

NOVEMBER 6, 1975

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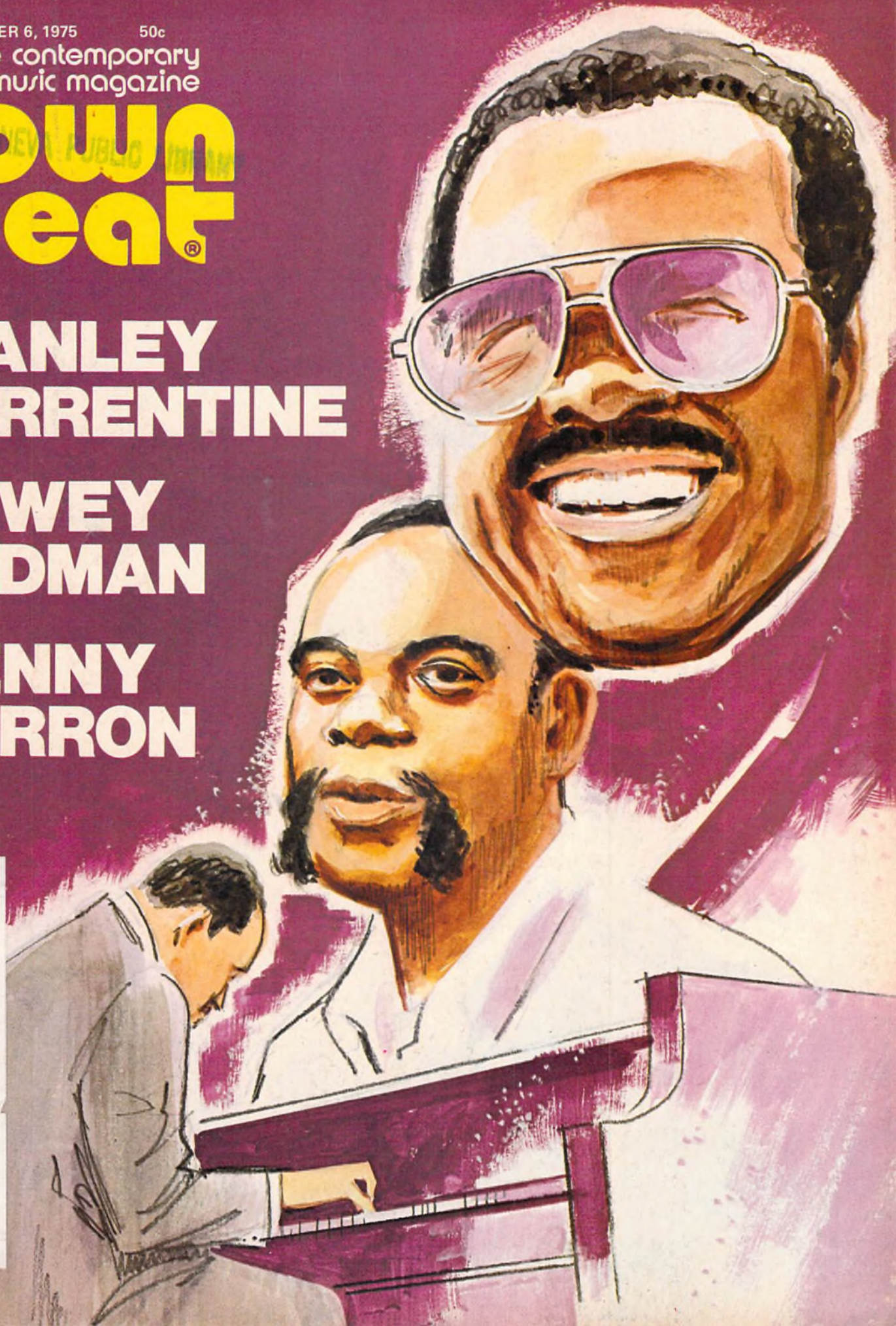
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TURRENTINE**

**DEWEY  
REDMAN**

**KENNY  
BARRON**

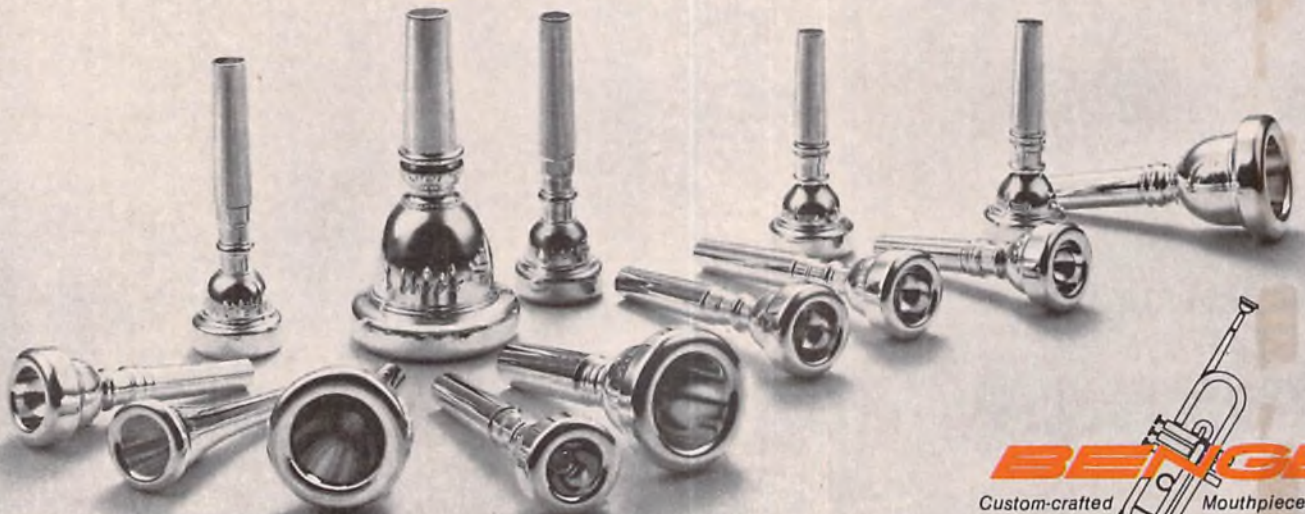


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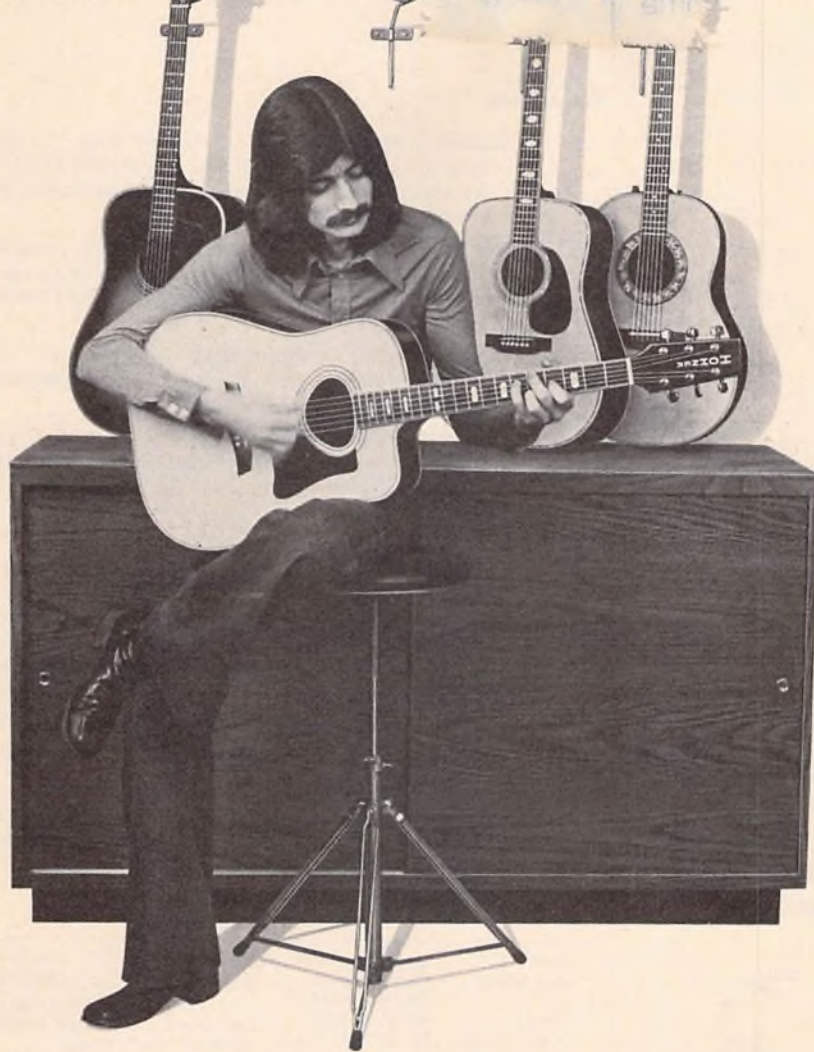
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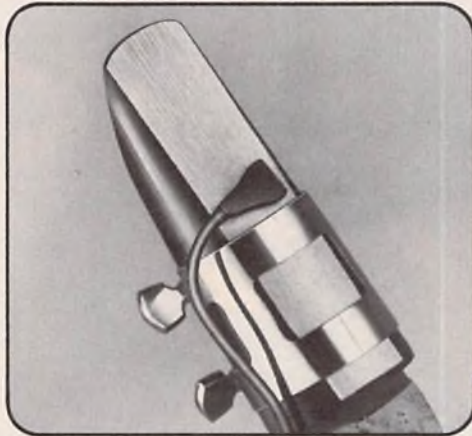
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## the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Charlie Parker said it years ago, "if you can't say it in two choruses, you might as well give it up." This classic case for brevity is recalled in this issue by two contemporary saxophone players who come to jazz from different worlds: Stanley Turrentine and Bruce Johnstone.

Turrentine, tenor star from Pittsburgh, Pa., learned to speak plainly and succinctly by way of r&b tours in Southern barns and the rigorous demands of getting up for 50 Apollo audiences a week. Johnstone, featured baritone player with Maynard Ferguson and leader of a new group, *Expectations*, learned his early jazz lessons from albums shipped from the States to lonely, faraway Wellington, New Zealand, (whose national, and musical, symbol is the flightless Kiwi bird). Johnstone's post-graduate work was done in Europe under the tutelage of the Grand Master, Ben Webster. "I saw him," Johnstone remembers, "reduce a whole room to tears in the space of a chorus. He'd never take more than two choruses but he'd say all he had to."

Turrentine elaborates on the lesson by pointing out that "stretching out" often means "playing endlessly."

He believes that this period of time "is the highest point that jazz has ever been." No wonder. His live and recorded performances now earn good money, and as the man says: where is it written that a creative musician, a jazz musician, has to be poor?

Another fine new generation reed player featured in this issue is Dewey Redman, a current colleague of Keith Jarrett. Like Turrentine, Redman's early involvement was in what everyone then called "race music." But, unlike most of his predecessors, he hit the books; taught school in Bastrop, Texas, when there was nothing equal about separateness; and earned his master's degree at North Texas State U. in 1959 when black musicians didn't feel comfortable in Kenton-style stage bands. (Things haven't changed much, have they?) Redman came to everybody's attention as the tenor counterpart to Ornette Coleman in the late '60s. Now, like many of today's players, he is a multi-instrument, multi-styled contemporary musician who is sure enough of himself to state firmly: "The music comes first, before ego or personality or style."

Another of the principal features in this issue concerns Kenny Barron, a highly skilled pianist, whose strongest musical influences have been sax players. His older brother Bill brought him the 90 miles from Philadelphia to New York; James Moody brought him to Dizzy Gillespie (Kenny replaced Lalo Schiffrin); and Yusef Lateef brought him to many, many things. Barron credits Brother Lateef with motivating him to go back to school and learn what compositional skills can do for the career, and for the soul.

The Music Workshop material in this issue is, fittingly, on "HOW TO hit the high notes—on sax." Doc Fowler prescribes practical advice on fingerings and embouchure positions from classicist Sigurd Rascher, modernist Albert Wing, and a "mystery expert."

Next issue: Gary Burton speaks out candidly on jazz education; other features on and about Terry Riley, Billy Byers, Pete Yellin, and Steve Marcus.

If you can listen to Herbie Hancock's "Man-Child" and keep your feet still at the same time, see your doctor.

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# chords and discords

## A Freak No More

This letter is in response to Drew Freeman (Chords & Discords, 9/11). I was once a Maynard Ferguson freak like yourself. I bought all of the *MF Horn* albums. I saw Maynard in concert twice. But those were the days when I thought Miles couldn't play, before I grew up to the fact that notes and shakes above high C weren't everything.

Sure, Maynard has chops, but how can his soloing (especially on Columbia) even be compared to that of Miles, Eddie Henderson, Randy Brecker or Woody Shaw. These guys to me are infinitely more innovative and less commercial than Maynard. About that business of Maynard never disappointing anyone, *Chameleon* did a good job on me.

Ron Cole

Bellingham, Wash.

## Three For Mick

Mick Goodrick's views on being a complete and balanced person as well as musician are very stimulating (db, 9/11). Music can be a powerful force of change, affecting the social order of the day and influencing thought patterns of entire nations. It can be creative or destructive, depending on the individual involved. Certainly there is a great responsibility for each musician to be self-aware while working with such potent energies.

As a former student of Mick's (Berklee, '69-70), I'm glad to see his

ideas and music given such well-deserved attention.

Andrew Ellis

Eugene, Ore.

## Sparkling Reviews

I'm writing to compliment you on the constantly improving quality of your record review section. The last six months have been filled with intelligent and informative criticism. It's good to see that somebody has the guts to speak out against some of the vinyl injustices being committed with increasing regularity by Blue Note and Fantasy. Keep an open ear and don't let the funk f--- you up!

Peter Haskins

New York, N.Y.

## Expatriates Wanted

I would like to thank you for the recent profile of Julius Hemphill and Oliver Lake. I noticed in this article, as well as in previous publications, your comment on how some artists have moved to Europe to work and live. I'm speaking of Anthony Braxton, Muhal Richard Abrams, Joseph Jarman, Roscoe Mitchell, Malachi Favors, and others.

This interests me for a number of reasons. I am presently living and working in England. I have been involved in music all my life and intend to pursue a professional career as a musician. I am very interested in the aforementioned musicians and especially in their music because it is closely related to . . . the music that I choose to perform, compose, and record.

I am asking assistance in contacting these and other American or European jazz musicians now living and working in Europe. Advice or instruction from them would be invaluable to me.

Jack Presley

Suffolk, England

(Ed. note—Any musicians wishing to aid Jack should write db and we will forward the info to him.)

## Anonymous Strikes

It was surely an honor for professional musicians to indulge and waste their educated time reading the "1960 pseudo-intellectualism" of Barry Miles (db, 9/11), whose so called "experiences" managed to spit out a blanket of egotistical ignorance based on his so-called half truths. If Miles actually knows the definition of jazz . . . he should realize the amount and purpose of other music.

For example, an ambitious . . . group, Emerson Lake & Palmer, aesthetically creates a full orchestral purpose with present day source materials, whether baroque, classical, romantic, or jazz. Mr. Miles should one day run into a doctor of western musicology and receive an earful of truth, ranging from Gregorian chant through Bach, Beethoven, the Romantics, Neo-Classicalists, and finally the contemporaries. . . . Mr. Miles, is indeed, not my idol!

Anonymous Composer/Arranger

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## HAMMOND TRIBUTE TAPED

CHICAGO—The show's producer, Ken Ehrlich, repeated over and over that the proceedings were imbued with a "sense of history." And his description proved true on two levels. Not

prototypical talent scout, a virtual Who's Who of historic jazz was on hand, as was Bob Dylan, whom Hammond discovered and signed in the early '60s.

Included in the program were

who was also instrumental in bringing Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Lionel Hampton and, more recently, rock phenom Bruce Springsteen to the public's attention.

the participating musicians.

The evening's highlight came when Goodman and Benson, backed by Wilson, Hinton, Jones and Norvo, re-created a classic performance by Goodman and



From left: Carter, Norvo, Wexler, celebrant Hammond, Lieberson

only were there musical greats from the historic '30s and '40s in attendance, but the program itself is sure to go down in the popular record books.

The event was the taping of a special "Tribute To John Hammond" for an upcoming *Soundstage* presentation to be seen on the Public Broadcasting Service network. And to honor the Columbia Records producer and

George Benson, Benny Carter, Benny Goodman, Milt Hinton, Helen Humes, Jo Jones, Benny Morton, Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, gospel singer Marian Williams, blues great Sonny Terry, and Hammond's son, bottleneck bluesman John Hammond, Jr. Their common bond was that all had been either started or substantially furthered in their careers by the elder Hammond,



Super jam session spotlighting Norvo, Benson, Goodman, Hinton

In addition to performances by the musicians on hand, the 65-year-old Hammond provided commentary on the music and his career during interview segments conducted by co-hosts Goddard Lieberson, former head of CBS Records, and Jerry Wexler, former president of Atlantic Records. Joining the panel at various times were Mitch Miller, Leonard Feather, and several of

guitar legend Charlie Christian on *Seven Come Eleven*. Unfortunately, due to poor planning, the taping began two-and-a-half hours late, and lasted five hours after that. And by the time Dylan showed up—for one of his infrequent TV spots—the program might have been titled *Marathon Along The Watchtower*.

The show will be seen over PBS stations this December.

## BETHLEHEM TO CAYRE

NEW YORK—Cayre Industries, Inc., which only recently entered into the American market via its first five releases, has announced its purchase of the entire Bethlehem catalog. Bethlehem titles include many long out of print collector's items.

The first items slated for rerelease are a specially-priced and packaged three-album set of the jazz version of the George Gershwin classic *Porgy And Bess*. The cast for the recording included Mel Torme, Francis Faye, and Duke Ellington's orchestra. Cayre will also reissue *Nina Simone's Finest*, a collection of the singer's best-known works, including her 1959 hit of *I Loves You Porgy*. When Bethlehem was first

founded in the mid-'50s, it was a pioneer in contemporary music, having been responsible for starting the career of many now-famous artists. Among those who recorded for the label and whose work will eventually be reissued under the Cayre plan are Chris Connor, Julie London, Carmen McRae, Herbie Mann, Kai Winding, Jack Teagarden, Jonah Jones, John Coltrane, Charles Mingus, and Art Blakey.

Since Bethlehem utilized a concept of tracking sessions live, the recordings have an earthy, natural flow to them. The reissues will be in monoaural to preserve the original ambience. Among the label's early producers were current powers Creed Taylor and Tom Dowd.

## Tinklers, Watch Out!!!

NEW YORK—"The greatest drummer in the world," "Traps, the Drum Wonder," is about to become a multi-mallet man. In the dressing room at his club, Buddy's Place, Buddy Rich recently revealed a vibraharp, the new object of his affections.

"I've always been a melodic drummer," said Buddy. "So I decided on vibes. It may mean a whole new career, who knows?" Most drummers tend to study

piano for their harmony and theory and later gravitate toward vibes. It's the hands that make it so. They are fast and tend to be more used to hammering rather than fingering. Lionel Hampton's pianistics prove that. He hammers away with two fingers hard and fast. His mallet work is better than his drumming, which is unusual, since he started as a drummer. "That's the kind of vibist I want

to turn into. Lionel uses real facility, the facility that only a drummer can bring to the instrument. Terry Gibbs has that and he wasn't a drummer first."

If anybody has the technique to switch, it's Mr. Rich. His are still the fastest paws in the business and he does not mind proving it every night.

"I intend to transfer that technique to mallets. It will be a percussive solo with music when I

play them. Most cats who play vibes forget about the percussive aspect of the instrument and play melody only. Hamp plays IT, not vice versa. Mike Mainieri, when he was with my group, ('61-'62) played vibes that way. Hammer at them, but don't forget melody, not play pretty and forget the hammering."

Rich is expected to make his vibist debut sometime this fall.

# potpourri

**Planetary Wonders, Etc.:** Sun Ra and his recently renamed **Humanitarian Arkestra** recently performed at New York showcase The Bottom Line.

Bassist **Miroslav Vitous** has recruited three members of his new unit from the Las Vegas area. New Vitousians include vocalist **Cheryl Grainger**, keyboardist **Ron Feuer**, and percussionist **Alex Acuna**.

**Alphonse Mouzon** has split from **Larry Coryell's Eleventh House**, with intentions of forming his own band. Look for the new

Mouzon to be heavily geared toward funk 'n' soul.

**Dave Brubeck's** upcoming disc will feature **Lee Konitz, Roy Haynes, Anthony Braxton, and Jack Six**, among others. . . . **Stanley Clarke's** next solo outing will front guitarists **Jeff Beck, John McLaughlin, and Carlos Santana**.

**Frank Zappa** appeared with his **Abnuceals Emuukha Electric Symphony Orchestra** at UCLA's Royce Hall recently. Several new opuses were revealed. On the sticky side, Frank

and his Bizarre partner **Herb Cohen** have sued **MGM Records**, stating that they have received no royalties from their MGM recordings since 1971. Two million dollars in damage is being sought and that's a lot of burnt weenie sandwiches, folks.

The **Northeast Jazz Clinic** will be held in Allentown, Pa., on December 6, on the campus of Lehigh County Community College of Allentown. Several prominent educators who are involved in Lehigh Valley jazz programs will combine their efforts for the affair. Performing groups will include the **U.S. Air Force Airmen**

**of Note Jazz Ensemble** from Bolling Air Force Base in Washington, D.C. Clinicians will include **Arnie Lawrence, Bob McCoy, and Marty Napoleon**. Interested parties should write Lehigh Community College, attn. Miss Wimmer, 2370 Main St., Schnecksville, Pa., 18078.

**Phil Wilson** has completed negotiations to serve as musical director for a TV show called **Big Money**. The show represents the Massachusetts State Lottery and will supposedly run for 39 weeks. In addition to Phil, musicians **Alan Dawson** and **Andy McGhee** will be featured. **db**

## Ethnic Mix

WARSAW—Japanese jazz Nipponese jazz outfit to play Polish artist Sadao Watanabe and his land. The group appeared at group recently became the first Warsaw's Maxim Club.

## Straight Talk On Salsa



CHICAGO—When Mongo Santamaria, conga player extraordinaire and longtime conjunto leader came to Chicago's dinner and dance club El Mirador for a two week stay, he had some comments debunking the "new" salsa sound which seems to be pushing the Latin jazz community into the spotlight, again.

"Salsa is no more than the Afro-Cuban jazz of the '30s and '40s; they were playing like that when I was a little kid in Cuba. What I play is Afro-Latin jazz. The improvising of the horns makes it sound like jazz, but if you listen to our whole sound you hear we're Afro-Cuban."

A descendant of a black Cuban slave, Mongo explained that "in Cuba and in Trinidad, Argentina, and Haiti, the slaves preserved the true African culture. We even speak Yorimba in Cuba!

"In the '40s, Dizzy Gillespie was looking for something from his background—that's why he was attracted to Chano Pozo, the black Cuban. Chano made the conga popular in the '40s, when nobody knew anything about Afro-Cuban music.

"Everything Harlow, Barretto and all the rest do today—the beat, the tunes—came from one man, Alsenio Rodriguez. He was a very great musician who's getting some recognition today, but when he died they had to collect money to bury him. He made the most funky Cuban music."

Santamaria, whose sidemen have included Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, and Hubert Laws, listens to Cuban radio via short wave for a couple of hours every day he's at home.

"The bands playing New York will be in trouble when we open relations with Cuba and the music starts coming in," he says. "Now in Cuba they have the electronic instruments, they play rock, they play jazz like here, and they play the traditional music, too. I like better the acoustic piano, the acoustic bass, but the younger musicians like the electronics. Well, I go for progress, but the present has a lot to do with the past."

10 □ down beat

## FINAL BAR

**Junior Collins** died on Monday, August 25, within a week of hospitalization for cancer. He was 53. He was buried in Dublin, New Hampshire.

As a husky young southerner out of Shreveport, Louisiana, Junior joined the Glenn Miller band in New Haven after the outbreak of World War II. The call had gone out for french horn players and four showed up, including Junior, who did not even belong to the union at the time. Collins was the one Miller kept, and Miller was fond of referring to him as "Addison S. Collins, Jr." (hence "Junior").

Overseas, during the bombardment of London, a small unit of the Miller band, led by Mel Powell, played on its own in Bedford, England. The small group was called Mel Powell's little Uptown Hall, and included Junior, Peanuts Hucko, Manny Thaler (bass clarinet), Trigger Alpert, and Frank Ippolito.

After Miller's death, the band was taken over by Tex Beneke. Junior played for a short time back in the States with the band, then played for a short while with Benny Goodman. ("Short," one friend says, "because he used to let Benny know he was out of tune.")

Stylistically, Junior was an innovator in his use of mutes, his phrasing, and in the kinds of musical settings he was willing to try (french horn playing lead over four trombones, for example). But perhaps most importantly, he was serious about playing bop on the french horn when bop was in its infancy. In 1948, Junior played with Miles Davis' "Tuba Band" at the Royal Roost in New York. The band was recorded live during two sessions on September 4 (*Why Do I Love You/ Godchild/ S'il Vous Plait/ Moon Dreams/ Hallucinations*) and September 18, 1948 (*Darn That Dream/ Move/ Moon Dreams II/ Hallucinations II*).

These sessions, just reissued as *Pre-Birth Of The Cool*, were the precursors of the Capitol *Birth Of The Cool* nonette. Junior also recorded *Old Folks, In The Still Of The Night, and If I Love Again* behind Charlie Parker and the Dave Lampert Singers on May 22, 1953 (Verve MGV 8009).

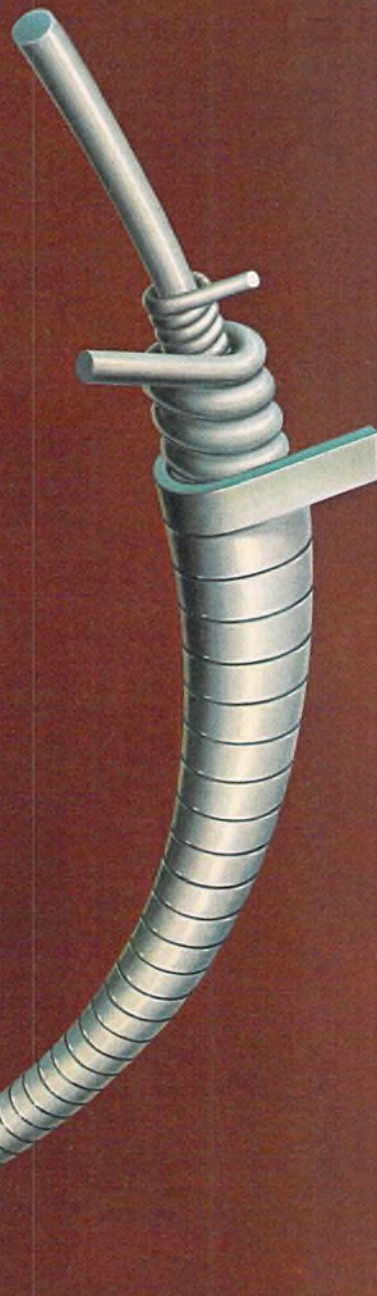
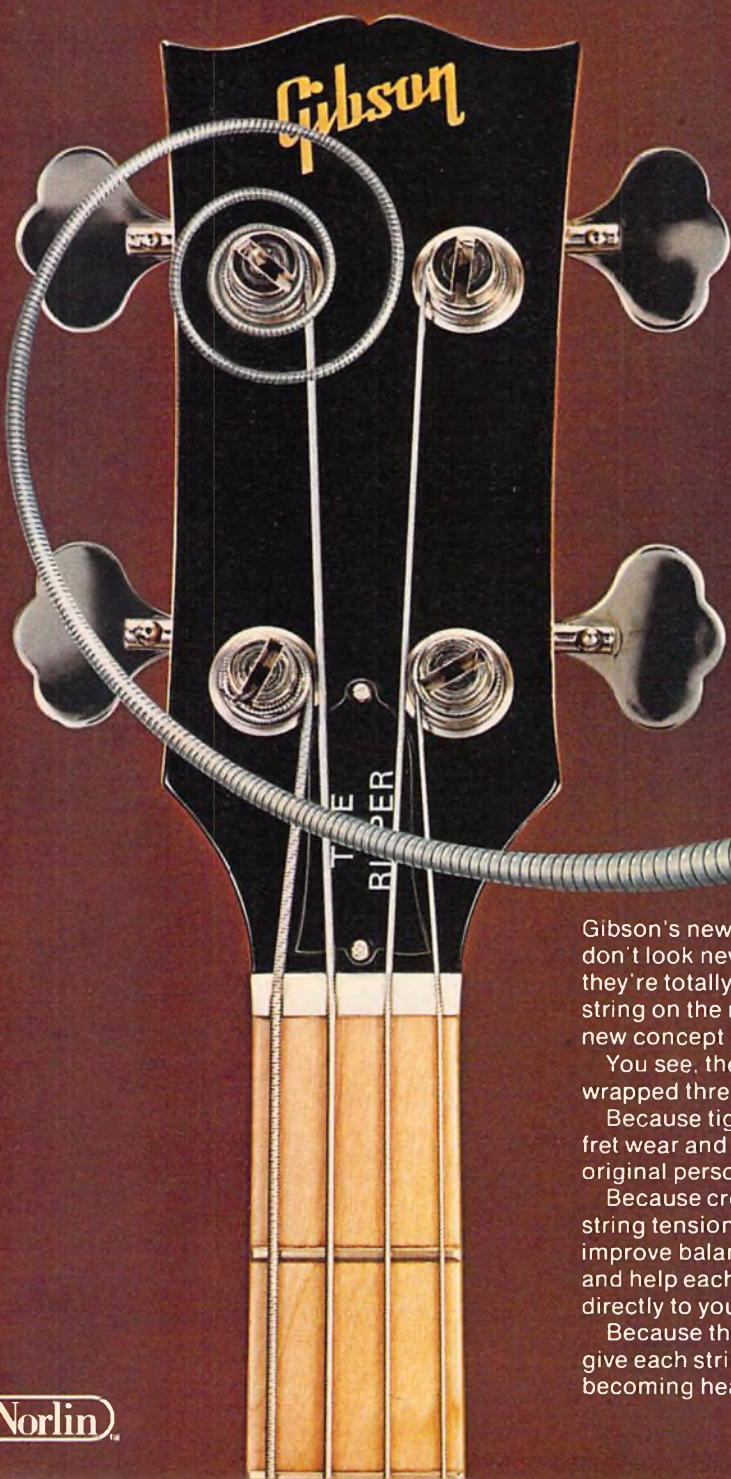
Towards the end of his life, Junior Collins was a member of the staff of two therapeutic communities in Dublin, New Hampshire. For eight years there he devoted his life to helping those in trouble, his social concerns having been awakened by his experience with drugs. Collins was a person best described as quite private, well-read (so much so that he never flaunted it), immensely gifted as a musician (but only musicians really knew it), and deeply committed to music and people.

**Cecil Collier**, better known as **Kid Haffey**, a blues singer in the style of Jimmy Rushing, died August 22 in Philadelphia. He was 67.

Collier began his singing career as a member of a group of singing dancers known as the Four Gingersnaps. Later on, he performed as a member of Bessie Smith's entourage.

Invited to join Count Basie's band after Rushing left the unit in 1950, the Kid nevertheless turned the offer down. During the '60s he performed regularly in New York at the Half Note Club with Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer. He also recorded with Zoot Sims and Al Cohn. Collier is survived by his wife and a sister.

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# Dues on Top of Dues

by Herb Nolan

It was an old joke, a throwaway line, but it crept into the conversation nonetheless.

"Well, at least you never had to take a job with the post office," I said casually. A wistful smile crossed Stanley Turrentine's face. "I could tell you a story," he said quietly, then was silent deciding whether he would or not.

"I had a lady—a wife," he said finally, "and we were living in Philadelphia at the time. I was just giggin', doing a lot of practicing, making a living. It wasn't a super living but we were paying the rent and eating. One day she went shopping with my gig money and came back loaded down with packages; and an envelope was in her mouth." The scene formed with remarkable clarity. "She told me to help her with the packages, then gave me the envelope. You know what it was? An application to the post office. Yeah, it actually happened. The post office! Doin' what? I was so hurt tears ran out of my eyes." And that's where the relationship ended; he packed and left.

It's an obscure footnote to the career of the 41-year-old tenor player from Pittsburgh, one he can look back on with some amusement. But it's also a reminder—like an old post card buried in a dresser drawer—that survival, let alone success, as a jazz player means paying dues on top of dues; it's about detours, false starts, and good breaks.

"I've been pretty fortunate," Turrentine will say again and again, adding a qualifying "lately." "Things have been moving. I'm glad to see so many people listening to me, they seem to be enjoying it. I'm the kind of person who just takes it as it comes, and, like I say, I've been pretty fortunate . . . so far."

Stanley Turrentine, like a number of other musicians from jazz contexts, has profited by the record buying public's new appetite for hybrid musical formats, traveling under names like jazz-rock, fusion music, jazz-funk. They have swept him into the recording market's mainstream.

Stanley refers to what he's doing these days as pop-soul. "Yeah, call it pop-soul. Is it pop-



HERB NOLAN

## STANLEY TURRENTINE

soul?" he asks rhetorically. "I don't know, everybody wants to label everything. I guess that's what you call it."

Whatever it's called, it's certainly a current musical environment for a tenor sound and style that is distinctively Turrentine's, one richly rooted in the traditions of Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins and Gene Ammons. (On his earliest recordings for Blue Note with his brother Tommy, Horace Parlan, George Tucker, and Al Harewood, there's an especially strong similarity to Ammons.)

"To me this is the highest point that jazz has ever been," he said at one juncture. "Everybody I know—Herbie, Freddie, Hubert, Ron—all those cats are doing well. Then again, it's just for a select few, as usual." Turrentine, a modest, easy talking man with a penchant for apples, is one of the few.

He slips a cassette into his tape machine. It's an unmixed, somewhat muffled rendering of his newest album. The recording, tentatively titled *Have You Ever Seen The Rain?*, features Freddie Hubbard, Ron Carter, Jack DeJohnette, and a 20-year-old pianist from UCLA named Patrice Rushen. It sounds beautiful.

"That's your first million seller," says his wife Rhita, who has joined him on the road. "It is, you mark my word."

"That's what she keeps telling me." Stanley smiles, but commits himself no further. It's obvious he's pleased with the new LP.

Over the years, Turrentine's records have done well. He has made about 28; some have hit the charts. Sales have really accelerated on his most recent albums. *Pieces Of Dreams* has been on the charts for almost a year, and *Spaced* (from the new LP, *In The Pocket*) has also cracked the coveted listings signaling commercial acceptance. He constantly plays to overflow crowds, mostly young people in their early 20s whose knowledge of Turrentine's music probably goes back only a few years, through his CTI period, where he worked with the remarkable group of artists

the label had assembled as a studio stable—Freddie Hubbard, Billy Cobham, Hubert Laws, George Benson, and Ron Carter.

It was for Creed Taylor's label that Stanley Turrentine first recorded a Bob James arrangement of *Pieces Of Dreams*, but the company rejected it. (It's since been released in an album containing other shelved material called *Sugarman*.) It was also with CTI that he began to get wider exposure.

"I think that's when things really started moving," Stanley recalls. "One thing CTI did was set a precedent as far as promotion was concerned. Before that, record companies never did buy spots, especially for jazz musicians. CTI got the musicians exposed, they did a great job of packaging, and I feel I was fortunate to have been able to work with the fine artists affiliated with the label. In the beginning, it was very nice: they did a lot for me."

Moving to Fantasy, Turrentine recorded *Dreams* again with an arrangement by Gene Page, a man who'd spent time with Barry White's Love Unlimited and who is the producer of Stanley's current musical settings. This time, the song came out in an album by the same name and has been doing well ever since.

"Gene and I have a certain rapport," said Turrentine, "he's fantastic, a wonderful person, and a fine writer. What I like about him is he can write around you, he writes for the situation. A lot of people tend to write well but they overwrite for a particular artist. He seems to be able to keep you at the focal point." Page is the most recent in a series of arrangers and writers, including Oliver Nelson, Thad Jones, and Bob James, with whom Stanley says he feels lucky to have been associated.

"As far as selecting tunes—you notice they're all pretty melodies—I just hear a song and I like it, it's a natural thing. For instance, when I first heard *Pieces Of Dreams*, it was in a movie and the movie was *sad*, but Michel Legrand writes such beautiful music . . . Then

### SELECTED TURRENTINE DISCOGRAPHY

IN THE POCKET—Fantasy 9478  
PIECES OF DREAMS—Fantasy 9465  
STANLEY TURRENTINE—Blue Note LA394-H2  
SUGAR—CTI 6005  
DON'T MESS WITH MISTER T—CTI 6030  
SALT SONG—CTI 6010  
YESTER ME YESTER YOU—Trip 5006

I heard Sarah Vaughan do it and that really put the icing on the cake. I like melodies, I like ballads, and bluesy things."

With heightened popularity, albums selling better than ever, full houses at club dates and concerts, Stanley Turrentine was bound to get some flack from critics, purists and older fans who were inclined to suggest that he'd sold out to a pop format and wasn't "stretching out" or playing as much in an improvisational sense.

"I don't think that basically I've changed my style over the years, there have been different musical trends, but I'm still playing the same style, just different songs in a different setting."

**S**tretching out. A poor term, perhaps, but the one Turrentine dealt with as he warmed to the subject. "Well, I don't know, it seems I'm sweating as hard as before. You play according to what the song is, that's the way I was taught. You can't stretch out on a . . . well, maybe . . . what's 'stretching out?' I guess that means to blow—to blow endlessly." The sarcasm in his voice danced with joy.

"What do they say? He's not stretching out because he's only playing two choruses? Well you can't play out of context. Charlie Parker said it years ago: if you can't say it in two choruses, you might as well give it up. And to me Charlie Parker is the epitome as far as this music is concerned; he's still the greatest innovator. So what's 'stretching out?' Unless it's what they call this *avant garde* music where one piece takes up the whole side of a record—I guess that's 'stretching out,' too. But then again, if it's not interesting to you, why do it?"

"It's always been up to me to decide whether I want to do a song or not," Turrentine continued evenly, "even material suggested by producers or record companies. I can honestly say that the songs I've done I did because I wanted to do them. I can listen to some of the oldest records I did for Blue Note and I feel no shame. You do your best, that's what I try to do. I'm another saxophone player interpreting a song the way I know how. When I do a record I never think in terms of a hit, I just play what I like to and that's it."

"I'm not trying to prove anything," a tired sigh followed the words, "or win any awards. I'm not going to mention any names, but I know a lot of cats who got a lot of awards, man, and that's about it. If I can go into a club and see people out there reacting to what I do—and I mean they're really, sincerely enjoying what I'm doing—that's a bigger award to me than any plaque anyone could give me. When you see this happening constantly, to make people happy for a few moments for something I do, that's my reward." It may have sounded maudlin, but there was no doubt that Stanley felt it deeply.

Stanley glanced at Rhita and smiled. Dressed in blue jeans and a loose fitting sport shirt, he felt relaxed and comfortable.

**T**he way Stanley Turrentine plays—his sound, his style, all the intangibles that make a musician an individual—all are closely tied to the environment he came up in.

"I consider Pittsburgh a very musical town," he said, delving into some history with enthusiasm. Some people aren't interested in talking about their roots, but with Stanley Turrentine it's important in understanding his musical personality.

"A lot of great musicians came out of Pittsburgh: Art Blakey, Kenny Clarke, Erroll Garner, Mary Lou Williams, Billy Eckstine. People there were very aware of music. Fortunately, I came up in a musical family. The topic was always music. There was no doubt in my mind what I wanted to be. I knew I was going to play some kind of music. A lot of kids growing up say they want to be a doctor one week and a lawyer the next; there was no doubt in my mind; as long as I can remember, it was to be a musician."

There was a night club attached to the musicians, Local 471 in Pittsburgh. Musicians coming through town used to jam there. The sessions were often marathon affairs going two or three days continuously. "I used to sneak in," recalled Turrentine. "I had a very good friend, LeRoy Brown, and he used to get me in and would put me in a dark corner way in the back. I heard all these cats playing—Nat King Cole, Art Tatum, Lester Young, Ben Webster, Illinois Jacquet—it was fantastic."

"We used to have sessions around Pittsburgh, and when I got older they let me play. I sat in with Illinois. Illinois Jacquet was a good friend and every time he'd come to town he'd call, 'Hey, Junior, come out and play.' And we'd go jam for hours and hours. I regret that that's not happening anymore, I consider jam sessions on-the-job training, because I learned so much. Then there were guys like Carl Arter, who I took lessons from, and my brother Tommy, who used to take the time to show me things. I'd say, 'How does this song go?' And they used to write out the changes or the melody line, and teach me the tune. Eventually, when I went on the road, there was always some place to jam. I think that's how I learned most of the things I know."

His father was a construction worker who played flute, clarinet and tenor saxophone and had worked with the Savoy Sultans. "He worked hard. But no matter how tired he was, after we'd eaten supper, we'd get out the horns and the music books."

"People talk about my sound quite often; I think he's really responsible for the way I sound. My lesson would be one note, and for the longest time he used to make the statement, 'Did you *hear* the note?' Yeah, I'd say, 'I heard I've been playin' it. But he meant, 'Did you hear the *complete* note with all its possibilities?' He taught me how to play in tune, how to control it, how much air to put into the horn to get certain notes, how to blow

from the diaphragm. My father spent a lot of time with me."

In high school, Turrentine had a band called Three Bees and a Bop. "I was the leader, so I was the Bop," he laughed. "We played proms, basketball games, everything." At 16, he went on the road for the first time, and that experience had a great impact on his style. The band was led by a singer and guitarist named Lowell Fulson, and Ray Charles was the featured pianist. It was a blues band.

"At that time they called it rhythm and blues. We used to travel in places like Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama—all over the South. We *stayed* down South. It was a time when you couldn't get hotels, they had white this and colored that, white water fountains, colored water fountains. I could tell you some hair-raising stories about the adventures we had down there just trying to play music. I think that experience had a lot of influence on the way I play today."

"Not only did you have to worry about simply traveling, but often your life was in danger for some nonsensical reason." Stanley stopped looking for the right words. "It's a feeling you get, man. I can't explain it, but it's a kind of feeling you got traveling around there during the 1950's, playing the kind of music we were playing. It never left."

"The music was all you had," he continued, "that's all. It was also my first experience being away from home. I don't regret it, we used to run across some great bands down there like Buddy Johnson and Amos Milburn. We played in little towns you'd never think of. We played in barns. They used to rope off the dance floor, blacks on one side, whites on the other side, but they were all dancing to the same music. Can you imagine that?" Stanley giggled. "I used to laugh, I thought that was really funny. It didn't make sense, it was just a rope separating everybody, and they were all dancing to the same music."

A few years later Turrentine worked another tough circuit with bands like Ray Charles, Earl Bostic, and as a baritone player with James Moody. "We'd start at the Apollo Theater, then go to the Howard, and then to Baltimore. You know they threw bottles and stuff at Ella Fitzgerald, that's how rough it was. '*Sing somethin!*' Stanley mimics the crowd. '*No Tisket A-tasket, sing the bluuues!*' They'd throw tomatoes at you. We did seven shows a day, and at the Apollo there was a midnight show—so it was eight, and you'd better be hoofin' it."

After Fulson and Ray Charles, Turrentine joined Earl Bostic, replacing John Coltrane. "Earl taught me a lot of things, especially about business. I admired him a great deal. When we were on the road, he sort of took me under his wing like a son. I think a lot of the breaks I've had come from associations with people like Earl Bostic; he was a good man. One thing I learned, you can't disassociate the music and the business part of it, you have to take care of it all. A lot of cats get involved in the music and they forget about the other part of it."

"*Naw, you shouldn't concern yourself with that,*" Turrentine parodies, "*I'll take care of it for ya, you just blow your horn.* Ha ha, yeah, you just do that, buddy, and see what happens to you. I even had a record company tell me, 'What do you need a lawyer for? That's a big joke.'"

In 1959, after military service where he

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***"It seems I'm sweating as hard as before. You play according to what the song is, that's the way I was taught . . . You can't play out of context. Charlie Parker said it years ago: if you can't say it in two choruses, you might as well give it up. And to me Charlie Parker is the epitome as far as this music is concerned; he's still the greatest innovator."***

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MARC POKEMPNER

# DEWEY REDMAN

## COINCIDENTALS

by  
John B.  
Litweiler

It's June in Evanston, Illinois, 94° on the street outside, and it feels downright good to sit next to the air conditioner in Dewey Redman's Holiday Inn room. He's in this college suburb of Chicago for five nights of sold-out shows with Keith Jarrett, and he's the first person I've met all week who isn't drenched with perspiration. Someone taped a bootleg Billie Holiday LP for him (she clearly preferred reminiscing to rehearsing), and Dewey is playing back her yarns on his Sony cassette machine:

"Listen to this . . . can you beat it? She says, 'I don't have a legit sound.' I figure this tape is from '54 or '55, she knows damn well she can sing, but a long time ago somebody told her, 'Look, you sing too slow, you sing like you're tired, you don't have a legitimate voice, what are you doing?' By now, it's this nagging thing on her psyche.

"A good sound is indescribable, but when I hear it I sure know what it is. You can put something down on paper that's a representation, but for as many people who play and sing, there might be that many good sounds. What's a good sound for an aborigine in Australia, or a guy in Africa, or Finland, or Brazil? So you can't say, 'There's an A440'—it might not be right for her. There's something that lets you know when it's a good sound."

It was that strange sound, hummed and mumbled through the tenor sax on Ornette Coleman's late '60s LPs, that introduced most of us to Dewey Redman. "I think Eddie Harris made a record where he made my kind of tone, but it was like a gimmick, and to me it's not a gimmick. It's part of the way I play, it's something that happens, and when it comes I let it out. With Ornette and with my own band it seems to come more than when I play with Keith." It's too bad that public attention has concentrated on his sound pioneering and the most violent of his avant-garde playing. Versatility is his aim, and

though the calm, unselfconscious Redman disavows bitterness, it's evident that he's irked at being pigeonholed.

Mostly on tenor, but also on alto sax (and on a future LP, baritone, too), clarinet, musette and zither, he plays with Ornette, that most vital of contemporary revolutionaries, the more conservative Jarrett, whose concepts are simpler and more stratified, and most importantly with his own groups (always including bassist Sirone and drummer Eddie Moore). He has also worked with Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra and the Jazz Composer's Orchestra; and his own LPs range from group improvisations to stone blues, from a very free zither mood piece to an unusually lovely tenor ballad. The responsive range demanded by such a variety of settings and multi-horn works might cow a lesser player, but Dewey's special contribution is his uncompromised but fully-at-ease negotiation of them all. He evolves distinct styles for the serious, disparate concepts of composers Coleman, Jarrett, Dewey Redman, and the rest.

With Coleman's band, his style is closely akin to Ornette's, but with others it's not. He admits to a Coltrane influence, too, but at age 43 he's the sum of a lifetime of practicing, listening and selecting. ("One of my first influences, when I picked up the clarinet, was *Blue Flame* by Woody Herman; later I loved Gene Ammons from the first time I heard him, and at one time I could sound almost like him.") At one time or another, people say Redman sounds very pretty, very fierce, like Ornette, like rock, or like the wide open spaces of dusty, funky Texas; Dewey probably agrees with them all—but not all the time. Heretofore, the only Redman information in English print comes from record liners and Impulse Records PR. That's unjustified; his musicianship is thorough, a devotion. For all his experience, he remains one

of the very fresh, bright voices in contemporary music.

. . .

*Do you think there's a real Texas style of playing tenor?*

"I'll never be able to answer that, and I hear it all the time. You're asking, 'Is there a well that every tenor player from Texas drinks from?' Right? I think it's a myth, in a way. The facts are known: Illinois Jacquet, Don Wilkerson, Herschel Evans—I could go on and on with Texas tenor players. But the first time I heard Fathead, David Newman, he was playing alto, beautiful alto. Buster Smith, Bird's teacher, stayed about two blocks from me in Fort Worth. His parents started Smith's Rolls, one of the few black businesses there, but when I was a boy I didn't even know about Buster Smith the musician.

"As a matter of fact, as far as I can determine, Don Redman is my uncle. My parents divorced early, when I was eight or nine, and I knew the name Don Redman when I was in high school. But my mother was not into music, and she never said anything about him. When I saw the picture on an album of *Don Redman and the McKinney's Cotton Pickers*, my dad could have been Don Redman's twin. My dad was short, Don Redman was short, they looked just alike, the same features. I checked out the ages and everything, but I have no positive proof: as best as I can get it together, the family split up in Virginia, Don went to New York, and my father and his sister came to Texas. I made a date to talk to Don Redman's widow in New York, but I haven't been by there. I hope to see my aunt in Dallas sometime soon, and maybe she can clear it up. It's very strange how saxophone playing can be transmitted through the genes.

"I'd always liked music. We had this house on the corner—it was a middle class black

neighborhood at the time—and diagonally across the street was a beer joint with a loud juke box with marvelous music: I used to sit in the front yard and listen to old Duke Ellington records, and that's the first memory I have. Finally I decided I wanted a clarinet, so my mother bought me one when I was 13. I had to walk to the other side of town once or twice a week to get lessons from a Mr. Goodman, whose office was in a church basement. I took six months of lessons from him, and he started me with the regular stuff.

"He was also the music director of the Baptist church—they had a choir and a band both—and most of the guys in the band were young. They'd play while the people marched around the collection plate. After three months I could read whole notes and dotted quarter notes, so he said, 'You can read good enough, why don't you come along with the band?' So there I was in this big church with all the shouting, beautiful. We were playing out of hymnals, and I noticed something was funny when we started playing. What he didn't tell me was that I was playing a B flat instrument and the hymns were in C, and I had to figure all that out for myself. So on my first gig I learned how to transpose.

"There was a black radio station that played what they called 'race music,' not soul or black music. The live music at the time was guys on tour on the southern circuit, and it was always dances, never concerts. As I remember, Louis Jordan was always there, and he'd draw a big crowd. Illinois Jacquet, Big Jay McNeely, Buddy Johnson was a great big draw, Joe Liggins, Jimmy Liggins, Pee Wee Crayton, T-Bone Walker, Arnett Cobb—though I don't remember that Arnett had his own band. It was mostly blues in the South, and I tried to hear everybody.

"Throughout the South there was usually only one black high school in town, even in a town as big as Fort Worth—I guess it was 300 or 400,000 people even then. John Carter came from the same side of town as Ornette, and he was a couple years ahead. About '47 they had a very good group called the Jam Jivers that played *Take Me Back To The Shack*, *Jack* and all the Louis Jordan tunes. Prince Lasha, Ornette, Charles Moffat was playing drums, and they played for high school assemblies plus some gigs after school.

"There was a guy around the corner from me who loved music—I think it was about my second year in high school—and one day he put on this new record I didn't like. But the music stuck in my mind, so I went back a week or two later and listened to it again. This time it hit me, it just knocked me down. That was my introduction to Charlie Parker. As a matter of fact, this guy's a sergeant on the New York police force now, and I think he still has every one of the old 78s that Bird ever made.

"There was a fantastic saxophone player from Fort Worth who had blown on the road with rhythm and blues bands: Red Connor, one of the best I've ever heard, played his ass off. He just completely knocked me out, his command of the instrument, his tone was so beautiful. I would say he was the John Coltrane of that time. Maybe I'd do him a disservice by trying to compare, but I would say his sound was maybe like Gene Ammons, Wardell, Dexterish—that would be close. He died around '54, '53; I guess he was just four or five years older than me.

"I had a little raggedy silver alto that I'd take to jam sessions just to get in without paying, because I couldn't play it at all. When I got in I'd put it under the seat so nobody would know I had it. But one day Red Connor said, 'Hey, little brother, come on up and play something.' He was tremendous—it's too bad he never recorded. By then Moffat, Lasha, Ornette, an alto player named Ben Martin, another drummer named Buster Williams, they were playing bebop, and burning the shit out of it. By this time Ornette, instead of sounding like Louis Jordan, was playing Bird. In fact, I've heard a lot of players, but to me Ornette was closer to Bird's sound and phrasing than anybody else. You don't get to hear him do it any more, but he still can. Even now, he did it in Europe one time."

**T**hrough his high school years, the marching band (including Dewey) won many state awards. When he entered Tuskegee Institute in 1948 to study electric engineering, Redman immediately joined the college marching band—and the swing band, too, and even gipped with a local singer. The swing band director liked Dewey, gave him solos to play, and introduced him to Count Basie when the

plus a master's degree in education in 1959. "Since I was already gigging, I didn't investigate the music department at all, though at the time they were highly rated. Only one or two other schools were giving a degree in jazz."

With studying, teaching, and gigging in Austin (with James Jordan, now Ornette's manager), the Bastrop years were hectic. Dewey doesn't mention the awards his band won, or his struggles to acquire instruments for his pupils; now they seem less important than other irritants. "It being a small school, in the morning I had fifth and sixth grades coming in, and in the afternoon I had music classes. But I also had to teach after school, because they didn't have time during the day for band practice. It just bugged the shit out of me—if the band was good enough to be part of the educational program, why wasn't it good enough to be part of the regular schedule? They worked me to death." When his master's degree came, Dewey drew out his retirement cash, packed his property, and left for Los Angeles. "I didn't really want to be a full-time musician, because I could see that it was a very hard life. But when you have music in you and you want to get it out, teaching is not the thing."

Dewey's father had settled in Los Angeles, and father and son hadn't seen each other

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***"Whether I play with Kelth or Ornette or my own bands, the music is paramount. It took me a long time to learn how to listen, and to listen to myself and what I play. The music should be first, not the ego or the personality or the style. When I played with Ornette, it was different shapes, forms, colors, format—it was different from playing with Kelth or my own band. One thing I always keep in mind is that I'm a good sideman. I listen, I try to fit in, and I try to make my style compatible with the music that's happening at the time. I think of myself as a student of music, and I study all kinds in order to project myself and make my music better."***

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pianist passed through Alabama. But Tuskegee was expensive and Dewey quickly lost interest in calculus; so three months later he returned to Fort Worth. A year later he entered Prairie View A & M, 40 miles from Houston, to study industrial arts and minor in music. Again the marching band and the swing band and the occasional gigs, and now the alto sax. He'd learned the basics in his high school years, but here he concentrated on it. And when the swing band tenor soloist graduated, Dewey switched instruments: the tenor sax has been his major ever since.

"At that time for every white school they had to have a black school, supposedly equal, but Texas A & M and Prairie View weren't." Dewey's bachelor's degree came in 1953; and almost immediately he entered the post-Korean War Army. Segregation prevented his joining the Army band, and he spent his two years in Fort Worth, El Paso (where he studied with a local trumpeter), and finally, the remarkably-named Fort Bliss. His first teaching job came in the '56-'57 school year in Plainview, "a little black community between Amarillo and Lubbock. But the next year I got a job in Bastrop, about 30 miles from Austin, and I taught there for three years." 36 months of the G.I. Bill provided enough for three full summers and parts of the regular school years at North Texas State,

since the parents' divorce. After a month of hunting, Dewey received a telegram from Texas stating that his father was terminally ill with throat cancer in a Los Angeles VA hospital. "So I got to see him before he died. He couldn't talk because he had all these things in his throat, but we communicated with eyes: yes, no, and so forth." The LA music scene was too restricted for Dewey's taste, and after his father's death he joined some friends for a two-week visit to San Francisco. He stayed seven years.

"If I didn't have New York, I would stay in San Francisco now: it's a beautiful town. At the time, the Haight-Ashbury was growing, the rock groups—Jefferson Airplane, Janis Joplin—were just starting. Kids from all over America were coming, 'cause it was a little liberal. It was the center of things—not New York, not Chicago, or LA.

"There was much more work for rock musicians, but there was good jazz going on. I played with a lot of good musicians, including Pharoah (Sanders), Don (Raphael) Garrett, and Smiley (Winters). Monty Waters plays alto—he's with Joe Lee Wilson in New York now—and we had a big band together. He wrote most of the tunes, and I had several in the book also; we played all originals. I started studying piano in San Francisco so I could voice and play changes, instead of

more or less by ear. I studied note by note, scale by scale. I still concentrated on tenor—actually, I'd prefer to play more alto, but since I've played tenor for so long I think I'm a damn good tenor player now.

"I met a wonderful gentleman in Berkeley, Eldon Mills. In fact I have a tune on *Look For The Black Star* called *For Eldon*. He loved music; he had a lighthouse up in the hills, you could look across the bay, it was marvelous, beautiful. I didn't have a gig at the time, I was on my ass, and he said, 'You can stay at my house for free.' I didn't have to pay rent, nothing. When I moved over, Monty was staying there along with the Montgomery Brothers—that was before Wes really made it—and I got acquainted with Wes and played with him. All kinds of musicians were constantly coming in and out. Eldon was a CPA; he left town in '66, and then died broke and penniless, but he was one of the most beautiful men I ever met, and he loved the music so much. I was just one of the family.

"There was more music in San Francisco then than there is now, and before I came there was even more: people used to tell me about International Settlement. There were a couple clubs, the Blackhawk, the Jazz Workshop, for musicians passing through, and that's the way it is anywhere. You could work in strip places and Barbary Coast kind of things mostly, but there were a lot of musicians who worked.

"I studied a lot out there, I did a lot of practicing on the saxophone. I had a place to play, Bop City, that opened at two at night and closed at six in the morning. It had been going a long time, because they had old pictures of Charlie Parker on the wall, and that's where everybody who could play would go to play. Coltrane came down after his gig one night, heard me, and told me he liked the way I played. Immediately I said, 'I'd like to come up to your motel and talk to you,' and he said, 'Okay,' and it was great. I was happy for a year after that. Bop City was good training for me, and it was open every night. Finally I had my own band at another after-hours place, Soulville. We'd start at two, just a quartet. Sometimes I had Jim Young on piano, Raphael (Donald Garrett) on bass, and Eddie Moore on drums. (This is the group in *Look For The Black Star*, Arista-Freedom 1011, recorded 1966). Sometimes Art Lewis would play drums, and it was just like another Bop City."

**B**y 1967, when Redman left San Francisco, only Winters, Garrett, and Sonny Simmons were left among the local heavies. The first drummer he worked with in New York was the visionary Sunny Murray. Dewey soon joined Ornette, and remained his old schoolmate's constant partner up to late '74. He joined Jarrett in the early '70s, and for an eight-month period commuted between Coleman, Jarrett, Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra, and his own bands. That brings us to the present, Dewey working with Jarrett, along with Haden, his mate from Ornette's band ("it's ironic that Charlie and I are together again: it's just something that happened"), and leading his own groups, though not as often as he'd prefer.

"Music is the most powerful force on this planet: it has the power to make you laugh, 16 □ down beat

cry, dance, sing, whatever. I write music like it comes to me. I don't say, 'I'm going to sit down and write this.' I have no formula. Ornette is different, that's a natural thing for him. He's got literally a thousand tunes, he writes all the time, but that's him. Keith writes differently; maybe Dizzy or Miles write differently. I'm not prolific like that. I write when I have to. I don't mean when I've got a gig or a record date and I have to come up with some new music. I mean I write when it comes to me.

"I enjoy life a lot, and I think that's composing also. I don't even have to be around my instrument to practice: I know the distance between keys, so I can do this on the subway (he fingers *Yardbird Suite* on his left leg), and I use facial isometrics to strengthen the muscles I use when I play. New York is so hectic that you don't have a chance to practice all the time; but when I get to my instruments I'm halfway there already."

## SELECTED REDMAN DISCOGRAPHY

### as a leader

COINCIDE—Impulse 9300  
EAR OF THE BEHEARER—Impulse 9250  
TARIK—French BYG-Actuel (out of print)  
LOOK FOR THE BLACK STAR—  
Arista Freedom 1011

### with Keith Jarrett

DEATH AND THE FLOWER—Impulse 9301  
TREASURE ISLAND—Impulse 9274  
FORT YAWUH—Impulse 9240  
EXPECTATIONS—Columbia KG 31580  
EL JUICIO—Atlantic 1673  
BIRTH—Atlantic 1612

### with Ornette Coleman

SCIENCE FICTION—Columbia KC 31061  
FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS—  
Flying Dutchman FDS 123  
CRISIS—Impulse 9187  
ORNETTE AT 12—Impulse 9178  
LOVE CALL—Blue Note 84356  
NEW YORK IS NOW—Blue Note 84287

### with Charlie Haden

LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA—Impulse 9183

### with JCOA

ESCALATOR OVER THE HILL (Carla Bley and Paul Haines)—JCOA 3-EOTH  
RELATIVITY SUITE (Don Cherry)—JCOA 1006  
NUMATIK SWING BAND (Roswell Rudd)—  
JCOA 1007

*Who do you play with regularly when you lead groups?*

"Besides Sirone and Eddie Moore, Ted Daniels on trumpet. (Cellist) Calo Scott had been rehearsing with us, but he had a stroke and he wasn't able to play. Oh, God have mercy, if I could have kept that band together—Jane Robertson played on the album (*The Ear Of The Behearer*), she was nice, she was sensitive—but Calo was really amazing. Leroy Jenkins played violin on the *Coincide* album."

*You really like the sound of string instruments.*

"I don't like one particular sound over another. I think all sounds have a place in music. It's not what you play, I think it's how you play it. I really believe in sound. Hypothetically, you can have one piano, but Monk can sit down and play, bam!, Cecil Taylor can sit down and play, bam!, Keith Jarrett, bam!, Herbie Nichols, bam!, Bud

Powell, bam!, each of those guys would play the same white keys and black keys and strings, and it's a different sound each time."

*Your sound changes so much from context to context.*

"The mood of the piece dictates what should be played—it's hard to explain. I wouldn't play one ballad the way I'd play another. In *Ear Of The Behearer* I do a tune called *Boody*. . . ."

*It's different from your blues playing on Keith's Treasure Island record. . . .*

"Right, and it's a different kind of tune. I would like it if I'm not categorized, stylized. Like, if someone heard me and said, 'Oh, that's Dewey Redman,' I don't think I'd like that. What I'd like is that, in whatever context—it may be symphonic, anything—you'd hear me and say, 'That's a good player.' My ambition is not to be a stylist: I would like to be versatile in all media. But that's a big job."

*Yet I think Dewey Redman is an identifiable musician.*

"Maybe I don't want to be. If you hear a record with Keith or with Ornette you assume that's me, but suppose you heard me with someone else."

*Like the Haden record, where Gato Barbieri is the other tenor soloist?*

"That's what I'm saying. If I play a blues, I'm going to play it naturally, Texas style or whatever, right? But if I play a blues in the same key with Keith, instead of with my band or Ornette's, it's different, and I try to adjust myself. I haven't heard anybody who can pull it off, but I'd like to play in every context and be good.

"I think *Coincide* is the best record I've ever done. It's diverse, and I like that; every tune is different in mood, in style, in time, in rhythm, harmony, everything. My training and studying up to this point has led me to this diversity. To me it seems more natural than if I just played the whole record screaming and hollering. I've been very lucky to have guys sympathetic to what I'm trying to do."

*The other night your solos began in theme-and-variation format, and nobody else in Keith's band plays that way. Do you consciously think of yourself as complementing Keith's music?*

"Whether I play with Keith or Ornette or my own bands, the music is paramount. It took me a long time to learn how to listen, and to listen to myself and what I play. The music should be first, not the ego or the personality or the style. When I played with Ornette, it was different shapes, forms, colors, format—it was different from playing with Keith or my own band.

"One thing I always keep in mind is that I'm a good sideman. I listen, I try to fit in, and I try to make my style compatible with the music that's happening at the time; I think of myself as a student of music, and I study all kinds in order to project myself and make my music better."

*How do you feel your approach to tenor saxophone has changed in time? Your own Impulse records sound different from your work with Ornette or with Keith.*

"Those two Impulse recordings are me, not Keith, so that might be one difference. I'm more flexible, by way of experience. I think my sound is better and I know more about music than when I first recorded with Ornette. It goes back to the music being more important than the personality."



# Kenny Barron

## Communicating With His Keys

by Neil Tesser



MARC POLEMPNER

Everybody's talking these days. The music world—and specifically the various oases that fall under the catch-all heading of “jazz”—has radically altered its stance towards non-musical communication in recent years; attitudes have certainly changed since the days when bebop was designed to be a foreign language, when cool Miles Davis walked off the stage, and when Mancini's evocative, correctly abstract melodies struck a suitable *leitmotif* for the strong—and more importantly, *silent*—Peter Gunn.

But many factors—not the least of which is a reaction against the “who-cares-who’s-listening” attitude that many late-’60s avant-gardists were defensively forced to adopt—have made the subject of communication paramount for contemporary musicians. And that means communication through not only the music, but also through certain extra-curricular activities: the espousal of Krishna Consciousness or Scientology, the expansion into other artistic disciplines, the granting of long and often verbally dazzling interviews. These days, everybody's talking.

Yet Kenny Barron hasn't got that much to say, at least verbally. It's not that he's particularly inarticulate, or slow-witted—nothing like that. He's just *quiet*, softly discussing the matter at hand, only occasionally rolling out a metaphor or other colorful figure of speech, his sentences transpiring with the lean simplicity and unpretentious familiarity found in the piano lines of Hank Jones and Tommy Flanagan, whose styles influenced him the most. Fittingly, this major influence was the consequence of the thrickest exposure to these most economical of pianists.

“There was that touch,” he recalls, “they both had that very light touch: I was very impressed with that. And they're very lyrical, their ideas, there was a flow. . . . And you know, I've *never* heard Tommy Flanagan play in person. I have just one record with him, a Sonny Rollins date. And that did it. I've never heard Hank Jones live, either; I saw him on TV once or twice.”

Even a cursory listen to either of Barron's own albums on Muse, or to his recent contributions to sessions led by George Benson or James Moody or Buddy Rich, will confirm that this 32-year-old pianist has used the Jones-Flanagan influence as only the most basic building block of his musical constructs. In a career spanning 15 years and including extended apprenticeships with Dizzy Gillespie, Freddie Hubbard and Yusef Lateef, Kenny Barron has added bits and pieces of a continually evolving mainstream to his pliable musical concept. He is *not* an

immediately recognizable stylist, at least not yet. There are none of the blatant, sure-fire trademarks that instantly distinguish a Tyner, Jarrett, Corea, or Taylor performance. Yet the versatility, the consistent high quality and the steadily expanding breadth of his keyboard approach make Kenny Barron an important figure in modern jazz. Like the late-'50s stylists who left a lasting impression on him, Barron is a portmanteau pianist, summing and summoning up in one style a highly accurate picture of what has gone before, and where it all has led.

Portmanteau, too, are his attitudes about survival in a time when the “starving artist” stereotype is strictly passé: “Musically, I want to move in areas that are artistically rewarding to myself, and at the same time financially rewarding. You know. I want to make some money; I don't believe a musician is supposed to be poor, and suffer.

“But making money doesn't mean I'll do something that I don't *want* to do musically. And I think this will work for me because I enjoy all kinds of music. One day I'll listen to some Bartok string quartets, the next day to James Brown. I like music that much—different kinds of music. And I'd like to be able to play that way also; if I had a group, I would like them to be flexible enough to do all those things, and to do them all well, and enjoy all of them.”

For many listeners, the “if” in that statement should be changed to “when.” His Muse sessions have established the fact that he can more than adequately lead a band; his upcoming album, tentatively called *Lucifer*, adds another dimension to Barron's leadership role, since it is the first of his dates to feature a hornman. Then there are the even more intangible factors, such as the man's quiet maturity and the unobtrusive respect he commands from colleagues as well as audiences. Still another plus is his considerable compositional ability, a talent that first brought him to the attention of his current employer, Yusef Lateef.

“The first time I worked with Yusef was when I was still in high school, and he came to Philly.” Barron, like every third musician you come across, was born in the city of fraternal affection, and remained there until his late teens. “Yusef was playing the Showboat

—this was on a Monday matinee set—and his pianist was late. I had been playing around town with Jimmy Heath, and Jimmy gave Yusef my number, and I played the gig.

“Then a few months after that, he called me from Detroit, where he was playing, and so I went out and worked with him there. That job was just a week, but when we finished he asked me to write something for him, for a recording he had coming up. He asked me to arrange a tune, and to compose one, too, which I had never done. It came out all right.” The album was a Riverside LP, *The Centaur And The Phoenix*.

All of this was in 1960, and it constituted a rather prestigious foot in the door for the 17-year-old pianist. (It would be over a decade before Barron would rejoin Lateef as a permanent member of his quartet.) So with these fledgling credentials and about ten years of formal piano study behind him, Barron made the relatively short trek to New York City, in 1961. He was something less than an instant success.

“In fact,” he relates, “when I got to New York, I wasn't involved in *anything!*” He moved in with his older brother Bill, a tenor saxist well respected among New York jazz people, on the Lower East Side, playing with the other musicians who lived in the neighborhood. Soon he became part of a short-lived group led by trumpeter Ted Curson and featuring Bill Barron and the then-emergent Joe Farrell. But things began to click, indirectly, when the young pianist played briefly with James Moody. “I happened to meet Moody one day walking down Broadway, shortly after he had joined up with Dizzy Gillespie. This was 1962, and Moody told me that Dizzy's pianist, Lalo Schifrin, was leaving. Then he asked if I might be interested, and I said ‘Of course!’ I mean, how could you turn it down?”

“Diz called a few weeks after that, when his group was in at Birdland, and invited me down to talk. I went down, we spoke, and he hired me. We had only talked! He simply trusted Moody's recommendation of my playing.” (1962 was also the year Kenny Barron got married: his wife and he now have two children.)

Barron spent four of his most formative years with Gillespie, and then moved on to

**"I want to experiment with electronics; but I don't think I could make that a way of life. When McCoy and Keith say that they won't touch an electric instrument, I can understand why. After all, you can't really recognize anybody on the electric piano; it's very difficult to control, as far as touch is concerned. What it boils down to is everyone sounds good on an electric piano."**

the band led by one of Dizzy's most obvious musical sons, Freddie Hubbard. He stayed in that group until 1969. "I learned a lot from Diz in terms of formulating ideas and then bringing them out with consistency. But I really began to develop while I was with Freddie. Freddie gave me more of a chance to stretch out, and we were playing some very interesting and intricate music. We recorded one album, *High Blues Pressure*, for which Freddie augmented the group: I don't think it was really representative of the group at that time. But it was an excellent group."

There was a brief fling with a musical cooperative called the Jazz Communicators after that—a group whose members were signed to such a multiplicity of record companies that recording a disc became a contractual impossibility—and some work with Jimmy Owens. Then, while he was backing up blues singer Esther Marrow, he got another call from the man who gave him his first real breaks. Since the call in 1971, Kenny Barron has played piano for Yusef Lateef.

In recent years, Lateef has mellowed considerably in his live performances; for some listeners, he has even become stale, and his rhythm section, featuring bassist Bob Cunningham and Albert Heath (Kuumba), has provided all the excitement. Yet that's a conclusion with which Barron, from his unique perspective, fully disagrees.

"Yusef amazes me," he says calmly, surely. "I mean, for a guy his age"—Yusef is 55—"the amount of energy he displays is amazing. I hope I have that kind of energy when I'm his age. And naturally, we draw on that; everyone sort of feeds off one another. This is one of the most enjoyable bands I've ever been in."

"But Yusef is really inspirational, in more ways than one. For instance, he inspired us to go back to school. At one point, *everybody in the band* was in school, you know, as students. I was in one of the classes Yusef teaches at Borough Of Manhattan Community College, and I also had regular liberal arts courses there. I had only started college, at the Philadelphia Musical Academy, right after high school, but I wasn't ready for it back then: too busy hanging out, and playing. I quit after two months."

"But in Yusef's class I learned some compositional techniques which were really fascinating. As a matter of fact, for one of the class projects at the end of the year, I wrote a string quartet, using 12-tone techniques"—he pauses in self-amazement, the novelty of the enterprise still fresh—"and that's something it never would have entered my mind to do. A couple of other students also did quartets, and when we were finished, we wanted to hear what all that work sounded like. So we hired some studio musicians to rehearse all the pieces and then to play a concert at the

city university graduate center. *That* was inspirational."

As is so often the case with Kenny Barron, each of those experiences has left a noticeable mark on his work and life. The latest Lateef album, *Ten Years Hence*, includes the Barron composition *A Flower*, with an added string quartet background arranged and conducted by the pianist. And his re-entrance into academia as a student led quickly to another development: the current school year is his third as a full-time instructor of theory, keyboard harmony and piano at Rutgers University in New Jersey.

In fact, his teaching—along with Yusef's teaching, and the fact that Bob Cunningham is a music student at Hofstra and Kuumba now lives in Sweden—is why you rarely hear of Yusef's quartet except during the summer. At this point, they tour only during the summer months, working together rarely if at all during the academic year.

Despite the long layoffs, however, the group stays tight because of the strong personal bonds underlying their musical relationship. One example of such unity is the book *Something Else: Writings of the Yusef Lateef Quartet*, published in 1973 and now gaining distribution through several major bookstore chains. The book comprises poetry, closet plays, fiction and short essays by each of the band's members, and provides for all of them an interesting outlet for non-musical communication.

#### SELECTED BARRON DISCOGRAPHY

featured  
 SUNSET TO DAWN—Muse 5018  
 PERUVIAN BLUE—Muse 5044  
 Kenny Barron-Jimmy Owens Quintet  
 YOU HAD BETTER LISTEN—Atlantic 1491  
 with George Benson  
 BAD BENSON—CTI 6045  
 with Albert Heath  
 KWANZA—Muse 5031  
 with Jimmy Heath  
 THE GAP SEALER—Cobblestone 9012  
 with Joe Henderson  
 THE KICKER—Milestone 9008  
 TETRAGON—Milestone 9017  
 with Freddie Hubbard  
 HIGH BLUES PRESSURE—Atlantic 1501  
 with James Moody  
 EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW  
 ABOUT SAX AND FLUTE—Cadet 2CA 60010  
 FEELIN' IT TOGETHER—Muse 5020  
 AND THE BRASS FIGURES—Milestone 9005  
 THE BLUES AND OTHER COLORS—  
 Milestone 9023  
 with Buddy Rich  
 VERY ALIVE AT BUDDY'S PLACE—  
 Groove Merchant GM 3301  
 TRANSITION—Groove Merchant GM 3302  
 with Yusef Lateef  
 TEN YEARS HENCE—Atlantic 2-1001  
 PART OF THE SEARCH—Atlantic 1650

A short change of pace came in the spring of 1974, when Barron joined the surprisingly modern sextet put together by Buddy Rich to play at his club in New York. "Bob Cranshaw was originally going to play bass for that group, and he gave Buddy's manager my name. In turn, I recommended that Sonny Fortune play sax for the group. And by the time we got together, Cranshaw couldn't make it anymore." Barron played with Buddy for just two months, having at the outset explained his prior summer commitment with Yusef; but the sextet recorded one disc for Groove Merchant. And Barron played on Buddy's next LP for the same label. "No problems with Buddy," he says. "I mean, I didn't hang out with him, but it was a good gig."

As mentioned before, Kenny Barron is a portmanteau pianist in 1975, and as such that has to include electronics. He first played the electric piano in 1967 and liked it, and he uses it frequently and to good advantage on both Muse outings. But he has yet to do any serious work with synthesizer.

"I want to experiment with electronics; but I don't think I could make that a way of life. When McCoy and Keith say that they won't touch an electric instrument, I can understand why. After all, you can't really recognize anybody on the electric piano; it's very difficult to control, as far as touch is concerned. What it boils down to is everyone sounds good on an electric piano. Now, for certain effects, I like it, the stereo effect of the vibrato, for instance. But you can't use that on every tune."

"It's getting to the point now where acoustic piano is almost a novelty. I think electronic instruments can be used; they're just another tool for expression. But it's all in how you use it. And I don't know how many musicians have gotten hip to this yet, to the idea that electronics can be used judiciously. Most of the groups are still into heavy electronics, and that's kind of a drag, because there's a certain sameness that imparts to all their playing. They all have different concepts, but there's still that sameness."

"I mean, I enjoy Herbie Hancock's stuff a lot. It's funky, but sophisticated also, and well put together. Chick's music is perhaps a little further out, but I appreciate it, too. And I like Weather Report. But I just wish I could hear Herbie play *piano* more, and Chick too."

Actually, recent events have made the current musical milieu paradoxically ripe for Barron's wish to come true. The "acoustic backlash," prominently led by Jarrett, Tyler, and the quartet called Oregon, has reaffirmed the value of non-electric music. In addition, this decade has seen an important re-awakening in piano expertise, an opening up of individual stylists to daring concepts beyond the often confining piano role of much of the last decade's music. The instrument is being used more idiosyncratically, and with more freedom: "piano lib."

Barron is doing his share. "One thing I'll always do, as long as I'm fortunate enough to record, is to include a solo piece on each of my albums." (His second, *Peruvian Blue*, features a fascinating duet with guitarist Ted Dunbar as well.) "I feel it's neglected."

Another subject of Barron's interest involves the vaguely metaphysical aspects of music. "Different keys, as many people know, can have differing effects on you. Some keys

# RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

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

## RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK

THE CASE OF THE 3 SIDED DREAM IN AUDIO COLOR—Atlantic SD 1674: Side One: *Conversation*; *Bye Bye Blackbird*; *Horses (Monogram/Republic)*; *High Heel Sneakers*; *Dream*; *Echoes Of Primitive Ohio And Chili Dogs*; *The Entertainer (Done In The Style Of The Blues)*; Side Two: *Freaks For The Festival*; *Dream*; *Portrait Of Those Beautiful Ladies*; *Dream*; *The Entertainer*; *Dream*; Side Three: *Dream*; *Portrait Of Those Beautiful Ladies*; *Dream*; *Freaks For The Festival*; 29270H: *Bye Bye Blackbird*; *Conversation*.

Personnel: Kirk, tenor and bass saxes, flute, trumpet, stritchaphone and manzello; Cornell Dupree, Keith Loving and Hugh McCracken, guitars; Arthur Jenkins, Hilton Ruiz and Richard Tee, keyboards; Francisco Centeno, Metathias Pearson and Bill Salter, basses; Sonny Brown, Steven Gadd and John Goldsmith, drums; Lawrence Killian, congas; Ralph MacDonald, congas and percussion; Pat Patrick, baritone sax.

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It's hazardous to predict immortality for works produced just yesterday, but for Rahsaan Roland Kirk's *The Case Of The 3 Sided Dream In Audio Color* the risk seems justified. More than a collection of fine musical performances, Kirk's latest album is a self-examining laser which cuts deeply into the inner worlds of his waking and sleeping dreams.

The six *Dream* episodes interspersed among the album's three sides are sound collages of recurring aural stimuli—thunder, the tinkling of a ragtime piano, an altoist playing *Just Friends* (Bird?), a female voice singing *God Bless The Child* (Billie?), church bells, distant screams, a chugging steam locomotive, glass breaking, exploding cannons, etc.—which derive from Kirk's childhood experiences in Ohio.

The dream concept extends to the music as well. *Echoes of Primitive Ohio And Chili Dogs*, for example, is framed by the barking of dogs while *The Entertainer* gets a low-key blues, back-room, summer-in-the-country treatment. These touches again conjure up Kirk's rural roots.

The circular, repetitive structure of the album itself is a further extension of dream phenomena. Variations of the same tunes, as with the *Dream* motifs, make kaleidoscopic, elliptical returns. And like dreams, the repetitions are never quite the same. It's more like the haunting experience of *deja vu*. You've been through it before, but where, when, with whom?

There's not space enough to explore the multitude of issues provoked by the Kirkian tour de force, so a few brief concluding questions will have to do. Is the god-like, computerized voice of the *Conversation* a relative of Godard's Alpha 60 and Kubrick's HAL? Is Kirk the victim of musical rip-off artists? Or has Kirk himself sold his soul to all-powerful Mammon? Was that Miles' mute on *Bye Bye*

*Blackbird*? Is electricity "no good"? If the plug is pulled, will you be dead? Was the giddy laughter on Side Four that of Marcel Duchamp and Erik Satie? And whatever happened to the woman making love with the computer?

A generation of critics will probably spend countless hours coming to grips with these and other questions posed by Mr. Kirk's audacious voyage into the inner spaces of the mind. And that's fine, because it is the power to disrupt old habits, to unsettle, to disturb that makes art vital. And that is why Mr. Kirk is an artist and why *The Case Of The 3 Sided Dream In Audio Color* is a bonanza. —berg

## SONNY CRISS

CRISSCRAFT—Muse 5068: *The Isle Of Celia*; *Blues In My Heart*; *This Is For Benny*; *All Night Long*; *Crisscraft*.

Personnel: Criss, alto sax; Ray Crawford, guitar; Dolo Coker, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Jimmy Smith, drums.

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SATURDAY MORNING—Xanadu 105: *Angel Eyes*; *Tin Tin Deo*; *Jeannie's Knees*; *Saturday Morning*; *My Heart Stood Still*; *Until The Real Thing Comes Along*.

Personnel: Criss, alto sax; Barry Harris, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums.

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There's so much junk passing itself off as jazz these days that it's a special pleasure to sit back and listen to a musician as *musical* as Sonny Criss.

His tone and tasteful ear for improvisation are a joy. His extemporaneous lines flow so naturally that they seem to have been composed. Although he stems from the Bird school of playing, his delicacy and other qualities give him a sound that is individual and pure.

Criss has been off the recording scene for six years, reevaluating himself and reassessing his own musical gifts. He has returned to the studio in 1975 fresh and full of ideas.

These two albums were recorded within a week of each other, *Crisscraft* on February 24 and *Saturday Morning* on March 1; they're as welcome as any pair of pressings this year.

*Crisscraft* opens with Horace Tapscott's pleasing Latin theme *The Isle Of Celia*, a fine framework for more than ten minutes of solo features, with Sonny leading off and Dolo Coker (on piano) and Larry Gales (on bass) following in tandem. Benny Carter's beautiful *Blues In My Heart*, on the other hand, is pure Criss all the way, solid and sure-footed.

*This Is For Benny* is perhaps the weakest track on the date, a pedestrian minor-key melody that restricts the players from more worthwhile improvisation. *All Night Long* is a memorable melodic track, and *Crisscraft* finishes the album with an irresistible straight-ahead uptempo blues, featuring all five men in solo spots.

*Saturday Morning* is an equally delightful album, as Sonny shares the spotlight with pianist supreme Barry Harris. Harris supplies the setting on the opening *Angel Eyes*, paving the way for Sonny's supple sax. *Tin Tin Deo*, the Dizzy Gillespie theme, provides a showcase for Sonny's strongest and most bop-oriented playing on the album, which is nothing short of magnificent. His major solo is so good, so powerful, that I found myself wanting to applaud!

*Jeannie's Knees* and *Saturday Morning* are beautiful blues ballads, while *My Heart Stood Still* and *Until The Real Thing Comes Along*

are lovely old standards; all four cuts are marked by superb musicianship. *Heart* is a feature for Barry Harris' graceful piano style, where every piece fits neatly into place. Sonny's treatment of *Until The Real Thing* is easy-going and effortless.

Together, *Crisscraft* and *Saturday Morning* should reestablish Sonny Criss as one of the foremost alto men of our time; happily, these albums match him with extremely capable colleagues, and hopefully, they will mark only the beginning of a Sonny Criss renaissance. —multin

## FREDDIE HUBBARD

POLAR AC—CTI 6056 S1: *Polar AC*; *People Make The World Go Round*; *Betcha You Golly, Wow*; *Naturally*; *Son Of Sky Dive*.

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet; Ron Carter, bass; George Benson, guitar (tracks 1, 2, 3, and 4); Hubert Laws, flute; Jack DeJohnette, drums (track 1); Lenny White, drums (tracks 2 and 5); Billy Cobham, drums (track 4); Junior Cook, tenor sax (track 5); George Cables, piano (tracks 2 and 5); Airtio, percussion (tracks 2 and 3); Al Brown, Max Ellen, Paul Gershman, Emanuel Green, Theodore Israel, Harold Kohon, Charles Libove, Harry Lookofsky, Joe Malin, Charles McCracken, David Nadien, Gene Orloff, Matthew Raimondi, George Ricci, Tisha Samaroff, Irving Spice, Tony Sophos, Manny Vardi, strings (tracks 1, 2 and 3); Phil Bodner, Wally Kane, George Marge, Romeo Penque, woodwinds (track 4); Wayne Andre, Garnett Brown, Paul Faulise, Tony Price, Alan Rubin, Marvin Stamm, brass (track 4); Don Sebesky, arrangements (tracks 1 and 4); Bob James, arrangements (tracks 2 and 3).

\*\*\* 1/2

LIQUID LOVE—Columbia PC 33556: *Midnight At The Oasis*; *Put It In The Pocket*; *Lost Dreams*; *Liquid Love*; *Yesterday's Thoughts*; *Kuntu*.

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet, flugelhorn, and vocals; George Cables, electric piano, string ensemble, clavinet; Carl Burnett, drums; Carl Randall, Jr., tenor sax and flute; Ray Parker, lead guitar; Henry Franklin, acoustic and Fender bass; Al Hall, trombone; Ian Underwood, Moog synthesizer; Myuto Correa, percussion; Buck Clark, congas and cowbell; Chuck Rainey, Fender bass (track 2); Spider Webb, drums (track 2); Johnny Watson, guitar (track 2); Mike Levy, Maurice Green, vocals; Fundi, sound consultant.

\*\*\* 1/2

In both this collection of outtakes from his previous CTI albums and on his second LP for Columbia, Hubbard has added gloss to polish, in search of a larger audience and slicker sound.

*Polar* features the trumpeter fronting the CTI studio aggregate. There is some tasteful, straight-life jamming on several substantial tunes, often supplemented by gratuitous, occasionally distracting string settings. Neither arrangers Sebesky nor James can resist emphasizing the point of a soloist's climax, so the end of a Benson run that should end in a moment's silence is lost as a dozen bows are drawn. Similarly, Hubbard's quavering but victorious high diminishing notes and a Cobham solo break are unnecessarily accompanied. Of course, the violins and brass-woodwind parts are sophisticated and beautifully recorded, but *Son*, the only selection on which a sextet blows unaccompanied, is as lush as anything else on the set.

The trumpeter's playing is as confident and commanding as ever, and his invention is frequently marvelous. Cedar Walton's fine title track contributes the sole chorus of improvisation. *People* is given the classic treatment, Freddie stating the melody with wry sentiment, while Laws adds warm filigree about the theme. They switch places midway, Hubert playing in low register while Hubbard comments around him. *Betcha* is a soulfully slow, sad ballad (uncredited pianist and



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drummer: Bob James and DeJohnette?); *Naturally* is openhearted and upbeat; *Son* is a fast, dark blower. Though there's little but rhythm work from Benson and an uninspired solo from Cook, the album contains few other serious muffs.

The more recent Columbia session seems geared for the disco crowd and progressive radio programs. There is ample percussion, a *Bitches Brew*-style open ended feeling to the improvisations, and lots of Hubbard. George Cables' arrangement of *Midnight* adds meat to the bare bones of a melody; Freddie thrives on the simplicity of the tune instead of ignoring it. *Pocket* ought to be released as a single: with its Earth Wind and Fire appeal, it's a great crossover track. *Lost* is an extended attempt, with Underwood adding synthesized wind and chimes. An ostinato bass sets up Hubbard's wah-wah funky tonguing, with Cables pulling the whole thing together via a pretty, tight theme strategically inserted. Side two offers the title track, an electrically stylized mix of Benny Golson's *Yesterday's Thoughts*, and the long Africanesque jam, *Kuntu*.

Hubbard doesn't play down to this material; he sounds quite committed to the percussive insistence of his backup group and willing to blow a little wild in improvisation. Best of all, he sounds like he's having fun. There's little solo space from either Cables or reedman Randall, but Freddie doesn't need much help filling the air with thick, brash trumpet boogie. He apparently knows what he wants and is letting the rest of us come along on his own chartered cruise.—mandel

### KENNY CLARKE/ FRANCY BOLAND BIG BAND

**OPEN DOOR**—Muse 5056: *New Box*; *A Rosa Negra*; *Duas Rosas*; *Milkshake*; *Open Door*; *Dia Blues*; *Total Blues*.

Personnel: Benny Bailey, Jimmy Deuchar, Idrees Sulieman, Dusko Goykovich, trumpets; Eric Van Lier, Nat Peck, Ake Persson, trombones; Derek Humble, Johnny Griffin, Tony Coe, Ronnie Scott, Sahib Shihab, reeds; Boland, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Kenny Clare, Clarke, drums, percussion.

\*\*\*\*\*

Alongside the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, which it preceded by a few years, the Clarke-Boland Big Band was the most important and interesting new large jazz ensemble to come along in the '60s (I have in mind large ensembles working within the big band tradition).

It was a great pity it had to disband. As a result, its recordings have become all the more valuable. This one, originally made in Prague in 1967 for the Czechoslovak Supraphone label, finds the band in its prime.

All the material was also recorded on other occasions, which makes for interesting comparisons if you happen to be into Clarke-Boland; if not, rest assured that these performances are as good as any available, with excellent sound quality.

*Negra* and *Rosas* are from the pen of the late Gary McFarland and stem from his *Latin American Suite*, written for and recorded by the CBBB. These short pieces contain no solos but feature beautifully played ensemble writing, notably for the trombones in *Rosas*. The last three pieces are part of Boland's *All Blues Suite*; *Milkshake* and *New Box* are also from his pen. This gifted Belgian is among the leading arranger-composers of contemporary jazz.

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in any department. The section leaders (Bailey and Deuchar, Van Lier, and the late Derek Humble) were masters, Woode and Clarke the cream of the Rhythm crop, and Clare the perfect partner in percussion for Clarke. This band took care of business, and it's a shame that it never appeared in the U.S. (A tour was all set, but fell through, mainly for lack of funds.)

There's a lot of blues material here, not only in the selections from Boland's suite, but also in *Milkshake* and *New Box*. The latter, an up swinger, has the flavor of Woody Herman: the latter is more in a Basie groove. The suite is clearly influenced by Ellington. But in all cases, there is no question of copying, only of having reference to a common tradition, a common musical idiom. The CBBB had its own accent, and it wasn't European.

The main strength of this band was its ensemble punch and sound (a great jazz band, like a great jazz instrumentalist or singer, must have its own personal sound), but no band can be a jazz band without solo power, and the CBBB had that, too.

Outstanding here is Benny Bailey, still far too little known in his native land, but long doing fine in Europe. His plunger work on *Box* is full of humor (a la Terry), and his pure-toned cadenza on *Dia* is the work of a master musician. The late Akc Persson has characteristically fluent, swinging spots on *Box* and *Total*; he was a real player. Humble, whose loss the band did not survive, is heard in a rare solo on *Box*, while Shihab has a strong, gutsy outing on *Milkshake*, which also spots good Suleiman. Griffin—perhaps the band's star soloist—is much in evidence. —*morgenstern*

## BILLY COBHAM

SHABAZZ—Atlantic SD 18139: *Shabazz; Taurian Matador; Red Baron; Tenth Pinn.*

Personnel: Cobham, percussion; Mike Brecker, sax; Randy Brecker, trumpet; Glenn Ferris, trombone; Milcho Leviev, keyboards; Alex Blake, bass.

★ ★ ★

"Ladecz and gennelman, Billy Cobham and the Fusion Messengers!" That's *not* what this group was called, but that's what they were, really. In the summer of '74, when this disc was recorded live in Europe, and before the front-line Brecker brothers left for their own funky horizons, Billy Cobham was playing a role no one could have guessed at in his days with the Mahavishnu Orchestra: the role of Art Blakey in the electric '70s.

Like Blakey, Cobham is the hardest-driving, most furiously exciting drummer of his generation. Like Blakey, he is an excellent soloist, but an even better accompanist, incorporating into his speed and hyperactive accent-juggling a remarkable reactive sense. His group at this time was patterned after the "little big band" concept Blakey popularized in the '50s, with a front line of trumpet, sax, trombone and, in the spirit of our time, electric guitar. The staples of the Jazz Messengers' repertoire were hard bop tunes written in the aftermath of a revolution, along with the blues; Cobham's book concentrates on free-blowing vehicles (in the aftermath of the avant garde revolution) and the '70s transmogrification of the blues, now spelled F-U-N-K.

*Shabazz* features two long jams and a couple of shorter pieces—all by Cobham—and the playing is uniformly fine, at times superb. Keyboardist Leviev is the album's standout. His two solos (*Matador* and the title cut) display a combine of technique, a sly



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dry sense of humor and a unique conception—especially on synthesizer—that's joyful to hear.

Randy Brecker plays a rampant electric trumpet, skittering over the horn as the leader executes his bubbling snare patterns. On the title track it adds up mostly to Milesian fireworks, but Brecker puts it all together in a cohesive solo on *Tenth Pinn*. Ferris is heard to advantage on that same tune with a solo that moves by color and tone rather than notes. Mike Brecker takes one short, tight solo, and Abercrombie is good, but not finger-lickin' so.

Cobham, though, is a marvel, constantly bouncing off the skins with a speed and lightness of touch that insure his reign of the drum style he helped to invent. More important, he plays *music*, not just percussion: dynamics and development mark almost every stroke. And his tunes are neat, strong riffs to which the band does justice.

So why three stars? Because it's too much, too loud, too hard. The band pummels away relentlessly, mercilessly, for 40 minutes at an incessant fever pitch. Even a Second break between sides doesn't help. The cumulative effect is a distinct yearning for a slow waltz. This is not helped by the mix, which places the drums in front of just about everything else, a move wholly unnecessary since Cobham shines through on his own. —*tesser*

**CESAR ASCARRUNZ**

CESAR 830—Flying Dutchman BDL1-0830: *Descarga; See Saw Affair; The Devil & Montezuma; Navidad Latino; Azucar; Gotta Get Away; Bridges; The Lady In My Life.*

Personnel: Ascarrunz, Mark Levine, Merl Saunders, pianos; Harold Martin, Thomas Rutley, basses; Joe Jammer, Stephen Busfield, Jim Vincent, guitars; Joseph Ellis, Jr., trumpet; Martin Fierro, alto and tenor saxes; Hadley Caliman, flute and tenor sax; Steve Marcus, soprano sax; Jules Rowell, trombone; Benny Velarde, timbales; Willis Colon, bongos and bells; Francisco Aquabella, congas; Tony Smith, drums; Linda Tillery, Tony Smith, Willis Colon, Benny Velarde, Francisco Aquabella, vocals.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

Mixtures of North and South American musical idioms sometimes generate striking musical results. The unions of Gillespie and Chano Pozo, Kenton and Candido, Getz and Gilberto come to mind; more recently such artists as Santana, Baden Powell and Gato Barbieri have kindled the fire that results from the fusion of two oft volatile musical dialects.

The pairing of Cesar Ascarrunz, a self-taught Bolivian pianist who has been based in the San Francisco Bay area since the early '60s, and Teo Macero, long time musical mentor of Miles Davis, gives us this curiously uneven record, a release at times passionately intense, at times regrettably banal.

The band's strength is in rhythmic counterpoint, and what this group lacks in melodic and harmonic imagination it makes up for in intricate rhythmic interplay. Even a two-beat mambo like *Descarga* wants to get up and go. The band's brass soloists—screach trumpeter Ellis and full-bodied trombonist Rowell—are exciting, if not terribly subtle musicians. The guitar solos, though, are marred by fixation with electronics: they're uniformly boring. As for Ascarrunz, his playing is almost entirely comping here, and it's mixed way in the background. An Oscar Peterson or even a Jobim he isn't.

Yet there are still things to listen for. Teo Macero's charts have all kinds of pleasant,

witty twists. Although this is hardly an arranger's date, check Macero's intros and codas throughout—they're models of working within the musical limitations of this album. And note his dissonant brass scoring on *Azucar*, a tune about—God forbid—something called "San Francisco sugar." Vocalist Linda Trilling, formerly of Cold Blood, is outstanding here.

Like this album's disquieting Rousseauesque artwork, this is a tantalizing but somewhat unfulfilled release. —*balleras*

**BUD FREEMAN**

THE JOY OF SAX—Chiaroscuro CR 135: *Toad In The Hole Part II; She's Funny That Way; I Got Rhythm; 'S Wonderful; Don't Blame Me; Somebody Stole My Gal; Leeman, Freeman & Nod; Evelyn Wabash Blues; The Birth Of The Blues; Way Down Yonder In New Orleans; Kick In The Ascot.*

Personnel: Freeman, tenor sax; Jess Stacy, piano; Cliff Leeman, drums.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

In 1938, Freeman, Stacy and the late George Wettling made a unique series of trio recordings for Milt Gabler's Commodore label. Some 36 years later, with Cliff Leeman in Wettling's chair, Bud and Jess were reunited in the studio of Hank O'Neal's Chiaroscuro label, a kind of Commodore of the '70s.

Though the slightly older Stacy got his first jazz training on the Mississippi riverboats, both he and Freeman came up through the ranks via Chicago jazz of the '20s. In '38 both were in Benny Goodman's big band, later going their separate ways. Stacy gave up professional playing in 1960 (this and a solo LP for Chiaroscuro recorded the day before are his first recordings in 15 years and took place on the occasion of his appearance at the 1974 Newport/New York festival), while Freeman continued to live the working jazzman's life.

It has made a difference. It's lovely to hear Stacy again, and his very personal sound and style are relatively intact, as is his strong, sturdy beat. But playing on a major league jazz team is an exacting profession, and the long layoff shows. However, Freeman is unflappable, and at times, Stacy's slight imprecisions in timing or choice of notes almost seem to inspire him. Leeman's sturdy, swinging drums help to keep things on an even keel; at times, he comes on like Davey Tough.

Only two of the selections are from the '38 repertoire: the exciting *Rhythm*, and the tenor-piano duet *She's Funny*, which finds Freeman in top ballad form. So does the other Stacy-Freeman duet, *Blame*; his second chorus is almost a definition of his melodic style—paraphrase rather than improvisation, but very personal sound and phraseology. Bud's stomping side is well displayed on the aforementioned *Rhythm* and on the several original blues, *Toad* (the latest direct descendant of the venerable *Eel*, born 1933), *Wabash* and *Ascot*. On the latter, Stacy and Leeman really kick Bud, who sometimes needs to be goosed.

*Leeman, Freeman & Nod* is a drum and tenor duet, with no nodding in evidence. 'S *Wonderful* achieves an almost 7/4 lilt and has a tidbit from Stacy, who otherwise comes off best on the blues things.

John De Vries' cover is perfect, but the humor of his liner notes is a bit arcane and surely won't help sell the album to those unfamiliar with Condoniana. —*morgenstern*

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## RONNIE FOSTER

CHESHIRE CAT—Blue Note BN-LA425-G:  
*Like A Child; Tuesday Heartbreak; Fly Away; Funky  
Motion; Cheshire Cat; Heartless.*

Personnel: Foster, vocal, keyboards; Joe Beck,  
guitar; William Allen, bass; Mtume, congas, percus-  
sion; Dennis Davis, drums; Gary King, bass (tracks  
3,5,6); George Benson, guitar (track 5), background  
vocals.

\* \* \*

The question is how can so many fine mu-  
sicians create so little interesting music? This  
is jazz-funk stuff that seems preoccupied with  
imitating Stevie Wonder rather than imaginatively  
utilizing the talents of people like Ben-  
son, Beck and Mtume, not to mention Foster's  
own capabilities as organist and pianist.

The record was produced by George Ben-  
son, arranged by Foster (who also wrote all  
the tunes except *Heartbreak*, a Wonder com-  
position), and comes off as redundant disco  
fare. Now there's nothing wrong with disco  
music and funky cooking, but it should reach  
some level of excitement. Otherwise whatever  
special personality it might have achieved  
disintegrates. This LP is dragged down by be-  
ing rhythmically stiff and repetitive. It's too  
bad that the personnel and the music never  
seem to find each other. —nolan

## JOURNEY

JOURNEY—Columbia PC 33388: *Of A Lifetime;*  
*In The Morning Day; Kohoutek; To Play Some Music;*  
*Topaz; In My Lonely Feeling/Conversations; Mystery  
Mountain.*

Personnel: Neal Schon, lead guitar, vocals;  
George Tickner, rhythm guitar; Greg Rolie, key-  
boards, lead vocals; Ross Valory, piano, bass guitar,  
vocals; Aynsley Dunbar, drums.

\* \* \* 1/2

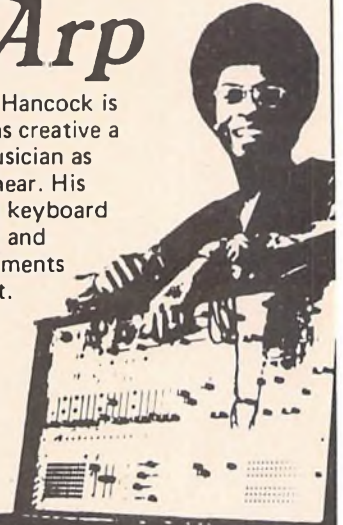
To their credit, British rock bands have  
been far less compelled than their American  
counterparts to discard "outdated" musical  
trends. "Trad" jazz, swing (recall *Woodchop-  
per's Ball* and *May Be Wrong* on Ten Years  
After's second album), bop (recall the de-  
funct Colosseum's Dick Heckstall-Smith),  
and other modes have all appeared in con-  
temporary British music.

Journey has apparently elected to explore a  
more recent lode: their first album seems to  
be a cross between contemporary Heavy Met-  
al and the San Francisco rock of almost a  
decade ago. Perhaps this is more by accident  
than by design; perhaps it's merely coinci-  
dence that Schon's guitar is strikingly remi-  
niscent of Quicksilver's John Cipollina, that  
the spacy lick he plays on *Kohoutek*—be-  
tween the melodic intro and the hard, tense  
riff upon which most of the tune is based—  
harks back to the Airplane of *Baxter's* and  
*Crown of Creation*, that the floating ballad  
motif of *Topaz* echoes, in its first three notes,  
Young's *Country Girl*.

Intentionally anachronistic or not, this is a  
highly listenable debut. Few surprises emerge  
once the listener assimilates the central di-  
rection; the lyrics are inferior and the vocals  
only competent, but the instrumental work  
comprising the bulk of the album is excellent.  
Schon is a fine guitarist, but the chief credit  
ought to gravitate toward Valory and Dun-  
bar—this is as tight a rock rhythm section as  
you could ever want to hear. Check out their  
interplay on *Lifetime*: the empathy is excep-  
tional; Valory sustains the central riff but  
still manages to find unusual figures to deco-  
rate and expand it with; and Dunbar, one of  
the most underrated rock drummers in recent  
history, is sensational. The tune is one long,

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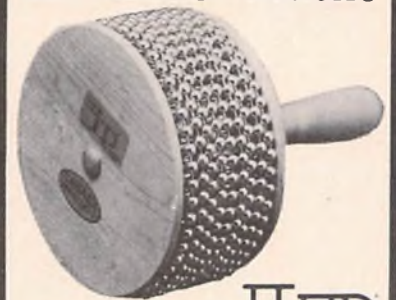
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driving crescendo with several small climaxes, and Dunbar can invert and manipulate the beat, even at Big Moments, without losing an ounce of momentum or feeling. (The failure of Dunbar's own group to make it in this country some six or eight years back was a great pity—our loss almost as much as theirs.)

Other highlights: the organ-guitar dialogue on *Morning*; the interesting three-part structure (balladic/spacy/hard) and the synthesizer setting for the fine piano solo on *Kohoutek*—the duplex structure (eight bars of a light, jazzy motif, eight bars of a tough, driving one, alternating throughout and sandwiched by the *Country Girl* analog mentioned above) of *Topaz*. The musicianship is impeccable from first to last, and the overwhelming

sense conveyed is of five strong, talented players having a fine time doing gutty, intelligent rock and roll. —heineman

## OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

### BEN WEBSTER

DUKE'S IN BED!—Black Lion (AudioFidelity) 190: *What's I'm Gotchere*; *Close Your Eyes*; *There Is No Greater Love*; *Brother John's Blues*; *Stompy Jones*; *Nancy With The Laughing Face*; *I Got It Bad (And That Ain't Good)*; *Duke's In Bed*.

Personnel: Webster, tenor sax; tracks 1, 4-6, 8: Arved Meyer, trumpet; John Darville, trombone; Ole Kongsted, tenor sax; Niels Jorgen Steen, piano;

Hugo Rasmussen or Henrik Hartmann, bass; Hans Nymand, drums; tracks 2-3, 7: Kenny Drew, piano; Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Alex Riel, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

"The '50s and early '60s found Ben at his most mature musically, his ballad playing in particular having become very personal, his ravishing tone being admired by musicians of all generations." So says Albert McCarthy in this album's liner notes. Despite such outstanding older reissues as *Ben Webster* (Jazz Archives 15), I suspect McCarthy is right. This, from Sept., 1965, is the second of the three outstanding Webster Black Lions—only the fabulous session with trumpeter Bill Coleman hasn't made it to this side of the Atlantic. The tracks with Meyer's Copenhagen band are a deliberate attempt to recapture the Johnny Hodges small group sound, Webster playing the top sax line, and the second tenor solos in both *Brother* and *Stompy* may well be Kongsted—at least they're in a less contained, older style than the other tenor solos.

But Hodges by 1965 would have given his left nut to be able to play as Webster does in *I Got It Bad*, for example. This is a finely structured work, beautifully articulated, and the great sense of contrast that is so important to him appears in his entrance after the piano solo. Marvelous as his first solo here is, the second is even superior, especially the very great final bridge. If Webster's stylistic links with Hodges are evident, his very personal differences are more so: the tenor is inherently a more flexible instrument, and perhaps nobody except Hawkins and Ayler ever knew so much about *playing* it. Webster's sense of drama was ever at war with his romanticism, though, and in *No Greater Love* he becomes a creature made by the song. The same is true of *Nancy*, but his invention is much more imaginative.

*Close* demonstrates his genuinely wonderful story-telling quality, as he discovers a meanness in the minor key and evolves a mighty structure to describe it: the tones he floats out in the second solo hardly mitigate his cruelty. What lovely phrases he plays in the slow blues *What's*, and what wonderful things he does with his tone in his second and third choruses of *Duke's*, and what great responses to the band's calls at the end! *Brother* and *Stompy* give everyone a chance to show off their stylistic compatibility with Webster, the eclectic Meyer reverting to a cleaned-up Rex Stewart at times, the trombonist a sort of later, cruder Higginbotham. In the blues Ben is mellow by contrast, and in *Stompy* he indulges in happy calls and responses with the band, then plays a long, riffing final solo.

His brilliant sense of tone and time, his glorious melodies, his immaculate structures, his very personal sense of both the brave and the bravura, his willingness to reveal himself as he does here—this is what saxophone playing is all about. —litweiler

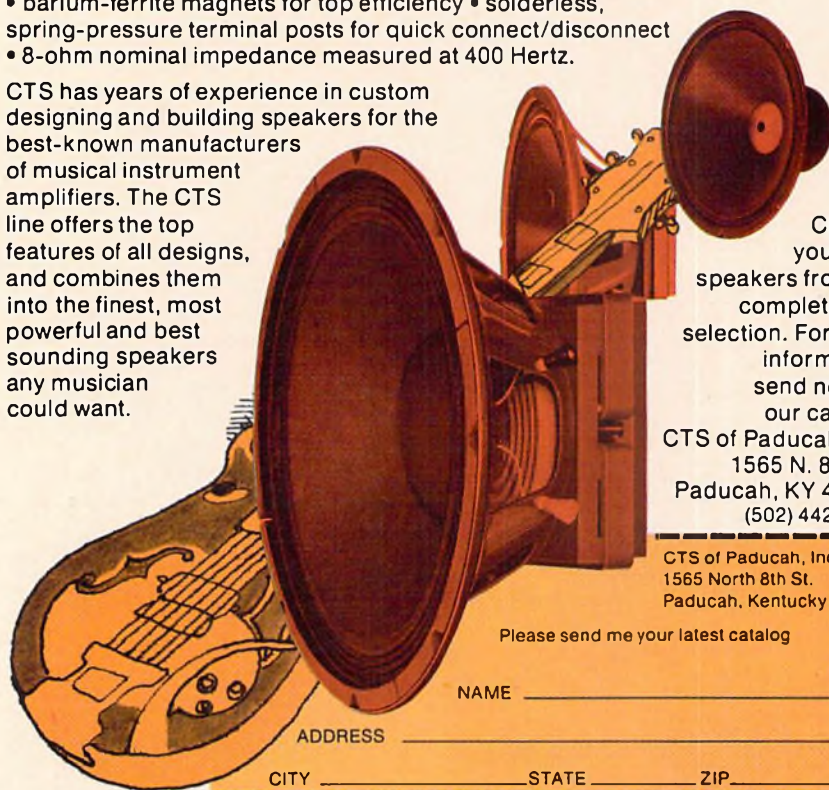
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*Day Dream; If I Could Be With You; Devil And The Deep Blue Sea; Cotton Tail.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Zoot Sims, saxes; Oscar Peterson, Jimmy Jones, piano; Sam Jones, Bob Cranshaw, bass; Bobby Durham, Sam Woodyard, drums; Ella Fitzgerald, T-Bone Walker, vocals. Ellington Orchestra: Cat Anderson, Mercer Ellington, Herb Jones, Cootie Williams, trumpet; Buster Cooper, Chuck Connors, Lawrence Brown, trombones; Russ Procope, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, saxes; Ellington, piano; John Lamb, bass; Rufus Jones, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Late in 1966 Norman Granz set out across America with his final Jazz at the Philharmonic tour. Now in 1975 the recordings of that farewell trek have finally been issued.

Much of the meat of the four LP's is found on the first one and a half sides. Peterson kicks off the proceedings with three flawless specimens of his remarkable intelligence and craftsmanship. Then Benny Carter, Zoot Sims, Paul Gonsalves and Clark Terry join up for the first jam session numbers, *Now's The Time* (better known to some perhaps as *Huckle Buck*) and *Wee*. Both are of a high order, particularly *Wee*, which has solid ensemble work and soloistic jousting that ranks with JATP's best. Sims is fast, sure-footed, elegant and uncommonly swashbuckling. Clark and Carter are completely complementary in their dancing attack and nimble cleverness. Even at the fastest tempos, they shape their notes into ideas of substance and content. Both have been heard too rarely in recent years at this level of playing. Gonsalves, who seems to have reed trouble briefly, slides across the changes like a stone skimming water.

Following a fine ballad medley, it's Hawkins with the Peterson trio. The great saxophonist brings forth a big tone, deep as ever, proud, aristocratic, and commanding. His *Moonglow* is good Hawk. Not great, but good. *Georgia Brown* starts strongly, trying hard to swing. The chords are so natural and correct they almost play themselves. But Hawkins' lines are fragmented. He fails to gather and sustain momentum. He was not well at this time, and he was not to grow better. His instincts may have been strong still, but his sheer control over them had slipped. There is still much to respond to in these gutsy performances, but it's not prime Hawk when measured against his other work of the '60s.

*C-Jam Blues* is typical of Granz's fascination for imaginative combinations. I can recall no previous meeting between Hawkins, Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter, with Peterson to boot. It must have been a first attempt, as the simple ensembles front and back are among the most untogether I've ever heard. Hodges seems ill at ease at such fleet tempos outside the Dukal shelter. He coasts on set phrases and never seems to fully grasp the piece. Hawk puts up a heroic effort, and it just about comes off. But those familiar with his playing a few years before will note the tendency to stumble where once there was a charging pneumatic wave of sound. He scores points, though, and it's probably his most convincing work of the concert. But Carter triumphs on the sheer perfection of his ideas and elegance.

Fully half the LPs are essentially Ellington records, his straight concert program of the period. At this late date, however, it's all familiar through previous recent discs. *Swamp Goo*, *Salome*, *Chromatic* and *Up Jump* all appeared on the *Yale Concert* album 18 months ago, and these versions add nothing

to the earlier issues. *Night Flock*, *Tutti*, *Rockin*, *Things Ain't*, *Indigo* and *I Got It Bad* have also appeared in recent versions identical to these. If you have not been picking up these other issues, however, this set is an excellent opportunity to catch up. *Hurdle*, *Salome* and *Up Jump* may be merely flashy non-entities. But *Chromatic*, *Swamp*, *Flock*, *Tutti*, *Blood Count* (one of Strayhorn's most darkly moody themes) and *Maharissa* form a rich program of sumptuous Ellingtonisms.

Happily Granz also takes full advantage of the opportunities for cross-pollination as individual featured artists are matched with the band. Peterson replaces Williams as soloist on *A Train* to lively effect. Hodges, Gonsalves, Hamilton and Benny Carter take over *Satin Doll* and shoot new life into this dread-

fully overplayed chestnut. *Very Tenor* is a loosely thrown together vehicle for Sims, Gonsalves and Hamilton's husky tenor. And Hodges and Carter split honors in a classic performance of *Prelude To A Kiss*.

Finally, a side and a half of the set goes to Ella for a program of familiar standards. *Sunny Side*, with its swaggering accompaniment by Cootie, is a gem, but too brief to develop its full potential. *Devil* is superb, musically Ella, laying out beautiful, horn-like lines and manipulating in some powerfully effective key changes.

The finale is *Cotton Tail*, played too fast to draw out its monumental capacity to swing. The famous reed ensemble (scored by Ben Webster) flies by so fast as to be wasted. But Gonsalves locks into a striking exchange

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So that's it, four LPs of JATP that probably would have been stronger as three. But it's still an exceptional package, even if everything that's attempted doesn't come up to expectations. When measured against JATP's explosive tradition from the '50s, this is something of a shadow—something that must be said since the comparison is so obviously invited. But there are ample other compensations that make this well worth more than a casual inspection. —mcdonough

## SUN RA

**JAZZ IN SILHOUETTE**—Impulse (ABC) ASD-9265: *Enlightenment; Saturn; Velvet; Ancient Ethiopia; Hours After; Horoscope; Images; Blues At Midnight.*

Personnel: Sun Ra, piano, celeste; John Gilmore, tenor sax; Pat Patrick, baritone sax, flute; Ronnie Boykins, bass; Marshall Allen, alto sax, flute; Charles Davis, baritone sax; Hobart Dotson, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; James Spaulding, alto sax, flute; William Cochran, drums.

\*\*\*\*\*

**PATHWAYS TO UNKNOWN WORLDS**—Impulse (ABC) ASD-9298: *Pathways To Unknown Worlds; Extension Out; Cosmo-Media.*

Personnel: Sun Ra, electronic keyboards; John Gilmore, tenor sax, percussion; Marshall Allen, alto sax, flute, oboe; Danny Davis, alto sax; Danny Thompson, baritone sax; Akh Tal Ebah, Lamont McClamb, trumpets; Leroy Taylor, bass clarinet; Russell Branch, Stanley Morgan, Eugene Brennan, congas; Ronnie Boykins, Bill Davis, basses; Clifford Jarvis, drums.

\*\*\*\*\*

Where were the critics in 1958 when *Jazz In Silhouette* was released as Saturn 205? Were they arguing about East vs. West Coast vs. Third Stream music?

This is one of the finest albums I have ever heard, with strong roots in Basie, Ellington, Dameron and Monk. The compositions, arrangements and performances are all brilliant and have pleased everyone I've played this album for, whether jazz fans or not. The titles reveal Sun Ra's interest in Africa, mysticism, astrology and the blues at this early date. The first side leans toward charts, while the second has more solo space, but every piece has unique and beautiful textures, immense drive and coherent movement between solo, thematic material and ensemble.

Improvisation is not restricted to the soloists. These ten players—what a giant sound for such a small unit—play the charts with the same spirited freedom they bring to the solos. And they play their solos with the same discipline they give the arrangements. *Enlightenment* opens with a gong, then a moving baritone statement of the main theme, bouncy piano and a simple drum rhythm. An alto introduces a countertheme, soon joined by the rest of the horns as the rhythm picks up. Trumpet takes the lead with full support from the band. Sun Ra solos, the rhythm changes and the band goes into a hilarious Latin riff. A gong resounds and we're back to the trumpet theme which closes the piece, all of this richness and transformation occurring in five minutes. The rest of the pieces are equally charming, melodious and swinging. (Incidentally, *Enlightenment*, with lyrics, is still in the Arkestra repertoire.)

Every member of this band was a master soloist. Dotson combined influences of Miles and Brownie into a truly personal style. What has happened to him? The work of the two baritones can only be compared to Harry Carney. The flutists got more jazz feeling from their instruments than anyone else in

1958. It's not just bluesy, but jazz. There is an innovative use of gongs, scrapers, non-verbal chanting, African and Latin rhythms, and, on *Midnight*, a celeste solo by Ra. Also worth noting are the beautiful voicings and the punch of the horns.

Finally, throughout the album Ra can be heard guiding his musicians via subtle pianistic suggestions. Analogous to this is the way solos are based on thematic material, so that a jam like *Midnight* is not just a string of solos, but an interconnected tissue of ideas. Phrases that are hinted at by Julian Priester (whose name is omitted from the liner) in his solo are picked up and completed by the alto soloist. If you like big bands, if you like jazz, or if you just like music, buy this album. Don't be put off by the disclaimer about the recording standards, it sounds fine.

*Pathways* exhibits the same interest in texture, voicings, and freedom, but will not be as universally accessible as the earlier album. Recorded as Saturn 564 in 1973, this is essentially a free jam session. I could describe this album as two trumpet solos, a bass solo, a Moog/bass duet, reed solos in the freak register and a final multi-keyboard solo, but that would distort the nature of this music.

When we listened to Louis Armstrong or Bird or most of Trane, we follow the melodic line that these players create. Naturally we also hear and enjoy their tone. When we try to concentrate on the melodic lines on *Pathways*, we may find ourselves getting nervous and tense because of what sounds like a lot of racket going on around them, plus the fact that the lines themselves are not very linear. They include the use of harmonics and a montaging of sounds unlike our normal sense of melody.

This music begins with a different set of presumptions than most older jazz. Note and tone are the same letters but they point in different directions. The tones produced here are not restricted by the European concept of sequential notes. The players are creating a series of linear melodies less than they are a shifting set of textures and rhythms. Everyone is the soloist. It's much easier to enjoy this music when you relax into the overlapping layers of sound, erasing the subject/object boundaries.

Jazz, improvisation, the jam session—these are the pathways to unknown worlds. The musicians take chances so that they may meet the unexpected by utilizing their own creative energies. Sun Ra shows equal courage in releasing a record that can so easily be called noisy fakery. He does this to involve his audience in the process of creation that the players go through, instead of treating us like consumers who want cleaned up jazz products. If you suspect Sun Ra's abilities, listen to just the first six tones of *Cosmo-Media*, some of the happiest sounds ever generated. The rest of the cut gives him the chance to stretch out and utilize all of his keyboards simultaneously at the climax of the piece.

Incidentally, this music does not have conventional beginnings, middles and endings. Instead, there are peaks and valleys throughout as part of a total landscape of sound. One quibble is that the whole album is only 27 minutes in length. Impulse could easily have put all of it on one side and given us some other facet of the Arkestra on the flip side. Still, this is a powerful and valuable document of the sources of the Arkestra's creativity.

—steingroot

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## GIL EVANS/TADD DAMERON

THE ARRANGERS' TOUCH—Prestige P-24049: *Remember*; *Ella Speed*; *Big Stuff*; *Nobody's Heart*; *Just One Of Those Things*; *If You Could See Me Now*; *Jambangle*; *Philly J. J.*; *Theme Of No Repeat*; *Choose Now (Take 1 and 2)*; *Dial "B" For Beauty*; *Fontainebleau*; *Delirium*; *The Scene Is Clean*; *Flossie Lou*.

Personnel: Evans, piano (tracks 1-7); Dameron, piano (tracks 8-16); Johnny Carisi (track 1 only), Louis Mucci and Jake Koven (tracks 2-7), Clifford Brown and Idrees Sulieman (tracks 8-12), Kenny Dorham (tracks 13-16), trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland (tracks 1-7), Herb Mullins (tracks 8-12), Henry Coker (tracks 12-16), trombones; Bert Varsalona (tracks 1-7), bass trombone; Willie Ruff (tracks 1-7), french horn; Steve Lacy and Lee Konitz (tracks 1-7), Gigi Gryce, Benny Golson and Oscar Estell (tracks 8-12), Sahib Shihab, Joe Alexander and Cecil Payne (tracks 13-16), saxes; Dave Kurtzer (tracks 1-7), bassoon; Paul Chambers (tracks 1-7), Percy Heath (tracks 8-12), John Simmons (tracks 13-16), bass; Jo Jones (track 1), Nick Stabulas (tracks 2-7), Philly Joe Jones (tracks 8-12), Shadow Wilson (tracks 13-16), drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Here's another excellent reissue from Prestige featuring lesser-known work of two seminal figures in modern jazz, Gil Evans and Tadd Dameron.

The Evans material dates from 1957, with Gil as pianist-leader-arranger, heading a medium-sized group filled with outstanding musicians. The beauty of these seven selections is in the balance between ensemble and solo work, all within the boundaries of Evans' disarmingly low-key musical ideas.

He can take old pop-tune standards like Irving Berlin's *Remember* or Rodgers and Hart's *Nobody's Heart* and turn them into modern, evocative jazz poems, without sacrificing either the original song or his own style. Combining the quietude of the Claude Thornhill charts with more raffish bop lines and harmonies, Evans creates distinct musical patterns, leaving ample room for soloists like Lee Konitz, Steve Lacy, Jimmy Cleveland, and Paul Chambers to stretch out. And Evans' piano work is quite good too.

Perhaps the most beautiful selection of all is his own tune, *Jambangle*, a haunting theme that plays harmonic tricks with the chromatic scale.

Tadd Dameron's music *moves* much more than Evans', although he is concerned with delicacy and musical beauty as much as his colleague. These qualities are better expressed in the four 1956 cuts on the album than in the more promising 1953 sides which include Clifford Brown and Philly Joe Jones. The problem there is that the strident trumpeter and pulsating drummer seem to be carrying the group on their shoulders, and the lack of variation in tonality and musical ideas becomes monotonous.

Contrast this to the more subtle and substantial Dameron compositions on the 1956 session, played by a more cohesive group. They create a beautiful mood on *Fontainebleau*, provide the framework for Dameron's piano reverie in *Scene Is Clean*, and get into a swinging mood in *Delirium*. Shadow Wilson's drumming seems much more tasteful than Jones' on the earlier set, and the musicians are obviously more concerned with the group sound than with individual honors.

Both the Evans and Dameron sessions, some 20 years old, have a life and immediacy that make them seem as fresh as anything recorded last week. Together they comprise a most rewarding album. —maltin

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# Lonnie Liston Smith



JAN PERSSON

by leonard feather

At this writing, pianist-composer-lyricist Lonnie Liston Smith is reveling in the euphoria of an initial blush of fame. His album *Expansions*—only the third to be issued under his leadership—has turned out to be a surprise crossover hit, having reached number 85 in the pop charts, number 27 in the soul, and number two in the jazz listings.

Smith, 35, is the son of a singer who is still active after 44 years in the profession. One of Lonnie's brothers, Donald, now plays flute and sings in Smith's Cosmic Echoes. Born in Richmond, Va., Smith received his B.A. in music education at Morgan State in Baltimore. Moving to New York in 1963, he worked as accompanist to various singers: Betty Carter, Joe Williams, Abbey Lincoln, and as sideman with Max Roach, Art Blakey and Rahsaan Roland Kirk, among others.

The jazz community became increasingly aware of him during the late '60s, when he toured with Pharoah Sanders, and in 1970-1 during his two years of travels throughout the U.S. and Europe with Gato Barbieri. During 1973, he doubled between his own combo and gigs with Miles Davis.

Though uncredited on the record, Smith was one of the three keyboardists (the others were Herbie Hancock and Harold J. Williams) on Miles' *On The Corner* LP.

This was his first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.

**1. JOHN LEWIS.** *P.O.V.* (from *P.O.V.*, Columbia). Lewis, piano, composer, arranger; Richard Davis, bass.

Someday I would like to do things like that. The orchestration was really beautiful; that just knocked me out. But when it got to the middle section, the improvisational section, I would rather have heard a little more. However, the overall sound is really beautiful.

First of all I thought it was Steve Kuhn, but when it got to the improvisation, Steve is more imaginative. So I don't know if it was Bob James, or maybe the guy from France, Michel Legrand. The bass player sounded to me like it was either Ray Brown or Ron Carter; or it could have been George Mraz, because he has a heavy bass quality.

I'd have to give it three-and-a-half stars because overall it was good.

**2. QUINCY JONES.** *My Cherie Amour* (from *Mellow Madness*, A&M). Leon Ware, lead vocal; Mike Melvoin, piano; Hubert Laws, flute.

That overall arrangement is very good; it can go into all three fields on the charts: pop, r&b and jazz. At the same time it had a lot of good musical qualities. That's one of the things I'm trying to do, cover the whole gamut without losing the artistic endeavor.

It was either Quincy Jones or Bob James. For the overall arrangement and orchestration, I give

it four stars. I think the flute player there was Hubert Laws, and that's what threw me at first. I immediately thought of CTI and Bob James.

**3. OLIVER NELSON.** *In A Japanese Garden* (from *Skull Session*, Flying Dutchman). Nelson, composer, arranger, conductor, alto sax; Jerome Richardson, flute.

You really tapped into what I like; that's very beautiful. I think you might have me, the saxophone player really threw me off . . . could have been Gary Bartz, a whole lot of other people. Maybe that was Hubert Laws on flute. Anyway, again, the overall orchestration and arrangement are very beautiful, very together. I can really get into a tune like that. I'd give that three-and-a-half stars.

A five star record for me would have to be this kind of orchestration, but with an improvisation on the line of somebody really creative; that's what I feel needs to be done anyway, that combination. Some things out of the past that I would rate five stars would be Miles' *Porgy And Bess* and *Sketches Of Spain* . . . and most of the things John Coltrane did. And lately, of course, Quincy Jones' *Body Heat* and Marvin Gaye's *What's Going On*.

**Feather:** Well, this is a session that you were actually on, except that this is one of the tracks you didn't play. Remember when Oliver Nelson sent for you and you made the date out here?

**Smith:** Leonard Feather, you are sneaky! Well . . . go ahead, Oliver, that's beautiful. I'll change that rating to four!

**4. OSCAR PETERSON-COUNT BASIE.** *Buns Blues* (from "Satch" And "Josh", Pablo). Peterson, Basie, pianos; Ray Brown, bass; Freddie Green, guitar; Louis Bellson, drums.

That sounded like Oscar Peterson and Count Basie; I don't remember nothing like that . . . recording together. That's really playing the piano and playing the blues. I have to give that four stars.

I recognized Basie first, then all of a sudden there was Oscar Peterson. The music itself was very high quality. This was the kind of music I listened to growing up: Art Tatum, Fats Waller . . . and, of course, Oscar Peterson . . . Hank Jones. When I discovered Fats Waller could really play . . . I'd always seen him in movies, laughing, joking and singing. Then one day I bought this record of him just playing piano, it was unbelievable. He was really a talented musician.

I wasn't paying too much attention to the rhythm section, because y'all had me so confused by those two pianists. But, I would think the guitarist would have to be the guy with Basie, Freddie Green. I don't know if that was Ray Brown or not . . . I'd make a guess at the drummer: Shelly Manne.

**5. AHMAD JAMAL.** *Illusions Opticas* (from *Tranquility*, Impulse). Jamal, piano; Joe Kennedy, composer.

That sounded like Billy Taylor, or one of his proteges, someone who really listened to him. I hitch-hiked all the way from Richmond, Va. to Petersburg, Va. to catch Billy Taylor at Virginia State College, when I was still in high school.

I really liked this record, it's a nice melody. It sounded like a lot of Bud Powell influence when it first came in with the melody. So I'd have to say it had to be Billy Taylor or someone in that area. It was cute, so three-and-half stars.

**6. NORMAN CONNORS.** *Laughter* (from *Dark Of Light*, Cobblestone). Connors, drums; Stanley Clarke, bass, composer; Art Webb, flute; Alfred Williams, bassoon.

I really liked that; it definitely sounded like Norman Connors. It was either Stanley Clarke or Buster Williams on bass; either Hubert Laws, or this young fellow who's a friend of Stanley's, on flute. I'd give that four stars. I liked that bassoon-flute combination.

**7. CHICK COREA.** *Earth Juice* (from *Where Have I Known You Before*, Polydor). Corea, piano; Stanley Clarke, bass; Al DiMeola, guitar; Lenny White, drums; comp. by group.

That was definitely Stanley Clarke; since there was no piano solo, it must have been Stanley's date. At first I didn't know whether it was Stanley's or Chick's date. I like that for a lot of different reasons. He's greatly John McLaughlin-influenced, but that particular composition will give creative music, improvisational music, more exposure because of its overall rhythmic concept and the electric guitar; so that will appeal more to the young kids. I've found that once they are exposed, they really enjoy the music.

I like that record because it will reach a much wider audience, which is very important today. Creative musicians have never gotten the exposure they should have, and they've always been playing good music. Got to give that four stars.

**8. FLORA PURIM.** *Insensatez* (from *Stories To Tell*, Milestone). Purim, vocals; Antonio Carlos Jobim, composer.

I'd say that was Astrud Gilberto, and it sounds like a Carlos Jobim arrangement. I really love him, but I'd say that can be very tricky, because all Brazilian singers sound alike. But it's a very beautiful quality.

Just on the beauty alone, I'd have to rate that whole thing four stars.

db

# Profile

## BRUCE JOHNSTONE

by herb nolan

In a moment of amused, mock self-flagellation, Bruce Johnstone, the tenuous New Zealander who spent 3 years in Maynard Ferguson's reed section, described himself as having spent most of his 31 years doing oddball things like looking for work in the middle of winter in Copenhagen and trying to play baritone saxophone for a living. "That's two strikes against me for a start."

Although he is a multi-instrumentalist, conversant with most reeds as well as flute, the baritone, a hulking horn that has brought stardom to only a few, is Johnstone's principal musical tool. His distinctive, hard-edged sound and biting power attracted sufficient attention for a third place ranking behind Gerry Mulligan and Pepper Adams in the 1974 *db* Readers Poll.

"It's very much a specialist instrument, I think," says Johnstone, whose main exposure in the United States has been in the context of the Maynard Ferguson band. "Back in the days when I



HERB NOLAN

used to play alto, I found I could leave it for a couple of months and still get a reasonable sound and about the same power. With the baritone, if I leave it for a week, I have to get in training again because the instrument is so physically demanding.

"I remember when I bought my first baritone, I played it the same day at the gig and was bedridden for two days. I was using muscles in my shoulders and stomach I'd never used before just trying to get the right projection." The horn is capable of tremendous audience projection, adds Johnstone, but if it's not played regularly, the sound gets "very swampy and small." His set-up is a Meyer #10 mouth piece with a #5 reed. Johnstone says he finds this suitable for everything from hard blowing to Lawrence Welk-type sessions.

"It's an intriguing instrument, I like it," explains the musician, whose slight build gives the horn added dramatic presence. "It has three definite ranges, the top can sound very much like a tenor—that's the most cutting sound—the middle register is kind of a low tenor sound, and that blends into a very dark sound at the bottom. So you have a pyramid effect: the edge, the middle and a very wide base. Consequently, I'm always changing embouchure to shape and alter the sound."

If playing the baritone has its special problems, learning to play jazz in New Zealand was equally

problematic, though beneficial in the long run. He grew up in Wellington, New Zealand's capital city, and started playing clarinet at eight years. "I was sort of being groomed for a classical career." When he was 16, Johnstone, who had been doing dance gigs since age 12, picked up the baritone. Why the baritone? "The only baritone players I had ever heard were Gerry Mulligan and Harry Carney. I got interested because their sounds were so entirely different from each other—both good, but the two were at totally different ends of the scale. The baritone is one of the few instruments where no two people sound alike. Probably if Pepper Adams were to play my horn he'd still sound like himself, and if I played his horn I'd sound like myself. Besides, I like the looks of the instrument." Johnstone smiled, "Maybe I have an inferiority complex because I'm so scrawny."

New Zealand was a hard place for a youngster trying to play improvised music. "For a start, there is no music education in the schools—no music conservatories or anything like that—and there are very few private teachers who are worth anything. As a result, anybody who wants to play jazz, or any kind of creative music, has to do it along with a bunch of albums. I used to write away to mail order places in the States and get a dozen albums at a time. Then I'd write down the solos and try to get my phrasing straight. But mainly you'd try to find other people in the same circumstances, and sit in and try it. If I made a fool of myself, well, I made a fool of myself, and I'd remember not to do it the next time.

"It made the learning process a little slower than if there was somebody telling me how to do it, but in my case, it did help me develop a more personal style. I get a funny sound on baritone; it's not a normal baritone sound, and I think it's because there were no teachers telling me how the horn was supposed to sound. In that respect I'm glad I didn't have a teacher, now that I have a sound I like."

In those days Johnstone's influences weren't as much baritone players as they were tenor, alto, and trumpet players, as well as pianists like McCoy Tyner and Oscar Peterson. "The first time I heard Cannonball was the first time I heard any wind instrument player who played like part of the rhythm section. He would lay down the time as hard as the bass player and drummer. That kind of grabbed me and I filed it away for future reference. The bass players I was working with at that stage were limited in what they could do. I found that I had to develop time playing and be able to play it down and virtually sit on the rhythm section. Eventually I could burn pretty well even without a bass player."

In time, Johnstone ran out of people to work with in New Zealand and headed for Australia where, after working in everything from Dixieland to rock bands, he evolved into a busy studio player, commercial jingle writer, and assistant musical director at Checkers, a huge Sydney nightclub that featured acts like Lou Rawls, Lisa Minelli, Billy Preston, and the Four Tops. "It was the high money point in my life, but I became disillusioned after a while because there was very little music being played in Australia. I could have gone on there forever, but I really didn't want that."

In 1971, Johnstone headed for Europe, where his first stop was Paris. "Paris was a disappointment; I couldn't play with anybody there. The city was sort of locked up by apathy."

With an eye open for places to sit in, he bought a car, became a tourist, and eventually arrived in Copenhagen at the same time the Basie band was in town. There Bruce Johnstone walked into a club where Al Grey was sitting in with Kenny

Drew. "I took my life in my hands, walked up on the stand with Al Grey, and we've been tight friends ever since." Johnstone filed Copenhagen away for future reference, and, still traveling, he went to London, where he stayed a couple of months, but couldn't make ends meet. "I was sitting in a band there," he recalls, "doing substitute jobs for John Surman, and finally I put it to the guys for the gig. They said they couldn't use me because I sounded too much like an American—the time feel, or choice of notes, I don't know. I thought 'The hell with you,' and went back to Copenhagen, looking for work. The Danes thought I was crazy, it was the middle of winter and I'd been traveling half way around the world lugging a baritone.

In Copenhagen, however, he found steady club work, did radio and concerts, and on occasion played with both Ben Webster and Dexter Gordon. Dexter, in fact, recommended the young musician for his first club job. "That was really something, playing on the bandstand with those guys (Gordon and Webster), I learned a lot. Ben Webster, for example, was a master at playing ballads and a master of understatement. I was a very busy player about then, and he layed me back beautifully; I really straightened out my ballad playing by just listening to him. I saw him reduce a whole room to tears in the space of a chorus. He'd never take more than two choruses on anything, but he'd say all he had to."

Eventually Johnstone heard that Maynard's baritone player, Bob Watson, was leaving. The bandleader was interested in him. "I said sure, why not. I gave Maynard some tapes and was hired the next day." With the M.F. band, Bruce Johnstone, who recently moved from Los Angeles to New York City, became one of the band's most provocative soloists.

But in August, after forming his own group, he left the Ferguson band. Johnstone's new unit includes Lew Soloff, trumpet; Alan Zavod, keyboards; Rick Petrone, a former M.F. band member, bass; Joe Corsello, drums; and a percussionist and guitarist yet to be named. The band's instrumentation also includes an ARP 2600 synthesizer. Bruce plans to use the band for clinics, recording, club, and concert work.

"I'd like to get into some things playing contra-bass clarinet," adds Johnstone, I like dark sounds—it's funny—I've always been a dark sound freak."

## JOHN B. WILLIAMS



by frankie r. nemko

John B. Williams, 5-year resident bassist on NBC-TV's *Tonight* show—and veteran (at 34) of associations with so many jazz heavyweights that it suffices here to drop only such names as Dizzy Gillespie, Horace Silver, Basie, Billy Cobham, Freddie Hubbard—is the creator of Expectations, a Hollywood-based new group reaching into some imaginative areas.

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# ONE FOR THE ROAD.



An innovative, experimental man, Williams has fought against having any preconceived notions of what his music *should* sound like. "I just put all the charts into the hands of the cats, and they played what I had written—their way. They're such diversified guys, all from totally different backgrounds: pianist Bill Mays, Ernie Watts, who's an amazing multi-reedman, drummer Ted Hawke, and percussionist Steve Forman. I started making some suggestions, for instance, to Ted, but soon realized that I had to be digging Ted Hawke, and that he has something that is specifically Ted Hawke. What I want to bring out is the unique qualities inherent in all of us.

"Even my programming is very free and loose. We usually put four tunes in a set, and between each tune we'll just carry on in back of it and bridge it into what's coming up next. It's difficult for a bass player to be a leader, because he either has to keep putting down the instrument or carry it to the mike. That stuff just hinders me from being in tune with the music, so I decided against any rapping, and we simply segue from one piece to another—with some very free interludes.

"Before we made our debut, I bought some environmental records—the sound of surf, a country stream, a woodmasted sailboat—and when we put them on people are immediately put in a frame of mind that they're going to hear something out of the ordinary; their senses open up, and they're not expecting to hear jazz-blues-rock-funk-soul. In fact, we have a couple of chamber pieces in the repertoire on which I play cello. Bill plays acoustic piano. Ernie's on English horn."

About his long stint with Doc Severinsen, which John describes as a constant challenge: "Doc is right there in the foreground, playing, burning . . . he's an excellent musician. He practices constantly, he's always driving. Just keeping up with him is a challenge! I've been discovering as I go along that everything in that band is founded on the bass, it's the bottom, a pad right under the whole thing. The more I would change direction, the more these same figures would take on another meaning, would take Doc somewhere else.

"When you look at a situation and it's difficult, that's when you know it's *right*. Life is a series of

obstacle courses for perfection of the soul. All the philosophies I've ever known have one thing in common: growth . . . development. Life is meaningless without that. You just have to do what you can to the best of your ability, then nobody can do it like you. And you can call yourself the best—and that's not ego, it's just confidence . . . you have to *believe* in yourself, which means telling yourself over and over that you're great.

"This is such a perfect time, too, because cats are opening the bass up so much. There are very few bass players I can truthfully say I don't like. They've all worked to develop that which is the case; he may be doing something I want to be able to do. So I have to keep my head open, and I go home and work on whatever it is I've learned from the experience. Stanley Clarke made me work on my technique; Ron Carter makes me work on my tone; Cecil McBee on clarity; Richard Davis makes me aware of intonation; Milt Hinton makes me work on feeling; Mingus . . . stamina; Monk Montgomery opens me up to melodic flow . . . everybody has something to say, and we all take from everybody whether we admit it or not. Nothing that anybody is playing is new."

Williams' background was an ideal foundation for his current eclecticism, since he grew up in an area of New York that boasted an impressive conglomerate of people and sounds. "I was playing everything from bar mitzvahs to Puerto Rican dances to West Indian parties. There was no way I could just channel my head one way. I loved the feeling of all that Latin music. To me all music is valid. That's the whole meaning of universality.

"I played drums originally, also a little piano, and early on I had a group at the Apollo in Harlem. Then, when I went into the service, I took up bass. My teacher was Ron Carter—what a marriage! One time, Ron was out here appearing at the Hollywood Bowl and I was troubled because I felt that I was going to the left when everybody else seemed to be going to the right. I was starting to feel shaky, lonesome, kept asking myself 'Am I doing the right thing?' And Ron said to me: 'Man,

why worry about what you think you may be missing? Why don't you appreciate the fact that you got all this room to *function*!' Well, that really put everything into place for me, and I've been strengthening my belief in myself ever since.

"There are so many sincere, talented innovators being buried by the need to be 'in'—to play hard rock, soft rock, folk-rock, jazz-rock, latin-folk . . . whatever is currently in fashion. Hugh Masekela told me that when he was leaving Africa to come to the States, his father, who was one of those artists—out there, you know—and hardly ever spoke to Hughie, said to him: 'Whatever you do, when you get over there, don't join . . . if you join, you're through.' And he never did.

"I worked with Hughie for about a year, and we parted the hippest way that two cats who respect one another can. He fired me! I was starting to go my own way and I'd tell him what I felt, speak my mind about what was going on within the group, some of the things I didn't agree with. Today I realize it was a blessing that he did what he did . . . I love him for it."

Williams has obviously learned much from his peers and speaks warmly of his meeting with Miles Davis, with whom he spent one whole day just hanging out, talking and playing tapes. "I retained almost everything I ever got from Miles as far as strength, challenges, doing the best you can. You know, whatever anybody says about him is all true, man—prince of darkness, the sorcerer—that's all him.

"I did a gig with Dizzy towards the end of the 60s. He called me to go to Baltimore with him and a group that consisted of Mike Longo on piano and a couple of cats who'd just come to New York from New Orleans: George Davis, a guitarist, and David Lee, a drummer. Well, what we were doing in that band was new music—it was really popping, like the things Herbie (Hancock) and them guys are doing today. But Dizzy couldn't keep the band together; it was too soon."

John Williams is the embodiment of dynamic evolution. Watch out for Expectations soon in your local record store, but be prepared to have no expectations!

db

# caught

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## BUDDY RICH ORCHESTRA

Mr. Kelly's, Chicago, Illinois

**Personnel:** Lloyd Michels, Richard Hurwitz, Ross Konikoff, Danny Hayes, trumpets; Burt Maur, Gerald Chamberlain, Anthony Salvatori, trombones; Pete Yellin, Bill Blaut, Steve Marcus, Bob Mintzer, Roger Rosenberg, reeds; Greg Kogan, piano; Wayne Wright, guitar; Ben Brown, bass; Rich, drums.

Last April, Buddy Rich after treading water for a year or so with a small and frequently exciting group, put together another big band. (Actually, it was assembled by lead trumpet and road manager Lloyd Michels.) At about 16 weeks old as of this writing, it was capable of putting down one of the most exciting sets I've ever witnessed anywhere.

The heart of any big band is its rhythm section. It's the only section that operates continually, drawing the other sections into an explicit rhythmic unity. And besides, it makes your tootsies tap. Anyway, that fact alone would assure nearly any Rich band pre-eminence in any music scene. But add to that the seasoned crew he now surrounds himself with, and you have what is certainly the finest



big band playing in America today. When I say seasoned, I don't mean veteran musicians. It's a band of disciplined pros out of the

toughest track of them all—the New York studios. Average age, perhaps 29.

The Rich band is at its most exciting when it shouts. Accordingly, it can out-shout any other band around. There is an unrecorded chart in the book called *Preach And Teach*, mostly a vehicle for the trumpet section men to bite into—both collectively and individually. And there are some superb soloists chomping away. Richard Hurwitz's precisely articulated, sardonically inventive lines trotted, skipped and jabbed around and through the band's dense wall of sound. The effect was one of high irony. But it was Danny Hayes who put the torch to the set in a soaring explosion that lifted the entire band and inspired Rich to his greatest playing. Judging from the looks on the musicians' faces, it wasn't standard supper show grandstanding.

In the reed section there are strong voices in Roger Rosenberg (baritone) and Steve Marcus (tenor); the latter carries much of the duty Pat LaBarbera used to handle. Marcus and Bob Mintzer locked tenors on *You've Gotta Try* to exciting effect, and the entire team demonstrated exceptional balance and unity in *Groovin'*, a chart which contains an

excellent long section passage.

The band plays an almost completely fresh book, with few holdovers from even Buddy's last band. *Senator Sam* and *West Side Story* are still heard, but the accent is on the new. There was also a fine *'Round About Midnight*, featuring Rosenberg, and a soft *Celebration*, in which Rich's brushes flitted like butterfly wings on gossamer.

Yet, if the band has a weakness, it would seem to be in the quality of its writing. Perhaps this is why recent records have failed to capture to the full impact of the band's performances. This is a performing band, and one must see and hear it perform to appreciate its unique qualities. Too often what lifts a live audience out of its seats sounds like brassy bluster on records. Much of the book has been designed to let the band do what it does best—roar with a precision and virtuosity unmatched today. That kind of excitement is hard to convey on records. Funny thing is, that in the band's early years in the late '60s, Rich performed some of the best, most swinging big band scoring of the decade. Remember *Ready Mix*, *Love For Sale*, *Big Swing Face*?

But times and values change. With this band it's the manner, not the matter, that counts. On that basis, few if any in the country can touch it today. —*John McDonough*

## THE LEGENDS OF JAZZ

Birch Hall Club, Lees, Oldham, Lancashire, England

**Personnel:** Andrew Blakeney, trumpet; Louis Nelson, trombone; Joe Darensbourg, clarinet; Alton

Purnell, piano; Edward "Montudi" Garland, bass; Barry Martyn, drums

That racy music which enlivened New Orleans during the first 25 years of this century is almost certainly extinct. This by no means implies that the patriarchs of jazz under consideration here are burnt-out volcanoes, for they all played with the vigour of men a quarter of their age. But it is nonetheless a long way from Canal Street, New Orleans, to Canal Street, Oldham, and the intervening years have left these men's styles no less marked than jazz itself.

So although it came as no surprise that these literal "Legends of Jazz" should arrive playing a music they themselves seemed most comfortable describing as "Dixieland", it still leaves a void. For these gentlemen are the last of the "avant-garde" of 60-70 years ago.

These were the men of the marching bands and pre-"King" Oliver jazz groups, the very men who, with countless others, moulded a music from folk songs, blues, ragtime, country dances and certain burlesque routines. Here was Louis Nelson, whose marching trombone style predated Kid Ory's "tailgate"; here was Andrew Blakeney, who replaced Louis Armstrong in "King" Oliver's epoch-making Creole Jazz Band in 1924.

"Tudie" Garland, who, according to Nelson, has been 88 for three and a half years now, played drums with the Original Superior Orchestra in the first decade of this century; later he played with "King" Keppard and Kid Ory when the latter made the first black New Orleans recordings in 1921.

Darensbourg, though over 20 years young-

er, also worked with Jazz legends, notably Fate Marable ("his second orchestra", Joe told me), and Jelly Roll Morton. Purnell, very much the youngster of the band at a meagre 64 years of age, made his name rather later, during the "revival" period of the '40s with Bunk Johnson and George Lewis.

It all added up to a heady glow of anticipation that was probably naive, although the majority of the audience certainly went away delighted with what they heard. And what they heard was a rugged, broadly "traditional" form of jazz, spiced with much showmanship. But it was played as a swinging four-beat music, so that the intoxicatingly lilting two-beat swing of the New Orleans bands was missing. Nor was there much of the delicately balanced collective improvisation one might have expected; the routines were more of the Swing Era in character, with each musician having a feature number in the first set.

Thus, Nelson played *Body And Soul* more in the manner of a Benny Morton than a Crescent City man; and Joe Darensbourg took *Yellow Dog Blues* on a journey that ranged from Boyd Senter-style slap-tonguing to the world of Stan Kenton, by means of a lengthy quote from *The Peanut Vendor*. Blakeney was featured on *Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans*?

The answer to that clearly rhetorical question is yes! It must be said, however, that, of all the members of this package (barring, of course, the 34-year-old English drummer, Martyn), Blakeney's style has altered least. He still employs that pungent New Orleans tone, the melodic finesse, and much of the raggy syncopation of the bands he grew up with, as was evident on such older tunes as

continued on page 42



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Joie De Vivre (from *Coincide*) is such a lovely ballad.

"I wrote that in San Francisco for the big band Monty Waters and I had, and I gave the tune to Julius Ellerby, a very fine trumpet player who's in Denver now. Every time I got to California everybody I still knew said, 'Why don't you record that?' I enjoyed doing that for the date.

"I have to tell you, about two years ago a sculptor named Danny Johnson (added percussionist on some Redman and Jarrett dates) conceived a project for Dr. Ralph Bunche; he was working on the sculpture and I was going to do the music. To make a long story short, he was a good friend of Dr. Bunche, so we went to the Arts Commission of the UN with a proposal to put up a sculpture on the UN grounds. We got the letter and everything sent, and it was cool. But about eight or nine months later we got a letter saying it wasn't cool, they couldn't make a monument for everyone who'd been instrumental at the UN, because they'd soon run out of space. So we had to go another way, we went to the city, they were supposed to rededicate one of the parks in New York to Dr. Bunche. I don't know, it looks funny now.

"I'm writing the music, the *Peace Suite*, to go with it. I've written the first movement, and I have two more movements to write, for 60 pieces. It's my most ambitious project to now because it includes the whole orchestra, with strings. If this doesn't work out I'm going to get it played some way. It costs a lot of money to even rehearse 60 musicians; I got one National Endowment grant before, but it wouldn't cover the cost.

"I've written a book about the saxophone. It doesn't have any notes, any exercises, but it does have a chapter on practicing, because a lot of guys don't know how or what to practice. Most books tell you there's a certain way you've got to put the mouth together, but I tried to write it in a way that would fit each person, because everybody doesn't have the same embouchure. I used to study all the guys who came to San Francisco: Coltrane had a very tight embouchure, and I was surprised to hear him because I thought he'd have a big sound—you know, playing with Elvin—and Johnny Hodges played out of the side of his mouth, but he got a nice sound, and that let me know there's more than one way to skin a cat. I noticed Bird's embouchure, from the pictures, and I studied everybody, Stitt, Rollins, Johnny Griffin, Dexter Gordon, their technique, their embouchure especially, their fingers, their body movements.

"It's things I've learned through observation, chapters on practicing, fingers and finger control, listening, microphone technique. You fit your technique to your individual physique, and your background, your environment, and what you want to do. There're a lot of cats practicing who never listen to what they do, and I mean there's a technique to listening like everything else." (The Impulse PR bio notes that, although Dewey hasn't found the right publisher to date, he plans to trans-

late his treatise into French and Japanese.

As Dewey and I leave the air-conditioned room to face the smoldering Great Outdoors, he reaches into his suitcase, tosses a hard-cover composition book on the dresser, and pulls out his musette. "You never asked me about this. Some people play the soprano sax, and I play the musette. Ornette had one and he didn't like it; he said, 'Want to try it out?' I did, and I fell in love with it. It's a very difficult instrument to play."

*Because of the double reed?*

"Because the reeds are so small." He finds a small box with several dozen musette reeds of varying sizes, 3/8 to 1/2 inch long, all different widths. "The holes are just like the flute or any other woodwind, but the difficulty is in the embouchure." He demonstrates.

*You play it through the tiniest part of your mouth.*

"It's got a lot to do with embouchure and air flow. The reeds are so small that sometimes the opening closes, and then you have to stop and adjust it. None of these reeds are guaranteed; it's not like buying a saxophone reed.

"Bamboo. They last from two months to half a second. If I made my own reeds, or if I had reeds made in India, maybe, Pakistan or Morocco, they might not be so unpredictable. These reeds are very difficult, and very expensive. A guy in New York wanted to charge me a dollar a reed, but I got these from San Francisco for 25¢ apiece, and sometimes I can get really nice things going on the instrument, in spite of all the trouble."

*You played it with Ornette, and you did it once on one of your own records.*

"Tarik, with Blackwell and Malachi Favors. I just got this one two weeks ago, and I can't play it yet because it's longer than the one I recorded with. \$7.25."

*How big a range does it have?*

"As big a range as your embouchure. You don't get the notes by fingering. Because it's a minor instrument; I've never studied it like scales (sings a major scale), I've always played it from where it was and where I was. I know the notes and how to get to other notes. The quality of the reed makes the difference. With some very small reeds I get nice low notes and nice high notes. But if they're different sizes, the intonation is different in every reed you put on."

Following supper, we caught his two shows with the Keith Jarrett Quartet. Dewey Redman is a power on the modern saxophone—and multi-woodwind—scene. Obviously he takes his stylistic versatility and technical skills for granted. He doesn't notice what a pleasure it is to hear a player who understands his instruments so well, how we fans rejoice in his huge understanding of particularly tenor saxophone sounds, textures, his knowledge of his horn and how to control it. If he'd chosen to manipulate skills and styles he'd be a mere popularizer, a studio player running licks in synthetic framework. Like Dewey, I consider *Coincide* quite his best, most versatile and expansive, work on record. Among 1975 tenormen, his talents stand out in brightly-colored relief, a serious mind among frivolous players, a responsive musician amid others who merely react. Dewey Redman's art is strong and lyrical, and he's totally involved in demonstrating it every day.

db

sound brighter than others; some are definitely somber. I don't know why; I think it might have something to do with the different vibrations set up by each note, and how they affect people.

"I have a book put out by the Rosicrucians, which talks of how certain notes can do certain things, emotional things, to you. People are really just now beginning to seriously study these things, doctors, psychologists, psychiatrists . . . people are now actually going into music therapy. Rock and roll music, for instance, used to—and I think it probably still does—appeal to the baser instincts. I try to do something like this when I play. I don't use the technical aspects, the number of vibrations and all that. But I try to project certain feelings. Feelings that I feel, not that I think will elicit certain emotional responses.

"I'm often reminded of a line from Kahlil Gibran: 'A singer cannot delight with song, unless he delights to sing.' I mean, my greatest wish would be to sit down at the piano, play something pretty, and make somebody cry. In order to do that, I have to cry, too."

Which brings up myriad questions of the artist and/in society. "I don't think many people realize it," Barron continues, "but music just may be the most powerful thing on the planet. You know. You cannot exist without it. It can have a healing effect, conveyed in a spirit of love: it can communicate."

Which brings us back to the point which opened this article. And in a time and space where communication is the password, Kenny Barron is well-suited to his chosen profession. db

## TURRENTINE

continued from page 13

played in the 158th Army band, Turrentine joined Max Roach.

"When I got out of the army, I was in another state of mind. My confidence just wasn't there. I think if it weren't for Max Roach I'd still be in Pittsburgh or something. He's the one who really convinced me to go back out on the road. He and my brother (already in Roach's group) talked to me for three hours convincing me I should go on the road with them. I'm happy and fortunate that I did, it helped build my playing confidence. Max is a teacher, he'd sit down and have the patience to teach you about music. He taught me how to play *fast*, I'll tell you that. Every night, every song—fast. Then we got into polyrhythms like 5/4 and 7/4.

"Max was one of the first people that I know of to do things with polyrhythms. For instance, we played 5/4 before *Take Five* by Dave Brubeck. I'll never forget it, we were at the Ellis Hotel in Pittsburgh—my brother and Julian Priester—and we were just messing around in the hotel room. Tommy and Julian came up with the melodies and Max was just playing 5/4 behind them. Eventually we did a record for Mercury called *Blues In Five/Four Time*.

"I remember we played a concert in Detroit along with Dave Brubeck, and while we were playing I kept seeing those cats backstage writing the stuff down. So, about a month later, here comes *Take Five* which was a tremendous hit. But they were just playing the basic 5/4, like 1-2-3-1-2, 1-2-3-1-2, while we played four against five to make it sound like four, but it wasn't. Max is the one who really started that kind of thing. It's a

shame he didn't make the money from it," Turrentine's voice trailed off. "But you can go on and on about shame—shame, shame, shame.

Through the 1960's Turrentine led groups of his own, and continued to record for Blue Note with the impressive group of artists the label had under contract during those years: Herbie Hancock, Blue Mitchell, McCoy Tyner, Grant Green, Kenny Burrell. The music was strong, funky and intelligent. Much of that period was dominated by his association with organ groups, notably Shirley Scott, with whom he worked for almost 11 years. He also made some excellent recordings with Jimmy Smith.

"I'm prejudiced as far as organists are concerned, I call Jimmy Smith the king and Shir-

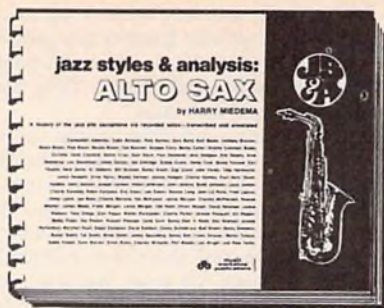
ley the queen. To me, they're the two greatest organists in the world. Some organ players can overpower you, but I felt comfortable playing with Shirley and Jimmy. They play with such passion and taste."

But times change and organ groups are no longer trendy—in fact they haven't been for some time. Instead jazz has bloomed into a multiplicity of popular forms: "I'm glad the music has gotten to the point where it's hard to categorize, I'm glad that's finally come to pass. The musician has more freedom, you have wider possibilities, you can play what you like without being put in some sort of cubbyhole with people saying he's a jazz musician, a pop musician, and so on." Stanley Turrentine smiled lazily. "Besides why does a jazz musician always have to be poor to be creative?" db

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 —Paul Horn

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## HOW TO hit the high notes—on sax by Dr. William L. Fowler

Everything's going up, up, up. Housing, food, cars. And horn range, too. Lots of ledger lines are becoming a fact of life for blowers. And as saxophonists invade piccolo territory, each must decide for himself just which embouchure settings and just which fingerings will insure the most pitch accuracy and ease of execution up there where the overtones are so close together. For saxophone stratosphere seekers, then, here's some info from experts. . . .

In 1941, Sigurd Rascher, the great legit saxophone virtuoso, wrote his *Top-Tones For The Saxophone* (Carl Fischer, Inc.), a method book for producing notes above the standard written range of B flat below middle C up to F above the treble clef. Despite the almost inevitable high overtone variance among the different saxophone makes and sizes and even among individual instruments of the same make and size, Rascher designates only one fingering for each of the notes in his range extension, from high F sharp to double C. While pointing out that his choices are not the only fingerings possible, he explains his limitation:

"These fingerings are practical on all sizes and makes of saxophones. My chief aim has been to find fingerings that are not too complicated, adjoin each other in a reasonable manner, and produce perfect intonation. For this very reason no choice of alternate fingerings is given here."

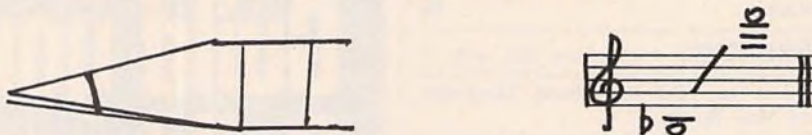
And in the revised edition of his book, written in 1961, Rascher further commends his original views: "These fingerings have been tested and used for over a quarter of a century." True enough! He tried them on more than 20 different makes of alto sax and he used them in the many concert pieces written especially for him, including Ibert's difficult *Concertino Da Camera*.

But should a 1975 high-note seeker prefer other fingerings, he'll still likely find Rascher's many pages of information and exercises of value in developing embouchure accuracy among the closely-spaced high harmonics.

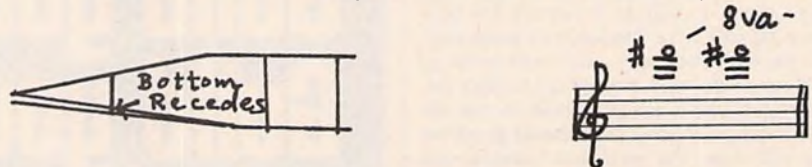
To get another viewpoint, this time from a younger pro, I consulted Albert Wing, who displays uncommon ease and accurate pitch as he races throughout the altissimo. Albert feels that different horns often require different fingerings, so he specifies the equipment to which his examples best apply: a Rico Royal 3 or a La Voz medium hard reed in a King stock M O mouthpiece on a King Super 20 Silver Bell tenor sax. A Selmer soprano, a Yamaha alto, a Conn baritone, or any other mixture of make, size, mouthpiece, and reed, he feels, would require adjustments in fingering of the high notes.

Albert defines three basic embouchure positions for three pitch areas.

1. Low B flat to F above the staff—the natural range:

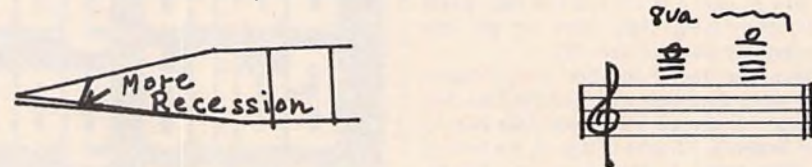


2. The next octave—F sharp above the staff to the next F sharp:



Jaws eased off slightly, less lip on lower teeth, embouchure muscles slightly tightened, lips almost half-pursed.

3. The next G up to double C:



Lips and jaw farthest out on mouthpiece, embouchure muscles tightest, lips formed almost as if blowing a peashooter, but without pinching.

In the second and third embouchure settings, the slight recession of the lower jaw puts the lower lip on a thinner portion of the reed and shortens its vibrating portion, thereby relieving some of the pressure needed for high notes. But if the lower jaw recedes back too far, the lower lip might restrict the reed's vibration. The position differences, therefore, must be very slight. And these three positions are only basic embouchure settings. Actually, each and every note is likely to require its own exact mouth position, a tiny variation of one of the three basic settings, a slot each player should find for each note.

Albert has furnished his own fingering chart, which together with Sigurd Rascher's, might provide a basis for many players on many makes of saxophone. But in case they don't, I'm including a fingering chart from an expert who wishes to remain anonymous. Although his chart doesn't go up to double C, this mystery author feels it will aid those who play Conn tenors. And there's yet another source of fingerings which many pros prefer—*Ted Nash's Studies In High Harmonics* (MCA Music, Inc.)—which provides different fingerings for alto and tenor.

db







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## CAUGHT

continued from page 37

*Copenhagen, Wolverine Blues and High Society.*

However, one swallow does not make a summer, and, although the Legends may well be perfectly correct to give their audiences what they seem to want, I'm sure that the musical form they helped create would have been just as much a success commercially, and probably a greater success, musically.

—Chris Sheridan

## RED RODNEY QUINTET

Five Spot, New York City

**Personnel:** Rodney, trumpet; Cecil Payne, baritone sax; John Bunch, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Maurice Mark, drums.

The quintet had just concluded a loose and swinging performance of *Bye Bye Blackbird*. Rodney took the microphone and welcomed his audience to the "Bebop Express." Charlie Parker's trumpeter of the early Fifties was back in New York at the helm of a smokin', no-nonsense band, The Bebop Express, with stops at *Blue n' Boogie*, *Wee, Star Eyes*, *Donna Lee*, and all points musical.

Rodney, a small man with a paunch, has miraculously gotten his chops back in order after a long, unchallenging hiatus with show bands in Las Vegas. (He also studied law and passed the Bar, only to learn that he couldn't practice because of his criminal record—a drug bust and jail stint in the late '50s.) His two recent albums, while indicating his capabilities, were cut before he had fully recovered from his lackluster, deadening Vegas years. Now he's his old self completely—huge trumpet sound, fertile imagination, incredibly intense swing.

Red took brash, confident, often brilliant solos on the up-tempo tunes, but his best playing came in a stunning *Round Midnight*, which showcased his lovely sound. At one juncture, Rodney recounted his experiences as Albino Red, blues singer, with Bird, when Bird toured the South and couldn't bring an integrated band. Rodney's no singer, but his vitality and exuberance gave added life to his hilarious vocalizing on *School Days*, which was further distinguished by another crisp, crackling trumpet solo.

Cecil Payne was a tower of strength, and has been since he was with Dizzy Gillespie back in 1947. His solos started out tentatively, but he always dug in, and soon was wailing. As such, he was an ideal front-line partner for Rodney's explosive trumpet.

Bunch proved to be an eclectic pianist, a firm, methodical bopper who recalled Al Haig and Red Garland. Crow was solid in the section. Mark, though he has a somewhat limited imagination, kept driving time, accented by sparkling cymbal work.

This was exhilarating music, grounded in tradition but sounding fresh and strong. The Red Arrow is back, and he's right on target. Bebop lives, definitely.

—Scott Albin and Marc Meyers

## HAROLD OUSLEY

Gerald's, Cambria Heights, N.Y.

**Personnel:** Ousley, tenor and alto saxophones; Andy Bey, piano; Morris Edwards, bass; Steve Butler, drums.

Out-of-towners and most New Yorkers

think that good jazz is something to be found only in midtown Manhattan, the Village or at one of the big halls like Carnegie or Avery Fisher. Not so. Residents of Queens, for example, can tell you about Gerald's (in the Cambria Heights section), whose strong jazz policy has brought in such major talents as Jimmy Heath, Sonny Fortune, and Clark Terry. The club's relaxed neighborhood atmosphere, excellent sound system, and enthusiastic clientele make Gerald's one of the metropolitan area's better spots for good listening, where I recently had the pleasure of catching saxophonist Harold Ousley.

Ousley's style is an amalgam of several influences. The Chicago roots are reflected in his big, gutsy tenor sound and funky blues phrasing; his playing evokes the fertile Chicago tenor tradition of Gene Ammons, Sonny Stitt, Eddie Harris, et al. There is also his desire to communicate. In the liner notes for *The Kid* (Cobblestone 9017) Ousley says: "I try to play in a style that everyone can relate to." He has said, in addition, that his guiding musical concept is that "music must nourish, console and inspire all people." This reveals Harold Ousley's spiritual/humanistic dimension, an aspect of his character that has led him to a second career as a music therapist. Using music as a treatment modality, Ousley has helped introverted children and adults express feelings and problems that previously had been locked within. He is also a frequent participant in various jazz workshops and a lecturer on jazz in the schools. And then there are his prior musical affiliations—King Kolax, Lionel Hampton, Dinah Washington, Machito, Count Basie, Clark Terry, Grasella Oliphant, etc. This is part of the background that helps explain the immediacy and warmth of Ousley's music.

As I walked into Gerald's, Ousley and his cohorts had just launched into a jaunty, free-wheeling reading of Sonny Rollins' *St. Thomas*. A highly rhythmic soloist, Ousley will take a fragment of the melody and closely examine its melodic and/or rhythmic material. With *St. Thomas*, Ousley initially selected the rhythmic outline of the first phrase as his springboard. Harmonically, Ousley basically remains within a tune's given structure. He will, however, vary vertical colorings by employing the notes of the scale a half step above the stated chord. In "St. Thomas," Ousley several times called on the notes of the D-flat scale to juxtapose against the C major chord articulated by the piano and bass. This strategy creates an area of semi-atonal dissonance, which upon resolution provides a satisfying release of tension. Ousley also commands a variety of attacks, growls, flutters, bends and fake fingerings; these are judiciously used to subtly shade and color the developing line. In sum, Ousley is an individualistic eclectic who has borrowed from the major styles to fashion an approach that is uniquely his own.

During the remainder of the evening, the saxophonist programmed well-balanced sets that varied in tempo and mood; he also mixed standards like *Green Dolphin Street*, *It's Only A Paper Moon*, and *I'll Remember April* with Ousley originals such as *The Kid*, *Polluted Blues*, *Super Slick* and *One For The Masses*. There were a number of high points. A longtime admirer of Ousley's tenor playing, I found his alto work on the slow, greasy *Polluted Blues* quite impressive. Like Sonny Stitt, Ousley is one of the few saxophonists who

sound completely at ease on both alto and tenor. On *It's Only A Paper Moon*, pianist Andy Bey demonstrated a rich, muscular voice that ranged from barely whispered pleadings to virile shouts; here Ousley proved the strength of his playing by taking his choruses without benefit of the microphone. Ousley also proved an excellent accompanist to Bey's vocals; his varied arabesques were tasty accents which enhanced the vocalist's presentations. *Super Slick* is a finger-poppin', gospel-rock blend which furnished a nice backdrop for Ousley's controlled use of harmonics. It was also another demonstration of his economic use of space; instead of filling up every available gap with sheets of sound, the saxophonist prefers to outline open-spaced yet strong, sinewy lines. Throughout, the rhythm section of Andy Bey, Morris Edwards and Steve Butler provided solid support and solos; Bey's piano, in particular, was the perfect counterbalance for Ousley's statements. —chuck berg

**DON DeMICHEAL/  
JERRY FULLER  
SWINGTET**  
Ratso's, Chicago

**BENNY GOODMAN**  
Ravinia Festival, Chicago  
Meadow Brook Festival, Detroit

**Personnel:** Identified below.

One of the most exciting and enduring instrumental blends in jazz is the mating of clarinet, vibes and piano against a good rhythm section. Back in the late '30s, Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton and Teddy Wilson created a lasting jazz sound that has refused to grow stale.

Clarinetist Jerry Fuller, vibist Don DeMicheal, and pianist Bob Wright offered solid evidence to that fact every Monday night this summer at Ratso's. Although comparison with the BG quartet is inevitable, this little group has not become a repertory company of the old Goodman-Hampton routines. Even though tunes like *Lady Be Good*, *Avalon*, and *Undecided* make up the program, they are their versions.

But Fuller is obviously out of the Goodman tradition, so he brings the spirit if not the letter of Benny to this delightful group. His even tone and firm phrasing are the basic ingredients in a highly poised style. Smooth lines are laid out with meticulous symmetry so that the overall impression, even at high speed, is one of correctness and control. If his playing lacks a sense of spontaneity and discovery, however, it doesn't stop Jerry from generating some spine-tingling excitement, particularly in his resourceful use of high register passages. Fuller is a supreme master at walking his instrument's high wire.

DeMicheal seems to be the more adventurous of the group's two leaders. His attack is always energetic, sometimes ferocious. His willingness to break rules suggests a responsiveness to the moment that takes his playing in unpredictable directions. Some well-spun riffs are also nicely integrated into his lines.

The group has used two drummers thus far. Barrett Deems, who toured the world with Louis Armstrong in the mid-50s, drove the ensemble with aggressive, hard swinging playing at one set I caught, while Wayne

Jones (of the Salty Dogs) complimented the group with a loose, relaxed rhythmic cushion at another session. Bassist Joe Levinson provided appropriate support. And Bob Wright is at home anywhere.

In the midst of all this Goodman-inspired fun, it seemed fitting to check out the old inspirer himself, Benny Goodman. We took two samples during his summer concert tour.

Perhaps the most important thing to say is that although Goodman's performances appear on the surface to be basically the same in terms of material and musicians, the content of the playing is delightfully varied. Unlike many veterans of Goodman's star status, the clarinetist has refused to fall into routine solo formulas. Such pieces as *Avalon*, *Undecided*, *I Want To Be Happy*, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, and other BG staples are still there;

but after the first chorus, all bets are off. Anything can happen, and when it does the excitement is unmistakable.

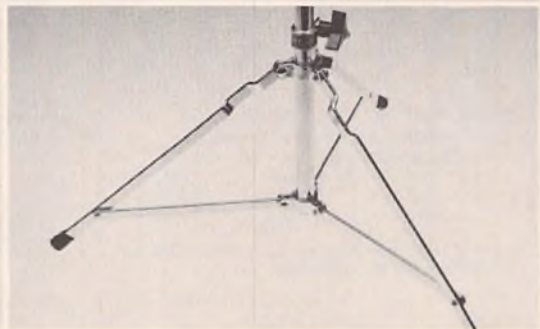
At one point during the Meadow Brook concert, he suddenly caught fire in his third solo chorus of *That's A Plenty*. His playing took on a tension that shifted the whole direction and character of the material. You could hear a sense of awareness spread over the audience like a flash brushfire. And Benny sustained it beautifully for another two choruses, bringing his solo to electrifying climax.

Such levels are reached only occasionally. Yet, even when cruising, there is a freshness of thought in the uncluttered construction of his lines. In this respect, Goodman seems to have grown considerably in the last decade, perhaps because he is playing more regularly.

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In the past, he has at times tended to play his way into dead end ideas, his solos containing too many non sequiturs. Today there is a more firm overall direction to his playing, but not to the point of predictability. It's a logic that reveals itself as the notes are played, and rarely before.

The Ravinia band included three other horns: Urbie Green (trombone), Carmen Leggio (tenor), and Warren Vache (trumpet). Leggio's light, pure tenor sound was a delight and Vache contributed some strikingly shaped solos throughout the concert. His clean articulation was particularly impressive. At Meadow Brook, Zoot Sims, who can make even his vibrato swing, replaced Leggio, Green reappeared, and there was no

trumpet in evidence. As an ensemble, the latter group functioned better, since a trumpet is somewhat out of place in a group where the clarinet is the lead horn. Moreover, four horns can get a bit unwieldy when not carefully scored. The tenor-trombone blend at Meadow Brook produced a fine ensemble backdrop for Goodman.

Some offbeat material played included *Nuages*, *Send In The Clowns*, and *Seven Come Eleven*. Benny makes little effort to step out of character and into contemporary material and styles, nor should he. He represents the purest embodiment of a classic period in jazz that still has a lot to say. Neither Goodman nor the Fuller/DeMichele group have to rely on nostalgia. —john mcdonough

# CITY SCENE New York

Jack Kleinsinger's "Highlights In Jazz" presents "Birdland Revisited" starring **Buddy DeFranco, Billy Taylor, Howard McGhee, Cecil Payne, Chris White, Charlie Persip, Eddie Jefferson**, and the usual surprise guest. The place is New York University's Loeb Student Center, November 5 at 8 P.M. . . . **Marian McPartland** remains at Bemelman's Bar at the Hotel Carlyle . . . "New Communications in Jazz" under the aegis of **Oliver Jackson** and **Budd Johnson** presents a concert of musicians who have been performing 40 years or more on October 28, at the Bank Street Auditorium on West 112th Street . . . Avery Fisher Hall's Great Performers Series has **Michael Murphey** October 31 . . . The Soerabaja has **Bucky Pizzarelli** . . . Boomer's brings in **Hugh Lawson** October 27 & 28 . . . In keeping with their expanded jazz policy, the Bottom Line features **Les McCann** from October 28 thru

November 2 . . . The **Nina Sheldon** duo with **Harvie Swartz** has been the back-up group at the Top Of The Gate for some time . . . For some trad jazz see Jimmy Ryan's where **Roy Eldridge** holds forth Monday thru Saturday, with **Max Kaminsky** in on Sunday . . . Down the block is Eddie Condon's where new Sunday night fare brings back the acts from the old Half Note on Spring Street like **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims, Budd Johnson, Clark Terry, and Red Rodney** . . . More trad at Brew's on East 34th Street . . . **Dave Matthews'** big band returned to the Five Spot for Monday night gigs. During the rest of the week the club still has the most important groups in town . . . The Cookery has **Mary Lou Williams** week-nights, and on Sunday **Dick Hyman** comes in . . . Loft jazz is very hot in this town, with **Environ** on lower Broadway, **The Ladies Fort** on Bond Street and **Jazzmania Society** on East 23rd Street . . . The Cellar has **Kenny Brawner** pretty steadily . . . Check out a comparatively new spot for jazz, Churchill's . . . Bradley's has signed **Jimmy Rowles** "indefinitely, for awhile" . . . Buddy's Place returns **Jackie and Roy** and **Stan Kenton** October 20 thru 25. **Stanley Turrentine** is in October 27 thru November 1. **Lionel Hampton** hits November 3

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... Willy's on West 8th Street recently opened to jazz Wednesdays ... Ron Delsiner presents concerts at the Beacon Theatre with **Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen**, October 23; **The Charlie Daniels Band**, October 24; **10 CC**, October 25; **Fleetwood Mac**, October 26; **Labelle**, October 30, 31, November 1 & 2 ... The Other End continues its Monday and Tuesday night jazz policy ... **Ellis Larkins** is at the Tangerine ... The Angry Squire features **Cedar Walton**, **Sam Jones** and **Billy Higgins** along with authentic English cuisine ... Jazz Vespers at St. Peters, 64th and Park, has **Joe Klee**, former db contributor, who will have his baby girl christened that same evening, October 19; **L. D. Frazier**, October 26; **Eddie Bonnemere**, November 2 ... The West End's line up is as follows: Monday and Tuesday **Franc Williams**, **Eddie Durham**, **Shelton Gray** and **Ram Ramirez**; Wednesday, **Earle Warren**, **Dill Jones** and **Taft Jordan**; Thursday and Friday, **Ed Lewis**, **Harold Cumberhatch**, **Sonny Donaldson**, **Pete Siuska** and **Brian Torff** (one heavy bassist that); Saturday and Sunday, **Sammy Price**, **Howard Kimbo** and **Paul Quinichette** ... New Audiences at Fisher Hall presents the **Brecker Brothers** and

**Tower of Power** November 2 ... **Janis Ian** is at the Calderone Concert Hall, Hempstead, October 24 ... **Gerald's**, Cambria Heights, has jazz weekends. **Randy Weston** recently made a rare Long Island appearance at the club, following a benefit night for the Citizen's Committee To Save Jazz Radio. Jazz continues at Gerald's with **Eddie Jefferson**, **Roy Brooks**, and the **Artistic Truth**, Oct. 31 and Nov. 1 ... **Sonny's Place**, Seaford, L.I., will bring in **Etta Jones** and **Houston Person**, October 24 and 25; **Al Cornbread**, vocalist, October 31 and November 1 ... **Gulliver's**, West Paterson, N.J., has **Ron Carter** October 24 & 25; **Billy Hart**, **Azar Lawrence**, **Buster Williams** and **Albert Dailey**, October 31 and November 1; guitar night has **Jimmy De Angelis**, October 27, and **Richie Hohenberger**, November 3 ... **SAVE JAZZ RADIO WRITE**: 156 Fifth Ave., NY 10010 ... **CALL JAZZLINE FOR THE FACTS**: 212-421-3592.

## Los Angeles

The Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors is again presenting its fall series of jazz concerts at the Pilgrimage Theatre. The **Gerald Wilson Big Band** kicked off the season

back in Sept., playing to a S.R.O. crowd. The concerts are presented every Sunday from 2-4 P.M. **Vi Redd & Company** will appear Oct. 26; the **Brent Brace New Music Ensemble** on Nov. 2. L.A.'s newest jazz club is the Studio Cafe on Balboa Pier. The **Vince Wallace Quartet** is featured Tues.-Sat., Sunday jams from 10-6 P.M., so bring your axe ... **Hungry Joe's** in Huntington Beach spotlights the **Dave Pike Quartet**, Tues.-Sat. **Cedar Walton** is at the Lighthouse in Hermosa thru Nov. 2 ... **Sonny Fortune** makes a rare West Coast appearance at Concerts By The Sea Oct. 21-26 ... the great **Joe Williams** holds forth Oct. 28-Nov. 2 ... out in the valley, **Don Randi** & group continue to warm up the Baked Potatoe every Wed. thru Sat. ... **Donte's** continues its policy of booking a saxman on Sunday, a guitarist on Monday, a vocalist on Tuesday, and great groups Wednesday thru Saturday. Recent Mondays sessions have included **Howard Roberts**, **Joe Pass**, **Mundell Lowe**, **Herb Ellis**, etc. ... The Times Restaurant in Studio City features the likes of **Frank Strazzeri**, the **Wayne Marsh Quartet** & **Bill Henderson** ... the Parisian Room, 4960 West Washington Blvd., is resuming its policy of booking artists such as Car-

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men McRae, Clark Terry, and Terry Gibbs. For further information, phone 936-0678 . . . the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Big Band** will appear on Oct. 22, at beautiful Concert At The Grove . . . **Bobby Bland and Lenny Williams** are slated for Oct. 23-26. The Grove has cabaret seating and great acoustics . . . **Buddy Rich** brings his big band machine to U.C.L.A.'s Royce Hall on Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:30 P.M. . . . jazz concerts are now held every second Sunday of the month at the Eagle Rock High School Auditorium, from 7 to 9 P.M. Players include **John Rinaldo, Blue Mitchell, Harold Land, Ralph Humphrey, Chubby Jackson, Jerome Richardson**, etc. KBCA's Bob Summers M.C.'s the show; a 2 dollar donation is asked. All proceeds go to the school's band, which has performed at the Monterey Jazz Festival for the past four years . . . Veteran jazz D.J. Chuck Niles is coordinating the W.J.A. Celebrity Invitational Golf Tournament, to be held Nov. 1&2, in Valencia. For further information, call Chuck at 475-9494 or Katy O'Harra at 822-3640. This is a fund raising event for The World Jazz Association, which also plans a concert at the Shrine Auditorium on Nov. 14 . . .

## SOUTHWEST

**PHOENIX:** Scottsdale's new Doubletree Inn opens with a group called **Freeway** . . . the **Mike Stevens Trio** continues at the Windjammer . . . **Lou Garno's** trio has reorganized as **Fantasia** and is backing **Del Chapman** at Ciro's. Garno's reeds and vibes lead a quintet for the Boojum Tree's Latin Jazz Night on Nov. 2. Drummer **Jimmy Golini** also plays with the **Charles Lewis Quintet** on Sundays and Mondays at the Hatch Cover . . . A.S.U.'s new jazz faculty member, **Dan Haerle**, put on an impressive, two-hour jazz piano recital-odyssey of his own compositions. The school's potent big band gives a free performance on Nov. 6 . . . the Celebrity Theater has **Bonnie Raitt** and **Tom Waits** on October 21, **Leo Kottke** 10/26 . . . **Nadine Jansen** is back at the Valley Ho . . . big band jazz at the Varsity Inn in Tempe on 10/27 and 11/10 . . . Arizona State Fair runs from October 24, so watch the dailies for entertainment (last year **Pointer Sisters**).

**LAS VEGAS:** The Vegas music scene has suffered another defeat with the demise of B&J's Home, a soul-jazz club that offered an alternative to chips and glitter. Good luck to Bea Williams in her future ventures . . . several fine jazz groups remain in the formative stages, many rehearsing after hours at the Musicians Union. One such band is **Rick Davis'** contemporary octet, who will play day gigs in the schools, etc. . . . meanwhile, back on the Strip, **Freddie Bell** is in the Aladdin lounge, then Philadelphia Story . . . **Sinatra** has a week at Caesar's 10/30-11/5.

## New Orleans

The New Orleans Jazz Club and the Jazz Museum will benefit from the proceeds of an **Al Hirt** testimonial dinner and celebration at Braniff Place on October 26. Entertainment will be provided by **Pete Fountain, Ronnie Kole, Harry James, Frankie Brent, Phil Harris** and 21 local trumpet players who'll run through some of Hirt's most famous tunes . . . Over the past few months, Jed's University Inn has solidified its reputation as the best music spot uptown. The weekday lineup is **Allen**

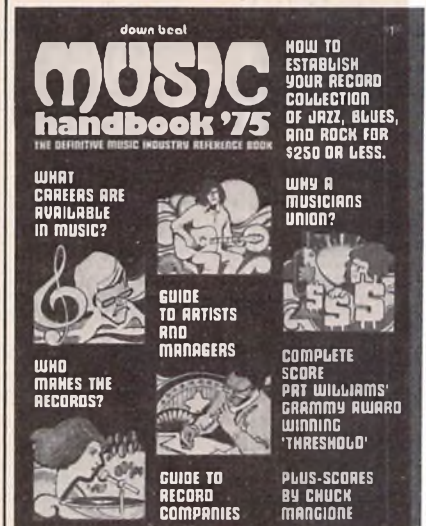
**Fontenot and the Country Cajuns** on Wednesdays and the country-rock group **Dust Woofie** on Thursdays. Upcoming specials include **Professor Longhair** on October 17; the **Copas Brothers**, October 24 and November 2; **Irma Thomas**, October 25; **John Fred and the Playboys** October 31; and the **Meters** on November 1 . . . the **Edgar Winter Group** with **Rick Derringer** are due at the St. Bernard Civic Auditorium on October 24, and on that same day, **Bachman-Turner Overdrive** will be taking care of business at the LSU Assembly Center in Baton Rouge . . . **David Crosby** and **Graham Nash** will be paired for a performance at the Municipal Auditorium on October 29, then the **Bill Monroe** show on November 2 . . . At Heritage Hall, **Lou Cottrell's Band** and **Albert "Papa" French and the Original Tuxedo Band** alternate nights . . . And for those of you who may have been wondering, after several "90 day moratoriums," the City Council has voted unanimously to permanently ban street musicians from the promenade area of the French Quarter.

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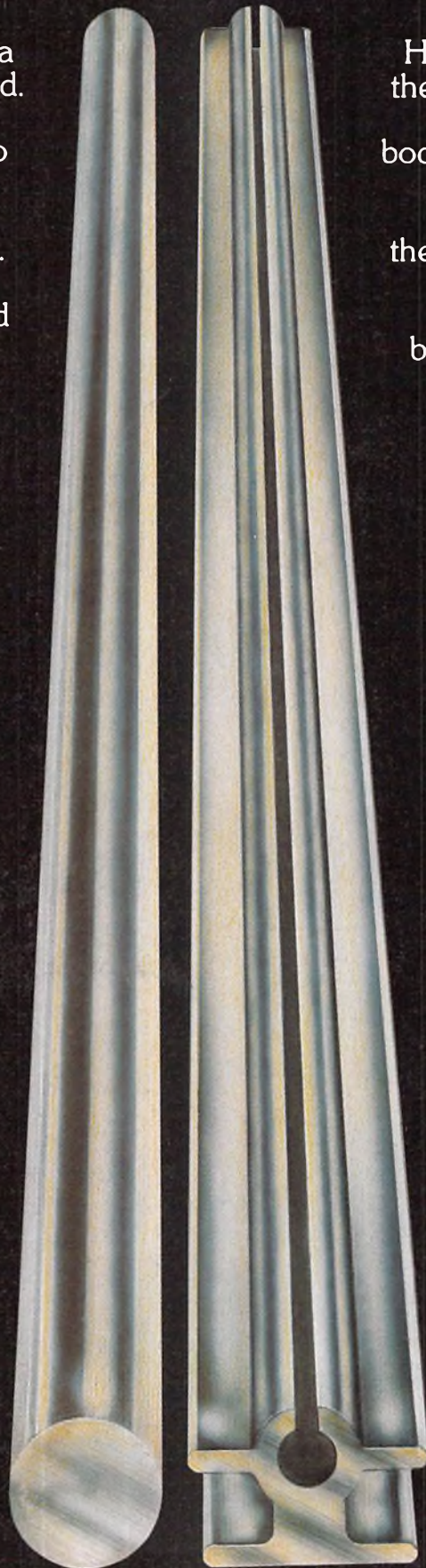
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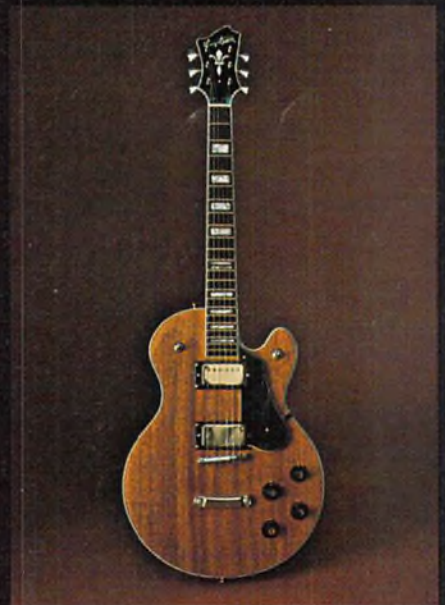
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