
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1): Art Webb, flute (all tracks except 1); Allen Nelson, drums (track 5 only).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Cecil McBee has been around for over a decade, first with Charles Lloyd and since then with most of the creators of the new jazz. Yet this is his first album under his own name and it is long overdue. McBee reveals a spiritual depth long eclipsed by his role as an accompanist.

On *Within*, Cecil duets with himself on two bowed basses for 11 minutes. By using every texture obtainable from the bowed bass, he elicits the widest range of emotional responses. I'm always surprised when this number ends so quickly. The quality of the sound is less reminiscent of jazz bass, than of violinists like Eddie South, Mike White and Ornette.

The liner quote from theosophist Geoffrey Hodson and the reference in the next cut to the 7th Angel who guards the gate to the highest heaven suggests a kabbalistic viewpoint. *Within* opens with a feeling of invocation and then establishes its basic metaphor of two analogous worlds, an upper and a lower, which move along with one another, sometimes at odds, sometimes in harmony. The two worlds are constantly relating to one another, moving apart, overlapping, intersecting until their final resolution. This totally improvised piece is a perfect mystical emblem and a masterpiece of the new music.

Angel, using DeeDee Bridgewater's voice to good effect, carries out the opening metaphor of ascent and descent. Unfortunately, the rest of the cuts do not stay on this level because the other players are not in the same league as the leader. Gumbs is still overly-influenced by McCoy. *Mutima* is too reminiscent of *A Love Supreme* and *Ole*. Though Adams, who's worked with Mingus, has a fine tenor solo on *Waves*, his soprano work on *Mutima* is too close to Trane. Allen, a promising trumpeter, falls into Miles' bag on this one.

Tulsa is a funky hard bop number. *Feeling* is a short mood piece that seems to have been cut out of a longer number and fades away after the opening. The bass playing throughout the album is excellent, with McBee listening and responding to everyone, driving the group on. His plucked solo on *Waves* shows his complete mastery of the instrument. Hopefully, the weaker moments on this album will not deter people from searching out this music and tuning in to McBee's great strength, imagination, technique and profound insights. —steingroot

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RED NORVO—Spotlite 107.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DODO MARMAROSA—Spotlite 108.

★ ★ ★ ½

Spotlite originally appeared in England for the purposes of reviving the long-absent Dial Records, founded in 1946 in Los Angeles for the sole purpose of recording Parker, and lasting into the LP era just long enough to include works by classical pioneers Schoenberg and John Cage. The Eckstine Armed Forces Network broadcasts are new, but the other eight (including the Norvo-Parker-Gillespie Comet date) appeared on 78, LP, or else were recorded by Dial. The Spotlites are an exceptional job of collecting, remastering (compare some duplicates with the old Baronet reissues) and documenting. Ross Russell, Dial's founder-owner, indulges in a bit of amateur psychology in his notes to the Marmarosa set; otherwise the liners—by Russell for Norvo-etc., Tony Williams for the Parkers, and especially Mark Gardner for Eckstine—are superbly informative.

Most importantly, Spotlite is now pressing in the U.S. Endless feuds over the Parker estate have prevented their appearing before except briefly, usually in hodge-podge, fly-by-night fashion. I'm convinced Spotlites 101 and 104 are absolute musts for anyone with any love at all for 20th century music—and suddenly you can buy them at your neighborhood record store—joy!!! Moreover, the Parker-led sessions are reproduced in the order originally recorded, lost masters excepted. We're presently passing through a marvelous era for reissues and bootlegs, but heretofore nobody has initiated a series so thoroughly and valuably concentrated on the postwar transition.

To my knowledge, Spotlite 100 is the only surviving evidence of the seminal Eckstine band, and these early 1945 broadcasts lack Parker, Gillespie and Dexter Gordon. But the LP has six major soloists, two distinctive vocalists (guest Lena Horne sounds dated to 1975 ears), powerful section playing (those lip-busting trumpets!) and—most importantly—Tadd Dameron and the swing-bop mixed Jerry Valentine, beyond several more conventional arrangers, presenting a band identity superior to Herman and perhaps even Basie and Lunceford of the period. Eckstine's trumpet solos are barely acceptable even on the low level he claims for them, but he and Sarah Vaughan are the only significant vocal tandem since the far more valuable, and brief, Jimmy Rushing-Billie Holiday period with Basie. Incidentally, this *Mean To Me* vocal is superior to Sarah's famous version with Parker and Gillespie: the recording quality is better, she sheds many of the Ella Fitzgerald mannerisms, it's more finely detailed and personal.

Why wasn't this band more commercially viable? Tadd's scoring of *I Want To Talk About You*, *Airmail Special* (the voicings, counter-melodies and variations), and *Don't Blame Me* (darting phrases a nice counterpoint to Sarah's fairly straight, half note-loaded vocal) are imaginative. Valentine's *Love Me Or Leave Me* is admirable, the chart alone (who wrote it?) saves *Without A Song* (ripe trumpets after the first strain, the trum-

gland playing black American music in much the same manner as those high-flyin' Scots, the AWB. They write and imaginatively arrange their own compositions and do a nice cover of Aretha's *Angel*. All five of the lead vocalists have talent and style although perhaps only one, Tony O'Malley, sounds particularly distinctive, rather like Joe Cocker (who copped his sthick from Ray Charles). The band is very tight musically and maybe even personally, and there's a good time feeling that informs their every effort.

It Ain't Cool (To Be Cool Anymore) neatly sums up their outlook and we should gratefully welcome this neat and tasteful enthusiasm from England after the ice-cold boredom of Bryan Ferry. Rather amorphous yet, but good and danceable. —*adler*

BOBBY HUTCHERSON

LINGERLANE—Blue Note BN-LA369-G: *People Make The World Go Round; Theme From M*A*S*H**; *NTU; Manzanita; Mountain Caravan; Silver Rondo.*

Personnel: Hutcherson, marimba; Chuck Rainey, bass; Harvey Mason, drums; John Rowin, guitar; Ernie Watts, horns; Bobby Hall, percussion; Jerry Peters, Fender Rhodes, piano; Maxine Waters, Julia Waters, Oren Waters, Luther Waters, background vocals.

*** 1/2

Recorded outdoors in Idylwild, California (isn't working in a studio difficult enough?), this album is a tantalizing near-success.

Hutcherson's intention, evidently, was to produce a totally natural, organic sound, and his group succeeds in creating a loose, airy feeling. Hutcherson's marimba and Chuck Rainey's acoustic bass blend well, getting a woody, nutty texture. One standout is *NTU*, a dense, burning piece, featuring intricately in-

terwoven melodic lines. Another is *Manzanita*, a delicate pastoral.

Hutcherson's most expansive solo comes on *M*A*S*H**; however, like the rockish *Mountain Caravan*, this is a lightweight tune, bouncy and bubbly, but too shallow to sustain any intensive exploration. *Caravan* could be another tired Ramsey Lewis or Gene Harris release. Such commercialism and Hutcherson's avowed ethic of naturalism are an incongruous blend, at best.

A further defect is length. Side two here lasts about 12 and a half minutes and seems to be over as soon as it starts. It's a shame, too, for Hutcherson is a dedicated musician, one well-aware of his responsibility to his audience. It's regrettable that players of his calibre have to make *any* musical concessions. —*balleras*

PHIL UPCHURCH/ TENNYSON STEPHENS

PHIL UPCHURCH/TENNYSON STEPHENS —Kudu KU-22 S1: *You Got Style; Ave Maria; In Common; Tell Me Something Good; Don't I Know You?; South Side Morning; Evil; Black Gold; I Wanted It Too.*

Personnel: Upchurch, guitar, bass; Stephens, piano, vocals; Bob James, piano, Arp synthesizer; Doug Bascomb, Eric Gale, bass; Steve Gadd, Andrew Smith, drums; Eric Gale, guitar; David Sanborn, alto sax.

**

This odd pastiche of an album covers blues, soul, and shlock, in about equal doses. What's annoying is not the music, which maintains a certain level of consistency, but the all-purpose packaging of same, submerging the potential talent of its principals for the greater good of a contemporary commercial sound.

For instance, piano solos are credited to Stephens and Bob James, but there is no indication of who does what. Similarly, Upchurch shares guitar and bass assignments with two other players. How is one to judge performance through such a maze?

One track, *Tell Me Something Good*, stands out as a guitar feature for Upchurch; the other two instrumentals are undistinguished. He is quoted on the jacket as saying, "It's not a guitar feature album. . . . This time I wanted to do something I thought the people would be in touch with through the vocal thing."

The vocals are of a nature that "the people" will easily respond to. Tennyson's pleasant voice is nicely suited to the middle-of-the-road sounds of *You Got Style, Don't I Know You, In Common*, etc. What a Deodotish rendition of *Ave Maria* is doing on this album, however, is a real mystery.

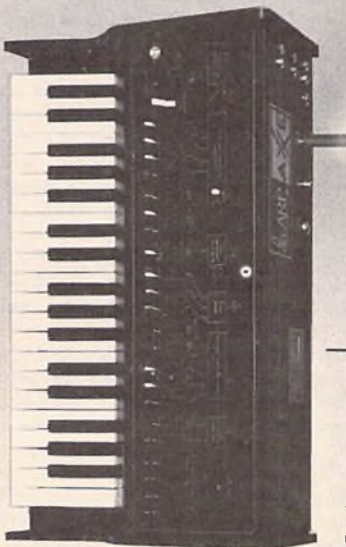
One can readily recognize talent at work beneath the surface packaging of this album, but the overall product is so banal and mass-appeal-contrived that it defies serious criticism. —*malin*

CECIL McBEE

MUTIMA—Strata-East SES-7417: *From Within; Voice Of The 7th Angel; Life Waves; Mutima; A Feeling; Tulsa Black.*

Personnel: Cecil McBee, bass; Jimmy Hopps, drums (all tracks except 1 & 5); Onaje Allen Gumbs, piano (all tracks except 1); Lawrence Killian, conga & bells (all tracks except 1); DeeDee Bridgewater, vocals (track 2 only); George Adams, soprano & tenor sax (all tracks except 1); Cecil McBee, Jr., electric bass (track 6 only); Michael Carvin, gong & misc. percussion (all tracks except 1); Jabali Billy Hart, cymbals & misc. percussion (all tracks except 1); Tex Allen, trumpet & flugelhorn (all tracks except 1); Allen Braufman, alto sax (all tracks except 1).

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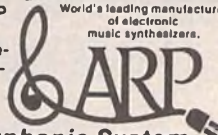
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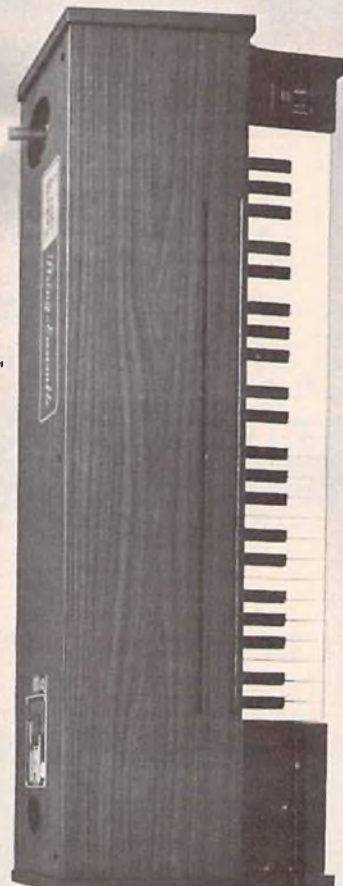
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performances of Motian's *Tuesday Ends Saturday* and *Sod House*, Ornette's *War Orphans* and Haden's *Song For Che*. To conclude and again underscore *Tribute's* selfless dimension, I should point out that Motian does not once solo in the traditional sense. This I find an unusual and refreshing event (especially for a percussionist's recording date) and an indication of Motian's devotion to mature musical values. —berg

WOODY HERMAN

CHILDREN OF LIMA—Fantasy F-9477: *Variations On A Scene; Children Of Lima; Far In; Never Let Me Go; Where Is The Love; 25 Or 6 To 4.*

Personnel: Herman, clarinet, soprano sax; Dave Stahl, Nelson Hatt, Buddy Powers, Gary Pack (side one), Dennis Dotson (side two), Bill Byrne, trumpets, flugelhorn; Jim Pugh, Dale Kirkland, trombones; Vaughn Weister, bass trombone; Frank Tiberi, tenor sax, bassoon, flute; Gary Anderson, Gregory Herbert, tenor sax, flutes; John Oslawski, baritone sax; Andy Laverne, piano; Ron Paley, bass; Jeff Brillinger, drums; Kenneth Nash, percussion on side two; The Houston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Lawrence Foster, side one.

★ ★ ★ ½

Half this album features the Herman band playing a pair of Alan Broadbent compositions with the Houston Symphony Orchestra. The rest of the recording is devoted to some familiar big band charts recorded at Fantasy's L.A. studios. The Houston tracks include Broadbent's *Variations On A Scene*, a piece Woody's Herd has performed before, and *Children of Lima*, written especially for the Houston date.

Broadbent's writing is best described as romantic—in the sense that it is picturesque, almost regal, full of rich melodies and pageantry. *Variations*, a long, roving, thematic piece, explores the color and textures resulting from the marriage of jazz band and symphony. It is full, heavily percussive, almost majestic, following a trail of shifting tempos and moods, at other times stripped down to electric piano and rhythm section. This is not dense or complex music but light melodic stuff that's instantly hummable, reminiscent of the type of thing one might find on a big budget adventure film sound track.

Children is a rather brief piece written for Herman's clarinet and could easily be an extension of *Variations* in that it concentrates on mood and color. As vehicles for orchestra and jazz band, both make pleasant listening.

Of the four tunes fleshing out the album, Greg Herbert's reading of *Never Let Me Go* is especially fine, with *Where Is The Love* emerging as an intriguing arrangement highlighting bassoon.

The LP should appeal to Herman fans who, however, may find some of it a bit wooden and lacking in spontaneity. —nolan

ROLAND HANNA

PERUGIA—Arista/Freedom 1010: *Take The A Train; I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good; Time Dust Gathered; Perugia; A Child Is Born; Wistful Moment.*

Personnel: Hanna, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

PAUL BLEY

COPENHAGEN AND HAARLEM—Arista/Freedom 1901: *Cartoon; Touching; Start; Mazatalan; Closer; Both; Pablo; Blood; Mister Joy.*

Personnel: Bley, piano, Barry Altschul, drums; Kent Carter or Mark Levenson, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

Recorded live at last year's Montreux Jazz Festival, this, Sir Roland's second solo piano album, gives a revealing cross section of his

abilities. Basically a mainstream jazz player in the tradition of Erroll Garner and Oscar Peterson, Hanna opens here with two Ellington-associated tunes, memorializing this bandleader's then recent death. *A Train*, with its gutsy walking bass lines and *verbatum* Peterson style licks, seems to please this pianist as much as it does his audience. *I Got It Bad*, punctuated by some telling grunts and groans, in its free-flowing inventive prowess which suggests that anything, just anything, may happen next, is tinged by the spirit of Garner himself.

In performing his originals Hanna comes most into his own. *Time Dust Gathered* pulses with high tension chords and is graced by percussive, interlocking keyboard lines. Like Tatum, certainly another of this pianist's mentors, Hanna is a two-fisted, orchestral pianist. *Perugia* broods with romanticism and mysticism. His playing is marked with a fine melodic sense throughout, and as the concert goes on, his keyboard textures become more daring and inventive. All this culminates in a delicate reading of the Thad Jones classic, *A Child Is Born*, a shimmering performance.

Hanna remarked last year in these pages [db, 4/10/75] that "music doesn't have a boundary. Thought is consistent throughout the world and beyond, and music is just one kind of expression of thought." While this may be so, it's hard to conceive that Hanna and Bley are living in the same worlds, or even universes of thought, for a pianist like Bley turns inside out almost all the assumptions one like Hanna makes about melody, rhythm and harmony.

Copenhagen And Haarlem, recorded and released in Europe in 1965 and 1966, presents Bley's classic trio running through seven short and two long musical shapes. If Hanna is a "musical expressionist," as he once called himself, Bley might be designated a complete musical abstractionist. He and his companions seem to envision music as pure *design*. Nothing here is programmatic or didactic. If Hanna is Van Gogh, Bley is Mondrian. He thinks in melodic shapes and rhythmic thrusts, rather than in key signatures, meters and conventional harmonic cadences.

The result is an anthology of intricate, if somewhat dry, musical patterns. (Even telling precisely where one piece ends and the next begins demands attentive listening.) Time is implicit: rhythms and meters float suspended, punctuated only by the occasional splash of a cluster of notes or a cymbal ping. Tonality is implied only. Music as process, flux, momentum.

Why Bley broke up his trio in 1973 and pronounced that virtuoso acoustic music was dead is answered herein. Without the variety provided by harmonic and metric modulation and stripped into an icy design lacking, at times, any emotional points of reference, the trio's ultimate results sometimes are bloodless, static and unmoving.

Defects aside, both men must be admired for their determined pursuit of their own individualistic musical ideas. —balleras

KOKOMO

KOKOMO—Columbia PC 33442: *Kitty Sittin' Pretty; Anytime; I'm Sorry Babe; Forever; It Ain't Cool; Feeling This Way; Sweet Sugar Thing; I Can Understand It; Angel.*

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